No. This is not possible. How could this be real? These were some of the many thoughts presently racing through Rorie’s mind. I did NOT just do that, I did not just DO that. Disbelief seemed to be the overpowering sentiment for her at the moment. “What just happened?” Though she was alone in the comfort, or discomfort, of her mind she couldn’t help but travel back to the experience that was causing her reality to crumble. “No. I’m just an average girl, same as yesterday.” But she knew, that quiet voice in the back of her mind reminded her that her life from this point onwards will be different – not in an easy way. “Okay. Ok. K. Breathe Rorie.” “Great”, she thought, “I can’t even calm myself down; how will I ever contain the reactions of my friends, and . . . oh gosh my *family* when they find out?” How will they react? Ugh I wish this would have just *skipped* me. Everyone else may be fine with it, but not me. I have done everything in my power to avoid this and it what? Just comes and *finds* me? She battles the creeping feeling of isolation as she paces back and forth in the meadow – a spot that used to be a source of comfort for her, but now was everything she despised. She had the gift, or curse, as she would have it, of transferring energy from living things into nonliving things. Or, as some may call it, the power to harness the world’s energy source. Granted she doesn’t have to use this power, but as she is currently a novice her power has control over her rather than the other way around. “Leave it to me to destroy what I love”, she spits out behind gritted teeth as she cups the once lively violet flower but now withered and pedaled tatters in her hand.