# Autobiography of a Super Hero

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, and both my parents worked long hours to make sure we had an exciting 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 began to change for me…

In year 4, I strongly remember my first ever sports day and entering the running race. Winning races was easy for me and sometimes I had to even try not to run too fast and beat people by too much. Unfortunately, I was embarrassed by how quick I could sprint. Some people would call me freak! Looking back, I think they were only jealous of how speedy I really was - which I suppose is understandable!

I have my mother and father to thank for discovering and developing 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, because he would test and help improve my speed - 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 realised my feet were off the ground; the frisbee was in my hand; and my dad was grinning with excitement! 'You can fly!' he whispered. Can you imagine how I felt? I was both stunned and excited!

Obviously, he didn't want to draw attention to my special powers, but as the years went on it became more and more difficult. Newspaper reporters would show up at the door, younger children would ask for my autograph and people would point at me in the street. Most people were overjoyed to meet me, however some people were not. 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 (2014). One day, when I was nineteen, I came home from my Saturday job as a paper boy, 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, but 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!