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## Essay 1: Personal Superhero Narrative

### **SUPERHERO BIO**

My name is [REDACTED] I live in Southlake, Texas and I am a senior at [REDACTED] High. I play lacrosse and fight crime in my free time. I've played lacrosse for almost 7 ye... oh, yeah I fight crime for fun. It all started on my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, I woke up that morning and things just seemed a little bit off. I mean how many people can say they were about to be late for school so they started running and in the blink of an eye were sitting in their 1<sup>st</sup> block class. I didn't know exactly how I got there but I soon found out that super speed wasn't the full extent of my powers. I had super strength which meant I could run at the speed of sound, jump to the height of the Himalayas, and move things as heavy as an 18 wheeler with just my pinky.

### **BLOG POST 1: THE NEW ME**

It's been a little over a year now since I discovered my powers and I've fought countless bad guys in that time span. However, I didn't always view my powers as a good thing. My new "skill set" completely took me by surprise, I mean I don't think either one of my parents secretly had powers, and I'm pretty sure I never fell into a vat of nuclear acid. I had to learn to control my powers on my own which was very difficult, and for a while I was constantly wondering why this happened to me. I just wanted a normal life as a high school kid, and for a while nothing really changed. Little did I know my life was about to be flipped upside down.

For a while I just used my powers for fun, you know jumping high enough to scare airplane pilots, or running across the ocean and taking a casual trip to Japan, just normal things. But one day I decided to actually see if I could do some good so I took a trip over to Dallas, since most of the crime in Southlake is traffic related, and began by listening to the local police scanner. For a while nothing too interesting came on the scanner, but suddenly I heard the name Dirty Mike, and I knew I had to interfere. Dirty Mike was the violent leader of the notorious bank robbing gang Dirty Mike and the Boys, and my soon to be arch nemesis. I started making my way towards the scene. My crime fighting career was about to begin!

## **BLOG POST 2: DIRTY MIKE AND THE BOYS**

I arrived at the scene not a second too soon because Dirty Mike and the boys were already on their way out the door after killing almost everyone in the bank one by one. I sprang into action trusting my instincts completely. I landed a solid blow to one of Dirty Mike's boys and knocked him out cold. It caught the gang off guard and I was able to subdue most of them with ease, but this didn't faze Dirty Mike. The leader of the infamous gang continued running to the getaway vehicle with his right hand man, Filthy Jim, in tow. I knew I had to make a move on them as they were the one's carrying the money. I leaped into action chasing down Filthy Jim and sending him flying into a wall with one quick shove. Suddenly I felt a strong jolt run up and down my spine.

Dirty Mike had hit me with a special taser gun that was designed to deliver a shock so strong it would kill a normal human, however it only temporarily stopped me. Unfortunately, that short time that I was disabled gave Dirty Mike enough time to escape. Luckily they only made it out with half the cash, and I had caught one of the most wanted criminals in Texas. Although, I couldn't celebrate my small victory much longer as the police were closing in fast.

Not more than a half a second before they arrived I sprinted out of there. Even though I didn't catch him this time I knew that wouldn't be the last I saw of Dirty Mike.

### **BLOG POST 3: TIME AND TIME AGAIN**

My run ins with Dirty Mike have continued over the past year. Sometimes he slips away, sometimes I catch him and he just has his henchmen break him out of jail the next week. It's gone on like this since his first bank robbery I interfered with. I'm ready to put it all to an end soon because obviously something isn't working if he just keeps ending up back on the streets.

I found out today that Dirty Mike is out again so it can't be more than a few days before he tries to pull something. He has a strange obsession, almost an addiction with crime that keeps him restless once he gets out. If Mike is anything, besides a criminal, he's brilliant. He spends the short amount of time he has in prison formulating his next evil plan. As soon as he's out he rounds up all the gadgets and henchmen he needs and doesn't hesitate to strike fast and with violence. Don't ask me how he does it but the man can't seem to abide by the law, but somehow he has never been stopped for more than a few weeks at a time.

