

Escape to Daydream Transcript

Escape to Daydream. Episode 1: Algebraic Interruptions

[School bell rings]

Twelve equals seven minus x over 2. x equals -17. Twelve minus three n equals eleven. x equals $\frac{1}{3}$.

I turned away from the blackboard at the front of the classroom, where my teacher was going over the answers to last night's homework. I struggled to contain my sigh. What kind of a person schedules a math class for the *end of the day*? Sadists, that's who. This school was full of sadists.

[Traffic can be heard in the background]

As the teacher continued to go on about x and p and k and every other letter in the alphabet, my gaze wandered towards the line of windows to the far left of the classroom. The view wasn't much—a little bit of grass, a few trees, and then a busy road—but it was certainly more interesting than algebra.

Lint is more interesting than algebra.

Before I could write an ode to how superior lint is to algebra, a large dark shape briefly darted across the windows I still gazed towards. I blinked. Could too many algebraic equations trigger hallucinations?

[Punching sounds are heard]

There—it darted again! But this time...did I hear something too?

Just then, the large dark shape crashed through the window [breaking glass sounds], landed on the desk nearest to the window, and then proceeded to fall to the floor. My classmates screamed and jumped out of their chairs, running to the back of the room to get far away from what was happening at the front.

But not me. I stepped a little bit closer so that I could see that it wasn't *one* dark shape, it was two.

The first was unlike anything I'd ever seen before. It had to be at *least* 6'2", covered in green, reptilian-like skin. It roared in rage [the creature roars] at the second shape, who was—a woman. Slight, blonde, and young, the woman didn't seem like she could possibly be a match for the grotesque creature she was battling, but it was clear she was definitely holding her own.

As I looked on, the creature suddenly got the upper hand in the fight and flung the woman into the windows; [the sound of a crash and falling objects is heard] a large thwack indicated that her head had unfortunately taken a *lot* of force.

The creature quickly stood up and held out its arms as very long, very pointy...things appeared out of his forearms. He stalked towards the woman with determination. The woman was clearly still recovering from whatever head injury she'd sustained. And to be honest, I was seriously impressed she wasn't already passed out. But her state of consciousness wasn't going to do her much good if she couldn't sit up. She needed help.

“Hey!” I called as I took a few steps toward the creature. He turned to me, surprise and confusion briefly overtaking his rage. “Quick question. Which ninja turtle are you, and why are you running around naked? Is your shell at the dry cleaners?”

The creature fully turned towards me and roared once again [creature roars once more]. Ok. Not a fan of the ninja turtles, I guess. To each their own.

“You’re right,” I said to it. “I apologize—that was technically three questions. How very rude of—ahhh!” I yelped as the creature started to race towards me.

I leapt into the aisle and tried to move the desks into the creature’s path. But it turns out desks are large and difficult to move, especially when a rather fast monster is headed straight for you. Before I knew it, the creature was right in front of me. He drew back his arm to stab me with his—bone? Skewer? Spike?—and I only escaped the blow because I tripped over a strewn backpack and fell to the floor. Ever the graceful one.

The demon barely hesitated as he adjusted to my new location and drew back his arm once more to finish me off. My path was block with desks and fallen shelving. With nowhere left to go, I closed my eyes and awaited death.

[A crack sounds]

A loud crack rent the classroom, but I felt no pain.

After a few seconds, I cautiously opened my eyes. The creature was collapsed on the floor, his head at a very painful-looking angle. The blonde woman stood over him, a victorious smirk on her face.

Did she just...snap the monster’s neck with her bare hands?

The woman walked towards me and held out said hand. “Buffy Summers. Thanks for your help, uh...”

I quickly held out my own hand. “Rehann Rheel.” She very easily helped me to my feet as my classmates and teacher started to recover and slowly move towards the door, eager to get away from the creature, no matter how dead it currently looked.

“What *is* that thing?” I asked, nose scrunching with distaste as I looked down at the corpse on the ground.

“It’s called a Polgara demon.”

“I’m guessing ‘Polgara’ is Latin for ‘not a ninja turtle.’”

Buffy’s brows lifted as her mouth curled with amusement. “What’s with you and the ninja turtles?”

I shrugged. “I was going to compare him to Nagini, Voldemort’s snake, but he really didn’t seem like a big reader. I was afraid the reference would go over his head. The ninja turtles seemed more universal. Plus, he’s all leg-having, you know?”

Buffy chuckled as she dusted off her clothes. “Wit and pop culture references are probably the two most important weapons in a Slayer’s arsenal. And it’s clear you’ve got them in spades. If you ever—”

“Rehann, what’s the answer to number 24?”

I snapped my eyes from the window to the front of the room, then quickly down to my homework in front of me. “S equals 107,” I responded.

I let out a long sigh as the teacher moved on to the next problem. What does it say about me that a demon crashing into my classroom and terrorizing my classmates is more desirable to me than algebraic equations?

Probably some questions are better left unanswered. Both in life and in math.