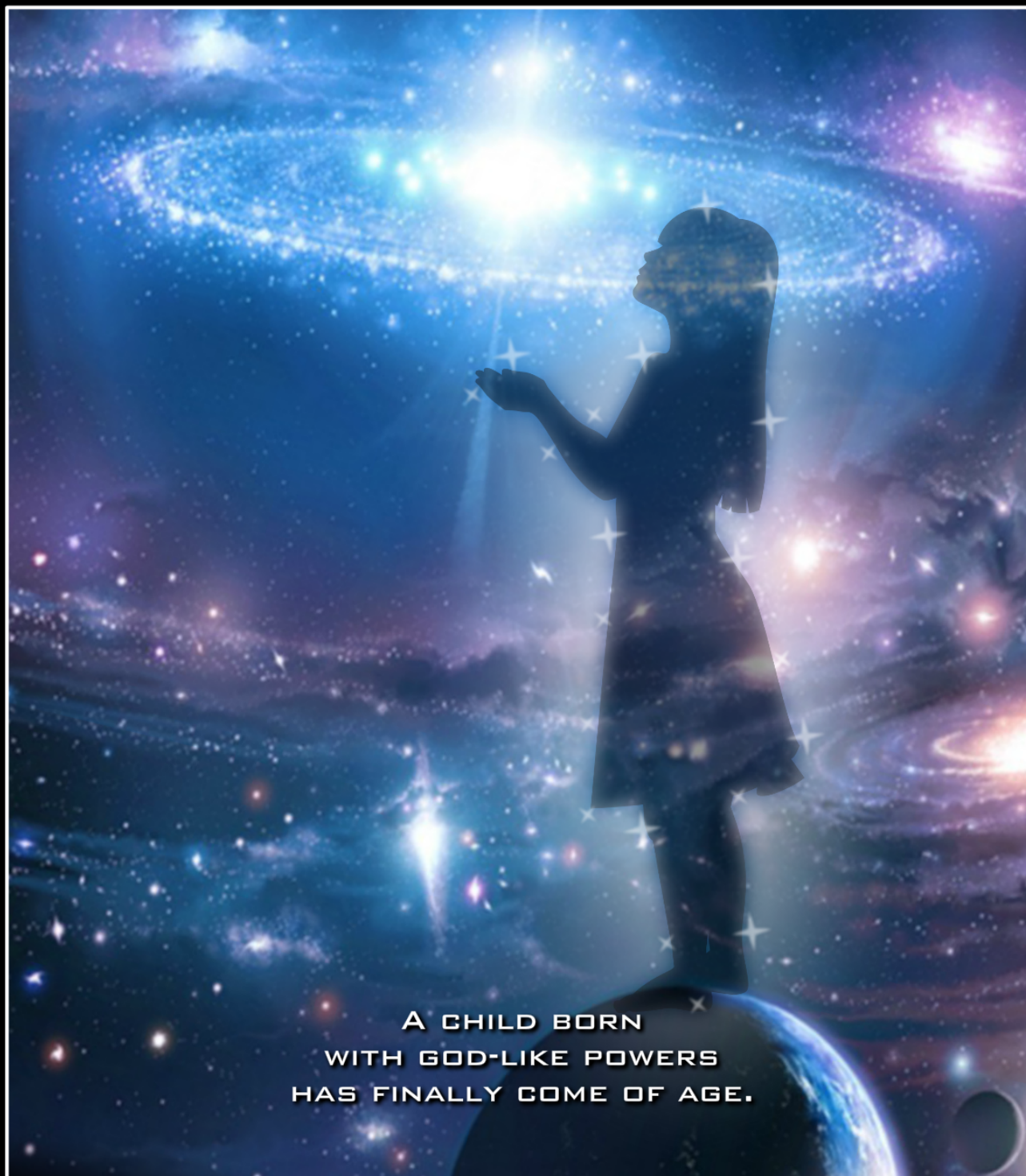


OMNIPOTENCE

- AN EROTIC SAGA -



A CHILD BORN
WITH GOD-LIKE POWERS
HAS FINALLY COME OF AGE.

EPISODE #32

"THE COSMIC MISHAP"

WWW.JASMINEVANCROFT.COM

EPISODE 32

THE COSMIC MISHAP

Why did Denise and Allen Deangelo, two very average Americans living outside of Chicago and working very plain and boring jobs, give birth to a little girl who possessed the unlimited powers of God?

No one can explain why this girl was born with amazing powers, powers which allow her to defy gravity, control reality, and simply do anything she wants no matter how far fetched it might seem, but maybe someone out there can help explain how she can do the things she can do. Unsure if they were blessed with a gifted child who could literally grant anyone's wishes with a snap of her finger, or cursed to raise a child who could erase them from existence with her thoughts, Denise and Allen did the best they could while the United States Government threatens to take their baby away for good.

So what happened nineteen years ago when Hannah Deangelo was born? Anything odd? Anything supernatural? Anything crazy? And what of Hanna's parents? How did they raise an omnipotent toddler? How did they keep the world from finding out that their child had 'supernatural gifts'.

Learn the backstory of Hannah, how she came to be, and how she was raised in secrecy by her mortal parents.

This is a work of pure fiction and not based on any person living or dead.

CHARACTER WARNING

Due to the fact that this story contains underage characters, there is absolutely no sex or anything sexual to be found. This is not an erotic story and merely backstory for the series.

- EPISODE 32 -
THE COSMIC MISHAP

Wednesday, August 7, 1996

It was nineteen years ago when Denise Deangelo first got the news: there was something unusual about her pregnancy.

A month before she would give birth to her first child, Dr. McArthur revealed that the Deangelos' baby, a baby girl she and her husband Allen had already decided would be named Hannah, had abnormal brain patterns which could not be explained. Certain that such abnormalities would cause birth defects, autism, or mental disabilities, the doctor did his best to prepare the Deangelos' for the worst while also offering whatever assistance he could to make sure their baby got the best care possible. It was a troublesome blow for the soon-to-be parents, neither of whom had any family history of disease, nor had they partaken in recreational drugs or alcohol to any kind of excess. They were good, honest, kind people who had decided to venture into the world of parenthood only to have been met with the kind of news all parents fear. It was just as if some random occurrence had affected the pregnancy, an occurrence that, no matter how much Denise blamed herself, was likely simply beyond her control. Dr. McArthur



ran test after test to see what affected the fetus, hoping that there was some way to correct the issue with drugs, surgery, or perhaps some kind of future therapy for the newborn so that her expected autism could be minimized or cured. Like a warrior on a quest he had sworn to complete, Dr. McArthur worked day and night to help the Deangelos' baby, the good doctor working to hopefully circumvent the symptoms or limit the child's abnormalities. Yet it was not until the baby was born that any definitive answer could be found. It was not until after her birth that baby Hannah Deangelo's so-called disabilities could be witnessed.

It was in the late evening on August 7th, 1996 in the Chicago Central Hospital that the universe welcomed the birth of Hannah Deangelo, a beautiful baby which the entire universe quickly surrendered itself to.

A surprisingly routine childbirth lead to a surprising change in plans when doctors took the newborn Hannah away from her mother only after a few short minutes, claiming that they were merely doing blood draws so that tests could be done to address the baby's perceived condition. Anxiously awaiting any news about their first and only child's fate, the exhausted mother Denise and the frantic father Allen watched as this tiny baby was snatched up by nurses and pulled from their arms, the couple only wanting to take their baby home and care for her with all the love in the world no matter what her condition. Yet it was when Hannah's father Allen tried to follow the nurses down the hall that he first noticed the men in suits: three men in black suits who seemed to be waiting down the hall from the delivery room. These men who wore no medical badges and never introduced themselves to the concerned father still said nothing to the doctors or to Allen as the baby was taken into a separate room which Allen was not allowed to follow. Allen simply did not understand the situation for his newborn baby had two arms, two legs, and two eyes: the baby girl seemed fine in every way. Trying to be calm, Allen returned to Denise and told her that the doctors were running just a few routine tests, repeating the same lines he had been told down the hall. However, the mysterious men in the suits did not wait for the tests to be completed before following Allen into the hospital room, men who quickly made sure that they were alone with the Deangelos before telling them what they knew about their daughter. Unbeknownst to both Allen and Denise, the early reports from their previous doctor visits had been leaked to a government agency, a fact that was quickly revealed to the Deangelos by one of the men in suits who would forever be known as Mr. Rains.

"You have no right!" Allen shouted, fuming while his exhausted wife rested in bed, the poor woman longing for sleep after having given birth a mere fifteen minutes ago.

"Mr. Deangelo, we are here to tell you that we know what is afflicting your daughter and we want to take the proper precautions." Mr. Rains said, the leader of the pack walking out in front of the other two suited men who appeared to merely be his lackies.



“Mr. Deangelo. My name is Dr. Harris.” A second, older man in a brown suit and glasses said, standing out for he was not dressed all in black with a military hair-cut. “I have some things I want to show you in regards to what might be afflicting your newborn. I think, with your cooperation, we can figure out what your options are.”

“My daughter is perfectly fine.” Allen protested, refusing to think of his daughter as handicapped.

“On the outside, of course.” Dr. Harris continued, the bald man in the glasses suddenly pulling out yellow folders from his jacket and holding it before his eyes as if he was ready to read from it. As he pulled out an image which looked to be an X-ray, the man in the brown suit walked up to the wall of the hospital room and found a light-board waiting for him to use, a light-board he quickly turned on to reveal a CT-scan of a brain. “This is my brain put through a special scan, a scan which would take far too long to explain and you won’t find in this hospital, to reveal hotspots of activity and accelerated impulses. Now don’t look for anything special because thankfully, there is nothing special to see. I’m pretty dull, despite my knowledge of advanced medicine, biology, and science.” He then bragged.

Then the doctor pulled out another scan and slipped it next to his own.

“Now, what I’m about to tell you is highly classified, but I think you need to know.” The doctor continued, looking at the second CT-scan with a certain degree of interest. Clearly this scan was a bit different as it had small patches of white dots which his own scan was void of. It was not that obvious at first, but as Allen took a few steps closer, he saw the difference. “In ... the 1970s ... the United States Government ... did some tests to see if it was possible to increase brain activity of our soldiers through ... experiments, let’s say. Initial findings showed that we could indeed raise the level of activity nearly three times as high, as seen in these tiny dots on the scans. This increase in activity seemed to cause the mind to ... work harder ... faster ... generating more powerful brain waves, and thus improve their abilities. Critical thinking, enhanced learning, and even minor levels of precognition, telepathy, and telekinesis were achieved in our greatest subjects.”

“Telekinesis? Like ... moving stuff with your mind?” Allen asked, his wife still too tired to talk yet very much listening to the classified information.

“Yes but ... nothing that beneficial.” The doctor shrugged as if telekinetic powers were boring. “Seven test subjects were able to move coins around a table top. Two were able to levitate them. Only one was actually able to turn a lock on a door from the other side, but ... suffered a stroke not ten minutes later. In fact ... this is his scan from 1976. I bring this to your attention because none of these lived beyond a few months after the tests were ended.”

“Cut to the bit where this has to do with my daughter.” The now angry father demanded while his newborn daughter remained far out of sight in another room.

“When we caught wind of your daughter’s ... erratic brainwave patterns, we decided to run them over the same scan.” The doctor continued, agreeing with Allen’s request for some connection.

“What do you mean ‘caught wind’?” Allen added, clearly taking note of the invasion of privacy.

“This is what we found.” The doctor continued, ignoring Allen’s question and slapping a third CT-scan up on the light-board, a scan that obviously had a much smaller brain inside a nearly fully developed fetus which was pure white. There were no speckled dots like in the minds of the test subjects from the 1970s: Hannah’s brain was solid white. Allen forgot about the invasion of privacy when he saw the scan, able to put the same pieces together that Dr. Harris had done after stealing the medical records of their daughter. As he walked to get a closer look and understand what he was looking at, he asked the obvious question.

