That morning, he woke up suddenly with the knowledge that he had a power that could change his life. The only problem was that he had no clue what this power was. So, he went about his day, hoping that maybe something would happen and his power would reveal itself.

He wondered if he could stop time, but nothing happened, despite the fact that he wished something would. If he could have stopped time, he would have taken the time to eat breakfast.

He wondered if he could read minds. When he got on the bus, he tried staring hard at the bus driver. No thoughts were in his head but his own, although he could only imagine what the bus driver was thinking of him, glaring at him like that.

He wondered if he could speed up time, but he did not know how. He figured that if he had some power, it would manifest itself pretty easily if he wished. The fact that time still moved at its weekday glacial pace meant that he had no control over time.

He wondered if he could fly. Not wanting to have to jump out a second-story window to test it out, he did it on the school steps after school. He tried jumping from the top to the bottom of the stairs (it was only a few steps) but nothing happened, although he did almost twist his ankle.

At home he wondered if maybe he had the amazing ability to cook whatever he wanted and have it turn out perfect. That would be really useful. He tried making a recipe using a dusty old recipe book. It turned out okay, but a little bland. No magical talent or power in cooking.

The next day he woke up and went to school, same as ever. He still had not figured out his power. The night before he had tried running, but he was as slow as ever. His power was probably not one of physical prowess.

In his English class, he started daydreaming. What was so useful about English anyway? He could read and write well enough, he knew the basics of how to write an essay, he could analyze a poem. Besides, he was going to be a physical therapist. Why was he taking an English prerequisite class and staying as an Accounting major?

Hold on. He backtracked in his thoughts for a moment. A physical therapist?

Suddenly he realizes what his power was. His magical power that was supposed to be so grand and amazing was simply that he now knew what exactly he wanted to do with his life. He felt a little disappointed. Knowing what you wanted to do in life was nothing amazing; people figured it out all the time. But as he sat there with his daydreams, he had to admit that it was not too bad. It was like knowing the future, in a way. After all, he did not think it was possible to fail in a field that one was destined for, and it was clear that he was destined to become a physical therapist.

When he woke up the next morning, he felt strangely more confident, as if knowing that he was going to be a physical therapist had put some direction to his thoughts and goals. Now he had a purpose.