It was funny how things of major significance plan out. It’s never dramatic or grand, it’s almost at the most trivial times, you remember what shirt you were wearing, what flavor of soda you drank. It’s never liked the described in books nor in the moving pictures.

I remember I had stepped out of the trolley that placed me in front of the old theatre that ran pictures of lost forgotten films. The bulbous warm lights would dance in turns, one flashing after the other calling to attention the name of the film being presented. I remember it was here that I was to await my friend Jonathan, who had offered to drive me up to outer regions of the town.

I sat bored, mindlessly watching passerby after passerby. Imagining what they would look like if their hair was a drastic shade of pink or a horrid pigment of orange. I imagined the swinging sign across the street swishing back and forth and lifting my hand to stop it. I, of course, did not expect it to stop itself. And lowered my hand in shock which caused the thing to return to its pendulum swing.

I raised my hand once more, my hand trembling, but surely enough the sign ceased to move. My lip quivered, my body shook, this after all was not exactly the most exciting thing to know, to possess. You were labeled a heathen of the town, a freak of nature, and taken away. You would hear rumors of this people being found out, hidden among the ordinary attempting to live out ordinary lives. But the most striking thing was the horrible tales you’d hear of the hunters.

Of course, many believed these to be just rumors. There couldn’t possibly be men and women in suits scouting the crowds for people like them, for people like me.

A wave of panic surged through my body once more, and I stood up from the bench I had been occupying with an old blind man, whose attention was directed to the nearby music escaping from the open doors of the cinema. I quickly grabbed my things and walked down the city, my mind attempting to stray from my new discovery. I thought of the door opening for me to hide in, and surely enough it swung open in a quiet but swift motion. I shook my head but bowed in, shutting the noise of the cars and crowds behind me.

It was a very narrow hall, there wasn’t much room between the boxes. With a quick hand motion, I was able to levitate the few in my way and squeeze in further. There wasn’t much noise, aside from the click click at the end of the hall, were a windowed door stood ajar. I attempted to make myself as light and as invisible as I could. The light above flickered as I began to welcome shadows, the door creaked open slightly and I could vaguely make out shapes of individuals.

There were men and women in black suits that I never recognized, but among the faces I could make out Jonathan plain and simple. I placed a hand over my mouth as I let out an exhale of surprise. They seemed to be peering over and discussing amongst themselves. The object they all seemed to surround looked like an individual. The man’s eyes were wide, I couldn’t understand the expression but it was a mixture of fear and uncertainty, his hands we’re exposed but I could see now why the others peered. Electricity seemed to flow through his fingertips, as he held it up above him.

I gasped and by then it was of no use, their eyes all snapped back up at me and in an instant I rushed out, many calling out after me , as I swiftly threw the boxes with a swift motion of my hand, and burst the lights that flickered above me. I ran to the door and shut it, hearing the bangs from the other side. The crowd of the theatre all seemed to swarm out in that moment, with not much to think I picked myself up and walked in a casual pace, placing myself among the crowd. I was one of them.