



**PiZAZZ**

**IT'S NOT EASY  
BEING SUPER...**

COMING SOON ...

**PiZAZZ**

**VS**

**THE NEW KID**

# PiZAZZ



Sophy Henn

SIMON & SCHUSTER

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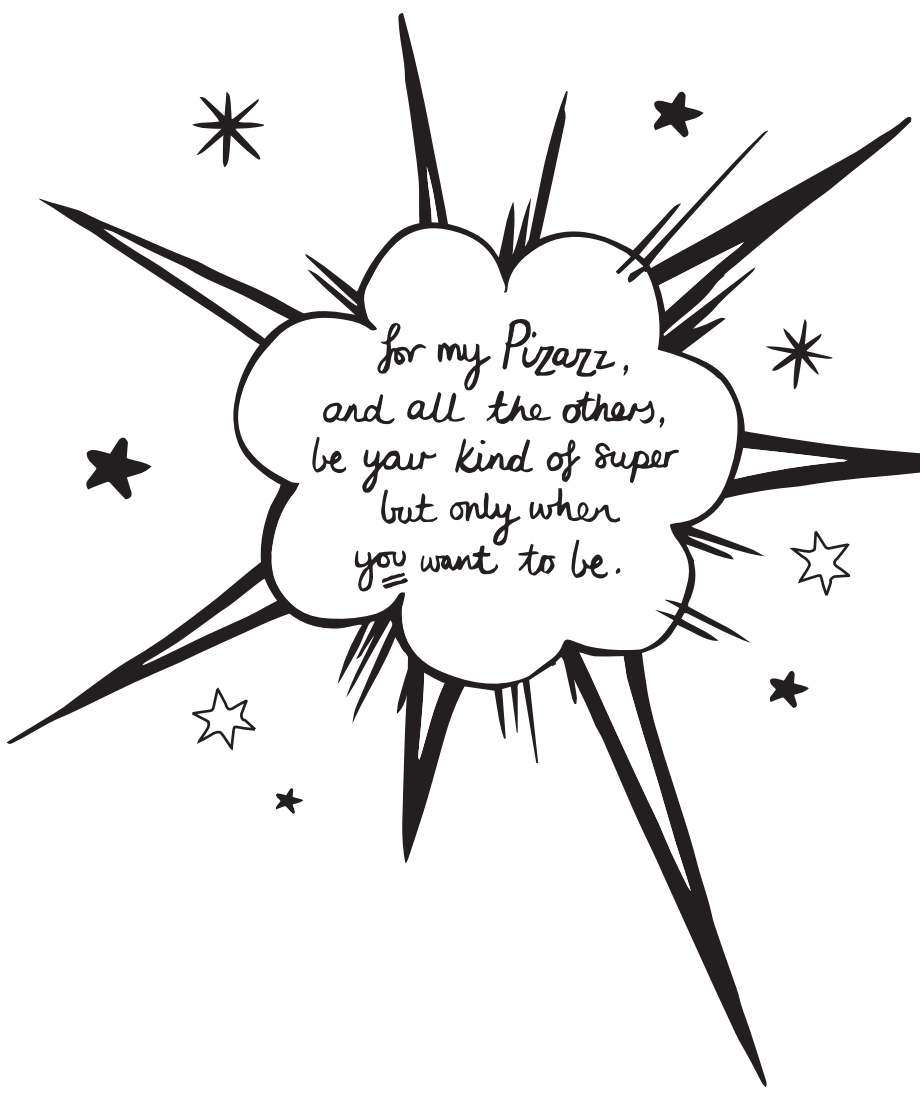
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A hand-drawn illustration featuring a central speech bubble with a scalloped border. The bubble is surrounded by several long, thin, pointed rays radiating outwards, creating a starburst effect. Scattered around the bubble are several small, five-pointed stars of varying sizes and orientations. The entire drawing is rendered in black ink on a white background.

for my Pizzazz,  
and all the others,  
be your kind of super  
but only when  
you want to be.

