

COMING SOON ...

PiZAZZ

VS

THE NEW KID

PiZAZZ



Sophy Henn

SIMON & SCHUSTER

The bit about me...

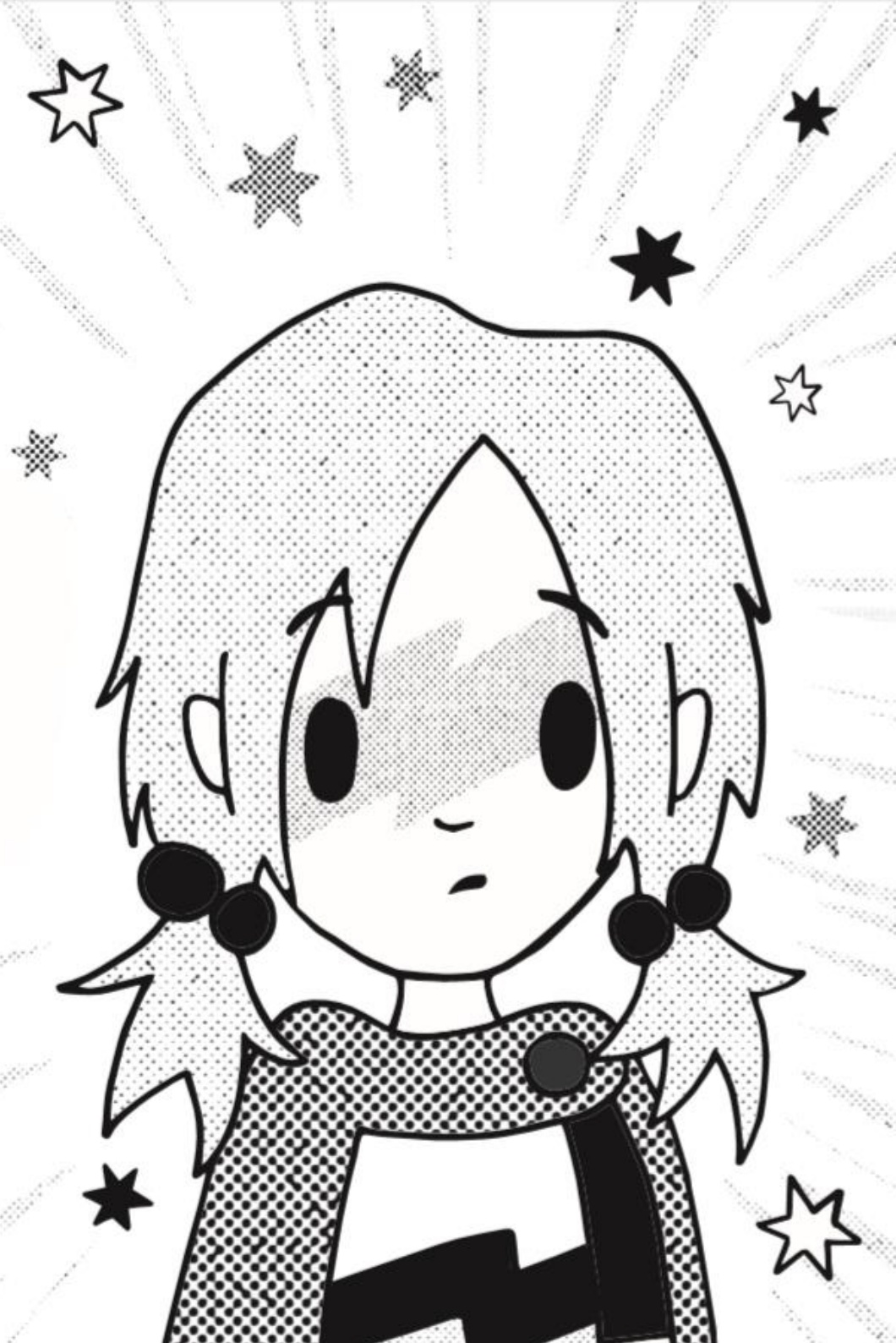
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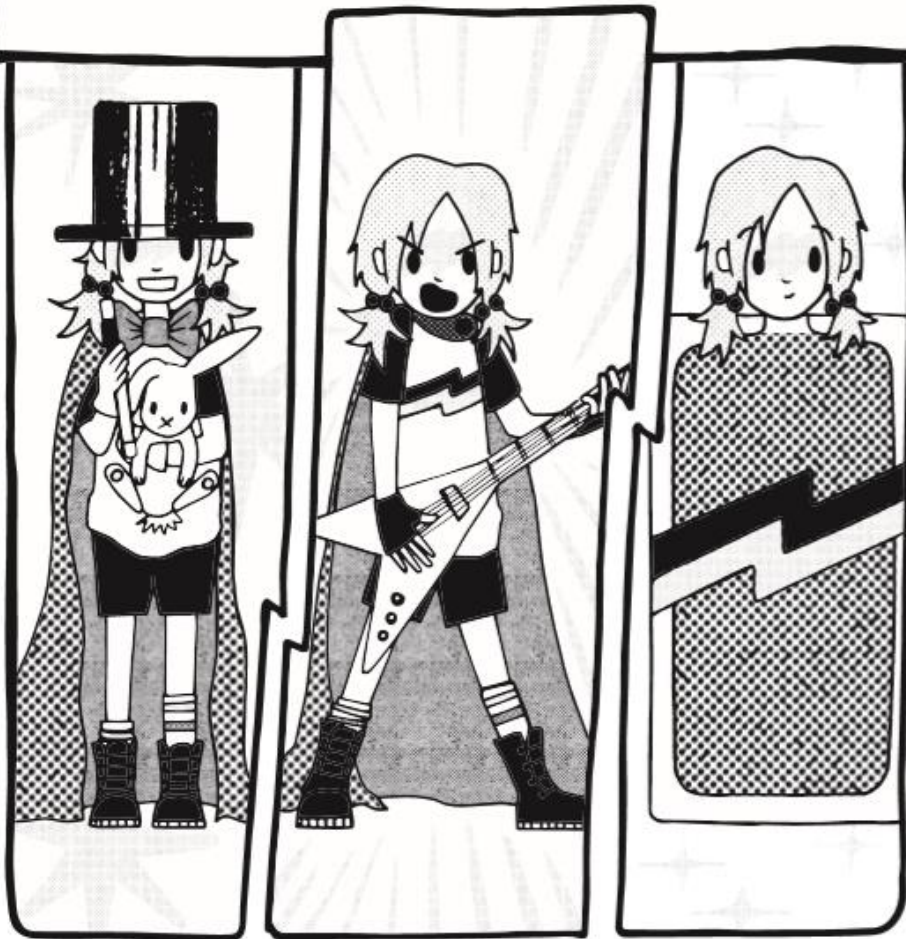
OK. Well, I am $9\frac{1}{4}$, almost $9\frac{1}{2}$ and my name is **PIAZZZ**.

