

Hannah Ziglar

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Thompson High School, Alabaster, AL

Educator: Jake Huggins

Category: Flash Fiction

Rising

The day I get my powers is a monumental day for sure. It was a sunny autumn day and the birds were chirping brightly.

And I was floating above my bed, pressed against my ceiling.

I let out an ear piercing scream and my door flings open. My mother is standing in my doorway and once she finds me, she shrieks. My father walks into the room and rolls his eyes, as dads do.

“How did you?” My mother can’t finish her sentence.

“Get down and get dressed for school.” My father grumbles and walks out of my room.

During first period, I feel myself slowly rising. I cling to my desk and that draws the attention of my seatmate and best friend, Ben.

“Dude what are you do- wait are you floating?” He asks me, shock written across his face like a novel.

“I think so,” I reply, still floating, and he snorts.

“Finally got your powers, huh?” He smirks. “You know, Logan, I still remember when I discovered mine. It was the June before freshman year-”

“Ms. Fields, Mr. Hood. Pay attention!”

In third period, I rise three feet off the ground. My entire class stares at me but the grin on my teacher’s face is honestly scaring me.

“Ms. Fields, finally got your powers I see.” She says and I nod.

“Can you help me down?”

Word of my incident travels fast. By lunch, everyone knows I can fly. I wanted to keep it a secret.

“Hey Logan!” My biology teacher, Mr. Seo, calls after me during class change.

“Hi Mr. Seo.” I reply and he starts walking with me.

“Heard you got your powers. That’s what everyone’s talking about. Are you happy?”

Mr. Seo’s powers were that he could speak so fast that he could convince anyone to do anything. One time he accidentally used it on my class to get a 100% on a test, we did.

“I’m nervous but fine, I guess.” I smile. “I’m stuck with them so I’ll take it.”

“Good motto.”

We make it to my class and part ways. This is when I notice that I’m floating again. No wonder I didn’t have to look up to Mr. Seo, I’m his height.

I hear a click. Someone in my last period has taken my photo. I groan.

“She’s rising!” Someone yelps. I’m pressed against the ceiling.

“Help!” I shriek.

Of course I would have the shortest teacher this period.

I keep rising until I’ve broken a hole in the roof and after that, I keep rising.

And rising and rising and rising.

Until I’m gone.