

Uranium Cranium: Defender of the night!"

Brendon Cook, 2011

"Whoosh! I'm superman!" Tyler dashed around the cramped office, a red blanket tied around his neck. His mother grabbed him around the waist and set him on her knee, shushing him. The physician took off his glasses and rubbed his temples.

"Well, Mrs. Johnson, I brought you in here to give the test results in person. The CT scan shows that your son has a large metastatic neuroblastoma in his prefrontal cortex, which would explain the behavior changes that you indicated."

Mrs. Johnson grew rigid, her face hardening as she held back tears. The doctor continued. "We have several options, unfortunately a cancer of this sort is difficult to operate directly on." He went on for several minutes, outlining different treatments and possibilities. All the while Mrs. Johnson just sat there, nodding occasionally. Tyler on the other hand was in a world of his own. He was Superman: defender of the galaxy! He eventually grew bored and began to listen to the man in the long white coat. "The option that has the best rate of success involved implanting a small piece of radioactive material directly into the tumor in your son's head. Over time this constant irradiation along with adjuvant chemotherapy..."

Tyler stopped listening when the man started to use big words. He had said that they would put something radioactive in his brain! That was how the Hulk got his powers. Maybe he would get some too. His head would probably glow green and he would get psychic powers! He could blow things up with his mind and never have to eat his beans... and he would probably be able to fly too! Tyler began imagining all of the fun that he would have soon enough. He would need a superhero name. Something that the president could call when he needed help. He thought back to the Hulk, which was his biggest source of knowledge on radioactive things. If he could recall correctly there was something called uranium that always glowed a nice green color.

“-Just make an appointment for your surgery consultation with my secretary.” The doctor was wrapping up the meeting. *Poor kid*, he thought. This form of cancer had a high probability of relapse and a poor outlook for those diagnosed. But he had other patients to take care of. This kid’s mom seemed to be taking good care of him. He had as good a chance of surviving as anyone. Not really saying much. He knelt down and looked Tyler in the eyes. They were bloodshot but cheerful. “Hey Tyler, I’ll see you soon alright?”

Tyler looked over. “That’s not my name.”

The doctor blinked. That was unexpected. Hopefully the tumor hadn’t spread *that* far. “Well, then what is it?”

Tyler grinned. “I’m Uranium Cranium: Defender of the night!”

He charged out of the room, his mom trailing behind.