

ELECTRICITY
ORDINARY SUPERPOWERS

Inspired by the music album 'Electricity'

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ELECTRICITY

Clutching the ancient map, unable to leave the warmth of bed, I check the room for signs of reality. My globe-hopping, planet-hopping, time-travelling, bad guy hunting adventure couldn't have been a dream. It just felt too real: the burning heat on my face, the whooshing wind as I soared through the sky and the dread of being captive on a plane to an exploding volcano.

Looking around my room, I notice my world is exactly how I left it the day before. The Egyptian poster on the wall showing the pyramids standing proud and tall, unmoved for centuries. Wow what a place that was. My pet lizard, who looked a lot like the gecko that I saw in the rain forest of Brazil. The same gecko that reminded me of the powers I had, by camouflaging itself in the trees. I pull the purple curtains back as if drawing in the stage curtains on a magician's show to reveal that majestic castle sitting on the hill. Tightening my royal red cape, I watch people climb the pike like ants reaching for sugary nectar.

A door slams loudly nearby, I'm brought back into the room. My calendar falls off the hook and lands on the old guitar in the corner of my room making an out of tune twang. I jolt into attention and the plane hanging from the ceiling spins out of control. If it was warmer, I'd be more inclined to reach up and stop it. Not only does the circling plane remind me of being imprisoned on that metal bird with King Weirdo and Martha the smelly, but also a feeling that something bad is going to happen.

Rather than leaving the comfort of the mattress to join the cold world, I remember it was only yesterday I was an actual hero with amazing superpowers that saw me flying through the air, turning invisible, gaining super-strength and all the bravery that it takes to be a planet-saving legend. Yesterday was too real not to have happened. Surely if I walked on the moon and did all of those great things, stopping this model plane from turning would be a cinch.

Squinting my eyes and mustering all of the powers that could possibly be held inside, I focus on the plane. I shoot an invisible laser beam directly into the path of the moving object to centre its gravity and leave it motionless. It doesn't work. I try to push ice out of my hand to freeze it in position. Nothing. I close my eyes and imagine it stopping with all my might. I open my eyes. It's stopped! It's actually stopped. It wasn't a dream after all. YES, this feels amazing! How shall I use my superpowers today?



Before I get chance to celebrate and plan my life changing day, I notice a hand clasping the plane. I scream. She screams.

"Blimey, Y'all right Jay?" Questions Mum startled, "It's only me. I stopped this plane. It was spinning like mad and you were closing your eyes doing this weird voodoo thing."

Puffing air out of my mouth like a deflating balloon (which ironically mirrored my mood), I explain the situation.

"Yeah, I just thought I was stopping the plane with mind powers because yester..." I begin but get interrupted.

"I hope this means you're finally getting into the spirit of this holiday," she replies.

"Holi...wait...oh yeah, erm, course." I stumble on my thoughts and words.

"Every year the same, you know that," Mum says smiling. "I know things are a little different this year," she says, her smile fading.

A light bulb goes off in my mind exposing the darkness within my thoughts.

Picking up the calendar off the floor, Mum points to the date and reads '2nd November'. "We've got one hour until the taxi arrives for the airport so you might want to get out of bed at some point," she says.

Teardrops form in my eye as I search the room for comfort.

"You can say your goodbyes to Mr Robot too," Mum says clinking my metal friend on the head, making a ding noise.

"Dad put so much time into Robot," I say biting my lip. "It was the last thing we built together... before he disappeared."

"I know. Come here." Mum gestures for a hug, "I don't know where he's gone or why but he loves us very much," Mum says stroking my back.

I get lost in the embrace when I spot a circular parcel at the door.

"Mum, What's that at the door?" I query.

"Oh yeah. An unusual man just delivered it a few minutes ago," Mum says looking puzzled. "It's addressed to you too!"

"What is it?" I ask.

"I don't know," Mum replies ruffling my hair. "Let me know, I've got so much to do before we leave. Your comfy clothes are on the side."

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Mum leaves and I sit on the floor next to the mysterious package.

My mind is in overdrive, wondering what could be in that parcel.



Furiously tearing at the cardboard, heart pounding in my chest, I get a glimpse of what's inside. It can't be. I must be mistaken. Only a little more to fully reveal the contents. Throwing the last remaining pieces of cardboard out of the way, I sit back and catch my breath. Eyes wide and shaking my head, I try to make sense of what I'm seeing. Is it real? How did it get here? Who sent it? Why? Where is it from?

The same metal circle that I had seen the King and Martha disappear on, and the very same metal circle that span me back hours in time to a lonely, icy Antarctica just the day before, is here on my bedroom floor before my very eyes. The same dials, display and round metal base that I presumed had been in a dream. It's the time machine!

Unbelievable. If yesterday really happened then where are my superpowers and how did I escape from that horrible man at the volcano?

I wonder if this thing actually works. Maybe my powers are locked inside the machine, to be brought alive once it is powered up and set into motion.

