

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 as 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 turning 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 headache 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, it not too much. Will wondered if every jump would leave him feeling like this. Staggering, ill found a place to sit on a bench. At least he could still walk around. He would need to find a place to stay and he didn't have any money or currency that was of any value on this world.

In fact, looking at his clothes, he had the distinct feeling that his outfit was a bit strange here. Men here dressed in pants, shirts, or coats while women were dressed similarly. However, he noticed some seemed

to be wearing what looked like terribly uncomfortable foot wear or clothes that were of bizarrely unflattering hues.

Taking another deep breath, he calmed his mind and tried to think for a bit. He let his feelings stretch out, feeling for magic, but nothing. Nothing... Nothing? It was puzzling. Very strange. A world that didn't have any arcane resonance. Like an empty room.

The trees and plants all were alive, the air was clear, but there wasn't any bounce back from the vibrations his arcane powers were sending out.

On mist, he could pick up heavy and subtle shifts, reflections, and refractions. He could 'feel' his proximity to all the living things. The "Monsters" even gave off individual eddies and ebbs every few instants; sensing Will and their surroundings.

Here though, he felt a bit numb to all the living things. They had substance, but no essence. With all that in mind, he concluded that maybe using or showing his magics may be an unwise idea, the people might panic and then he'd have to explain himself to authorities.

Despite his talents in arcane arts, he was still just as much flesh and blood as any other person. Looking up, the sun was slowly making it's way past it's mid-day high. It has actually a little more confusing than that. He didn't know if it was morning or noon, but he knew that he would have to get a move on.

Will tried to stand up, but his legs wobbled fiercely and he sat back down. Taking a deep breath, he felt the headache kick again. He needed to figure something out, but his brain couldn't block out the screams his body was giving.

He lay back on the bench and looked up at the sky, a little longer this time. The sun looked different than Myrah's sun. It was warmer. The sky had clouds like home, but there was more variance. The clouds were happy; nothing like the overlapping layers of gray overcast.

They were different shapes thta continued to change over time. It wasn't bad really. The blue sky with these bulbous white clouds. They looked like cotton at times; so soft and fluffy. It was kind of relaxing to watch...

Again, taking a deep breath he tried to sit up and just brace for a moment. The headache pounded away again, but was starting to lose it's bite.

This time, he tried to stand his legs didn't feel like "riggol jelly-oh" (that horrible, wiggly food served at the academy). Strange, as he thought about it, Will can't remember being ungru once for the past week and a half.

The moment that thought connected, his stomach started to grumble. "Forgot what it feels like to be hungry," Will said to himself. "If I get back to Mr. September, I'll have to ask him about that."

Will took a slow step forward and tried hard to concentrate on balancing. He felt a bit wobbly, but as his head pains eased off, he could start to feel his body come back to his control.

If he was going to attempt more jumps in the future, he'd have to develop a technique for dealing with the pain and drain on his body. At this rate, he wouldn't last.

First things first, though, he had to find a place to eat and rest. Looking around the park, there didn't seem to be any street vendors. There were families taking a stroll, elderly folks out for exercise, a few younger adults who were distracted with each other's company.

Will started to walk slowly from the bench. The park has some nice pathways. Not too crowded, a lot of flowers, but most of them had wilted recently. It appears to be autumn from the bright colors on the tree leaves.

While the trees seemed younger and smaller than those on Misy, they looked well maintained. At the very least they looked happier. Most of the trees on Myrah had a sickly grey about them.

he stretched out a bit while standing. His muscles started to flex and the headache pulled back a little. "Oh, ow!" Will tried to move his head around, but his neck wasn't having it.

There was a crick in the lower part of his neck that didn't want to cooperate.

"Well", Will thought, "This is going to be a long day." Will started walking slowly to what looked like the center of town. The sidewalks were in the same design as those back on Myrah. They ran along the main road, but too narrow to allow for good foot traffic.

Julia Orrhm

Julia packed up her books and said 'goodbye' to several of her classmates. It was 2 o'clock and she was tired of classes already. That morning's seminar had been packed with 'on the exam' notes and had put everyone on edge for the day.

Not that she had to worry. She'd been studying this stuff since the semester began in September. By this point in her collegiate career she'd developed a sound system for passing her classes: JUST STUDY.

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