

You Rule The World, Ricky!

You might think that superpowers are weird or unnatural to reality, but they are indeed real. Many anecdotes can attest to this. They just become normalized because the human experience doesn't like anything too new and too world shattering, they must calm themselves and ingrain it into their everyday lives.

Which is what here Ricky R. is doing with his life.

He fascinates himself with fashionable jewelry or a nice shiny coat on his car. He stares at the sun a lot, though he wears sunglasses so its all cool. And he keeps himself in constant cool manner. He frequents his sunny beachside town with all its amenities and just looks outside a lot, like a lot a lot. He really likes looking up at the clouds, his most favorite days are when there's nothing but clear blue sky, it makes him feel like he can do almost anything, it makes him want to fly up and look down at everyone in awe. Alas, he does not have this superpower, I'm sure someone else does, but he feels alone on this.

You see there are other people with superpowers, though mundane and unknown to him. You may or may not find them on the news, they aren't really grand people. unless they are which can be great at times, and worst at best. Where does Ricky stand on that scale? In between I'd say. He's too flashy but at a saturated level, he tries to come out mysterious but maybe he's being genuine. Whatever it may be he is a chosen one for such an incredible superpower such as controlling the weather? We'll have to see.

"What! you can control the weather?" He thought people would say, but others would just look at him awkwardly until he got the latte he ordered.

Most than not he's decided against it, keeping it a nice little secret, a thing to keep sacred. Only his friends are the ones he told to, though never demonstrated.

Nickey and eVe are great but they are side characters to this grand scheme. They will soon prove to also be his greatest allies in times of danger. Which will be sometime around now.

If you were anything of a business owner around this place, you'd want to be in the more scenic and saturated places for shops and businesses. You're near a beach area near little beach houses so you can charge expensive amounts and refuse public use of bathrooms. You were pretty much king of the world if you made it here. Though, if anything bad per say were to happen weather-wise, you would be doomed.

Maybe a gigantic Hurricane ravishes you and it's so close that you can kiss not your shop but your whole town goodbye, or a cyclone, or a firenado all in the span of one week. Perhaps strange weather patterns in a row? Well if you didn't know any better this town would just be your famed accursed land, a phenomenon that meteorologists go ga-ga over, still trying to solve and think about all the time, experts love this place, news reporters are on the edge of their seat sweating to see what fresh hell awaits them. Though infrastructure funds have not been getting any better. Well rest assured you can blame that on the one, the only Ricky R.

What caused him to create such an upset? It's a question unknown.

After that incident, many people learned about things that day. Mainly Villains and Self-titled vigilantes coming over to his house for some reason. He's not sure why but here's a weird anecdote from one of them.

"I went over to his house stead-fast in my wake, not leaving an inch behind, I saw him standing menacingly, almost awaiting my approach. I gasped in surprise by his quickness, so I charged in and did my famous rush attack. He looked at me in shock as I grasped him by his shirt.

The valiant overdressed superhero held Ricky up by his shirt collar.

"W-what, who are you, man?" Ricky said.

"I'm your greatest nightmare, Crush Rush! I'm from the next state of the Bay Area."

"What did I not pay for my order, are you the IRS or something?"

"Hmmpm! Don't play coy with me, i'm sure you're aware.."

I handed him the paper because im just that nice to my foes,

he looked a little flustered, his glasses awry.

"Huh, I have a bounty for once?" He said in a state of...not as expectedly scared shock.

So from that day onward after putting his cool sunglasses back on, he was now a wanted criminal by some wackos in sweatsuits and maybe he should get something checked out.

So he went to his friends Nick and Vee.

"Hmm...I cant believe this happened." He said pacing back in forth.

"Yeah buddy, if there's anything you need just let us know you know." Nick said.

"Pshh, no need, this is actually quite interesting and fun."

His friends were a little confused.

"I haven't had this much action in forever, I finally got some new company around here. I mean I have an arch nemesis probably! Isn't that exciting?"

"For whatever it takes I'll make sure to get rid of them though, I'm not sure who they're boss is or how they found out but I wanna get to the bottom of it."

"I need y'all's to help me with this. Pleaseeeeeee." He said turning to them with a poor excuse for puppy dog eyes.

"N-no need to beg, we're right by your side. Vee said.

"Whatever will clear your mind!"

Nick nodded along, scrolling through his phone.

"I can definitely do some research."

And so the journey began..

In the solitude of his rich house he pondered to himself.

"Well for one thing I know someone had to have seen me...or at least knows me?"

"I don't go out that much though, I mean I do but, I don't talk to people."

"I mean there's the barista that keeps on getting my name wrong, I didn't think she'd snap after having to correct her so many times, I just gave up."

"I guess I am just that fine, didn't think it'd go this far."

"Y'know maybe I should relax, that dude in tights could've been some wacko, they're all just gullible crazies. Heck, have you seen me? I look like I control the weather!"

"I could call it off and whatever, go back to watching that fascinating dolphin show and ice skating program. Haha, silly me, you silly goose."

Back to the daily grind of his life he sashayed to the couch, he turned on the tv to see the news channel pop up.

"You know I really gotta change that." He thought.

"Today's Weather on the 1s, take it away Gillian."

A very elaborate and obnoxious 3d header opened with the words "WEATHERMAGEDDON" on it, like it was popping out of the screen almost.

"Good grief."

"Thanks Christi, today the weather has been absolutely bonkers but citizens we have many thoughts and speculations on why weather has been so catastrophically different.

Researchers John and C.J. have said we do live near the seafront, so hurricanes are quite natural to happen, though hurricane season is mostly through the summer we can experience some during fall.

And for earthquakes while they are rare they are likely due to some erosion and irregular weather patterns from up north coming down to here."

"Huh, they managed to cover up for me, yay."

"Sheesh that weather sure was a doozy, hope Mother Nature didn't have a crappy day this past few days, hahahahahaha."

They all then started mechanically laughing.

"Yeah, I really gotta change that to ESPN or something." He thought.

Meanwhile in another area,

In a place hidden under a steampunk factory holds the largest convention under it,

The international supernatural convention.

It was a super discrete convention, though not necessary since they were seen as crazies most of the time, as much as they wanted to be taken seriously. People thought the ones wearing tights were the show-offs so they prohibited any superhero attire.

"Good morning everyone. I hope you guys had a lovely day, it was raining outside for me so It was quite unpleasant but it's dry now." The chairman for this meetup said.

"Welcome to the ISC this chapter we'll be helping others discover who they are and learn more about one others they believe to be true. In other words let your freak flags fly and enjoy our many seminars and meetups!"

Yes, this was indeed the place.

A cloaked person stood up on the stage and declared with a quiet but serious tone.

"A man I suspect to be a powerful god among us, a man with a superpower that tests all of our mundanities, this man is Rusty Rick-e-do, he goes to my coffeeshop and frequents it, I always thought he was strange but in a way incomparable to man. He told me himself, he can control the weather!"

Everyone made a Gasp.

"It's been all over the news, my town, my city, my area has been stricken with many natural disasters, fire tornados, giant hurricanes, even cyclones for cyclops sake! This is unnatural by any stretch of the imagination, and I think he is to blame."

"Nobody would believe me of course, but I know you all can help me. I will pay a high debt to whoever can get this man, I cannot afford to lose my inventory to my lowly, small business!"

And so the witch-hunt began. Millions of vigilantes out to explore and prepare from worry of how much fear this man quakes within them. But the bounty sure was a sweet amount of money and shares.

"Oh me oh my, what could have caused this cruel demigod to hurt us in this way? Why must the suffering of us appease him? Why was he so angry?"