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THE SUPERHERO IN  
SCRUBS

It was the sudden jerk of the train that woke Dr. Michael. Performing late shifts in the hospital, he barely had time to eat and sleep at home. The only spare time he got was when he travelled to the St. Arnolds Hospital, Texas where he worked as a family physician neuro surgeon.

Twenty eight year old Dr. Michael Fran Davis lead a rather quiet life. His parents were his only family. He only had a few friends. Dr. Michael was never a social person. For the past two months, he had been assigned the late shift at the hospital which was only completed at 2 in the morning. Returning back home he will take a long and breif nap to make himself presentable the next day.

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Dr. Michael's days ~~se~~ were very long and boring. In the evening, when he wake up he will make a coffee from his ~~break~~ damaged coffee machine, which he hadn't bothered to repair and would whip himself a ~~breakfast~~ lunch which was totally pathetic. He \* will go to the hospital and will come across some stubborn patients which made his life even more miserable. But, the young doctor \* always loved his life. He loved going to the hospital and saving people. Yes, he loved saving and curing the others. This <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ the reason why his mother <sup>says</sup> ~~said~~ that he wore his heart on his sleeves and yes maybe he did.

As a child Michael ~~at~~ loved fiction and action. But ~~as~~ eventually when he grew up, he understood that the stories he read were just stories. Never ever it will become real. So, that is why now Michael is standing at his kitchen looking

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utterly dumb, ~~astno~~ astonished and shocked. Michael had a terrible day and was grumbling about his life as he stomped towards the kitchen. He got an electric shock from the coffee machine. ~~and he~~ He yelled loudly in despair and hit the ~~slate~~ counter of the kitchen. The doctor didn't <sup>know</sup> ~~know~~ what was happening until he heard a loud crash and realised that the whole counter had come crashing down.

Dr. Michael, 28 years old was never shocked in his life ever before. He looked at the mishap and then to his own hand. No, he didn't had this much power to knock down a concrete slab. "Then how did it happen?" Doctor asked to himself. ~~He was awake~~ His phone vibrated in his pocket and he blinked out from his stupor. It was his colleague who asked why he hadn't shown up yet at the hospital. He suddenly got his senses back <sup>and</sup> rushed back.

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to get ready to the hospital. He didn't had time to waste on his old concrete slab that he had knocked down.

When the train jerked and Michael woke up from his nap. All the events that had just happened ran through his mind. The train stopped and the Doctor got out from it. When he reached the hospital he changed to the scrubs from his casuals and got himself a coffee from the cafeteria. It was 5 in the evening and usually there is no rush this time. But he had a loads of notes to complete from the previous day. So he sat down in front of his computer and recalled everything from the other day.

Nothing else happened that day. He had a handful of his regular patients to check. He went back home, and took a shower and got ready for bed. While he laid down on his bed in the early moth-hour, he looked to stazed at the fading ceiling and thought about the 'kitchen mishap'. Something was terribly

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wrong.

A week passed - The doctor was terribly shocked and worried. In the past weeks similar incidents like the 'kitchen mishap' had happened. One evening while he was jogging he ~~st~~ carelessly stomped on a pavement which immediately washed down. Similarly on the hospital, he collected all the papers which had gone flying in air, in the blink of an eye. It was an endless list. The doctor realised he had done that something was wrong with him. So he decided to visit the one person whom he entirely trust. His mother.

"Michael, my boy. Why haven't you visited ~~at~~ <sup>me</sup> for this long? I missed you so much." "I know mom. I am sorry. It was really a tight schedule that the management had assigned for me." Michael told his mother while hugging her tightly. He missed this. He missed his mom. "Now, come on in. I am

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going to make you some food. "No offense son, but you look really tired and skinny." Michael laughed loud. He loved when his mother was sassy. Also she was right. He hadn't ~~eat~~ ate anything better for 2 months. So he let her feed him. His mother was only satisfied when he had ate upto his own weight. After he the food, she made her a him a cup of hot chocolate. He sipped on it on the couch. He urged his mom to him and said "Mom, I have something to tell you." "Oh my god son! Do you have a girlfriend" His mother exclaimed happily. "What! of course not. I don't have a girlfriend. I want to tell you something that had been happening to me lately. It may sound ridiculous. But I need to tell you." Michael said. "Okay. It ~~de~~ sound a bit serious. Now go on tell me what's bothering you."

Michael told everything to his mom. All the little accidents and his 'superpowers'. His mother

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listened to it carefully. She said "First of all Michael this is not ridiculous. Not at all. It really is serious. And all these things you're just said ----- I don't know. Are these super powers even real?" "Mom, there are not super powers. Something is wrong with me. I - I don't know mom. I don't want any of these. I am happy with my little miserable life. It may not seem okay to others. But <sup>for</sup> me, I am totally fine with it. I love it mom. I don't want to be a silly, fictional super hero." Michael sobbed to his mom. He didn't need any of these. He was a common man, who is not financially secure. He didn't want to be a superhero like Harry Potter and Percy Jackson who gave up their childhood for the world. He didn't want to become any of those Marvel and DC superheroes. He was just him. The nerdy, quiet, simple Michael.

His mother tugged him towards her chest. She said, "But my boy, you have always been a

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super hero." "What? what are you saying mom?" Michael exclaimed. She said "Yes. you are indeed a super hero. Tell me how man How many lives have you saved in this short life. You are a doctor and how different is it from being a super hero. Okay you may not wear those fancy suits but you have a kind heart. I have never seen a compassionate person like you. Like I always say, you wear your heart on your sleeves. You, my boy is my biggest happiness and treasure. You don't have to be a super hero. You already are. And just remember how much I love you. If your father had been alive he would be so proud of who you have become. and one more thing son, these powers... they I don't think that is a curse. \* If anybody who can become a super hero, it is you. But that doesn't mean you have to go out in the night and help the people in the streets. Just... just continue what you are doing now. Okay. I love you very much." Michael ~~too~~ blinked at her. His tears were

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flowing down his cheeks. He could taste the salt in his lips. He stared at his beautiful, loving mother. His mother had raised him up all alone. After his father's death when he was in the high school, it was just the two of them since then. They were with each other through thick and thin. Oh, how he loved her, adore her.

Michael went back to his place from his mother's place. He looked at the mirror. He was a tired soul. He was skinnier than ever, his eyes <sup>well</sup> covered in dark circles, his hair greasy with the dust and <sup>sweat</sup> heat of the Texas had given him sunburns as well. But it was just external. Deep down he was beautiful. His eyes always shone for the others. His heart open wide for anyone who is in need. He looked down at his hands. He did not know where these powers came from. He lifted his finger and poked on the wall. Of course there was a huge crater. Michael did not know if this is a temporary phase. Maybe, like in those films, the people who <sup>was</sup> had selected to

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Maybe like in those films, these powers had been distributed to the wrong person. Whatever it is, he will try to embrace until it wears off. He believed that one day these powers will be gone and will be distributed to the right person. It is not because he didn't trust himself, it was just because he ~~was~~ is better this way. Nobody will believe that he has powers. Powers enough to destroy them. So yes. It is decided. He will bare with it and

So, Dr. Michael Cevan Davis, still lead a miserable life. His late shifts had ended. He is now on the normal schedule. He still does not have a big friend group. He still has a broken coffee machine and the jerk of the brain still woke him up. ~~But to add a little~~ He still has some stubborn patients who refuse to take the medicines properly. But to add a little more, he had some super powers to hide. He still arrange the floating papers in the blink of an eye. His colleagues won't even bat an eye about it. As long as it is like that, he is a secret superhero in scrubs.

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