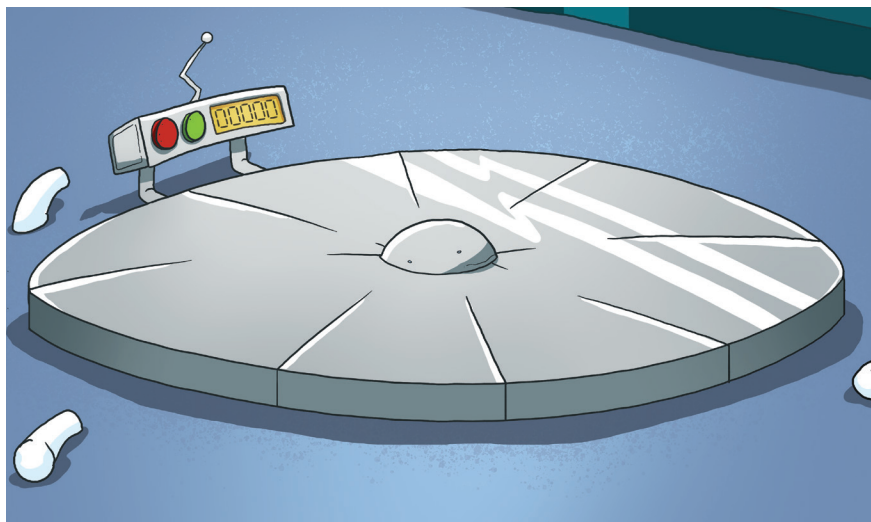
Only one thing for it, let's try it out. Last time I used the time machine I went back hours. How about trying days, weeks, months, maybe years!? Hmm...

When to go? Boom, I got it. In year four we learned about the Romans. With my superpowers not only would I make lots of friends but I might even go for a dip in one of their swimming pools, I love swimming. 70AD it is.

Excited, but totally nervous, I grab one of the dials and turn it to the left as hard as I can. The numbers on the display race backwards frantically and the buzzing starts. The noise gets louder as my heart beats faster and faster. What am I doing? This is crazy. I feel electricity in the air. The numbers on the screen are getting to double figures so I switch the dial to the centre just in time to catch 70 on the display. The pitch gets higher and higher and the whole room feels alive. I wipe the sweat from my face and try to control my fast, heavy breathing. It's now or never.

I cast my fears aside and jump onto the metal circle ready to be thrown across time in a spinning confusion carried by lightning.

It's started, this is happening. Hold on tight.





Spinning and whirling, I see zooming colours and shapes flying all around me. The machine stops dead and I'm thrown to the ground.

Shaking my head to take away the dizziness of the ride, my eyes gain focus. I'm no longer in my bedroom but lying on a stone mosaic floor.

The sounds are overwhelming, not to mention the smell of damp and the cold. I hear flames from a fire, loud voices through the wall, the rubbing of wood on rope, horses whinnying and the sharpening of metal. I creep around to find a window to see how friendly these people look. I peer out through the glassless window to see what's outside and can't believe my eyes.

Contained within a big wooden fence, is this huge village. Fires are crackling, next to the bones of their previous meals. Strong men are practicing their sword fighting and sharpening the blades, loud clinks from the contact of sword and shield

piercing my ears. Agitated horses are tied up ready for the next journey or battle. People are wearing heavy wool and sandals. I'm staring at this ancient scene in awe when all of a sudden a voice cuts through the drone.

"Hey Kid," a big burly voice bellows in my direction as everything stops.

I jump to the side of the window just out of view, wishing with all my might that it was all part of my imagination. What would they think, seeing this futuristic stranger....in my pyjamas? I panic. Why wasn't I a mountain of strength and muscle or have lightning fast brain power? Wait...I can be! Travelling on the machine gives me my superpowers back, doesn't it? That's the reason I'm here. This whole problem can all be over, I'll just create a force field or pick these guys up with my little finger and throw them into the sea.

"I said, HEY. KID." The deep, powerful voice builds in anger. "I'm talking to you."

I take a big gulp, swallowing any plans I had made and breathe deeply ready to communicate with this angered brute.

Ok here goes, tell him you're not scared of his sword and muscles. Be brave.

“Who me?” A small voice answers from below the window outside.

I jump out of my skin as a young, nervous voice just inches away, starts to crack under the pressure.

“Yes slave. Bring me that jar, I’m getting thirsty,” the man demands. “Oh and walk on your knees, we could all do with a laugh.”

Hundreds of voices erupt into cheers, laughter and applause. I tilt my head to position an eye to take a peak outside.

The small boy gets down to his knees and scrabbles slowly across the floor towards the biggest of the men there. The crowd cheer on and throw things at the boy in amusement as if it were a game. I turn red with rage and run around the strange, unfamiliar stone cold house to find the front door. In a crazed anger, I fly out of the house into the open village. I try with all my might to create a tornado that would throw these terrible people away from the poor boy, but nothing happens. I fling my hands up into the sky but again, nothing. I don’t understand; I’ve been on the time machine. Where are these superpowers and what good am I without them? What could I do to help without giving myself away?

At that time, I may well have been invisible as the boy was taking all of the attention. I need an idea, a spark.

A spark!

I grab a lit torch and run over to the wooden village fence. Holding the flame from the torch to the fence, it catches. The fence is on fire. I kick down the part of the fence nearest to the door and run back to the house to hide by the safety of the window and watch the fire spread like, well, like wild fire, as the air gets thick and the smell of burning starts to approach. The whole village is surrounded by a glowing amber fence with flames reaching into the sky. The big burly man stops the crowd silent.

“Fire,” he shouts. “The whole village is on fire. We must be under attack. Quick grab your weapons.”

The leary lot all scrabble around, choking on the fumes from the fire, banging into each other to get ready for battle.

I lean out of the window and shout to the boy, “There’s an opening in the fence near the door of this house. Quick. Make a run for it.”

After a minute of startled stares from the boy, he gets to his feet and runs away.

I jump on to the metal circle and turn the dials on the front to the right; the numbers on the display race up to the thousands. I jump out of my skin as I hear the smashing of pots and lots of feet on stone.

“This window here,” a dull voice calls out. “The kid was shouting from here. I’d love a little slave.”

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I reach for the dials to stop at the second of November in the time and year that I left and pray that the machine works fast enough.

