

The Earth Part 2

Earth and the girl

His mind or soul or whatever represented the essence of his living being was flying and flailing in a distant black and blue shaded surge of energy that was speckled with distant stars, suns, and worlds.

It was all moving so fast, but wasn't as harsh as he had expected it to be. It was all just a little easier to glare at this time. All he could do was glare.

Like being in the swirl of fallen leaves but more of a torrent or gale than a breeze. There was just so much to take in; all that could be focused on was the distant and rogue direction of pull.

The same headache that had dogged him the first time he travelled between worlds was back.

If he had to explain how it felt: crushing, pushing, spikes of pain, would be how he described it.

For those of you out there who have had a hangover after a wild night of partying; think if you had been partying with a group of very unhappy roudy players who thought your head was a ball. You wouldn't feel the pain from the amount of alcohol you'd consumed but you sure as heck feel it in the morning.

Will's head felt less than exploding but still very delicate from the hustle and jostle of being flung from one distant world to another in roughly the course of several hours.

He was lying on his back as a chilly breeze kicked over him. Will was fairly certain he was not on [Mist](#) or back on [Myrrha](#). The breeze was too cold to be Mist and too fresh to be Myrrh. It had the touch of an industrial spell, of civilization, but not so harsh as the coal engines from his own home world.

Will was aware that there were other people around him, but it looked very much what was called a "park" on Myrah. With of course all the exceptions of surveillance instruments and the artificial lighting.

the people also seemed to be minding their business more carefully than turing to look at him. Perhaps they were all just disinterested or not overly surprised by strange things. However, unlike Must, there didn't seem to be any particularly kindly folk waiting to help. That was fine with Will; he was glad just to be left alone. The heache was bad, but there seemed to be just a little less sting from the 'jump' than the first time.

Actually, now that he had moved from one world to another twice, he was thinking of how to best explain everything, or at least, simplify it in his mind. "Jump" just seemed like an easier term to remember; less to imply that it was like a 'warp' but then there was just so much more to explain. "warp" sounds just too much like science.

Taking a deep breath, it hurt his lungs a little, ut not too much. Will wondered if every jump would leave him feeling like this.

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