Caroline was an average girl who went about her days with average thoughts and average actions. She came home to her average family and talked about her average daily happenings and went to bed dreaming average dreams. That is, until one day she woke up feeling different. She didn’t feel average. She opened her eyes and found herself staring at the ceiling just as she usually does every morning when she awakes. But, something was different. This time, the ceiling was merely inches away from her face. Caroline was floating! Upon this discovery, she flailed her arms and legs about and screamed. What was happening?! She looked down at the ground – what seemed miles and miles away from her body – wishing for the comfort of her feet being planted on the hardwood floor of her bedroom. Both of her parents had already left for work and she had no one to help her on this seemingly average Saturday morning. Caroline willed with all of her might for herself to gently glide back down to her bed. And just as she willed for it to happen, it did. She remained calm and waited for her body to slowly sink back to the warm embrace of her comforter. She then sat upright in bed, examining her hands and feet. She ran up to the full length mirror on the other side of her bedroom and stared at her perplexed reflection. Nothing looked different. She still had the same shoulder length brown hair, same dull brown eyes, same height and weight, same normal looking clothes. But, she felt different. An unknown energy coursed through her veins. She contemplated trying to make herself levitate again. And just as soon as the thought reached her mind, she felt her body lift off of the ground. She was levitating in the center of her room. She thought about moving over to the left and as soon as the thought crossed her mind, it happened – all with the control of her own. For the first time in her life, Caroline did not feel average. She felt extraordinary. She felt powerful. She felt different. She could fly! Caroline decided to take her powers out to her backyard where she could hone them – though not much more of that even needed to be practiced as she seemed to be in complete control of her thinking and movements. She dashed to the privacy of her backyard, but then decided that she could just fly there instead. Without anyone there to witness her newfound power, Caroline flew around the backyard. She flew right and she flew left, up and down, all around. She flew so high that she knew everyone in the world could see her if they would just look up and notice her. But, of course, they did not. No one looked and no one gawked. Caroline slowly drifted back down towards her grassy backyard. With the weight of what she had just realized weighing down on her, she slowly sulked back inside her house towards her bedroom. She thought that her power was useless if no one else was around to appreciate it. But, as the moments ticked by and she processed what was happening to her, she changed her mind. She was wrong. Of course, it still mattered. Whether or not other people could see what she could do did not determine whether or not she could still do things. Being able to fly without people knowing is much better than not being able to fly and everyone knowing that she could not fly. Who cared if no one would believe her? She could do something no one else could. She could fly. And with that thought, her body began to float with all the ecstasy of her epiphany.