The men charge around the corner snarling and destroying everything in sight. The machine kicks into gear and the buzzing starts. I feel the electricity. A hand reaches and grabs my arm so tightly. The spinning starts, I'm being thrown into that familiar lightning bolt to the time I left behind.

Who and what will I find in the present?



I land back into my room with a thud. The top of my back hurts a little from the landing but I'm just glad there isn't a great big Roman attached to my arm. I've made it back home at just the right time noticing the mess that I'd made earlier that day.

"Jay," Mum shouts up the stairs. "Is everything ok, what was that bang?"

"Oh, the bang, that. Erm," I stumble my words noisily in confusion. "What bang? Yeah, I'm alright thanks Mum!"

"Ok, well you've twenty minutes to be ready. Do you hear?" She questions through the floor. "Yep, twenty minutes," I reply.

Now's not the time to tell Mum about my adventures and this machine. I must hide it before anyone finds out. What could be more exciting than being at the place and time that history happens?

I turn around to size up the machine to see whether it will fit in the wardrobe or under my bed when I see it glowing bright blue. I've not seen this before. What could it mean? I start to look around the room to spot a possible hiding place when I see something very strange indeed. There is a bright blue shining from the back of the robot, lighting up the wall behind it. Confused as to what's causing the blue light, I turn the robot around to see what is creating the glow. There are two holes in the robot's back with two beams of strong, vivid, blue lights shooting out on to the wall. I

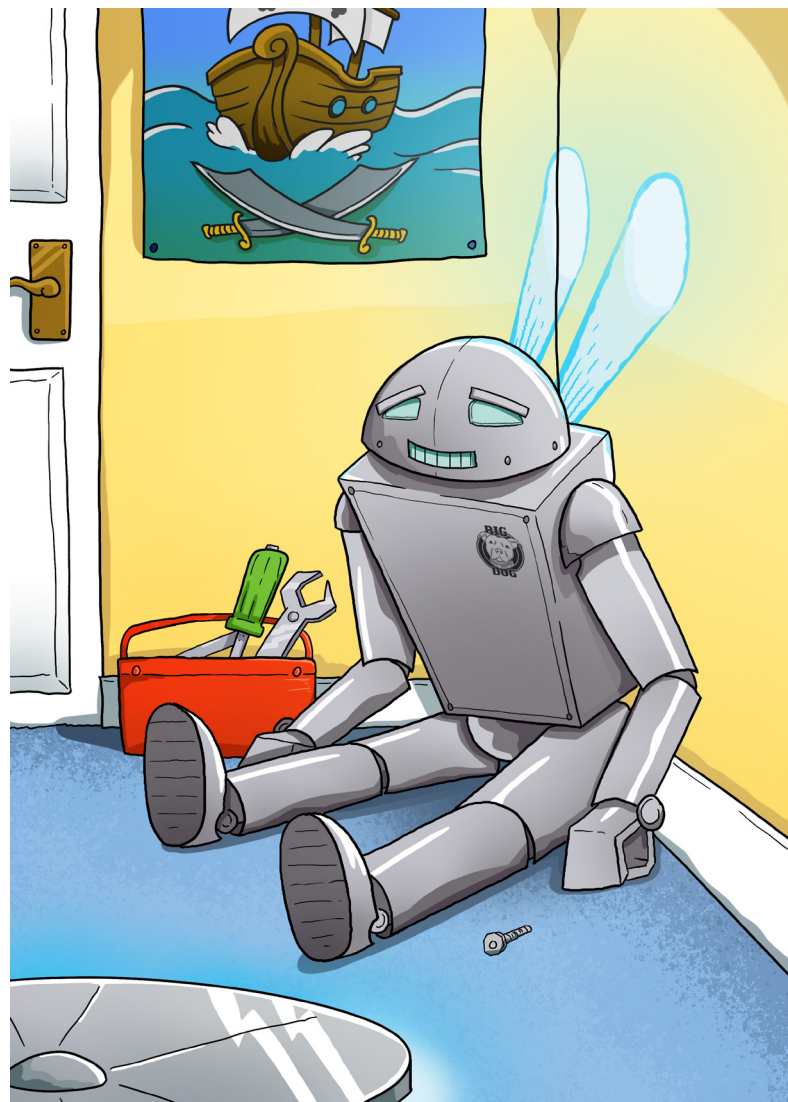
run over to the time machine to turn it upside down and the room is illuminated with the same two, vivid, blue laser beams of light as the robot. Not only are the lights the same colour, but there are two clips which look like they would fit into the holes in the back of Robot.

Now I think of it, the metal of the time machine is made of exactly the same metal as the robot. This is surely meant to be.

I pick up the time machine and carry it over to Robot. The blue beams of light enter each others path as I slide the machine's clips into the back of the robot. Bam, it fits!

The robot jolts and the blue light is concealed within. Robot's triangular eyes light up like two blue rewind and fast forward buttons. It's now blue oblong mouth shining like the wonder in jewels.

He's alive!



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Clinging to Robot's back, we shoot off for the stars. Reflections are shining in his silver suit. Robot has an urge to explore just much as I do. We crash down to earth and splash into a turquoise lagoon where no-one has ever been before.

Deep underwater, we make our way through the unknown, flying through caves and secret hideouts before splashing through waves onto land.

I always feel safe as long as Robot is there smiling back at me. We're having the most amazing day.

