

Super Heroes

When my brother was very young, he loved super heroes.
He collected plastic figures of all the super heroes.
I think he had every super hero figurine that there was.
He used to tie a towel over his shoulders and run through the back yard.
He pretended that he was rescuing people.
One time he stood on the roof.
He really thought that he could fly with his super hero cape on.
He would have hurt himself if he had jumped.
My dad saw him and told him to get down.
My dad explained to my brother that super heroes are not real.
Real people cannot fly from rooftops.
My brother was disappointed.
He thought that the super heroes really existed.
My dad explained that most super heroes were created as comic book characters.
Somebody used their imagination to make them up, and then an artist drew them.
My brother was not impressed.
He said that he wanted to meet the super heroes.
My father told him that he might meet someone dressed up as a super hero, but it wouldn't really be a super hero in the costume.
It is hard to explain to small children that the things that they see in comic books and on television aren't really real.
My brother still pretends that he is a super hero.
He doesn't jump from rooftops, but he runs around and makes noises like he is flying.
I look at him and remember when I used to do things like that.
I'm more mature than my brother.
I know that super heroes aren't real, but I know that he is having fun and using his imagination.