“Breaking News! The wild animals from Zoolandia have broken free from their caves! I repeat, the wild animals have broken free!!” announced the news reporter over the radio. Mom drops the waffles that she had just taken out of the toaster. “We live a block away from Zoolandia! They are coming our way!” yells mom frantically. She rushes up the stairs and breaks into my room. “James, wake up! The lions and tigers and alligators are headed our way!” I lay in bed and my eyes widen as I heard those words come out of my mom’s mouth. I jump out of bed and throw on some kakis. I open my closet and the first shirt I see hanging has the words, “DON’T BE A HERO” on it. It was my community service shirt I had received back in the fall. As I put the shirt on, I notice unusual marks on my wrists.

What could these marks possibly be? How did they get there?! I hear a loud cry come from downstairs. “Lord, have mercy!” I run down stairs and see my mom looking out the kitchen window. I get closer and see a mob of lions heading to our street. “Quick mom, shut every window and door!!” I run outside into the middle of the street to pull the two kids that were frightened out of their mind. I put them inside of my house and close the door. When I turn around, I see the lions about to cross the street into my block. I run to them and put my hands in the hair. As I waved them, cement came shooting out of my wrists. As shocked as I was, I swayed my arms in a parallel motion and started building a wall. I kept shooting until the wall was over the heads of the lions. Before I knew it, all my neighbors were in the middle of the street with their mouths wide open.