

The Awakening

“Come on, we have to go to the doctor’s for testing.” Mom calls me cheerfully as I finish brushing my teeth.

I run down the stairs. Today is my thirteenth birthday. Everyone has to go for testing on their thirteenth birthday. I can’t wait to get my testing done so I can get on with my day.

I dash outside with my Mom and we hop into a pneumatic car. Closing the hatch in the tube and securing our seat belts, the capsule zips down the chute at breakneck speed. Through the clear glass, I can see other people speeding along through their own tubes.

“It’s so annoying that we have to go today. I don’t understand why it can’t wait till the day after my birthday,” I complain.

“You know that’s just the rule. Besides, as soon as we get this over with, we can forget about it and enjoy the rest of the day.” Mom calms me.

The capsule stops and we unbuckle and climb out the hatch. We walk into the doctor’s office and stop at the front desk. Mom fills out the form on the tablet and we take a seat.

As we wait, I glance around at the posters hanging around the room. “They live among us!”, “They pretend to be like us!”, and “They’re planning our downfall!” are some of the most popular slogans.

Everyone has to be tested on their thirteenth birthday to see if they are telepathic, teleportic or telekinetic. Some people are born with these powers and are extremely dangerous to society.

“Please proceed to room 231.” An automated voice tells us.

Mom leads the way down a hall and we soon arrive at the room. Mom enters without hesitation and I follow her.

“Please take a seat.” the doctor calls out as he bustles about.

I take a seat and roll up a sleeve. On the underside of my arm, my veins are clearly visible. The doctor comes over and quickly inserts a needle into the crook of my elbow. I watch as he takes some of my blood. The blood will be tested and based on the results, they’ll know if I have any of the three curses.

He quickly pulls the needle out and leaves the room with a call of “I’ll be back momentarily with the results.” Mom passes me a bandage to cover the needle prick.

After mere seconds he returns, as promised. His face has hardened and dread floods me.

“Come with me.” He growls roughly at me.

“What’s going on?!” Mom shoots to her feet.

“She is telekinetic. We are taking her away.” He explains gruffly, as he shoves Mom aggressively aside, grabs my arm and hauls me away. I can hear Mom crying distantly, but all I can hear are those three words repeating over and over in my head. ‘*She is telekinetic... she is telekinetic....*’

A new chorus enters my mind: *impossible... impossible, I can’t be telekinetic...*

The doctor drags me away. We enter a separate room swarming with people in lab coats. I lose my sense of reality and it all seems like a nightmare.

Someone grabs a pair of handcuffs and locks them tightly onto my wrists which they wrench behind my back uncomfortably. Another man appears and shoves me into a waiting car. Cars aren't generally used any more; I've never been in one before. I would think it was cool if not for the circumstances.

I'm shoved inside the back of the car and the door is slammed behind me. I stumble back to my feet and shove against the door, trying to get out. It doesn't work and after a moment I hear the engine come to life and am thrown to the floor as the car starts.

I can't stop the tears that suddenly start falling down my face. I feel so alone and unsure. I never considered that I may be telekinetic; the thought had never even crossed my mind. I had been sure that if I had been telekinetic, I would have known.

The car comes to a sudden lurching stop. I hear voices approaching and then the door is flung open. Yet again, I am grabbed roughly and pushed along. We arrive at a large fence. It's topped with barbed and possibly electric wire. Along the perimeter are watch towers where I can see guards watching.

A gate is opened and someone meets me and the man.

"This one's telekinetic." The man informs the new person.

The other man nods and takes a hold of my arm. He is gentler as he leads me inside the compound. The gate closes automatically behind him.

"Come along." He says warmly after he removes the pair of handcuffs.

He lets go of my arm but I keep following him. It doesn't seem I have much of a choice. He leads me into a small building and down a couple of hallways. He enters a small room at the end of a hallway and I follow him in.

In the room is an examination table, a computer, a sink, and a couple of chairs. I take a seat in one of the chairs automatically. The man sits down in front of the computer, pulls something out of a drawer, then spins around to face me.

"The first thing I want you to understand is that this isn't a prison. It may look like one, but the gate, the walls and the guards are for your protection. The people outside hate all of you. They'd kill you on sight. The gate is to keep them out, not you in. We couldn't keep you guys here if we wanted. But trust me, it's not safe for you out there," he tells me.

"I'm going to give you a needle. This is going to implant a tracking device under your skin." He continues calmly as he stabs me in the arm with his needle.

