

“The Problem With Superpowers”

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I never broke into a house before. It's necessary that I tell you this because it is the first thing that I'm going to do in this story. My name is Jack Garrison. I am not a criminal. (Excluding a propensity for speeding on the freeway.) I don't want to break into anyone's house. Unfortunately, circumstances sometimes require that we do things that we don't want to do. Right now that's just what the circumstances dictate. Since it's my first time I have to admit that I wish I wasn't so rushed, I would like to take my time and get it right if I'm going to do it. I don't have the luxury.

I tried the door hoping it would be unlocked, no dice. Searching the area immediately around the door I was soon rewarded with a clearly plastic rock sitting amongst the clearly not-plastic rocks. I picked it up and shook it, a smile coming to my lips when the rock dutifully rattled. I unlocked the door with the key in the fake stone and went into the strange house.

Pausing in the foyer, I allowed my eyes to adjust to the lack of light. I listened. There were footsteps coming from the room on the second floor directly above my head. After a few more seconds I could see well enough to get along and started looking for the stairs.

I hurried up the flight, almost running, afraid I was going to be too late; that he would get away. I went down the hallway opening each door in turn. A closet, a child's bedroom, a bathroom. I came to the final door at the end of the hallway. I threw it open with all the grandeur I could muster. I was too late. Rushing into the room I could only watch as the flying man, unaware of my presence, leapt out of the window with a television set in his arms. By the time I made it to the window myself the flying man was 50 yards away bobbling erratically in the air from the weight of the TV. I kicked the wall with my foot out of frustration. Then, realizing I was standing in a stranger's house I made a beeline for the door, rushing back down the stairs and out into the street, only pausing long enough to replace the key in the plastic rock.

“Did you have a nice walk?” My wife Sue asked me as I crawled into bed.

“Yeah, it was fine, now go ahead and go back to sleep.” I told her, leaning over and giving her a brief kiss. She mumbled something unintelligible about bears and was asleep again in 5 seconds.

Even though I was in bed and laying down, sleep was a hundred miles from my consciousness. I was so close. Now it would probably be months before I got another chance at the flying man. The most frustrating thing was I knew I would start over and try to catch him again. I knew I would have to confront him from the first moment I laid eyes on his flying ass.

I can still remember what happened...

I'm a big walker. I love to take long walks without destinations. My wife likes the car. If she had her way we would drive to the next door neighbor's house. She's a nurse and as she is fond of repeating, “I walk fifty miles a day at work, I don't need the exercise when I get home.”

And she's right really, she's in great shape for a 38 year old gal, I love her more everyday. Actually, it was the loving her part that eventually led to my walks. She is, er, how do I put this, she falls asleep immediately after sex. In many ways she's a stereotypical man in this way. Orgasms are like post coital sleeping pills for Sue. We finish, she's like “goodnight” and she's out for eight hours. Sex has the opposite effect on me. I'm up like I just drank four cups of coffee. We have no children in spite of a more than healthy sex life (I am cursed with a narrow urethra.) So I often found myself wide awake and alone.

I started walking in the second year of my marriage, ten years ago. I took a step out of my front door and just went, never with a plan or a destination, just one foot in front of the other. This was usually in the hours between 10pm and midnight. It was nice, very few cars, very few people, just me and the outside world. I would walk in all different kinds of weather, and did my best to appreciate the good things about every different shade of the weather spectrum. And so it went for nine years without incident.

Then I saw the flying man.

Naturally the first time I saw him I discounted the idea I was seeing what I was seeing. I'm a rational man. I understand that that flying men are not a normal sight; some would go so far as to say that a flying man is an impossible sight. But when you see something with your own eyes what other people say doesn't matter so much.

Besides, I had some extenuating circumstances, I immediately knew I really saw the flying man, I just irrationally told myself I didn't. That first time I dutifully turned away from the flying man and walked the other way. Naturally doing so made me want to kick myself in the ass every minute for the next several days.

Luckily I saw him again a week later and that time there could be no doubt. He flew almost directly over my head and went into the open window of a house, disappearing for about five minutes before reemerging.

He was carrying a toaster oven. As if seeing flying people wasn't extraordinary enough I realized I stumbled across a flying cat burglar. The thought that I should call the police never seriously entered my head. I could just hear the phone call, "Yes officer, I just saw a man flying out of a house with a toaster oven, could you send a car?" He'd send a car alright, the kind that takes you directly to the booby hatch.

