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## Brainworld

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# Brainworld

Monica Logan

"I'm sorry I'm late, class," my professor says, catching his breath. The vigorous computerized clicking draws my attention away from my phone. A PowerPoint flashes onto the screen with the words "The Short Story." "Today, we are going to discuss the short story," he begins, starting down the random and unorganized bunny-trail of knowledge.

As I use all my energy to commence my notes, my notebook's space fills up with planets, moons, and stars. The mechanical pencil shifts through the empty lanes, forming trees and leaves and rivers. The girl who's there, the fairy that lives in this magical place, dances around each stream and rock she has named, joyous to be coming alive. Her sparkling wings have often carried her to this peaceful place from her corner of dark stillness and forgotten thoughts.

She twirls and skips to the tune playing in my head while I am stuck in this lecture. My body feels warm and heavy as my mind struggles to focus. The girl is now flying through the air, and the world below her sings with absolute ecstasy for life. The soft grass is a pastel green, just like the rest of the earth. Rivers are everywhere, dazzling emerald with lines of deep sapphire. My fairy lands right on the bank of the largest river in all the land. She dips her foot into the icy water, jumping back. With a deep breath, she dives in, making a soft splash.

My pen writes words down. No meaning in them, just letters, one after the other. The extraordinary creature sees these words rush past her. She tries to read them, but can't. They are flying by too fast. My mind must concentrate. My mind must focus. My mind can't focus. It desperately desires to slip away into the place I've created time and time again, the place that's always there in the back of my mind. But I have to listen and pay attention to the presentation.

The fairy is flying through the air again, she wants to travel far and away, but she loves it here too much. The music

of nature is everywhere, in every river, waterfall and rustling of the tall evergreen trees. This place is majestic and beautiful. I've given up on staying in reality. My mind flies with the fairy, looking over this lush, green land. The ground is so far away, but I'm not scared. I'm so completely happy. I'm so completely free.

My shoulder shakes as someone tries to wake me from my wonderful dream. "Hey, are you okay?" My eyes had closed during my escape, and the class had ended quietly. I look down at my notebook and smile. So many worlds to create; it's too bad I can't live in all of them all the time.