# MEET THE SUPERS ...

★ my mum ↙



★ AKA ATOMIC



★ my dad ↙

AKA ORE

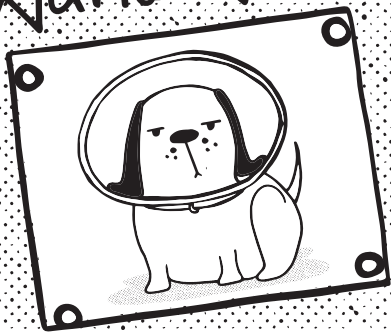
my annoying little sister ↘



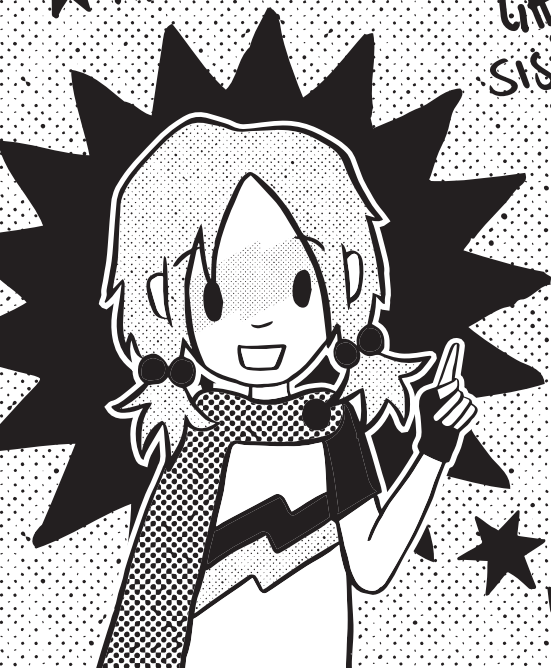
AKA RED

DRAGON

Wanda ↘



★ 1/2 dog 1/2 telephone



Grandma  
AKA RAY

Gramps



AKA INFERNO

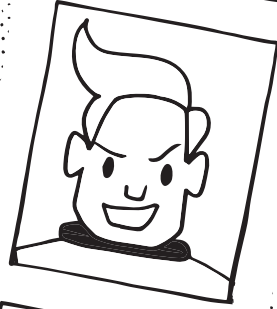
AUNTY BLAZE



SHE'S SO COOOOOOL



Uncle  
Titano-  
00000



uncle  
Teaser



Granny

my secret  
baddie  
friend



KAPOW



SH-OH

AUNTY  
FURY

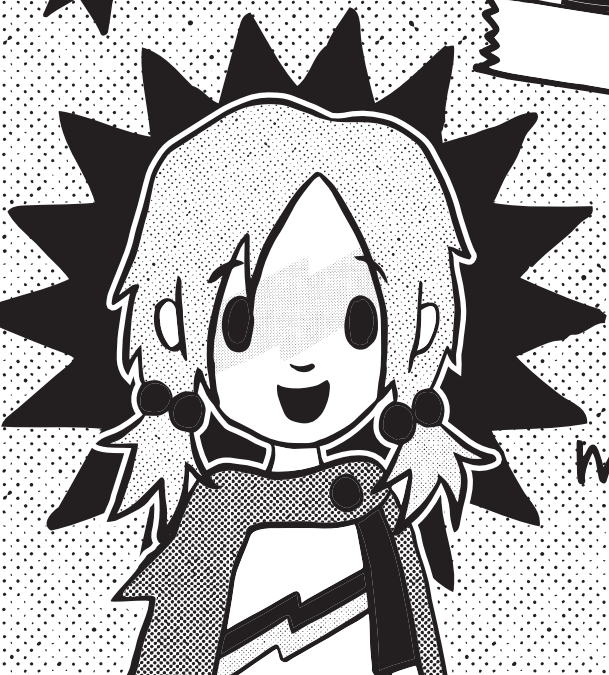


# ... AND THE NORMALS

Tom

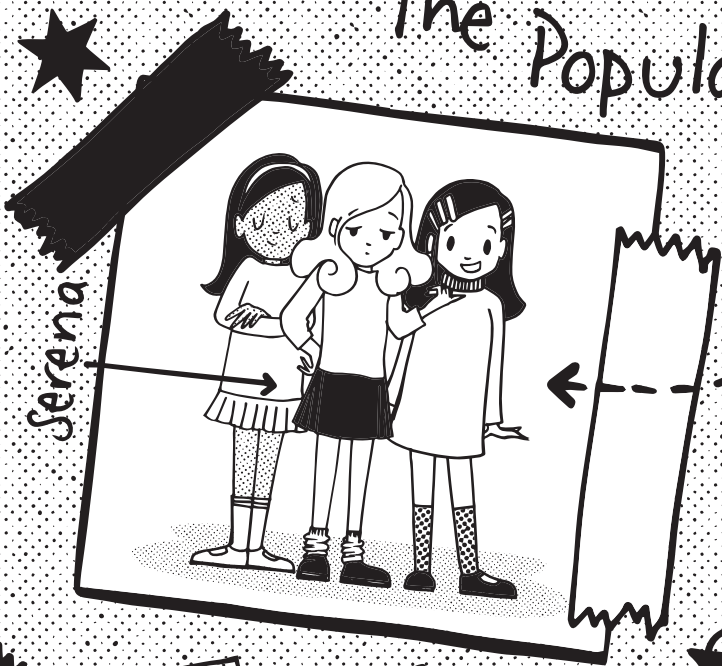


Susie



my best  
friends from  
my old school

# The Populars

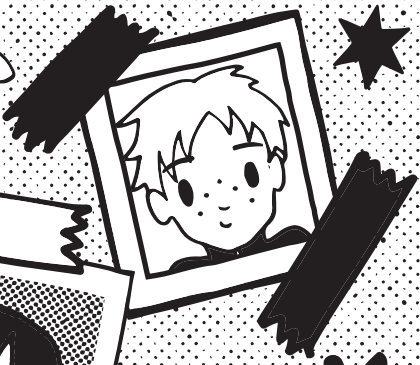


Serena

Ed



Molly




IVY



1

**The bit about me...**



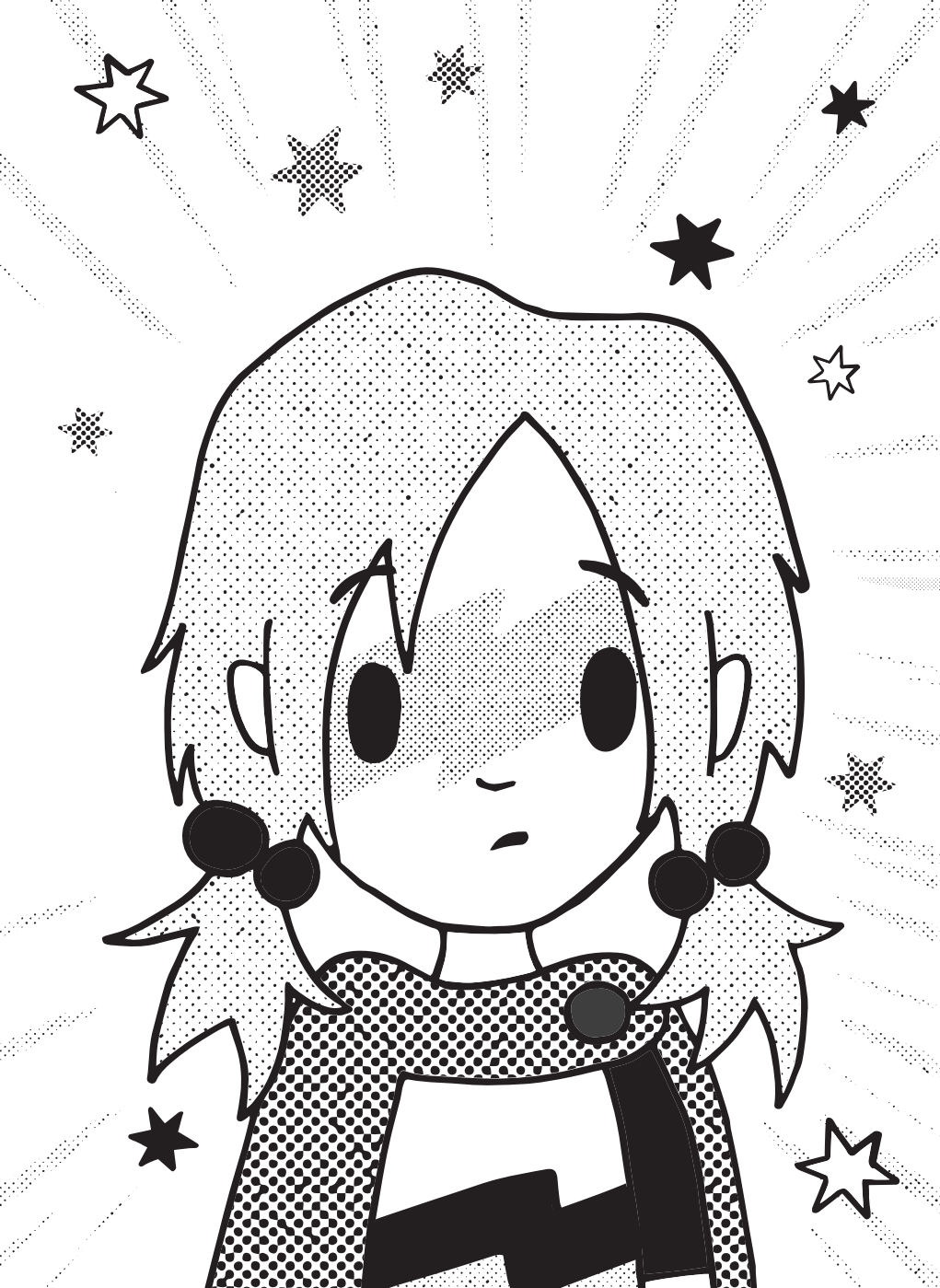


OK. Well, I am  $9\frac{1}{4}$ , almost  $9\frac{1}{2}$  and my name is **PIAZZ**.

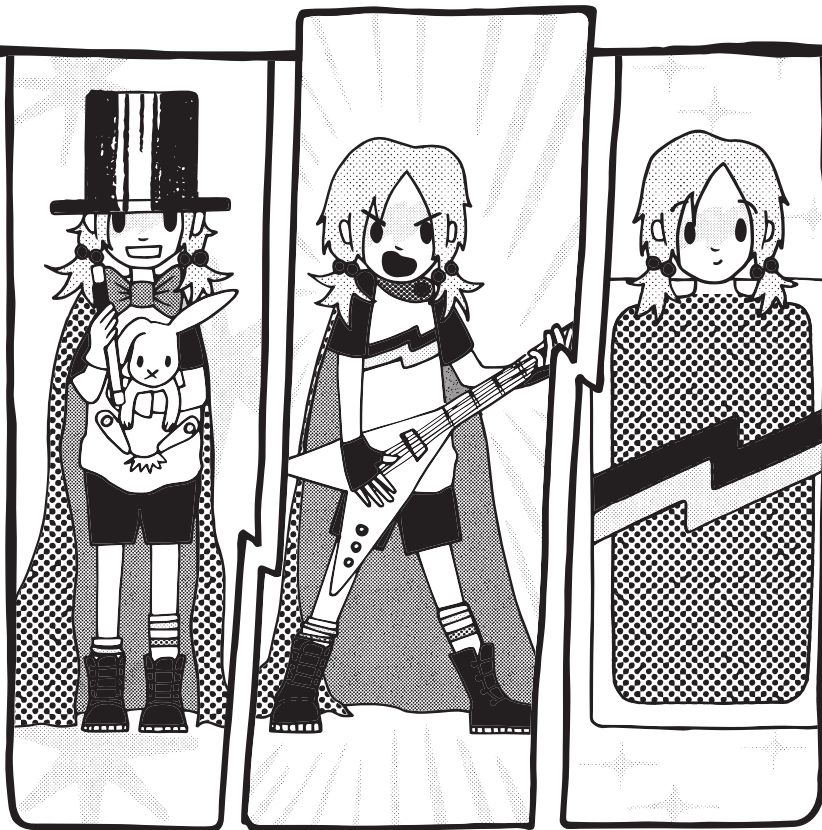
Yes, you did hear that right. My name is  
***PIAZZ.***

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

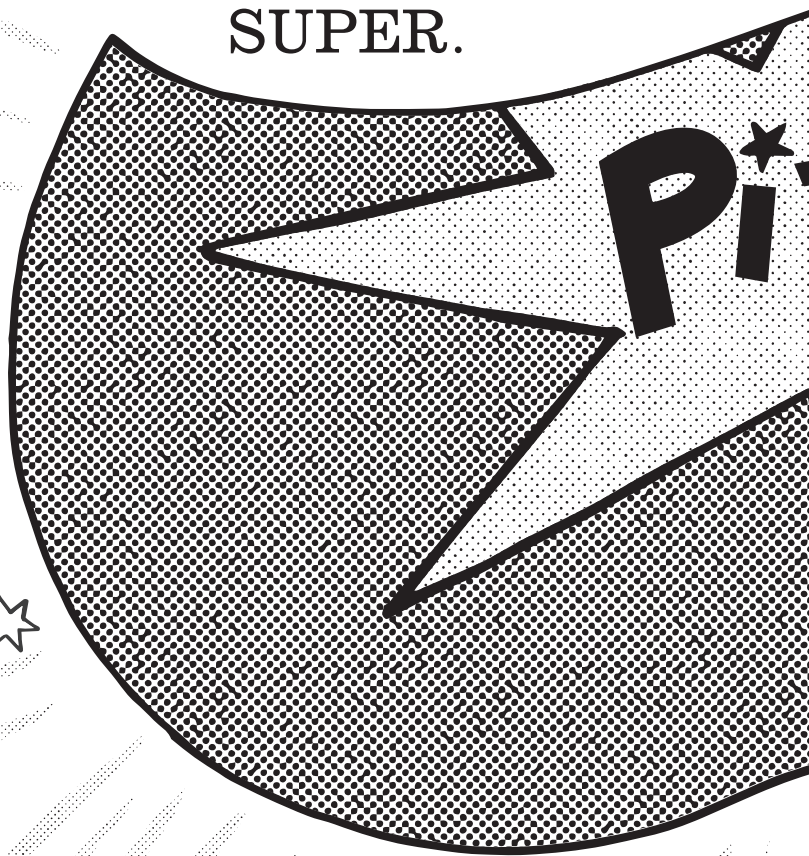
**ALL  
THE  
TIME.**

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.

