

My Hero

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I remember a lot of nights last summer when I was afraid. I wasn't sure of whom or what, but fear was definitely present. He took me in those nights, he made me a bed in his room, and he and I discussed just what fear was and how to get rid of it. He told me that it was simply as scary as I let it be. I was in control of what took me and what I stood up against. Those nights I fell asleep in his comforting presence knowing that. I was not alone.

Heroes are often seen as super gifted people with extraordinary powers. Yet my hero is a modest 16 year old junior at Archbishop Mitty High School. Emmanuel Villalpando may seem like an ordinary teenager to some, but I know that he is in fact a hero. He bugs me because he cares. He loves me because he wants to, not because he has to. He listens because he wants to know what I have to say. He is an amazing brother. He makes me laugh at a joke I didn't even really get. He declares ultimate pillow fights like we are both 5 again. He smiles a funny half grin, and calls me kiddo all the time.

Growing up with him, I saw his love at a very young age. He would sit next to me, a little 4 year old, and watch my favorite cartoons with me. As we grew, so did our bond, and now we share a connection that only few have discovered in this world.

I look up to him for guidance and reassurance. He supports me, understands and cares for me, and helps me through rough patches. He is a hero that no man in tights can ever compare to.

When I get in trouble, he is the first to defend me, standing up for me in the court of life. He simply stands in front of me, ready to take my blows. That, no gift can repay.

In the midst of an argument with him, I often think back to those nights last summer. I remember that he wants to protect me, that he really does care. It is at those times, I realize just how much of a hero he really is.