Don was heading down the hill back to school with his rowing mates. They’d just finished practice and were deadbeat tired. Coming around a blind corner, he barely caught glimpse of a lady flagging them off the roadside. Without thought he pulled over to the side, and that’s when he noticed a car tumbled upsidedown perched over the edge of the cliff. Sprinting out of his jeep, he reckognized the car as his teammates’ and on approach noticed the car was empty. Peering over the edge he saw his friend sprawled out on a small ledge jutting out from the cliff. Bursting with adrenaline he slides down the Cliffside barely landing on the ledge beside his friend and checks his vitals. “2 broken ribs,” Don snaps them back together. “A broken leg and shattered knee,” Don squeezes life back into them, restoring them better than they had ever been before. A few moments of utter chaos pass as he proceeds to diagnose and heal all of his friend’s wounds. Done. He looks down at his watch. Three minutes have passed. That’s when it hits him. “………….what did I just do………….and how?” Without having taken so much as an anatomy class, Don had not only saved his friend’s life, but made it better. The friend began to regain consciousness. Don looked at his hands, wondering how he could have done these things. Then he looked at Jordan. Jordan felt his body and began to stand up, completely bewildered at what was going on. “Am I dead?” he asks Don. “No,” Don says, “I think I just…I think…oh my god……..OH MY GODDD!!!!!!!!!!!” There was no denying it now. Don understood what he had done. His new magical healing powers, coursing through his veins. Looking at Jordan, it couldn’t have been more clear. All the cuts were gone, no more blood. All his bones fully functioning and strong. Don blinked once, twice in awe. He looked Jordan in his eyes. Jordan looking back, A slight grin curved up on Don’s face. This was just the beginning.