I’m actually reading my professor’s mind right now.

I stare around at my fellow classmates in lecture: can they hear what I’m hearing too? As I look around, everyone is consumed with their exam, clearly not absorbed with the negative thoughts from our professor that are practically screaming in my head right now. Maybe it’s just me; maybe I ate something bad last night, and this is the first sign of delusion and paranoia. I mean, this exam is worth 40% of my grade, it only makes sense that I’m having some sort of feeling of paranoia. Yep, that’s definitely it! I am extremely paranoid, and it’s making me feel as if I’m hearing my professor telling us to fail, even though she has a giant smile plastered on her face and hasn’t spoken in at least 20 minutes.

*Can this girl stop looking around? She’s giving me anxiety.*

I whip my head towards the girl sitting next to me.

“Did you say something?” I whisper to her.

“No.” She gives me a dirty look and turns back to her exam.

*Great, now she’s going to try to have a conversation with me. Idiot*

Okay, she definitely did not say that out loud, and I’m officially going crazy. How is this even remotely possible? I didn’t fall into a vat of radioactivity, and I so don’t have superhuman parents who passed down their traits. I’m an eighteen year old girl from a small town in California. I’m not even from Los Angeles; cool, movie stuff like this can’t just happen to me.

I shake my thoughts away and try to focus on my exam. Slowly, thoughts start creeping into my head that most certainly aren’t mine.

*I can’t believe he didn’t text me back last night.*

*Oh my god. Oh my god. I am so going to fail.*

*I am totally switching majors after this test.*

I cover my ears to block out the noise, but the sound is coming from inside my head, not externally. I quickly stand up, sling my bag over my shoulder, and run out of the lecture hall, hearing confused thoughts as I shut the door behind me. Chemistry be damned. I run into the startling daylight and collapse onto a bench with my head between my legs as I try to slow my breathing.

This can’t be happening to me. I rack my brain as I try to remember anything from high school health class about mental disorders. Is Schizophrenia the one where people hear voices? Or is that multiple personality disorder? Oh god, maybe my alter ego is trying to come out and is poisoning me with her thoughts. I begin hyperventilating as I imagine myself sitting in a padded room, talking to people that aren’t there. But wait, those people in my lecture hall were there. I couldn’t possibly just imagine the professor and the girl’s thoughts.