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The Person

As a child, I grew up loving superman. His velvet cape and majestic "S" enamored me.

With his innate superpowers, he defended the world and saved millions of lives. He was my first true hero. At night, I dreamed of superman and how one day I would be just like him. While I was fast asleep, my toy action figures of superman were mysteriously put away and my dirty clothes were washed. My body somehow ended up being nicely tucked in and my nightlight was turned on. I felt an unusual warmth on my forehead and woke up to a smear of red lipstick on my cheek.

When I was a young boy, Eli Manning was my hero. His blue giants jersey stood out on the hot green turf of Giants Stadium as he led my favorite team to victory. When I grew up, I wanted to be as calm and courageous as Eli Manning. While I sat dreaming about one day leading the Giants to the Super Bowl, I was served a hot homemade meal and my water glass was always full. My school backpack miraculously was cleaned and my lunch for the next day was already sitting on the counter. My once stinky football gear smelled beautifully and was carefully placed in the corner, ready for the next day.

When I was a teenager, my hero became John F. Kennedy. Learning about his grandiose demeanor and gentle prose, J.F.K. was a person who I wanted to model after myself. While I studied his actions in history, my homework folder suddenly became organized. When I fell asleep after a long night of studying, I always somehow ended up with my lights off and my textbooks neatly put away on the shelf. When I woke up in the morning, I still found that same red lipstick smear on my cheek.

Today, I woke up and realized that I didn't have a hero. After 16 years of my life, I couldn't find a person whose character was flawless enough to be my role model. As I rolled out of my bed, I walked to the bathroom and began to brush my teeth. As I glanced in the mirror, I noticed the same small red lipstick smear on cheek. With a small tear in my eye, I cursed myself for being so naïve. How could I take so many little things for granted? While I searched the world for a hero, I had one right in my own house. This hero was with me at every step of my life, making sure that I was always safe and comfortable. This hero gave me life and has loved me ever since she first held me in her arms.

With a newfound sense of fulfillment, I can happily say to all of you that I have found my lifetime hero. My hero is my mom, and I hope that someday I can become half the person she is.

I love you mom.