"I thought you said this wasn't a prison." I growl through gritted teeth.

He pulls the needle out, sets it down on his desk and turns to me. "It's not. If any of you were ever to disappear, we need to know your location so we can go rescue you."

I'm not buying it, but don't say anything. I watch as he pulls out some more sharp instruments from his drawer. He approaches me.

"What are you doing?" I ask, alarmed.

"Just trust me. This is necessary." He doesn't explain, just starts.

He works at my left cheek for a while, but I don't know what he's doing. I just know it hurts.

"There." He says, standing back to assess whatever he did. "I'm going to assign you a team now. There are three people on each team, one telepath, one teleporter and

one telekinetic. You three will train together, go to classes together, and share living quarters. They'll be like your family."

"I don't want a new family." I cry out angrily.

He doesn't reply, just stands and leads me back outside. Judging by the light, I would guess it's late afternoon. He leads me into the biggest building, which I assume is the main building. Inside we head down the first hallway to the right.

After walking a short distance, he stops at a door. He knocks and the two of us wait outside.

After a minute, the door is opened by a girl. She looks about a year older than me. She has shoulder length light brown hair and bright blue eyes. Her left cheek is marred by a tattoo.

In neat lettering the tattoo says "Telepath" and beneath the word is a picture of someone with some sort of radio waves coming out of their head. I gasp and realize that must be what the man did to me.

The girl nods grimly at me and I realize she must have been reading my mind.

"You can go on in and get settled. I'll drop by later with some things for you." The man leaves me standing in the doorway.

"Come in." The girl steps aside. "Abigail, come out, we got our third team member."

I step into a small living room with a few doors leading off to separate rooms. There's a table in the middle of the room, a couch and a few chairs around the room.

"My name is Jayda. As you know, I'm a telepath. First of all, I want you to know that I will never again read your mind, unless we are in an emergency situation and need to communicate that way." She smiles at me.

From the second door on the right appears a small girl with long, straight orange hair. Her hair comes down to her waist. Her face is spotted with freckles and she has large green eyes. On her left cheek is a tattoo as well, this one saying "Teleporter" and depicting someone disappearing into a hole and reappearing on the other side.

"My name is Abigail." She says simply.

She must be older than thirteen, but she's small; I'm almost a head taller than her.

"I'm Veronika." I remember to introduce myself.

Jayda leads me in a small tour of our living quarters.

"This here is my room." She indicates the first room on the left. "This is Abigail's." She indicates the second on the left. "This will be yours," she points to the second door to the right. "This is the washroom." She points to the first door on the right. "And this is just the main room. It's not very big."

"I'll be in my room if you need me," Abigail says and then just disappears.

"She's practicing her teleporting skills and working on precision. Have you worked at all on your telekinesis?" Jayda asks kindly.

"No, I didn't know I was a telekinetic until about two hours ago." I try not to sound too defensive.

"That's okay. But you should try to practice it a bit by yourself before we have to go to training classes." She soothes me. "Anyway, I've got some stuff to do in my room. If you need me, come knock."

I turn and enter my own room, shutting the door behind me. Inside, I find a single bed pushed against the wall, a dresser across from it with a mirror on top, and a desk on the other wall with a lamp on it. Beside my door is a closet. In the middle of the floor is a small carpet. The walls are white.

I walk to the mirror and stare at my reflection. My face is marked by the tattoo. It says "Telekinetic" and depicts a hand reaching out and something flying through the air towards it.

Crossing the room, I check my desk and dresser and find them both empty. Desolate and homesick, I throw myself down on the bed and cry.

I jump up awhile later at the sound of someone knocking on the door. I realize it must be that man bringing me some stuff. I wipe my face and try to push my hair back out of my face before standing to go get the door. As I open my door, Abigail suddenly appears and answers the door.

She accepts a stack of clothes and various other items from him and closes the door, turning towards my room.

"Ernest just dropped these off for you," she says.

She stops partway across the room and glances at me. She hesitates for a moment, then tosses something at me. "Catch!" she cries.

It takes me nearly a second to realize the toss is short and whatever she just threw is going to fall. I'm not sure what she threw, but I don't want it on the floor. There's no way I can catch it.

Some part of me acts instinctively and the item stops falling. It's just hovering in the air now, not moving.

"What in the world is going on?" I exclaim.

"You're telekinetic," Abigail says simply.

I don't want to admit that I really am telekinetic, but some part of me can't deny what I know is true.

