

## Superhero Book Ghostwriting Sample

"It looks like the city decided to have a monster makeover." I put my hands on the concrete ledge and look down at the scene below me.

Alexandra rolls her eyes. "Do you have to make a joke every time?" She tosses her long blonde ponytail behind her shoulder.

"Of course I do." I give her a wide smile. "How are we supposed to fight crime all day without a little humor?"

Alexandra pulls on her mechanical glider. As she fastens the strap, the sunlight reflects off the metal surface. "I wouldn't mind a little humor, as long as it's good humor."

I laughed and I gave her a light punch on the shoulder. "Alright, now—"

My lighthearted words are interrupted by a loud scream. I winced.

"See what your goofing around did this time?" Alexandra shook her head and lowered her lilac mask over her eyes.

In a swift movement, she dove into the open air. Wind rushed against her magenta jumpsuit as she glided over the city streets. I watched as people looked up, their jaws dropping as she soared above them. Even from the roof of this building, I could hear them calling out her name.

*Glider! It's Glider!*

I smile. Even though we had a difficult job, it was always nice to be appreciated.

Then, I hear another scream.

*It's time to get moving,* I think.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath as I prepare to teleport. My heart pounds with excitement, fueled by the adrenaline coursing through my veins. I imagine the scene of the crime, the place where chaos was ensuing—the *park*.

A *whooshing* sensation flows through my body. When I open my eyes again, I can see that the once serene park now stands engulfed in chaos, a stark contrast to its usual tranquil atmosphere. Zombies and skeletons are milling about freely, chasing after innocent people. Screams and shouts fill the air, replacing the laughter and joyful chatter that once resonated through the trees. The park's lush greenery is trampled and torn, its vibrant flowers crushed under the weight of turmoil.

"It's Metamorphix!" Alexandra yells as she soars over me.

I squint my eyes to activate my super eyesight. I scan the chaotic scene, in search of the poison that Alexandra mentioned. My vision goes red and zooms in on a teenager who is walking past the swingset. When I spot the glowing orb on the sidewalk, I try to call out. But, I'm too late. The boy steps on the Metamorphix and freezes in place.

Then, abruptly, his face contorts in agony, mirroring the internal struggle that consumes him. Beads of sweat trickle down his forehead, mingling with the pallor of his skin. A tremor courses through his body, causing his limbs to jerk uncontrollably. His skin takes on a sickly hue, and his body breaks out with oozing wounds. A guttural growl escapes his throat, loud enough that I can hear it above all of the mayhem.

"The Metamorphix is turning people into zombies!" I call out to Alexandra, who has landed near a park bench not far away.

"More than just zombies. *Look!*" She points toward the small pond, where a collection of skeleton bodies are walking along the path.

I groan. "Okay. Glider, you try to collect the Metamorphix orbs so that nobody else gets hurt." I gesture to a glowing ball near my feet. Using the sleeve of my blue jumpsuit, I scoop up one orb that had rolled in my direction. "I will find the source of the plant."

I toss the Metamorphix toward Alexandria, who throws it into the storage compartment of her mechanical glider. Without another word, she sprints in the direction of the playground, where already children are beginning to change form.

I squint my eyes, activating my super eyesight. Frisbees and footballs lay abandoned on the grass, left behind as their owners fled. Picnic blankets lie discarded, their contents scattered and forgotten. Birds take flight in a frenzy, their melodic songs replaced by panicked chirping. Zombies and skeletons aimlessly wandered around the scene making deep, guttural noises as they moved.

*Where is the source?* I thought to myself.

In the midst of this pandemonium, terrified families huddle together, seeking safety amidst the turmoil. Fear etches deep lines upon their faces as they navigate the chaos, their once carefree expressions replaced by wide-eyed panic. Strangers clasp each other's hands, offering solace in the face of uncertainty.

Then, finally, I see it. Growing from a bush near the pond was the menacing glowing plant known only as Metamorphix. The sinister growth oozed evil and malevolence. I scowled as it produced yet another glowing orb and sent it rolling into the green fields.

"That's it," I muttered.

I stand tall, my muscles tensed and ready for action. I reach over my shoulder, where my collection of arrows rests in their holder. I grasp one firmly between my fingers, feeling the weight and balance in my hand.

With a powerful thrust, I hurl the arrow towards the malevolent plant. It soars through the air with tremendous speed, cutting through the atmosphere like a silver streak. The arrow whistles, propelled by my raw strength and precision.

As it pierces the heart of the evil plant, a surge of energy courses through the arrowhead. The impact is instantaneous. The plant shudders, its twisted form convulsing in pain. Vines wither and curl, petals wilt and crumble, as if nature itself recoils from the vile presence that once thrived

The plant lets out a screech, a twisted chorus of agony, as its sinister essence dissipates into the air. It lets out a thick, white smoke that quickly spreads to engulf the entire park. The

growling and moaning of the monsters suddenly stops and is replaced with the concerned voices of those left untouched.

*What's going on?*

*Why is everything white?*

*Help!*

Then, just like that, the smoke disappears. I smile, feeling triumphant, as I look around at the hundreds of collapsed humans that had once been monsters. They slowly rise to their feet, blinking their eyes in the bright sunlight.

The once menacing plant now lies defeated, reduced to a lifeless husk. The park breathes a collective sigh of relief, as the threat is eradicated.

Alexandria glides down and lands beside me. "Nice work, for once." She jokes and gives me a wink.

I smile, staring out at couples and families as they reunite with happy faces. "You got that right."

Alexandria gestured to her glider, which was bulging with the weight of the orbs she had collected. "What do we do with these?"

"We'll have to bring them back to Spark Industries." I run a hand through my dark hair. "Hopefully someone can figure out who planted the seeds here."

Alexandria's eyes widen with surprise. "You don't think-"

"I don't know," I interrupt her. "But, if it *was* our nemesis, then our troubles are just beginning."