

I woke up to the sound of Christmas music blasting from my alarm clock, screaming at me to get up. I pounded my fist on the off button and almost broke the darn thing, again. Reluctantly, I got out of my warm bed and got ready for school. I slipped into loose jeans, and pulled on a black tee shirt I got for my thirteenth birthday from one of my best friends named Matt. In big white capital letters it said, "I COULDN'T CARE LESS." I plopped my Cincinnati Reds cap on backwards and made my way downstairs.

I slung my backpack over my shoulders, grabbed a granola bar and walked down to the bus stop. It started to rain, so I ran. I splashed my feet in a few puddles getting my Converse shoes soaked. I muttered under my breath about hating rainy days. You couldn't see the sun; everything was slippery, and the only color that lit up the sky was a gloomy gray.

After about ten minutes of waiting in the rain, the bus finally came. Soaked to the bone, I got on the bus and sat next to one of my best friends, Frank. Frank and I had been friends since second grade. He had messy black hair that fell into his ice blue eyes. We started to talk about the best football team in the whole entire world, the Michigan Wolverines.

The bus stopped in front of a dreadfully familiar place that went by the name of Lincoln Middle School. The hallway walls and the front of the school and office walls were littered with posters that said, "OTVE FRO TMAMY," or maybe it said, "VOTE FOR TAMMY." I couldn't tell since I have dyslexia. Frank and I headed over to our first class which was science. Our teacher's name was Mrs. Vaughn, and she was as exciting as watching paint dry. She had short silver hair, penetrating blue eyes, and snow white skin that made you want to shiver. You have every right to fear her.

When science was over, Frank and I headed over to math. That was followed by language arts then social studies. We went to lunch shortly after. After lunch, we went to music then economics. Finally we arrived at gym. This had to be the worst class of all...

See, I'm not real athletic. I'm more like that scrawny kid who doesn't do sports or anything. Except I'm not scrawny, I'm a superhero. Yeah yeah, I know what you are thinking, "Wow being a superhero must be so awesome!" or, "Gosh can you fly?" and, "Are you as strong as Superman?"

No, I'm not as strong as Superman, I can't fly, and yes, being a superhero is awesome. You see, I fight to end child abuse since that happened to me when I was a kid. Now don't worry, I won't give you a sob story about how miserable my life was. I'll save that for another day maybe.

As Frank and I walked into the gym, we met up with our other best friend Blair. Blair is the skinniest girl you will probably ever meet. She has long straight blonde hair, sea green eyes, and freckles on her nose and cheeks. She had her hair pulled back into a ponytail and was wearing our gym uniform, a white tee shirt that said our school's name on it, and sky blue knee length shorts.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," Frank and I replied in unison.

After talking for a while, Frank and I went to the locker room to get dressed in our uniform. As we came out, our whole gym class was whispering excitedly about something. I caught snippets of the conversation like:

"This will be so fun!"

"I've wanted to do this for so long!"

"I wonder who will be the team captains."

“I want to see somebody’s face get slammed!”

I continued to listen to this nonsense for a while. Finally our coach, Coach D., came out. The whole gym fell silent. Coach D. was a burly man with a thick head of dark curly brown hair, with a rosy nose and cheeks. So basically, he looked like an idiot.

“Alright brats, listen up. We will be playing dodgeball today—”

Before he could even finish, the gym erupted into loud cheers and applause. I started to feel sick. I hated playing dodgeball; I always ended up with bruises. The worst part was when he announced the team captain.

“Team captains are Brad Johnson and Joey Smith!” he screamed over the noise.

Brad was the biggest, meanest, ugliest kid in the whole entire eighth grade. I shuddered thinking I would be playing dodgeball against *him*. We started to pick the people who would be on our teams. In the end, I had Blair, Frank and a few other kids who were terrified of Brad. On Brad’s team, he had chosen the biggest, meanest, ugliest, and most terrifying kids in the whole gym. We started to play.

Let me tell you something, our team didn’t win. In about the first five minutes of the game, our team was pulverized. Kids were lying all around the gym with dodgeballs in their faces or by their sides. The other team looked disappointed that they had won so easily. In my opinion, I was just glad the game was over. Brad and his team made their way over towards us.

I looked over at Coach D., sipping his Pepsi happily, reading a furniture catalog, and not paying any attention to us. Brad smiled a wicked evil smile exposing his crooked yellow teeth. He and his team came up to Frank and me, leaving Blair alone since she was a girl. As they

started to pound on us relentlessly, bruises bloomed on our flesh like lilies in a grass field. Blair yelped and ran to our coach for help.

I wanted to snap off one of my bracelets and let it turn into a whip and make them go away. I wanted to pull my sword out from my pocket and slice them to bits and pieces. But, they were just stupid, oversized bullies with bad teeth and terrible breath. I only used my weapons when I fought abusive parents or guardians and villains. After about five minutes, the bell rang and everyone flooded out of the gym, including Frank, Blair and I.

We ran out of the school at full speed until we were out of breath. Blair was panting and looked like she wanted to collapse. Frank's sweat poured off him like the Niagara Falls and he doubled over. I was breathing heavily along with them. Inside my pocket my phone started to buzz.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Hey boss. We got a problem at this address."

He told me the address.

"Ok I'll be right there," I replied.

I shut my phone and told my friends I had to go. With that, I rushed away. I was thinking about the poor kid who I was about to save. I knew I was going to save this kid, I had to. After all I am a super hero.