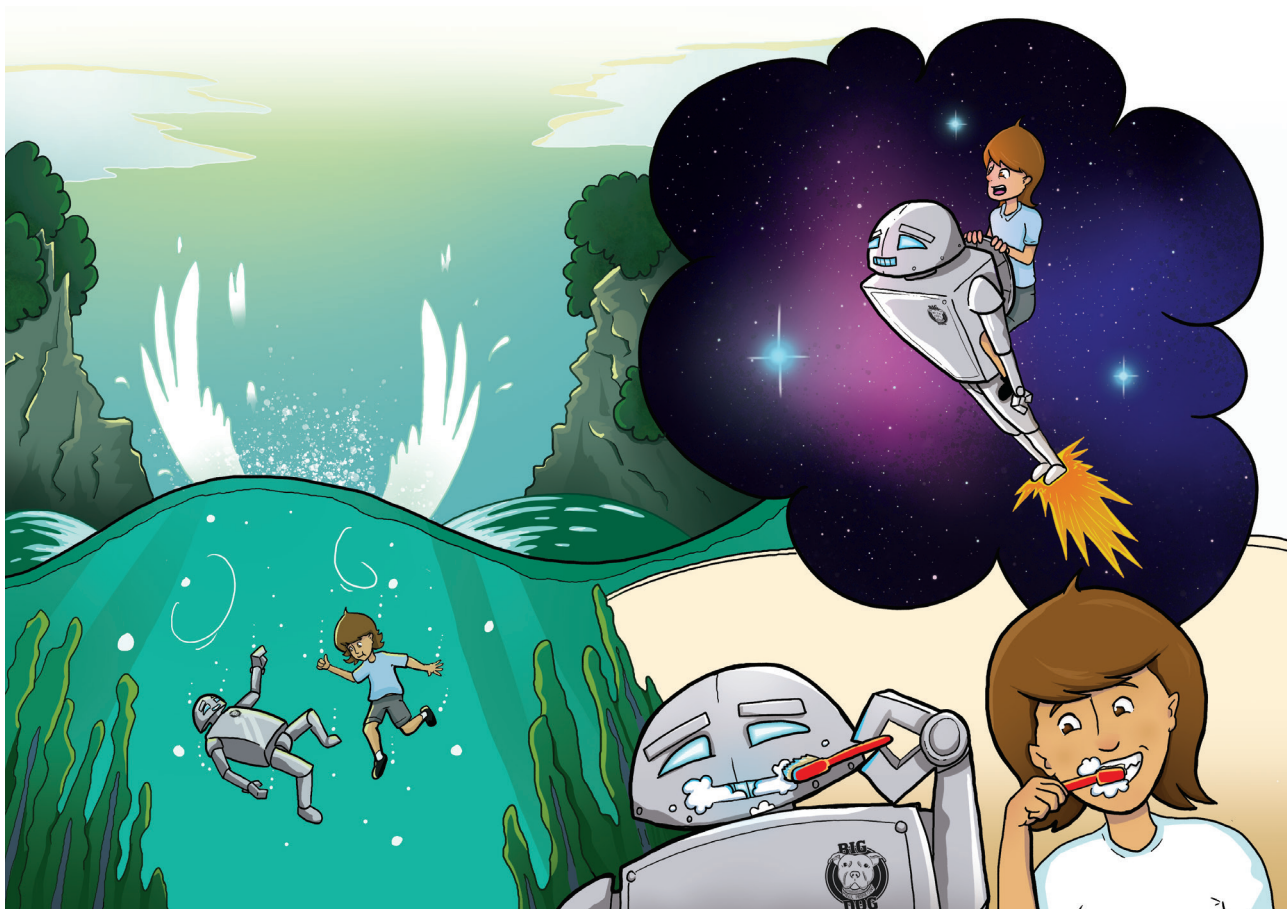
We run across the deserts and icy plains. Whenever I get too tired, my robot picks me up and carries me, no matter how tired he is.

He may be only metal but he feels like so much more. There's something familiar about spending time with Robot.

At the end of our big, long, exciting day, full of wonder and content, Robot brushes his teeth with me, well, he foams up his blue mouth.

I'm so sleepy lying in bed, switched off to the world. Robot reads me a story as I drift off. There is nobody in the whole universe but robot and this story.

Sleep.



“Jay,” Mum snaps, opening my door. “It’s.....what on earth has happened in here?”

“There’s cardboard everywhere,” she continues. “And there’s books all over...you know what? We don’t have time for this.”

“Still in your pyjamas Jay, really?” Mum asks annoyed. “C’mon. Ready now. Two minutes. I’ll be at the front door.”

She rushes down the stairs reading a list of things she will need for the long trip ahead. I start to put on my comfy clothes for the plane journey but stop as I put my socks on, staring at the now vacant robot.

“Thanks for the best day I’ve had in ages Robot, it’s been pretty lonely since Dad left.”

“It almost felt like he was back around when we were having our adventures earlier. Thanks, I hope I find the electricity to bring you to life one day,” I finish, putting on my trainers. I close the bedroom door and make my way downstairs to Mum, waiting at the door next to our bags.

“Mexico!” Mum announces spritely, placing a sombrero on my head.

Planes are taking off and zooming over head. I always try to imagine who’s on the flights and what adventures they’re about to embark upon. Maybe they’re climbing Everest or perhaps digging for gold. Whatever people are doing it’s just exciting to be going somewhere, anywhere far away from what you’re used to.

After dragging Mum around the shops for what seems like hours, our flight gets called to the gate. Why is it always at the other side of the airport from where you are? Mum and I throw our backpacks on our shoulders and make a brisk walk to the gate no.8. I get lost in the crowd at one point, until my Mum’s hand reaches in and pulls me back on track. We make it through passport control and up to the steps of the plane. My hair is blowing uncontrollably in the wind, I try not to laugh as an old man runs down the steps trying to catch his wig. Getting to the top of the stairs, a very well kept blonde lady with perfect make up and immaculate clothes checks my Mum’s ticket.

