

# Such power – creative writing



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The lattices unfolded, releasing images and numbers... people became clear, their lives known to me, a child of the mind... daughter of telepathy

Can you see? Can you smell, hear, touch a million senses that aren't yours? Can you sense a person's innermost thoughts? See through their eyes, until all you feel is a shell of a world, just one small view of the complex image you know is there.

Look around, with your inner eye; a whirlwind of images, sounds, words. Faces stare in the vortex; old voices test new phrases; a smell revives a stranger's memory. How do you hold it all? Whose feelings are real? It could engulf you, this power, the helplessness of the feeble minds you enter, until your cry enough! rings through so many heads...

You can bury yourself in one mind, or open up to the cacophony of the world. What surfaces? More complex than the physical world; thoughts can scatter to dark corners, or collect in the forebrain; how much can you read in the blackness that mere mortals cannot see? Subconsciousness. In there a part of us lurks, suspicious of everyone, waiting till our defences are torn to shreds and we can show our true nature, our first strength.

Some people snap early; succumb to pressures, do what the voices say. Life can seem easier when you don't have control... frustrating for some, for many it is simple release. How then can you cope? The responsibility, the knowledge - gleaned from others - of the consequences you might unknowingly inflict. That word seems nonsensical: you, the mind reader, the gifted, not knowing something. But if you don't - can't see the future, should you still control people? Do you? Do you learn from yourself as well? Either

you become ruthless, manipulative, or terribly afraid of your gift. How could such a child grow normally, with those thoughts - unsaid, but not unheard.

Decisions. They fill our lives, and the child sees. Yet do we truly decide for ourselves? We are influenced by every experience we have, every choice we make. We become the product of the life we lead; but somehow we made those decisions, often early on, about our future. Somewhat paradoxical is this world; clearly personality does not spring into existence, yet it influences itself in an unending spiral. No two choices are the same size, without ever becoming unimportant.

Suppose, a most whimsical choice, someone wears light, loose clothing - on the very day a fast car whips past, catching on it and tearing... everything could have any impact. A normal human cannot foretell the future; but we can imagine. If you see a thousand people's dreams, and learn their hopes and experiences, read a million thoughts for the future; is that not a style of precognition? Intentions are clear and what the normal person does not think of may be obvious to the next one along; you could change people's lives!

You could change your own life.

You must choose. You have power; knowledge, predictive ability and intelligence; you must choose whether to help others... or yourself. You could have the world. When you can see what others want, need, expect from you, will you play up to it; or twist their thoughts, even their world?

You look through a thousand eyes, and see how a thousand worlds could be better. How they could affect each other. Having this feeling from birth - this

weight of knowledge, this heavy understanding; you may perhaps be bitter.  
You ask yourself again why something happened, when you could have prevented it.

The child looked about him, his face pale and calm...

He knew the answers instantly for they were not his own.

His eyes never shifted, they focused on his work,

His answers coming fluidly although his mind would jerk.

From one head to another, the little boy did pry...

His eyes skimming patterns that meant so much to his third eye.

No one knew this was his talent, not math or science, but the ability to know,

Know what others were thinking, and that's how he did not grow.

He plundered and stole his way right to the top,

Telling people what they thought... his treachery unseen.

The compliments were many... yet he was alone, trapped in his own lies,

And that is where he stayed until the day he died

Can normal people comprehend how a telepath's mind would be shaped? If the "gift" comes later in life, how tempted would a person be by power, tempted to make decisions for others, or just to help... a little more than is necessary?

The darkness in your own soul may be more difficult than another's... people lie to themselves, you thought you were above that, but you're still one of us. Dark undercurrents sway emotions and surface as fits of depression, anger, violence... then regret. You watch as our emotions surge, fighting back your own. A normal teen? No... a thousand normal teens. And you cannot tell a soul, for there are institutes for mad people like you... they would not understand.

Do you dream? Do you scream when, released at nights, your mind flits back and forth; thoughts unstructured, pieced together from other brains:

... why ... hurt ... need ... but ... not ... pain ... remember...

and the images flicking, picture after picture, so fast, so quickly gone, old friends, places, a deathbed, a favourite dog, a tree which conjures sorrow... a true nightmare, impossible to decipher so much pain. The world itself is the nightmare; why can you not put it to rights? But there are days without torture, days when the sun shines and you find a happiness to feed upon. You drown those who are hurting out, listen only to the sunshine and peace in a child's head.

Somehow... eventually... you piece together some sort of education... learn to select what you open your mind to; how much easier it would be, were you not alone of your kind. A teacher, a real teacher, who understood... now that would be something...

Concentrate now. One mind at a time, please. No damage must be done.

This man, read him, but learn the taste of your own thoughts; you know his

prejudice is wrong. Don't just take, add of your own. Think for yourself, or be locked away.

Would you?

So many people so frightened, so scared of being "disappeared" - you pick up that fear, but - an idea! Couldn't you... change the minds around you? Are you able to change thoughts, after reading them? Influence minds without saying a word... This is why your power inspires fear; no one knows how much you can control. Maybe all you need is the knowledge, the knowledge of what people want to hear. You would never be locked away, so long as you listen, and speak those magical words to convince them.

This is a curse, you think-feel-sense-absorb. You are destined never to be alone, do not understand the search for companionship. All you want is solitude, an empty mind. They would have thought you insane, had they known the fiery maelstrom in your head. A child cannot think without words, and you had so many, so many... one of the first things you deciphered was not to be different. Different is scary. But of course, you were smart. You met smart people, and gained their "smarts" too. You understood anything a tutor told you - almost before they spoke... necessarily, with the "gift" comes intelligence; or your mind could not cope with the data flowing so unhesitatingly. With the gift comes cunning. You are - different; and powerful. You are a world healer... or a destroyer.