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## **Super Sarah's Story**

'Twas the night before Sarah's first day as a professional super hero. But, we're too far ahead of ourselves. Let's go back a bit, to a time when Sarah was younger. A time when she was even less crazy than she is now.

On October 19, 1992, a girl was born. Not a normal girl, though. No, this girl was different. She was an odd girl. A very odd girl. She came out of her mother giggling instead of crying. And when the doctor gave her shots, she would smile. She didn't like baths or fixing her hair. She hated shoes, but she loved boots. Mud was her best friend and also her sidekick. She called herself Super Sarah and pretended to fly. She jumped off couches, tables, and beds. She got bruises on her head, scabs on her toes, and even broken elbows. But, she kept on being her bubbly self.

One day Sarah made a list of what she wanted to accomplish before she had a child. Why before she had a child? Well, she had the crazy idea that she would die after having a child. She went to her dad's room and grabbed a piece of paper from his shelf, a pen from his night stand, and a magazine from his bed. She went to the living room and started to write. Her sister Rory came in and said, "Well, Super Sarah, what are you doing today?"

Sarah looked up and grinned. "I'm gonna make a list of what to do before I have a child. Wanna see it?" Sarah replied, while shoving her list in Rory's face.

Rory read over the list and laughed. "Sarah, Sarah, Sarah. What are we going to do with you? You can't possibly become a professional super hero."

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Sarah's face turned brick red with anger. "Yes, I can! I can, I can, I can. Mommy says so. Plus, I promised Mud I would get him a job as a sidekick. I don't want to disappoint him. So, I have to!" Sarah screamed.

She went to her room turned the paper over, and wrote a goodbye letter. The letter read:

*Dear Momma and Daddy,  
I am running away. I hate Rory. She is too mean to me. So I have to  
leave. I am sorry. But I must. I love you!  
Xoxo Super Sarah*

Sarah grabbed a brown bag, then stuffed a pair of underwear, a long shirt, some cereal inside, filled her favorite sippy cup with chocolate milk, and ran out the front door. She looked over at the garden. "Rats! Mom's doing her gardening. I'll have to sneak past her," Sarah said as she rolled on the porch. "Duh-nuh. Da-duh-nah. Dah-nah-dah-nah-dah-nah-dah-nuh. Dah-naaaaaa," she whispered as she moved like James Bond. Her mom looked back for a quick second, but then went straight back to picking the dead flowers off some bushes.

"I'll have to be careful. Maybe I can slip past her if I hurry." So, Sarah got up and started to run. To her dismay, she tripped like the klutz she was. Blood started to drip off her knees, but she kept running. She ran until she got to the park near her house.

"AHHHHHHHHH! My knees! Stupid pebble. AHHHHHHH! Ouch! Erg. Why does this always happen?" cried Sarah while rocking back and forth and holding one of her scraped up knees. After kissing her scrapes, she stood up and went to the jungle gym. She started to flip upside down on the metal bars, when all of a sudden a person was standing behind her.

"Hello, Super Sarah," the person said. Sarah climbed down and saw her mom standing in front of her. Her mom was holding the letter with Sarah's list on the back.

"Uh-oh," whispered Sarah

"Uh-oh indeed! What is this letter about? And why did you write it?" replied her mom.

Sarah looked down at her feet. "Well. I don't know. I guess it's because Rory was being a butt. She won't let me achieve the dreams I have. She's just a big, fat, stupid head. Do you have a band-aid?" Sarah said.

Her mom looked at her with a frustrated look.

"Sarah. There is no need for this. You know your sister was only telling the truth. Do you really think you can become a superhero? Honey, it's just not possible. Now hurry up. We need to head home and get you all cleaned up."

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Sarah looked up and smiled.

“How did you know where I went?” Her mom laughed.

“I could hear you screaming from inside the house. Oh, and you left a trail of blood.”

Sarah started to walk towards her house but then stopped and said, “Wanna race?”

Her mom walked up to Sarah, started to run incredibly fast, and replied, “If you can catch up to me!” Sarah grinned.

“She’s gonna get it!” she thought as she sped past her mom. She reached her house in a minute. She sat on the porch waiting for her mom.

The porch door swung open. “What took you so long?” asked her mom.

“Uh. That’s not fair, you cheated! Oh, and I was wondering if I could have my paper back. I kinda need it!”

Her mom reached into her pocket and pulled out a crumpled up paper. Sarah ripped it from her mother’s hands, pushed her mom out of the way, then went to her room. “Ok. Well, now that Rory’s gone, I can finally finish my list. No matter how silly my list may be, I will have to finish it,” Five minutes later, Sarah was done. The list read:

Super Sarah’s Super List that she must finish before she has a child:

- 1. Meet someone named Ashlin.*
- 2. Save a cat from a tree*
- 3. Become a professional super hero.*

“This is great! Hopefully I can finish the list. I did give myself some pretty hard goals. Oh...I’m....getting....kinda.....tired....ahhhhh,” she said as she slowly fell asleep on her bed.....

