I stared at my hands, wondering if I would be able to do it again. They looked the same, physically. The lines around my knuckles, the joints on my fingers that were maybe a little red, the half-moons on my cuticles, the bitten fingernails, the thin silver ring around my thumb. Everything seemed the same, and yet everything had changed.

The last time it had happened was two weeks ago. It scared me, it even hurt me. I hadn’t been ready to breach that barrier again, hadn’t been ready to explore what it might mean. But now I was alone. I glanced around even though I knew no one would be here for hours. It was just before daybreak, so it was still dark outside, but the edge of the horizon was starting to get warm with color, as if the sun was just below my view.

I pushed my hand deep into my pocket and felt around for the coin. My fingers found it, cold and charged. I examined it as I took it out of my pocket, feeling its strange energy. It was almost like it was alive, and yet it was just a regular quarter.

Carefully, slowly, I crouched and put the quarter on the ground under my shoe. I closed my eyes.

Something switched on inside of me. I felt the familiar sensation of humming, whirring within my veins, something alien coming to life. Last time it was laced with panic, but this time I felt clean, almost high, with energy. The energy moved within my chest, almost like it was wrapping around something inside me, and then I *pushed*.

I shot straight into the air, pushing all of my energy onto the quarter below. It took effort to make sure that I remained directly above it—the wind was heavier up here, and pushed against my side. I pushed back, steadying myself in a straight line above the quarter. If I kept a good steady push going, I felt like I could stay here indefinitely, just floating in the air.

I did some experimenting, hesitantly at first, just stepping my toe into the water. As I got more comfortable fifty feet into the air, I would let myself fall. Wind would whip against my cheeks as the ground rapidly flew up to me, and then I’d push with all of my energy at the last moment, hurtling myself again in the air.

My mouth twitched into a smile as an idea struck. I wiggled the ring off of my thumb and threw it a bit to the side, about a pool’s length away from where the quarter gleamed on the ground. My body knew that it would work, but my mind was still jittery with nerves. With both hands extended diagonally downwards, I pushed in both directions, mediating my weight between the two pieces of metal.

It worked, and I found myself floating between them. *So it is metal*, I thought. I didn’t truly understand the ability yet, but I did know that, inexplicably, I could push off of metal and fly into the air. I imagined that I could do it on the ground as well, and just push the metal far away from me. I shifted, hovering between the quarter and the ring, spiraling up and down. What if I had a lot of metal with me? I could take a whole sack of coins and drop them down one by one as I launched myself into the air, using them as anchors. I could travel faster than a car, I’d imagine. Or maybe I could just push off of train tracks, following the length of the coastline. I could go anywhere.

And then something popped into my mind. If I could push on the coins, could I pull on them too? I hovered back over the quarter, then focused the other half of my energy towards the ring. I reached within me again—there was that pulsing, undulating power that I didn’t quite understand yet—and pulled.

The ring flung up into my hand. I smiled.

So I had this ability. This strange ability that popped up seemingly out of nowhere, that I wasn’t sure if I’d had my entire life or had just suddenly developed. I didn’t know why it had happened, or why it had happened to me in particular. Was I the only one who could do this? I’d never heard of anything like it before, and though it seemed so strange, it felt entirely routine in my body, like bicycling or swimming. The question pressing to the forefront of my mind was—what was I going to do with it?