After years of obsessing over my favorite heroes, wondering about what superpower I would have in their universes...it’s finally happened.

Yes, I think I actually have a superpower.

After all these years of exposing myself to radiation, nuclear waste spills, radioactive spiders, and whatever else: I finally have a superpower.

I mean, it’s superhuman…that’s for sure. An incredibly underwhelming superpower, I have to admit. It is the ability to know who hasn’t washed their hands after using the bathroom.

It’s weird, I know. But it wasn’t always like this. One day I was in the bathroom, doing my business, and I heard someone in the stall next to me talking about world domination and executing all humans or something like that. The details get kind of fuzzy. But then I heard a flush and then peeked through the crack in front of my own stall.

An older lady in an orange business suit walked out, looked at herself in the mirror, and made eye contact with me. Her green eyes were menacing as hell. She opened her mouth and I heard a loud bang come from above her and I just blacked out.

I opened my eyes.

She was gone.

I didn’t know what happened in that moment, and I don’t know what she did to me. But I knew she didn’t wash her damn hands.

It was more than just a feeling, I knew I had the power to do something great. To change the world and make sure no one gets sick from rubbing their dirty little hands all over the goddamn place.

I walked out of that stall with a purpose. First, I washed my hands while singing along to the tune of “Happy Birthday,” because apparently that is the amount of time that is recommended to get rid of the germs. I don’t know who said that, but I’ll be damned if it isn’t true. At least I wash my hands after I use restrooms.

Then I kicked open that bathroom door.

“I have a message to the people of this fine fast food establishment!” I exclaimed.

I caught the cashier person side-eyeing me.

“Please restrain yourself from kicking open our doors, Ma’am,” they nonchalantly requested.

“I’m sorry. But it’s not just because of your door. I’m sorry that you’re about to get whooped because I know you haven’t washed your hands before serving these fine customers.”

I smiled. Then I walked out of the building because apparently I broke the door and they were about to call the cops.

But I knew this was the start of something magical. The people around might not realize it yet, but I’m here to stay. And I’m here to change the world. Just call me “Germaphobe.”