

Hidden Power

By: Grace Z.

Sydney hurried through the hallways, keeping her head down. Kids, who were way taller than her, bumped into her and didn't even notice. All the students here were strangers to her. Sydney hated moving. Her old school was bad enough. She didn't have any friends, but at least someone would occasionally acknowledge her existence.

New schools were different, though. Nobody seemed to notice her at all. They didn't avoid her, at least, but they would if they really knew her. If they knew about her power, they would avoid her at all costs. Fortunately, nobody knew about her power, apart from her parents. Since she was little, she had always been told to keep her ability to bring drawings to life hidden from everyone else. Nobody at her old school managed to find out about her ability. Sydney was happy about that. She didn't trust anyone enough to find out that secret.

Sydney remembered the day she had first discovered her ability. She was only about one or two. She had been given a piece of paper for the first time in her life. She drew a picture of a dog. It didn't look that bad, considering it had been drawn by a little kid. As her parents examined her drawing, the paper began to move by itself. Then, the drawing came off the paper and into a real dog. Sydney's parents were taken by surprise. When Sydney became a little older, she was taught to never show anyone her ability, which meant she couldn't draw in front of anyone. Sydney drew pictures all the time at home. She enjoyed drawing things like food, since it would actually turn into a real piece of food. Sometimes, Sydney didn't like having the ability to make drawing come to life. She couldn't take art as an elective, thanks to her power. She just had to keep it hidden for her whole life.

After searching for a few minutes, Sydney finally found her first class. She managed to make it inside just before the bell rang. The entire class was chaos. A student was making paper airplanes. Kids were gossiping in the back of the room. One girl was drawing a picture. Another student was blowing bubble gum. The teacher looked like she was about to quiet down the class when she noticed Sydney. "Oh, you must be the new student," The teacher said. "Were you able to find your way here easily?"

"It was kind of hard to get here," Sydney replied.

"Why don't we give you a buddy, then? You should have someone show you around here." She glanced at the class. "Alright, everyone, settle down!"

All of the noise instantly died down.

"We have a new student here. Her name is Sydney. Does anyone want to help show her around?"

Nobody raised their hand, except for the girl who was drawing. She waved her hand in the air as if she was afraid someone else would be picked.

The teacher smiled. "June, you can be Sydney's buddy. Sydney, why don't you take that empty seat next to June?"

Sydney walked over to the seat next to June and sat down.

"Hi!" June exclaimed. "Do you like it here so far?"

No, Sydney thought, but told her, "Yeah."

The next period was language arts. Sydney was in the same class as June again. The teacher, Mrs. Webster, welcomed Sydney and started explaining a new project the students would be working on.

"For this project, each person will write a creative story about anything. Towards the end of the year, you will get to write another creative story about anything you want. You can see how your writing improves throughout the year," Mrs. Webster explained.

That actually sounds like a fun project... Sydney thought.

"Also, you will be drawing a picture of yourself now, and another at the end of the year so you can compare," Mrs. Webster added. "We'll start the drawing right now."

Sydney began panicking. June noticed the stressed expression on her face, and whispered, "Are you okay?"

Sydney didn't respond. Instead, she raised her hand and said, "Mrs. Webster, I'm not feeling well. Can I go to the nurse?"

Mrs. Webster nodded. "Okay, but I'm going to have to write you a pass-" Before she could finish her sentence, Sydney had grabbed her backpack and disappeared into the hallways.

I can't draw anything in front of anyone else! How would everyone react if my drawings came to life? What good excuse can I come up with? Will my family have to move again? Sydney thought, pacing around the empty hallway.

"Hey, Sydney," A voice coming from behind Sydney said. She turned around and saw June. "Why'd you pretend you were sick?"

"What? I really am sick," Sydney said, pretending to cough.

June sighed. "My siblings pretend to be sick to avoid stuff all the time. I can tell when someone's faking being sick. Why are you pretending?"

Sydney remembered her parents telling her to never tell anyone about her power. Sydney was tired of never being able to draw in front of anyone, though. Art was her talent, but she never got to show it. She suddenly felt a spark of courage. She pulled a piece of paper and a pencil out of her backpack, and began drawing a picture of a bird.

"What're you doing?" June asked, looking extremely confused.

When Sydney finished the drawing, it flew off the paper and outside the school. June stepped back in surprise. Sydney began explaining her ability to June. I hope she won't start avoiding me after I tell her...

When Sydney finished explaining, June's response was, "Wow... That's awesome."

Sydney blinked in surprise. "What? You don't think it's weird?"

June shook her head. "No, it's really cool! I wish I had that power."

For the first time since she had moved, June smiled. *Maybe I do have a friend here...*