

Thank you!

Spiderman - Perhaps Not a Superhero After All

Leaping on all-fours down the street wearing a Spiderman costume, singing "Spiderman, Spiderman, does whatever a spider can!" was not the scene I'd imagined for my near-death experience to occur. I was somewhat out of it, I'd had too much to drink and I wasn't fully conscious of where I was or what I was doing.

I was heading back to the party when I heard a soft, almost inaudible noise. It was a scuffling, like the sound of someone trying to run in a raincoat too big for them.

"Help!" I could just make out the voice, but I was unsure of which direction to go. Left? Right? Up? Why, oh why, could I not think straight? I pulled myself up and began stumbling down the street. Was tonight the night that Spiderman would save yet another innocent soul? Maybe, except superheroes aren't drunk when they save people.

"Get off, stop, please!"

Still tottering along the road, I slurred "Coo-ming". I then came upon an alleyway that smelled of fish and with cigarettes lining the path. Four men with leather jackets were at the end amongst the big skip bins and it appeared as though they were hassling somebody. I staggered toward them and, by miracle, my sight was no longer blurred and I was brought to my senses. Someone needed help.

A girl, about thirteen, was lying on the ground, crying and struggling. A man was on her, the others yelling at him.

"Hey!"

They all snapped their heads around, even the one on the girl, and for about two seconds, the night was as dead as a rotting carcass. What was I doing here? I threw up, killing the silence and the men's surprise transformed into anger.

"Whaddya want, Spidey?"

The girl had seen me and was still struggling, but the man wasn't budging.

"Get off her..." I stammered pathetically.

"Or what, Spidey? Think you can come 'nd mess with me, huh? Get outta here!" The man pulled out a shiny knife and pointed it at me while still sitting on the girl.

Before I could consider my choices, instinct took over and I bolted. I'd never run so fast in my life, but it was as I ran that my brain decided to finally think about what I could do, or could have done.

Why was I so afraid? God would have protected me. I'd had the chance to be a good samaritan and I'd let it slip. Worse yet, someone else's life was on the line. Perhaps I should run back, or shall I keep going? I was so caught up in my cogitations that I didn't even see the man walking up ahead. *Bam.*

"Woah, watch where you're going! Are you 'right?" The man had a kind face and seemed genuinely concerned for the sixteen-year old boy who'd run into him.

"Listen, someone's hurting a girl, in the alleyway, please, help..." I could barely get my words out, my incessant puffing and gallimaufry of thoughts were interfering with my speech.

"Woah, woah, slow down, where's this girl?" I lead him back to the alleyway but when we arrived it was as dead as it'd been when the men had first noticed me. The mob must've cleared out before any cops I might have called could come and now I felt like an idiot, leading some poor guy with nothing to do with—

Grunt.

The man and I turned to face each other, confirming the each other's suspicions.

"Who's out there!" The man slowly started to walk toward one of the big skip bins at the end of the alleyway.

The *Jaws* theme immediately started to play in my head, getting faster as we neared the bin. Without any fear, the man heaved up the lids of all the bins, one after the other, until we found the source of the noise.

The man I recognised to be the one who was on the girl lay in the recycling bin, amongst beer bottles and soda cans.

"That girl..." Bruises were forming on the guy's face and his speech was as slurred as mine was not ten minutes ago.

None of the others were anywhere to be seen, but I could guess what had happened. That girl was my cousin Anna and the others guys were her brother's friends. The man in the bin was a stranger, trying to harm Anna, but her brother's friends were too drunk to aid her. It was only when I took off that I'd recognised her face, but I was too drunk to think straight and help her. Somehow, I knew she'd be fine. She was, after all, a national taekwondo champion.