**Yellow Flowers**

As Eloise soaked in the silence, basking in the sunlight. A single deafening thought entered her mind; when will everything fall apart again. One false move, one wrong thought, and it would be all over once more.

The field where she lay sprouted yellow flowers growing tall enough to cover her still body, protecting her, sheltering her from the world around her. The fresh smell of spring comforted her as she lay wrapped in a blanket of the sun’s warmth. Another contemplation sprang to mind, making her wonder whether the flowers were protecting her from the world or if they were protecting the world from her.

In this moment the wind picks up little pieces of dirt filtering it through the air, catching her golden hair making it dance around her, providing the peace and certainty otherwise absent from the life Eloise was made to live. The support and safety of the large flower stems which Eloise lay immersed in offered something so different and foreign to the coldness and distance that had become Eloise’s norm. The swaying of the yellow flowers, all moving in unison seem to nod their heads in agreement confirming the slimmer of tranquillity Eloise is able to enjoy.

As abruptly as it stopped, her mind began to tick again, moving through the motions of fear, doubt, and insecurity. The pieces of the puzzle finally clicking into place, creating everything but a masterpiece, instead producing Eloise’s greatest nightmare. The little wire routed differently deep in her mind began to reload, configuring her own personal algorithm drawing out her deepest anxieties and turning them on her loved ones. Creating a chore so pivotal that if not completed would be fatal. Eloise was in a lifelong competition with It and was going to stop at nothing to ensure she came out victorious. Without a moment’s hesitation Eloise conformed to the routine embedded in her mind, a switch turning on in her brain shifting what was once a safe haven into a maze she needed to escape. She gathered her book and bag which lay beside her in the dirt, no longer dancing in the wind and hurried in search for an exit from the maze of yellow flowers.

To Eloise’s dismay the journey from within the field seemed easier than it was. As her mind began to cloud over with dark possibilities and an evitable ending, Eloise struggled to see the beauty she was submerged in just moments before, only left with her thoughts and the reality of the situation her mind had put her in. As the wind picked up once more asking her hair to dance, begging her to return to the serenity she only began to get more frustrated, scared, and determined to reach safety. She continued to push through the flowers hoping to eventually find the track she first stumbled upon but it was no use. The tall flowers consuming her began to move, laughing at her as she struggled against her own personal jungle. The wires in her brain intertwining, clashing, and connecting with the continuing flower jungle that was now her reality, receiving nothing but more grief. This only made the flowers move more with laughter, aggravating Eloise further.

The dirt began to pick up at her feet, spiralling around her, normally Eloise would stop in awe at the beauty of the fields. But not now. That moment of bliss was over and now Eloise had to find an escape from her mind and the field of yellow flowers.

The immense stress that was taking over Eloise’s existence, flooding through her veins and oozing out of her pores only heightened the darkening cloud that was her mind. Eloise’s brain was slowly starting to self-implode around her providing nothing but loss and failure, something so embedded in Eloise’s mind that it didn’t seem to faze her. She was given a task she wouldn’t be able to complete. The world was against her, time was against her, even her own brain was turning against her, leaving her a lifeless body scrambling through a field of yellow flowers hoping for a way out.

In the distance Eloise noticed a fragment of the field different from the rest, a glimmer of light shone clearly through the yellow petals, a glimmer of hope. With this new found positivity and faith Eloise stumbled her way to safety, grabbing onto sturdy stems and larger rocks for support as her brain, despite this token of possibility, began to turn off. The wire routed differently to the rest taking control of her from within. Her biggest fear. Letting It win the battle that was her life. She couldn’t let It win. Not when she was this close to completion.

As Eloise thought she was nearing the end she slowed down to look at her hands now full with a bouquet of yellow flowers which she must have ripped from the ground as she ran in fear. At first glance they seemed like the embodiment of perfection. Their perfect honey lemon tinted petals which seemed to be handcrafted with care and the green stalks bunched together neatly in her hands displayed what Eloise only wished the tangled wires in her own brain looked like. Neat and dainty, innocent and free. But on closer consideration Eloise began to understand the reality of the flowers, the uneven stems from where they had been ripped from the ground and the caterpillar eaten edges bore resemblance to her mind, perfect from afar but broken and in need of attention on close inspection.

As Eloise let out one last sigh before moving forward she felt once again that sense of tranquilly she bathed in only moments before. When her hair danced in the wind and the flowers moved in unison, encouraging any moment of happiness Eloise could grasp her hands around. Eloise had also began to notice the dark clouds that once consumed her mind moments before start to clear over replacing it with cerulean skies and feathery clouds.

A warm buzz shot through her veins as the switch in her mind slowly started to flicker off once again, her mind becoming open to the beauties of the field once more. Eloise began to take the final steps to the glimmering light at the edge of the field, the epitome of beauty Eloise thought. She had beaten her mind, she had come out victorious defeating her greatest enemy when It tried to stand her down.

Eloise had finally found comfort within the yellow flowers.

And was now free.