

Augustus, A Real Super Hero In Training
By Richard Tornello © 2011

London's broken out in fires,
the budgets in the can.
Congress is a' mired,
and we're in Afghanistan.
Europe's a total mess,
and China's getting dissed,
Super-Hero-In-Training...where are you?

Augustus our hero is in bed pretending to be asleep. "Augustus, you must get up. We're in a terrible mess. There is no other than you." The President of the United States is poking our tiny hero with the rubber tip of a tooth stimulator.

"Oh go away. You all make fun of me." Augustus says pouting, "I'm just a short, big nosed freak with some mystical power. You really don't want me. You crave some tall dark haired, or for you Arian types, a blond, with big muscles in a Speedo. Besides I'm still in training."

Augustus keeps at it, "What I have got to wear? Just baby boxers that don't fit and a wee doll sized tee shirt. I can't even get a date no less fix this mess. Go away, leave me alone. You got yourselves into this by praying to the almighty dollar, giving away our industry, and selling our treasures. I warned you. Did you read my prophetic editorials, my poems, my stories? NO, you all just laughed. Now get yourselves out. I'm going fishing."

The President begs, "Yes, you are diminutive in stature, and yes, your uniform, if you can call it that, is a hodge-podge of, well, you could use a new tailor. But you have this power that no one seems to have. Please for the sake of all humanity, marshal your unique strengths and save us,"

And so pleads the President to Augustus, the Super Hero In Training. "There's no one left to do it. WE'RE depending upon you!"

As an aside, The President adds, "we always reward our heroes..."

Augustus interrupts, “Yeah, and most of the time they’re dead when you do!”

“Augustus, I, the President, and as a private citizen, with more money than you can ever imagine, promise you anything humanly possible if you get us out of this mess. Cause if you don’t, it won’t matter. I’m being straight up. What do you really want?”

“Listen, Mr. President, maybe I can help, but really why should I? Your problems don’t affect me. I’m outside your big world.”

“Remember you laughed when I offered my services to this country a few years ago, when I pointed out the obvious danger that was approaching, and how, if we didn’t do anything we would be subsumed by the tsunami of **EVIL** and all that?”

The President does his best political grovel, “Yes, and I was wrong, we were all wrong to ignore you. But now I’m pleading with you to forsake your miserable little feelings...”

“There you go again, LITTLE.”

“Sorry, really, very sorry.”

There is silence, for a while between both of them. The first one to speak loses and they both know the game. Augustus is thinking about what he really would want from this guy. The President is sweating. Time is running out. The **EVIL** is becoming systemic, every second of every day, **EVIL** entering the very blood of every new born generation. Augustus is the only super being remaining able to stop it. The other super beings have caved into **Evil’s** sirens songs.

“Okay,” they both say simultaneously.

“You first.”

“No, you first”

“No, you”

“No, you, I insist. I can you know, insist that is, since YOU do need me,” states Augustus.

“What ever you want, it’s yours,” swears the President.

Augustus ponders, *why should I trust him or any of them? They just want to use me. Oh what the hell.*

“Here are my conditions:

No more short jokes.

The song, “Short People”, banned,

and maybe one or two real cute physics majors from the local university to do my bidding, and I'll decide later on the rest later. Deal?"

"A deal," says the President.

"Now on to my quest."

The President is nodding, holding up the V sign and smiling. *That little twerp*, he thinks to himself.

Augustus is tiny and the EVIL is all encompassing.

Augustus magically shrinks himself even smaller, to a nano size, and gets into the physical being and computer machinery of the EVIL state. He re-works the computer systems to correct all that has been corrupted so that when the EVIL makes its proclamations, they come out in a proper and moral manner totally opposite Evil's intentions. When a law is passed it is within the strictures of the Constitution and Bill of Rights as well as the state papers for each nation on the planet.

EVIL has been blinded to these facts through a magical incantation that Augustus creates, so EVIL only hears what it wants to hear. Its minions dare not tell it differently.

And over a short time, the brain-washed citizens of the world begin to awaken to the evil reality of greed and avarice that they have succumbed to. The world opens its eyes, as if they have just walked out of a dark cave to daylight.

Soon EVIL is driven from the halls of power. People just won't listen to its false promises. Its proclamations are understood for what they are. EVIL can now do the one thing that evil does anywhere. It is now sulking, and hiding in Argentina.

Augustus, is now a household name. Children are named after him in the hopes that the name alone will burnish a positive quality in those offspring.

And yes, the President true to his word, banned the song, no one really was up in arms about that. And Augustus did not want for dates. Yes he was short, but he did have magical and mystical powers of growth. Nuff said on that.

The world was a kinder, gentler, more august place to live, except, just maybe, in a very lonely place in Argentina, right Max?

THE END