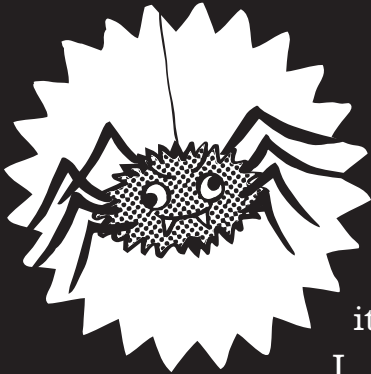
SUPER.





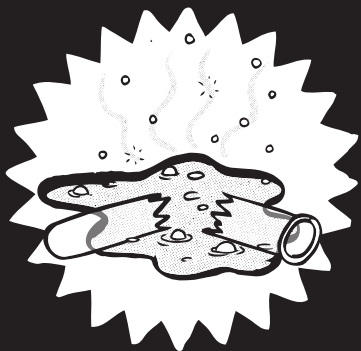
**EYE ROLL**

**ZAZZ**

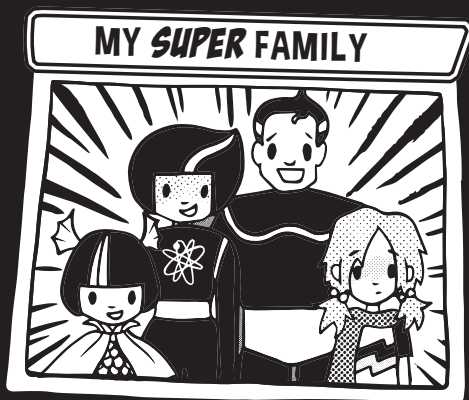


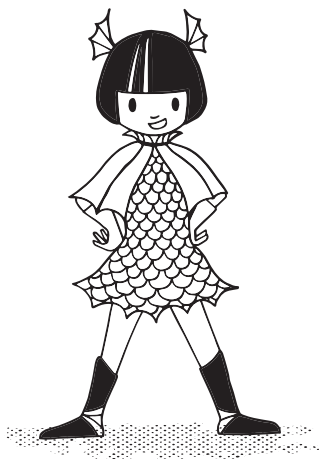
I come from a family of **SUPERHEROES**, which is generally how it works. Not always, I mean, there's the occasional freak accident in a scientist's lab or a weird weather/insect/reclusive millionaire 'incident' that ends up with a perfectly normal person being able to climb up glass buildings or make





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.



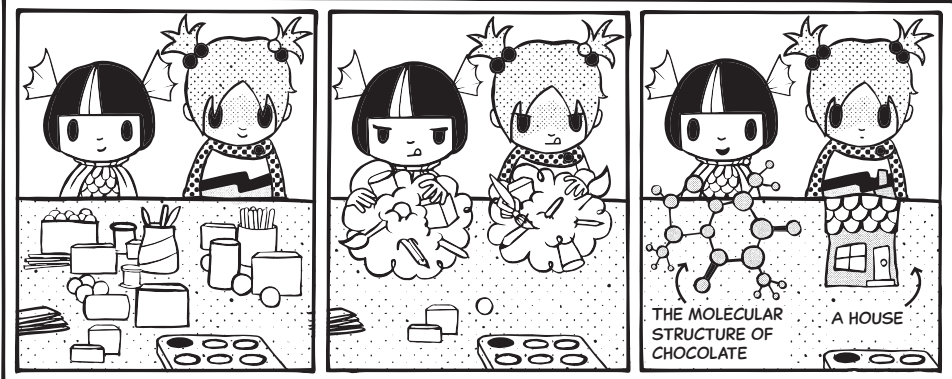


The most annoying person in my family is definitely my little sister. She's like a **SUPERHERO** crossed with a **CHEERLEADER** crossed with someone who is completely good at everything. Oh, and did I mention she's really happy all the time? Well, she is.

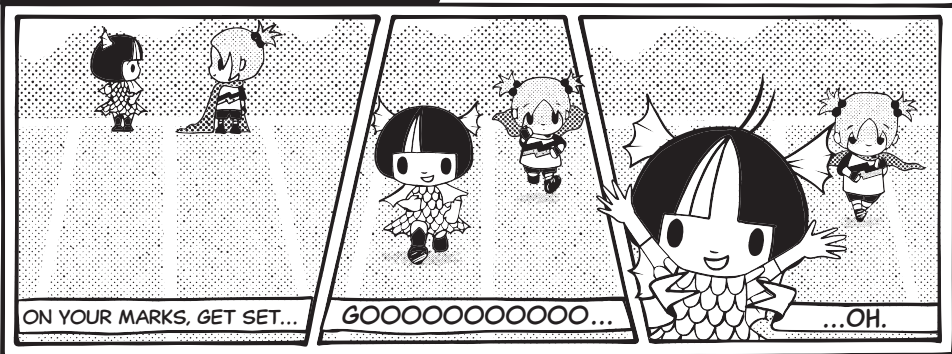
Also, unlike me, she's actually got a cool superhero name . . . **RED DRAGON**.

Which is just **ANOTHER** of the many reasons I know my parents prefer her to me.

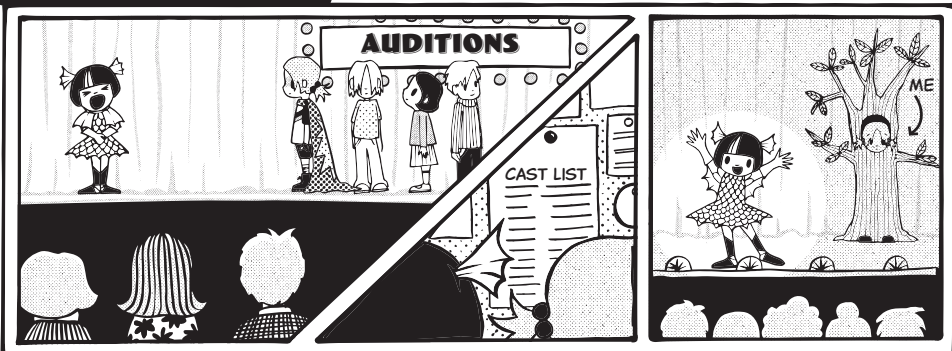
# FIRST DAY AT NURSERY...



# FIRST SCHOOL SPORTS DAY...



# FIRST SCHOOL PLAY...



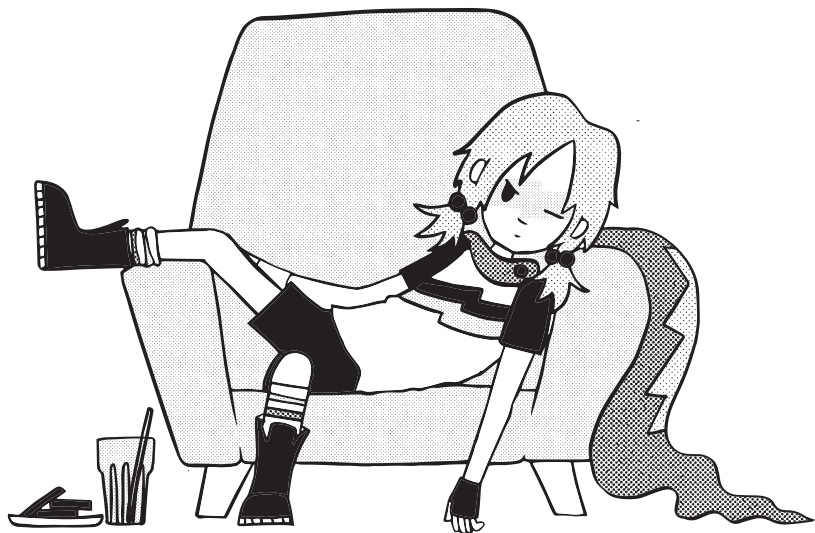
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

I call her **RED** for short because **RED DRAGON** is quite a mouthful to say if you just want someone to pass the TV remote, get a snack or even **GO AWAY**. But she is absolutely **NOT** allowed to call me **PIZZ**. If I am feeling generous she can call me **ZAZZ**, but she is never really sure when I am actually feeling generous, and if I am honest neither am I, so she tends to just call me **PIZAZZ**. With a name like **RED DRAGON** obviously her super power



is that she can breathe **fire**, which is really useful not just for defeating baddies but at barbecues, too, and for birthday cake candles. She's also got **SUPER SPEED**, which is OK, I suppose. They are all way cooler than my super power which is the least cool of all the super powers, and in fact so uncool that sometimes I even consider letting the baddies win so I don't actually have to use it. Yes, it's **THAT** embarrassing. Anyway, I cannot even talk about it right now.

