

The Superhero Nobody Could See

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A story about thoughts, courage, and the power to choose.



**For every child discovering
the hero within.**

You can feel your feelings, ask for help, and
choose your next brave step.

The Superhero Nobody Could See

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This is a work of fiction.



Oliver wanted to be a superhero more than anything. He practiced flying from the bottom step, tried lifting the sofa, and stared at his broccoli, hoping laser beams would shoot from his eyes.

Nothing happened.

“You’re still broccoli,” he sighed.



One rainy Saturday, Oliver sat beside Grandma at the kitchen window.

“This is going to be a terrible day,” he said. “There’s nothing to do.”

Grandma looked up from her tea. “What an interesting pair of glasses you’re wearing.”



Oliver touched his nose. "I'm not wearing glasses."
"Invisible ones," she said. "Your thoughts are the
glasses your mind looks through."



“Right now, yours seem to say, ‘Nothing good can happen today.’”

“Well, it’s raining.”

“Yes,” Grandma said. “But what else is true?”

Oliver shrugged.



“There are blankets upstairs, cushions on the sofa, and a very suspicious-looking dragon in the laundry basket.”

“That’s a sock.”

“Are you certain?”

Oliver grinned.



Ten minutes later, the kitchen had become a castle. The table was a mountain, and the cushions were stepping-stones. Oliver was rescuing Grandma from a sock dragon with terrible breath.

“It’s still raining,” he said afterward.

Grandma nodded. “What changed?”



“My idea about the day.”

“And your new idea helped you do something different.”

Oliver’s eyes widened. “Is that a superpower?”

“One you can practice every day.”



On Monday, Oliver decided to test his power. At school, the challenge was to build a bridge that could hold a toy elephant.

His first bridge fell down. His second tipped over. His third collapsed before the elephant got anywhere near it.

“I’m terrible at this. I’ll never figure it out.” He pushed the blocks away.



Across the table, Maya reached for a long blue block.
“Want to try—”

“No,” Oliver said. “It won’t work.”



Then Oliver remembered Grandma's invisible glasses. With his I-can't glasses on, all he could see was a pile of mistakes. He hadn't even heard Maya's idea.

He took a slow breath. "I haven't figured it out yet."
That little word made room for something new.



“Maybe we could make the bottom wider,” Maya said.

Together, they built two sturdy towers and laid the blue block across them. Oliver placed the elephant on top.

The bridge held. “It worked!”



At recess, Oliver saw some children playing catch.
They probably don't want me, he thought.

He stood beside the fence and scuffed his shoe in the dirt. The longer he stood there, the lonelier he felt.

Then he noticed what his thought was doing.

It was telling him to stay where he was.

Oliver rested a hand on his chest and took a breath.



I don't know what they'll say. I can be brave enough to ask.

His stomach still fluttered as he walked over. "Can I play?"

"Sure!" said Ben. "Stand over there!"



A moment later, the ball sailed toward him. Oliver missed it.

For one second, his mind shouted, How embarrassing!

Then he chose another thought. I can go get it.

He chased the ball, threw it back, and stayed in the game.



That afternoon, Oliver hurried home.

“Grandma! I know how my power works! When I think I can try, I try. When I think I can learn, I keep learning. When I think I can be friendly, I walk over and say hello!”

Grandma smiled. “Your thoughts help shape the things you do. And the things you do can change your day.”

Oliver paused. “So if I think happy thoughts, will nothing bad ever happen?”



“You’ll still have rainy days,” Grandma said. “Towers will tumble. Sometimes people will say no, and sometimes you’ll feel sad. A worried thought doesn’t make bad things happen.”

“Then what’s my power?”

“You can choose a thought that helps you take your next step. Sometimes it’s, ‘I can try again.’ Sometimes it’s, ‘I need a hug.’”

“I think superheroes need quite a lot of hugs.”

“An extraordinary number,” Grandma agreed, opening her arms.



That night, Oliver made himself a badge.

It wasn't decorated with lightning bolts or laser beams.

In the middle, he drew a bright yellow star. Around it, he wrote:

I CAN CHOOSE MY NEXT THOUGHT.

The next morning, he wore it under his shirt.

His superpower was going everywhere with him.



When his spelling words looked difficult, Oliver thought, I can learn one at a time.

When his little sister knocked over his spaceship, he felt angry. He took a breath and thought, I can tell her I'm upset without being unkind.

He could feel his feelings and still choose what to do next.

Every day gave him another chance to practice.



And when a new boy sat alone at lunch, Oliver thought, Maybe I can help someone else have a good day.

He picked up his tray.

“Hi,” he said. “Do you like superheroes?”

The boy nodded.



“Me too,” Oliver said, sitting beside him.

“Can you fly?”

“Not yet.”

“Do you have super strength?”

“Only when opening some pickle jars.”



The boy laughed. “Then what’s your power?”

Oliver smiled and showed him the badge.

“I can choose a thought that helps me do something good.”



The boy looked down at his lunch. “Could I have that power too?”

Oliver slid a piece of paper across the table and handed him a yellow crayon.

“Let’s make you a badge.”