



Mind's Games

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Magic, Mystery

“Quirky”, is a word Mila used to describe herself. She never fit in quite as well with others. She was caught day dreaming often and couldn't hold eye contact with those in which she conversed with, for long periods of time. She was different. Mila could feel things others couldn't. She was living in a world where she felt she had to stop catastrophe from happening every second of the day. Her mind wondered to the darkest places during the happiest of times. What made her odd was the rituals in which she would perform in order to counteract the events she was certain would; and could, happen.

Sitting in a library filled with information about the world, in her happiest of all places, she was overcome with gloom. Certainly her brother, Zede, would have a heart attack. She could feel the palpitations in her own body. She could visually see him lying on the floor clutching his chest. Her love for Zede was immense so the prophetic thought was nearly unbearable to Mila. Her instincts told her to move the cup she had previously sat down on the table top. Without hesitation she picked up the cup and set it down at a 35 degree angle, different yet the same as it previously sat. The fear left her body and she was able to continue with her adventures that rested inside of the withered pages of the late 1800's fables she loved so much.

How horrid it is to feel, hear, taste, and see devastation every few minutes and feeling as though you can control the way destiny works. Certainly humans cannot possess the power to cheat death, yet there she was, the superhero nobody noticed. So much good she had done, so many lives she had saved, yet nobody could see the war she was fighting in their honor. They noticed her smile, her recluse like personality, and her warm heart.

Slowly, Mila began to fear her “gift”. She went to the pantry to fetch a snack. She grabbed a muffin when she

envisioned her cousin Tavix falling ill. Stunned, she quickly put down the muffin and picked up the bread. Her mind pictured her friend Savik gasping for air. “No!” she shouted. her first outward expression to her innermost thoughts. She sat still unsure of what to do. She refused food, as every choice played a repercussion, of sorts, within her thoughts. She had enough.

She sought help from the local doctor. He told her to face the intuition and call it out. Ignore her compulsions as they were not telling of the future. So that night Mila felt the usual tension inside her body that had become a part of her. It followed with the inevitable visions of her causing doom to those close to her if she didnt take the kettle off the stove. She refused. “I want tea, these thoughts are not prophetic and I will NOT give in”. The fear rose inside her body. It was intense and freeing all at once. When it stopped, she felt like she had beat her mind’s games.

A knock at the door grew loud as Mila was waking up from a much needed rest. She opened the door to see her mother staring at her blankly. The words sounded blurry and Mila sank into a guilt stronger than any hurricane. Her brother had suffered a stroke.

She was on the brink of recovery from her mind’s terrible thoughts only to be met with a coincidence that carried with it, the worst timing. Forever she remains fighting in the depths of her thoughts, saving those she loves from catastrophe because her reality is unlike any you’ve ever witnessed. “I must keep fighting....because what if?”.

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