It was just like any other day. I woke up at exactly 6:15 in the morning to the obnoxious sound of my alarm clock going off, and immediately got out of bed. Again, just like any other day, I walked into my bathroom to brush my teeth first thing in the morning. The morning routine continued as I showered, ate breakfast—a bowl of Lucky Charms—with a glass of orange juice, packed my backpack, and left the house around 7:15 in order to get to school on time at 8:15.

Once I got to school, everything still seemed completely normal as I parked in my usual spot and walked on campus toward my first class: Calculus. This is where things started to get a bit weird for me. I sat down in my seat in the back, right corner of the classroom. The lecture was on something about limits, but I can’t really remember it that well because I discovered that I could time travel. I discovered that the entire existence of our world was at my fingertips. All those times that I had wished I could travel to different places during different times all of sudden came my reality.

I remember my first trip. All of a sudden I went from Sacramento, sitting in my math class to physically standing in the middle of Revolutionary-era Boston. I explored the streets of Boston for hours; checking out all the city had to offer a seventeen year old kid from a completely different America. I felt the city’s growing tension with itself with Loyalists and Patriots picking sides. Once I felt the need to go back to my life in Sacramento, I found myself sitting in my familiar math seat, with the same boring lecture going on in the background. Almost no time had passed on the clock in the classroom. I had just discovered not only that I had an extremely impossible power now, but that it did not affect my daily reality. What a combination.