Against my own better judgement I decided that I should make it my mission to catch the flying man. My motives for doing so, I must admit, are not to get justice or to uphold the rule of law. I wanted to know why he was doing it. I mean, here was a guy who had a superpower that you only see in comic books and he wasn't doing anything with it. He had Superman's best power and he was using it to steal stuff. It seemed like a waste to me. He was, in my opinion, suffering from a serious lack of imagination. It wasn't like he was stuck with a socially questionable power, he could fly.

I started walking around with my head slung back, trying to look at as much of the sky as I could at any given moment. It was a Wednesday when I saw him again. He was too far away for me to get anywhere near him before he flew back out of the house carrying something large that I was never able to make out. After a month of walking around I was able to establish a pattern. He came out all four Sundays, and then three times on Wednesday. I didn't see him at all on any other day.

It was in this manner that I became a crime fighter two days a week. On Sundays and Wednesdays I was a cop on the beat, not a suburban guy taking a walk. He was very random about where exactly he went although it was always in the same general neighborhood. It seemed possible that he went to other neighborhoods on the other days of the week, but I didn't think so. No reason really, it was just a hunch.

I didn't tell my wife anything about the flying man. Sue is a very sweet woman, I love her to death, but she's simply not adventurous. Making a new dish for dinner is her idea of the wild side. That's fine with me; I wouldn't change her if I could, because for the most part I'm the same way. But not about this thing. For me, the flying man was a personal affront to my life, and I wanted nothing more than to get the chance to confront him.

Well, I thought, as sleep finally overtook me, at least he didn't see me. I might get another chance on Wednesday. Then darkness came and I had a dream that I could fly.

The weeks after my near apprehension of flying man I was totally useless at work and home. On Wednesday I stayed out walking long past my normal time, and I didn't get so much as a glimpse of the man. One Sunday I did something I'd never done before. I took the car instead of walking. I figured I would have a better chance of catching him because I could cover more ground. I still didn't see him and I found out that if you're looking for something a car can actually be a big hassle. I wasn't able to concentrate on the sky I had to keep looking at the ground to avoid contact with stuff like other cars, trees, and the like.

Back on my feet I stayed out late for the next two weeks, never seeing so much as a glimpse of the flying man. Of course it occurred to me that flying man did see me that night and he wasn't coming to my neighborhood anymore. I really didn't think so though. He didn't even glance in my direction. Maybe he had the flu or something. Maybe he wasn't looking where he was going and ran into a building. Maybe he was an alien who went back to his home planet. I speculated endlessly. (Not all of the ideas as stupid as the last one. I mean, why would an alien steal TV's?)

The other obvious answer, that he'd switched days also came into my mind and so I started staying out later every night, hoping to get a glimpse of him. There was no sign of the man; he was harder to catch than Osama bin Laden.

I went over the places he'd already been in my mind, trying to get a sense of where he might go next. When I found myself at work with a map of my neighborhood spread out on my desk, diligently putting little dots where I'd seen him; I knew I was starting to take this flying man situation a little too seriously. So a flying man goes into people's houses and steals television sets. So what? I make sure I lock my windows at night now so I should be fine.

But it bothered me. I have to admit; it really bothered me.

It was a deep kind of bother, an existential kind of bother. I wanted to confront the flying man and demand that he do what he did somewhere else, to find a less intrusive way to exercise his superpower. Only I couldn't find him. I looked, I planned, I schemed, but it made no difference, the flying man was simply MIA.

Inevitably Sue noticed I wasn't really around mentally even when I was there physically. She could see the distraction on my face, in the way I held my shoulders. When you've been married ten years you see these things in each other. I told her I was preoccupied with work, but I'm pretty sure she knew I was full of shit. She knew full well I didn't give a rat's ass about my work. I was the manager at a telemarketing firm, a hell I contemplated as little as possible, even while I was there. The only thing I was grateful for was that I didn't have to work the phones.

Sue asked me what was wrong and I almost told her, but then at the last moment I heard my words in my own ears and decided against saying anything. So now she's got her radar up, trying to get a hint of what's happening. I'm playing it as cool as possible, making special effort to let her know I love her. Today after work I brought her flowers. I hope she doesn't think I'm trying to get forgiveness for doing something bad... I didn't think of that before I gave them to her. Damn.