Yes, you did hear that right. My name is
PIAZZZ.

And yes, it IS completely embarrassing.
And no, I don't think it's a proper name either, but as with most things around here it really doesn't seem to matter what I think about it.



With a ridiculous name like **PIAZZZ** I should probably be a **magician**, or a **POP STAR**, or a **really smelly perfume**, but I am not any of those things.



What I actually am is super. Not super as in brilliant, or terrific or even very good. I am **SUPER** super. *Actually* super. As in superhero, with powers and stuff.

Because of this, I **HAVE** to wear a costume and part of that costume is a very annoying cape. It gets in the way, **flapping** around my feet and trailing in puddles and getting stuck in doors, but I still have to wear it

**ALL
THE
TIME.**

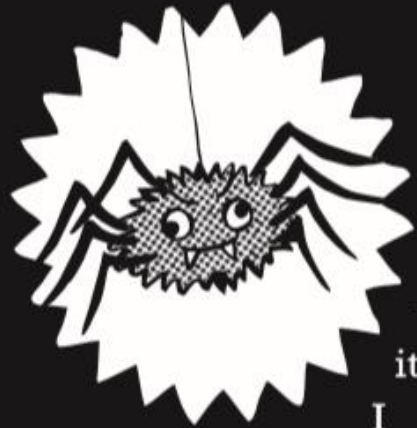
Not just when it's cold.

... And my ridiculous name (which in case you hadn't already guessed I HATE) is written right across the back of my cape in **HUGE** shiny letters.

SUPER.

PiZAZZ

EYE ROLL



I come from a family of **SUPERHEROES**, which is generally how it works. Not always, I mean, there's the occasional freak accident in a scientist's lab or a weird weather/insect/reclusive millionaire 'incident' that ends up with a perfectly normal person being able to climb up glass buildings or make



lightning or jump really, really, really high or suddenly talk in a low gravelly voice. But mainly you're just born and find yourself in a family of **SUPERHEROES** and you can fly and stuff. Then if you are like me you might find yourself wondering why you don't feel quite as delighted about this as the rest of your family does.