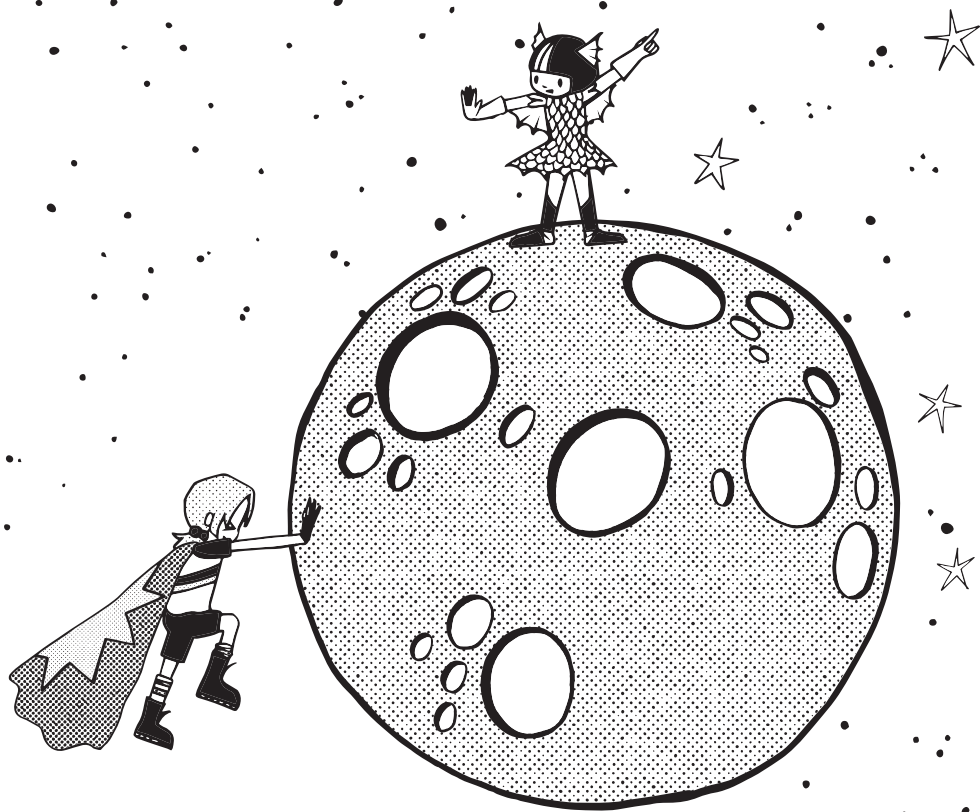
It's just all **SO** unfair.



## BEFORE . . .

My parents were sort of super famous about a million years ago because they have saved the world about a trillion times, but these days they just make me and **RED** do everything. Neutralise rockets, realign planets, load the dishwasher. It's like we are their personal servants or something.





And if you think it's hard to have your **mum** and **dad** cheering you on from the sidelines at sports day, try having them cheer you on, while you and your irritating little sister divert a **planet-sized meteor** that's on a direct collision course with Earth. Yup. No pressure.

And, unlucky for me, it's not just my immediate family that are completely weird. Oh no. It's actually my entire family . . .

**Uncle Teaser**

(Mum's little brother)

**Uncle Titanoooooo**

(Dad's little brother and yes, there are that many 'o's)

**Grandma**

(Mum's mum)

**Gramps**

(Mum's dad)



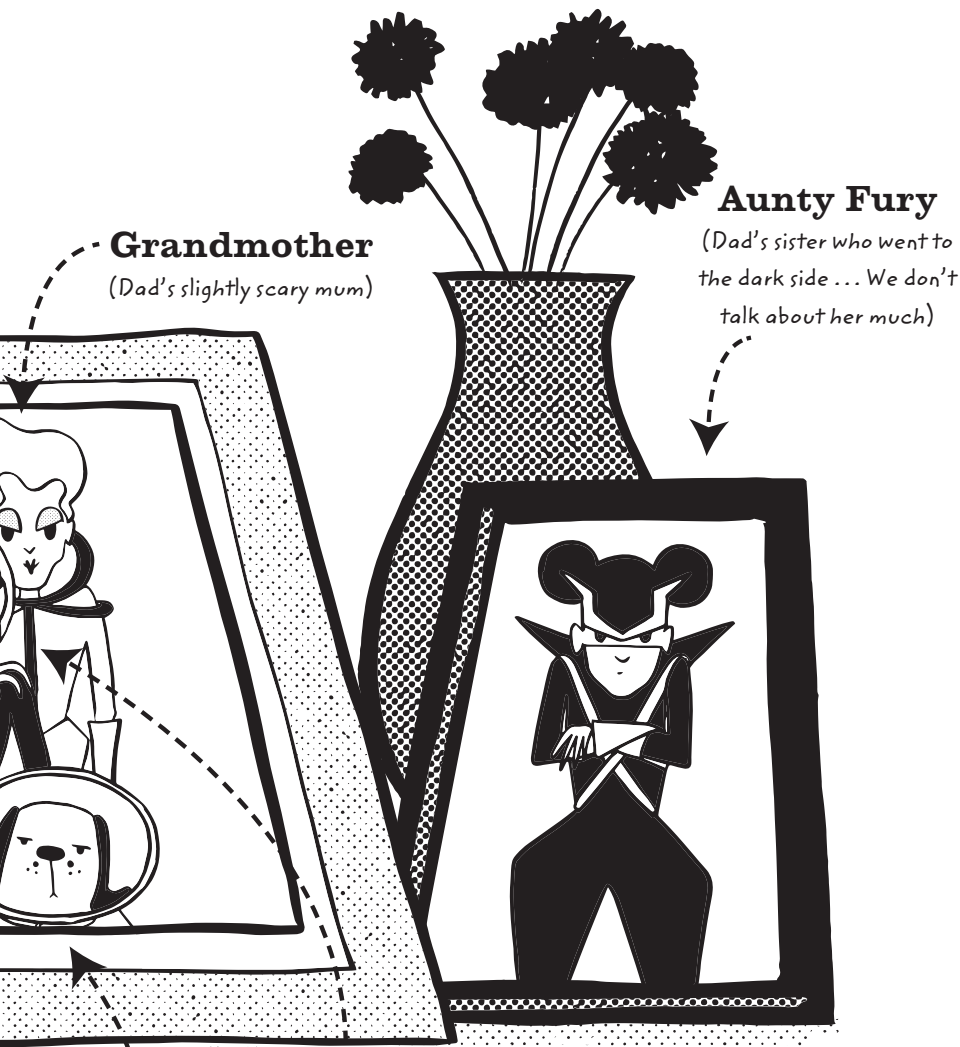
**Red Dragon**

(Annoying)

**Mum**

**Dad**

**Me,  
duh!**



**Grandmother**

(Dad's slightly scary mum)

**Aunty Fury**

(Dad's sister who went to the dark side... We don't talk about her much)

**Wanda**

(Not a pet)

**Aunty Blaze**

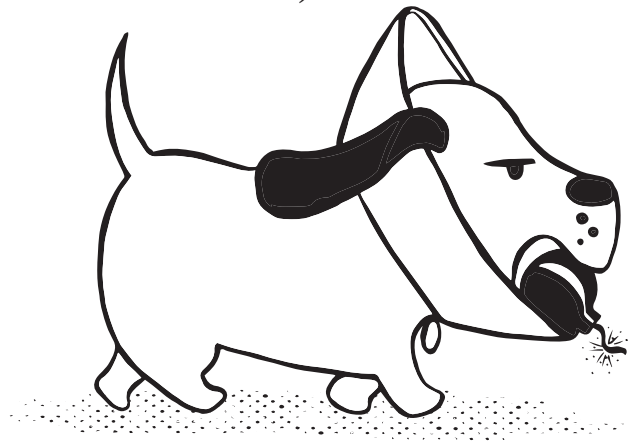
(Dad's AWESOME sister)

