

Peter Parker's Lego Adventure

by Katelyn Ortega

Peter sat on his carpeted floor rummaging through the small, colorful pieces of plastic, unwinding in the rare peace of his aunt's cramped apartment in the heart of Queens, New York. He considered it a blessing, times like these, where he could rest in the midst of his chaotic life as the city's own 'Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man'— or at least, the name given to him ever since he first slipped into that red and blue spandex and started swinging around buildings. It was a considerably draining experience trying to juggle his schooling on the side of saving lives; stopping derailing trains, punching bad guys, and helping old ladies cross the street, but Peter Parker had grown accustomed to the constant noise that surrounded him. He could never quite escape the amalgamation of his thoughts, the bustling streets, and the constant voices of his past— his heightened senses didn't help his case either. But, if a Lego set of his beloved city could be of any ease to his wild conscience, he'd pretend to be a normal, dorky, non- genetically super enhanced, teenage high schooler for a day if he could.

But he couldn't.

No, it never quite worked out that way.

Peter had spent the last fifteen minutes attempting to find an irritatingly small 2x2 brick for the top of the Empire State Building, cursing his horrendous organizational skills. He could have sworn the universe had some form of secret agenda against him, because it would honestly make complete sense. Nevertheless, he continued his search under his bed, nightstand, dresser, and found *nothing*. Peter was about to stand down from his efforts before he spotted a piece of plastic beside a shoe, however it wasn't the gray he had been expecting, but rather a glowing white piece. *Wait, glowing?* The teen slowly crawled towards the piece with a raised brow, as though it was alluring him subconsciously, and as his hand made contact with it, he felt the air escape him and the world felt as though it crumbled around him., a bright light flashing from it. His eyes closed and the world went black.

That was, until his eyelids fluttered back open, his body feeling hundreds of new senses around him, along with those same bustling city sounds he was so familiar with, only to see himself in the middle of the sidewalk in the city. Except it wasn't the city built by the usual industrial materials, it was the colourful bricks he perfectly substituted for the tall

skyscrapers of New York. As he looked around, he saw people, but they were also replaced by their own plastic counterparts. But what shocked him most was looking down to see himself, in his Spidey-Suit, also articulate the same plastic-y way everyone else was.

He was a Lego. Everything was Lego. Yet all he could utter was,
"Aunt May is gonna be so mad I missed dinner."