I walked through the streets, feeling the eyes of the world on me.

*Did they know where I came from? Do they know what I’m about to do?*

I walked into a nearby store, looking around for the bathroom and quickly rushed in, locking the door behind me. I looked in the mirror and just stared at my reflection, making note of everything about me that was still the same. I still had the same dull black hair, the same shiny brown eyes, crooked nose and small, plump lips.

I was still the same person, only with a possibly supernatural ability.

I paced around the bathroom, wondering about how I was going to test this ability and whether or not I was insane for even thinking this was possible.

*No one can do this. You aren’t some sort of mutant. It won’t work.*

But I had to try.

I closed my eyes and tried to replicate the feeling I had only a few hours ago. I concentrated on my breathing, trying to calm it down and imagined a place in my mind. I imagined New York City, where my family was. I imagined being in Time’s square in the midst of all the hustle and bustle. I imagined shopping and the people who were all around.

Soon the noises of honking cars and construction filled my ears, almost as if I was really there. I smiled as I felt the familiarity of the scene, but was knocked out of my imagination when I felt a large force push against my back and I ended up on my knees. I opened my eyes and saw the black asphalt beneath me; felt the roughness against my hands and my knees and my heart raced.

*I thought it was impossible*

I looked up and sure enough I was in the middle of the square, Broadway signs all around me, screens of events and people and ads shining brightly and stores four stories high glaring down at me from my position on the dirty ground.

“Are you alright?”

I looked up and saw an older woman kneeling in front of me. I smiled at her and quickly propped myself up onto my feet, thanking her for her concern. She walked off and I marveled at where I was. I was home and all I had to do was imagine it and feel the place rush through me and I could be there, anywhere. This new found transportation ability was everything I dreamed of and I was excited to test it out some more, but first I had to see my family again.

I thought about calling for a cab, but then where would be the fun in that? I found a bathroom again and once again I closed my eyes and imagined my bedroom.

The sounds around me disappeared and I felt myself being embraced by soft sheets and a comfortable bed. I was home.