

Another... One of the Days

Another day goes by, to influence people for wanting to watch *My hero academia*. *Boku no hero academia* (it's Japanese name) is an amazingly inspirational, cleverly scripted, comedy adventure manga series which is made into an equally mind-blowing anime.

I walk into my 11th grade school classroom with all the tables and desks columned in rows like it should be. I walk straight across the aisle to occupy my seat at the last bench. There I start my business. I search through the blunder of books and pages in my bag to pull out *My hero academia* poster, making the most dramatic introduction of it, with the drum roll beatbox background it deserves and bam! Place it on my desk. People around me looking at my bubbly self, sigh heavily thinking, can't live with it and can't live without it.

I speak. Hmm, that's an understatement actually. Correction, I garble rubbish in the midst of my fits of holy laughter. "Do you know which episode I saw today?!" My classmates around me sigh, "Ahh, No.." One of row-leaders -with a large pretty mole on her right cheek- speaks, "If she could only spend all the time studying instead of watching animes... We wouldn't have to worry who would be the top of the class anymore." I for one blissfully ignored the comment.

"Today I saw the OVA episode where almost all of the Class 1A students from U.A. High school became zombies, and those who weren't zombies yet, were defending and fighting against them...ahHaHAAHA HAHAAHa ...it was soooooo funny. And then and then.. pro hero All Might came but he was in his human form and the students thought he was HAHAAHA zombie too...HHHAHAHAH.. because because his human form was so pale and frail."

In the midst of my storytelling, someone spoke, "You do know all we hear from you is ahHAaha and zombies, right?" I suddenly grew silent, "Oh shoot, I told them a spoiler." The leader spoke again, "Don't worry, it's not like we are going to watch it. You know exams are coming s-...."

"Ms PRIXIE, may I get the attention I deserve in class again. I have been waiting here, waiting for you to finish for quite some time now. We need to start the class.." Mrs Spots, with her unibrow raised, I felt the urge to appease it. I never cease to amaze my classmates with my guts to respond Mrs Spots, perhaps even she pitied my fandom craze. "Ahh yes, Mrs Spots, please start the class. I was merely entertaining them as we were waiting for the school bell to ring. Perhaps my story was so interesting (*by then the students were silently shaking their head*) that we didn't hear the bell. I was just telling them about My hero-..." She cut me short. "Never mind that. Keep that poster away, PRIXIE. Let's start the class students." I frown a little momentarily, but I remember we have the lunch break coming up; I can speak all about the *most interesting anime ever* that time.

I slide the poster back in my bag and pull out the books. Books? What did Mrs. Spots teach again, Ohh yes, botanical science... Mrs. Spots kept ranting about all the cellular photosynthesis in the world..uhh sorry the *autotrophic eukaryotes* aka why can't she just say - plants. Well, you can see I am already zoning out.

But something was nagging me back of my head. Did I place my precious poster properly- right between my Chemistry and Geometry text books? Did I ...DID I? I think, I slipped it 1 inch towards its right, which means THERE IS 1 INCH OF MY POSTER HANGING OUT WITHOUT ANY PROTECTION OF THE HARD CARDBOARD OF MY EMPTY BOOKS. Oh my god! My poster will get a nasty crease. All this while, I was nodding intently, making eye contact with Mrs Spots as I tried to feign my non-existent attention. She of course recognised it; I knew with how her eyes twinkled below that unibrow. Geez, I will be getting a mean scolding again after class.

While Mrs Spots pretended to not acknowledge my existence in class (so that the students aren't disturbed with my new tantrums) I stealthily moved my hand like slithering snake into my bag. Where is it ...precious precious extra 1 inch of the poster...I groped all around within the bag till I found it. I felt the edge of the poster and as I tried to push it into its safe space, something clicked. It started with cold blowing breeze inside. Inside where? In the bag, ofcourse. When the cold breeze subsided there was a sudden suction. I couldn't feel the edge of the poster anymore nor could I feel my blank books for the matter. My bag was empty. I groped around again to feel nothing but a cold hole in the bottom of my bag. And the suction began again, this time with a stronger force. My fingers were getting sucked in and then my palm too. My eyes darted frantically across the classroom. What should I do? If I scream Mrs Spots will be the one sending me to the principal's office this time. Now even my elbow was inside oblivion. Ahh this was ridiculously crazy! Before my vocal cords could even build up a scream, my whole body was pulled into the cold gaping hole at the bottom of my bag. I couldn't see anything for few seconds. But I tried to tear-away my way out. My hands clawed in the upwards direction. Slowly and steadily I tore something that opened a wide hole to let in light. I struggled to climb out onto the surface. Thankfully, someone came to my rescue. She was pulling me upwards. I finally climbed out of the BAG. And the person who helped me was the row-leader but weirdly her pretty mole was on her left cheek.

