

The Life and Times of Lightning

On September 15th 1995, I was born into a warm and loving family. My father (James Copper) was a taxi driver, and my mother (Kate Copper) worked at the local bank. We were poor in those days; my parents would work long hours to ensure we had an exhilarating childhood. I remember one time, I was playing outside with my brother (Harry), when he came tumbling off his bike. Interestingly, I remember having this sudden urge to help him out. From that day on, I always had that impulse to save and help other people, even if it was simply crossing an old lady over the road. At that time, I didn't realise I was 'different', until I started school. That was when things really began to change for me...

In year 4, I vividly remember entering my first ever running race on Sports Day. Winning races was trouble-free for me. Sometimes, I even had to try not to run too hastily and trounce people by too much. From time to time, I was disconcerted by how quick I could sprint; some people would even call me a freak! Looking back, I think they were just jealous of how speedy I really was - which I suppose is plausible.

I have my mother and father to thank for unearthing and nurturing my super powers. They encouraged me and taught me not to be embarrassed of how quick I was. Amazingly, I can remember the day I discovered I could fly like it was yesterday! Walking home from school, I met my Dad in the park for a game of frisbee; we used to play often. My dad's favourite game, to help improve my speed, was throwing the frisbee as far as possible. We laugh now because he was basically playing fetch with me! Except this time, I sprinted to catch the disc but tripped and closed my eyes... Moments later, I opened one and acknowledged my feet were off the ground; the frisbee was in my hand and my dad's grin was ear to ear. 'You can fly!' he whispered. Can you imagine how I felt? I was both staggered and bewildered!

Obviously, he didn't want to draw attention to my special powers, but as the years went on, it became increasingly difficult. Newspaper reporters would appear at the door, younger children would ask for my autograph and people would point at me in the street. Most people's reaction was sheer elation when they met me, however some people were different. They would avoid me in the street as though I was dangerous. Fortunately, it never seemed to bother me that much - I simply ignored them.

That brings me on to how I took up being a Super Hero for a job (in 2014). When I was nineteen, I came home to find a clothes hanger dangling on my bedroom door. On the hanger, was this amazingly bright lycra suit. It was rose red all over, with thunder bolts down both sides. Turning around, I was greeted by my parents stood at the door. 'You were born to help people!' they exclaimed! I have been saving people ever since and I love it. Wouldn't you? My name is Lightning... and I'm a hero!