

Boundless

I sit alone in the dark, wondering what sets me apart. The twitching, a symptom of Tourette's syndrome, is a constant reminder. But it's not just the twitching; it's the visions. In the Solverse universe, where interconnected worlds converge, my eyes turn white, and I see another me, somewhere else. When I feel like I'm tearing apart, I go to the verdant enclave to find solace.

My aunt, Miss Ifure Essien, who raised me after my parents' passing, looks at me with concern. "Udoro, let's talk. I worry about you. You're already seen as... different." I couldn't share my visions with her. As she speaks, I twitch again, look at her, and then I'm gone, racing out of the dining room as fast as my feet can carry me. She screams, "Udoro, Udoro," but I'm long gone.

I get to a straight road after running for a while. Still panting, I suddenly yell, "Don't move!" I signal the moving vehicles to stop, and they do, surprisingly. "There's going to be an explosion! Don't!" I yell at the top of my voice. The others stare, confused and amused. Then, a tanker explodes in the distance, and the impact is felt where we stand.

As news of the incident spreads, my aunt approaches me. "I heard what happened. I knew you were special, Udoro. If you had this... gift back then, maybe your parents..." Her voice trails off, heavy with emotion.

That night, as I lie in bed, the twitching resumes, and I see another me with red hair. I snap out of the vision, wondering if it was just a dream. That's when I notice a portal with a bright frame. Without hesitation, I step through it.

I'm hurtled through a celestial penumbra, my heart racing. As I emerge on the other side, I hear a familiar voice: "Hello, Udoro." It's the magazine man. "Good day, sir," I reply, still disoriented.

"Good day? It's morning. You've dyed your hair black, I see. Looks good on you. Blonde was good, though." He compliments. "But I've never been blonde," I think to myself. "Oh well!" I shrug and move on.

As I explore this new world, I realize that everything is different. Pigeons are pink, grass is blue. I rush to my aunt's house, only to find that she wears glasses in this universe. "Back early from your baseball game?" she asks.

"Uhm... I'll be going back." I answer. "I like football," I think to myself as I leave. At least she didn't notice my black hair.

I make a hasty exit, confused and disoriented. As I navigate the streets, I stumble upon the road I was on in my world, close to the scene of the gas explosion. Ambulances and the fire service are hurrying down there. It actually happened here.

Another twitch, another portal, and I'm in yet another universe. The magazine man compliments my hair again, this time referencing my "original" brown hair.

I find myself in a world with red grass and burnt-orange pigeons. My eyes turn white, and I rush to a playground. I catch a child from falling from the ladder of a slide, and stop a merry-go-round from spiraling out of control.

But as I leave, another twitch, another portal, and I'm in another world, in the same playground. The child I saved is now paralyzed, and the merry-go-round accident left kids injured and unconscious.

I return to my own world, reeling from the experiences, devastated, like I had not done enough. I could travel through worlds without bounds, still deep in thought as I sleep in. Today, in my room, I find a note by my bedside: "You are an anomaly. Or should I say, we are. P.S. Check your email."

I rush to my laptop and find a message from someone who bears my name: "You're doing what you should, as am I. But someone is responsible for these disasters. He dwells in the Arcane Retreat, creating chaos and watching it unfold. Brace yourself; he wants to destroy us for disrupting his plans. Get ready! We fight for an Aurora's dawn. From you in another world- Udoro Essien."

I stare into the void, lost in thought. My journey is about to begin.

End.

Cast

Udoro Essien- A young girl of 15 who is an anomaly
Miss Essien- Her Aunt
The Magazine Man

Writing prompt

You discover that parallel versions of our world exists, each slightly different from the next. While you can freely travel between them, everytime you prevent a disaster in one reality, something worse happens in another. Today, you found a message from yourself warning that someone is deliberately causing these chain reactions.

References:

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