So there Ryan was laying on his bed staring blankly at the wooden paneled ceiling. He was tired because school had seemed to last forever that day and he was waiting for the sweet escape of sleep. Mind you it was only 5pm but what was the societal convention of time to a tired high school senior? He started to drift off and his mind ran blank, there wasn’t a single thought in his head. He was just slipping away from it all until he heard the sound he had often heard before above him. It was the sound of his parents fighting. They too paid no mind to the societal convention of time because what is that in the midst of a relationship neither of his parents wanted. Ryan could hear his Dad slam the door and quickly storm in. his dad screams “FIFTY DOLLARS ON FUCKING SHOES?!”. Then there was the sound of something being thrown against the wall in the room above him. Ryan could only imagine that they were the heels his mother showed him yesterday that she was proud she bought for “quite a steal”. Ryan rolled over because he was very used to this and didn’t really care and tried his best to fall back to sleep. He could only vaguely hear them arguing about financial things but then something caught his attention. He heard his dad bark “We wouldn’t even be in this mess if you just aborted the kid like I fucking told you!”. He hadn’t heard his dad say that in a long time. He was filled with rage and that’s when he first noticed it. A flash of light from his hands. A woosh of air. And a burning smell. He sat up on his bed and stared down at his hands. He could of sworn his hands had just spontaneously combusted or something. “IS THAT WHAT YOU SAY TO ALL THE GIRLS JACK?” he saw it again. But this time it remained. His hands were on fire. But they didn’t hurt. Ryan just stared at them. He wasn’t really afraid or amazed. He figured he must just be hallucinating because of the anger he felt. Maybe this was a dream. But then he continued hearing his parents argue. It was getting out of hand. He didn’t want it to get bad again. He went up the wooden stairs and put his hand on the doorknob when he heard it. A loud smack sound a gasp and the sound of a body falling to the floor. He held the doorknob for a second his hands still aflame. And then he heard the soft but not unfamiliar cries of his mom. And that’s the last thing he really remembered before he woke up in a hospital bed. His whole house had burned down and a police officer was asking him what his name was and if could remember what had happened. He stared at the police officer and that’s when he realized the true extent of his power.