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There are a lot of different stories about superheroes. We can see them everywhere: comic books, movies, novels, toys, videogames, advertising... For many people heroes are superheroes which have super-human power, who are wearing colorful costumes and mask. They are honest and fair, not need reward. They save people, saving whole world.

For modern people of the XXI century, heroes are fictional people with super-human power who protect humanity from same as them not real but evil people. From childhood we are watching them, worrying about them and forgot who really is the hero.

But for me, the hero is my grandmother. She is seventy. But she does not focus on her age. And people around feel her younger then she is.

My grandmother has always been an ideal for me. She is purposeful, hardworking and achieved everything herself. She has always understood modern fashion. It is a pleasure to have a grandmother who always looks good and tasteful, and can even give advice.

Every day, over and over again, I saw my grandmother go to her goals. She did not become a superstar and did not commit heroic acts to the whole world, but she became a wonderful grandmother. She understands me very well.

But most of all I love her because she taught me to love books. She showed me how beautiful the world of imagination is. And, probably, thanks to her, I found my way. I became a writer. And now I create magical worlds by myself.

When my grandmother was a child, she was an excellent student, and I try to be the same. I do not want to have her destiny, but I want to have her qualities, kindness, hardworking, determination. I consider her to be the best example for me.