It was incredible but also terrifying. I had always known something was wrong with me – mom and dad knew it too, and Steph. But it wasn’t until that moment when my thoughts and inklings about myself were confirmed…well, more than confirmed. They were exceeded.

I didn’t know what came over me. It was as though suddenly I had gained an entirely new self, one that was completely unlike the one before but also completely the same. I don’t know how to describe it. But one thing is for sure: I know now I can no longer stay here.

The destruction was horrific. Everything was burned to a devastating crisp and only a few lasting embers remained on the forest floor. I did not mean to do this. But for some reason, I felt like I had to… for some reason, I was compelled to. I had only screamed “No!” and reached out my hands when the flames appeared as if out of nowhere and everything was on fire. The world was now on fire, and I had caused it.

What are my parents going to say to me? What will they think of me? We always thought I was…abnormal. Baths as a child were incredible exhausting – every time I felt as though I had all the energy drained out of me and I would pass out only five minutes after submerging in the water. Snow days that always excited children were dreadful and I found myself huddling as close to the fireplace as possible in order to feel alive. I crave hot foods, hot tea, hot everything, and my skin is always burning to the touch. “Chronic fevers,” the doctors called it. But they never found anything wrong with me. Or at least, not until today. That is, if they actually find out.

But no, I can’t tell them. I can’t tell anyone.

It was just a normal summer day today. Excruciatingly hot, as it always it in early August, and I was just minding my own business walking through the forest when I saw it. Him. And Her. And I just couldn’t bear to watch.

So I got emotional. And as always, whenever I am all fired up (haha, now that is quite literal, isn’t it?) I get all hot inside, fuming…again, very literally. But I guess this was the last straw. I guess my fiery tears weren’t enough of a catharsis. I guess I just..blew up. And, well, this time I set the whole forest on fire. And Seth saw.

But is this really a bad thing? A life spent in and out of hospitals and being studied by countless doctors, only to now find out that I am just the human embodiment of fire and I have the power to potentially burn the world to a crisp? Is that really so bad?

Well, yeah, kind of bad. But at least now I know what is wrong with me. The only thing to find out now is the cause of it. But who am I supposed to ask? My parents clearly have no idea, and if they did, they would have figure it out a long time ago. Who am I supposed to go to? This is a small town in Massachusetts—who in their right mind would know anything about a human with magical powers?

Unless…I’m not human? Unless I’m possibly…a witch?

But this is SALEM. You know, SALEM? The place where they burned witches hundreds of years ago? What if they burn me too?

Unless…they can’t. Unless I burn them first.