Staring at her mole that was weirdly placed (yeah, the position of the mole was the ridiculous aspect in this situation rather than the fact I just climbed out of my bag), I didn't know what to say. "Yo... leader thanks for helping me out." She rolled her eyes, "Please, just call me Gale" I see that her wonderful sobriety is still original.

"Prixie, how did you enter this world?" Lost in thought, I said "Uhh... Well, my parents conceived me after their marriage or during...Hmm, there are lot of speculations." Gale was agitated, "No dimwit, I meant... How did you enter the World of Symmetry?"

Whaaattt?!! Is she telling me outright that I am in some sort of other dimension, mumbo jumbo! That's cool! Her response was probably based on my reaction. She sighed, again. "Yes, you're in World of Symmetry. You probably crossed the portal from your world opened by the masked man. Why does he keep doing random things? Uggh its annoying." Masked man? Portal?! Oh the cold hole in my bag... My head was probably sweating with all the logic my brain was trying to come up with.

"Come your sweating already, it must have been winter in your world at this time of the year. We need to leave before others come from the recess break anyway. All the more reason we have to hide you from Prixie of this world. And maybe find that unfortunate folly mouthed masked man."

She seemed to not have a good impression of the masked man. She then took me to the terrace of the school building. The building was the same except the complete opposite in structure as if it were mirrored. The left wing of the building from this world was to the right and the right was to the left. Doors handles should be on the right but again was to the left. Really all the justification I needed was switched into right-left scenarios. *World of Symmetry* quite literally was axis-bound from my world.

We hurriedly reached the terrace. I observed, it was already night. "So what is this place, like a mirror to my world? I noticed that you were aware it was winter in my world and it seems to be summer here. Also, you have schools at night? So probably you all sleep during the day. And the most obvious thesis of my theory, your mole is on your left cheek rather than on your right one like how Gale has from my world." "Out of all things in symmetry, you were thinking about my mole!" Gale exclaimed, she was getting self-conscious. "Well, yeah that and left-right scenarios." She seemed to calm down that I was grasping some of the details at the very least.

"I shall explain everything to you. You must have noted that I seem to be quite aware of what's happening. It's not like in the movies that we are running around aimlessly. People from this world are very much knowledgeable of the things happening or that's what they are made to believe. They know reason to everything. It's like our birth right. That's why I rushed you to the terrace, because people would recognise that you weren't from this world. But it's so much more than just symmetry. Although the physical structures from this world were mirrored to yours, it's just a big fat illusion disguising the truth. The only thing that people don't know is how this world came to existence. I don't know what's behind the face of his mask or his true intentions but I am sure he is behind it all.

"The people from our world have abilities that could be enhanced or receded whenever they want. For instance, my ability is acute sonic. The reason I could help you earlier to climb out of your bag was because I heard you scraping against its walls. I was at the cafeteria that time and was using my sonic for umm... my personal errand." For some reason her cheeks were turning red. I snickered; it had to be some boy related thing.

She continued, "Everybody has one enhanced ability. The masked man is our mentor. We weren't born powerful but grown into. Masked man somehow knows when it's time that our abilities will be awakened and when he does he comes to find us. Now to think about it, none of us have a clue what exactly is his ability." She was now dialling into her phone. She was calling her friend. "Hey Chad, this is urgent. Could come pick me and my friend from the school terrace? We need to find the masked man. No no... it's not another accusation. I promise... Just come soon." I raised an eyebrow, "Chad the hunch-back guy?"

"Yeah, that's me. And hey, I haven't been called that since fourth grade." Well for obvious reasons because his hunch back was now no more hunched but had wings to replace them. He had apparently whooshed up the terrace to assist us. I was awestruck, my jaw hanging open. Gale attempted to shut my jaw. I timidly said, "Oh I just didn't know y'all were friends." Gale then introduced, "Chad here is the most trusted and fastest flier I have ever known."

Chad then realised, "And you must be Prixie from the other world." I nodded. Why was my presence not a surprise to him? "With your lack of know-how, I figured. But... do you have your powers yet. Prixie from World of symmetry doesn't have-..."

Gale interrupted him, "Chad! She doesn't know. But we must take her to masked man immediately."

Chad whispered, "Are you sure you'll be fine around him. Last time you saw him I thought you were going to claw his mask out. Sheesh."

