

Super Crazy.

“I’m ready!” My powers are growing every day. I’m Kick Ass, but even better. Of course I’m ready, I could tell by looking at my reflection in the mirror. “Ha ha!” One hundred and fifteen pounds down. I look great in my black full body spandex suit. At two hundred and sixty pounds, I’m in the best shape of my life! “I am Goku! I am Batman!” Those were my only father figures since my father's death. I watched my father die when I was five. I barely remember him and my mother hates talking about him. My only other father figure, my uncle, my mom's brother, has been in jail since I was five for murder. He told me he had to do it. He had to kill him. Apparently the guy was evil, he had to go. It was about justice, it was about doing what was right.

“You can't get away with touching a kid like that.” my uncle told me. Still I miss my father. If you think about it, I am batman. We both saw parents be murdered right in front of us. We both decided to become human weapons to do something about it. Some people would say I'm crazy but I'm not crazy. Crazy are those school shooters. Crazy is that guy who shot the reporter on live television. At least I'm going out there trying to do a positive thing. I’m not like those psychos.

The Herasme brothers won't know what's coming to them. Their unfortunate sounding name is no indication of their power. No one harasses them. I've been following them for months now. They have their goons go to local businesses to collect protection money. More like protection from themselves. It's more of a, give us the money or you'll need protection, type of arrangement. Tonight I'm going to put a stop to that. I've done my research. I've been in my bat cave everyday looking up any information that might be useful to me. The school librarian says I'm her favorite student because I study so much. She has no idea. Anyway, the other day I

was in there doing what I always do when I found out that Javier Herasme has actually been locked up in Ryker's Island for the last two months, on an embezzling charge. This is perfect, I'll attack now that they are weak. I could target Jose the younger brother. I know where he hangs out and everything. This guy is dangerous. I have to be ready for him.

I run my hand across my chest feeling for the bullet proof vest. "Check." I slip on my knee pads, "Check." Shoulder pads, "check." Elbow pads, "check." Running shoes, "check." Ski mask, "check." Bad ass motorcycle helmet, "check." Finally my favorite part, my utility belt, "check." Every super hero needs a utility belt. Mines has pepper spray, an expendable night stick, and a pouch for snacks, it's just all around awesome. I give myself one last look in the mirror and grab the last piece of my gear, a p22 pistol. You see, I told you I'm not crazy. I'm going in there protected.

Jose Herasme's office is in the back of some shitty Mexican club on the outskirts of town. Honestly, he's the brother I really wanted anyways. I read he was charged with sexual battery of a minor. He was never convicted, but I know he did it. If my father had to go, then he has to go. Standing outside the club my blood is pumping. "Aaaaaaah!" I yell knowing nobody can hear me. The club music drowning out all other noises. "Wooooo!" I yell until my face turns red. I start running hard towards the back alley of the club. I already knew about the back door. I knew that it usually wasn't locked thanks to employees coming out there to smoke. Perfect timing, somebody starts opening the door, before he even knew what hit him I tackled the heavy door hard into his face. Bam. The guy dropped faster than a big booty in a music video. "Wooo who who hooooo!" That felt great. This guy is a monster of a man, and I knocked him out fair and square. I must chase this feeling. I rush into the club. At first nobody notices me. The typical Mexican music and people yelling gleefully disguise any sounds I might be making. I see a

bouncer spot me with a confused look on his face. He radios somebody on his ear piece. He rushes me but I'm ready for him. I pull out my night stick and knock him as hard as I could, dead across his face. He reels backwards screaming in pain. I take off running, but all the guards are aware of me and they chase me. I see Jose's office door a few feet in the distance, but I'm cut off by two big ugly bouncers. I pepper spray them faster than they could think. I run through them and keep barreling towards the office. I drop my shoulder and broke the door open with a bang.

“What the fuck!!” Jose yells from behind his desk. He pulls his gun out and starts firing at me. Bang bang bang bang. Amazingly only one of those hit me. It caught me right in the belly. Thank god for my flak jacket. I'm ok, but the impact did knock me off my feet. People are yelling outside the broken office door and I look back to see a couple of bodies on the floor with blood around them.

“You fucking asshole! Look what you've done you shot them. I'm going to fucking kill you!”

“Me!? What the fuck is wrong with you? What did you think was going to happen when you came in here armed and dressed like a fucking maniac?” Jose said holding his gun still pointed at me. “What are you supposed to be?”

“I am a super hero! I stand for everything that is good!” I pull my gun and shoot him 3 times in his mid-section. As he's falling over, and I'm making my way to my feet, he shoots his gun two more times. I feel a sting in my inner thigh. I shot him again while he was on the floor. I stood there over his body with an empty feeling. I look around at the mess I've created. Is this how batman felt after a successful episode? The only real thing I could feel was my leg. I look down and see blood gushing from my inner thigh area. My pants are completely soaked in my

own blood. “Shit.” I’ll be alright, superheroes always find a way to make it. I start running out of the office but I don’t even make it to the door before falling over in pain. I lay there bleeding out. One scene keeps playing in my head. The scene of my uncle walking in on my father and me. I don’t know how I never connected it. I guess I blocked it out. I hope I made a difference.