



# Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

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Volume 3 *Portals*

Article 17

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5-1-1996

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*NSU University School*

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### Recommended Citation

Cooper, Jaime (1996) "When I Grow Up," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 3, Article 17.  
Available at: [http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol3/iss1/17](http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol3/iss1/17)

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## When I Grow Up

*Jaime Cooper*

I think it was right before my fourth birthday that my parents were declared legally divorced; however, they had been separated from the time I'd been conceived. From that time in my life, I began to raise myself while my mom was at work. I also began to think about what I was going to do when I grew up.

Most of my friends would change their minds weekly, if not daily, about what they were going to be. I remember my friend Kevin was determined to be an orange, but he was afraid it would hurt if someone tried to peel him, so he changed his mind and decided he wanted to be an avocado. Not me. I was going to be something of importance and nothing could *ever* change my mind. I was going to be a super-hero.

Despite what anyone told me, I was going to learn how to fly. Having two older brothers who loved to pick on me (but if anyone else ever touched me, they would kill him), I was advised that I could do anything – especially fly – if I put my mind to it. My brothers informed me that I needed a special cape and that I should start my training by jumping off the top of their bunk beds. Well, they helped me make my cape; then they set me on top of the bed and said, “Jump!” Well, I jumped. And sure enough I broke my arm.

After my cast had set and my tears dried up, I looked into the mirror. I was still wearing my

super-hero costume. However, my blue tights, American flag leotard and blue cape didn't seem to look right with the cast. How could "American Woman," as I referred to myself, fly around the world and save lives with a cast on her arm? I slowly took off my costume, put it into a box and stored it in the back of my closet.

That was the end of "American Woman"; the world would have to go on without me. Not only was my life as a super-hero over; I decided I was past that, and my new occupation was even more important—I was going to be a fire truck.