

PROTECTO

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop.

(lost in thought) Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (nods in approval)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.