

The Second Chance

Autumn Lee

10/3/2017

Wisconsin Hills Middle School

8th Grade

All I could see was his electric blue eyes. They bore into my own, causing nervous shivers to rack my body. The hero seemed to shine with an unknown authority, one that no one would dare to challenge. A gentle sapphire light radiated from his body, casting an eerie glow on the gravel street. He floated slightly off the ground and I bitterly noticed he was just as high as his ego. The breathing of the surrounding crowd echoed in my ears, beating in time with my heartbeats. Only then was I aware of the state I was in. A mere villain who was trying his best to do something no villain would ever try to do.

Protect a girl.

Slowly, I raised my beaten and battered arms, watching out of the side of my eye as blood dripped from the fresh wounds. I turned my head slightly and sought out my fellow comrades. They backed away, concealing themselves in the shadow of a nearby alley. My brother stood, his golden eyes no longer holding the vibrant shine that I had once loved. They had become bleak and dark. Slowly, he shook his head and turned away from the scene, disappearing into the darkness. I realized that he wasn't going to stand by my side.

I was utterly alone.

I turned my attention back to the hero, my faith slowly seeping away. My arms suddenly began to shake and my knees felt weak, but I willed them to stay strong. I would not fall today.

"Why do you protect her?" The hero whispered, his eyes seeking out the little girl. She cowered behind me, scars covering her arms and legs. I could hear her heart beating wildly in her chest. I bit my lip and shifted my position, shielding the girl from the hero.

"I don't believe you're fighting a villain here. She's just a little girl," I replied, my voice wavering and cracking. I cleared my throat, deliberately holding myself together. I had met the fear of death many times, but now it seemed to come at me with an unbridled rage. I could feel

the pressure leaning heavily on my shoulders, trying to push me to the ground. No villain would dare stand up to this hero and all those who had tried had met a disastrous end.

“Did you see her power? She almost destroyed half the city. It’s dangerous. It will kill many citizens. Let me deal with her and I’ll let you go,” the hero growled. He approached me, the blue radiance getting closer and closer to my body. It reached for me like hungry snakes and examining my wounds. The pressure increased, causing pain to explode in my knees. I could almost smell death approaching.

“Isn’t everything dangerous?” I countered. “She’s just a little girl. Give her time and she’ll probably master her power.”

“Probably,” the hero mused. “But what if she doesn’t. If she goes and kills other people, she will be a villain. Like you.”

“It could’ve gone the same way with you.”

“Pardon me? Do you know who I am?”

I nodded dumbly, wondering if I had made a mistake. The hero paused, his tendrils of blue smoke retreating. Confusion flashed in his eyes for a moment, but he quickly regained his composure. I continued to stand, marveling at the fact that he had continued to let me live for such a long period of time. I did in fact have my fair share of killing adults, but it shocked me to think that he would dare kill a child. I cursed, hating the morals that I had set.

“If you know who I am, why do you stand against me?” the hero asked. “You know that I have killed many that try to destroy this city. You villains don’t deserve to-”

“*You never gave me a chance to prove myself!*” I yelled, my rage beginning to boil inside of me. Tears dripped to the ground, accompanying the blood that flowed from my body. I looked behind me, making eye contact with the little girl. She pushed herself up, stumbling onto her

feet. Her blue eyes locked onto mine, her gaze burning confidence into me. The pressure of death seemed to retreat and my arms no longer held the silent burden. The girl walked forward and reached out her hand. Her gentle touch soothed my aching shoulders. I turned my body a bit, letting an arm drop around her frail stature.

The hero suddenly dropped to the ground, his blue aura vanishing from around his body. From the new view, I saw that he was just a boy, no older than me. A loud gasp erupted from the crowd as he walked forward and placed his hand on top of the little girl's. Whispers erupted as they watched the hero. His eyes no longer were like cold steel that bore into my gaze. A smile spread across his tired features as he dropped his hand and turned around. Something subtle and small connected between us.

“You have true courage; one I haven't seen in a while. So I'll give you your chance to prove yourself,” he whispered. He turned to the crowd. “This man has shown true justice and reminded me of that. Now, if you please.”

With one strong leap, he was gone, flying upward into the clouds above. The pressure evaporated, leaving me feeling lighter than before. I collapsed onto my knees, my breathing ragged and uneven. The girl continued to clutch onto me, her tears soaking through my shirt. I let my other arm curl around her, embracing her softly. The sky seemed to brighten and the puffy white clouds began to move once again, following the gentle summer wind as it blew through the town. I smiled through my tears and hugged the girl, her heartbeat thumping alongside mine. The gentle taps rang in my ears.

My second chance was finally here.