

Indefinitely bound to the 3rd of March

By Tilly

magic

/ˈmɑdʒɪk/

noun

1. the power of apparently influencing events by using mysterious or supernatural forces.
"suddenly, as if by magic, the doors start to open"

This is the definition when you type the word magic into google and the first image to appear is always Harry Potter with his perpetually untidy black hair and novelty Windsor glasses. Unfortunately, Hogwarts is not real and there is no chance of you living your lifelong dream of riding a nimbus 2000. Humans' perception of magic is non compos mentis. Throughout history magic has been seen as the impossible, the unseen, the enchanting but I have agonised its maleficent entail.

3rd March 1819

12.48pm

Dear diary ~Chalk board,

I am quietly scribing this during trigonometry class in the new maths room, I'm praying Mr Smith will not catch me like last week, I never want to read out my deranged thoughts again, I can feel my cheeks burning rose just thinking about it. However, I will take any risk to try and drown out his raven like voice repeating the importance of memorising complementisinus for our test on Thursday. Lunch is in precisely 11 minutes and 38 seconds and today instead of spending 'precious time' with my fish paste sandwiches alone in the refectory, I am escaping...

3rd March 1919

12.48pm

Dear diary ~Back of maths book,

I am discreetly writing this during trigonometry class in the maths room, I am begging Mr Wilson will not catch me like last week, I never want to read out my demented thoughts again, I can feel my cheeks flushing rose just thinking about it. However, I will take any risk to try and drown out his hawk like voice repeating the importance of memorising the three periodic functions. For our test on Thursday. Lunch is in precisely 11 minutes and 38 seconds and today instead of spending 'valuable time' with my Stanley, steel lunch box alone in the lunchroom, I am escaping...

3rd March 2019

12:48pm

Dear Diary ~Typing,

I'm secretly typing this during trig class in the old maths room, I'm praying Mrs Thompson won't catch me like last week, I never want to read out my raving mad thoughts again, I can feel my cheeks bleaching rose just thinking about it. However, I will take any risk to try and drown out her crow like voice repeating the importance of memorising SOHCAHTOA for our test on Thursday. Lunch is in precisely 11 minutes and 38 seconds and today instead of spending 'precious time' with my lunch tray alone in the canteen, I'm escaping...



MAGIC SHORT STORY



3rd March 2119

12.48pm

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When will this cycle end, I'm trapped for infinity, one recurrent day? A day of Trigonometry on repeat, my own personal hell was created. This is not magic but instead malediction of the finest.