**“Hiro to Hero”**

**1500 Words**

**Some alleyway in the middle of San Fransokyo**

Hi, My name is HIro. I’m 14 years old and I live in San Fransokyo. somehow I was able to graduate high school a year ago, and now I’m in the middle of some alleyway at a bot fight. Is this illegal? No. Is betting on it illegal, which I’m doing? Absolutely yes. Now the question is, will I walk out of this with a fully functional Baymax and more money? Or will I have to bag him up and walk back to my aunt Kass’ cafe with no money? Only time would tell. And… time certainly told.

With new armor that I added for Baymax, there was basically no competition that stood a chance. My final opponent was definitely the most mad about their defeat. His name, was Yammah. At first, he knocked Baymax clean out our first match. But, I wasn’t done with him quite yet. After a few quick adjustments and minor repairs, I challenged him again. He looked at me in a way that was half ‘this kid is crazy’ and half ‘more money for me.’ However, he’d be eating his own words soon. Those modifications I made to Baymax truly did something to help this next round. Next thing I know, Baymax has his foot on top of Yammah’s bot, staring at him jaw-dropped. I felt pretty proud of myself. And I turned my back for one second to put the money in my backpack preparing my smack talk for him.

 “Here’s a little word of advice for you,” I started, “If you want to stay undefeated, do some more tests with that thing you call a bot. But, if you really want to just loose more money, just keep it exactly how it is–”

Before I knew it, I had four guys that were much larger than me standing right over me. I was in a bit of a pickle.

 “How *DARE* you defeat me! No one has *EVER* defeated me before! I don’t buy this for a second! Boys, give him what he gets.” Turns out I messed with someone *probably* shouldn't have.

Just before, I heard the sound of a moped from the alleyway to the side of us. I saw my brother coming screeching to a halt to come to my rescue. “Tadashi!” I exclaimed as I ran over to him and grabbed a helmet. Baymax was shortly behind me and was looking backwards as we drove away from the crowd, making sure we were safe.

“Are you alright? Are you hurt?” Tadashi Frantically asked me as we were driving away.

“I’m fine,” I responded. “You have perfect timing brother, you know that?”
 We approached a wooden sheet of plywood placed like a ramp. When I saw this, I was thinking *here’s the daredevil brother I know*. But…, I was also thinking *Lord save our lives from death on the landing*. As we came off the end of the ramp, it felt like we almost instantly dropped and were safe. But, death wasn’t anything to be worried about anymore, as we saw red and blue lights approaching us rapidly before we could go anywhere.

**San Fransokyo Police Department Precinct 24**

Welp, turns out that bot fighting isn’t the best idea when you get into a physical fight for it. Now, I got my brother and I into a little bit of a pickle. I think the police already called our aunt Kass to come get us. Well, me mainly, because Tadashi is already 18 years old and is getting charged as an adult. But, I’m hopeful that she’ll get us both out soon. I felt like a true criminal right after they took our mugshots and put us in holding cells. But, we weren’t there for long thankfully.

“Hiro Hamada, step forward to the bars.” Said one of the guards outside in a demanding demeanor.

 I stepped forward, and down the hall I heard them call Tadashi up as well. They opened our doors, and walked us to get our personal items back. After they let us out of the room on our own will, we walked right outside to our aunt Kass giving us a huge hug making sure we’re okay. Then, she grabbed our ears and pulled us to the car. She began ranting about how she raised us better and we should know never to do such a thing like this. I was thinking to myself, *I might as well go to that convention and show Baymax off there if I can’t do it at botfights.*

After we got back to the cafe, I went upstairs and started looking at entry enrollment. I was planning to go with Tadashi, who had made a little neuro controlled microbot system. The thing was in two weeks, and he still had to mass produce it so he could do what he was planning to do with it. But, two weeks might not be enough.

**San Fransokyo Institute of Technology Community Hall**

As we were walking in, I was pushing Baymax’s crate in front of me on a cart, and Tadashi and his friends from the lab were helping him move the 2 commercial grade trash cans worth of his microbots over to our table. Before we knew it, showings on stage were starting, and I was “on deck,” as the announcer called it, which was basically second in line. Tidashi was right after me, as the announcer called it, “in the hole.”

The group in front of me had made some sort of a nuclear power cell that was powering an industrial deep fryer, which they made french fries as an example. *Nuclear French Fries?! How am I going to beat this?* I thought. Then, they called me up.

“Next up, Hiro Hamada.” As I was walking up to get my mic pack on, they called the next line of people up next, which meant Tadashi, and someone else who had one of the longest names I had ever heard, that I couldn’t remember afterwards. Parshi- something, maybe? Anyhow, it’s showtime.

I’m not going to try and sugar coat this, it was a bit scary going up on stage in front of 70-100 people that would be deciding my fate, whether or not I win something, or go home empty handed. First, I started off with a bit of a personal introduction, and my fear definitely showed a little bit, as I stuttered almost every other word I said. But, when I started to talk about Baymax, I was smooth sailing.

“Baymax is one of the best inventions I’ve made to this date! Now, on your pamphlets, you may see that he is described as a ‘Battle Fighting Bot.’ How that is true, it’s not all Baymax can do,” I hinted.

As I began to give the rest of the description, I was suddenly interrupted by the sound of the fire alarms sounding. As we were exiting, Tadashi grabbed his neurotransmitter, and controlled his microbots to get out of the building. I told Baymax to follow us out behind, but when we got outside, he was nowhere to be seen.

“Baymax?! Baymax?!” I began calling, but he wasn’t anywhere to be seen. After more people had exited the building, we didn’t see one of Tadashi’s professors outside, and he decided to go back inside to go and find him. “Tadashi! No!” I tried to tell him, but he was already too far gone. Right before he went inside, his neurotransmitter fell out of his pocket. I ran to grab it, and put it in my pocket. Suddenly, I saw a jet blast coming out of the back of the Community Hall. *Baymax!* I thought. Only, there was someone on his back mount where I usually ride. Someone I recognized vaguely from a distance, but I couldn’t put a finger on who it was. So, I put on Tadashi’s neurotransmitter, started to figure out the controls of the microbots, and went after him.

I had no idea these bots could go so fast, especially as fast as Baymax, going close to the speed of sound. Eventually, we caught up to them and I finally realized who I recognized.

*Yammah*.

“What are you doing with Baymax?! How did you even get him under your control?!

“You see, you used a very easy programming method that I– I mean, *we* were easily able to crack. After we figured that out, learning what you coded into him was as easy as looking at your names in there. Very smart using that basic cybersecurity you had in there. But, consider it gone now.”

*That’s what you think.*

I pulled a box from my back pocket, and hovered over a button labeled “Deactivate.”

“Say goodbye to speed, and *hello* to death’s mortal prison.” Right after that, I pressed “Deactivate,” and Baymax proceeded to power down, and fall rapidly towards the ground, where cops were awaiting his *majestic* arrival.