### **BLOG POST 4: THE PLAN IS BORN**

With Dirty Mike on the streets nobody is safe. He is liable to strike anywhere at any time. One thing that makes him so hard to catch is his willingness to steal from any bank no matter where, no matter how small. He was leaving a trail of destruction across Texas. I am constantly at a disadvantage because I can only react once I have heard of one of his attacks. Sometimes I don't even get there in time to do anything about it, but his terror can go on no longer.

I need to formulate a plan to put an end to his madness, but it won't end up with him back behind bars this time. He has proven too many times that the justice system can't contain him.

This would mean one last showdown, only one of us would walk away. But first I had to find him. The best way I knew how to stop him was to be 2 steps ahead of him at all times. I had to lure him into robbing the exact bank that I wanted him to rob. I had to ambush him if I had any chance of stopping him for good. But how would I accomplish this? Like I said, he's brilliant, but he's also greedy. I just had to make this look like a heist that just can't go wrong.

### **BLOG POST 5: THE PERFECT CRIME**

In order to stop Dirty Mike, I'd have to outsmart him. I'd have to really sell it to make sure he never suspects that he is falling into a trap. But how can I lure him into robbing the one bank that I want him to try and rob? This is an experienced bank robber; he knows when something looks fishy. Luckily he is also very greedy and when he thinks he has struck gold he goes all in.

I've figured it out! I'm going to stage a shipment of millions of dollars into a safe in a small bank outside of Dallas. Why would he believe it? Well the billionaire owner of the Mavericks, Mark Cuban, owes me a favor, long story. Mark has just exchanged his \$25 million house for a \$30 million one. I just need Mark to endorse a small bank to try and make Mike think that his money is there. Let's just hope Dirty Mike buys it.

### **BLOG POST 6: I'VE GOT A BITE**

It's now been four days since Dirty Mike's escape, and Mark was more than willing to help out. The plan was falling into place now all I needed was for Mike to take the bait. I had been keeping a close eye on the bank to make sure I didn't miss my chance, and thank god I was keeping such a close eye. Dirty Mike took the bait; he knew that this opportunity was too good to pass up. I saw him running into that small-town bank guns blazing. I burst in at the speed of sound and hit him from behind. He was wearing a suit of armor that helped soften the blow.

Our final face off had begun. He stood up, “Well, well, well I have to admit I’m impressed you caught me off guard, I knew something was up when there were no guards to greet me,” he said looking me dead in the eyes. I knew I could not let him get away this time. So, without giving him any time to react I sprinted forward and gave him what felt like the strongest punch I’ve ever delivered. He flew across the bank landing against one of the walls. I looked down and saw he had placed a grenade at my feet. I started moving so fast that I could dodge the shrapnel in time. He was astounded, that had to be the fastest I’ve ever moved. He wasted no time and sprung up to try and hit me with more grenades, but they were no use. I was in a zone I dodged each attempt he took at my life working my way towards him, suddenly we were face to face.

### **BLOG POST 7: LAST BREATH**

I knew what I had to do, but I wasn’t sure how ready I was for this moment. Here I was just a 17-year-old kid who had powers thrust on me that I didn’t ask for, and I was about to take another person’s life. How can a kid handle a situation like that? I couldn’t, that was the truth, I didn’t know if I would ever be the same again. But none of that mattered. What mattered was that this man standing in front of me had done some terrible things, and had taken lives that didn’t deserve to be taken. He needed to be stopped and this was the only way to do it.

So, I stood there and with every ounce of strength in my body I thrust my fist into the bottom of his chin with enough force to crack a mountain straight down the middle. His body didn’t even move the force was so strong it took his head from his body and sent it flying. It was over. His rampage across Texas had finally been put to an end, yet all I felt was guilt. It was the price I had to pay for what God gave me. My powers were a blessing and a curse. My meaning

in life was to fight the evil to defend the innocent, and that's just something that I am going to have to learn to live with.