

**CHAPTER SAMPLER**

# **SUPER SWITCH**



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SZPIRGAS**

**DANIELLE  
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**ILLUSTRATED BY RACHEL SMITH**



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ORCA BOOK PUBLISHERS

# *For Ruby and Léo*

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**Summary:** In this partially illustrated early chapter book, Bailey is excited about their first day at the Hero Academy, an elementary school for young superheroes.

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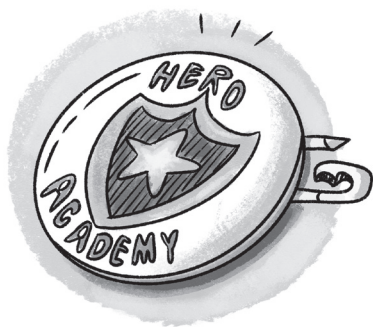
*Messy Miranda*

*Shark Bait!*

*Something's Fishy*

*X Marks the Spot*





## CHAPTER ONE

Bailey pressed their face to the car window, staring in wonder at the schoolyard. "I can't believe you get to run this place, Dad." Bailey turned back to their father. "You're the boss, right?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Kaufman.

"And you're in charge of all the assemblies?"

"Yes."

“Report cards?”

“Yes.”

“What about those kids tipping over that giant tree?”

Bailey’s dad let out a big sigh. “Yes, that too.”

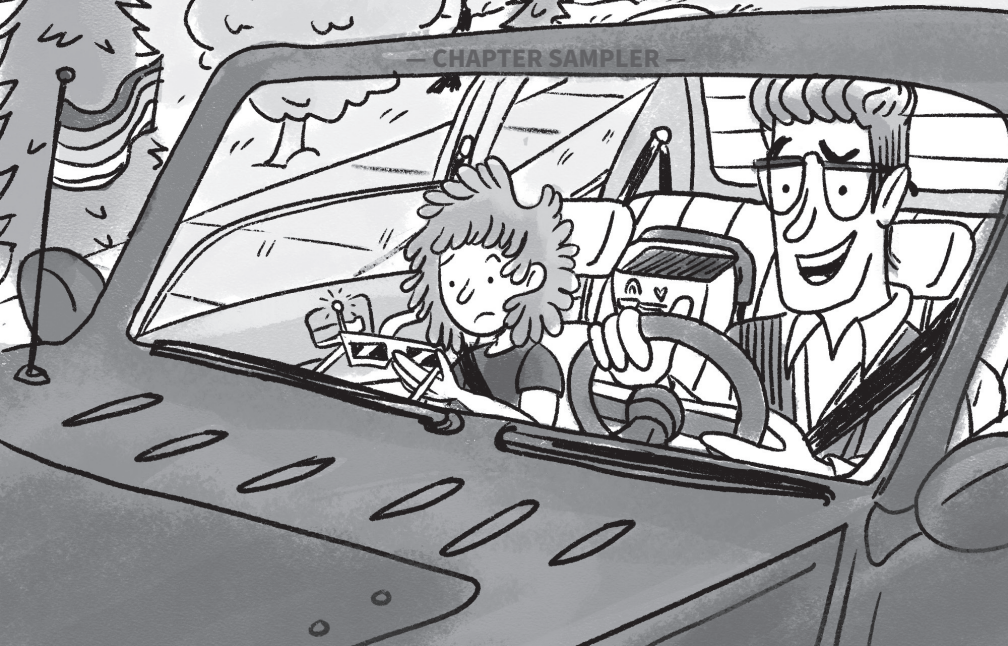
Bailey couldn’t stop smiling. They were excited to be attending a school for kids with superpowers. “Wow, so I guess kids with superpowers get into super trouble! Good thing you’re here to turn this place around. Right, Dad?”

Bailey reached to open the car door. Their dad fished a pair of sunglasses from his pocket and handed them to Bailey.

“Wait,” he said. “You forgot these. I made them just for you!”

Bailey stared at the glasses. “Dad, I don’t need your latest invention.”

“But they will give you X-ray vision.”



Bailey shook their head. “I don’t need any fake powers. I’m okay not being like Mom. I don’t have any superpowers.”

“That’s not true, Bailey,” said their dad.

“Being able to spell hard words is not a superpower, Dad.” Bailey put the sunglasses on the dashboard and climbed out of the car.

They looked across the playground. Several really little kids, probably from

the kindergarten class, were climbing the walls of the school like spiders. Two kids on the swing set were swinging all the way around, right over the bar, at superspeed. In the parking lot, Bailey saw a pair of students climbing out of the windows of the school bus and sticking to the sides like a pair of geckos. One of the little kids they'd noticed earlier were now lifting the big tree right out of the ground.

“You’re going to have a busy first day,” Bailey said to their dad, who had come to stand beside them.

“Wish me luck,” said Mr. Kaufman, putting on his stern face. Bailey watched him stride over to the kids. Bailey heard him say, “Hey, put that tree down this instant! There’s no throwing trees on school property!”