**ALSO . . .**

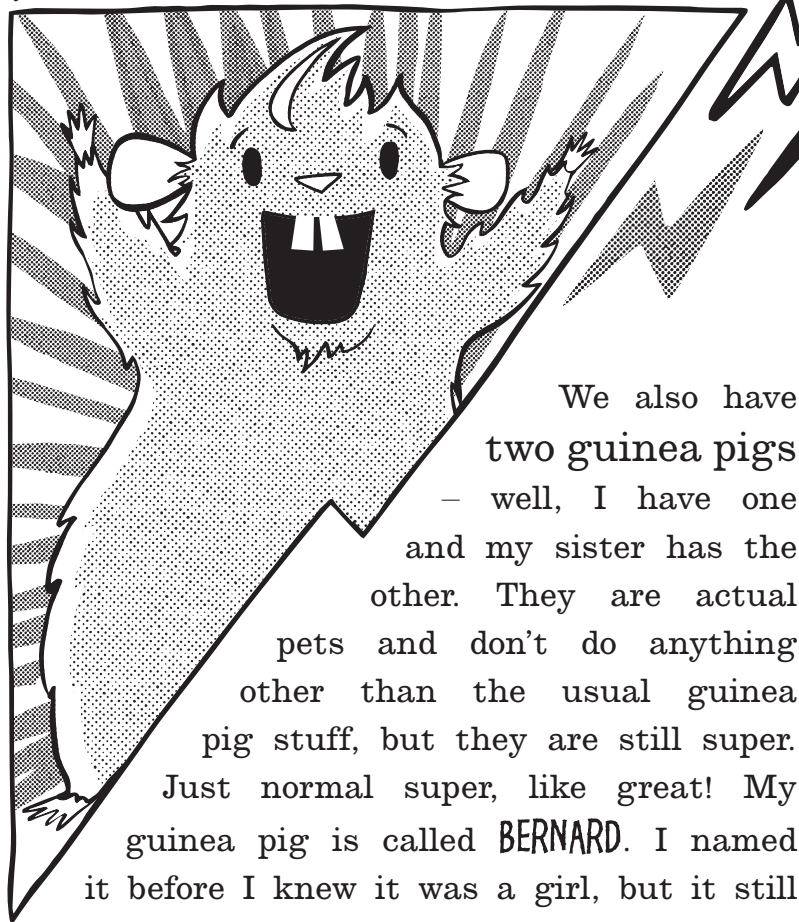


We have a dog. She's not exactly a pet dog, but more like a total bossy boots who happens to have four legs, a tail, floppy ears and can't resist running after anything you throw. We call her **WANDA**, because that's her name, and she came to us from **MISSION CONTROL** who are basically in charge of which super goes where, saves what and when. So, instead of having an actual phone

to talk to **MISSION CONTROL** like normal, sensible people, we have a dog who receives and transmits messages and generally keeps an eye on us. Although totally embarrassing and completely weird, it does actually work OK most of the time, though **WANDA** is absolutely **NOT** allowed to go on any missions any more. This is because Dad threw one of **DABOMB**'s **super scratchy itching powder bombs** into outer space just before it exploded, but **WANDA** *zoomed off* and fetched it right back just in time for it to explode and make us all **itch FOR EVER**. (Well, not quite for ever, but at least a month.)



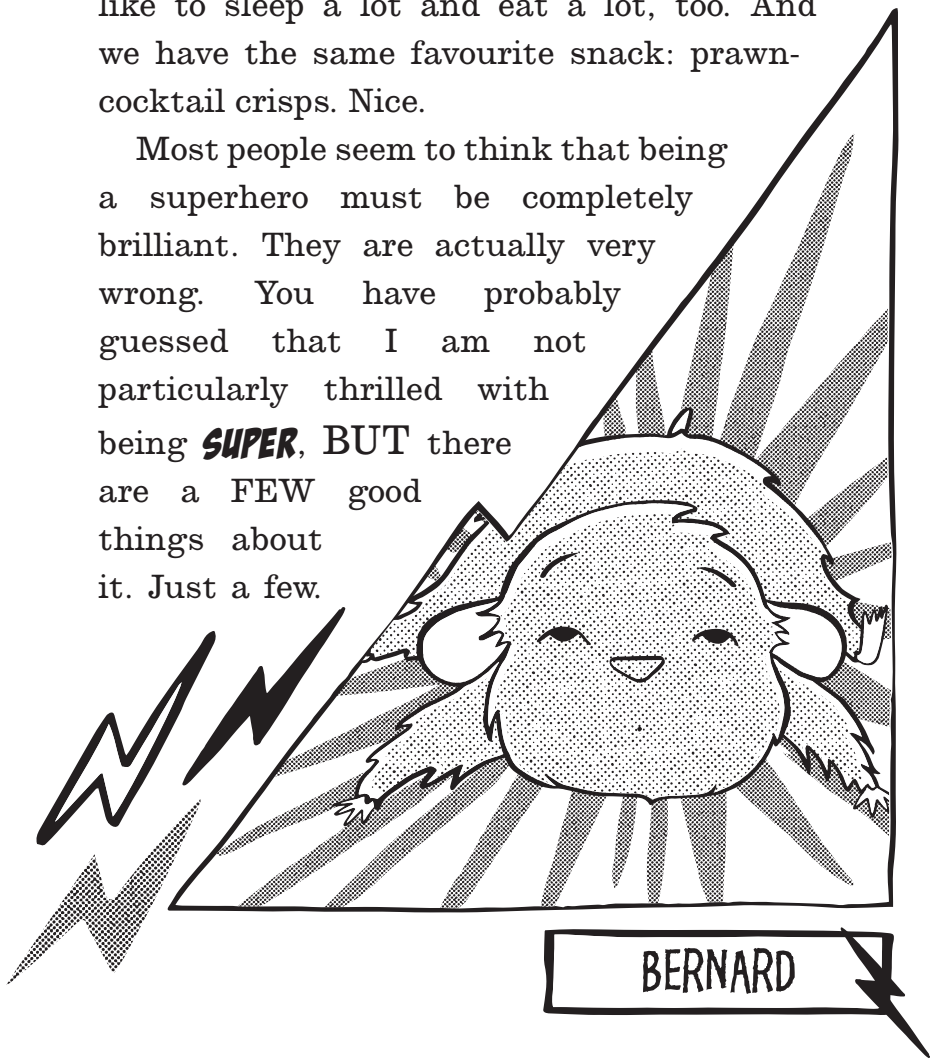
## ROCKET



We also have two guinea pigs – well, I have one and my sister has the other. They are actual pets and don't do anything other than the usual guinea pig stuff, but they are still super. Just normal super, like great! My guinea pig is called **BERNARD**. I named it before I knew it was a girl, but it still really suited her and I think she likes it, so I stuck with it. My sister's guinea pig is called **ROCKET** and is actually just as annoying as

she is. They are both always *dashing* about, achieving stuff and basically showing off. **BERNARD** is more laid-back, like me. We both like to sleep a lot and eat a lot, too. And we have the same favourite snack: prawn-cocktail crisps. Nice.

Most people seem to think that being a superhero must be completely brilliant. They are actually very wrong. You have probably guessed that I am not particularly thrilled with being **SUPER**, **BUT** there are a **FEW** good things about it. Just a few.



