

The Limousine Driver Saves the Day

My name is Howard Richardson and I am 32 years old. I'm a limousine driver for a man named Josh Carpenter (luckily, I get day-offs on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.) in Boston, Massachusetts and I hate coffee. Coffee just doesn't taste good to me. I try coffee every now and then but when I try it, I get a headache every time. It also tastes like dust. How could people drink something that tastes so terrible? I wear a black tuxedo every day because this one person told me after I gave him a ride that I look terrible in a blue suit and should wear a black tuxedo. I even spray cologne on my body and rub some deodorant, too. I went to college with a major in Physical Education but became a driver because I love driving. My favorite hobby is playing videogames with my kids, Alex, Sheila, and Ben. My wife is a college professor at Harvard University with the name of Elizabeth Richardson. Every day, I wake up at 7:00 AM, eat breakfast, drive to pick up Josh from 7:30 AM to 12:00 PM. I get him a ride to work then I grab lunch from fast-food restaurants like In-N-Out burger or McDonald's. After eating lunch, I check Josh's schedule to see if I have to pick him up. If I do have to give him a ride in the afternoon, I come home around 7:00 PM. If not, then I clean up the house and play with the kids all afternoon.

The weirdest thing that happened to me was about a week ago. It was just a normal day in my city when everything changed at 6:02 PM. I was driving in my limousine with my dinner from McDonald's to my house when a car in the shape of some weird clown zoomed past me. I only got to look at it for a few seconds before it drove out of my sight. It was blue, red, and white with an evil and sinister laugh frozen on its face. Then some weirdo in black jumped on my car. He was covered in a black suit with a mask on his face. He was wearing black combat boots and was armed with a staff. The guy must've been falling from a great height because he made a large dent in the limousine. Since there was a stranger in my car and I didn't want him to fall off,

I stopped at a curbside on the highway. "Who in the world are you?" I yelled after I had parked. "I'm Nightwing," the stranger replied quite dramatically, waving his hands and putting them in a dramatic eagle wing position. "Can you chase that car?" he asked, pointing his finger at the car that zoomed by. "Excuse me but I don't give free rides to hitchhikers!" I shouted at him. The man opened a door on the left side of the car and got in. He stated factually, "I need to save the world. I'll give you 10,000 bucks to chase that car. "Make it 20,000 and you've got a deal," I said. Though this man did sound a little crazy, like one of those men who lost their minds, I could do it for the money. I could also repair my car with some of that money too. We shook our hands and went right to business. I drove while he yelled unnecessary phrases like "Turn left here!" or "He went that way". We turned left and right, swerved under bridges, narrowly avoided cars, and dodged objects that the "Joker" dude left behind. Finally, Joker stopped in a parking lot. This was suspicious because he went specifically to this spot. Nightwing seemed to sense it too. "When Batman and I fought him, he always had a few tricks up his sleeves." "Holy cow!" I cried. "You used to work with Batman?" "I was known as Robin then." "Oh," I said. Of course! How could I not have known! It was all over the news that Robin became a superhero of his own and left Gotham city. "Look out!" Nightwing cried, disrupting my thoughts. A refrigerator the size of an elephant came hurtling at us. I don't even know where it came from but we dove to the ground, narrowly avoiding it. I looked up and saw a figure coming out of the clown car. Joker. I could barely make out his face but he was scary enough. Joker was even scarier than his car and I didn't know that was possible. His face alone would traumatize kids. "What have you got for us today, Joker?" Nightwing yells at the clown. "Oh, just a little trick up my sleeve." He said with a slight grin. Suddenly, the ground shivered, and then we fell. Joker just calmly fell to the ground as if it was an elevator. Me, not so calm. I screamed and screamed until my throat hurt. Finally, the ground stopped and we were in some sort of underground layer. After the fall, the ground (or the ceiling) above us closed up. This was Joker's chamber. It had computers, monitors, weapons, and a lot of loot. It was very dark and absolutely silent. I looked over at Nightwing. He didn't look good. His body was lying on the ground, had several scratches, and he seemed to be

unconscious. Joker was making his move towards Nightwing. Joker slowly walked to the desk and grabbed a balloon. "Okay," I thought. "That has got to be the strangest weapon I've ever seen. The clown looked at me, saw my shocked expression, and smiled. "Do you know what my weapon can do to you?" He asked, giving me one of his freakish smiles. "Not really." I said, admitting the truth. Even if his weapon was a wacky one, I didn't think that I should underestimate him. Mr. Freaky now had a sharp rock in his hand and many more balloons that looked just like his weapon. Maybe they were bombs and once he popped one of them, they would all explode. Wait, but then he wouldn't be able to escape. Joker finally got bored of me trying to guess what was in the balloon and finally, he did the most unusual thing a man could ever do in this situation. He started to run. After a few steps, he hitched all the balloons (except for the one that was the "Surprise") to a connector on his back. Then, he started floating up. I knew what he was going to do now, or at least I had an idea. That special balloon probably contains a toxic gas that he was going to release in just a minute. I knew I couldn't let that happen. I would rather let the gas stay in here and kill me, Nightwing, and Joker rather than killing thousands of citizens. I looked around, found a rock, and threw it with all my might. He easily dodged it. I tried it again. Missed again. I kept throwing rocks until finally, one met its target. Joker was almost to the top of the underground chamber and just as the hatch was opening. The rock had popped three of his balloons and sent Joker crashing to the floor. As he fell, his "Special" balloon fell right into my hands. Right then, Nightwing woke up, realized what was going on, grabbed his weapon, and pointed it at Joker. Joker, knowing that he lost, looked up at me, eyes filled with hatred, and whispered "You should look to the skies, and when you do, your world will be full of chaos." then disappeared. He just went POOF. I was so surprised by this that I didn't notice that Nightwing was talking. "Congratulations. You just made a new enemy." Nightwing said after Joker disappeared. "Thank you but do you think that he'll come back?" I asked. "Probably" was the reply. The police came shortly afterward, picked up the loot, collected the weapons, and destroyed the base.

I kept wondering what his last words to me meant. "And here I am, telling this story to you just a few weeks after this 'incident'". I told my kids. "And you'll never know when a superhero needs you most, no matter how old you are." As I finished up my words, a loud boom sounded. My children yelled as screams lifted up into the night sky. A villainous laugh filled up the sky. Joker was back.