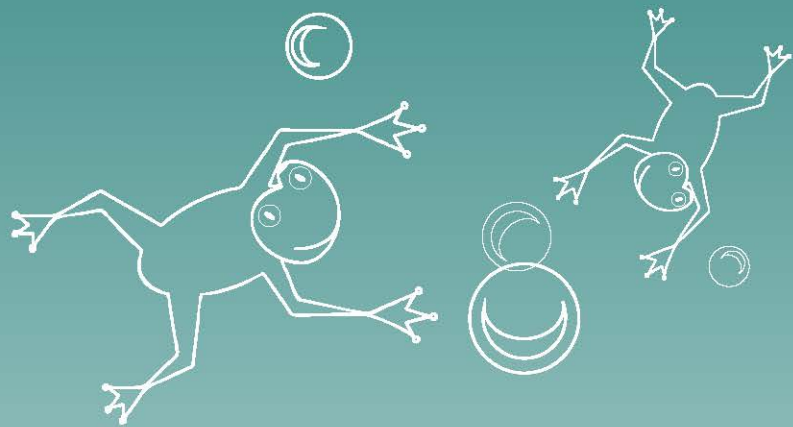


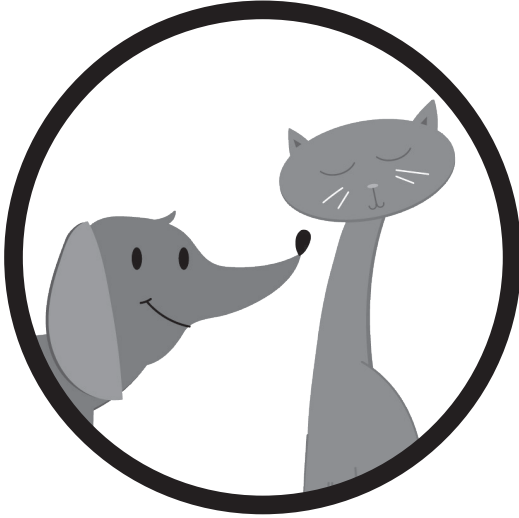
# Fish Boy



M.C. Higgins



MEET THE



## Burp & Twerp

**Ages:** Burp is 7 and Twerp is 5

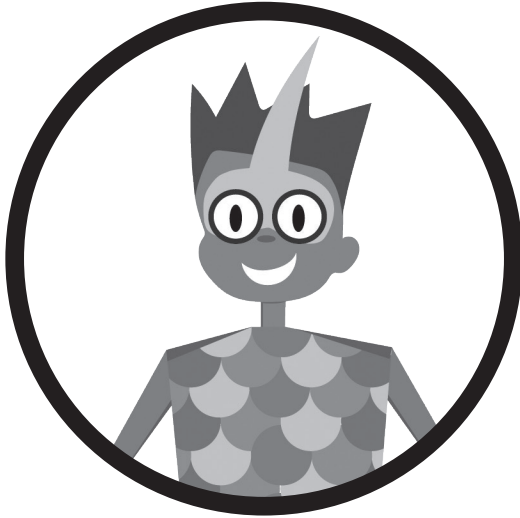
**Favorite Activity:** taking turns hiding  
Danny's Fish Boy mask

**Big Secret:** they have superhero powers too

**Best Day:** talked a chicken out of crossing  
the road

**Best Qualities:** easygoing and charming

# CHARACTERS



## Danny Lopez "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

1

# NORMAL CRAZY

My name is Danny. Danny Lopez. I live with my mom. My dad. Older sister, Marta. Our dog's name is Burp. The cat is Twerp.



We live in a normal house. In the suburbs. Not far from Phoenix. I like it here. Mostly. I just have one problem with the desert. It's too dry. And I'm not just talking rain.



Right now it's Tuesday morning. I'm eating a bowl of cereal. The house is crazy. Marta is in the bathroom. Doing whatever she does in there. Dad is making lunches. Mom is shoving her foot in a shoe. And opening a cupboard. And checking her texts. And calling, "Marta! Come eat breakfast!"

"In a second!" Marta yells.

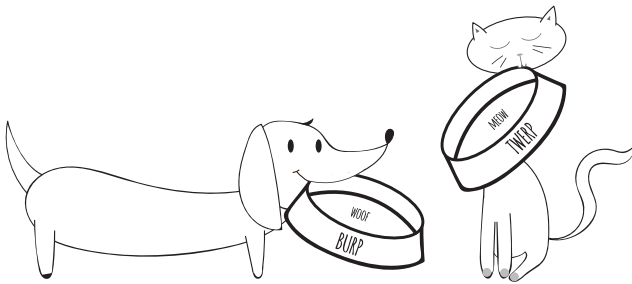
"Do you have swim practice today?" Dad asks me.

“Yeah,” I say.

He stops smearing mayo on bread. Looks at Mom. “Can you take him?”

She checks her phone. “No. I have a client.” Mom is a real estate agent. She sells houses.

Dad is a computer geek. He works at a tech company. He slaps cheese on the bread. “I’ll try to get off early. Danny, did you feed Burp and Twerp?”



“Not yet.”

“Well, hurry up.”

It’s ten minutes later. We climb into

Mom's car. She drops Marta off at the high school. "Do you have your phone?" Mom asks.

