

College life had taken a toll on Percy. It's not really that he was barely scraping by; or that he had completely sacrificed some aspect of his humanity in order to keep up. Truth be told, Percy proved to be perfectly mediocre. He wasn't keen on thrusting himself in the spotlight with any sort of grand ambitions and academic performances; showing himself off to the world was already plenty of a headache, and he felt his body get sleepier and sleepier by the day. As long as he managed to stay somewhere in the average, though, he was happy.

"Well, what now?" Percy flopped resignedly into bed, sighed, and took a look at his phone. "We've got plenty of free time, right? That Japanese assignment won't do itself, y'know." The little voice in his head nagged him, but he just couldn't bring himself to get back up. "Ave... I am like 2 steps away from fainting. I think you can feel it too, don't you?" Percy retorted, all in the middle of checking out a meme someone had sent him. "Well, that's certainly not stopping you from... doing *that* again. Seriously?"

"Oh, come on. It's cathartic."

"It's *stupid*. You've never done anything with any of these drafts."

Percy opened a new Google Doc and started writing what felt to him was a pretty good introduction for a new story. "Got any idea what this one's going to be about, at least?" Averill tried to intervene, but Percy just shrugged. "Maybe. I just wanna keep my brain going for Magical Reboot." He explained, before opening a quote and mulling a bit over the dialogue. "*Right...* just like you said you'd keep working on the blog. Well, I'll get out of your hair. I gotta grab some herbs from New Headspace anyway. See you."

"Right, see ya." Percy absentmindedly replied, feeling like his head finally cleared up. With that, he proceeded to write a few more paragraphs and inserted the obligatory hint towards something greater going on in the background. "...*but those bright orange eyes were nowhere to be seen. The kid was gone...* whew. Alright, that should do it."

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"...Bweh. What'd Averill say earlier? Something about my blog?" Percy couldn't help himself. He threw himself into his office chair and spun around the room before stopping at his desk. "Alright, let's see..."

The website looked abandoned. Sure, it was a pleasant trip down memory lane, but it showcased a train of thought that faded a little since the last post; back in 2023. It's been *two years* since then. Percy finished high school, barely graduating, given his shaky grasp of his own native language. What followed was a chaotic summer where he scrambled to get all his papers in order, just so he could get his college application through. And still, the entrance exam was *fiendishly easy*. But that was neither here nor there; Percy was a college student now. The days of writing about his Outerspace adventures and all his little story ideas were past him. Percy wasn't really thinking about any of it, however. He wasn't thinking about anything in particular when he moused over his profile, and then to the "New Post" button.

All he knew was that he needed a break. And this would prove to be it. He mentally waved farewell to his body for a moment, and retreated into his headspace. Percy, the college student, went to catch up with some old friends. But Percy, the possessed writer, simply cracked his knuckles and started writing. "Might as well put all that new knowledge to use, right?"