

# The Possibility Path

## The Seven Stories

*“Bringing Possibilities to Reality”*

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### ONE SUPERHERO'S STORY

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One Superhero's Story is our own. We all are rescuers and rescuees at certain times in our lives. This idea plays across our lives, from world leaders to religions to family dramas and personal storylines. What if we were all helpers for each other, no rescue needed. Would we then have any need for Superheroes?

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#### **Instructions:**

Read the story, listen to the audio first, or do both together.  
Journal as you go, during, or after.

It is your personal development course, make it best for you in the way that is best for you!  
And welcome to The Possibility Path: The Seven Stories!

## The Possibility Path Stories

### One Superhero's Story

Once upon a time there was a superhero. He was the traditional superhero type with a mask and cape and all the fixings of a normal superhero. He saved the world by night and had a straight job by day and no one knew his alter ego, not even the love of his life.

It was a consistent existence. He knew his job. He knew his enemy. He had order, structure, and a sense of purpose and pride. He kept to himself during the day and he had his adventures at night. He felt fully satisfied. His was very happy with all the nice and neat areas of his life.

Then one day all crime stopped. It seems his nemesis had gotten healthy. (Rumors say he had spent some time in a certain rehabilitation center.) And the people came together and put forth a new ordinance. From now on there would be no more crime.

And just like that all crime just stopped. It just stopped!

Suddenly our Superhero found he had a lot of free time on his hands. He had nothing to do at night anymore. For awhile he put on his cape and mask and hung out on top of tall buildings. He watched the calmness of the city, the quiet enveloping him, until he could not take it and went home with his head down, lost and lonely.

One time he even yelled "Help! Help!" just to hear it said out loud like old times.

He pretended to race over to an imaginary victim to save them just to feel the adrenaline rush, the sense of being needed. But there was no one to help. There was no one to save. They were all just happily, peacefully sitting there in their homes doing nothing but being nice to each other. It made him sick.

A part of him knew this feeling he had was wrong. Hadn't he always been the one who fought for justice and encouraged people to be nice to each other? Didn't he at one time have the motto "Do good. Be good?" Wasn't he the one who would complain night after night during intense battles with his nemesis that he wished it would all just go away?

That was it, his nemesis! If only he could find a way! He began to plot how he could sabotage the evil one's recovery. What could he say or do to bring him back to his evil self? No one could be that good! He began to plot and plan, creating drama in his mind. If only... If only... If only. He couldn't think of a thing.

It was good that they were peaceful, right?

And then depression set in. The sadness began. Night after night, he wailed so loud the people of the city thought there was a werewolf on the loose. It was intense pain he had never known.

Without the crime, without his nemesis plotting, without the calls for help, who was he? What purpose did he have in life? The future looked very bleak indeed.

After awhile he got tired of the crying and began to look around during the day while he was incognito, he watched at night when he stared at the city from the roof of his building.

And he began to see that it was good! The people were capable of taking care of themselves. They weren't happy all the time, but they were able to solve their issues with calmness and confidence. He began to like what he saw in them. No longer did they need someone to save them. They were saving themselves. They were helping each other and they were fully able to do so.

“Quite efficiently.” he thought to himself. “Perhaps I can learn from them.”

So he watched as they created the lives they imagined, went about their daily habits, and problem solved with ease, often times making lemonade out of lemons. It was remarkable, like seeing a child walk for the first time. If they could do it he could do it! And so he began to look at his life in a different way. He took up a few hobbies to fill his dark nights. He went on a vacation and learned how to fish. One day he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He took his old cape and mask from behind some piles of paper in the closet, took it up to the roof, and burned it in the chimney. It was gratifying to watch the smoke rise over the city he had protected all those years. He knew now that if anything ever happened again, the people could step up and be superheroes themselves. It was not his to bear alone any longer.

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We are all superheroes. We all have our nemesis, our villains, that we are in battle within our own lives. Some take this to the extreme. Some have to save everyone or be the only superhero on the block. It becomes a part of them that is so ingrained to lose it would be to lose their life. They need their victims. They crave a nemesis. They want the drama, the excitement! Without it, they are lost.

What if there wasn't? What if it was all just people, us, just trying to get along and make our way in life? What if it wasn't so dramatically cut and dry, all or nothing, good and bad, right or wrong, black and white? What if it was grey and we were all here to just help each other through this shared difficult and challenging experience of life?

What then?

Drama gives us purpose in our worlds. Who we think we are and who we think others are dictate not only our behavior but our sense of self. If we are constantly needing to be one who rescues, then we seek out and find others whose story is to be rescued. Neither is truth. We can help each other without being in the drama of a rescue! It can just be one person being kind or nice to

another. It does not need to have the drama of story upon it. But we love the drama! We love the story! From our earliest ancestors telling tales of the big hunt or the creation of the sky around a glowing campfire at night, to our current thousand and one tales on our screens and devices, dramatic storytelling is a mode of communication we humans love. Why do you think we have so many tales of Superheros, even this story? Why do you think we have so many stories of victims?

It is not all bad! Dramatic story telling is fun! It is exciting. It is moving. It can open eyes, change hearts, educate, entertain, and make us feel connection to the rest of humanity. It can open us up to possibilities in ways we never were able to dream possible!

It is being aware of how we use drama that is crucial if we want to pull out of the feeling we are owned by the drama in our lives. The push and pull manipulation of drama can drive us into shame, despair, arrogance, or ignorance. But once we can see what drama we are putting into our world, we can then choose to engage with it, or not!

That is the freedom found within the story of One Superhero's Story.

How we help each other depends on how we see each other. Do we see one another as victims in need of rescue who cannot do for themselves? Or do we see each other as human beings trying to get by in this mysterious, confusing, and difficult world of being a human being? If we can see each other as just one human going through something to another, we can stop the rescue cycle and become equal. In equality we see no one is better than another. No one is worse. We are all just trying to get along as best we can! We are all just here for one another.

Then the drama is gone. The story of action and fear and push and pull are gone. We are left nakedly aware of our own humanity. That can be a scary place to be. It is a difficult place to sit. But if we are there together, what comes from it is respect, honor, gratitude, love, and true empathic compassion.

For if we can see the pull and push of the dramas around us, from others, from media, from systems, and from our own internal definition of self, we may learn that we are all capable of changing our story to a new definition of helping and receiving help at any given time.

If we can see clearly the world as it is and human as they are, perhaps we would call even the most ordinary of people Superheroes. Would we then all become heroes?

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\* If you are ready to delve into the amazing world that is you, if you are ready to change your life and open up to possibility, then come join us and walk The Possibility Path!







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Go to [www.thepossibilitypath.com](http://www.thepossibilitypath.com) to start today!