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Essay:

I remember the crash like it was yesterday. A man was driving down the road towards us. He just “had to have a smoke,” and reached down to pick up his pack of cigarettes on the floor. He swerved and ran us off the road. We crashed hard, and that had everything to do with how my body changed. As I healed, I noticed a few changes. I could run so much faster, like to school in 5 seconds when we lived a mile away. In soccer I was kicking so hard that I was tearing up soccer balls with one kick. The most important thing was that when I was around people who had been smoking, my nose would burn because of the smoke odor. After awhile, my breath started smelling minty and covered up the smoke smell. That’s when I realized my destiny was to save the world from harmful drugs. I decided to clear out my basement for my lair and found a shirt and skirt for my outfit. My colors were green, black and white. My plan was to sniff out the smoke, kick the cigarette out of the person’s hand, blow my minty breath around them to remove the smoke smell, and give them helpful tips on how to quit smoking and the importance of good health. Then all of a sudden, I sniffed. I smelled it. I ran to its source. “Stop that this instance!” I demanded as I kicked the cigarette out of a young man’s hand. I blew my minty breath around him then gave him advice on quitting. He seemed thankful. That same day after running a few errands, I went back to my house and saw the same guy. I watched him pick up a cigarette but when he went to light it, he held his stomach. I knew that my new power made people so sick to the cigarette that it would stop them from smoking it. I was so happy! But wait . . . I need a name! On my outfit I put the initials “WB” that stood for Wonder Breath because of what my breath had done to this guy. In my quest to teach people about the harm of cigarettes, I put out colorful fliers with information about staying away from drugs. I talked to children at schools and churches about how smoking and doing drugs can damage their bodies. I loved my new job! One day I picked up a newspaper and read an article about Wonder Breath. It felt so good to be doing something positive for my community. A few days later, I was on the news telling my story. I was getting popular. I was considered a hero when everyone started noticing more people had stopped smoking. Now with every hero, there is a villain. My villain was a gang who said they were coming after me because they didn’t want people to quit smoking or doing drugs. I knew I had to stop them. One day on my way to talk with some children, I smelled the smoke. All of a sudden, the group ganged up on me. I tried to kick the cigarettes out of their hands when one caught my leg and threw it down. I tried to blow my mighty minty breath on them but they were wearing masks to prevent my powerful smell from getting to them. We battled back and forth until I was able to juke out two of them and kick the smokes out of their hands. They were tired and defeated. There was still one left, and he was the hardest. After a long chase with him, I found the strength to kick his mask off. I quickly blew my amazing minty breath on him, and it was over. I had won! Everyone cheered. It scared me. I didn’t know anyone was there. The pretty news girl reported that most of the world had quit smoking and that the cigarette companies were running low on money. So again, Wonder Breath saved the day! I smiled to myself because I had reached my goal to save the world from harmful drugs.