

## Excerpt from “Who Put the Super in Hero”

When I think about the time when we were young, I always come back to our circumstances. What if we hadn't been poor? What if we hadn't lived in the projects? What if Dad wasn't crazy? All these what-ifs only led to more. It's maddening if one thinks about it, which brings me back to Batman.

“Rebecca run!” I heard Barney scream behind me.

I jumped off our makeshift teeter-totter (a steel pole laid over a wooden bench) and landed on my feet in a race with the wind. My cape floating behind me I was in search of the Joker, aka: Martin, Barney's older brother. You see I was Batgirl. I was always Batgirl. No matter how much my sister begged me I wouldn't give her up. It was more of an honorary title and she just didn't seem to have what it took. She was always my sidekick, Batgirl's younger sister. Thinking back now it was cruel I guess, but we tended to be selfish at that age, don't you think?

Anyway, I was off and running with my sidekick steadily following behind me, yelling the whole way for me to slow down. I just looked back at her and continued to run faster. Hey, I was Batgirl. I had things to accomplish, people to save, she would have to learn to catch up or eat my dust.

“Watch out, Joker is behind my house,” Barney, “Batman,” shouted out.

I looked back toward my sidekick and she was nowhere to be found.