The short story.

And one day out of nowhere, I lit up. Not the way may brother does right before he goes to school. My hand caught fire, but the pen I was holding didn’t melt. I quickly shook my hand and screamed. Instantly the fire went out and all of my classmates looked at the slightly melted pen. My teacher Mrs. Huffman, easily excited and nervous, dashed behind her podium in fear. Only after the longest minute of my life being stared at by all my classmates, did my teacher return from her safe position behind the podium. Mrs. Huffman is always embarrassed when she hides like this, and ordered my out of the room, not believing my story about spontaneous combustion. I was sent to the principal’s office for disturbing the class. On my walk to class, small parts of my body started catching on fire. I ran quickly and frantically, patting down more and more of my burning clothes. As I ran, more fire emerged from the bottom opening of my pants jeans, and suddenly realized that my clothes were not burning. I stopped immediately. I calmed down, and the fire went out. I slowly walked to the bathroom, fearful that I may again trigger the fire.

In the bathroom, I looked at myself in the mirror. I imagined fire coming out of my hand, and little by little it eeked its way out of my hand, and grew larger and larger. I then imagined it going back into my hand and it did. I was ecstatic, I must have been the luckiest kid in the world. To test my new found powers I quickly searched for a piece of paper, and willed the fire over it. The paper did not burn. I was extremely confused and thought to myself “Burn!” and it immediately caught on fire and fell to pieces. I just grabbed my backpack and left the pieces there.

I went to the principal’s office, and see my brother there with a blackened eye. The receptionist asked me what I had done with time and I told her I had “disturbed the peace” in Mrs. Huffman’s class. The receptionist just laughed because she too was a previous student of Mrs. Huffman and was used to the frequent overreactions of Mrs. Huffman. She asked for my note from the teacher, the one that I burned. I told her it was missing and that I must have dropped it. At this she made a face, and told me to sit and wait.

I went to sit far away from my brother because I was ashamed and embarrassed. Not of myself, but of him. He fought often, and had taken to the habit of smoking. I was not sure what else he was doing, but it wasn’t good. The principal came out and took his things, and started going through his backpack. He immediately bolted out of the door as a small bag of white powder fell out of his bag. He ran to the front doors and just barely got through them before the police outside came in. The principal and I came running after him. He had just across the street and hopped the pool fence. We watched as he sprinted along the pool when he sudden slipped, hit his head, and fell into the pool.