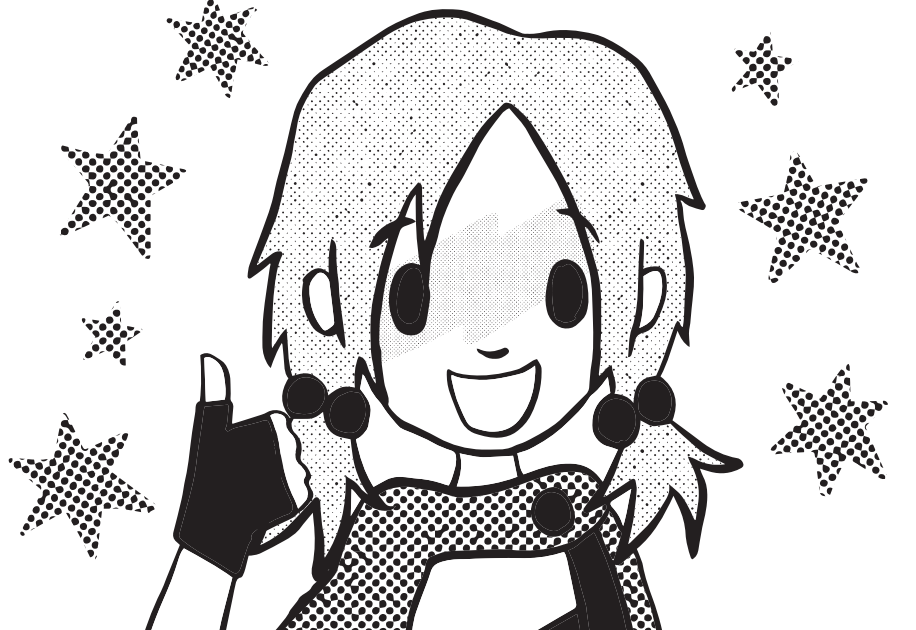


THINGS THAT ARE

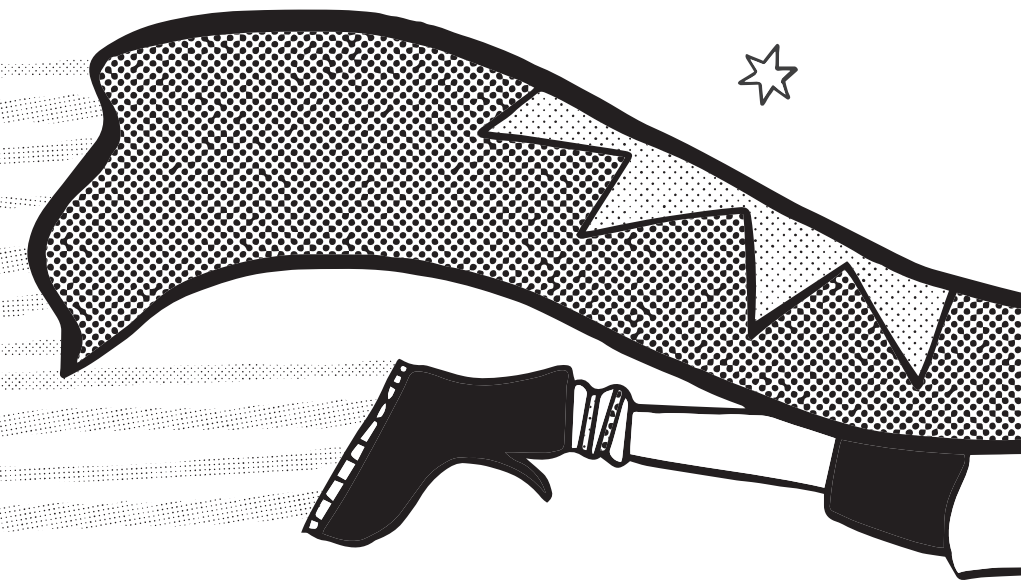
SUP



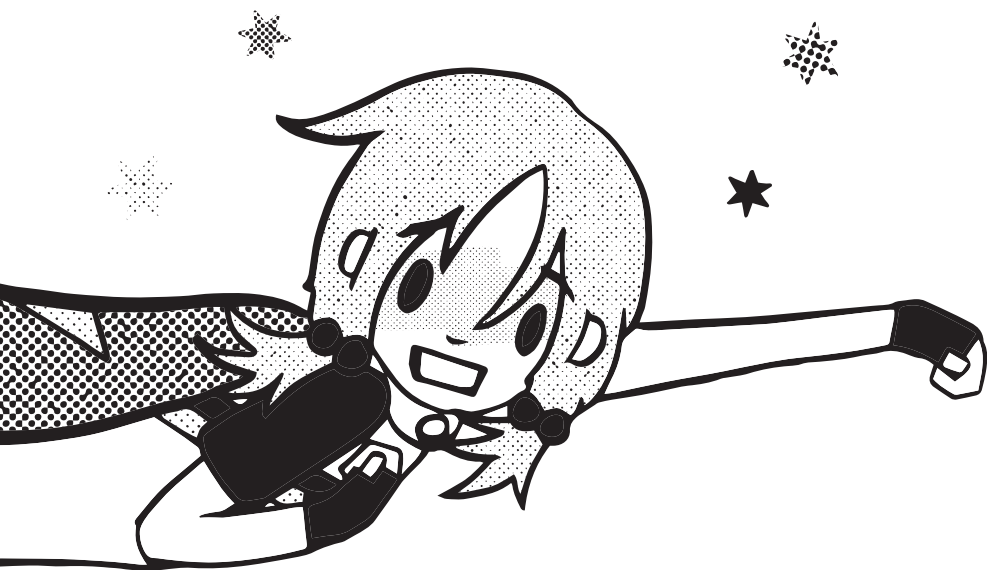
# ER



# 1 FLYING...

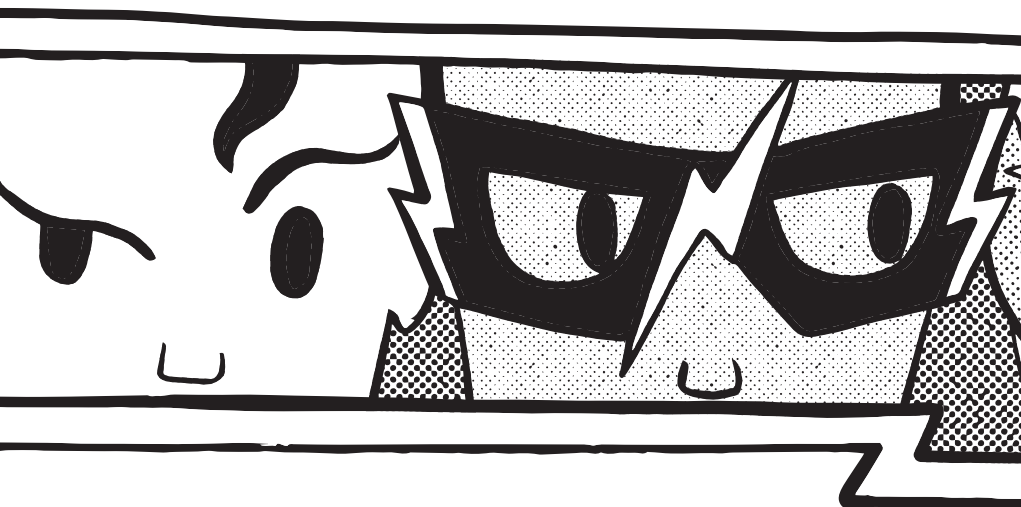


Obviously that is a great thing, \* but not all superheroes can actually fly, i.e. my little sister. HAHAHAHAHAAAAAA.



\* I mean . . . **FLYING!**

**2 HAVING A WHOLE FAMILY OF SUPERHEROES WHO ARE WATCHING OUT FOR YOU...**



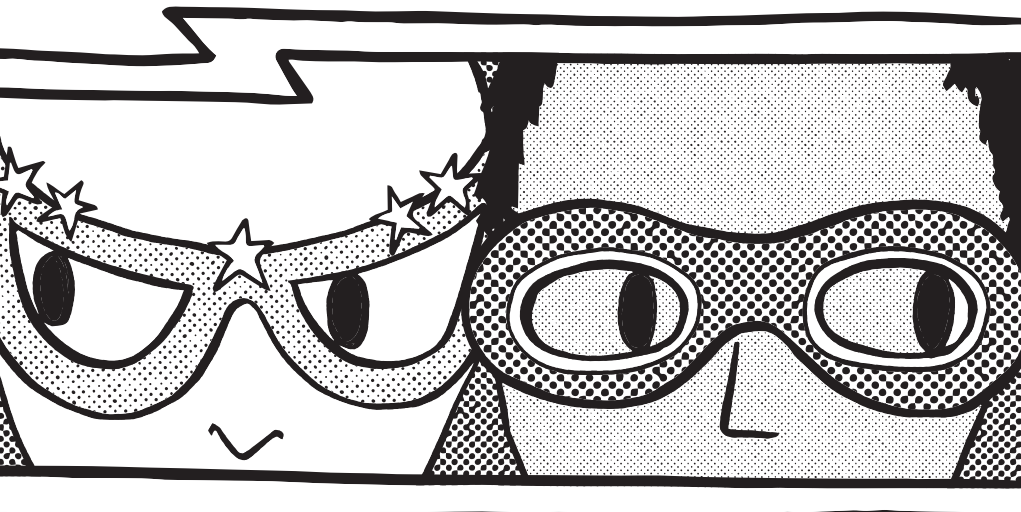
Aunty Sarah



Super but not  
**SUPER** super



Well, I say a whole family, but there is my Aunty Sarah and she's not actually a superhero. Well, not in the usual sense, though my **mum** says she should have a medal for putting up with my **Uncle Teaser**.



She has a point. And then there's my **Aunty Fury** who I am not supposed to talk about as she is now a **BADDIE!!!**  
**Shhhhhhh.**

### 3 YOU GET SUPER POWERS ...

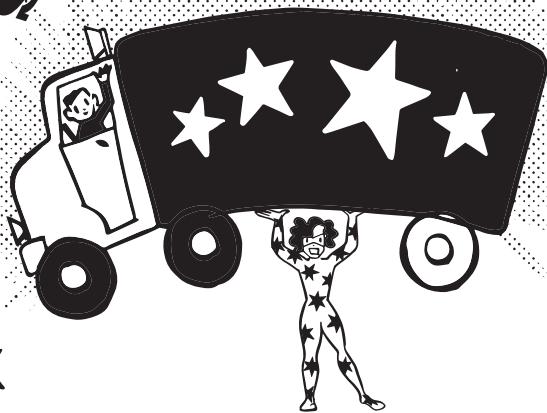
This is normally a great thing, especially if your power is like