“What ... what does that mean?” Allen asked, squinting at the lights of the light-board while trying to get a closer look at his daughter's scan.

“We have no idea.” The doctor said almost proudly. “But whatever is afflicting your daughter has clearly wildly amplified her brain activity.”

“I think it would be in all of our best interests if you let us take your baby to our facility so we can assess the situation.” Mr. Rains suddenly stated, revealing their reasoning for being in the hospital.

“The situation?” Allen shouted angrily.

“You want to take my daughter?” Denise cried.

“Until we can understand what we are dealing with.” Dr. Harris added, clearly taking Mr. Rains' side.

“What you are dealing with?” Allen protested. “Our daughter is literally less than an hour old. What could she possibly do?”

“We don't know.” Dr. Harris admitted. “Maybe nothing. Maybe ... a whole lot more.”

“Look, you're not taking our daughter no matter what you think about her.” Allen protested. “You have no legal right to just take our baby from us so you can ... run tests on her.”

“There is no doubt in my mind that your daughter possesses ... psychic abilities ... because of her genetic defects.” Dr. Harris said quite bluntly. “This is now a matter of national security.”

“I'm getting security.” Allen said bluntly.

“Mr. Deangelo.” Dr. Harris pleaded, trying to get the new father to understand.

“Get out.” Allen said with more volume, letting Dr. Harris know that the only thing he needed to understand was that these paranoid, strange, suited men wanted to take his newborn from him.

The mere threat was enough to encourage Dr. Harris to quickly grab his CT-scans from the light-box and stuff them away. The last thing even the ominous Mr. Rains wanted was for the local police to get involved as it would just lead to further problems. Neither they nor the Deangelos would have any idea of what they were dealing with, and that

meant it was time to move to the next stage of their sinister plan. As Allen reached for the phone which sat beside his wife, the suited men left the room, leaving Allen to stop his threat for he saw they were now leaving him in peace. Worried that it was not over, and also worried that what Dr. Harris said might be true, Allen looked to his wife and saw more concern on her face than he had on his own. All they wanted was to take their baby home, but it was clear that someone else wanted her for reasons that were so outrageous, these suited men knew their claims would not hold up in a court of law. As these same suited men walked down the hall so they could get a safe distance away from the Deangelos, each of them knew they had to figure out their next course of action. There was no way they were going to let this baby out in public knowing what problems she could cause.

“What do we do now?” Dr. Harris whispered, making sure no one was around to hear them talk as they stood in the hall.

“We may have to wait for this kid to get older.” Mr. Rains said quite bluntly, knowing that without consent from the parents, they could not just steal the baby. “I have been ordered that without consent, we will just wait and let these stupid parents realize firsthand what’s at stake.”



“Wait for her to get older?” Dr. Harris said a bit too loud. “I don’t think you know what we’re dealing with, Mr. Rains. That baby ... there’s no telling what she’ll be able to do. We have to take her now ... before her brain develops completely.”

“If you think this girl can just read people’s minds or whatever, how dangerous can she be?” Mr. Rains whispered back.

“Read minds? Think more like controlling people’s minds or ... or tearing down entire buildings with her brain, never mind just opening a locked door from the other side.” The clearly concerned doctor continued to whisper, ignoring the suited man’s derogatory comments. “There is no doubt in my mind that this baby will soon realize she is telepathic and likely extremely telekinetic. Her brain is developing far faster than a normal brain, and because of that, we need her brain. We need to open her up, dissect her brain, and see why her brain is the way it is before it’s too late. If her brain is as powerful as I think it is ... she’ll be a deadly weapon capable of controlling anyone she gets near before she’s even a year old. If she realizes how powerful she is ... the lives of all Americans are in danger. It’s either consent from the parents, or I demand we instigate the Zeta-plan.”

Mr. Rains took a second to digest what he had just been told.

“I can make a call.” Mr. Rains sighed, looking once again to make sure no one heard them. “We can have the parents tailed when they take the baby home, and then we’ll swap the babies and detonate the house. You’re sure this is the only way.”

Dr. Harris chuckled and leaned in closer to whisper at an even lower volume.

“We need explosives to blow up a house ... this little girl ... she won’t.” Dr. Harris almost joked. “She might just ... decide ... and boom. You want to live in a world where a toddler can blow up buildings with its mind? So much for national security.”

With Zeta-plan decided, the suited men saw no reason to stay. They would have to wait until the Deangelos took their baby back to their modest home, then break in, replace Hannah with another baby, then remove all the evidence by simply blowing up the house by staging a gas leak. This would not be the first time they had made a death look like an accident, but it wasn’t always the direction they would have liked to take. Yet Dr. Harris was clearly concerned, borderline manic, and on the verge of a panic attack as he stood in the same building as the super-baby, a baby which obviously had no idea how to use whatever powers it had been born with. The terrified doctor was convinced that the Deangelo’s baby had some kind of wild, powerful, psychic abilities, and he was convinced of this because he was the lead doctor on the experiments which took place in the 1970s. He was both excited to see such results, and yet terrified to find that the

results were first discovered in a CT-scan of a fetus still growing inside a woman's womb. Denise Deangelo was not experimented upon or subjected to tests: her daughter had simply been born that way.

Thankfully, the conversation between Dr. Harris and Mr. Rains had not gone unheard. Somehow unnoticed by the men who were already quite paranoid, a lowly nurse no older than twenty years of age had heard their conversation, and knew she had to act. With the name badge 'Maria' hanging from her white, buttoned-up nurse's jacket, the brunette girl waited for the suited men to leave before she clicked her heels quickly down the hall toward the Deangelos' hospital room, ignoring her hospital duties as she went beyond the call of duty to do something greater. Maria may not have known about the experiments of Dr. Harris or the CT-scans of Denise Deangelo's baby, but she knew that the suited men were not only planning a kidnapping, but a few murders as well. With the suited men gone, and willing to do anything to keep it that way, the young nurse made her way down the hall and met with the worried parents. In the end, all it took was a suggestion and a promise from this young stranger to convince Allen and Denise that they had to leave before things got even more strange.

"They're going to take your daughter." The young nurse said as she entered the hospital room to find the Deangelos silent and worried. "You need to get away. Now."

"How?" Allen asked, referring both to the tests they were running on Hannah in the other room and the fact his wife had just given birth to her less than half an hour ago.

"You just have to." Maria said with great concern. "I can help you, but you need to just leave and take care of Hannah. Don't go to the press. Don't go to anyone. Just get Hannah to safety."

Realizing that this girl was on their side, the Deangelos sprung into action, believing the young girl and accepting her help. Sure enough, Maria seemed to have everything they would need to get away: access to Hannah, keys to every door in the hospital so they could escape without being noticed, and she even let them take her car so that the government agents would be confused as to which car to follow. The nurse explained that they could not go back home for their house was monitored, they could not use their ATM cards or cell phones for they would likely be traced, and that they had to get as far away as possible and start a new life with their baby, a baby which Maria seemed to have a bit more knowledge of than the Deangelos expected. Without explaining herself, this guardian angel gave the Deangelos everything to help escape with Hannah, risking her job, sacrificing her own car, and even giving them handfuls of cash she claimed to have taken from the hospital. It was too good to be true, and yet as the Deangelos drove away with the nurse's car, they just accepted her word and drove out of the city, leaving everything behind on a simple quest to raise their daughter. Despite

having no experience being criminals, fugitives, or parents, Allen escaped with his wife and baby, leaving the military and the government far behind with the intent of protecting Hannah from the world. Little did he know that he would soon be wondering if he should have handed his daughter over to Dr. Harris and Mr. Rains. The Deangelos never would have guessed that they were running not to protect their daughter from the rest of the world, but in fact running to protect the rest of the world from their daughter.

Having been given Nurse Maria's car to flee from the government operatives, Allen drove his wife and his newborn north from Chicago up towards the Canadian border in Minnesota, the parents leaving their home, jobs, and everything behind in exchange for their child. Remembering that his old friend Jacob Davis not only lived far up in northwestern Minnesota but also had a cabin just south of the border, Allen used a pay phone to make some quick phone calls and explain what he could about the situation to his otherwise oblivious friend. Through the kindness of his father's old friend, Allen was able to move his family into the tiny cabin in the mountains far from the rest of the world, the lack of traceable data helping the new parents escape the world which was obsessed with technology. Knowing he needed to stay off the grid, Allen offered to work at Mr. Davis' tiny liquor store in exchange for free rent and food. Mr. Davis was a quiet, polite, religious man who did not ask questions and agreed to Allen's terms, the simple man more than happy to help his friend care for his newborn. It was a deal that would keep the Deangelos off the government's radar for Allen made no money and paid no fees, living off of food sold at the liquor store or groceries bought by pawning their few possessions. Mr. Davis was kind to the Deangelos, helping them escape the city and the world which seemed to be after them. He didn't ask questions. He just saw Allen as a friend who needed a place to stay so he could take care of his newborn. Mr. Davis provided aid where he could, but he was unable to provide the kind of aid the Deangelos needed when the claims of Dr. Harris started to prove true.

Over the course of Hannah's first year, strange events surrounded the infant, events that terrified both parents for they realized their baby was indeed 'special'. The first of these things involved objects floating around Hannah's crib, small things such baby toys, stuffed animals, and other objects that Denise quickly snatched out of the air the moment she saw them. As Hannah grew older, so did the size of the things that Denise would find levitating inside their small cabin. Allen bolted the baby's crib down after they found it levitating one morning, and Denise sat down on the couch when it moved up off of the floor, but soon the woman's own weight was not enough to keep it down. Each event seemed to make Denise more worried while making Allen less worried, as if somehow these events were just something they'd have to accept as the norm. Maybe they would stop. Maybe Hannah wasn't actually the cause. Each time Denise found something floating around the cabin, she wondered if they should return to the city and



find Dr. Harris, and each time Allen told her no. He wanted nothing to do with whatever section of the government Dr. Harris worked for. He wanted to raise his daughter even if she was able to move objects with her infant mind. Yet telekinesis was only the beginning, and soon the Deangelos would realize their daughter's powers would not go away.

