That morning, when I realized who I had become, began like any other. I woke up, poured myself a cup of decent coffee from the pot that was likely brewed hours earlier by one of my early-worm house-mates, and sat in a chair on my balcony. Mornings had always been my time to glance out at the ocean, appreciate life and bask in a few minutes of solitude before my day began. Although, after a few moments of silence, I caught a glimpse of a bird. Something about the way it could fly freely, without any responsibility, caused me to daydream so intensely that I slipped into some sort of a trance—or so it seemed. I forgot where I was and, for a moment, who I was. I imagined opening my arms and leaping off the balcony, only to dive down and dip back up into flight. When I shuttered myself back into reality, I realized that my daydream was no dream at all. I had actually begun to fly. I didn’t allow confusion or terror to consume, instead I just flew. I lost myself in the cool air that brushed my hair behind my head and tickled my skin. It felt as if, for the first time, I could actually breathe. After hours of wandering from my birds-eye view, I returned home. Would I choose to tell my friends? In movies it always seemed as though the best option was to conceal your special identity from the world. I wouldn’t want to become some sort of test subject of the government, questioned and probed for the duration of my life. Although, something particular was bothering me. I had no idea why this happened to me. I hadn’t come in contact with some sort radioactive sludge, or kidnapped by an evil scientist (as far as I knew). I started to wonder whether this was genetic, or perhaps possibly life-threatening. I had only one option. Never tell.