“You ok, mate?” The second flight attendant asks in an Australian accent.

I turn to see, standing next to the blonde lady, a very familiar figure indeed. Standing solid and steady with small friendly eyes, dark skin, shiny beard and a stocky stature that commands respect, it’s...

“Jay,” Mum says, snapping her fingers in my face to awaken me from my thoughts. “Say hi to Steve and, let’s get into our seats.”

“Wait. You know Steve?” I ask, puzzled. “How?”

“Well no but, he’s got a lovely name badge there. S-T-E-V-E. Steve.” Mum replies brightly.

“Do you remember me, Steve? It’s Jay, the kid from Ayres rock.” I ask but I get pulled along the plane by Mum.

“Thanks Steve and,” Mum checks the lady’s name badge, “Anne. He’s got a vivid imagination this one.”

Taking our seats I opt to sit next to the window, which is crazy as I used to be terrified of flying. I think back to when the planes used to take off and I’d close my eyes, grip the seat tightly and put my head down whilst sweating furiously, listening to music on headphones. It was only speaking to a pilot once about how exciting he found the take off and landing that I flipped my view from dread to exhilaration. I guess if you can’t change a situation then you can only change your perspective on it.

Sitting down into my chair reminds me of the plane journey I took yesterday when my hands and feet were tied. I was told a nearly unbelievable story from two crazed, evil people who had some terrible plans.

Thinking about it, I’m quite lucky that today I’m with Mum on our way to Mexico to join a party celebration just hours away.

“Oh cool, it’s take off,” I say excitedly to Mum.

I just need to relax, enjoy the ride...and talk to Steve!



'Fasten your seat belt' lights up and I wonder whether I'm in for a bumpy ride or not today. Steve appears at the front of the vehicle and mimes along to a pre-recorded speech. He demonstrates what to do in an emergency and where the exits are. His body movements look like the kind of dancing Mum would do to her old dance songs.

'Exits are there, there and there, what? There, there and there, who?' I start to form a song in my head as they finish the announcements.

"Where are the exits?" Mum asks jokingly, "There, there and there?"

"Haha, oops was I singing that aloud?" I question.

"Yeah. Don't stop, it had a good beat that," she replies, doing an embarrassing Mum dance in the chair.

The announcements stop and I try to catch Steve's attention but I don't receive any acknowledgement from him as he takes a seat.

The pilot lets us know that everything is in hand and the weather will be about twenty degrees when we land in 12 hours. The pilot's voice makes you feel reassured and taken care of, in the same way you feel when your doctor tells you how to get better.

The plane charges down the runway and pushes away from the floor as it elevates into the blue sky through the clouds.

Once the plane levels off, the seat belt sign turns off and people look alive again.

"I've got a bladder the size of a pea, me." Mum informs me. "Won't be a tick."

"Nice," I reply sarcastically as I reach down for my head phones.

Lifting my head up, I catch the underneath of a bushy dark beard.

"Jay. Don't worry, dude," Steve says in an Australian whisper. "I've been sent to look after you and your Mum. Kick back."

"Why, what's wrong and who sent you?" I ask looking into his eyes.

"You know. Now chill, I gotta get out of here," he hurriedly replies as he makes for the front of the plane.

My Mum pops her head up at the end of the aisle and says 'boo' as she makes her way to her seat.

I plug my headphones into the hand rest and watch a movie while questions bounce around my head.



Who IS Steve? Who's sent him? And why do we need looking after? Also, when will I see Robot again? He felt so alive!

I watch an old film I'd seen a hundred times while I keep an eye out for Steve, wanting to get some of my questions answered.

I don't see him for the whole twelve hour flight.

Steve has disappeared.





“WOW,” I say looking out of the window. “It never loses its magic.”

The plane has dropped below the clouds and is getting ready to descend.

“That it doesn’t,” Mum says shaking her head in amazement. “Popo never fails to amaze.”

The Popocatepetl mountains (people call it Popo for short, its full name is Aztec for ‘smoky mountain’) is absolutely mesmerising. It has forested slopes and a snowy cone at the top, making the perfect mountain shape with a giant crater at the tip. Even in this setting sun you can see it from miles and miles. Its sheer enormous size dwarfs Mexico City and makes you feel like a speck. The hot fury within could be unleashed at any given moment.

I remember the first time we made this trip to Mexico City; Mum and Dad have not been able to stop making the trip since. It was Dad who booked the tickets for this year’s trip, just before he went away to who knows where.

We land down with a bit of a racket. The impact on the floor sends an old man’s book flying down the plane. The book hits the tv screen at the front of the carriage and sets off the safety procedure video. The whole plane laughs as a flight attendant starts to mimic the words being said and another switches it off in a huff. I laugh for a moment but notice that Steve is still missing. How can you lose somebody on a plane?

The doors open and people barge their way out of the plane in a rush, to what I’ll never know. Mum and I wait for the plane to empty and casually stroll off the plane thanking the stewards then walking down the steps. A warm gush of air pushed by the plane’s engine pleasantly hits us in the face. The plane itself is a brilliant white with red stripes down the wings and back. I say goodbye to what brought us here and say hello to an exciting new world.

Hello Mexico City!





“Buenas Noches,” my Mum shouts waving her arms around. “Taxi, por favor.”

“Si, entra,” a man answers as he gestures to his car door.

We jump in to the back seats.