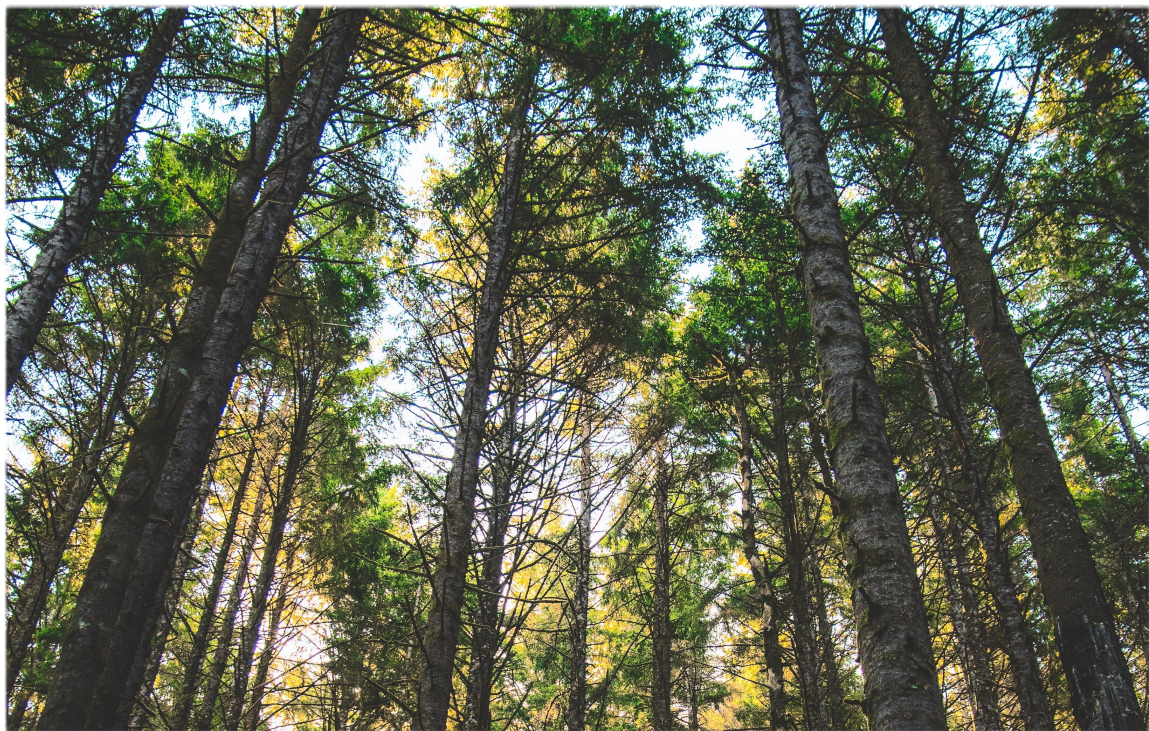
One day when baby Hannah wanted out of her crib, Denise watched as the ten-month-old vanished from sight only to reappear again on the floor so she could crawl. Completely baffled, Denise picked her baby up and put her back, only to hear Hannah giggle and watch her vanish again, reappearing this time in the hall behind her. Not two weeks later, Denise watched as Hannah climbed right over the side of the crib, terrifying her mother for Hannah would surely fall and land hard on the wooden floor. And yet, this baby simply kicked her tiny feet off the ledge and floated through the air, giggling as she seemed to float right over into Denise's arms as if all she wanted was to be held. Fearing the baby might try such events outside, Denise locked the baby's door tightly and prayed for help. She prayed even harder when she discovered locking the door to Hannah's tiny room seemed completely pointless after Denise watched the now walking toddler literally walk right through the door as if it was not there and continue walking

through the opposite wall, giggling as she walked through the house which could no longer contain her. All Denise could do was pray that Hannah would stay inside and not simply walk right through the front door and out into the wilderness where animals were surely waiting to devour a helpless child. When Hannah slept, Denise would write down all the things she had witnessed Hannah doing: floating, using telekinesis, crawling or walking through walls, teleporting a few feet at a time, and now crawling on the ceiling, playing with toys Denise did not think they had bought her, and even changing colors while Denise held her in her arms. Things were weird, stressful, and a bit chaotic, but nothing compared to when Hannah became old enough to understand that she was the cause of all the supernatural events.

Raising a three-year-old can be problematic, but when that three-year-old has telekinetic, telepathic, and teleportation abilities, there is almost nothing one can do to protect oneself. Having successfully hid from the government for three years, even Allen was starting to think they should probably go back to society for help with their gifted daughter. Now a toddler who could walk and talk and ask for things, Denise realized that Hannah was not done showing off what she was capable of when Denise refused to give Hannah ice cream one night. Hannah's eyes became angry and her arms crossed, causing Denise to instantly feel light headed and woozy. The little girl's mouth did not move, and yet she could hear Hannah repeating her demand in her mind. Denise watched as her own body moved to the fridge, her hands opened up the freezer, and she was unable to stop herself from giving Hannah exactly what she wanted. When Denise forgot to give Hannah a spoon, a drawer behind Denise opened and a spoon floated across the kitchen into Hannah's hands so she could use it. The toddler dismissed her mother, taking the carton of ice cream and spoon in her hand before getting up from the kitchen table, turning around, and quite calmly walking right through the wall behind her, a wall that was between the small kitchen and her own tiny bedroom in the log cabin. Upon understanding that Hannah seemed to now possess mind control abilities, the mother could not imagine what would come next. Hannah obviously knew she had the ability to move things with her mind, control other people with her wants and needs, and walk through walls, and she was only three years old. What if Hannah threw a tantrum? What if she did not understand the difference between right and wrong? Good and bad? The only thing the Deangelos could do was make sure Hannah understood those things at a young age for if they did not raise her right, there was no telling what the little girl would do to them, or anyone else.

The three-year-old's powers were obviously not limited to herself, and she let her mom know that one wet day outside for a hike in the forest to hopefully relax her oddly powerful daughter. Yet as the little girl bounced in front of her along the wet, leaf-covered path, Denise watched as Hannah reached up towards a branch on a tree over a hundred feet above the path simply because the little girl saw a squirrel. Before Denise knew what was happening, Hannah leapt up off the ground and started to

levitate above her, soaring effortlessly above her mom in her tiny rain boots and jacket. The little girl slipped right through the branches that hung in her way much like she walked through the walls of their house, slipping through them like she was vapor or a ghost without disturbing them or her own body. When the floating three-year-old in the pink jacket and boots finally arrived at the branch nearly four stories above her mom, the squirrel who was waiting for her was not at all startled by her being there. After a pause and a giggle, the little girl held out her hands and the squirrel happily jumped into her arms, resting in her arms as if Hannah was its mother. With the squirrel in her hands, Hannah looked down at her rain boots and calmly lowered herself back down to the ground. From below, Denise watched with her heart racing, witnessing for the first time that her little girl was truly capable of flight and not simply minor levitation around the house. Completely in control of gravity's hold on her, the little girl floated back down and eased her rubber boots onto the pine needles and dirt as if flying was something everyone could do and nothing all that special. Yet when the squirrel saw Hannah's mother just a few feet away, the animal panicked and fled just like any normal squirrel would do, leaping and scratching Hannah's face by accident with its claws. Denise panicked as she saw two huge gashes on her daughter's pretty little face, gashes that quickly began to bleed down her face, but Hannah did not cry or seem to care in the slightest. Instead, Hannah smiled as the squirrel ran away, leaving her mom to stand above her and watch as the gashes on her face slowly sealed completely shut, sucking the blood back inside and leaving her face flawless and healed.



"He thinks you want to eat him." The little girl said as her face seemed to heal in a matter of seconds all on its own. "I told him you are nice, but he didn't listen."

"What?" Denise said, still trying to grasp what she was witnessing: her daughter flying, healing herself, and now somehow talking to animals.

"Maybe he'll like you more if you're a squirrel too, mom." Hannah giggled.

"Ha. Maybe." Denise tried to laugh.

"You should be a squirrel too!" Hannah chuckled.

The three year-old girl suddenly seemed to grow a hundred feet tall as Denise found herself on all fours on the forest floor. She looked to her hands but saw they were tiny, pink claws, her nose was a tiny snout, and her entire body was covered in fur. With pointy ears and a huge tail behind her, Denise was now a squirrel just like her daughter had suggested. Denise scurried along the ground below her three-year-old, scurrying out of the pile of clothes she had been wearing and trying not to freak out. Yet standing above, Hannah was just giggling at her mom, watching the squirrel at her feet from the giant world above. Having turned her mom into a squirrel, Hannah reached down and



picked her mom up off the wet ground and held her much like she had held the real squirrel. Without the ability to talk, Denise could not tell Hannah to change her back into a human being ... if that was even possible. To make things worse for Denise, Hannah did not even think to change her mom back into a human being until after Allen came home to find his daughter all by herself and a small squirrel with a bow in its hair sitting on the coffee table. Coming home was always a little jarring for he did not know if his wife would be in tears or his daughter would be levitating again, so Allen took in everything as slowly as possible before patiently asking Hannah where her mommy was. After watching Hannah point to a squirrel with a bow in its fur, Allen came to grips with the situation and calmly asked his three-year-old daughter to use her supernatural powers.

“Did you turn mommy into a squirrel?” Allen asked calmly, quickly accepting his daughter had developed yet another ability, one that seemed to be the most terrifying of all for the little girl could simply change one thing into another with her thoughts.

Hannah calmly nodded yes. “We met some in the forest.”

“So you had fun today?” Allen continued.

Hannah nodded again.

“Can you turn the squirrel back into mommy for me?” Allen continued.

“Okay.” Hannah nodded, and the little girl simply pointed at the tiny squirrel on the coffee table, it was done.

Unharmful, yet in need of some new clothes, Denise was instantly turned back into a human again by her three-year-old daughter's supernatural powers. She tried not to panic or sob in front of her daughter again, simply accepting that she had been stuck as a squirrel for a good part of the day. After calm returned and the extremely gifted three-year-old girl went to bed, the tormented mother found it hard to write down the latest events she had witnessed. All she could write down was 'she can fly' and 'she turned me into a squirrel', the second admission being one that revealed her daughter's powers had clearly gone beyond just affecting herself and were now affecting the world around her. While Denise and Allen's own average brains were limited to just their own bodies, Hannah's brain was clearly not limited to herself. First able to move things through the air, then able to move her own little body up from the ground or through solid matter, Hannah was now able to control and change anything she wanted, no matter how impossible such a thing seemed to be. The little girl could just change anything she wanted at will from the scratches on her face to her mother's human form, and yet she didn't seem to be the slightest bit concerned with what she did for she had

simply been born with such powers. Trying their best to explain to their daughter that her parents didn't like being changed into squirrels, Hannah seemed to understand that she needed to keep things as they were. Denise and Allen were careful not to tell Hannah what she should or should not do, but instead teach Hannah that she should respect that things liked being the way they were and did not want to be changed. Doing their best to parent the powerful child, Denise and Allen now fully understood why Dr. Harris wanted their baby so badly. More than ever, the parents were determined to keep Hannah away from everything and everyone, realizing that Hannah had the power to literally change the world.

By the time she was six, Hannah's powers had affected the family more than Allen or Denise anticipated simply because they never expected the little girl would continue to gain more and more abilities as she grew older. Even Dr. Harris had only warned the parents of things like telepathy and telekinesis, but then again, he had begged to study Hannah's brain in order to see what else she would be able to do beyond what he had already witnessed in his previous test subjects. After watching her dad chopping wood outside for the fireplace, Hannah let her dad watch her instead as she delicately floated her tiny body over to a giant, two-hundred-foot redwood tree, grabbed onto it with her tiny hands, and ripped it right from the ground with very little effort, plucking the massive tree like a weed while her tiny shoes floated twenty feet above the ground. With a trunk over ten feet thick and branches thicker than the tires on Allen's truck, this tree was ripped from the ground by the little girl and carried through the air, its branches tumbling off and landing all around her father. Allen stopped chopping branches when Hannah tossed the tree onto the ground in front of her, sending it crashing to the ground while she remained levitating in the air above. After the leaves and dust settled, the little girl tossed her tiny hands down at the tree while still floating over ten feet in the air, tossing her hands out as she made an angry, focused face. A toss of the little girl's hands down at the tree was all that was needed to slice the entire tree into tiny cubes, cutting it into perfect pieces to fit into the fireplace inside. Allen dropped his axe beside his feet as his little girl floated down from above, landing beside him with a smile and asking if that was what he wanted. He said yes and thanked her, but at the same time was not quite sure that witnessing his daughter's superhuman strength and her ability to destroy the entire tree with her mind was something he wanted to see. Later that day, Denise would be forced to add 'superhuman strength' and 'deadly telekinesis' to the list of powers her young daughter had developed, a list that was starting to grow beyond just one page in her book.

Just as Allen's fear of his own daughter started to grow, so did Hannah's ability to sense it. Normal six-year-olds without telepathic powers did not understand the torment they put their own parents through when they cried and screamed in public places, yet Hannah's powers helped her grow beyond her youthful body and understand exactly how her parents felt when she walked through walls or ripped giant trees from the

ground with her superhuman strength. Also now understanding that her own parents could not do the neat things she could such as teleport, float above the ground, or move things through the air with her mind, Hannah didn't want her parents to feel scared of her simply because she could do all those things and more. As a result, Hannah had stopped doing things she knew her parents could not do, the young girl no longer using her telekinetic powers to move things into her hands, no longer walking through walls and instead using doors, and no longer reading her parents' thoughts or even flying instead of walking when she went out in nature with her mother. This was a welcome change for Allen and Denise, and Hannah sensed their growing joy and fading stress. And yet, Hannah did not know why she could do things her parents could not do, her understanding somehow limited to merely knowing what she could do instead of why she could do it.