After a moment's thought, I note it is a laptop flying through the air towards me. I hold out my hand and it stops, hovering just beside me.

"Wow." I breathe gently.

"Catch!" Abigail calls out and begins tossing my clothes and things randomly around the room. I wait until she's out of things to throw, until everything is nearly on the floor, then freeze them all in midair.

After a second I move things around so that they arrange themselves into a neat pile, with the laptop on top with a few assorted toiletries and my clothes beneath it.

A mischievous idea enters my head, and scouring the room, I find a pillow propped up on the couch. Using my new found power I pick it up and send it flying towards Abigail.

"Hey!" She protests and ducks.

I smack her over the head with the pillow. "Pillow fight!"

"No fair." She complains.

After taking a couple more hits, she disappears and reappears across the room. I stop as an idea hits me.

"Abigail, can you teleport someone with you?" I ask, curious.

"Yes, but I've only practiced a few times with Jayda. If you want, I can teleport you," she offers.

I nod happily.

“Okay, this works best if you hold my hand.” She admits this somewhat sheepishly.

I send my stack of belongings into my room, setting them on my bed then grab her outstretched hand.

It happens so quickly it’s hard to comprehend. There’s a moment of disorientation which leaves the sensation of darkness - I’m suddenly standing in Abigail’s room.

Glancing around in awe I find her room looks lived in. Her bed covers are messed up, she has her laptop out on her desk, and a few things on her dresser. She’s painted some flowers and other small decorative images onto her walls.

“That’s incredible! I can’t believe you can do that.” I gasp.

“I’ve heard that some telekinetics can float. I think that would be incredible,” Abigail responds.

In response, I concentrate for a moment and find myself floating a few feet above the ground. I glance down at Abigail and find her staring up in awe. After a second, I raise her into the air.

She cries out in surprise and flails her arms around.

“Relax, I won’t drop you.” I smile confidently.

After a minute, I slowly lower us.

“Are you hungry?” Abigail asks suddenly as a thought comes to her.

I pause and glance over at her. My body seems to have stopped functioning normally and I’m not even sure I can eat something.

“When was the last time you ate?” Abigail prompts.

“This morning. Breakfast.” I finally recall.

She checks her watch. “The cafeteria will be open for another fifteen minutes. We should go and you can get something to eat. Shall we?”

She offers me her hand and I take it after a moment. In a flash we are in the cafeteria. I nearly stumble into a table.

“It’s disorienting at first, but you’ll get used to it,” Abigail shares sympathetically.

She leads me over to the servery window and we pick up a tray. In the various windows are many different options for food. There’s a wide variety of fruit and dessert treats. I’m surprised to see so much fruit since fruit is so expensive and hard to get now.

I take an orange and a cookie and follow Abigail over to a seat. We sit and enjoy our snack.

When I’ve finished, Abigail teleports us back to our room.

“Lights out is at 21:45; you can do whatever you want until then. Morning wake-up call is at 6:30 sharp.” Abigail tells me this before leaving to her room.

I return to my own room and find I am so tired that I just brush my teeth, change into the pair of pajamas provided, then go to bed.

“Now that we’re a team, we have special training sessions,” Jayda tells me as we walk to our first class of the morning.

We take seats near the front of the class and watch the other teams file in.

“You’re all new teams and will be starting a new and stricter training regimen.” A teacher at the front of the room starts. “The new training schedule may be harsher than you’re used to, but this is necessary to prepare you for the mission you will be receiving. The government of Canada needs your help.” The teacher pauses. “China has been making increasingly alarming threats against our country. They are in need of water, of which our country has in abundance. Our government will be sending teams of three. Your job will be to disarm their military.”

Jayda, Abigail and I meet in our main room after courses. We open an envelope and read over our mission. Abigail finishes reading it first.

“They want us to teleport into China’s top military base, disarm and destroy all their weapons, and then plant a bomb to destroy the base!” Abigail cries out.

I look at Abigail and Jayda and find my emotions reflected in their eyes.

“I won’t.” I state simply and the other two nod their agreement.

“But how can we not?” Jayda asks.

“We can leave.” Abigail states flatly. “Pack a bag; we leave in five minutes.”

I rush to my room and throw in my few belongings, including the laptop, into a bag. I meet the other two in the main room.

“I’ll have to remove the tracking chips they placed in us,” I say.

Using my telekinesis, I remove first my own, then the other two tracking chips.

“Ready?” Abigail asks and Jayda and I nod.

We link hands and Abigail teleports us away.