As Evelyn awoke, the world around her seemed to shimmer with an unsettling glow. Confusion raced through her mind as she stepped out of her cozy bed, immediately spotting a vase drifting sideways, dripping water upwards. Panic spread as she looked outside her window. It was pandemonium. Cars drifted in mid-air, almost as if held by invisible hands, buildings warped and twisted like water, pedestrians walked on ceilings, their shoes sticking with an unnatural force. It was too hard to believe this was real. Evelyn pinched herself a couple of times to make sure she was dreaming. But it was indeed reality she was witnessing.

Evelyn soon ventured out of her warped door, attempting to step over a muddy puddle. Instead of jumping, her legs floated upward, carrying her far above the city like a balloon caught in the wind. She screamed and flailed helplessly, her eyes vigorously scanning for an object she could grasp onto to keep her from flying away. But it was no luck. After about an hour of whimpering in fear, she gently pushed her hand against the cool, monsoon breeze, realising that she could swim like a fish. With gentle hand forces, she lazily moved across the azure sky, nearing colliding with a shop which she managed to dodge in time.

Her gaze was drawn to a floating marketplace below her, where goods hovered in disjointed rhythms. Apples floated into slanted pyramids, only to explode into a shower of scarlet fireworks. Vendors attempted to jostle products that tried to slip out of their hands, and Evelyn could not help but feel a humorous pity for them. Customers leapt further into the atmosphere to retrieve priceless vases and clothes made of silk. Above all the pandemonium, the sun beat down mercilessly on their backs, shining with an eerie glow.

Evelyn’s curiosity tugged at her towards the heart of the market, a glowing orb suspended as if it were frozen in time. Exhilaration and trepidation spread through her body as she swam through the marketplace, closer and closer to the radiating ball. Its shimmer pulsated, forming threads of light that spilled into the sky like liquid gold. Near the globe stood a cloaked figure, an ominous halo of aura enshrouding it, the fabric cascading around it like an endless waterfall. The figure suddenly approached Evelyn, startled by its grace. It silently beckoned for her to come closer, but Evelyn hesitated.

Her feet deceived her, moving toward the figure as if she were pushed by an invisible hand. When she drew closer to the figure, the air around her seemed to calm down, ripples fading into stillness. “You do not understand what is going on do you?” they whispered, their voice resonating into Evelyn’s chest. “What is it?” she asked, her hands quivering with uncertainty. “The language of this world,” they replied, gesturing to the shimmering orb. “Everything you have witnessed today, this chaos, is bound by rules you have yet to unearth.

Evelyn’s mouth curled into a frown, her mind in a state of confusion. However, their words stirred something within her. She reached a hand to the orb, fingers delicately brushing against its cool, smooth surface. A realisation struck her like magic. The hovering goods were not chaos, they were melodies, dancing to rhythms. The volatile shifts in gravity and time hummed a song that echoed with meaning far beyond her understanding. She tasted salty tears on her lips as she slowly drew her hand back. “You see it now,” they whispered.

She nodded slowly, her mood lightening. Her steps felt less ambiguous; her heart less burdened. She was not merely surviving the disorder; she was navigating the music.