The realization of my power didn’t really give me any comfort. Quite the opposite, in fact—it felt as though someone had just laid a heavy weight across my shoulders. But that’s not quite right either. No, instead it sort of felt like I’d just realized that I’d been carrying this weight for my whole life. Now that I’d realized it, part of me wanted to get it off, to see what it would be like to go through life unfettered. Yes, that would be really nice, wouldn’t it? But now that I knew, some part of me knew that this was to become the reality of my life.

When I was younger, I always had this perception of wanting to be someone. I came to that cynical conclusion early in my youth that I was no different from anyone else. The same things that I loved and hated had been loved and hated many millions of times before I was born, and they’d be loved and hated many millions of times when I was nothing but worm food. But at the same time, I would watch movies and TV shows, and I would read books and comics about these people that were…well, they were people. They may not have really existed, but in some way I think they had more existence than I did. Take Spiderman for instance—or who in the world can say that they’re like Superman? I treasured reading their stories as a kid. It was probably just because all kids like those stories, but maybe it was because I admired the uniqueness of their persons. I dunno, I’m not a psychologist or anything. Part of me probably wanted Superman to show up at my door one morning and declare that instead of going to school with all the other suckers, I was going to spend the day fighting crime with him.

Well, I guess now I’m Superman, or Spiderman, or Green Lantern, or somebody. I was now Someone. For someone whose entire process of growing up was the process of resigning himself to not being Someone, this came as quite a shock. It wasn’t comforting, as I said before, but it filled me with a sort of childlike glee. For a minute no one moved a muscle; we were all stunned by what I’d just done. Even with all of those eyes on me I could feel my eyes tearing up for joy.