I'm walking down the street, when I see the flying man. He comes up out of a backyard maybe 30 feet away from me. I watched as he went up the block three or four houses and then suddenly veered down and out of sight. I looked back at the house and noted the address. 23... I looked at the street sign, 23 Riley Street. It registered with me that the flying man didn't have anything in his arms when he took off. Was it possible that I'd stumbled across his house? Excitement welled up inside my chest. I was going to get my confrontation. I walked around the back of the house. It was perfectly normal. There was a hammock, a small sand box, and some plastic lawn furniture. I went to the sliding glass window and looked in. Inside was a different story. There was very little furniture, the television and phone were sitting on the floor instead of being on a table or something.

Flying man was divorced. I looked back at the sand box. He'd had a child or children, they were gone now. I went back around to the front of the house to get his name off of the mailbox. Reed, Christopher and Audrey Reed. He hadn't gotten around to taking her name off the mailbox yet. I was on the front porch when he whisked back into sight, carrying what appeared to be a box of cereal and a half-gallon of milk. This was new. He'd gone from major appliances to breakfast food. It was possible he did all of his shopping in such a manner, but again I had a hunch it was a new development. I stood on the porch for a minute, debating with myself whether or not to ring the doorbell.

In the end I walked away that night. I didn't want to face him head on, not yet, I wanted to get a measure of where he was at before I gave him a chance to hit me with a bat or something. Instead I went to work harassing him. I looked up his phone number in the phone book and memorized his number. I waited until about three in the morning and called him.

He picked up on the third ring. I said in a creaky voice, "I know what you did."

"What am I? An eighteen year old movie star with big tits?" Flying man, a.k.a. Christopher Reed asked, laughing. "And what's with the voice, am I getting a phone call from Kermit the frog?"

I was shocked, I call him to tell him I know his secret, and he's doing shtick? I was about to make a marvelously witty reply that would dazzle the ages, but I suddenly heard Sue standing walk into the room behind me. I slammed the receiver of the phone down, probably looking guilty as hell.

"Who were you talking to?" Sue asked; an understandable question.

My mind raced for an excuse and then seized upon one. "OK you caught me." I did my best to chuckle self-consciously. "I was calling a psychic hotline. I was watching a stupid infomercial on TV and I suddenly just got this urge..." I put on my best 'aw-shucks' face.

There was a tense moment when I really wasn't sure what Sue's reaction would be. Then she laughed and ruffled my ever-thinning hair. I had a history of doing stupid things on a whim like calling psychic hotlines and buying shit from the home shopping channel. It's not an out of control habit or anything, just an occasional pointless indulgence in the armpits of capitalism.

"Well," she said, "No more calls. You've been acting weird for weeks now. Don't give me grounds for divorce."

She was kidding in the way that wives kid some times. The kind of kidding that's also a thinly veiled threat. The kind of kidding that says, I'm kidding now, but keep it up and this shit's gonna stop being funny. My wife was the master of this face.

I decided to go to the flying man's house the next day and take care of things once and for all; it wasn't worth losing my marriage over.

I didn't ring the doorbell. Instead I went around the back of Christopher's house. The back door was locked, but because it was such a nice day the second floor balcony was wide open, only a screen door was there to keep me out. I studied the back of the house and figured out a way to climb up. It was a struggle but I made it without breaking my neck. I looked into the house. The patio was attached to the master bedroom; it was unoccupied, and as sparsely furnished as the living room. A box spring and mattress was on the floor with a clock radio on the ground next to it. Men's clothing littered the floor. I slid the screen door open as slowly as possible doing my best to make no noise. The door was about half way open when flying man came strolling into his bedroom holding a cup and what appeared to be a plate with a big pile of toast.

At the beginning he looked right through me. I don't mean this figuratively, I mean it literally. You see, I haven't been totally honest with you kind reader. There is a certain detail about myself I have chosen to keep from you until now.

I have the power to turn invisible whenever I want.

Yeah, yeah, I know it's a little late in the tale to spring this on you, but I'm shy about it and to be fair, not even my wife knows I have the power. I didn't even know I had the power. One afternoon I was standing in front of the mirror. I was having a particularly bad day and I was wishing I could turn invisible so I wouldn't have to deal with the rest of the day. I was as surprised as I could be when I promptly disappeared in the mirror. I'd wished for lots of stuff through the years, but none of those wishes ever came true. For example, I've never come home to a house full of supermodels. I've wished for that one lots of times.

