

"The Chosen Hero"

by Isabella Saucedo

It started the day we had a field trip to the local museum, the day everything changed for me. My day began normally, with me and my classmates lining up for the bus ride. It was disgustingly hot and the only thing I could do to escape this sweaty feeling was to space out.

"Delilah Ruiz!" my teacher Ms. Sullivan called. "I'm here!" I yelled back, snapping back to reality. "Come on over and pick your seat" Ms. Sullivan replied.

A sudden wave of embarrassment flooded me and my face grew hot. I reluctantly made my way through the crowd of students anxiously awaiting their turn. I picked a seat near the back and positioned myself so my head could rest on the window. This was the perfect moment for me to dream of a life where I am adored by everybody instead of being gawked at. By 11:00, we had arrived at the museum. The scenery was great, with tapestry plastering the walls and ancient artifacts everywhere I laid my eyes on.

"Attention everybody!" our tour guide raised their voice.

We all turned our attention to the stubby woman standing before us. She continued to ramble about safety and all I could remember hearing is: "Whatever you do, don't wander without permission!"

Like I would do that.

We entered a room with ominous statues surrounding a lengthy book with hieroglyphics of some sort. I inched toward the thick piece of literature. Strangely, I felt a certain pull towards it and couldn't step away. Our tour guide finished explaining the extensive history of these objects and began to lead the others into another room. I stayed put. The talkative woman had started on her next topic with the others, so amazingly I wasn't noticed. What happened next was supernatural. The book lit up with a green aura, highlighting the comprehensible words on the yellowed pages. I slowly removed the glass surrounding the book and felt my hands grace the pages. I began to read the words out loud. With each pronunciation, with each syllable, I felt myself growing stronger. Once I had stopped reading, I felt like a brand new person. As I was leaving with triumph, I heard the alarm blare. On the speaker, came a message. "Everybody! Stay calm, there is a threat located in the building. We are calling authorities right away!"

I didn't know what to do, and I didn't see the room as a place of safety as there was nowhere to hide. I sprinted trying to find a hideout. Then, standing before me was a man stealing the artifacts from before. In his hand he held a weapon. "HEY!" He yelled and began to advance towards me. I raised my hands into a halt, and suddenly his weapon flew out his hand. I took his confusion to my advantage and raised my hands again. His feet had risen above him and suddenly he was in my hands. I raise my hands down in a short movement. This resulted in him passing out temporarily before authorities could arrest the man. I looked behind me and saw everybody watching in awe. Today, I am being awarded by my local sheriff for my heroic act and my newfound power. At the end of his speech, the sheriff said, "A hero was born today," and I was beaming with pride. I still don't know why the book chose me, but I am eternally grateful.