

“Wait,” you yell.

He pauses and a look of confusion comes across his face.
The air smells of sulfur and burnt meat

“It’s OK, I’m not one of those crazy people.”

He lowers his arms and looks relieved, “Since you can form a complete sentence, that’s logical.”

He walks up to you and holds out a hand, “I’m Solok.”
You take his hand and notice how warm it is. Solok?

“I’m Si.” You break the handshake and point to his hands,
“You get powers too?”

“Yes,” he holds up his hands in front of his face and looks at them, puzzled, “I had been hiding in the store when those hooligans broke in. I thought I was done for, but suddenly I was overtaken by anger and,” he motions with his head back at the building, “that happened.”

“Yeah,” you say, “similar things happened with me. But I didn’t get flames.”

“What power do you have?”

You pull a spike out of your head and, just like before, a new spike grows to replace it.

“Fascinating,” he says quietly.

“You could say that.” You toss the spike to the ground and it lands with a *CLANG*.

Solok suddenly jerks his head and looks past you. He points and says, “I take it you are familiar with them?”

You turn around and see that there is a spaceman on the other side of the street walking towards you.

“Oh yeah I know those fuckers.”

Solok steps past you and you see tiny flames starting to dance on his fingers. “I wish to deal to with this.”

The spaceman raises his ray gun but he doesn’t even stand a chance. Pillars of flames burst from Solok and overtake the spaceman. Solok turns off his weapon and you two both watch the burning spaceman stagger about for a few steps and then collapse to the ground.

Solok turns to you and smiles. He is finally breaking this