

Dr. Destructo
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I stand back, with a clever smirk on my face and stare at the city in ruins. There are people screaming, everything's on fire and smoke fills the air while the remains of buildings scatter for miles around me. It is at this moment I feel the power I had always longed for. I always knew the destruction of this city would happen one day, I just thought I'd be the one trying to stop it. Not the one causing it. I guess time doesn't heal all wounds.

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Allow me to start from the beginning, so I can paint you a clear picture of how I got to be where I am today. My name is Caleb Timmins, or as you may know me more commonly, Dr. Destructo. I didn't start out evil, in fact I personally believe nobody does. I believe one is simply a product of their environment, which is exactly what I am. In the world of superheroes and villains, there's rarely a choice to be made, the path you start on is your path for life. Except in my case, I started out training as a hero, along the way, that all changed. You see, being a hero is all fun and games, until you realize who's actually hosting the party. That's right, the villains and boy do we know how to throw a party.

I've been told I would've made a great hero, but I can guarantee you I make a better villain. It all started about 10 years ago, when I enrolled in The Superhero Academy. I had quite a rough upbringing, my dad died when I was eight and my mother remarried a terrible man who always told me I wouldn't make anything of myself. Now you're probably thinking to yourself, "Well that's just a cop-out right there, a kid with a terrible childhood and mean step-dad becomes a villain. Who's in charge of this story?" But I can guarantee my story does not go in the direction you think it does. I promised myself I would not fall into his trap and allow him to get into my head and convince me I was worthless. One afternoon on my way home from school, I saw a flyer hanging from a pole. There were dozens of flyers on the pole, some for dog walking, some for tutoring services, even some for missing people but this one was different.

This flyer was bright yellow, almost glowing in my face as I passed it. As I got closer to it, it seemed to glow brighter and brighter until it was in my hand, and it stopped glowing completely. I took this as a sign that I was meant to find this flyer, but to my surprise there was nothing written on it but the words "Take Me Home". So, I did. I shoved the flyer into my backpack and ran the rest of the way home as fast as my feet could carry me. By the time I got home, I saw my step-dad's car in the driveway and I knew I had to hide the flyer from him and get to my room as quickly as possible or else we'd have to play a round of everyone's least favourite game, Carl's Questions.

It's as if he could hear me coming up the driveway, because the moment I opened the door, he was standing in the foyer, ready to ask me about my day. "Hello Caleb. How was your day?" "Hi Carl, my day was fine, but I have a lot of homework to finish so I'm gonna head up to my room to get that done." I replied, thinking of my best excuse that could get me upstairs before he started with his millions of questions. "Alright kiddo, you go get your work done, just remember your mom will be home at 6 with dinner and we expect you down here." Everything Carl says always sounds so condescending whether he means for it to be or not.

I head up to my room and shut the door behind me. I pull the flyer out of my bag and stare at it intensely. As I stare at it, I can see the words that were written on it disappearing and something new appearing. In big, bold letters the flyer read "DO YOU WANT TO BE THE NEXT BIG SUPERHERO? RECRUITMENT BEGINS THIS WEEK, REGISTER NOW!" The next big superhero? I thought to myself, who wouldn't want to be a superhero, but I didn't think superheroes were real. I thought that was just something we read about and watched in movies. I kept staring at the page, but I couldn't figure out how to apply, there were no phone numbers, emails or even a website. The more I started at the page, the more confused I became, maybe superheroes aren't real, and someone just made this flyer to mess with me. However, that still doesn't explain the magical flyer in my hand.

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"So, Caleb, how was your day today?" my mother asked at dinner. "It was okay, I guess, I had a test and Jacob got suspended for fighting again but that's about it." Almost two weeks had passed since I found the flyer on my way home from school, and still nothing had come of it, so I had just given up on trying to become a superhero. "Caleb, can you please do the dishes, Carl and I have some errands to run." my mom and Carl ran errands every Tuesday but I had still yet to figure out where they went or what they did. "Ya of course mom, I'll do them, then I think I'm gonna head to bed early." "Alright sweetie, we'll see you in the morning then." She kissed me on the cheek and her and Carl left. After I finished washing the dishes, I headed upstairs to my bedroom, and that's when I saw him...The Golden Warrior sitting on my bed.