Now old enough to know what she could do, and that no one else in the world shared her abilities, the ten-year-old girl decided to set out on her own journey and discover the limits of her powers. It was on an ordinary night when Hannah decided she needed to get answers as to where her abilities came from so that she might be able to calm her parents' fears even further. Waiting for her parents to go to sleep, Hannah sat in her own little bedroom while using newly developed powers to peer through the walls of the cabin to see her parents in the other room, their sleepless bodies tossing and turning and mumbling about the next day's plans. When Hannah grew tired of waiting, the ten-year-old simply made her parents go to sleep with her mind so she could get on with her journey, knocking them out cold the second she wanted them to and watching them pass out while still sitting quietly in her own bedroom. With her mind made up and her eyes fixated on the wood ceiling above her, Hannah made the decision to figure out everything she could about herself now that she knew she was indeed alone. She needed the greater answers her parents could not give her, answers that her expanding mind knew could not be found in the minds of other people. With all that in mind, the ten-year-old girl closed her eyes and simply left, the little girl's nightgown falling to the bed for the body which had been wearing it simply disappeared from inside.

Hannah was gone. Hannah had vanished. Hannah had not only left the cabin, she had left existence itself.

Even though Hannah had stopped showing off her powers around the small cabin, her powers had grown while months fell from the calendar. This was not the first time Hannah had vanished from her bedroom while her parents slept, the young girl commonly teleporting up onto the roof so she could kick her bare feet off of the wooden roof and blast off towards the stars, the little girl flying freely away from the cabin and up over the treetops. Under the stars, Hannah conquered her ability to fly and pushed herself to do more than what her parents might allow, the young girl knowing they would simply freak out should Hannah blast off during one of their hikes and fly upwards

towards the clouds. Free from stressing her parents, Hannah commonly flew five miles away from her parents' cabin and would land down on the grass of a quiet meadow. Once she met a black bear family at the meadow and decided to befriend them, speaking to them telepathically and understanding them as if they spoke English. To make it easier, Hannah decided to simply become a bear, the little girl falling on all fours, gaining several hundred pounds, and sprouting black fur as she transformed into a giant bear with ease. Taking a familiar form and speaking quite clearly into the minds of the wild animals, Hannah became a bear which the other bears would recognize was a friend. As with her occasional flights, Hannah did not want to tell her parents she could transform into animals because that was not her limitation. It was in this meadow that Hannah also mastered her transformation powers, turning into anything she wanted from an ant to a grasshopper to a hummingbird to even a giraffe that had no place in the mountains. Animals were only the beginning as the ten-year-old calmly transformed into a tree, a pile of rocks, and eventually the wind that blew through the leaves above.

Forsaking any kind of solid form completely, the little girl remembered once standing in her new favorite meadow and dissolving into the night breeze, her human form melting away atom by atom as she quite literally became the wind. As the wind, Hannah sailed over the mountains without being seen, flowing over trees and all the way to the towns many miles from her parents' little cabin. The locals pulled their jackets tighter as this



cold wind came down from the mountains, unaware that this wind was an extremely powerful ten-year-old girl who could turn into the wind and take control of its direction. Even without a mouth, Hannah would laugh and giggle as she blew out over cities and swirled through trees, her windy form sailing down over the tops of lakes, blowing petals from flowers, and finally sailing back up over the forests where her parents hid. When the sun started to peek over the horizon again, the winds swirled back down and reformed into the body of a ten-year-old girl, the little girl easily able to reclaim the human form her parents were used to seeing. Knowing they were going to wake soon, Hannah would simply disappear from wherever she had reformed her body and reappear in her bed, even if she was standing in the middle of a desert hundreds of miles away or looking out over a snowy peak. Yet it was through these midnight escapes that Hannah not only experimented with her powers and tried new things, but truly harnessed her powers and mastered them in moments. Hannah could fly as high as she wanted. Hannah could transform her body in any way she wanted. She could change things around her and move anything big or small with her mind. She could teleport anywhere in the world at any second. She could exist as anything, or even exist as nothing. The ten-year-old girl was quickly discovering that anything she tried to do, she could simply do. Any yet, she did not know why.

But those were all simple travels of discovery and exploration as this simple girl teleported atop the pyramids to give them a peek before teleporting to the top of a skyscraper in New York City. Always careful not to be seen for Hannah understood that no one else on Earth could do the things she could do, Hannah's travels took her everywhere on Earth until Earth wasn't enough. Standing back in her favorite meadow after teleporting back from a volcano on the Hawaiian Islands, Hannah's attention was captured by the full moon above, a moon which beamed its light down onto the little girl and the bears she now hung out with at night. Seeing no reason why she couldn't visit the moon, Hannah teleported from Earth and reappeared on the cold, desolate, dusty moon which circled the planet she had been born on, the ten-year-old finding herself now leaving footprints of her bare toes next to those of the mighty boots where astronauts once walked. Yet Hannah needed no space suit as she stood on the moon in her pajamas, the little girl unable to feel the deadly chill of outer space upon her soft skin. Even as she stood on the moon and looked back at Earth, she found herself somehow breathing air as if she was standing in some sort of protective bubble. Unbeknownst to the little girl, Hannah's mind was actually doing nothing to protect her as she stood on the grey dust barefoot and free. Hannah was simply immune to the dangers around her, her lungs literally creating air inside them so she could feel at peace amongst the stars.

The stars would end up being the very thing which begged Hannah to finally leave existence that one life-changing night, the little girl looking beyond Earth for the answers as to why she was able to do the things she could do. Having obviously come down



from the mountain cabin several times to see the rest of the world, and having visited the moon and even Mars a few times just to see what it was like, Hannah found herself compelled to go even further, her journey for answers taking her not only beyond Earth, but beyond the millions of planets beyond it. After the ten-year-old girl disappeared inside her bed, ridding herself of her human form, the mind of the little girl zipped across time and space on a metaphysical level, the concept of matter, distance, physics, and even energy no longer blocking her in her quest. Hannah's powers had clearly long gone past being able to fly and walk through walls as she embraced a state of being more akin to pure thought, thoughts which could now traverse dimensions unknown to man. Hannah was still very much in her own bedroom back in the cabin, but she was also the cabin, the forest, the mountain, the wind, as well as the mountains of a planet far beyond Earth's grasp. Stars and comets felt the ten-year-old's presence as she tried to harness anything she could, understanding atoms, DNA, light, fission, energy, time, and free will. Hannah became love. Hannah became music. Hannah became heat. Hannah became sorrow. Hannah became time. Hannah became joy. Hannah's journey took ages as she sailed through black holes and inside stars, witnessing the big bang which created the universe yet unable to see anything before it for there was indeed nothing before existence itself. On the outside looking in, Hannah finally found her mind in a universe of darkness. There were no thoughts but her own. There was no light to shine on planets that did not exist. There was literally nothing to explain why she was able to observe the events before time itself began.

It was when Hannah could not see the universe before the bang which created it that her human body appeared on the top of a tiny asteroid orbiting a sun that was too close for life to exist. Somehow standing in the same nightgown she had left in her bed, the ten-year-old girl looked down at the star below her bare feet and then up to the millions of rocks orbiting above her. She could see rocks of all sizes for thousands and thousands of miles slowly spinning and turning of their own accord. The little girl was not afraid for she knew where she was: she was back on Earth, only nearly a billion years before Earth had finally been put together, let alone roughly six billion years before her own birth. She was so far back that the sun was still fairly small, still in its infancy and clearly ready to go grow bigger. Time travel was another thing Hannah did not want to tell her parents she was capable of, unwilling to tell them that she had witnessed her own birth, witnessed herself floating away into the sky, and actually had been the one who put herself back in her own crib and returned her infant self to her mother. Hannah was not concerned about playing with time because she now knew history in every way. In her search for answers to her powers, she had combed history, only to find nothing. After standing on the chunk of rock in outer space for just a few seconds, Hannah realized that there would be no answer to her question. She was a ten-year-old girl who understood all aspects of time and space, and it was time for her to stop looking in the past and start working towards the future. In a blur, Hannah was back in her bed in her parents' cabin, a cabin she no longer wanted to call home.

The next morning was the last morning Hannah would spend in the cabin.

Oblivious to the trans-dimensional adventure their daughter had taken while they slept, Allen and Denise woke to find their daughter standing behind the kitchen table. Even without telepathic powers, the loving parents knew their gifted daughter had something to say. It became even more clear when Hannah looked at the empty chairs in front of her parents, opened her palm, and then slid them out from under the table for her parents to sit in, reminding her parents their ten-year-old daughter was still very telekinetic despite the fact she did not show off as much as she used to. Allen and Denise calmly sat down, wondering what was going on and what Hannah was going to do next. In the last few months, Hannah rarely talked or asked for anything, unwilling to tell her parents about her adventures in the outside world. The tiny, blonde girl who wasn't even a teenager struggled for a moment, unable to find the words to tell her parents what was next for them. She had scanned their memories many times over and seen the torture and trauma she had put them through as a child, and greatly regretted every bit of it. She wanted to make amends, but she also wanted them to listen to her and do what she told them. It was a fine line between being their daughter, yet also being the only one in the family with powers.

"I don't know ... where my powers come from." Hannah finally said. "But I need people to know what I can do. I want to go home."

"Honey, people won't understand." Denise started, trying to tell her daughter that powers like hers are only going to be feared. "They already tried to take you from us once. We told you."

"I know. But it won't matter anymore." Hannah continued. "Not if I show them what I can do. Everything I can do."

"Flying around? Walking through walls? Moving stuff with your mind." Allen added. "I don't think people will handle that."

"That's not all I can do, dad." The ten year-old sighed.

"What ... else can you do?" Denise added.

"Anything." Hannah said quite bluntly. "I can do anything."

"Anything?" Denise continued.

Hannah knew words wouldn't work, so the ten year-old opened her palm down at the empty kitchen table and caused an eruption of light in front of her parents. The light vanished just as suddenly as it appeared, revealing stacks of pancakes, waffles, a fully cooked ham, coffee, juices, a huge pile of thick-cut bacon, cinnamon rolls steaming and gooey with frosting, bowls of fruit, french toast, and far too much food for the three members of the Deangelo family to eat. Denise and Allen's jaws opened wide not for the food, but out of shock for Hannah calmly lowered her hand after seemingly creating the biggest breakfast they had ever seen. When her parents did not move, Hannah glanced at a stack of plates and picked two plates up with her eyes, moving them into the air while food started to float up and fill the plates. The coffee pot floated into the air along with two cups and poured for her parents while strips of bacon, rolls, and and pancakes were plucked up from their piles and placed upon the two floating plates. The ten-year-old girl made no gestures as the floating plates moved by her command, filling with food before landing in front of her parents for them to enjoy.

"You ... made this?" Denise asked. "How?" She continued, unable to realize how stupid her question was.

"I can do anything now, mommy." Hannah smiled. "Anything we want."

With another toss of her hand through the air, the dreary, dark, cold cabin interior was dark and dreary no more. With a wave of Hannah's hand through the air, the tiny kitchen was suddenly a massive dining hall in a luxurious mansion, a golden mansion with towering pillars, red rugs, massive paintings of the forests, mountains, and the cabin where Hannah had grown up, tapestries of her squirrel and bear friends, and two giant, gold chairs for her parents to now sit in instead of the squeaky wooden chairs. Fires roared along the sides of the giant hall, warming the room that was far bigger than it had been before. Denise and Allen finally backed away from the magical food and stood in the magical hall, standing before their daughter who hoped that her parents were impressed.

"Where ... are we?" Allen asked, looking up at the ceiling which was over fifty feet above him.

