It wasn’t much anything special.

Catherine loved to talk to her pets all the time. She did it every day. In the morning, “Good morning, Pocky!” In the afternoon, “What’s up, Splinter?” And in the evening, “Goodnight, Ralphie.”

Every day she would say these things to her dog, her rat, and her cat. One day, they simply started answering her back.

In the morning, “’Morning, Kate! How ‘re ya doing? Oh, off to school already? I’ll wait for you!” In the afternoon, “Oh, good day to you too, Cathy.” And in the evening, “Don’t stop petting me now, Catherine, I was just getting comfortable! Typical human.”

And at first, 10-year-old Catherine didn’t think anything of it. She had been talking to her animals for years, why should it be strange that they talked back. It was about time to anyway!

Then one day, a boy at school caught her speaking to a frog. “Ew, Katie, why are you talking to *that?*”

“Well, I was just telling him about my day.”

“That’s *weird.* You should stop talking to animals, it’s not like they can say anything back.” He stormed off, leaving Catherine behind to contemplate her situation.

Nobody else can talk to them, she thought. Who would have known! It’s just as well-people wouldn’t appreciate what animals have to say anyway. But I will. I’ll listen to them.

“Are you feeling ok, Katie? That boy didn’t upset you, did he?”

“No, of course not, Mr. Frog. I just realized that I might be the only one who really cares about you.”

“That’s not true, Katie, but you are special. What are you going to do now?”

“I don’t really know…”

It was then that Catherine realized that she really didn’t know what to do with herself and her newfound uniqueness. She went about her days, months, and years, idly using her powers as a part of natural communication, albeit more secretive than most. And when the time came for her to choose her major in college, which would ultimately determine her path in life, Catherine paused.

“What’s the matter, Katie?” her mother asked.

“Nothing, I’m just unsure about which major I want to apply as.”

“Well, you like animals, why not veterinary science?”

“Anything but that…”

And at this point Catherine made an even more important realization. Even with this special power, there was nothing life-changing about her. She was normal, yet unique in her own sense. Her abilities were not the only thing that dictated what she should do; it was also decided by what she *wanted* to do.

“I think I’ll go into political science, mom. I’m really interested in that kind of stuff.”

“That’s true, honey. Do whatever makes you happiest.”