Arthur usually sits in class, gazing around, never having interest in any one object or person. His eyes are always wondering looking for the next best thing. He hardly pays attention to what the teacher is saying and hardly notices who is sitting to the left or right of him. Generally, Arthur struggles to connect to people or ideas in his daily life. He goes through the same old routine every day, wishing something interesting might eventually strike him. He has wished this for a long time, and nothing had ever changed for him, until the day he found the emerald rock.

One day, Arthur was walking home like he does every day, but that day was a little different. Like mentioned before, Arthur is usually unaware and uninterested in his surroundings. But a flicker of light struck his eye right before he got to his house. On the ground, in the midst of many rocks and leaves, Arthur spotted an emerald rock. Normally, he might look past this seemingly average emerald rock, but Arthur was somehow drawn to this rock. He decided to call it his lucky rock, and vowed to always have it in his pocket wherever he went. Arthur was hoping that this rock could be something superstitious for him, bringing him a more vibrant, lucky, interesting life.

The day after he found the rock, Arthur went to school just like it was any other day. But in class, he felt a little bit different, a little more excited to be where he was. For once, he was content in the present moment. It wasn’t a big change at first. He was just slightly more interested in the topic of discussion of class. And he finally noticed that there was a girl to his left and a boy to his right. He was slowly starting to become more in tune with his surroundings. While Arthur wasn’t aware of these subtle changes, he did feel a little more positive leaving school that day. But after class was over, he walked home just like every other day and continued to keep the emerald rock in his possession. About a week of school went by where Arthur continued to feel a little more connected with his surroundings, and the people in his environment. It wasn’t until the Monday after a long weekend where Arthur finally new his life had changed forever.

Arthur was in class, the same one as always, but instead of it being a generally quiet, peaceful environment, he started to hear voices. Voices everywhere. Voices coming from the left, the right, in front of him, and even behind. He couldn’t seem to turn off all of this noise and didn’t know how to shut it off. Because no one was talking. No one was talking but Arthur knew what everyone was thinking. Without even understanding the extent of this change just yet, Arthur started to hone in on his new power. He first targeted the teacher, quieting the rest of the voices, getting to know what she was really thinking about while she talked about algebra. Then he tuned into the girl on his left, the one thinking about the conversation she had with her parents before school. And then the boy to the right, who was planning out an excuse to get out of class early.

Arthur didn’t know what exactly was going on, but he was excited about it. Excited that he finally noticed the girl to the left, the boy to his right, and finally knew the subject of the class he was taking. Arthur finally cared about the people in his surroundings. He finally found a way to connect. And while Arthur would never understand the extent of his newfound ability, he did know that his life did just get a little more interesting.