

The bit about me...

1



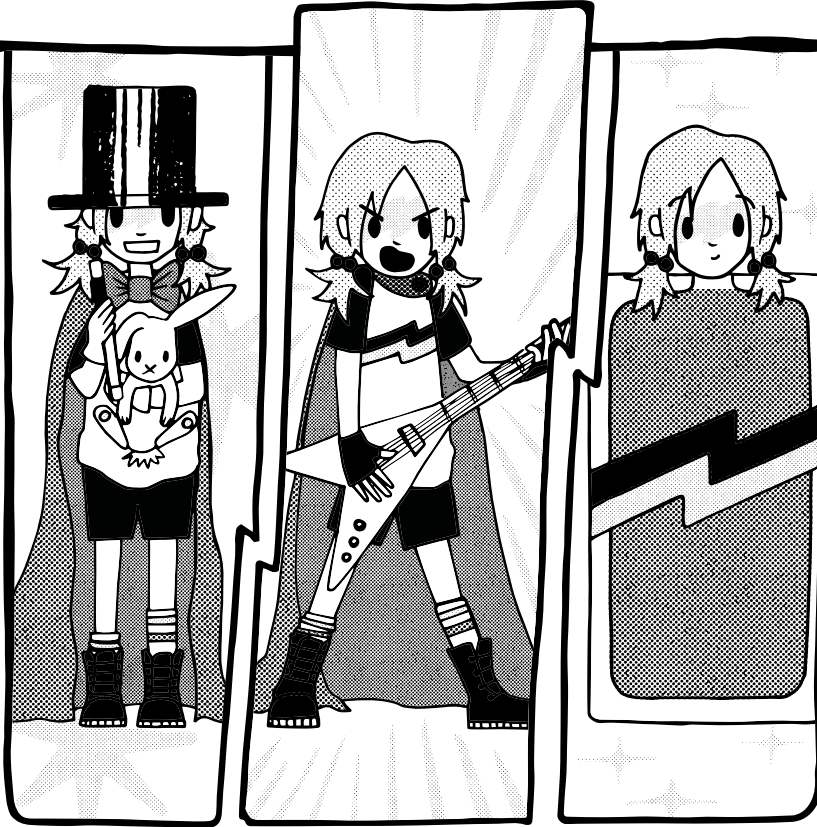
Ok. Well, I am 9 1/4, almost 9 1/2 and
my name is **PIAZZZ**.