Mum has learnt a little Spanish and tells the driver where our hotel is. Her accent lets the driver know we’re in fact British and he lets us know that the address is ‘no problema’. His speech is quick and sharp and his skin is shining from a layer of sweat at the end of a hard day in the city.

The driver pulls away at a crazed speed but comes to a halt the second he gets to the main road. It’s so busy. There are hundreds of cars all beeping their horns and everyone has something to say to one another...some good, some bad by the looks of it.

Mexico City is always rammed full of people and there’s a loud, fast and constant chatter in the air. It could be stressful to some but the passion of the people, along with their traditions and history, make this a place of magic. Not to mention the food.

The taxi very slowly makes its way to the city and the driver turns to us, taking his eyes off the road.

“You know why the crowd, right?” the driver asks in his cheeky accent.

“Yeah. We’ve been coming for a while now. We love the atmosphere,” Mum replies.
“The parades are amazing.”

“Si, si,” the driver acknowledges. “And full moon in sky tonight. Things get crazy.”

“There you go Jay, you like a bit of crazy don’t you?” Mum says.

The taxi pulls up and we jump out excitedly. We throw our bags into the apartment and waste no time in taking to the streets.

As we turn the corner, Mexico City comes alive. Lights and glowing buildings lead the way with the awe inspiring backdrop of Popo.

You have never seen anything like this!

Mum turns to me with her face lit up by the street lights. “Dia de los muertos,” she says.

“Day of the dead,” I reply.

Day of the dead is a brilliant celebration. Every November in Mexico, people remember their loved ones who have passed away. They get together with friends and family to let the dead know they’re not forgotten. Not only this but they believe that the spirits of the dead actually awaken and they can communicate with them. It’s not a sad time but a big party where people’s lives are celebrated.

The sights and feelings are like nothing else. There are people partying everywhere you look. As we make our way through the bustling street, there’s a skull face painted on everyone you meet. Candles are burning to represent the spirit. Loud, wild music surrounds like a blanket of noise. Rather than choosing dull morbid colours, everyone and everything is covered in vibrant, vivid colour like a rainbow of joy. The smell of hot chocolate fills the air and sugar skulls are offered on the streets. This is the greatest party on the planet. Time to join the fiesta.

Mum starts to dance to the music as she grabs my hand and pulls me into the street. All sadness drains out of me and all I can do is live in this magical moment. I’m not a dancer but tonight I’m going to dance like nothing else matters. I hold Mum’s hands as we laugh together, dancing around and spinning each other as if we were ballroom dancers. The moon illuminates the night like a big, beautiful disco ball reflecting hopes and dreams into the hearts of the Mexican people. The feeling is contagious and I feel the spirits of those that have been before as I dance with Mum down this ancient street. We are not alone here, far from it. Thousands of people are joining in and sharing the love.

Parades go further than the eye can see, they appear to reach all the way to the outlined Popo mountain which touches the sky. It feels like anything is possible. Maybe the souls in the sky could just climb down the mountain and say hello to their loved ones once again.

The top of the mountain starts smoking all of a sudden which ignites the party even further. Paraders blow their trumpets louder, the dancing gets faster and there are cheers all around.

The dancing wipes me out, I’m exhausted. Mum and I nip into a nearby food cafe to regain our breath and take a minute to recharge. We order tacos and take a seat. The noise outside is overwhelming, it literally shakes the thin windows of the cafe.



“That’s quite some dancing you got there Jay,” Mum shouts out of breath over the noise. “You must have got that from your Mum,” she winks at me.

Before I get the chance to answer, there’s a loud smashing noise and everything stops. Everything, not a sound.

Everybody outside is frozen into place, mouths wide open. No musical instruments to be heard, no-one is talking, you could hear a pin drop. A lady sitting next to the window in the cafe breaks the stillness and silently puts both hands over her mouth in shock as she looks outside the window in horror.

“What’s wrong?” Mum asks, trembling. “Is everything ok?”

The lady has turned white, all colour has drained from her face and hands. Fear has taken over. “Stay where you are Jay,” Mum whispers while rushing to the window. There’s a tremble in her voice.

Mum stares out of the window and I see the same dread takes over Mum’s face. She drops to her knees, not letting go of the stare, eyes transfixed.

I can’t take not knowing any longer so get to my feet to look out of the window but my legs are shaking. Crossing the cafe, I hold onto chairs to support my terrified body. I need to see what everyone has seen. What could be so shocking and awful that the whole City has been frozen with fear into a silent, lifeless sculpture.

Shaking, I hold onto the lady’s chair and look outside.

I grip the chair in horror, I can't believe my eyes.

I thought this was just a myth, something you'd find in a story book, but here it is in all its hideous, gigantic glory.

So big it hides the sky. The sheer enormity of this creature blacks out the night, cloaking the mountain.

The ancient predator emerging from the depths of the earth.

A huge, deadly, snapping tail and razor sharp, crooked nails.

Reptilian, green scales cover its ginormous body.

Its sharp teeth shine into the night.

Its evil eyes freeze you to the spot and are full of rage.

From its mouth, furious short bursts of powerful fire shoot up into the night sky.

I'm terrified. The whole city is terrified.

This monstrosity is using its vast wings to help it fly, passing the mountain tops.

I wouldn't believe it if I couldn't see it.

It's dangerous, so dangerous.

A fire breathing dragon!



ELECTRICITY

My body stands motionless, paralysed with shock. My brain is in overdrive with panic.

I picture running away, screaming into the darkness, searching for a safe place to hide. A bead of sweat drops from my forehead onto the floor, bringing me back into the room. I need to kick my doubts into touch. I may not be able to fly, shoot ice out like a laser beam or turn invisible like a chameleon but I have my own ordinary superpowers. It's not what you've been given but what you do with what you've been given. I won't let fear stop me from doing what my heart tells me to do! BE BRAVE.

