# Seeing Red

Everyone loves the first day of school, right? New year, new classes, new  
friends. It's a day full of potential and hope, before all the dreary  
depressions of reality show up to ruin all the fun.I like the first day of  
school for a different reason, though. You see, I have a sort of power. When I  
look at people, I can...sense a sort of aura around them. A colored outline  
based on how long that person has to live. Most everyone I meet around my age  
is surrounded by a solid green hue, which means they have plenty of time  
left.A fair amount of them have a yellow-orangish tinge to their auras, which  
tends to mean a car crash or some other tragedy. Anything that takes people  
"before their time" as they say.The real fun is when the auras venture into  
the red end of the spectrum, though. Every now and again I'll see someone  
who's basically a walking stoplight. Those are the ones who get murdered or  
kill themselves. It's such a rush to see them and know their time is  
numbered.With that in mind, I always get to class very early so I can scout  
out my classmates' fates. The first kid who walked in was basically radiating  
red. I chuckled to myself. Too damn bad, bro. But as people kept walking in,  
they all had the same intense glow. I finally caught a glimpse of my rose-  
tinted reflection in the window, but I was too stunned to move. Our professor  
stepped in and locked the door, his aura a sickening shade of green.