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Miller

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### The Good Guy

That was me, the good guy. I stood at exactly three feet seven inches and weighed forty-five pounds. All my friends thought I was the average four year old, but they were wrong. While they were sipping on their juice boxes and munching on their snacks, I was off fighting the bad guys. I've been fighting evil since the day I was born. While all the other babies were at B.Y.O.B. parties, that stands for bring your own bottle. I was in my own crib watching the streets and keeping an eye out for the evil monster, THE NANNY. That was my first take down, and oh how I love reliving it. She was this old wrinkly lady who had a voice that like the squeaky tires on Tommy's bat man car, and smelled like the green stuff mom made me eat. She would come in wake us up, take our binkies, and shush us when we cried. Who did she think she was? Luckily I knew just how to deal with this monster. All it took was some smarts, a few stinky diapers, and one really bad hissy fit. She was gone, never to return. That is old news though, amateur stuff. I've moved on to bigger and better things.

My most recent challenge is the evil raccoon that keeps destroying the garden we planted. Now me, psh I couldn't care less, flowers are girly; but Leah (that's my girlfriend) well she likes flowers so the raccoon has got to go. Today was the day I was going to stop him. I had my favorite *Toy Story 3* shirt on and my new Buzz Lightyear sneakers on, he would never see me coming. Before I headed out onto the playground with the rest of my friends I took a long chug of milk, mom says I have to keep my bones strong to fight evil. As I walked out the back door I surveyed the area, at least that's what dad tells me I do. I didn't see a raccoon, but I did see Leah. She was sitting on the merry-go-round, holding what was left of her flowers. That's when I got angry; no raccoon was going to make my girl cry. I stomped off into the yard and got to work. I started by gathering sticks and leaves. I already had the rope hidden in my pocket. I walked to the flower bed and started setting up a trap. I was going to get this guy, for good. Too bad for me that's when I heard my name. "RRRRYYYYYAAAANNN" the teacher shouts for me. Great, just great, it's time for afternoon nap already, good thing I finished my trap. Hm, I wonder if Tommy knows I'm catching his friend. I still can't believe he is friends with a raccoon. Geez! And adults think I'm strange. Hey wait is that Tommy talking to Leah? He better not be, he knows I gave her flowers on Valentine's Day (that means she's *my* girlfriend). Looks like I have yet another evil to conquer.

As I lay there on my cot acting like I am asleep, I start to hatch a plan. I decided that if I take down the raccoon for Leah it will also solve my Tommy issue. So here's how it is going to happen: I'm going to set up my old leprechaun trap from last year, forget that dinky thing I built before naptime, and catch that stupid raccoon. I know it will work. After all, I caught part of a leprechaun's jacket last year. With my plan ready to go I let myself sleep. I'm going to need the energy. "Rise and shine!" I hear, and the lights flicker on. I am the first one up. I leap off my cot, put on my shoes and rush off to the bathroom (all that milk makes me gotta go). After that I rush

to get my afternoon snack and juice. Once I am done, I realize I need to get my leprechaun trap. I figure the best way is to be on my best behavior. I have to turn on the charm for this one; Aunt Sandy can be tough. As I walk over to her I practice my best pouty face, the pouty faces always work. Sure enough she gives me my trap and I'm off. I rush over to the garden and start setting up the new trap. I'm gathering a few things to add to the trap when I hear the noise. It sounds like my mom when she clicks her tongue at me. I turn around and there he is; I'm looking right at him. Boy does he look mad, I mean really mad, as mad as mom was that one time I turned the kitchen into a water park. I decided I should try to be nice, maybe he'll go away. "Hey little guy, nice boy, nice boy." As I was talking to him I heard Aunt Sandy shouting. I wasn't the only one who heard her. He did too: freaking out he started jumping at me and hissing. I took off running and screaming "HELP!! He's going to eat me!!!! HELP!!" Everyone is just staring at me. Why aren't they helping?! Can't they see this beast is trying to eat me?! Don't they care?! I bet Tommy set up this so he could have Leah. That's when I hear it, the best thing I heard all day. It was Leah cheering me on "RUN RYAN, RUN!!!" With that everyone started cheering as well, except for Tommy. I feel great and I start running faster towards the gate. I make it just in time for Aunt Sandy to grab me and slam the gate on the beast. I feel like I have just won those things called the Olympics or whatever. That is until the yelling begins and I end up getting in trouble and having to go inside for the rest of the day.

That's okay though. I won. Leah is still my girlfriend. As for Tommy and the raccoon, well the raccoon was taken by some man with a cage and Tommy is spending his days trying to talk to Alicia now. He knows not to mess with me and my girl.