

The Vines of the Mind



By Quinn Phillips
Illustrations by Google Images

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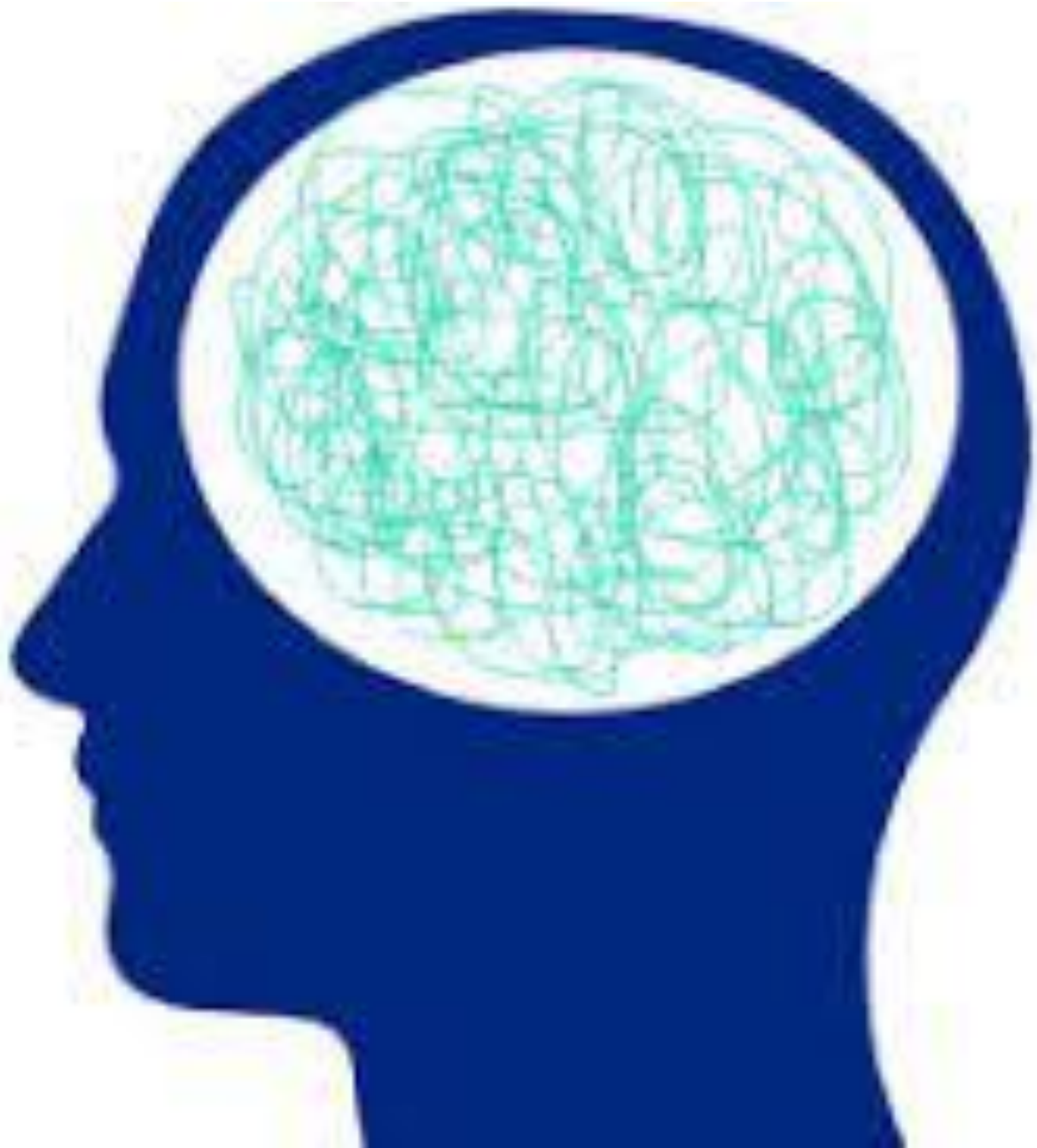
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Like many, Julia had a family. Her husband, like her migrated from Hungary, but unlike him, her mind was a stubborn mess. The human mind consists of houses filled with ideas and plants that spread as ideas thrive.



Her mind for a quite a while was filled to the brim with her Hungarian ideals which were represented by green grass standing 1 ½ inches tall. This suddenly changed, however, when a new idea moved in next door to the creator of Juila's Hungarian ideals.



This change happened at the same time as her immigration to the United States. The ideas of the English language happened to be this new idea and the Hungarian ideals weren't to pleased.



She decided it would only be fitting if she met this neighbor. She walked up to the house and got concerned. Vines shot off in every direction from the house entangling trees and spreading like wildfire.



A man walked up behind her and bellowed in a deep, crisp voice, "Can I help you?"

She practically jumped out of shock, "Well I thought it would only be neighborly to invite you over for afternoon tea."



He walked closer to her house. She gazed at him with a friendly smile but deep hatred flooded her stomach. They sat down and she poured the tea. The conversation started in a burst.



His ideas seemed to her like direct rivals to her's, but to him, they where two much needed sides of a coin. She stood up suddenly with anger in her eyes as she stared at him. His skin began to crack and he began to fade.



He disappeared in an instant and with him, so did the vines. Part of her as well faded as the grass became littered with a deep brown. Julia simply muttered, "No." She became more separated from her family than ever before.



Her husband died and her kids were unable to understand her anymore as her stubbornness thrived within. She never learned English and died lonely. Just an ounce of change could've altered everything.

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