Anyway, ever since then I've been able to turn invisible, clothes and all, ever since that day about three years ago. I only use the power when I go walking, and I only use it then so that overly curious cops won't stop me to see what I'm up to; a problem I dealt with all the time before I got the power of invisibility. For some reason they are suspicious of anyone who isn't driving in the suburbs, especially at night. If you're not asleep or in your house they assume you're a criminal.

The flying man dropped down on his bed with a thud. He turned on a TV that I hadn't seen, also sitting on the floor behind a cardboard box. He started eating his toast. I stood watching, indulging in the kind of voyeurism I had shunned until then. He was crying by his second slice.

I have to admit, I almost left right then. Left this sad flying man to his toast and to what sounded like General Hospital. But I had to know why; I had to understand why he used his special talent in such a negative way. I turned myself visible again and cleared my throat to get his attention.

I think flying man almost shit his flying pants when I suddenly appeared standing in his bedroom. He jumped, that much is for sure. Toast went flying into the air.

"Who are you and why are you here?" He asked, his voice still quivering from the shock of my sudden appearance.

"My name is Jake Garrison. I'm here because I've been watching you flying around the neighborhood for the past several months. I know that you're robbing our neighbors. I want to know why."

"How did you get in here?"

"I climbed up the balcony."

"But I didn't..."

"See me? I know, that's because I was invisible." I turned invisible again to demonstrate.

"How is that possible?"

"How's it possible that you can fly?"

"I have no idea."

"I turn invisible the same way."

"Oh. So what are you going to do? Call the cops? Go ahead, there's a phone downstairs, I could care less." He bent down to the floor, salvaged a piece of toast from the carpet and resumed munching on it.

I stood there, not entirely sure what to say or do. This whole confrontation thing wasn't going the way I thought it would. I figured he would deny his crimes and we could have some heated exchange or something. But instead the flying man just kind of deflated like a human balloon with a bad leak. He just munched on his toast and stared at the TV.

"I'm not going to call the cops." I said, surprised I was saying it even as the words came out of my mouth.

"You're not? Thanks."

"But I do want to talk to you, I want to know why you're doing what you're doing, and I want you to stop."

"I want to stop but I can't manage to, not right now." He paused thinking, then he continued. "You're the guy who called me on the phone aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You hung up all of a sudden. Why?"

"My wife came into the room."

"Really, well then maybe you can understand. Sit down, I'll tell you the whole story; but when I'm done, I want to know yours."

"We'll see." I replied, pleased that things suddenly seemed to be going very well. I sat down on the floor and waited for him to continue.

"My name, in case you don't already know, is Christopher Reed. I'm just a regular guy, except that I have the power of flight. I didn't always have the ability, it just happened one day. I was working on the roof of this house when I slipped and found myself tumbling toward the edge. I fell off the roof but I never hit the ground. Instead I found myself just floating there in space. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. I was even more surprised when I found I could control where I flew by will, I just *try* to go in a certain direction and low and behold I go in that direction. I kept my power a secret from everybody. The people at work, my wife, my daughter. I didn't want people to think I was a freak."

"That's a decision I can understand. Nobody knows that I can turn invisible." I said. I didn't think I would like Christopher, but the more he talked the more it seemed like we had more in common than not.

"It was my wedding anniversary and my wife got it into her head that she wanted one of those Coach Purses. The really expensive ones. Well I simply didn't have the funds to swing such a high ticket item. I mean you should have heard her, going on and on about that stupid purse like it was the one single object in the universe that could bring her happiness and fulfillment. It was killing me that I couldn't get her the thing, so I did something stupid. I was out flying; I noticed an open window on a very nice house. Almost before I knew what I was doing I was in the bedroom looking through the closet for a Coach Purse. The woman of the house had four of them. I figured it was redistribution of wealth. I took one of the purses, emptied its contents as neatly as I could manage on the floor and got out of there like my pants were on fire. Until that night I was perfectly happy to use my power just for the visuals. I love the view of the world you get from being way up in the air. The earth is such a beautiful place, especially when you are in a position to get a nice perspective on it. Even this cookie cutter suburb has a certain elegance from the air. The uniformity of the houses forms a kind of mandala on the earth."

I nodded at the insight. He continued.

