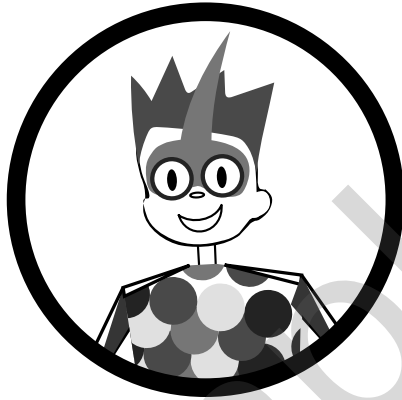


MEET THE



Danny Lopez
a.k.a.
"Fish Boy"

Age: 12

Favorite Dinner: fish tacos with black beans and Spanish rice

Secret Wish: to have the superpower ability to turn into a mountain lion

Future Plans: to live and work in Hawaii

Best Quality: determination

CHARACTERS



Burp
and
Twerp

Ages: Burp is 7 and Twerp is 5

Favorite Activity: taking turns hiding Danny's Fish Boy mask

Big Secret: they wish they had superhero powers too

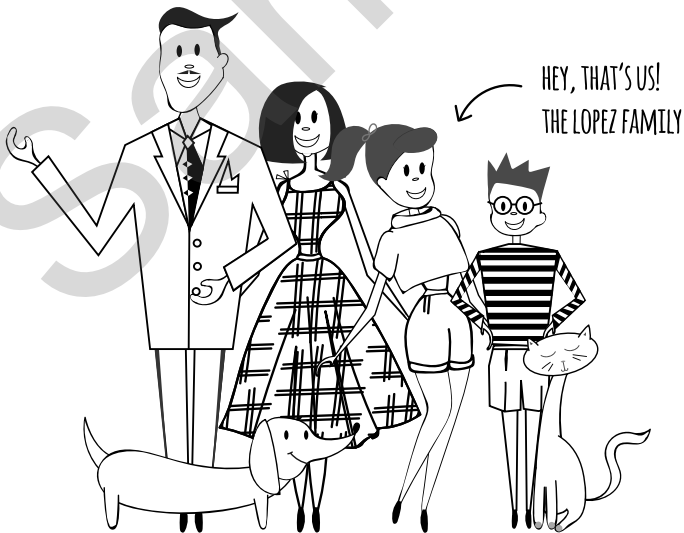
Best Day: talked a chicken out of crossing the road

Best Qualities: caring and brave

1

NORMAL CRAZY

My name is Danny Lopez. I live with my mom, dad, and sister. Marta is my sister's name. She's two years older than me. We have a dog called Burp. Twerp is our cat.



We live in Arizona. Our house is just outside Phoenix. Mostly I like it here. There's just one problem. The desert is too dry. It doesn't rain much. But I'm talking about more than that.



It's Tuesday morning. I'm eating a bowl of cereal. The house is crazy. But that's normal.

"Marta!" Mom calls. "Come eat breakfast!" She pours coffee with one hand. Her other hand opens a cabinet.

"In a second," Marta yells back. She's still in the bathroom. Who knows what she does in there.



“Do you have swim practice today?” Dad asks me. He is trying to make lunches. Twerp scratches his leg. Burp barks.

“Yeah,” I say.

Dad looks at Mom. “Can you take him?”

She checks her phone. “No. I have a client.”

My parents both have pretty regular jobs. Mom sells houses. Dad works at a computer company. Marta and I just go to school.

Dad slaps cheese on some bread. “I’ll try to get off early. Danny, did you feed Burp and Twerp?”



“Not yet.”

“Well, hurry up.”

Ten minutes later, we climb into Mom’s car. Marta gets dropped off at the high school.

“Do you have your phone?” Mom asks.

Marta rolls her eyes. “Duh,” she says, walking away.

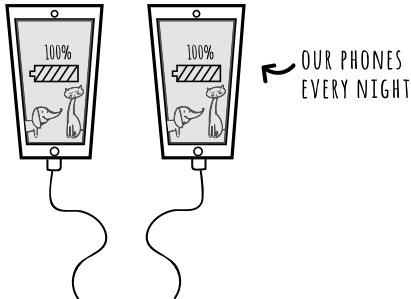
Next, we head to the middle school.

“Have a good day.” Mom kisses me on the cheek.

“Aw, Mom.”

“Do you have your phone? Is it—”

“Yes, I have it. And it’s charged. You don’t have to remind me.”



Science is my first class. I land in my seat. It's in the back row. That's where I sit in every class. My friend Trent sits next to me.

“Hey,” Trent says.

“Hi,” I say back.

“Did you do the homework?” he asks.

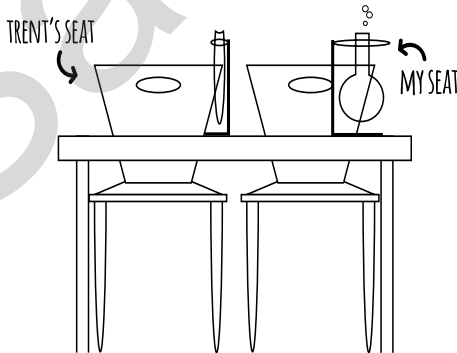
“Yeah.” I pull out my worksheet.

“Can I see it?”

“So you can copy it? No way.”

“Aw, man. Come on. Why do you have to be like that?”

“Do your own work.” I shrug.



The rest of the day is just as normal. Then I'm in math. It's my last class. All I can think about is swim practice.

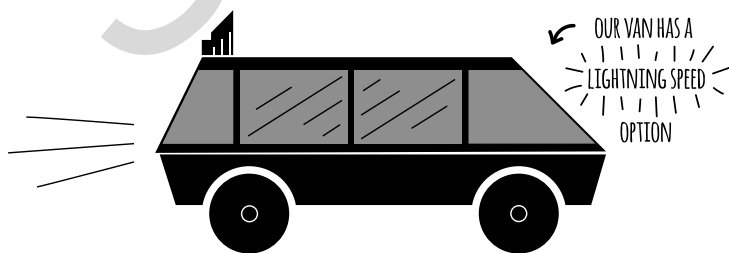
My phone buzzes. A text from Dad pops up. "BR. IP. WCC."

It's our special code. I text back. "OK."

Class is still going. But I wait until my teacher isn't looking. Quietly, I grab my stuff and slip out the back door. Then I trot to the curb.

A black van pulls up. It's Dad. I jump in, and he speeds off. In the backseat, I change my clothes.

We pick up Marta. She changes too. Then she sits next to me.



The three of us head downtown. We drive by the pool. No practice for me today. It makes me sad.

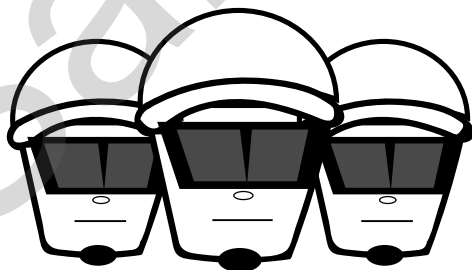
“Anything you can tell us?” Marta asks.

“Not yet,” Dad says. “Mom’s there now. She’ll fill us in.”

He pulls the van into a parking garage. We jump out.

“This way,” Dad says.

Two blocks down, we see Mom. The local SWAT team is there. A bunch of cops are too.



SWAT TEAM



By now you must be wondering what's going on. I'll start with the code from Dad's text.

BR = bank robbery

IP = in progress

WCC = wear complete costume

↶ LET'S DECODE THIS FOR ALL
NON-SUPERHEROES OUT THERE

