I sit in class, staring absently at Professor Carroway as he drones about modernist poetry in his monotonous voice. My mind wanders aimlessly, with only a vague notion occasionally floating through that maybe I should actually pay attention to his lecture; probably this information is important for the final, but it’s so hard to care when I’m so sleepy and his stories are so uninteresting. I gaze lazily around at my fellow classmates, who appear equally uninterested. One girl pulls a sandwich from her backpack and begins to unwrap it, making me wish I had had the same kind of foresight. *Man, I wish I had a sandwich in my backpack, too,* I think to myself. *Then I wouldn’t have to sit here and starve as Carroway forces T.S. Eliot on us.*

Twenty minutes later, the lecture is finally over, and I shove my things in my bag as I join the mad dash to leave the room. I pause at a water fountain outside, thinking that I should refill my water bottle before biking home, but when I reach inside my backpack my hand finds something strange: next to my blue Nalgene, slightly indented by my pencil bag, is a beautiful turkey sandwich identical to the one I noticed the girl in my class eating.

I stand frozen for a moment, staring at the sandwich. How could this be? I know for a fact that I did not pack any food this morning—I don’t even have any bread in my apartment, how could I have made a sandwich? And I certainly didn’t buy one, as I barely left my place in time to get to lecture, let alone to stop for snacks. Suddenly I remember what I thought when I saw the girl eating: *I wish I had a sandwich in my backpack, too.*

Did my wish make this happen?

I glance furtively around the hall as tired-eyed students rush to their next classes. I duck into a nearby bathroom, slipping quickly into a stall. Putting my backpack on the hook on the door, I close my eyes and hold out my hands in front of me, feeling completely ridiculous yet nervously excited at the same time.

*I wish I had a brownie in my hands,* I think to myself, unconsciously mouthing the words to myself simultaneously. Suddenly I feel a slight weight fall upon my hands. Heart pounding, I slowly open my eyes.

In my hands is a warm, gooey brownie, exactly like every brownie my grandmother has ever made for me.

My entire body is overcome by chills, every hair standing on end, butterflies filling my stomach. How on *Earth* has this happened? *When* did this happen? Why?

I shove the brownie in my backpack and begin wishing for more foods in rapid succession—a banana, an apple, a granola bar, a cookie. Soon my bag is overloaded with food, and I am giddy. So many possibilities begin rushing through my head. I never have to pay for food again, I never have to buy groceries again, I never have to cook again. I can help the homeless, I can help my friends.

The excitement leaks out a bit as I realize what this could *truly* mean, however. I’ve seen the movies; I’ve read the books. An ability like this could mean fortune and fame—but it could also mean exploitation, experimentation, and danger. And just as quickly as I discovered this amazing power, I vow to never let anyone see it. I have a superpower, but I will take it with me to the grave.