Sometimes I think about life back home, before I accidentally fell into a futuristic alternate dimension, gained super powers, was forced to save the world, thus becoming the leader of a superhero team, all because my parents got lost in a rainforest, and I foolishly thought I could do a better job at finding them than a search party (true story). I think back to my old room, and how much simpler and warmer it felt. I've never really thought of this place as my home, I mean- I have friends here, I am the leader of a team of fighters after all, and despite all I've done to provide them with a place they can call home, I've never really felt like I've been able to do the same for myself.

I remember the days of prototyping robots that contained components that didn't even exist, the number of blueprints and sketches that overwhelmed my desk and my refusal to clean any of it up despite my parents' wishes. I never made my bed in the morning there like I do here, I'd always wait until I came back home, and then get it all ready. I guess what I'm trying to say that I'm not really allowed to leave messes in my space anymore, not even small ones. I have a level of professionalism I feel the need to maintain at all times now. It's hard to be a respectable leader when you live in a cluttered mess, even though back home, I never considered it to be that way.

I hear the term "organized chaos" used a lot, as a way to undermine the messes people have in their rooms, but mine quite literally was an organized chaos. I had so many papers on my desk, papers in stacks that were almost comically large, but each one was for a different prototype I was working on. I had one for an adaptive toaster, a machine able to take in a piece of bread, scan it, and use its attributes to perfectly toast a slice of bread to whatever level the user desires. I had a small stack for a spring-loaded frying pan, so that I'd never have to worry about breaking the yolks when I fried eggs, it's something dumb I thought of when I was only seven years old, but I still use its utter absurdity as inspiration whenever I have creative block. But lastly, my most cherished papers, the ones that I desperately hope are still there when I return to my home dimension someday: The robots.

I've always had an odd fascination with robots. My favourite cartoon characters were always either very tech savvy, or they themselves were robots. I remember learning that my school had a robotics club, I joined into it immediately, and even brought some of my earliest ideas for robots I'd want to make to our meetings, although unfortunately the school didn't have the resources to make robots that could do anything cooler than a backflip. But what finally got me to bite the bullet was my favourite video game franchise was *Megabyte Lad*. It was a game where you saved the world as a robot boy, quite a simple premise really, but it was so fun blowing up other robots to prove I was the strongest. There was a "Museum" mode in the game that documented all of the robots you'd face off against, as well as the titular Megabyte Lad himself, and it featured incredibly detailed blueprints of each and every one. That right there is when I realized that I could make robots too, and from there I felt downright unstoppable. I would spend so much time sketching, and planning, and stacking papers on top of papers of details about creations that would never even exist, robots that were way advanced in ways beyond human comprehension. One birthday the top item on my list was "Bigger Desk with Drawers" just so I'd have room to store them all, and when that wish came true, I still managed to overwhelm it with sheets of paper. Looking back at it, maybe I the reason I fell into an alternate

dimension was because of the amount of paper I used, maybe the universe was just done with me. I had to have had several trees worth of paper sheets filled with ideas, and if I remember correctly, I had only ever worked on around 12 different robots.

But that brings me too now. Gone are the days of having a messy room, now everything's clean, tidy, and practically spotless. I have an extremely large desk, but all of my blueprints are stored on a tablet now, so I don't really have a need for pencil and paper. I'm living in a world where I can create almost anything I want, I've *made* a robot with capabilities far beyond any of my blueprints back home, but I was able to do it so effortlessly, and now the whimsy of making something impossible is gone. The magic is dead.

I thought that living in a world so technologically advanced would be a dream come true for me, and in some ways, it has been, but it's also made me feel like I wasted all of my life back at home making these ideas, planning out complex designs, realizing errors I've made and fixing them, focussing hours into something as simple as an arm, only to become part of a society where ideas can become reality almost effortlessly, there's no need to worry about any technicalities here, there are tools that can do all of that for you.

I guess I just miss living in a simpler place, everything felt more natural, I was so much more eager to figure things out, I could look forward to a world where technology would become more and more advanced, and perhaps I could even pioneer a major technological advancement. But here, everything's already been done, and if it hasn't, then it could be done in a matter of hours. I don't feel special or unique here like I did back home, I don't even feel talented anymore, because everything I had spent years trying to figure, every problem I've ever wanted to solve has been solved here YEARS ago. I miss the bliss of being at home, but I also miss the childish sense of curiosity and creativity I had, a sense of creativity that would still be alive if it weren't for my unfortunate slip into a cross-dimensional portal that yielded a world where everything was figured out for me.