It was late at night when my best friend, Caroline, and I left the movie theater on Friday night. We were walking towards her car laughing hysterically about our favorite scenes in the movie we’d just watched. We were almost to her car and when we heard this super loud noise, like an explosion, coming from right behind us. We automatically fell to the ground and covered our ears. I don’t remember how long it took us to get up, but when I came too I heard Caroline calling out for me. As I was searching for her I caught a glimpse of a people walking towards from the middle of the parking lot and I automatically knew we were in danger. I looked for Caroline frantically and saw she was leaning against someone else’s car. There was blood streaming down her forehead and I knew there was no way we could both get away. I ran to her and told her to run as far and as fast as she could. She tried to protest but I told her I would meet her in the plaza to get help. I told her splitting up was our best chance at surviving. I lied. She would survive, but the only way for that to happen was for me to distract the men coming after us. I had no idea what I was going to do but I as soon I Caroline started running a walked towards the two men coming for us. There was only one thought keeping me going and it was that I could not let anything bad happen to all the innocent people around and especially not to my best friend. All I wanted with every bone in my body was for these men to disappear and leave us all alone. One raised his gun up to me and as he was about to pull the trigger a burst of panic and anger blew out of me and the men that were right in front of me a second ago were just gone. And not just them but the whole middle part of the parking lot was missing. I kept looking around trying to figure out what was happening when I looked down at my hands and saw sparkling smoke like substance coming out of them. I couldn’t understand what was going on. The people who were around me seemed more afraid of me than they ever would have been of the men that had just vanished. But there was no way I could have done that. I was normal, I was only 19 years old, and I couldn’t just wake up one day and have powers. But as it turned out, I did. And that night was the start of the end of my life as I had known it.