I puff out my chest, take a deep breath and walk towards the door to open it. I walk out into the deadly silent street and slam the thin, weathered, white, windowed door to the cafe. It shakes the door within an inch of its life. The whole crowd turns in my direction, open mouthed as the door wakes them up from a seemingly eternal slumber.

There's silence for about four seconds.

"DRAGON!" a hysterical man in the crowd shouts.



The crowd erupts into chaos. People are running into each other. There's pushing and shoving. Screaming, fear and heat ignite the streets as I get thrown into the whirlpool of confused and terrified people.

Colours, sweat and elbow barges race around me like a McLaren on its first lap. It's hard to breathe until everything slows down. The whole world is in slow motion and all of a sudden everyone has disappeared.

I try to gain my balance as my brain shakes off the bustle and pandemonium of the crowd.

In my daze, I see two enormous, scaly, green legs hit the floor in front of me. The landing is made with such force and density that the ground quivers into an earthquake, shattering the glass in all of the windows on the street and I fall to the floor.

Heart beating so fast I can feel it trying to jump out of my body, I fight for air and get to my shaking feet.



Petrified, I'm staring at two giant, reptilian feet. Each foot bigger than a car with knife-sharp claws. It's only metres away.

I raise my head to take in the enormity of the beast. It seems so big that its wings could wrap around the universe twice.

It's so hot and smoke is filling the air. My eyes pass its enormous stomach and find their way to its all-consuming mouth. Its mouth is so angry and full of fury and its breathing nearly sucks me in and pushes me out again. I gaze into its hateful eyes. There's not a soul to search for behind those scorching pupils.

As our eyes connect, the dragon slams its fist into a nearby building, crushing it to the ground. I run out of the way as the bricks of the building go flying across the deserted street. All signs of the festival get covered in dirt and dust as I look for a place to hide. It's useless, there's just me and the dragon. I turn to face the beast.

ELECTRICITY

"I don't know who you think you are," I shout. "But I'm not scared of you." My voice cracks under the pressure.

The dragon's stomach lets out a huge rumble that could surely be felt a hundred miles away. It opens its giant jaw and lets out a giant roar then sets the sky alight with a ferocious fire ball. The power must be that of the three largest volcanoes.

I'm terrified but breaking down into a mess is going to do no good here, I need to stand up for myself.

I look around for a sharp object, to at least tame this ancient warrior, when I notice a sword in a nearby shop. I start to head towards the shop when a high pitched noise pierces the night.

"Hey," my Mum howls. "This way."

As Mum finishes her sentence, the dragon swipes her out of view with a giant wing.

"Muum!" I shout as I turn in her direction and pelt it down the street. "I'm coming!"

Just the air from the swipe of the dragon's tail sends me flying in the wrong direction and I land uncomfortably on the floor.

I dust myself off and open my eyes but it's too late, the dragon has me pinned against the wall with a flat side of a nail. My bones are being pushed into the wall and I'm trapped. The dragon stares with gritted teeth at me. This must be it.

The beast shivers and lets me go as Mum throws a sword straight into the back of a leg.

"Run!" Mum shouts as the grip on my body loosens and the dragon is taken back.

I start to run, not only for my life, but for Mum's too.

Running for our lives, Mum and I pass the place where only minutes ago we were dancing with joy without a care in the world. Now we are looking for ammunition or something we can use to defeat this menacing monster. Where's my army when I need it?

The dragon twitches and makes a steaming noise where it once would have spat fire. The sword in the leg must have caused some damage. Whilst grateful, we know it'll only buy us seconds as the dragon gets more furious and turns towards us. Each footstep towards us is massive in stride, anger and intensity and every step creates an earthquake, shattering buildings in the tremors.

Speed increases in the beast's death march, it lets out a blood curdling cry as Mum and I fall over rubble on the floor. The street is covered in glass, bricks and wood ash. The whole place is a site of dragon destruction. Mum passes out as the dust and smoke cover her body like murky, morning mist over a lake.

I must protect her. It's time to stand my ground and face up to the dragon, weapon or no weapon.

The almighty beast spreads its astronomic wings and opens its deadly nail bearing toes. It looks me straight into the eye as if to scare me into an early grave but I breathe heavily and stare with equal fight.

It raises its head to the sky powerfully and I can just make out the peak of the Popo mountains as the moon lights up the horror unfolding. I notice a shadow in the sky as if something, or someone is taking one giant leap from the moon. The silver dot in the sky gets closer and closer.

The dragon is fully stretched out like a peacock grim reaper displaying its lethal power. Its head reaches the sky and its whole body reaches back. It gets ready to set me on fire, then crush my whole body to a tiny ashy pulp.

I think back to all of the good and bad times of my life and say my goodbyes to this world. This is the end. Everything plays in slow motion. The dragon is springing back to make me dragon stew.

But wait...

The silver dot sent from the moon is so close now. It's Robot!

I reach my hands, not to defend myself in vain against the powerful dragon's blast, but to feel the safety that Robot gives me. He's not only metal, he's so much more. He is the blanket, warmth and safety that has guided me through the last two years. I know I'll be ok as long as he's around.

The time machine sends a blue laser beam out into the night sky.

Doom is seconds away.

ELECTRICITY

But Robot has other plans. His giant leap lands him directly on to the dragon's neck. He grabs onto the beast's neck and presses a button in the middle of the time machine. The sky throws down a lightning bolt straight to Robot.