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.**

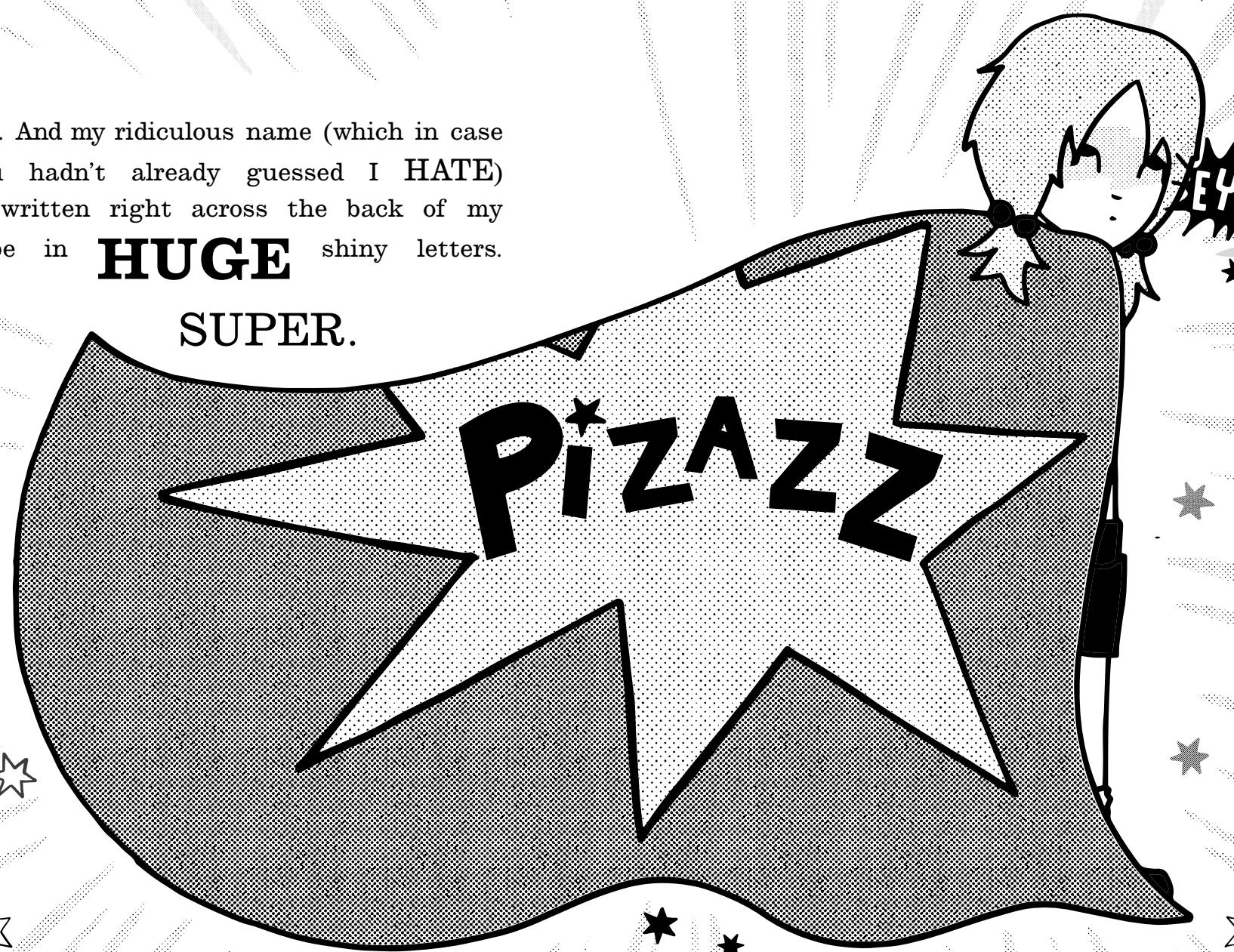
Not just when it's cold.

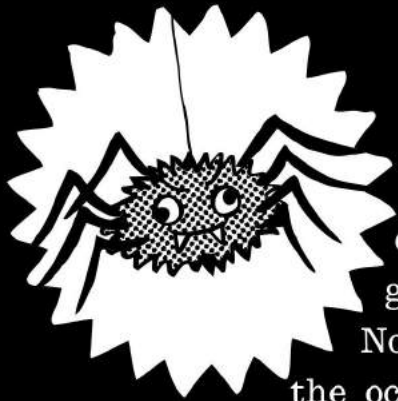
... And my ridiculous name (which in case you hadn't already guessed I HATE) is written right across the back of my cape in **HUGE** shiny letters.

SUPER.

PiZAZZ

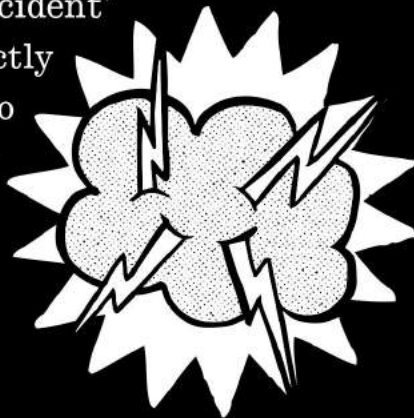
EYE ROLL



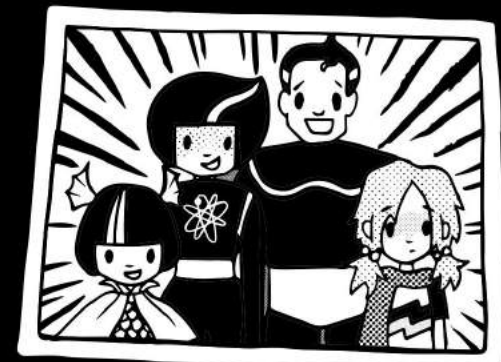


I come from a family of **SUPERHEROES**, which is generally how it works.

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.





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 actually got a cool superhero name . . . **RED DRAGON**.

Which is just **ANOTHER** of the many reasons I know my parents prefer her to me. I call her **RED** for short because **RED DRAGON** is quite a mouthful to

FIRST DAY AT NURSERY...



FIRST SCHOOL SPORTS DAY...



FIRST SCHOOL PLAY...



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

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.