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“Beeep!Beeeeep!Beeeeep!” rang out the alarm clock.

“Wahh. What? Where am I? This does not look like my room,” Sarah said as she sat up.

She was laying on a green silk bedspread and an incredibly comfy mattress. The walls around her were a cream color. The furniture was crazy looking. There were neon yellow tables, fuzzy orange rugs, and disco balls instead of normal lights. “Oh my gosh! This is like my dream house!” Sarah screamed.

“Well of course it is, honey. After all, you designed it!” said a man sitting at one of the yellow tables.

“Ahhh! Who are you? Are you a stalker? Leave me alone you freak!!!!”

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said Sarah, hiding behind a pillow. The man gave her a funny look and laughed. “Honey, are you ok? Honey, did...”

“Stop calling me honey, you freak! What do you want with me? I’m just a seven year old girl!”

The man walked over to Sarah and sat down next to her. “Sarah, are you sure you’re ok? Don’t you remember me? And why would you be seven years old? You were that old twenty years ago. Maybe this pregnancy thing is getting to you,” he said smoothly.

Sarah didn’t know what to say. She just looked down to her stomach. “Oh lord, no! This can’t be! I haven’t even finished my list yet! This is horrible.” Sarah rolled off the bed and ran to the mirror near a window. She slowly pulled her shirt up. All she could see was a fat stomach.

“Noooo! It’s true! I am pregnant. This cannot be happening. I cannot be this fat person. Where is my list? I need it!” she screamed at the man.

“Oh, you mean that list that you told me about the other day? It’s in your dresser. Why do you need it?”

Sarah looked around and then saw her target. She ran so hard that when she got to the dresser, she couldn’t stop herself and she slammed into it. Sarah pulled away from it and opened the first drawer. Inside were vintage shirts. Sarah pulled everything out of the first drawer, but found nothing. Then she went on to the next one. This one was filled with photos and books. She yet again ripped through everything, but this time she found something. She had found a Mickey Mouse lunch box that she used to take to school. She slowly lifted the lid and saw her list. “Yes!!! I found it! My world will not come to a horrible end! Wait, I only have the first two things crossed off. I still need to become a professional super hero!” she screamed with excitement. She grabbed a long shirt and a pair of jeans from a laundry basket, gave the man who was still sitting on the bed a hug, and then rushed out the door.

“Yes. I have it. Now, where can I go to become a professional super hero? I know I’ll do it just like they did in the old movies. I’ll just go to the nuclear power plant and jump in some nuclear waste! It’s perfect.” She ran to the elevator and slammed her fist to the 1<sup>st</sup> floor button. “Doo. Dooo. Doom. Dooooom. Dooooom. Doo. Doom. Doo. Doooo,” the elevator speakers rang out. There was a sudden jerk of the elevator and then everything stopped. The doors opened, and a girl with a cat walked in.

“Hello, Sarah. How’s the baby doing?” the little girl asked while stroking her cat’s orange fur.

“Huh? Oh, fine. Wait, who exactly are you?” asked Sarah.

The girl giggled softly and then replied, “Did you hit your head or something? Remember yesterday, when you saved my cat from the tree? I’m Ashlin.”

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“Oh my gosh! You’re Ashlin? Did I tell you that...” The doors suddenly opened and the first floor was before her.

“Sorry, I have to go. I’m going to become a professional super hero!” she said as she sprinted out the door, leaving Ashlin dumbstruck.

“Taxi!” she yelled at the man in a yellow and black taxicab. He pulled up near her and helped her in. “Can you take me to the nuclear power plant?”

“Can you pay me fifty dollars?” Sarah frantically searched through her pockets.

“Umm. Well, no. But, I really need to get there. I’m pregnant and I think something’s coming. Please get me to my husband!” Sarah said, getting some fake tears to roll down her face. The man’s eyes became wide. He took the wheel in his hands and then speedily started the car.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you there. Just sit back, and relax!”

Sarah didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t relax. She was finally going to be a super hero. But she had to act like she was going to explode at any moment. She decided to just lie in the seat, and cry. “Hurry!” she yelled. The car sped up. Five minutes later, she was at the plant.

“Do you need a ride to the hospital?” the man asked nervously.

“No, I’ll be fine, thank you,” she said as she ran toward the building.

“What an odd woman,” the cab driver said as he drove away.

“Now, how do I get in?” whispered Sarah, looking around. “I know! I’ll sneak in like James Bond!” Sarah started to use the same sneaky moves she used as a child. So, yet again she tripped, hurt her knees, and used all the power she had to try and not scream. She quickly ran to a door and looked inside.

“No one, good. Now, let’s see what’s in here,” she whispered as she snuck in. The room around her was filled with file cabinets, trash bins, and papers. “Well, this must be the room where they keep all their documents.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll get the papers right away, sir!” a voice on the other side of the door said.

“Uh-oh! Someone’s coming! What do I do? What do I do?” Sarah spied a hidden wall behind one trash bin. “There’s a door! I’ll go through there.” She tiptoed to the door and then ran through. Sarah put her ear to the door and listened to the man.

