

# He's No Superman

By BAMFManiac

Submitted: November 2, 2004

Updated: November 2, 2004

*a short parody of comic and tv superheroes, written for my creative writing class.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/BAMFManiac/8487/Hes-No-Superman>

**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

**2**

# 1 - Untitled

## He's No Superman

With a disheveled grunt, Greg stretched an arm from under the covers and clapped his hand over the beeping alarm clock. After laying in bed for a few precious minutes, he sighed and rolled over onto the floor, dragging his off-white sheets down with him. Groggily half-crawling to the bathroom of his cramped apartment, he rubbed the sleep from his eyes and dazedly brushed his teeth. There was no mirror- Greg usually avoided looking at his bloodshot eyes and unkempt brown hair. Losing a girlfriend and a job in one week had left him in bad shape. The man was only 27 and already falling apart.

After a quick breakfast of cold pizza and Coke, Greg trudged back to his room to get ready for the day. He pulled on his bright scarlet tights and form-fitting black bodysuit (he had to suck in a little), and laced up his polished black leather boots. He added an eye patch to conceal his identity (and for a cool effect). *All ready*, he thought, and leaped out of his second-floor window.

The Leap (formerly known as Greg) landed on his feet with a thud and immediately jumped again, sailing smoothly through the air and continuing in this fashion until a bustle of activity near the Tinkerton house caught his eye.

"Trouble!" he yelled, and leaped majestically toward the Tinkerton's tidy yard. "What seems to be the problem here?" he asked authoritatively.

"It's little Timmy!" a distressed Mrs. Tinkerton answered, pointing a manicured finger above her. "He's stuck in the old oak tree!"

Looking up into the deep-green leaves, our hero noticed a small trembling figure among the top-most branches. "Never fear!" he roared. "I will save your son!" And with that he kicked off into the air, jumping just high enough to reach the boy.

"Wow! That was a swell ride!" exclaimed Timmy upon safely being returned to the ground. "Can we do that again?" The Leap smiled modestly.

"No, no, young man," Mrs. Tinkerton reprimanded. "Mr. Leap has other things to do. Now thank the nice man for saving you."

"Thanks, Mr. Leap!" said Timmy sweetly.

"Anytime, Timmy. Just be more careful from now on!"

With that, The Leap shot up in a flash, continuing his bouncy journey of justice, determined to stomp on

evil wherever it may lie. It would not be easy, and it didn't pay much. Naturally, he couldn't charge for his services- it just wouldn't be chivalrous. He'd tried dropping subtle hints around his bigger jobs (i.e. "Oh, I guess I'll be heading home to my recently-mortgaged apartment now, I hope I'll have enough to pay for dinner" and "Yeah, I have more time to save people these days, since I lost my job and all"). It hadn't worked. But Greg would not be deterred. This was his power and his responsibility, whether he liked it or not. It was a lonely life, but it was his own. And so, for as long as he could fit into those tights, Greg would continue to be... *The Leap*.