

Odie clutched the can
of orange juice



Odie clutched the can of orange juice. It was very cold against his palms which were very wet—either from the coldness or the sweat that was slowly forming in his callused hands. He had callused hands—hands which had been witnesses to the harsh realities of life and the absurdities of things—of fate and of faith. Odie smiled upon remembering his hands.

The hands of a warrior. He was watching the battlefield in front of him—the warriors were armed. Only a simple command from him—their leader—and the thousands of warriors would be willing to sacrifice their lives for the survival of their tribe, of their nation.

Odie raised his right hand, brandishing the gleaming sword in the air—the war has begun. He opened his mouth to give the command... and a car screeched nearby and Odie was awakened from his day dreaming. He was no warrior and there was no sword.

The can of orange juice had lost its coldness by then, and Odie walked up their pathway into the confines of his home. No, it was a house. No, it was also not a house. It was a tiny apartment—just a very, very small space in this world where he can sleep, eat, take a bath, change clothes, and... become someone else.

Odie stepped into his room and looked at the computer—this is it—the moment when he stops from being the muddled and the ridiculed Odie. This is the moment when he stops from being the weird and tame Odie. In fact, this is where he stops from being Odie altogether—he can now be anything and anyone whom he wants to be.

The only thing in the world right now is the computer screen, the people on-line who are impatiently waiting and clamoring for the attention of his other self—Brigade719.

Odie logged on and Brigade719 has entered the world of cyberspace. He was now lost to the endless possibilities which can happen. He can be the warrior who brandishes the gleaming sword, he can be the courageous general who bravely stands on the front, he can be the destroyer of evil empires, and he can be the prince to the many princesses who are vying for his on-line attention.

Odie clutched the can of orange juice. He walked slowly and silently along the hallways of his university—no one was paying him any attention. If a person looked at him now, in a matter of seconds, he would probably be forgotten. He was small, scrawny, and shy. In the room, he barely spoke; he barely talked even when he was addressed by his professors. Not that his professors actually talked to him.

The average times of people actually addressing Odie would be the average times a Starbucks store would be closing down—which to say, was rarely. Yet, he was kind and gentle. In fact, he was too kind and too gentle that people rendered him to be non-existent. But that's okay with Odie—since later on, in the confines of his tiny apartment, in that very messy room—he becomes someone else.

Odie logged on and Brigade719 has entered the world of cyberspace. There, in the screen, are over a hundred invitations to be his on-line friend. There, in the bright, bright screen, are over a thousand possibilities of showing his

intelligence, his bravery, and his wit. Brigade719 smiled. He was ready—bringing his fingers closer to the keyboard, he took on the possibilities.