“Here we go. All set. Maybe now I can talk the boss into a raise,” he said.

A minute later Sarah heard a door softly close. “Now to figure out where this leads!”

Sarah, still using her James Bond moves, quickly headed down a flight of stairs. Once at the bottom, Sarah became awe-struck. Before her was a room of nuclear waste!

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“It’s perfect! They even have labels. Now, let’s find the Super Power Mutation one.”

After about twenty minutes of looking, Sarah found what she needed. To her surprise, there were even steps leading up to the top of the container. She slowly walked up to the top. “Ouch! What was that?” Sarah said, feeling her stomach. “Oh, no! It kicked! That’s not a good sign! I better jump in before the baby decides to jump out!” she said as she jumped into the waste with a splash. “Whoa. I don’t feel so great. I’m getting so tired. Sooo...soooo....sooooo...tirrrreed...”

“Where? Where? Where am I?” Sarah said. She was lying on the ground in a dimly lit room. She wobbled up to her feet and examined the room. “There’s no door! Where am I? Get me out!”

Suddenly, a figure stepped forward. “Who are you? How do we get out?” she yelled frantically.

“Ha, ha, ha! There’s no escape, Super Sarah. Ha, ha, ha!” said a squeaky voice.

The figure moved forward and Sarah saw what the figure was. Standing before her was a clown with a cape on. “Now do you know who I am? Does this face look familiar?”

“Um. No, but please back away; your face is scaring me. I don’t know who you are so let me out!” The clown moved back.

“Oh, I see how it is. You don’t even remember your own sister. Have you become so caught up in that perfect life of yours? Or did you just decide to make me vanish from your life?” Sarah gasped.

“It can’t be. Rory? Rory, its you! Come here! I can’t believe you’re here!” Sarah ran over to the clown and gave it a hug. But upon closer examination, Sarah realized the clown was not Rory, but the man she lived with.

“You ruined our child Sarah. You ruined him. He was going to be a beautiful little boy. And then you had to go and ruin him by jumping in that junk. Why? Why did you do it?” he screamed at her. He grabbed her arms and held her tight. “Sarah! Sarah! Sarah!”

“What? What? Where am I?” asked Sarah, trying to see things through the blurriness her eyes brought.

“Well, you’re home now. Last night the people at the nuclear power plant found you on the floor shaking. They took you to the hospital, but they found nothing wrong with you. Sorry about shaking you so hard, you just weren’t breathing. I get paranoid sometimes. The baby is fine, too. What were you doing at the power plant?” the man from before asked.

“Oh. Oh, I see. Well, I needed super powers, so I jumped into super power mutation waste. After I jumped in I got tired, then the rest of the time I had a scary dream. It was horrible. You were a clown that tried to hurt me

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because I ruined the baby.”

The man laughed and then dizzily replied, “Wow. Maybe you took a few too many pills. But why would you be there? Maybe you were kidnapped. That’s probably it. They drugged you and then kidnapped you.”

“Oh. Oh. Oh, no. I’m feeling a little sick. Ouch! I think something’s coming. Oh no.” Sarah’s head started to spin and the man ran to get the car keys. “This will be okay. Just don’t worry. Can you stand up and walk?” Sarah tried to stand, but fell to the floor. “That would be a no!” She started to scream and pull at her hair. “Get me to the hospital immediately!”

The man ran to her and picked her up but dropped her quickly. He grunted and then picked her up again, without hesitation.

“Okay. The nearest hospital is about twenty minutes away. Can you make it?” the man asked.

“Yes, if you would just get me there! Now, hurry up!” she screamed in his ear. He rolled his eyes and hurried her to the car. Tears flooded down Sarah’s face.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you there. Just trust me!”

“I’m sorry sir, but we just can’t get your wife in right now.” Sarah’s shirt was wet from tears and she was starting to get fed up with this pregnancy.

“Listen, lady, I don’t care if I have to have this baby in the waiting room! Just get it out of me!” The woman was surprised by Sarah’s attitude, but paged the doctor to come.

“The doctor will be here in five minutes. Just relax.”

Sarah held her stomach tightly. “Just stay in there for a little longer, okay little one? Just a little longer,” she whispered softly.

## *Hours later.....*

“Look at him. Isn’t he just a hunk?” the nurse said.

“He sure is. Just like his daddy,” said the man.

“Ugh. He’s a little devil. Do you know how much pain you put me through? Hmm? He is a cutie though. Little Max...” Max opened his eyes and smiled. Not just any smile though. This smile was a special one.

“He smiled. He’s not so bad. I think I’ll grow to love him. But, there goes my hope of becoming a super hero. My dreams were eaten up by your big stomach, little boy,” she said as a single tear left her eye.

“No it didn’t. You’re still a super hero. You’re Max’s super hero,” the man said.

Sarah smiled affectionately at Max. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I am a super hero. Even if it’s only in Max’s eyes.”

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