# SUPER SPEED



OR

# SUPER STRENGTH

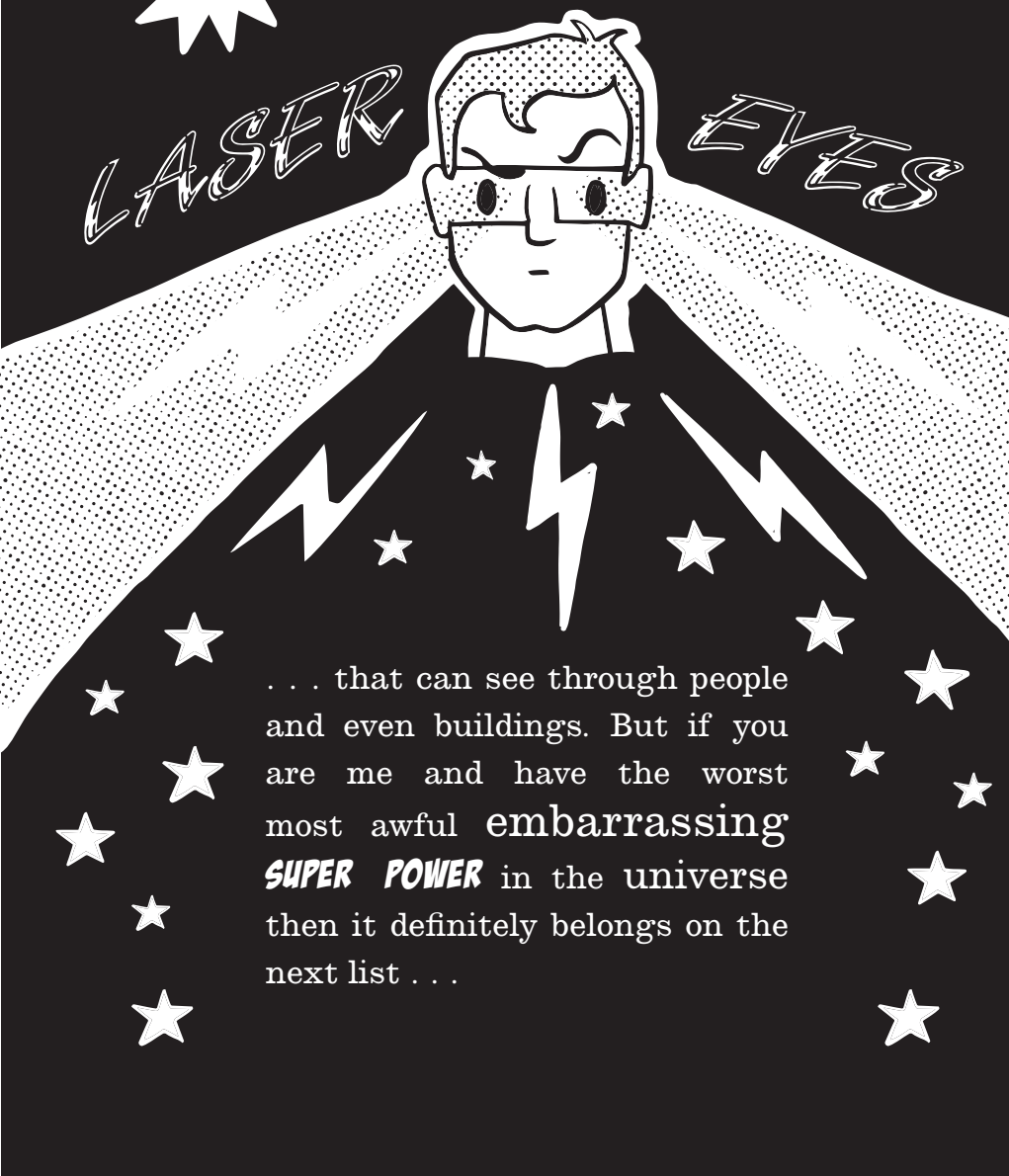




OR

LASER

EYES



... that can see through people and even buildings. But if you are me and have the worst most awful **embarrassing SUPER POWER** in the universe then it definitely belongs on the next list ...

THINGS THAT  
ARE NOT SO

SUP



ER ER

...



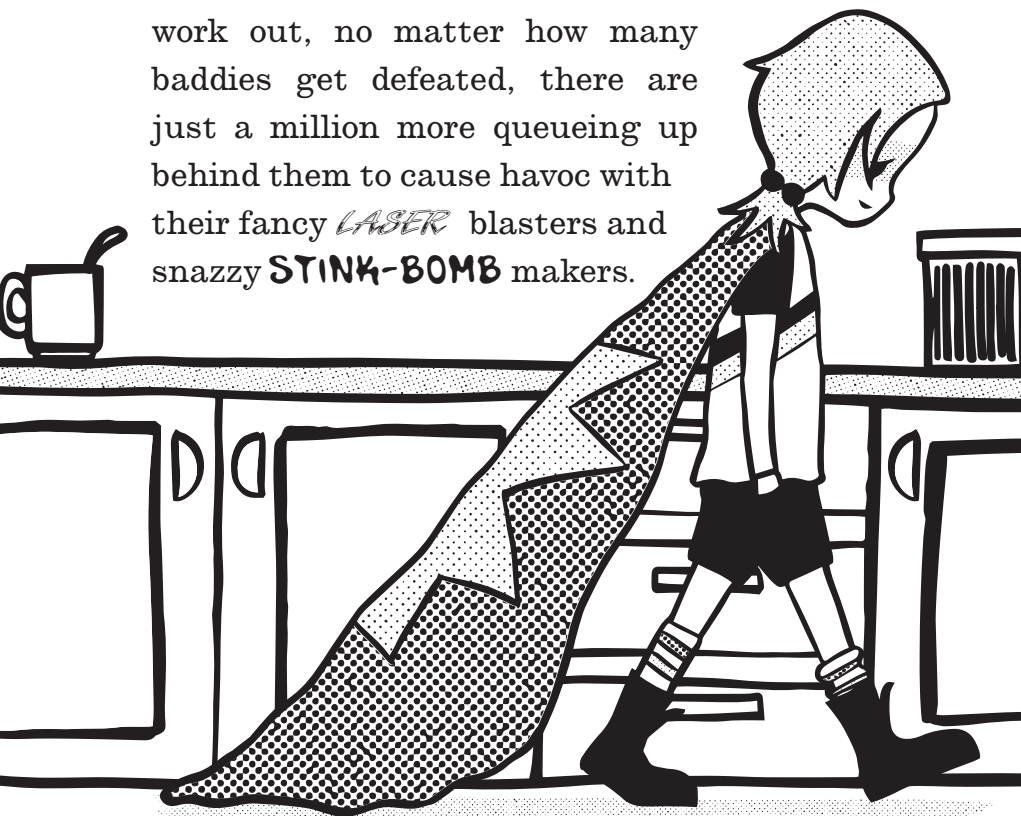
# NOT SO SUPER . . .

There are **waaaaaaaay** more **RUBBISH** things about being a superhero. At least I think so . . .



## 1 SCHOOL ...

Even though I am a **SUPERHERO**, *whizzing* around saving a world or a town or a kitten from almost certain doom, I still have to go to school, which seems a bit much to me. Mum is **ALWAYS blah, blah, blahing** about how it's important to have something to fall back on just in case all the baddies decide to turn over a new leaf. As if! As far as I can work out, no matter how many baddies get defeated, there are just a million more queueing up behind them to cause havoc with their fancy *LASER* blasters and snazzy **STINK-BOMB** makers.



**2 YOU HAVE  
TO WEAR THE SAME  
OUTFIT THE WHOLE TIME ...**

Well, we have lots of spares of the same outfit. I mean, we're not gross. Apart from **FARTERELLA** – **she really is gross** – but other than that we are actually fairly hygienic.



STINK!



UGH!

### 3 YOU ARE ALWAYS DISAPPEARING OFF TO SAVE ALL OF MANKIND...

One minute you are about to choose a delicious ice cream – *will it be banana-chocolate chip or toffee-chocolate chip or chocolate-chocolate chip?* – and the next minute you're zooming off on a mission. It can **REALLY** get in the way of stuff and not just delicious ice creams.



Here are some examples of just how annoying it can be . . .

# EXAMPLE 1

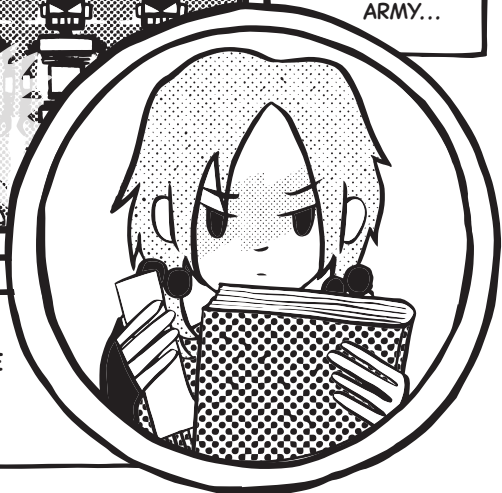
YOU ARE JUST GETTING INTO A REALLY GOOD BOOK, AT THE PART WHERE YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN ...



... A PROPER  
BAD BADDIE  
STORMS THE  
CITY WITH HIS  
EVIL ROBOT  
ARMY...



... AND YOU HAVE TO  
SCARPER OVER THERE DOUBLE  
FAST TO STOP HIM. AND THEN  
YOU LOSE YOUR PAGE. **UGH!**



## EXAMPLE 2

AN EXTREMELY EVIL  
MASTERMIND IS TRYING TO  
COLONISE AN INNOCENT  
PLANET IN OUTER SPACE ...

