

*Elizabeth Pereira*

*Grade 6*

*A.S.: 151*

## Powers: Unknown

The wind howled in the cold, stormy, night. Lightning flashed, and thunder roared like a lion. Streets were flooded, and children hid in their homes, fearing the raging storm. All children, except for one girl, Mikayla Nightlock.

She paced in her small, bland, bedroom. Back and forth, back and forth. Lost in thought she was, for things have been happening to her.

Just yesterday, at her middle school, a pretty, ignorant looking cheerleader had been foul to her for bumping into her in the hallways. Mikayla felt a rush of anger, and suddenly the unlucky cheerleader was drenched in water. The day before that, her classwork managed to burst into flames, and that day in gym, her soccer ball had somehow sailed through the air on it's own.

At first, Mikaya started thinking that the universe was after her. Then, she started thinking, what if she was the one who was doing it?

Mikayla decided to finally hit the hay after a long day of worries.

Mikayla woke with a start, her body sweating, and face pale. The previous night she had dreamed that she was some kind of monster every time she looked in the mirror.

She glanced at her clock. Seven-thirty. Her bus would be coming in only five minutes! Mikayla ripped off her covers, and jumped out of bed. She dug through her dresser, looking for some clothing for the day. She threw a random outfit on, and fixed her dark hair. She ran out of her bedroom, and into the large bathroom down the hall. Mikayla washed up like her life was on the line. Her legs never moved so fast as she sprinted down the stairs, grabbed her backpack, and ran out the door. The noisy bus came speeding around the corner, and came to a stop right in front of

her house. She climbed up the steep steps, and searched for an empty seat on the bus.

After many stops, and a huge headache, her bus finally arrived at her school. Makayla happily jump down the steps, grateful to rid herself of that awful bus. She sped into the building, and into the sixth grade hallways, not wanting to be late to class. Just when she took her seat in her first class, *History*, the bell rang.

The first half of her day went pretty well. The second, not so much.

Her math teacher had yelled at her for forgetting her homework. As he was yelling, he raised into that air, like a feather in the wind. His vein popped out of his forehead even more than it already was. She knew she was in deep trouble. That had to be the worst moment of her whole twelve years of life.

Wait, no. It got worse.

The next day, she set her uniform on fire.

The day after that, she blew a bully backwards into the lockers. It was her first time in detention.

After that, she flooded that cafeteria.

That day, she solemnly arrived home from school, (off the bus from hell) to find mail waiting for her on the kitchen table. It was from a odd address she didn't know. She ripped open the envelope, and skimmed through the letter inside. She saw that it was an invitation to compete in an athletic competition at an old gym in the middle of nowhere.

Something told Mikayla that this wasn't just an athletic competition, it was something more.