*I do not like you, I think you are weird and annoying.* Their lips are not moving though and they have a smile on their face as they say to a teenage boy, John, “It was so great running in to you today, we should hang out sometime.” That was weird, he thought to himself and thought maybe it is just my imagination, and continued on with his day and stopped at a diner down the street from his house on his way home from school. *Another teen kid in here. He better not try to take anything, teens are so reckless and disrespectful.* As he walks to get his food, John notices the man behind the counter glaring at him. He walks up to the counter to pay for his meal and when he receives his change back, John says “Thank you, sir. Not all teens are bad you know.” And the man behind the counter’s face changed, almost in surprise and suspicion. That is when John realized he had the power to read other people’s minds. At first he loved the idea of it, he would mess with kids at school by calling them out on what they really thought and felt and they would be taken aback as to how he knew what he did. He didn’t know how he could read other’s minds or when it really began but after having this power and control over someone, he realized he didn’t like having such power anymore. Sometimes he would be able to know what someone was thinking and it wouldn’t always be something he wanted to know, especially if it were his close friends or even his family thinking something hurtful regardless of how much they loved and cared for him. John began to recognize the importance of privacy, and how he had abused it. At first he had thought that he had an “inside” to what other people wish they could have, a gift almost, but then he began to notice that it did more harm than it did good, for somethings are truly best let unsaid.