



Item Code:

695

Participant Code:

101

Superhero

Eight already? How?! He had just laid down to sleep. It felt less than an hour ago that he had hit the sack. What's the point in wandering now? Better to just get up and get on with all the work he had to complete, Aru thought. He forced himself out of bed and went into the washroom. He slumped on the toilet seat ^{all to} dozing off again within just moments.

* * *

Aru sat facing his computer, scrolling on his phone. Different kinds of content whizzed past his eyes on the screen. One of them got the daydreamer thinking. One about superheroes; nurses. He had seen another one calling teachers superheroes and another giving the title to soldiers. But for his ^{title} ~~sister~~ younger sister it was Iron Man. If so, who really is a superhero? All these

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people worked day in and day out to protect and enrich people. Maybe that's what a real life superhero does, he thought, ^{they improve the lives of people.} He kept thinking and thinking and continued procrastinating until something directed his attention to the time. Almost an hour had passed! And by the time, he had concluded that not everyone can be superheroes, only people who had dedication and discipline ^{both of which he ~~lacked~~ lacked.} * * *

Ara runs on a diet of instant food items. Too lazy for anything. He tries, but it just doesn't work. Consistency and discipline are both not his cup of tea. He struggles with deadlines. For example, right now he ^{who} is supposed to be ^{on his way to} at the train station is searching for his shoes at home. After a huge amount of efforts he finally managed to get in a cab without failing to forget any important luggage. On the way, he contemplated about himself. What has he ever achieved? Awards, yes. But all of them out of luck. Good grades, ^{yes,} but I never

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worked hard for any of them. He was just being lucky then too. He didn't ^{believe he} deserved all the good things he had and never believed in himself. Self-hate had consumed him. He sure was no hero, he said to himself.

* * *

As he stood waiting for his train he thought about what ~~to~~ all the things he had done that day. He worked on several different projects but completed none of them. He read ^{many} ~~several~~ articles online but none of them useful. Aru watched a number of videos and also read a little, but none of these were in the slightest related to the ^{pile} ~~load~~ of pending works ^{that} he had to complete. Another day wasted. He stood ^{absent-mindedly} their feeling bad, looking here and there. His train was arriving. He could hear its sound increasing and it nearing the station. That's when he noticed a child had fallen on the track! ^{Both} Its parents stood frozen out of shock. He tore through ^{the} air and jumped down. The

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train was getting closer. He grabbed the child and threw it on the platform. He got up the platform following the child with the help of some people who had rushed to his aid and was saved by the breadth of a hair from getting hit by ^{the} train. Apart ~~to~~ from a few cuts and swellings, Aryan and the child were both okay.

The parents of the child rushed to him with child in their hands, with ^{their} eyes filled with tears. The father's voice cracked as he said 'We don't bow to thank you. Ask us anything. We'll do anything possible by us for you. Anything ^{at all,}'

'No, thanks' he replied with an awkward expression.

'Please. Thank you so much. We owe you our everything. You ~~&~~ are truly a hero.' the mother said.

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Aru found the last line a bit surprising. He said, 'I am no hero, ma'am. ~~I~~ I am about the most laziest person to ever walk the planet. ~~I~~ All I did was help ^{I can never be a hero;} a kid out. he tried to make them feel better.

'Exactly. Anyone who helps others out without fear is a ^{super} hero. Nothing else matters.' 'What's your name, son?' replied the woman.

'Aryan' he replied absorbing ^{all} that she just said. ^{He had been called many things but never a hero. It felt weird to be appreciated.} She is either a very intelligent or a very dumb person; either absolutely right or very wrong. How can anyone who helps others be a hero? Anyone! In that case, I help everyone all the time too, I mean, ^{through} in small things but still. ~~but~~ I sure cannot be a hero. The lives of nurses and soldiers and teachers ^{are} and all ~~are~~ so hard and difficult. And ^{than there is} mine, just take today, can such an upproductive day be ~~th~~ a day in the life of a superhero?' the guy who liked

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to think more than to act wondered, without
^{notic} realizing that his train had left long ago. Well,
who is to decide what the day ^{in the life} of a superhero should
look like, asked a little voice inside him leaving him
even more confused.

* * *