Catherine woke up that morning invisible. It didn’t come to her right away that she was invisible, but when she opened her eyes and stretched, she noticed she couldn’t see her hand. Which was pretty weird, in her opinion.

So she looked down and searched for the rest of her body. But she couldn’t find it. She was see-through.

She wasn’t sure if she was still dreaming. Maybe she was. She was about to pinch herself in the arm when she reminded she had no idea where it was located. Though she could still find herself doing things, and she could see the outline of herself on her bed, an indent made on the sheets and all.

“Man, this must be what Gregor from *Metamorphosis* had to deal with,” Catherine said to herself, out loud. In school they had been analyzing Kafka’s works, so that was what first came to her mind after she realized she could no longer see herself. Thus, she was reminded of Gregor Samsa. Except Catherine’s situation was a lot more bearable than his, because she wasn’t an insect like Gregor. She was still herself—just invisible.

She thought about how grateful she was to not be a bug, but then it occurred to her (almost as if it had slipped from her mind) that she should probably be panicking or something. At least, shouldn’t she find a way to get herself physical again?

Invisibility should at least come with the on-off switch. She shouldn’t be invisible *forever­*-how awful would that be. (But the benefits!) She’d never have to worry about her appearance again.

But she’d like to at least be seen and want to be able to choose when she could be invisible or not.

It was then, at that moment, that she heard a knock on the door.

“Catherine, are you awake? It’s time to go to school—“

“Just a minute—“ Catherine called out. Man, it would be so bad if her dad opened the door and he found nobody inside, after Catherine had answered him.

Okay, now was the time to panic.

How would she change back? Was there some kind of chant?

As she quickly began to think of the possibilities in that split-second moment, Catherine watched as the door opened.

She gaped. Man, her dad should at least give her a warning or something.

Catherine was sure her heart dropped at that moment and she turned pale as a sheet. Not that it mattered if she was invisible.

“You’re still in bed?” her dad asked. He was looking at her. She looked at herself. She had returned, and it seemed that she had come back because of the shift in emotions.

Well, she knew how to work out this power now.