I almost couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the world's best superhero sitting on my bed. "Caleb! How are you kid?" he asked without hesitation. "You.... You're the...the...Golden Warrior!" I couldn't seem to contain my excitement and he definitely knew that. "Yes, I am, and I'm here because you're The Superhero Academy's next junior recruit. I know this may seem random, but we've been watching you for a while now and we think you have exactly what it takes to be the next big hero. Are you up for the challenge?" "YES! I mean yes, of course, thank you so much for this opportunity." "Don't worry." The Golden Warrior replied, "You're allowed to be excited, now let's get you to the headquarters for training."

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The next part of my story is where things turn quite dark, so I suggest all of you squeamish readers, take a break and go read a picture book or something, after all they don't call me a super VILLAIN for nothing. After The Golden Warrior took me back to The Superhero Academy Headquarters, training was standard. I did fight simulation training; they gave me superpowers and most of all taught me the perfect way to defend against villains. Knowing superheroes every move and all their weaknesses, sure came in handy when I attempted world domination. I trained three times a week for months, until one day The Golden Warrior told me, to officially become a superhero I would need to commit fully to the program, which meant dropping out of school, leaving home, and moving to The Superhero Academy full time. I didn't know what or how to tell my mother and Carl, and it was almost the reason I chose to not commit to the program. However, after my first mission with the Academy, I knew this was my destiny and I would do whatever it took to become the world's best superhero.

One morning I woke up, and my mother and Carl were nowhere to be found. I thought nothing of it at first and simply assumed they had left early for work. On my way to school, I got an emergency notification from the Academy. My mom and Carl had been abducted and it was up to me to save them. I got to the Academy as fast as I could, suited up and flew off to the scene of the crime. Now I'm going to take this moment to clear up some misconceptions about villains. Everyone thinks we live in dark, dingy basements we call dungeons and hold people hostage with ropes and bad lighting, but in reality, our technology is more advanced than most superheroes and many of us live in penthouses. Anyway, back to the story, when I arrived at the scene of the crime, I knew exactly who I was dealing with, Mr. Destructo, our city's most notorious villain.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t...wait. What!? I have no idea who you are. Where’s The Golden Warrior?” Mr. Destructo was quite surprised to see me. I mean I would be too, how is a 17-year-old supposed to fight such a powerful villain. “I’m Caleb. I haven’t really had the time to produce a cool superhero name because I’ve been really busy with training and schools and my chores.” “What kind of ‘hero’ comes to the rescue of civilians but doesn’t have a name. You’re going to be quite an easy one then.” What he didn’t know was that I was at the top of my class at the Academy, I was the best newbie they had ever seen, and I was too busy perfecting my technique to worry about a name, plus they usually don’t give out names until graduation which was still two weeks away. “These aren’t ‘innocent civilians’ these are my parents, and I don’t plan to leave here without them alive and you, dead. “Meer mortal, clearly you don’t know better, so I’ll go easy on you, and if you put up a half decent fight, I’ll let your mother go.” I knew that Mr. Destructo was lying so I had to put up my best fight to ensure his demise.

Now I could go into heavy detail about the battle, but that is a whole other story on its own, and my editor gave me a word limit, so you’ll have to read about that somewhere else. I’ll give you the gist of it though. I used every power I had to try and destroy him, but everything I had just wasn’t enough. I was no match for Mr. Destructo, and he knew that.

He fought hard and kept fighting until my very last punch. Just as he knocked me out cold, The Golden Warrior came flying in through the window and fought off Mr. Destructo with one single blow. Mr. Destructo was defeated once and for all. Now you’re probably thinking, how could this have possibly made you into a villain when the good guys were the winners of the story. Well don’t be so quick to jump to conclusions. In destroying Mr. Destructo, The Golden Warrior set off a detonator killing my mom and Carl in the process and didn’t even feel sorry for what he did. In fact, his last words to me were “Sometimes you have to lose a few, to save the world.”

Those words stuck with me, and I made it my life’s mission to avenge my mother’s death, even if that meant taking over Mr. Destructo’s legacy and becoming the world’s worst villain. I dropped out of the Academy, went to medical school and became Dr. Destructo instead. Now the city is up in flames and under my control and the poor, little Golden Warrior is nowhere to be found.

So, I guess what they say is true, every hero has a story, but not every story has a hero, and mine sure doesn’t.