

*No!* There was no way it could get any worse. The villain won. How could some big purple guy who only ever sits in a chair beat the world's mightiest heroes, and some from the far reaches of space. And then, the credits started.

Harry Funny turned to his left to face his brother, Dan who was crying so hard people were staring at him.

"That's not possible!" Dan screamed between sobs.

"Don't worry, I'm sure there's an end-credit scene," Harry told Dan, but also trying to reassure himself.

When they exited movie theater five minutes later, they were both still in shock. The end credit scene had given them more questions than answers. They had exited out of the movie theater into a cold, late April day, in Marvel City, Maryland. They stopped to sit at a table at the Starbucks next to the theater. The brothers continued to talk about the movie intensely.

"When does Avengers 4 come out?" Dan asked Harry.

"It's at least a year away," answered Harry.

"#@%\$!" Dan screamed.

"Yup," Harry replied sadly.

They got up and started walking home. They lived about a mile and a quarter from the theater.

"So, are we allowed to talk about how a high school senior cried while watching a superhero movie?" Harry asked Dan smuggly.

"Can we talk about how an eighth grader accidentally taught the eight year old in the row behind him some new bad words" Dan returned.

Harry's face turned scarlet. He had said a few curse words towards the end of the movie, but had believed that Dan's crying would have made them impossible to hear.

They walked in silence for about 10 minutes, both trying to think of something annoying to say. All of the sudden, it got very warm very fast. The brothers looked up to see if they could see the sun, but it was still very cloudy, and the sun was barely visible behind the clouds. Then they began to smell something burn, and heard cackling, as well as screaming. Dan quickly turned around to see where the screaming was coming from, and saw that the apartment building behind them was burning down.

"Look!" Dan exclaimed while turning Harry around.

"Holy %\$#@!" Harry screamed.

"Language," said a woman with a young kid walking past them.

"Sorry," Harry muttered quietly while turning scarlet again.

Then Harry and Dan ran in the direction of the screaming woman, who seemed to be safely out of harm's way.

"What's wrong?" Dan asked the lady.

"My baby's trapped inside!" wailed the woman.

Dan looked conflicted for a moment, then decided that he'll try to get the baby. He asked the woman which her apartment was, then the woman gave him her key.

"Don't worry, ma'am," Dan said nervously, and shakily headed towards the building.

"Wait!" an elderly man yelled right before Dan opened the door. However, Dan couldn't hear the man over the cackling flames, and went in the building.

"My dog!" the man yelled. "She's still in there."

Without any thinking, Harry responded “I’ll get him.”

He nervously bolted towards the door, then turned around and yelled “Which is your apartment?”

“Three floors up, fifth door to the right,” the man said.

“Thanks,” replied Harry, and he ran inside.

His lungs were immediately filled with smoke, and it was near impossible to see anything. All he could see were the basic silhouettes of everyday objects. In front of him was a door. Harry headed towards it, coughing so hard he could hardly breathe. He went through the doorway, and kept walking. He could see that these were the stairs, and he started heading up. Harry managed to quickly get upstairs, and he located the apartment. He could hear the dog yelping inside, as well. He tugged on the door handle. *Locked*. He had forgotten to ask the man for the key. Harry looked around to try and see if he could find something to use to break the door open, but couldn’t see through the smoke. He began to throw his body against the door, trying to open it. Harry kept coughing, and was about to give up, and turn around, and at least try to save himself.

*No*, he thought, *I am a Gryffindor*.

With one final hit against the door, Harry bust it open. The a big, black labrador flew past him, and went down the stairs. Harry turned around and tried to run, but he couldn’t since his lungs were filled with smoke. He staggered down the stairs, and could see the dog exiting through the door of the building. He walked as fast as he could towards the door, but then he heard something crack. Harry looked up, could see the roof above him was about to implode. He sped up, he put his hand on the door, he could smell the fresh air of the outside, and then *crash!*

The roof fell, and some debris hit his back, and he fell over hardly. His back and legs were covered with debris, and it was too heavy for him to lift. His left arm barely was holding the door open, and he felt as if he was about to pass out. He could see Dan, covered in soot, handing a baby girl to the woman who had been screaming. The black lab that Harry had rescued was licking the elderly man who Harry told that he would rescue his dog. Harry could also see fire engines, police cars, and ambulances pulling up, as well as a growing group of curious bystanders. He tried to focus on getting up, but had no strength to do so, and was still coughing from the smoke. Suddenly, the world around him became blurrier and blurrier, and then black.

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Harry woke the next morning with a start. He looked around disoriented, not knowing where

he was. Then he felt an arm on his shoulder.

“Ahh!” he screamed.

“Relax, relax, it’s me,” someone whispered.

Harry turned his head to the left and saw Dan.

“Oh,” said Harry, now calming down, “where are we?”

“The hospital, little bro. You wiped out saving that dog yesterday,” Dan replied.

Harry’s memories began to return to him. Unfortunately, the only thing he remembered from the accident was running into the apartment building.

“Mr. Funny,” came a female British voice through the door.

“He’s awake, doc,” Dan replied to her.

“Oh good,” she said, then turned to look at Harry.

“Hello Harrison, my name is Dr. Jail,” she said with a smile, while extending a hand to Harry.

Harry shook hands with Dr. Jail, then asked if she could please call him Harry.

“Of course,” she said with a smile, then continued, “Listen Harry, you’ve broken both your legs and your left arm in the accident. You’re lucky it wasn’t more serious.”

“Oh,” Harry replied quietly.

“Mr. Funny, please make sure Harry takes the medicine I gave you last night,” she asked while leaving.

“You got it, Doc!” Dan replied cheerfully.

Dan handed Harry a small, oval shaped purple pill, as well as a blue circular pill. Harry grabbed the glass of water sitting next to him, then he swallowed both pills with some trouble, as he never was great at swallowing pills.

Then he asked Dan “Did we ever end up watching that movie?”

“Yep,” Dan said with an uneasy smile.

Harry really wished he could remember more, since he knew Dan would give him a hard time about the movie, because Harry was insanely excited to see the it.

“If you don’t remember what happened we can rewatch it,” Dan added in a sly voice.

The rest of the day, Harry and Dan spent the day watching their favorite TV show, *The Adventures of the Strike Man*. After a while, Dan turned to look at Harry.

“You know what this proves,” Dan said

“What?” asked Harry, turning to face Dan.

“Anybody can be a hero,” Dan responded simply.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, think about it. You, Harry Funny, average eighth grader, ran into a burning building, with no protection, to rescue a dog.”

“So?”

“So what? You are an everyday hero, little Harrison. Think about it, how many other people would have done what you did?”

“You rescued a baby.”

“But that’s the *only* thing I did. I didn’t even have to go into the smokiest part of the building like you. Not all heroes are like Strike Man, running around in costumes,” Dan commented while pointing towards the television.

Harry felt awkward. He wasn’t one for liking the spotlight. But Dan decided that’s where Harry should be at the moment. He didn’t care, though, he was just happy the dog was safe.

Everyone has heroes around them or helping them