

Battleground

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I blink away the blur and rub my aching butt.

I must have been knocked out. But where?

I look down at my hands to see blue leather gloves. I brush my hand over my chest to see that I'm also in white spandex. Who am I?

I look around to see an immense... battlefield? *CLASH*. On my right, two large men, one in a brown robe and the other in black, battle with swords made of light.

A burly figure bumps into me as it walked in heavy armor and a bat helmet; is he our commander?

My comrades are dropping to the floor and others scream as they charge.

We must be superheroes. *THUD*. Behind me, two massive wrestlers in nothing but their underwear tumble on top of each other. It's an interesting choice of costume, but who am I to decide that white spandex is more powerful than adult thongs?

Then, I spot it.

From the corner of my eye, I see something glaring at me from the end of the battlefield. The grey dinosaur-esque monster stands on two feet, and looks me right in the eye while I stare at the horn on its snout.

Then, it hits me, what's my superpower?

The monster starts to stomp towards me. I squeeze my eyes shut to evoke my power of invisibility.

The clunk against my shoulder proves that it didn't work; two giggling unicorns bump into me as they prance by. I'm not an invisible woman, so I opt for shooting fire out of my palms.

I look up from my blue leather hands to see that the human-rhino has covered an impressive distance, and I need to find a way to fight him. Now.

I aim my palms towards him and conjure up my cosmic energy to blast him. I get nothing but “nice gloves!” from a blonde princess in a pink evening gown. I make a mental note to get her out of harm’s way after I save myself from my own doom.

The creature is only a few feet away and I shuffle to find a physical weapon to compensate for my magical hiccup. I stumble for the jewel attached to my belt and hear it clunk to the floor. I pick it up.

It’s made of... plastic?

Then I realize that there's a squeaky sound coming from my marching arch-nemesis. Its skin is made of plastic.

“Jeez, Sarah,” the creature breathes heavily, “I didn’t realize how far away you were. Did you get Brian Michael Bendis’ signature?”

Of course, I’m at a comic book convention. I passed out while waiting for my favorite writer’s autograph. I pick up my plastic ruby and reattach it to my belt to complete my Jewel cosplay. My stomping enemy is dressed as Rhydon, his favorite Pokemon.

At least I’m at the front of the line now...