"You should've seen the look on her face when I gave her the purse, at first she lit up like it was Christmas. Then her face kind of fell. 'It's beautiful.' She told me. Then she said it was also the wrong color. She wanted the leather to be a few shades darker. Then, the words that sealed my fate, 'Well, I can just go to the store and exchange it, I'm sure you kept the receipt.' Of course there wasn't one. You don't get receipts for stolen property. The purse incident caused a great deal of friction in my household. My wife Audrey and I were already having marital troubles; the purse was just the linchpin that everything else revolved around. Then, about 10 months ago I was sleeping and having a flying dream. Apparently during the dream I floated up off of the bed and hung suspended in the air like Sigourney Weaver at the end of Ghostbusters. The lack of covers (they were floating with me on the ceiling) woke Audrey and ruined my secret. Her reaction to the fact that I could fly really shocked me. I expected her to be mad that I kept a secret from her or something. Instead I got excitement. She is apparently a distant cousin of Sherlock Holmes because after about five minutes Audrey said to me, 'You stole that Coach purse by flying into someone's house and stealing it didn't you?'"

"What did you say?"

"I told her the truth, I admitted that I stole the purse. She paused a minute then and said, "I want a fancy new dress, find me one, it should be red." This was my wife talking, a woman I thought I knew very well. I figured she'd be mad I stole something. Instead, she wanted more. Things got really shitty after that. My life became a never-ending string of robberies. At turns out, Audrey had a lot of material needs and she wanted me to fulfill them all. I should say that I was never really comfortable with the stealing in the first place.

It went on until about a month ago. Audrey told me that she was leaving. When she left she said, 'Now that I have all of these nice things I can get myself a man who can actually afford them.' Then she left taking my daughter with her. She said I had no ambition."

"That sucks." I said, and meant it.

"Tell me about it."

"So what are you going to do now? Are you going to use your power for good? I saw you stealing cereal the other day, that's not a particularly good sign I gotta tell you."

"Do you think I want to spend all of my days getting Frisbees off of roofs? In real life that's the kind of mundane shit they'd be trying to get me to do all the time. Should I do the talk show circuit? Go flying around on Maury Povich? I don't have super strength, or X-ray vision or anything. I can fly; that's it. I'd spend all my days raking leaves out of old people's gutters because they can't reach them. That's all this power is good for. Screw that. Flying is an inherently selfish power, like all superpowers. So I use it as such. And who are you to talk anyway invisible boy? You could use your power helping the government spy on people or something instead of harassing my pathetic ass."

"It's invisibility. It's what I am. It seems to me that the power of invisibility should be exactly that, invisible. I don't want anyone to know that I have it. Not my wife, nobody. That's why I liked my walks so much. I could just pop away and walk the earth as an element, as a non person, no more visible than wind."

"That's a big elaborate hoax you're playing on yourself. You're pissing away your power just as much as I am, that's why I piss you off so bad. That's why you tracked me down."

"I tracked you down for the safety of our community. I can't just let you steal from our neighbors. Besides, you have no idea how much work went into my finding you."

"You would've just called the cops on me. The fact that you didn't and you tried so hard to find me just reinforces what I'm saying."

"Well, I admit that there is a part of me that doesn't talk about my invisibility because I don't want people to feel uncomfortable around me. See, that's the difference between the two of us. Everyone would be jealous of your power, they would tell you about how cool it would be to be able to fly, and they'd ask to be taken for rides. Hell, I bet you could get any number of women simply with the prospect of aerial sex. People don't feel the same way about invisibility. If I told people about my power they wouldn't feel comfortable with me around. There's something inherently sneaky about the ability to disappear at will that would surely make people feel very uneasy. For instance, I'd get the blame for everything that went missing. If someone left a door ajar and forgot about it, they would think that perhaps it was me lurking around somewhere. I'd surely use my job, or even worse they'd try to get me to do some unethical shit with my ability. No, I'm satisfied with things the way they are."

"Well, fine then, since you don't use your power at all, what's wrong with me using mine for little minor stuff?"

"Like stealing TV's?"

"OK, like I said, my wife made me do that. I was only planning to steal little stuff from now on. Oh yeah, and redecorating. Ever since the first house I broke into I've been plagued by the idea of how funny it would be to just go into houses and rearrange all the furniture so that it looks nice. You would be amazed at how many people live in crummy houses primarily because they don't know the best place to put their couch, that kind of thing is more important than you would think."

