

Special
By: Payal M.
Chapter 1

I looked at the board like I did everyday. Yet again there was nothing. I sighed. In a world full of unique, special talents, why would mine stand out? In fact, just walking here, I had seen a person who could fly, (great for cleaning or reaching high up objects) another who had telekinesis (could move things with their mind, always comes in handy), and yet nobody like me. I glanced at the person standing next to me. Tall, black hair, blue eyes. The surprising part? Green skin. *They can change their shape*, I thought miserably. I however had one of the rarest talents. I could see right through someone. Read their past, present, and future as if they were a book. But most importantly, their thoughts. For example. They girl with green skin? She had been in three different jobs already. Didn't like any. Quit immediately. I scanned the board again. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a sheet of paper flapping in the wind. I went closer.

MIND READER WANTED

Come to the Johhanes family house for more information.

I couldn't believe my eyes. The Johhanes family was one of the richest in town. I promptly turned and ran to their house. I rang the doorbell. A maid answered the door. "What you want?" She asked quite rudely. "My name is Cammie, and I am a mind reader. I came to see about the job," I replied, only slightly nervously. The maid sniffed and said, "Come in, Mr. Johhanes will be here soon." I sat in one of the large velvet sofas. A few minutes later a tall, gaunt man walked in. "Mr. Johhanes? I came about th—" I started. "Yes, yes I know why you came," interrupted Mr. Johhanes. "You came about the mind reader position. Don't look so surprised, I'm a mind reader myself," He reprimanded me. I managed to shut my mouth. "Come with me and I will show you what you will do," He added. I followed him down a long corridor. Then suddenly, he stopped.

Chapter 2

Mr. Johhanes swept aside a large red velvet curtain. "Your job," he said. I stared. At the top, there were podiums with night vision and X-ray goggles. There were metal detectors, ID cards for over a hundred different people, and what I thought were fingerprints for those same people. "This was my work for many years," Mr. Johhanes said, interrupting my mental inventory, "Sadly, I became too old for the job and had to retire. But now you are here. This is your first mission," he said, pausing to give me a

thick folder, "You have an hour to pack," he said, finishing his speech and gesturing at the equipment. "What?!? But I don't even have a suitcase, and where will I put my stu—" I started. "There is a suitcase there that will hold all of this and will have some space for your stuff," he said, interrupting me. And in the shadows behind the podium, there was, in fact, a suitcase. I started packing and Mr. Johannes left. After I finished I opened the envelope. Inside was a large photo. Beneath it there was writing:

Mr. Jacobs. World renowned criminal, famous for theft of Mars, 19 years ago. Our society has been unable to catch him, but you say that you have found a new mind reader who can. Once they do, they will officially be members of the MInd REaders.

They will be introduced to the MIRE at that point.

After that, there was a big list of places he had been seen and some coded messages, which had been decoded on the back. I picked up my backpack, and walked to Fenway Park.

Chapter 3

When I reached the park, I opened up the first message. On the back it said:

Do not hide from that which you are afraid. Run from that which seems
harmless. Do not worry, all will be done when you arrive.

I was surprised at that. I thought that when it said decoded, it meant translated. Sadly, I had to take care of that myself. I searched the park. The only things that were there, was a giant lion, and a giant rabbit. I pulled out the clue. Suddenly something clicked. The lion is scary. I would hide from it, thus I must go to it. The rabbit is not scary, thus I should stay away. I walked to the lion, still confused about the final line. I looked around the bottom of the statue, and pressed something. It popped open. Inside was another piece of paper. It said, "Go to clue number 12". I thumbed through the folder, checking the little numbers in the corner. When I got to 12, instead of a clue it said, "Remember line three, go to card three." I went to card three. It was also missing and in its place there was another card, "REMEMBER LINE THREE. THINK!" I thought. I gasped. Line three! *All will be done when you arrive.* That meant that I had to go to the final card. Number 100. It was written on shiny gold paper, with silver ink. On the back it read:
So you've figured it out. We've done it all. Just go to the last. Do not think, just do. Then
will you find what you're looking for.

The first two lines were easy enough. But, the last? It has to be something I can go to. I gasped yet again. The last place on the list. An abandoned warehouse on First Street.

To Be Continued in Escape