Ok, just halt here for minute. This is completely bollocks. This is totally like *My hero academia*. There too, people had quirks. Only here quirks are supposedly called abilities. Being without a quirk was rare. Am I like the character Midoriya, he didn't have a quirk! I thought I was ranting all this in my head but I had been speaking out loud.

Chad replies, "Ahh I see, this Prixie is deluded with the same anime as well. Isn't Prixie from our world in the sick bay today, didn't she-..." Gale spoke too fast, "Chad! What happens in this world must have happened in hers too. We can't divulge too much information; the time-line could mess up. Too much knowledge could be dangerous." I pouted, "You're the one with too much knowledge, Ms Know-it-all." Gale pleaded with exasperation, "Let's just go to the masked man!"

Chad offered his arm and directed me to hold it tightly. Gale was latched onto him on his other arm. He flapped his wings slowly adjusting all our weights, and then he rose above. He started slow but sped up with the most incredible speed that made my eyes and mouth dry while the skin on my face flapped like a dog's tongue outside a moving car's window. Chad shouted over his flight speed to close my eyes and mouth like how Gale had hers done; because if I didn't close them, my eyelids and cheeks would peel off like the skin of oranges. He was ofcourse joking about it... Right??

Chad slowed down his speed mid-air. "By the way where are we headed? I mean, where can we find the masked man?" Gale went pale; she clearly didn't think this through. I remember she mentioned the masked man to be the one finding them. As soon as I thought of him, a black and blue smoke trail began following us. Chad had the brains to halt as he remembered whenever masked man appeared there were black and blue mists oozing out of his robes. Chad landed us on the nearest tower. We waited for the mist to accumulate, but it still just made a trail leading into the shadows of the pillars holding the tower. We helplessly followed it till we came to a stop as we heard a whisper.

"Ahh, Prixie my dear. You weren't supposed to enter. I just wanted your poster." My poster? My head shook frantically around searching for the source of the sound. I noticed Gale was scornfully directing her gaze to the black dark corner within the shadows of the pillar. First of all, its already dark as the black night could be and now I had to squint to clearly see. To appease my eyes, he came little into the moonlight, "I am sorry. I am not in my strongest of my health. I can't be in light for much long." Gale probed him, "The moon light, masked man? There are theories of dark creatures showing true colours in moonlight..."

“Ever so eager Ms Gale... I am so intrigued to answer them only to see your reaction upon knowing the truth. But time is of little essence to us but a lot more to Prixie here. Don't you want to help her?” Gale stood mum.

He continued, “Prixie, my darling. It would be so entertaining to give you a private tour of this world. But we need to get you back to your home.” He starts walking towards me except that his robes made him look like he was gliding on the floor. But I had so many questions. Home, he states. “How do I know that the home you call my world could actually be the mirrored dimension of this little system? Because clearly, we were all deprived of the power” He was now holding up his arms towards me. His hand then swiftly crept closer to my mouth. If I hadn't known better it seemed like he was going to gag me from spilling out the untold truth.

“And what is your role into this? Gale here doesn't trust you? Who are you even? Why are you the masked MAN where you just as easily could be a WOMAN? And what does my beloved poster have to do with all this?”

His mask now cracked into a smile, “Gale? Where is she?” I peered to look behind him. There was nothing but empty air with my arms stretched out longing to hold onto something. I felt drowsy. He apparently had grabbed onto me and dove off the tower. I could hear him whisper in my ear, “So many questions you ask but the symmetry world doesn't... Naïve as they can be but you are the wittiest of your abilities...”

I strained to open my eyes but couldn't. We were still falling and I could feel his arms secured around me. All this time I worried, I wanted to atleast tell Gale that she was right- that the masked being was not to be trusted. The only way I thought I could help her was what my hands did next. As the masked being was unlocking his hold on me, my firm dominant hand scratched out the mask off his face while the other hand tried to read his facial features- desperately trying to decode something, anything at all would be a reward.

I woke with the feeling of flatness across my palms as if it touched a plain slate and a faint sound of chuckle ringing in my ears. My eyes were frantically blinking trying to adjust with light. My head raised on Gale's lap while Mrs Spots was keeping cold compresses on my forehead. And Chad -was Chad even in my class- was bandaging my forefinger.

Apparently I got a paper-cut from my poster. They pulled out my bleeding hand from my bag after I fainted and fell of my chair, oh so dramatically with gurgled scream they described. After all that, I still could only fret if my poster was damaged because the rest was all forgotten as a dream that vanishes if we can't grab onto it.