She stopped in her tracks.

*What…what happened? What just...*

Her thoughts were swirling around her mind like hungry flies over food, bouncing along the walls of her consciousness as she tried to figure what just happened in the alleyway.

Did the man… is he dead? Did she just kill him?

How did she kill him?

She tried to think back to what happened, tried to remember the last few moments before she blacked out. She remembered he was yelling, and he had shoved her against the cold, damp brick wall and had caused her to smack her head, making her vision blur with every pounding ache she felt ripple across her scalp. She remembered anger; burning, hot, desperate anger at him for yelling at her, as if it was her fault the car was stolen. They had been so preoccupied with the job, and he had the *audacity* to blame her.

Her.

Her hands.

She looked down at her hands and sees red marks on the bottom of her palm, little crescent moon-like indents from her nails, openings even from where she had squeezed so hard she drew blood. She remembered the red: the red blood, the red anger, the red haze. Waking up three weeks ago, the morning after she had fallen into the ditch at the crash site after Miles had accidentally ran into her, she remembered there was red there too. It was red.

It? What was it? Why can she never remember what “it” was?

She rubs her fingers into her temples, trying to massage the memories back to her. She fell in a ditch, and weird things had started happening. First, Mrs. Andersons dog and the talking, then Joey had somehow been pushed across the hallway when they were talking by the classroom when he started to annoy her. The clouds started raining when she was supposed to go work outside, and then mysteriously stopped when she didn’t need to be out there anymore. She found that whenever she really wanted something, she got it. She could manipulate.

She could create.

She could also kill, apparently.

Jeffery laid on the ground by the dumpster, his face turned toward the ground as if to hide the reality of the situation from the sky, as if the sky couldn’t hold a secret as huge and terrible as this one.

Terrible? The word didn’t sit right on her tongue. Unfortunate, maybe. But terrible? No. This wasn’t terrible. This was divine revelation. This was whole hearted, complete and absolute revenge. This was what she wanted, this was what she could take.

She smiled upon the realization, upon the feeling of absolute clarity that ran through her, and she looked up toward the sky. It was their secret now. She began to walk away; she had more work to do.