"Some place I made up." Hannah answered. "Something fitting for my parents."

"You ... made ... this place?" Denise stammered.



"It's ... another reality, mommy. Somewhere perfect for all of us." The little girl smiled.

Allen finally stopped looking and looked to his daughter instead. Flying and walking through walls was one thing, but if his daughter was claiming she 'could do anything', he needed her to understand what that meant. But before he could even kneel down to her level, Hannah stopped him with her words.

"I know what it means, dad." Hannah said. "That's why I need people to know."

"You ... knew what I was going to say?" Allen asked.

"Daddy. I know everything." The little girl said, standing in the middle of the magnificent dining room fit for a king or queen. "That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"Take us back to the cabin, sweetie. Now." Hannah's mom demanded, putting her foot down and making Hannah obey her mother.

Before anyone knew it, the entire room vanished, leaving the small family standing back in the cold log cabin that they had been living in for the past ten years. The food was all gone. The gold-plated table and paintings were replaced by wet, old, smelly wood. The little girl who claimed she knew everything and could do anything she wanted with her 'special powers' waited for her parents to calm down. Hannah obeyed her mother's request, but she was not going to let the conversation end there.

"I want to be me." Hannah said sadly. "I don't care what people think, say, or do."

"Honey, you can't use your ... gifts ... in front of people, you know that." Denise said, diving down to her magical daughter in the hopes she would understand. "They might try to harm you. Take you away from us. You need to hide them from everyone or they will follow you everywhere you go, begging for you to use your powers for their own benefit ... and if you don't ... they will not like you at all. It's better if you don't tell anyone about your powers. Anyone."

"But then I won't have any friends." Hannah said sadly. "No one will ever know who I am and what I can do. I want people to know me and be my friend even if I'm ... different."

"You can't tell people, sweetie." Denise begged of her seemingly all-powerful daughter. "Trust me. I know it's hard and not fair ... but it will be for the best."

"I know that Dr. Alvin Harris talked to you after I was born and wanted to understand my powers." Hannah said as if she was there, which unbeknownst to her parents she had been, but only as an omnipresent observer. The fact that she knew his first name and

they did not spoke volumes about how powerful she had become. “He wants to study me. Understand me. But he won’t be able to, and then I’ll tell the world of my powers. I will help them and show them I’m not going to use them to do bad things. It will be tough for a few months, but eventually I will come home and we’ll all be fine.”

“How can you be so sure?” Allen asked his daughter, skeptical of the suited men who tried to take his baby away ten years ago.

“Because I’ve already been to the future. daddy.” The little girl said quite bluntly. “A year from now, we’ll be home again safe and sound. Just know that I can do anything I want with my powers, and all I want to do is nice things for everyone.”

A blur rocked the cabin again as Hannah smiled, and instantly the Deangelos were standing in front of their old house just outside of Chicago, a house they had literally abandoned ten years ago. Still smiling calmly, it was clear that their daughter had teleported the family right out of their cabin and all the way back to their simply house in the suburbs, the gifted girl happy to give her parents what she knew they wanted. The bank had taken the house back and eventually sold it to another family, a family that Hannah knew lived there now. Allen and Denise looked around their old neighborhood, noticing that not too much had changed other than the color of their own house and a few newer cars in driveways. In fact, Frank Thompson, the Deangelos’ old neighbor,



was still living next door and noticed the family now standing in front of their old house, a house Hannah had never actually lived in for the Deangelos had been forced to flee. Just as Hannah wanted, Frank had not witnessed how the Deangelos had arrived in front of their house, and yet he was still shocked to see them.

“Allen?” Frank said, looking past his car and taking notice of his old neighbor, Denise, and a ten-year-old girl he suspected was their daughter. “Is ... what are you doing back here?”

“Hey ... Frank.” Allen said, still a bit perplexed as to how he had arrived in front of his house as well. “Long time.”

“Ten years, man. Hi, Denise!” Frank continued. “What ... what happened?” Frank asked, oblivious to why they had left town so suddenly ten years ago, or the strange events surrounding their new daughter.

“It’s ... a long story.” Allen said before looking down at the blonde girl standing below, only now completely aware of what his daughter could do with her powers.

“He is sick, daddy.” Allen suddenly heard his daughter say even though her mouth did not move. “I can make him better.” Hannah’s voice echoed into Allen’s mind, the father looking down at his telepathic daughter and realizing she was speaking to him in secret with her gifts.

“This is our daughter ... Hannah.” Allen continued, shaking away the echoing voice of his telepathic daughter that was in his head.

“Hi, Mr. Thompson.” Hannah said, accidentally slipping up by revealing that she knew Frank’s last name. Frank just assumed there was a logical explanation for this and in no way did he think that this tiny little girl had telepathic powers and could read his mind.

“Uh ... hi there.” Frank said, still weary about the wild events that took place surrounding the Deangelos’ baby.

“Look, Frank.” Allen started, turning away from Hannah. “We’ll catch up later. Family stuff. Just got back in town, ya know? Just wanted to see the old place.”

“Well, the Hendersons moved in not too long after you ... left.” Frank said. “They might be home.”

“No, it is my mommy and daddy’s house.” Hannah said quite calmly.

Allen, Frank, and even Denise suddenly felt a tingle down their spines, feeling slightly dizzy for a moment while Hannah stood beside them with a calm smile on her face. What they did not know, and what Hannah would never tell them, was that Hannah was standing calmly beside her parents and changing the universe. She was changing memories, paperwork, tax information, and real estate forms, all things a ten-year-old girl should not have understood, yet Hannah knew better than anyone. She stood calmly with her hands at her sides while hundreds of miles away signatures were changing on pieces of paper in filing cabinets, deeds were altered, and even Frank now forgot all about the Deangelos ever leaving in the first place. Suddenly on the other side of town, a giant house appeared in a vacant lot full of furniture and belongings, a house that the ten-year-old girl had just created with her mind. Cars were teleported out of garages and into this new house while the memories of whoever had moved into the Deangelos home after they had abandoned it were erased and altered so that they now lived in another part of town.

“Sure. Sure.” Frank said, nodding while still keeping an eye on Hannah, wondering why he had suddenly felt dizzy. “Good to see ya.”

“Right. Yeah.” Allen said awkwardly, shaking hands and then stepping back to his family. The moment Frank was far enough away, Hannah spoke to her father with her mouth instead of her mind.

“I can cure him, daddy.” Hannah whispered.

“Hannah, stop.” He asked, unaffected by his daughter’s sudden reality-changing use of power. “What are we doing here?”

“They’ll find me here.” She answered. “You have to let me go with them. Just remember, they can’t hurt me or make me do anything I don’t want to do.”

“Please, Hannah.” Denise begged. “I ... I don’t like this.”

“It’s okay, mommy.” Hannah smiled. “Everything will be fine.”

Neither Denise nor Allen knew what their seemingly omnipotent daughter meant, but Hannah’s smile on her face told them that they had nothing to fear or worry about. Despite being just ten years old, Hannah stood on the sidewalk as if she was truly in control of her own destiny, the little girl in the plain dress smiling as four large, black vans rounded the corner down the block and drove carefully towards the family. Unbeknownst to her parents, the little girl had done far more cosmic conducting upon reclaiming their former house, Hannah’s incredibly powerful mind also sending text messages, alerts, and emails back in time to warn Dr. Alvin Harris that Hannah

Deangelo had been spotted in Chicago. She had used her greater power to tell the United States Government that the little girl who had once slipped through their fingers was back and ready to be captured. Shocked to see these vans pull right up to their driveway, the parents of Hannah Deangelo were even more shocked as Hannah happily let them take her away, the little girl climbing into the second van and sitting quietly with a smile on her face while men in flak jackets and knee pads kept her surrounded. Hannah offered no resistance as she was taken away from her parents, the curious Dr. Harris flying back to Chicago to meet the little girl who had somehow escaped ten years ago.

Just as she had sat in the van yesterday and let the government men in the black vans take her from her parents, Hannah sat quietly in the middle of a large, grey room with electrodes on her forehead and a small machine resting next to her. She sat calmly before a gigantic mirror which was only a mirror to those who could not see through the reflected surface, Hannah's eyes able to see all the government officials on the other side as plain as day. Not only that, but the little girl could hear them talking, hear their thoughts, and even knew what they were going to say next while their brains still tried to process thoughts. Hannah's ability of foresight rested in her infinite understanding of human behavior, her predictions of how each doctor, general, and agent would respond so accurate that it was as if she was indeed looking into the future. Calculating exactly how every conversation she was about to have would play out, Hannah just sat and waited quietly for she knew it would only be a matter of time before Dr. Harris gave up on his quest to understand how her brain could be so powerful. For Hannah, it was almost like she had lived this moment in her life already, the little girl counting the seconds until the only door in the giant room opened and Dr. Harris walked inside with his clipboard to ask this ordinary girl his long list of questions.

Just as Hannah foresaw, Dr. Harris walked in alone and let his black shoes clap across the solid floor, the only sound in the room being his heels taking him closer to the ten-year-old girl in the little yellow dress. Electrodes on her forehead and blonde hair streaking down over her shoulders, the tiny girl just sat calmly in the large chair and watched this older man take the seat placed in front of her, the men on the other side of the useless mirror watching with great anticipation to see what this girl might do. They had all seen Dr. Harris's reports, been brought up to speed on his previous experiments from years ago, and seen the infant Hannah's brain scans which had prompted the paranoid doctor to call in so many favors in order to apprehend her. Was this girl psychic? Was she telekinetic? Could Dr. Harris unlock her abilities and help them create some kind of super-soldiers found only in comic books? The doctor's career was indeed on the line for he had wasted so much money and lives trying to push the limits of



human evolution. While his research had given the United States Government hope, it had not given them any kind of weapons to be used for the benefit of the great nation.

“Hello, Hannah.” Dr. Harris said with a smile, treating the ten-year-old girl like a ten-year-old girl. “I’m Dr. Alvin Harris. I work here at the hospital.” He added even though Hannah knew this was no hospital and in fact a government base located south of Chicago. “How are you feeling today?”

“I’m fine.” Hannah said with an equally calm smile.

“I was actually present at your birth ten years ago. I was unable to visit with you then, but I am glad you agreed to visit with me now.” The doctor lied again, his lies not bothering Hannah in the slightest for she knew he was going to lie to her. Hannah knew that he had wanted to dissect her brain and take her apart, and if he had done so before Hannah’s brain fully developed, she might not have achieved her current state of being. In a split second, Hannah visited that timeline and saw that she would indeed have died at the hands of this doctor while leaving him no closer to answering any of his questions about advanced human biology. “I’d ... like to ask you a few questions.”

“Okay.” Hannah smiled.

"I think the first question I'd like to ask will answer many things for all of us." The doctor began. "Do you know why you are here today, Hannah?"

"Because I'm different." Hannah answered without giving too much of her advanced knowledge away.

"Do you know how you are different?" The doctor asked.

"My brain is more advanced than yours." The little girl said, putting the well-educated doctor on the spot. There were murmurs which Hannah could hear coming from the observation room, yet the doctor remained in the dark as to what they were saying.

"How advanced do you think your brain is?" Dr. Harris asked, trying not to be insulted by the ten-year-old super-genius seated in front of him. He looked over to the machine which Hannah was hooked up to and watched as small pens drew brainwave patterns on a rolling piece of paper. The lines were very normal and nothing out of the ordinary at all.

"Very." The little girl said with perfect confidence. "I know that you were hoping to understand why my brain is the way it is as well."

"Absolutely." The doctor smiled, his reason for studies revealed while his darker methods he hoped were still a secret. "You do sound very smart for such a little girl."

"I am just trying to help you understand me." Hannah continued. "But ... yeah ... I guess I do know all there is to know."

