

He took one bite, only one tiny bite of Dr Morris's amazing anti-gravity cake, and he flew up and hit the ceiling. "Ow." said Bill, getting up and surveying his room from a completely different angle. "This place really does need a clean." he said. Suddenly the door opened, and his mom came in.

"Are you doing your homework, Bill?" she asked. Bill stayed very still and quiet, and even though she passed right under him, she didn't notice that he was there. Eventually, she shook her head and left the room.

"This is awesome!" yelled Bill, and ran around on the ceiling, leaving footprints all over. He danced around, and ran in circles, and suddenly, he fell into the skylight. "Whoa!" he cried, as he hit the skylight and it flew open. He grabbed the window and held tight. Behind him, the sky was dizzying in its grandeur and in the knowledge that if he let go, he would be flung off into space. Slowly, Bill tried to pull himself back in, but he couldn't.

Then, thankfully, the effects of the cake wore off, and he plummeted back into his chair. The skylight fell back closed again, and Bill continued on his homework after dropping the rest of the cake into the garbage. There was no trace of the strange events that had taken place apart from the footprints on the ceiling.