I always thought I was very good at reading people. Do you know those “how well do you perceive other people’s emotions” questions on job applications? I always put “very well” as the response. I always could sympathize with other people and understand other people’s train of thought as if I were able to become them. I can predict their immediate actions and their emotions following afterwards. It was a bit strange but I prided myself on it.

One day my sister came home very frustrated from work. She slammed the door closed when she first walked in and had a visible scowl on her face.

“What’s wrong now?” I asked. I was well aware of my sister’s hatred for her waitressing job. Money was tight and she couldn’t afford to quit it even though the food industry is one of the most stressful areas to work in.

“We were busy all day. Aaaaall day, y’know. I understand that these customers are hungry and want a good dining experience but that shouldn’t mean you can treat the staff like trash! I had this one woman call me incompetent for not having ‘the burger bun toasted just right.’ Why would she say that if I’m not the one cooking!? Also this family thought it was ok for their little brats to start squeezing the ketchup and mustard bottles all over the table. Oh and this old man thought that if he flirted with me he would get a free meal!”

I listened to her ramble on and on and offered her my support. Later that night, I was thinking about what she said. It stuck with me. Her anger and frustration all clouded my mind and it was making me mad too. Why would people treat others that way? Why! She doesn’t get paid enough for this.

The morning after, I woke up and did my usual routine. Got out of my PJ’s, and gather my things to go shower. I almost was groggy enough to pass walking by the bathroom mirror until I noticed a familiar bleached blonde hair bun in the reflection. I looked back in the mirror and saw the face of my own sister looking right at me! I inspected myself over and over again until I confirmed it. I had shapeshifted into my sister!

My shock wasn’t nearly as bad as the migraine I suddenly realized. I can bet I know where the source of that came from. I opened the medicine cabinet, grabbed some pain pills, and ran as fast as I could to my sister’s room.

“I think you might need these!” I yelled, surprised that even my voice changed to hers.