Esclarmonde woke up, groggily, reluctantly willing herself out of a deep slumber. She stretched, rubbed her eyes, and moved to get up out of bed, thinking to herself about all the progress she had to make on her dissertation chapter that day. Her foot, much like her mind, was on its way to hit the floor with the usual desolate thud, when it hit air instead of her tangerine-colored vintage shag area rug.

“Um, what?”

Esclarmonde was suddenly much more awake as it dawned on her that she was floating five feet in the air above her bed. Utterly flummoxed, she almost did a somersault in the air. Still, she remained floating. Paralyzed with shock for a few seconds, she tried to lower herself back to earth, but her feet just couldn’t touch her rug.

“What the hell is going on?” she queried, to no one. The vehemence of this statement caused her to shoot upward towards the ceiling, after which she hit her head on the top. Lightly, though, no harm no foul. Giggling, Esclarmonde began to realize the benefits of her newfound airborne nature. She slowly glided over to the door to her tiny apartment, picking up a small stack of dusty library books on the way. Shifting the books to one hand, she opened the door and slowly doggie-paddled – in mid-air – out the door, still wearing her hippopotamus pajamas.

“It’s cloudy today!” Overjoyed, flying above her apartment complex, she soared through her neighborhood to a nearby park, with a small lake at the center. Stopping in midair, Esclarmonde looked down at the books she still held with one arm.

“I was supposed to get so much work done today…. These books are probably very expensive…”

Who now could hear her but the birds… She flew away after dumping the books in the lake.