Do I seem different?

Waking up on Monday morning, Danny thought the potion must have been a dream. But there it was on his bedside table, where he’d left it the night before.

He took off the lid and sniffed it. Then he took a small sip. The taste was sweet and bitter at the same time. Danny drank some more and let it slip down his throat.

Jumping out of bed, he ran to look in the bathroom mirror.

There was no doubt something had happened to him. His head didn’t droop and his eyes were brighter than usual. He didn’t even feel worried about the day ahead at school.