It all started like any boring Tuesday, I woke up too late and had to skip breakfast to make it to my first period class, trigonometry with Mr. Reed. I went through my day without actually paying attention to anything or anyone, my mind was focused on the Homecoming game coming up on Friday, this was the game that can help me get into varsity next year. After school I went to my locker in the dressing room to get ready for practice, I was starving and tired for Mr. Reed gave me lunch detention for being late to class again for the fifth day in a row. I put on my padding and headed out to the field for practice with Jacob, he was my best friend since sixth grade. Practice was brutal, Coach Tony was really on our ass, and I was feeling exhausted and dizzy from the lack of food. The rest of the day was kind of a blur, I remember catching the ball and Andrew approaching for a tackle, next thing I know I wake up in a hospital bed to the annoying sound of the beeping machine next to me. God did my head hurt, but what really made me open my eyes was all the babbling going on inside the room. I was surprised to see it was just my parents in the room quietly sitting in the chairs across from the room, at first I thought I imagined all the talking, but it was still there, I just couldn’t see where it was coming from. Then I realized that those voices where coming from my parents and the reason they did not make much sense was because they kept jumping from thought to thought. Something must have gone wrong with my brain, because I could catch the thought frequency of others, nothing was the same after that. You think you always want to know what goes on in people’s heads until you really get to know.