A million thoughts ran through my head. How is this happening? Why is this happening? Why me? It can’t be me and it shouldn’t be me. Nancy, George, and Elias were also there that night and they’re all normal. It should have been Nancy. She’s always so nice, and smart, and always in control of everything. She isn’t afraid of heights. I bet if she got super powers she would have already saved all the kittens stuck in trees by now. I can’t believe I can fly. Maybe if I just think of it as jumping really high and staying there I can deal with it. I guess it would be jumping really high and then moving once you get in the air. Does this mean that I have to be a superhero? How can I fight for peace and justice if I don’t even know how to fight and I don’t even think I’ve been in the city enough to know the layout. I’m going to need a map. I’m even afraid of heights. I don’t think anybody wants a superhero that is afraid of their own powers. What if I just become a supervillain? That would be cool. I wonder if it’ll be more or less work. I’m also going to need a costume I guess. I mean I defiantly don’t want to look super dumb but I also know that I need to hide my identity. Should I tell my parents? How do I tell my parents? I guess I should tell my friends too. They’ll probably freak out but I wonder if I can carry them around with me. That would be super fun. I should think about all this stuff later since I first need to figure out how to get down from this tree. I can’t believe that of all the superpowers out there I’m stuck with flying. This is probably some sick joke by the guy that gives out powers. I bet they’re having a big laugh giving the person with a fear of heights the ability to fly.