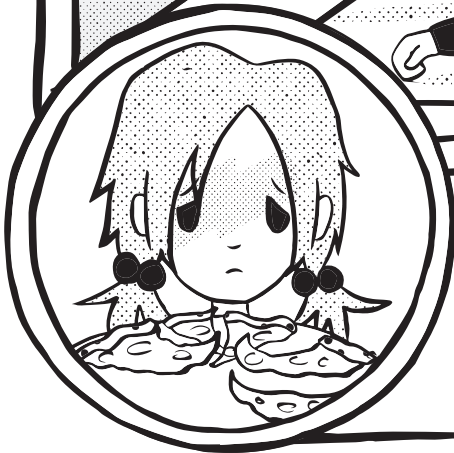
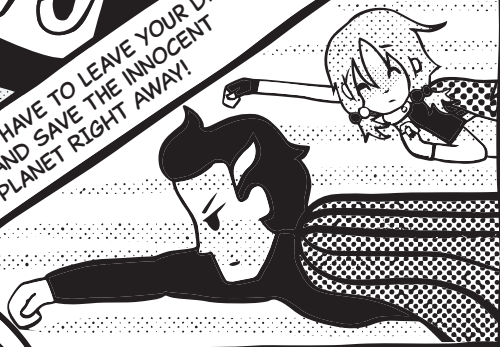
BUT YOU HAVE JUST STARTED  
DINNER AND IT'S NOT ANY OLD  
DINNER BUT YOUR FAVOURITE  
DINNER. MINE IS PIZZA OR  
BAKED POTATOES.



BUT MAINLY PIZZA.



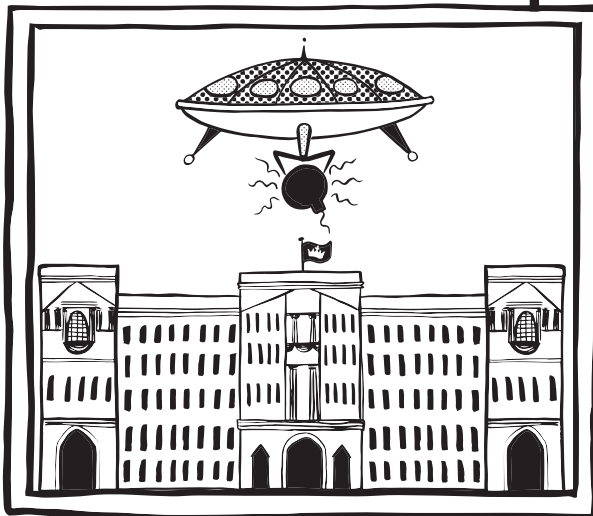
ANYWAY YOU HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR DINNER  
AND GO AND SAVE THE INNOCENT  
PLANET RIGHT AWAY!



AND BY THE TIME YOU GET  
BACK YOUR PIZZA IS COLD  
AND CURLED UP AT THE EDGES  
(EEEEUUWW), AND YOU HAVE  
TO HAVE YOGHURT AND A  
BANANA BECAUSE IT'S LATE AND  
EVERYONE IS TIRED.

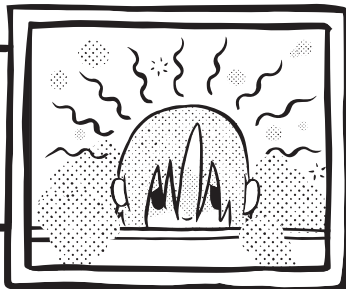
### EXAMPLE 3

A WICKED GENIUS HAS MADE A GIANT STINK BOMB AND IS THREATENING TO EXPLODE IT ALL OVER THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, AND INSTEAD OF GOING BOWLING FOR YOUR FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY LIKE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO, YOU IN ACTUAL FACT HAVE TO SPEND THE WHOLE AFTERNOON THWARTING THE WICKED GENIUS'S EVIL PLANS...



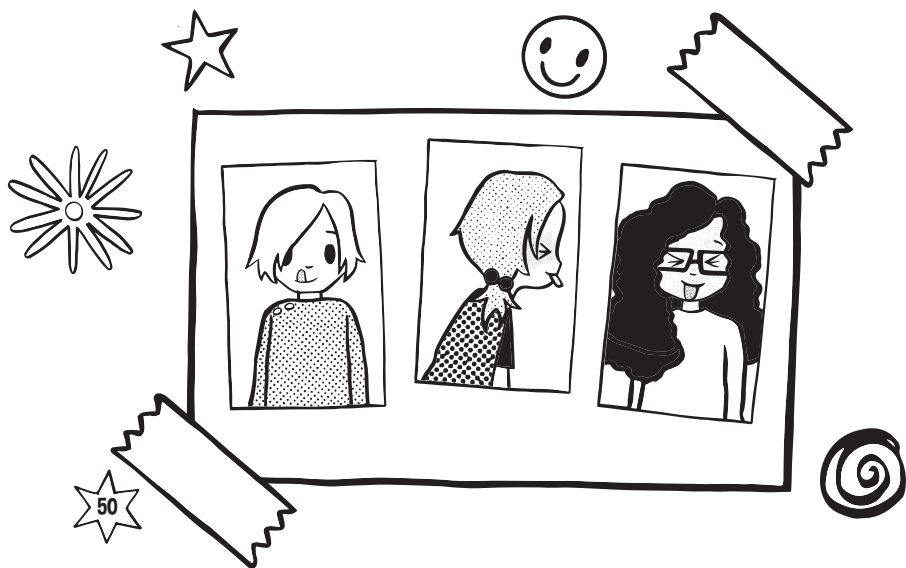
AND GETTING SOAKED IN STINK JUICE...

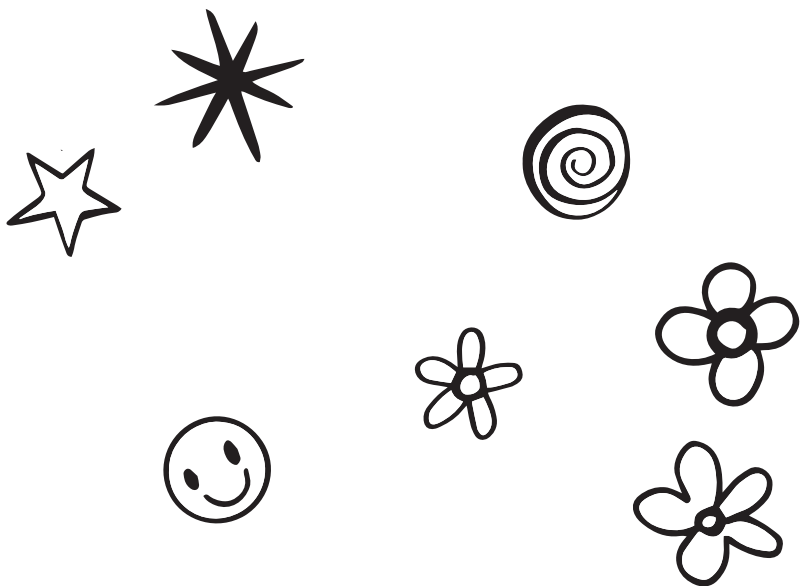
...WHICH TAKES THREE WEEKS  
TO PROPERLY WASH OUT.  
PEEEUUUUUWWWWW!



## 4 ALL THAT DISAPPEARING MAKES IT REALLY HARD TO HAVE FRIENDS...

Despite this I did actually have two of the best friends in the whole world, universe even, **Tom** and **Susie**, at my old school. They never ever, ever got annoyed with me constantly disappearing. They never thought my cape was strange and they didn't even mind about the **STINK JUICE**. I guess that's because I have known them my whole life and that's how things have always been – they were used to having a superhero best friend. Called **PIZAZZ**.





But now everything's changed because besides giving me the worst name ever AND a stupid cape, my parents decided they needed to **ruin my life** a bit more by making us move house. In fact, not just house, but to a whole new town, which is hard enough normally, but when you are a **super weirdo** like me I am certain it is even harder. There's just so much to explain all the time. Maybe I should just get it all printed on a T-shirt. Or a cape. **Ha. Ha.**

**AND THEN THERE'S . . .**

**5**

**YOU ALWAYS HAVE  
TO BE THE GOODIE,**  
even when you don't  
feel like it.

**6**

**THE WHOLE OF EARTH'S  
EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON YOU.**

Well, not **JUST** you, you and  
all the other superheroes . . .  
but sometimes just you  
if the others are busy with  
something else. And that  
can be quite a worry.

**7**

**YOU SPEND A LOT OF  
YOUR TIME WISHING  
YOU WERE NORMAL.**

Well, at least  
I do.

8

**YOUR SUPER  
POWER IS SUPER  
EMBARRASSING**

and super stupid and  
you super hate it.

**EYE ROLL**