"You know ... everything?" The doctor asked with great speculation, his own predictions as to how powerful Hannah's mind could become not even that profound. "How did you learn everything? Did you read things in books?"

"No." Hannah answered quickly. "It is more like ... I just ... know everything everyone else knows. If I want to know something, and someone else knows it, I suddenly do too."

"Like ... telepathy?" The curious doctor prompted.

"Yes. I guess." Hannah shrugged. "I'm ... telepathic."

The muttering in the observation room grew louder, but still not loud enough for Dr. Harris to hear it. Yet Hannah could hear every murmur made in the room beyond the

glass, a distraction which made her blue eyes move away from the doctor for a moment before he asked his next question.

“So ... you can read other people’s minds?” The doctor once again verified.

“If I want to.” Hannah added. “I try not to. It’s not nice.”

“Not nice?” The doctor went on, sensing morality in the little telepathic pre-teen.

“My mom and dad told me that people’s thoughts should not be shared.” Hannah admitted. “So I only look into people’s minds when I really want to.”

“Can you read my mind?” Dr. Harris asked, unable to resist the obvious question.

“I won’t.” Hannah lied. “But I can tell you that you pressed nine-six-two-six to get into this room. I know that General O’Reilly on the other side of the mirror has \$32 in his wallet. I know that the next question on your clipboard there is a question about where I grew up, but you wanted to hear about my mind-reading powers, so you didn’t ask that question yet.”

The murmuring was growing in the other room, but the little girl did her best to ignore it. Wondering if something abnormal had taken place, the doctor looked over to the machine and saw that Hannah’s brainwaves were still completely normal, the needles not spiking or moving or showing any sign of odd activity. Hannah sat and watched the doctor look over at the machine while the men in the other room continued to talk, General O’Reilly indeed opening his wallet to show the other men that he had a twenty, a ten, and two one-dollar bills. This was indeed something more than telepathy for the little girl was not actually reading people’s minds; she just knew things. Yet on the other hand, Hannah was reading Dr. Harris’s mind as he sat back down in his chair after checking the needles, his mind baffled as to why no odd readings were being detected.

“You want to know if your machine is working?” Hannah asked as she sat with the electrodes on her forehead.

“I ... I just want to make sure you are okay.” He lied.

“I’m fine.” Hannah smiled. “But your machine is working just fine.” The little girl smiled. “Those are just your brainwaves, not mine.”

The doctor froze and just glared back at the little girl, looking at her now as if she was some kind of freak or alien and not a ten-year-old girl in a plain, yellow dress.

“My brainwaves?” He asked.

“Yes.” Hannah smiled. “I told the machine to record you instead of me. I don’t think your machine will work on my brain anymore.” Hannah gloated.

The doctor was starting to feel more annoyed and mocked than impressed.

“I see.” He went on. “Very well. Where ... where did you grow up?” The doctor asked, his question aimed at trying to figure out where the Denagleos had been all this time and how they had managed to remain untraceable.

“Minnesota.” Hannah answered without giving up too many details. “I grew up in a cabin with my parents.”

“I see. Did you like it there?” Dr. Harris added, trying to start with small questions.

“Yes.” Hannah answered. “But I did want to see other places.”

“Other places? Like where?” The doctor asked, moving away from his script. Yet Hannah knew he would move away from his script if she mentioned she wanted to leave the forest and go somewhere else for a change.

“The beach. The city. The moon.” Hannah shrugged. “Just ... other places.”

“Do you still want to visit these places?” Dr. Harris went on.

“Not right now.” Hannah smiled. “I have been to those places. Right now I want to be here so you can get your questions answered.”

“You’ve ... been to the beach? And cities? And ... the moon?” The doctor almost chuckled. “Okay. Which cities have you been to?”

“Oh, lots.” Hannah smiled. “Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome, Sydney, London, Miami, Moscow. Mostly only the big ones really. I do hope to visit all of them one day.”

“How did you travel to all these places?” The doctor asked, now leaning back in his chair.

“I wasn’t really sure at first.” Hannah admitted. “I just ... wanted to go to these places ... so I did.”

“You just ... went?” The doctor went on.

Hannah was starting to get bored with all the doctor's questions, but then again, she had already answered all of them in the future, or at least in the future she could foresee. Instead of doing it all over again and again, Hannah thought it was time to stop talking and instead get these men to get over their quest to understand how her brain worked, and more importantly: how they could use her brain to achieve their secretly sinister goals. Thinking that their keypads and locked doors kept Hannah in their government facility, the men behind the thick glass quickly realized that Hannah was actually in no way finally in their clutches, the little girl merely agreeing to talk to them on her own terms. A zip of light sent the room of generals and doctors into a frenzy as the little girl simply disappeared from her chair, the electrodes that were once on her forehead falling to her chair for the forehead of the little girl was gone. Dr. Harris nearly leapt out of his own skin as he watched the tiny girl disappear before his eyes, the room now void of anyone but himself, the empty chair, and the machine which was supposed to be recording Hannah's brainwaves but apparently was somehow recording Dr. Harris's instead. Alone in the giant room, Dr. Harris looked all around to see if this was some kind of elaborate trick, but Hannah was nowhere to be seen. She wasn't on any camera. She wasn't hiding in the corner. She was not in the room with Dr. Harris until she was again, the ten-year-old reappearing ten feet away standing in her little shoes and holding a handful of sand.

"See?" Hannah smiled as she poured the sand out into the ground. "I just went to Hawaii."

"How'd ... you ... do that?" The doctor stammered upon realizing the little girl was back again.

"Do what?" Hannah asked.

"Disappear. Reappear." The doctor said while looking back at the giant mirror behind him. "You ... did you ... teleport all the way to Hawaii?"

"Teleport?" Hannah asked as if she had never heard the word before. "Yes. That's one way to put it. I teleported."

"What ... else can your mind do?" The doctor asked, ready to make the same list Hannah's own mother kept.

"What do you want me to do?" Hannah suggested as she stood before the small pile of sand.

"Are you ... telekinetic?" The doctor asked.

Hannah didn't answer but instead grabbed every grain of Hawaiian sand on the floor with her super-brain and moved them into the air, the grains swirling around and moving up in front of her face while the men in the observation room this time stood silent and shocked. Playfully toying with the grains of sand, Hannah moved them around until they formed the word 'YES' in the air in front of Dr. Harris. Once she knew he had read the words, Hannah spun her finger in the air and turned the word into a model of a small bird with its wings stretched far and wide. The floating sculpture turned slowly in the air for a moment while Dr. Harris got a good look at the girl's telekinetic powers. Eager to get this simple man beyond what he originally thought possible, Hannah clapped her hands loudly together and turned the bird made of sand into a real bird, its white wings quickly flapping and its little body sailing through the air and around the room. The silent shock became a ruckus which even Dr. Harris could hear through the glass as he spun around to watch this little sparrow take flight, a bird which had once been merely a pile of sand on the ground which this little girl brought to life. Yet as Dr. Harris watched this bird fly around the room in search of a window, he lost track of the ten-year-old girl and realized she had vanished yet again.

"Hannah?" Dr. Harris called out. "Where'd you go?"

Realizing the little bird had no means of escape, it decided to take a seat down on Hannah's empty chair and bob around for a moment. Then without notice, the little bird started to grow bigger, shed its feathers, and quickly grew into the little girl in the yellow dress. Dr. Harris watched in amazement as the bird literally turned into the ten-year-old girl again, her giggles telling him all he needed to know about how much control she had over her powers.

"I'm still here." Hannah said. "Don't worry."

The generals in the observation room had seen enough and were ready to call security. The little girl's brain was a security threat and Dr. Harris needed to be removed from the situation.

"How are you doing all these things?" Dr. Harris asked, his clipboard full of questions now useless having witnessed what could only be described as reality-defying abilities within this tiny girl. "The human mind cannot just ... alter matter."

"No." Hannah agreed. "Your research stopped at the idea that brainwaves could link together with the brainwaves of other people." The little girl went on, talking more like a scientist and less like a ten-year-old. "After that, your guesswork only assumed that brainwaves could control gravity, but you didn't have any science to back it. Nevertheless, you still went ahead and tested on live subjects with the hopes of filling in the blanks later."

“What do you know of my research?” The doctor asked even though Hannah had actually answered his question earlier.

“Everything.” The tiny girl reminded the older man. “You want to know why my brainwaves are so powerful, but even I don’t know why. I only know that my brainwaves are so powerful that they can stretch as far as I want them to go. My brainwaves sync up with the minds of others. My brainwaves can slip between atoms and alter atomic bonds as I see fit. My brainwaves can alter gravity, physics, matter, reality, time, and space. Your goal was merely to create super-spies during the Cold War, and continued on even after that when you produced minor successes. But you would never be able to reach the levels you saw in me, and that worried you and your superiors.”

“How do you know all this?” The doctor asked again, the little girl almost annoyed that the adult couldn’t put the simple pieces together. Perhaps that was why Dr. Harris could not come close to cracking the codes which nature had cracked for him in Hannah.

One by one, filing cabinets appeared all around the room. Giant chalkboards appeared behind the seated girl full of the doctor’s debunked equations and improper math. Kicking her feet playfully out in front of her, Hannah reached out with her mind and teleported everything from Dr. Harris’s offices and laboratories right into the large room where she sat, desks and tubes and paperwork all appearing around the room in separate flashes of light while Hannah just sat in her chair and let the doctor look around and witness the spectacle. Bouncing up to her feet, Hannah stood before the gathered materials and presented Dr. Harris with his own work, proving to him that she knew about his failed research without having to say a word. Yet before the doctor could ask any further questions about what was going on around him, armed guards rushed in through the door to protect Dr. Harris from the superpowered girl. Clearly having no idea what they were dealing with, the armored men with large guns also rushed over to Hannah and grabbed her by her tiny arms, but Hannah foresaw their actions and decided nothing could touch her. Fearing the giant men with big guns, Hannah instead stood perfectly still while large, gloved hands slipped right through her body, the little girl standing like a hologram while the taller men stood around her with no idea of what to do next. Dumbfounded, the armed men looked to Dr. Harris and showed him that they could not touch this little girl, their hands still moving through her shoulders while she stood calmly in her little dress. Yet Hannah did not like standing in the middle of giant men in black body armor with large, scary guns, so she left them alone and vanished from where she had been standing, the tiny girl disappearing from the room so that any perceived threat could be removed.

“I don’t want to hurt anyone!” Everyone heard Hannah say even though she was not in the room, her voice loud and bouncing around the walls of the examination room.

“Hannah. Come back.” Dr. Harris called out while the armed men looked all over for any sign of the little girl. “We know. We know. We just want to ... understand you. Come back.”

“I’m still here.” The voice boomed.

“Where?” Dr. Harris asked. “We can’t see you.”

“I know.” The voice echoed. “But until you understand that you don’t need to be scared of me, I’m staying right here.”

“Here? Where?” The doctor asked again. “I’m sorry but, booming ‘voice of God’ stuff isn’t really calming anybody down.”

The doctor was right, so Hannah reappeared in a zip of light in the far corner of the room, only this time she was levitating six feet off of the ground. Realizing quickly that yes, Hannah could fly, Dr. Harris walked in front of the armed men and tried to coax Hannah down from above, his smile hiding his fear and his clipboard now left behind in his empty seat. Having diverted far from her original script, Hannah recalculated the future and saw a way to get back on course, her young mind clouded with human emotion mixed with unlimited power. Keeping herself in check, Hannah decided to meet Dr. Harris on the ground and eased her feet down on the floor, the armed men lowering their weapons for it seemed as though everyone was just scared of each other. With the situation diffused, Dr. Harris eased his hand down on the little girl’s shoulder and found it possible to touch her again, the little girl no longer existing as a ghost-like projection of herself and indeed still very much a human being.

“How about we get out of this room and go outside.” Dr. Harris suggested. “How about you show us some of the neat things you can do with your ... powers.”

