All that Maga could think to themselves was, “wow, out of all the possible powers that I could have been gifted with, this is right down there with the worst.” It started about a month prior—they were walking home from the market, looking at a text from their father, & a drop of green fell from their nose, landed on their phone, & sizzled as it rolled down along the metal frame. They arrived shrieking about how they were living in the first three minutes of a bad Twilight Zone episode. A frantic trip to the hospital later, and they found out that, for no reason in particular other than malice on the part of the universe, they can produce acid from anywhere on their body.

Now, a month later, they still aren’t used to the new practices they have to upkeep to make sure they don’t accidentally destroy everything they love. Due to the corrosive nature of their blood, even paper cuts must be swiftly dealt with lest they become a health hazard. Similarly, their tears can’t simply be wiped away any more on a bad allergy day without some strong base nearby to neutralize their acidity. “It’s a wonder I haven’t accidentally waged chemical warfare on my town by now,” they thought. “Golly, what a useful and interesting power to have!” they didn’t think.

This night, however, was different. After weeks of trying to look on the bright side of things and find a possible use for copious amounts of acid pouring constantly from themselves, they believe they have finally found a purpose. They concentrated, and watery green fluid oozed from under