“I’m going to have to ask that you calm down, Sir.” I stood at the podium, as defensive aggression streaked down my spine and the hairs on the back of my neck stood straight out. “Calm down,” he stated. “You expect me to be calm?” “Sir, I’m not the one responsible for this accident, and as such, I’d like to ask that you not disrespect me.” My statement was greeted by a toss back of the head and release of hollow laughter. “Listen bud,” he started. He reached out, set a hand on my shoulder, and was instantly blown backward with a force as immense as the amount of rancor that he had laced into his last statement. I stood, open mouthed and wide eyed, completely unsure of what had just happened, and absolutely certain that I would be the one to bear the blame for this incident. Every eye in the store was directed towards me. Every voice was quiet. A groan tore through the fabric of silence, and I looked down at the man to see tendrils of smoke rising from his body as he lay there on the ground. There was a dent in the drywall where his body made impact. A lamp swung, back and forth, overhead.

“So what do *you* think happened? We reviewed the tapes. You didn’t even lift a finger.” Sue, one of my coworkers and closest friends, and I had come to a bar. The cool burn of carbonation filled my throat as I sipped my beer. I pushed my glasses up my nose and sighed deeply. “I have no idea. I could just feel how angry he was with my for something that wasn’t even my fault. And he was so condescending when he reached out. It’s like everything he felt for me got projected back onto him.”

“So what, do you have some sort of untapped empathetic telekinesis? Are you a psychic? What number am I thinking of?”

I rolled my eyes and took another swig. “Nothing like this has ever happened before. We don’t even know that I’m the cause of it here. Maybe he’s the one with the power, but he can’t control it when he starts to act childish.” Laughs from both of us rang out. “I still can’t believe this happened to me.”