Hannah liked that idea, and nodded. But of course, she knew that if she just reclaimed a human form and stood calmly before the armed men that Dr. Harris was going to say those exact words.

Agreeing to show off all the neat things she could do with her powers, Hannah ended the interrogation and instead put on a show for the generals and government officials. In the coming days, Hannah showed the non-believers whatever they wanted to witness: her ability to fly, her ability to walk through walls, her ability to create anything they wanted out of thin air, and so on. Hannah grew fifty feet tall, shrank down to the size of a bee, turned into a cloud with her young face upon it, and picked up a train engine with her tiny arms as if it was a cardboard box. Each time a new government official arrived at the compound where Hannah had agreed to stay for the week, she would perform

some other impossible feat: turning invisible, turning into a cat, turning into a tank, or turning into a giant rock monster she had seen in a cartoon. Hannah made the military very happy when she pointed her hand at the shores of Lake Michigan and created an entire aircraft carrier with her mind. But then she made the military very sad and somewhat afraid when she picked that same aircraft carrier up into the sky with her mind and tossed it into outer space. Agreeing to one final test by Dr. Harris, Hannah let the doctor scan her over and over again, the little girl knowing that there were no answers about her condition to be found inside her body for she had already checked the depths of her own mind and beyond. There was a clear understanding in all those who observed her that Hannah could literally do anything she wanted with her advanced mind, and yet there was also a clear understanding that the little girl was not going to do anything she did not want to do. Finally giving in and releasing the young girl back to her parents, the United States Government tossed its hands up in disgust upon realizing there was no way to copy her abilities. Despite her great power over all of reality, Hannah Deangelo was simply not a threat. She was just a little girl who could not be contained or controlled, and yet she presented no reasons other than her abilities as to why she should be. Just as Hannah said, the government realized they had to let Hannah go back to her parents, returning her just two weeks after Dr. Harris had picked her up.

Knowing that there would be no way to hide herself, and also knowing there was much work to be done all around the world, Hannah would go on television to give demonstrations of her abilities, give tiny speeches about her powers and how she only wanted to help people, and do her best to prove to the world that she was nothing to be scared of. Longing to prove herself to the world, Hannah literally flew around the world and appeared in hostile countries, the tiny girl deleting guns before they could be used and leaving both sides of the conflicting armies without weapons to use on each other. Wars were stopped when the little blonde girl appeared in the middle of the battlefields and told everyone to stop, and criminals realized quite quickly there was no point in planning crimes when Hannah appeared before them and politely asked them to be good. Never harming a soul, Hannah appeared in tiny villages to rip diseases out of the bodies of the sick and rip them apart atom by atom, the little girl's powers described as simply 'magic' as entire plagues or terminal conditions were eradicated by her mind. Floating a hundred feet above the Sahara Desert, Hannah turned the blowing sands into fertile land with a mere toss of her hands down at the world below, the endless sea quickly turned into farmland for all to use. Longing to use her 'magical powers' for good, Hannah cleaned polluted oceans, repaired the atmosphere, and even gave the countries of the world a list of dates and times with earthquakes would occur, the little girl refusing to stop them for she claimed they were all for a reason. The little girl would

do all these things because she felt the world needed fixing. She did all these things because she wanted the world to be happy.

The shock of The Magical Girl, as Hannah would eventually be known, took quite a while to pass, but was helped by the fact that everyone around the world seemed to quickly benefit, and the only ones who would suffer were those who made others suffer. Denise became known by some as 'the mother of God', even if Hannah made no such claims to be any kind of deity despite her divine acts and benevolent ways. Hannah did not ask for grateful fanatics to start the Church of Hannah, a new religion devoted to the god who now walked the Earth in the form of a child. Hannah did not want anyone to think she was any kind of godlike being despite the fact she possessed the powers of one. Likewise, Hannah did not want people to think she was a demon or a witch, the members of other religions labeling the little girl as their foe. Through such labels, Hannah discovered the very hate her mother had warned her about, hate which actually ended up revealing Hannah's final step in evolution: she was immortal. Longing to return order to the world, several people attempted to assassinate the little girl with all the powers, yet found it impossible to kill her even if they succeeded. When Hannah was not simply bulletproof, or when Hannah did not foresee her own death, she found it possible to simply create a new body for herself after her old body had been blown up, shot, burned, stabbed, or poisoned. She had discovered her human form was nothing more than a vessel for her consciousness, and when that vessel died, she floated away from it until she decided to create a new vessel for herself.

Yet just because it was clear that Hannah was in fact immortal, and just because Hannah had also somehow made her parents impervious to death so that no one could use them as leverage, the assassination attempts did not stop. In fact, crimes still occurred for many criminals who had not had the personal privilege of meeting The Magical Girl did not think she was as powerful as television made her out to be. This was of course when things started to take a turn for the now twelve-year-old girl, a girl who had actually been assassinated six times in the last three months. Still not even a teenager, Hannah hated the fact that she could look anywhere she wanted in the world and see people plotting her demise, people who despite her gifts were ungrateful and wanted to kill The Magical Girl. On top of that, Hannah could see other people plotting or committing evil acts on each other, the news of a girl who could do anything she pleased still not stopping murderers from murdering, gangs from fighting, cartels from growing, and dictators from oppressing. Words meant nothing to men who craved power, and generosity from Hannah did nothing to satisfy their hunger. Evil still existed in the world despite the fact there was a being of infinite power who could end it all with a snap of her finger, and yet, the twelve-year-old Hannah Deangelo did nothing. She just sobbed in her new bedroom back in her parent's house in Chicago and tried to hide her telepathy from the horrors of murder, rape, and abuse. Yet turning her powers off and hiding up in her bedroom did not keep them from happening, so Hannah was forced

with a decision: either witness the horrors firsthand so she could stop them, or ignore them and let them simply happen. Yet it was simply not the job of a twelve-year-old girl to play the role of some kind of superhero, the blonde pre-teen realizing that her hopes for a greater planet would have to wait a bit longer. It was then that Hannah realized it was indeed not her job to be God, and so she decided to give that job to someone else.

Scanning the globe from the confines of her bedroom, the twelve-year-old girl went in search of someone who could be more responsible than she could, her great powers not offering her the true wisdom or experience required to dish out judgment or police the planet. With each nanosecond that ticked off the clock, Hannah leapt into the mind of a random stranger somewhere in the world, dug through their memories to see what they had done, scanned their past to see what they had seen, and witnessed their lives in order to decide if they could be trusted with powers such as her own. There was no way that Hannah was going to tell Dr. Harris that her special powers could be given to another, The Magical Girl able to alter someone else's brain chemistry so that this worthy person could also perform the same supernatural feats as she could. Dr. Harris had hoped that science could grant him the power to decide who was a superhuman and who was not, unaware of the fact that it was Hannah who owned that role. Knowing she could give other people powers after making her own parents invincible, Hannah searched the globe to find someone to take her place, the tiny girl hoping that there was at least one good soul out in the sea of billions. And while she did indeed find many good people which made her happy, she also needed someone who had seen humanity's worst side. She needed someone who could tolerate the precognitions of rapes being planned or murders plotted. She needed someone who wouldn't break, wouldn't bend, and wouldn't stop until people just stopped being bad to other people. The Magical Girl needed someone who would happily deal with the evils in the world which had caused Hannah's tears to fall, and so she decided to teleport herself out of her bedroom in Chicago and appear in the tundra that was the wilderness just north of the Himalayan mountains. Zipping across the globe in a flash, Hannah had found her warrior hiding from humanity in a hut she had built herself. This was a woman who, despite mankind's best efforts, was still alive at the age of ninety-one.

Hidden in her small hut at the edge of snow and grass was a woman who was not sure why she tried so hard to stay alive, the elderly woman who had seen everything life had to offer still clinging to life as if her life still had a purpose. Yet after decades of torment, torture, rape, and abuse, the elderly woman known to the nearby village as 'Wūpó' still gathered food from the forest, still fished when she found a stream that was not frozen, and still cooked, ate, and slept as if the next day would somehow be the greatest day of her life. Stripped of everything including her own name, Wūpó wandered along the edge of the wilderness draped in rags and searching for food, her heart still beating and her mind trying to forget all the terrible things she could not block out. Stripped of everything but her life, the only thing Wūpó wanted out of life was to be happy, even if for only a



brief moment so she could feel what it was like to smile. Hanging onto hope, Wūpó felt as though she knew the next day would be better than the last as she covered herself in several animal skins and waited for the air outside to drop below freezing, and yet there was a part of her which wished she would not wake up at all. Torn between hanging onto hope and longing for death, Wūpó only prayed to whoever was listening for a reason to smile. She never wanted this magical American girl to cure her of her cough. She never wanted the local children in the village down the road to stop spreading stories about her. She never even wanted a real house with actual walls and a lock on the door. She just wanted a reason to be happy, even if that happiness only lasted for a moment. However, little did the elderly woman know that the ninety-one years of hell she had witnessed would soon be a minor speck of time in the grand scheme of things. Little did she know that someone was listening to her prayers, and that someone appeared before her in her pajamas with her blonde hair frizzy and her eyes red from crying.

Appearing before Wūpó was The Magical Girl herself Hannah Deangelo, the twelve-year-old American girl who could indeed zip across time and space like some kind of sorceress or god. But this was no god standing before Wūpó with tears in her eyes and

unicorns on her pink pajamas; this was a child who was lost in sadness and in dire need of a hug. Showing no fear of this girl for she was nothing to be scared of, Wūpó said nothing as she stood in her hut with the tiny girl but instead dropped to her knees to bow before her greatness, the old woman well aware of the miracles she had performed despite being so far from society. Yet watching this woman fall to her knees only begged for the young girl to run to her and leap between her arms for comfort, the telepathic girl knowing that this woman was a friend despite the fact they had never met before. Hugging Wūpó tightly only caused Hannah to dive deeper into the old woman's memories, the horrors of her past leaping forward and shocking the little girl in the unicorn pajamas. Fearing more nightmares, Hannah leapt back and looked at the wrinkled face of the grey-haired woman, a woman who was in fact Japanese despite having spent the last forty years of her life hiding at the edge of China's wilderness.

"Háizi, nǐ wèishéme kū? <Child, why are you crying?>" The Japanese woman asked, speaking Chinese after having lived in the country for so long and trying to hide the fact she only had six teeth in her mouth.

"Yīnwèi wǒ kàn dào le huàirén suǒ zuò de yīqiè. <Because I see everything the bad people do.>" Hannah responded in perfect Chinese despite having never spoken the language before. "Wǒ bùxiǎng zài kàn dào le. <I don't want to see it anymore.>"

Wūpó had no answer for the child and instead offered her a hug instead, the young girl's tears momentarily held back for she had teleported to China with a purpose. Sniffing her tears back, Hannah stepped back as if to tell Wūpó to climb to her feet, the old woman struggling to rise yet able to balance again on her wobbly legs. Looking down at the blonde American girl, Wūpó knew there was a reason this girl had come to the edge of existence to speak with her, and with each second of her life feeling like it was the last, the old woman saw no reason to keep her from saying what she wanted to say.

"<Tell me your worries.>" Wūpó continued, still speaking Chinese and squinting through tired, old, blurry eyes.

"<I don't want these ... powers anymore, Nika.>" Hannah responded in perfect Chinese as well, her mind able to leap into Wūpó's memories and find her real name, a name she had not heard in many years. "<I want ... I want you to be God instead.>"

Wūpó paused for a moment after hearing her own name said aloud again, the neurons in her brain suddenly leaping out and reattaching to clear her foggy memory. Unaware that Hannah was actually healing her with her afterthoughts, the woman who was known as Nika and not Wūpó blinked several times in rapid succession as the world around her started to come into focus again. Her eyes somehow cured and her mind now able to remember her own name, Nika looked back down at the blonde American

girl and started to believe that she was indeed God, the toothless smile on her face growing now that Hannah had given her a reason to smile.

