



MEET THE



KEMBA

**Age:** 11

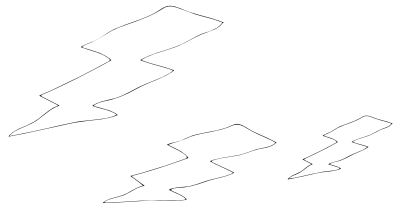
**Favorite Food:** sweet and sour chicken

**Favorite Video Game:** Underdog

**Best Subject in School:** math

**Best Quality:** compassion

# CHARACTERS



## UNDERDOG

**Age:** superheroes live forever

**Major Life Event:** hurt in a car crash

**Goal in Life:** helping others

**Unique Characteristic:** eye patch

**Best Quality:** bravery

# NO FRIENDS

“He has no friends.” That’s what Kemba Spencer’s mom said. She spoke in a loud voice. She didn’t know Kemba was home.

“I’m worried about him,” Dad said. He sounded sad.



Kemba had just gotten home from school. The Pepper Tree School. He was in sixth grade. He stood there. Just listening.

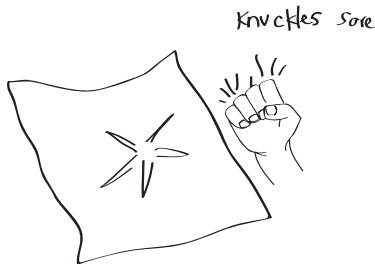


Fingers folding into fists. Hating to hear his parents talk about him like that. Like he was weird. Kemba wanted to punch the wall.

“I don’t know.” His dad sighed. “What’s wrong with him? He’s a good kid.”

“He’s just shy,” Mom said.

Kemba was an only child. He wanted his parents to be proud of him. He threw his backpack onto the sofa. Sat down. Punched one of the pillows. Hard. He punched it again. And again. Until his hand hurt.



Kemba liked to play computer games. Ones with superheroes. It was fun to pretend

he was a hero. Doing exciting things.

Sometimes Kemba dreamed he saved people. From bad guys. From burning buildings. From accidents. Sometimes he won big football games. He would make the winning play. He loved to hear the crowd shouting, “Kem-ba! Kem-ba!”



In school nobody cheered for him.

“Look at Kemba.”

“He looks like a second grader!”

“You shouldn’t be in sixth grade.”

“Twerp.”

