

THE  
SECRET  
SHERIFF  
OF SIXTH GRADE

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# Why I Am the World's Lamest Hero

Let me get a few things out of the way, right from the start.

I can't fly. I'm not even a particularly good jumper. Truthfully, I twisted my ankle so badly during the three-legged race at my third-grade field day that I ended up in the emergency room, along with my partner, Jamie Thompson. Well, most of her. Her two front teeth stayed behind, buried somewhere in the field.

I must be the only superhero in history who's allergic to his sidekick. That would be my trusty hamster companion, Freddy. I have to wash my hands after I hold him, or I break out in hives. In fact, Freddy makes me sneeze so much that I can't even sleep in the same room with him. It's pathetic.

I am incredibly short, but not short enough for the shortness to qualify as a superpower. Like, I am small enough to get stuffed into a gym locker, but not small enough to slip back out through the little air slits. Trust me on this one.

I don't have a fancy costume. I wouldn't look good in one of those clingy leotard things, because to be honest, the leotard wouldn't have anything to cling *to*. I'd be the only hero whose skintight uniform was baggy. It would look like I was melting. Plus, costumes cost money, and having money is another thing that's not one of my superpowers.

Actually, it is totally possible that I have the secret ability to repel money, because for some reason, no cash ever seems to penetrate my anti-dollar force field.

And don't get me started on my weaknesses. The good news is that, as far as I know, I am probably immune to Kryptonite. But that doesn't mean I should challenge Superman to a battle.

Why?

Because I have the worst weakness of all:

I'm weak.