Still holding the dragon's neck, Robot's whole body shakes wildly as he conducts the electricity through to the dragon. The dragon recoils in agony and its neck rotates round and round before hitting the floor, lifeless.



The Earth sends a massive shockwave through the floor as it struggles to cope with the sudden weight of the collapsing dragon. The hot, broken night gets swallowed up in the dust being sent into the air so I close my eyes and hold my breath waiting for it to pass. I think about what has just unravelled before me and my mind races to my Mum's safety. I open my eyes as the thick, smoky air slowly dissipates. Where's Mum?

"Mum?" I question in a concerned shout, hoping she can hear my call.

"Hiya love, are you ok?" She answers back, "I'm over here."

I let out a big sigh and say, "Thank goodness. Yep, bit mad that, wasn't it? Are you ok?"

"No. I've been fighting a great big blinking dragon haven't I?" She replies, "Need a good shower and clean clothes too. Just look at the state of us."

"Haha what are you like?" I ask rhetorically in a laugh.

We both look at the giant heap of reptile lying on the floor.

"Wow, just look at that thing," I say, shaking my head. "What is it and where did it come from?"

I take in the the razor sharp nails, snapping tail, green scales, vast wings, big mouth, dangerous teeth and the eyes that were once evil which are now vacant. Hiding half the sky, still. Lying in its death bed.

My eyes land on that beautiful moon, sitting calm and sombre in the sky.

Robot!

"Robot. Where's Robot?" I ask into the sky, looking for answers.

"He's at home, Jay," Mum reassures me. "Looking after lizard."

"No. No. I saw him jump from the moon," I say quickly in a panic. "He took a lightning bolt to save us from the dragon. Here's here somewhere."

I frantically search through the rubble and dust to find my silver friend.

"Er love, I think you've had a long day and maybe you need a lie down," Mum suggests with a concerned tone.

"Wait, no I can see him. Look over there," I say excitedly. "Just need to dig him out and dust him off. Here Mum, give me a hand."

"But how?" Mum replies in a state of confusion, shaking her head from side to side. "Erm, so, I'm sure it's nothing to worry about but I can't stand up at the moment. My legs must still be in jelly mode."

"Oh no Mum, I hope you're ok," I say sadly. "Maybe Robot can help you. I'll just get him out of this mess."



I pull him up out of the dusty rubble but his arm falls off and half of his head has been blown to smithereens. In fact, Robot doesn't look good at all.

He crashes into a big pile of junk as my eyes well up with sad tears. Soon tears are rolling down my face uncontrollably at great speed.

"This is the last thing Dad made before he..." I say fighting back the tears, kneeling next to Robot, grieving the passing of the last thing I had to hold on to.

A muffled voice, metres away, breaks the melancholy.

"I know, where your Dad is."

ELECTRICITY

Original Lyrics by Marc Winstanley

THE ENERGY INSIDE BEGINS TO GROW

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

THE POWER IN THE WIRE STARTS TO FLOW

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

HEAT BUILDING GONNA LET MY FEELINGS SHOW

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

TO FLIP THE SWITCH AND LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

IT'S OK IN THE DAY, TAKE THE DARKNESS AWAY

AND YOU WILL HEAR ME SAY

(YOU LIFT ME UP, YOU REALLY LIFT ME UP)

YO I PLAY ANYWAY, TILL MY FEARS GO AWAY

THIS BUZZ WILL NOT DECAY

(NO POWER CUT, THIS AIN'T NO POWER CUT)

BRIGHTEN UP, LIGHT BULB ON

YOU ARE VOLTAGE HERE, I'M THE BATTERY

TOGETHER WE WILL MAKE STRONG ELECTRICITY

LET EMOTIONS BLOW, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE

WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR OWN ELECTRICITY (HEY)

CONDUCT YOUR POWER, NEVER LET IT GO

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

FLYING SO HIGH, FORGET YOUR VERTIGO

(I FEEL ALIVE, YES I FEEL SO ALIVE)

IT'S OK IN THE DAY, TAKE THE DARKNESS AWAY

AND YOU WILL HEAR ME SAY

(YOU LIFT ME UP, YOU REALLY LIFT ME UP)

YO I PLAY ANYWAY, TILL MY FEARS GO AWAY

THIS BUZZ WILL NOT DECAY

(NO POWER CUT, THIS AIN'T NO POWER CUT)

YOU ARE VOLTAGE HERE, I'M THE BATTERY

TOGETHER WE WILL MAKE STRONG ELECTRICITY

LET EMOTIONS BLOW, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE

WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR OWN ELECTRICITY

BRIGHTEN UP, LIGHT BULB ON

WE'LL ALWAYS PUSH THE CURRENT, CIRCUIT FLOW

I'LL INSULATE COS I WANT TO PROTECT YOU

MY HAIR GOES CRAZY EVERY TIME YOU SHOW

CAUGHT IN A LOOP SO TRUE

YOU ARE VOLTAGE HERE, I'M THE BATTERY

TOGETHER WE WILL MAKE STRONG ELECTRICITY

LET EMOTIONS BLOW, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE

WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR OWN ELECTRICITY

YOU ARE VOLTAGE HERE, I'M THE BATTERY

TOGETHER WE WILL MAKE STRONG ELECTRICITY

LET EMOTIONS BLOW, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE

WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR OWN ELECTRICITY (HEY)



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The music album that inspired the story
'ELECTRICITY' can be streamed/downloaded
on all the usual sites inc. Spotify, iTunes and Google Play etc.

All songs, including lyrics, can be found on the
'BIG DOG music production' YOUTUBE channel
Featuring three song versions - Class, solo and instrumental