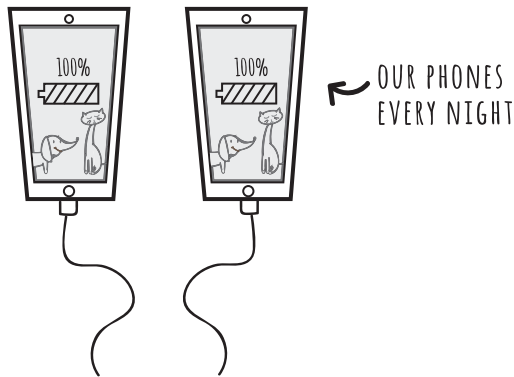
Marta rolls her eyes. "Duh." She walks away.

We pull in front of 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."





I go to my first class. Science. I land in my seat in the back row. I sit in the back in every class. Trent sits next to me. He's my bud. "Hey," he says.

"Hey," I say back.

"Do your homework?" he asks.

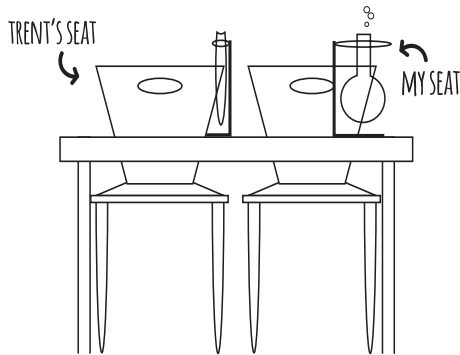
"Yeah." I pull out my worksheet.

"Can I see it?"

"So you can copy it? No."

"Why you have to be that way, man?"

"Do your own work," I tell him.



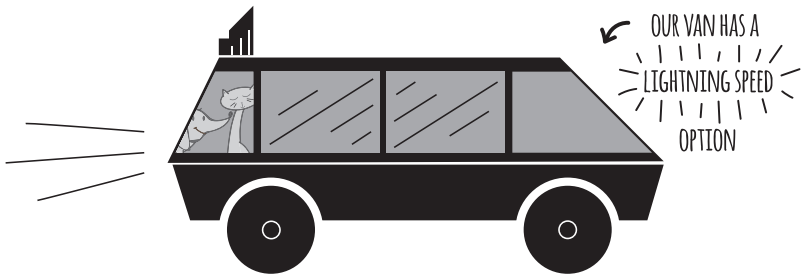
The rest of the day is just as normal. Then

I'm in math. My last class. I'm thinking about swim practice. My phone dings. It's a text from Dad. "BR. IP. CCFM."

I text, "OK."

Class is still going. But I grab my stuff. Slip out the back door. Trot to the curb. A black van pulls up. It has tinted windows. I jump in. Dad speeds off. I change my clothes.

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



We head downtown. Drive by the pool. I give it a wistful look. I'll have to miss practice today.

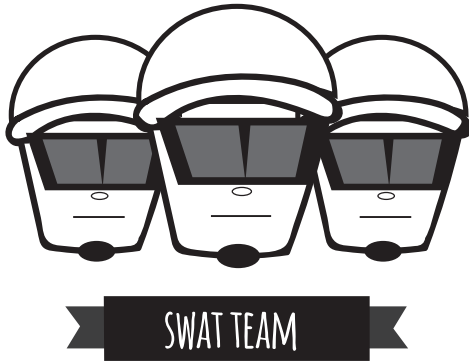
“Anything you can tell us?” Marta asks.

“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.

We run a couple of blocks. There’s Mom. With the local SWAT team. And a zillion cops.



By now you must be wondering what’s going on. I’ll start with that code. The one in Dad’s text.



BR = bank robbery

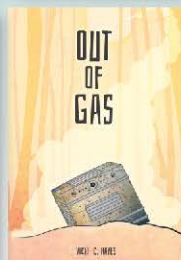
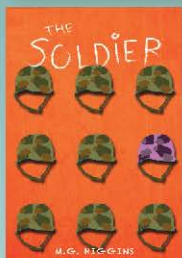
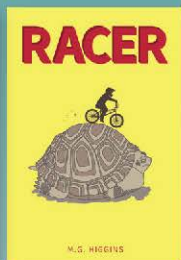
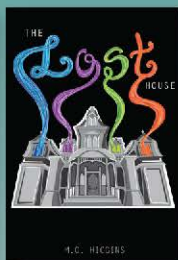
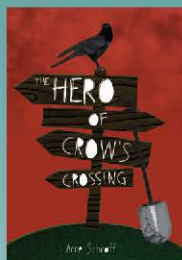
IP = in progress

CCFM = wear complete costume with  
face mask

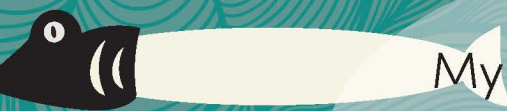
↶ LET'S DECODE THIS FOR ALL  
NON-SUPERHEROES OUT THERE



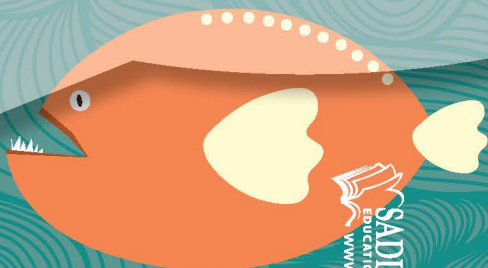
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# Fish Boy



My name's Burp. Yeah,  
I know. Odd. So's my  
family. They aren't  
ordinary people.



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