

# Daydreamer

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*... it's pretty explains itself lol :D*

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# 1 - Daydreamer

In a small town in the middle of nowhere there sat a small school. It looked like any average school, and inside sat an average girl. Her name was Jasmine McClain. She sat at her desk and listened to her science teacher drone on and on about photosynthesis.

She crinkled her nose thoughtfully, and with a small sigh she glanced out of the window. "I hate this," she mentally complained. "I just wish I could escape it all." She turned her attention to the piece of paper that lay across her desktop.

The white paper stood out in stark contrast to the dark table beneath it. Small sketches of superheroes and villains littered its otherwise clean surface. "I wish my life was more like that of a comic book. Exciting, adventurous, and not so dull," she thought wistfully.

With the sound of the teacher's voice in the background, Jasmine slowly drifted off into a dream world...

Boom! The young girl's body slammed back into the brick wall. Grimacing she pried herself from the hot burning bricks. "Geez! I wish that when I knock 'em down, they'd stay down!"

"No, you don't, Jazz," a voice erupted from her earpiece. "Then it'd be far too easy, and you hate when it's too easy."

Jazz gave an unenthusiastic shrug. "Eh, you know me all too well." She jumped high into the air, barely dodging a huge robotic fist. She ran up the arm, placed a bomb on its shoulder, and jumped back to the ground.

Landing gracefully on her feet she spoke to her unseen partner. "Enough goofing around, Sparky. Just tell me how to bring this oversized tin can to his knees."

She could almost see him smile in her mind. "You'll have fun with this one, Jazz." She rolled her eyes. "You have to get inside and blow up it's heart."

"Heart? It's the Tin Man it doesn't have a heart. How in the world would I get inside this monstrosity?"

Laughter erupted in her ear. "Check out the dome on its head." While dodging the giant's swinging arms and stomping feet. She glanced up. Sure enough the robot had a glass domed head.

A smirk spread across her face. "Nice job, Sparky!" She broke out into a sprint. Her brown hair flew behind her like a cape. Swiftly she darted up the hulking frame of the robot. "My bombs should work, right?"

Sparky gave her a short and sweet answer. "Of course. I made them, didn't I?"

The teen hero resisted the urge to smack her forehead. "You're seriously too much sometimes."

Jumping into the air she flipped and placed a bomb on top of the dome.

An explosion erupted behind her. "Score!" Spinning on her heels she came face to face with her enemy. "You horrid girl! You're ruining all of my plans!" A blonde head was amid the broken glass.

"Allison?!" Jazz gasped in shock. "You're behind all of this?" The blonde underneath the broken dome smirked confidently, and Jazz narrowed her eyes in frustration. "I should've known. Don't think you're going to get away with this!"

The other girl threw her head back and laughed loudly. "You're only delaying the inevitable." With jerky motions the robot came closer to Jasmine. "I will crush you!"

She jumped back to dodge the robot's onslaught, while easily slipping out an arrow. Attaching a bomb to the end of said arrow, she charged forward again. Jazz threw her body into the air, high above Allison and her monstrous robot. "Eat this, Allison!" The arrow flew straight into the heart of the robot.

The robot shorted out and began spinning wildly before exploding into bits. The force of it all sent Jasmine flying through the air until she landed harshly on the gravelly pavement. Her vision began swimming before her green eyes.

"Jazz!" the voice in her ear rung. "Jazz! Wake up! Jasmine!"

She opened her eyes and glanced around drowsily. Her friend's voice had woken her up at her desk in her class, and back to reality. "You're gonna be late, again." She looked up at her red-headed friend, Sparky. "And Allison kinda wants her seat, too." Sparky's brown eyes sparkled sweetly.

The blonde cheerleader stood behind him hands placed on her hips and an annoyed look on her pretty face. "Yeah, so you better get your tail moving, loser. Before I move it for you." Jasmine remembered her dream and smiled brightly at her attacker. "Stop smiling like that, freak!"

Sparky and Jazz both picked up their things and fled the classroom quickly after that. As they were walking to their next class, Sparky turned and shot Jasmine a questioning glance. "What were you dreaming about back there, Jazz?"

The average teen girl in that average school in that average town smiled. She stole a solemn look at the green trees just outside the halls windows. "Oh, nothing really... just your above average dreams." She laughed at her best friend's confused look. "You wouldn't understand..." she patted him on the back and went on with her average, everyday life.