Up until now, Jennifer had no idea what it was. She always knew the male voice inside her head was unusual. She thought maybe it was her subconscious talking to her as a male or maybe she had some type of psychological issue. She thought she was crazy. But it was in that moment, sitting across from a guy about her age on the train, that she realized, she was reading someone’s mind all along. And it was his.

“She’s beautiful,” the mysterious boy thought, “She has amazing eyes.” She could read every thought that went through his mind. *This is insane,* Jennifer thought. She couldn’t begin to fathom what was going on. All her life, she always pondered what the strange voice in her head was. Looking at him, she now knew that it was this guy all along. Too afraid to look up at him, Jennifer continued to look down, her eyes plastered to her hands in her lap and mind running rampant.

“C’mon Andrew. Talk to her,” he was silently screaming to himself. *His name’s Andrew.* Jennifer found some relief in knowing at least one thing about this guy she had no idea was such a huge part of her life. *I can read minds. Well, his mind at least.* She was in disbelief. *Hm, he thinks I’m beautiful.* She smiled at this, realizing that she returns the feeling.