It felt good to know that they'd be staying in one place for a whole year. This was the fifth school Bailey had been to in the last three years. Their dad had moved around from job to job for as long as Bailey could remember.

Suddenly Bailey felt something wet and gooey splash against their backpack.

They whirled around. A boy about their age was wiping his nose on the sleeve of his green hoodie.

Bailey slipped their backpack off one shoulder and stared at it in horror. It was covered in a big ball of snot. "Did *you* do this?" Bailey asked.

The boy dug his hands into his pockets. "Sorry. I try to keep my sneezes in, but you know—it's hard!"

"That's the biggest booger I've ever seen!" said Bailey. They were both horrified





and impressed. “You have to cover your nose when you sneeze,” they added.

“I know,” the boy replied. “I try! Why do you think I wear this hoodie?” He turned to leave.

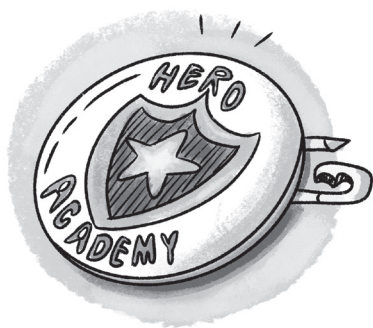
Bailey took a step forward. “No, wait! That wasn’t very nice of me. I’m sorry!”

They moved so fast that they startled the boy. He let out another big sneeze. A huge stream of snot sprayed across the pavement, creating a puddle the size of a sandbox.

“Whoa!” Bailey said. “That’s, like, your power, right? That is so cool!”

The boy shrugged. “Well, my mom doesn’t think so.”

Just then they noticed a big group of kids running toward them. They were headed right for the giant puddle!



## CHAPTER TWO

“Snot party!” one of the kids shouted. Then she jumped right into the middle of the puddle. Green goo splashed everywhere.

The other kids joined in. They kicked the liquid around. One took a deep breath and then stuck his face in and blew. Giant slimy bubbles rose into the air like balloons. A kid with long legs crouched down and then sprang super high into the air and starting popping the bubbles.







Bailey stepped back as slimy splashes landed all over the pavement.

A teacher came running toward them. He looked at the kid jumping super high in the air and then reached up to grab him. Bailey watched in surprise as the man's arm stretched and stretched, like a noodle. The man reached more than twenty feet into the air and grabbed the kid.

With his other arm the teacher gathered up the other kids and scooped them away from the snotty puddle. When he placed the jumping boy down, he wagged a long finger at them all. "Stop playing in the mucus this instant!" he said.

"Sorry, Mr. Handy," the kids said, all together.

"And, Malik, remember to wipe up after you sneeze!"

Mr. Handy stretched his hand all the way through one of the open windows in the school and pulled out a huge box of tissues. He handed the whole box to the boy and then squeezed his arm back to regular length.

Mr. Handy turned to the other kids. “You know better! Keep your powers to yourselves at recess!”

“We will,” the kids said. “We’re sorry.”

Bailey watched in amazement as Mr. Handy walked away. Then they saw the other kids. They were all smiling. Bailey didn’t think they were really sorry.

“Hey, what’s your power?” asked the boy in the green hoodie. He was standing next to Bailey. He wiped his hand on his jeans and then reached to shake Bailey’s hand. Bailey just looked at it.

“I’m Malik. But everyone calls me Booger Boy.”

“Oh, hi. I’m Bailey. Bailey Kaufman. I don’t have powers. At least, not any that matter.”

“Whaaaaat?” Malik was about to say something else, but his face crumpled up. This time he managed to cover his nose and mouth before the sneeze escaped. Even so, a huge glob of snot landed very close to Bailey’s shoe. “Whoops! Sorry.”

“That’s okay,” said Bailey, stepping back a little. Malik had a pretty gross power, but Bailey was very curious. “Do you ever use your boogers to trip up villains?” they asked. “Or stick them to the ground?”

“Oh, we’re not allowed to use our powers like that. Not until we’re older,” said Malik.

As Bailey looked around the playground at all the kids clearly not following this rule, they saw their dad marching over to Mr. Handy, who was busy putting pylons down around the big booger puddle. Mr. Handy moved so quickly that his hands were a blur of motion.

“Who’s *that*?” asked Malik.

“Oh, that’s my dad. He’s the new principal.”

Malik narrowed his eyes. “Hmm. I feel like I’ve seen him somewhere before.”

“I don’t think so,” Bailey said. “We only moved here a few days ago.”

But Malik shook his head. “His face looks so familiar.”

“Maybe he looks like the previous principal?” Bailey offered.

Malik shrugged. “Maybe. But they don’t stick around for very long. We’ve never made it through a whole year with the same principal.”

“Really? Why is that?”

Malik motioned to the playground. One student was busy carving her name in the side of the school with her laser eyes.



Another student had transformed into a giant bunny and was stomping the playground equipment out of shape. “It takes a lot of energy to keep us under control,” he said.

Just then a loud bell sounded.

Malik clapped a hand on Bailey’s shoulder. “You think it’s busy out here? Wait until you come to class.”