“<I am not a god.>” The old woman chuckled. “<The world knows you to be God.>” She went on as she started to walk away from the tiny girl in the pink pajamas, the old woman inching her way around Hannah and outside into the cold. Throwing the sheets that were her front door aside, Nika embraced the chilly air only to find that the little girl was somehow again standing in front of her. Bare feet in the snow, Hannah stood with her arms folded and her blue eyes looking up at the tired old woman.

“<I don’t want to be their God.>” Hannah went on. “<I don’t want to ... see what they do to each other.>” The little girl added as she looked away from Nika, her eyes looking outward as if they could see horrors going on at that very moment. “<I want someone to make them stop hurting each other. They don’t listen to me.>”

“<You are right.>” Nika nodded. “<A child as pure and innocent as you should not see what I have seen.>”

“<Then make them stop, Nika.>” Hannah begged, the little girl clasping her hands as if she was praying to Nika. “<Please. I can ... I can give you all my powers. You can fix the world for me.>” She continued to beg.

Nika had never met a god before, so she had never seen one beg her for help. Likewise, Nika had often wondered if her true purpose in life was yet to be found, the ninety-one-year-old woman beating the odds and defying disease after disease only to go on living up until this very moment in time. Standing above the little girl, Nika thought not about whatever powers Hannah was trying to give her, but instead about simply helping dry this little girl’s tears. Likewise, Nika’s woken memories reminded her of the Huang Family who had been the first to own her as a sex slave so long ago, the old woman quite fetching in her youth yet seen as nothing more than a prize to be owned and defiled instead of a beauty to be treasured. Nika could remember all the rapes, the beatings, the abortions she had been forced to receive for her owners saw no reason to keep themselves protected from their own victims. Hannah did not realize that healing Nika’s mind would bring all the terrors back, but it was these terrors which started to convince Nika to agree to Hannah’s plan. Forming a fist with her aged hand, Nika realized Hannah was actually offering her a chance at something she may not have intended: revenge. Hannah was offering Nika the opportunity to judge the universe, and it was an opportunity she knew she could not deny.

“<I will fix the world for you, child.>” Nika smiled, taking Hannah’s clasped hands into her own and accepting her offer. “<But I will not be God for these people. I will not take what you have been given. It is your role to be praised.>”

“<I just want them to stop.>” Hannah begged once more, ignoring the idea that Nika thought this lovely child of infinite power and generosity should be praised.

“<They will stop once they meet me.>” Nika smiled, trying to hide her desire for vengeance on a world which had done her so much harm. “<And no one will know I exist. Instead, I will be the darkness to your light. I will be the anger to your innocence. I will be the yin to your yang. I will be nothing more of a shadow which will swallow up the evil which haunts your young mind. The world will see you for the pure, innocent, beautiful child that you are ... and never know of the things I do for them. That is my gift to you.>” Nika went on as if she was giving a speech, the thankful woman ready to do whatever her young god asked.

Hannah didn't ask for anything more now that the old woman had agreed to her idea, the tiny girl instead leaping up into Nika's brain to rewire her anatomy so that it matched her own. Nika felt lightheaded as this girl just stood below her and smiled, the powers of the pre-teen moving atoms around in her brain so Nika's brainwaves could explode out from her body and do as they pleased. Now hanging onto Hannah's hands for support, Nika's mind was able to echo all the way to the village down the road and hear the thoughts of those living in slightly more modern accommodations than her own. Nika's mind was able to feel the snow on the mountainside as if it was in her hands, and soon the mountain itself felt light as her mind wrapped around it. The Earth did tremble slightly as Nika gained both telepathic and telekinetic abilities, the little girl standing below blessing the old woman with the skill set needed to vanquish evil no matter how powerful it was. But of course Hannah did not stop there for Nika was granted all the powers Hannah herself possessed, the little girl not wanting this old woman to be a mere assistant or helper but a god herself. Finally, once Hannah was done tweaking Nika's brain, the old woman was left standing in the snow with far more senses that she could count. The old woman saw the evil in the world which Hannah had tried to hide from. She saw the horrors still being committed all across the globe. She saw the hate, the disgust, and the disdain humanity had for itself, and she sought out to do as Hannah asked and stop it. Standing in her rags in the snow, Nika smiled down at the blonde girl as she spoke without words, the old woman understanding exactly what Hannah both wanted her to do, and what Hannah did not want her to do.

Somehow already knowing what she was capable of, the old woman then looked to the skies, bent her tired knees, and blasted off into the air for the very first time, her years of experience helping her get a grip on her supernatural powers far faster than Hannah had done as a child. As Nika flew higher up into the sky and left her old hut behind, she also left her old body behind as the wrinkles in her face flapped tighter and tighter over her cheeks. Looking down from below, Hannah could see Nika's raggedy, grey hair become black. She could see the muscles under her white skin become stronger. Even though she was a mere speck in the sky, Hannah watched as Nika shaved years from

her age and became the youthful woman she had been so long ago, her rags transforming into elegant robes and a flowing gown suitable for a living god. Seeing no problem with what she had just done, the twelve-year-old girl just vanished from the snow and teleported herself all the way back to her parents' house in Chicago, The Magical Girl having given Nika the smile she so desperately craved. Flying high through the sky in a body which resembled that of when she was just thirty-five years old, the woman who would become known by Hannah as Nika Yin sailed above the clouds under her own powers and went in search of her first victim, the horrors of planet Earth now having to deal with something even worse than themselves: the God of Judgment.

Able to block out whatever evil things were going on in the world after having trusted Nika to just take care of them, life was supposed to get easier for the omnipotent teenager Hannah Deangelo. While she had obviously skipped school and never attended a day in her life, the now fourteen-year-old girl longed to go to high school at the start of the new year and try out being just another teenager. But the world around her still refused to treat her as such for this girl who was about to enroll in classes could still fly, still teleport anywhere in the world, still heal the sick, and still move mountains with her mind. Not only that, but the assassination attempts still did not stop even though Hannah had unleashed Nika's fury on the world. Doing her best to use words instead of actions, Hannah continually offered televised interviews with the hopes that the next one would grant her more acceptance in the world. And yet even after the little girl abused her seemingly infinite power to feed the sick, stop wars and crimes, and even clean up the environment with nothing more than a thought, the people of the world did not stop begging for more. People still feared her, worshipped her, and tried to understand her. They did not stop bothering Hannah or her parents for answered prayers, gifts, and everything under the sun. It was something that even Hannah did not expect to happen, her predictions of the future not quite as accurate as they used to be due to her growing disgust with everyone around her. Knowing that there was at least one god out in the world trying to make it a better place, even if the world did not know about it, Hannah decided once and for all that she was through with using her supernatural abilities. At age fourteen, Hannah went on television for what she hoped to be the last time and told the entire world that she was going to stop using her powers altogether. Shocking the world, the girl who was about to enter high school appeared on televisions and told everyone they were now on their own again.

The world did not belong to Hannah Deangelo. The world had annoyed their god.

As promised, Hannah stopped curing diseases, feeding the hungry, and left the evils of the world for Nika to deal with. Greedy people who knew Hannah could grant their wishes with a snap of her fingers resigned to hate and disgust of the powerful teenager.

Hate led to new assassination attempts and sinister plotting by the evil which remained in the world. But even when Nika did not secretly stop them with a heart attack or an awkward accident, Hannah reminded them that she had still conquered even death for she was impossible to kill even without using her powers. Still very much immortal, and still protecting her family with her powers, Hannah entered high school like a normal girl, and did the best she could to stay that way. She went to classes like any fifteen-year-old girl would do, did her homework like a good student was supposed to, and even took the bus instead of flying or teleporting into class with ease, but none of this stopped the hate or the praise. Hannah's restraint did not end the detractors' claims that she was a demonic being sent to end mankind, nor did it keep her devoted followers from proselytizing or building churches with her name literally engraved on the front of the building. Parents pulled their kids out of school and transferred them to safety while other parents complained that Hannah was not human and didn't belong in a human school. Meanwhile in other cities, parents put their kids in new Church of Hannah religious schools with the hopes that they would be favored by Hannah and earn God's love. And yet Hannah did nothing to change the minds of either side, nor did she use her powers in any way to remind the world what she could do or who she was. The little girl who lived as quietly as she could in her parents' home just outside of Chicago was seen as both good and evil by the world she could not relate to.

In the end, all Hannah wanted to do was be a teenage girl. She didn't ask for her powers. She didn't ask to be different. She didn't ask to be hated. She didn't ask to be worshipped. All Hannah wanted to be was herself, and that was the only thing Hannah wanted which she could not have. Sitting alone in school and surrounded by people who thought she was some kind of magical freak who could blow her top at any second and turn them all into ash with her mind, Hannah found living a powerless life just as disappointing as living one where she was free to use any of her supernatural powers she wanted to. She had no friends. She walked hallways alone. She ate the gross food pumped out by the cafeteria instead of wishing herself a hot fudge sundae or gigantic cheeseburger. Hannah knew she could twist fate with her mind and alter reality with a snap of her finger, but she resisted all temptation to do so and continued sitting alone while everyone around her tried not to stare. Yet fate decided to twist for Hannah the day a large tray with soggy French bread pizza and milk was dropped down next to The Magical Girl who was no longer magical, a tray which was followed by the friendly words of the only person who dared to talk to the creepy blonde.

"Hey." A voice said, prompting Hannah to look to her left. "I'm Sabrina." The pretty girl who soon sat next to Hannah said with a smile, a girl Hannah knew to be popular simply based on her looks alone.

"I'm Hannah." The freckle-faced, omnipotent loser said as she shook this girl's hand.



“Ha. I know.” The dark-haired, dark-skinned high school freshman giggled for everyone on the planet knew who Hannah was. “Pizza too?”

“Yeah.” Hannah smiled, realizing that this girl was not going to be rude.

“Gross, hu?” Sabrina said as she sat. “How in the hell do you screw up French bread pizza?”

“They clearly found a way.” Hannah smiled.

“Can’t you just ... zap it ... and make it better?” The pretty, popular girl named Sabrina asked as she sat down at the lunch table, the lovely brunette getting a few stares from around the room as if they wondered why she was sitting with the weird girl with powers.

“Not anymore.” Hannah replied, realizing quickly that the only reason this popular girl was sitting next to her was that she hoped to get her to use her powers again.

“Oh.” Sabrina replied. “No biggie.” She went on before taking a big, crunchy, bite of her pizza. “Yooar shtill cool.” The pretty girl said with her mouth open and full of bread, sauce, and cheese.

Much to Hannah's surprise, the popular girl did not just get up and leave and instead hung out the entire lunch hour with Hannah, never once asking her about her powers again or trying to get her to do anything superpowered. She talked to Hannah like a person, and Hannah talked right back, both high school freshmen talking less about Hannah's life as The Magical Girl who had churches built in her honor but instead about classes they were in, things that their parents did that annoyed them and Sabrina's favorite subject: boys they thought were cute. Refusing to even use her telepathic powers to read Sabrina's mind, Hannah found that being powerless was still fun when she had a friend around to talk to, the two girls quickly becoming quite inseparable despite Sabrina's beauty and Hannah's general lack thereof. Freckle-faced and now wearing glasses, Hannah walked down the hall with the freshman who even got attention from the senior boys, the younger girl offering them only smiles and winks while instead preferring to hang out with Hannah Deangelo. Thanks to Sabrina's friendship, Hannah would make it through three long years of high school as a normal, average, everyday teenager. But of course, things took a very different turn not long after Hannah started her senior year when the temptation to be something more than average finally convinced Hannah to act. Like a caterpillar longing to fly like a butterfly, the now eighteen year-old, freckle-faced Hannah Deangelo finally burst out of her cocoon and reentered the world with a whole new look and a new purpose in life.

But ... that's a different story altogether.

TO BE CONTINUED...