"You want to be a flying interior decorator who breaks into his client's houses. This is your idea of a career path? I cannot believe that your wife said you're not ambitious."

"Oh great, sarcasm now. That's terrific." He said. He was chuckling.

The weirdest thing was, even though we weren't having the most civil of conversations, I felt comfortable. I felt like I could really speak my mind to Christopher, even if I didn't particularly like him. I guess ours shared bond over having these weird superpowers made us friends in spite of our differences.

"Have you ever considered not using your power at all?" I asked, an idea I had mulled over in my own head on numerous occasions.

"No." He said, "Of course not. I was lucky enough to be given this ability there's no way I'm not going to take advantage of it, besides, it's a bit of a compulsion for me. I fly because to some degree I have to, not because I want to. It's like a compulsion to smoke or eat, you just have to do it, it's like an addiction."

"I know what you are saying. I've tried to quit a few times and like a junky I would be out walking and realize I had turned myself invisible a full five minutes after I did so, like a fat guy who eats half a donut before he even realizes it's in his mouth. I wondered if you had the same experience and it sounds like you have."

"Yeah, I admit the cereal was one of those occasions. There was a good chunk of time where I didn't fly at all, and during this time it was the only thing that I was really thinking about. Then a couple days ago I found myself up in the air with no real idea of how I got there. I had a taste for cereal so I figured what the hell and just grabbed some from the nearest open house. Oh yeah, one other thing. You really should tell your wife before she finds out."

"We've been married ten years; she's not going to find out."

"She's going to find out because you've been married ten years. You said earlier that you hung up on me because your wife came suddenly into the room. That was at like 3 in the morning, are you trying to tell me that she wasn't suspicious of that call?"

"I'd be lying if I said she wasn't. That's the reason I came to see you today, I wanted to get this whole affair over with so that I would stop acting suspicious and making my wife think I was having an affair when I'm not."

"So what happens when you're watching a scary movie with your wife and it starts to get to you a little bit and you turn yourself invisible without thinking about it; or a million other scenarios? She's going to find out. The best thing you can do is admit it and hope like hell she's a really understanding woman."

He was right. As much as I didn't want to admit it to myself I had to concede what he was saying was true. Sue would find out sooner or later and to say it wouldn't be good was probably a gross understatement. But by not telling her wasn't I in effect saying that in my mind she was incapable of understanding what happened to me. She's my wife, not my child; she deserves to know everything about me. Even the stuff that's bad. Hell, it's probably better for her to know what's bad than what's good.

I checked myself. That wasn't exactly fair either, the ability to turn invisible wasn't inherently bad, it was just perceived that way. I had used it quite honorably I thought, keeping it to myself and not using it to go into woman's locker rooms, banks, or with the exception of twice, other people's homes. Sue will believe me because she knows that I try to be a good person, that I don't hurt people maliciously. She'll believe me because we know each other and love each other and she knows I wouldn't let her down in such a way.

By the time it was over this would be a day of many long conversations.

Christopher the flying man stood patiently waiting for me to respond to his last statement. As an answer I asked, "Would you like to have dinner with my wife Sue and I in about a week? Things should be straightened out by then."

He looked shocked. "You mean you're going to tell her about yourself?"

"Yup. And I'm going to tell her about you too, so you might as well meet her. She's a super lady."

"Yeah sure. I'll have dinner with you guys. Thanks for the invitation. Look I promise I won't steal stuff anymore. Although it's very possible you will read about a rash of redecoration. There are a few houses in the neighborhood that are desperately in need of feng shui."

"Hell, Sue might let you reorganize our place. She's always complaining that the kitchen and living room are too cluttered but she hates doing decorating. I probably live in the only house in America where I actually chose the art that's on the walls. She honestly didn't want to do it."

"I may just take you up on that. Well good luck." He laughed. "I know you have my number."

I shook Christopher Reed the flying man's hand and he showed me out the front door.

When I got home that evening Sue was fast asleep on the couch, the TV still tuned to

C-SPAN's Book Notes, her favorite show. I sat down on the couch next to her and brushed the hair out of her face. The movement woke her and she yawned and stretched her body like a cat. She smiled up at me. I smiled back at her, took a deep breath, swallowed, and said,
“Honey, I have something that I have to tell you.”

Epilogue

Real quick, I just thought it might interest you to know that when I told Sue about my power she went over to the stove and boiled water using only her mind.

It's a strange world, if it wasn't free; they could sell tickets.