IGUANA BOY

SAVES THE WORLD WITH A TRIPLE CHEESE PIZZA

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Hodder Children's Books

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3 MONTHS AGO

'Hey, little bro, catch!' Sam said, and Dylan turned just in time to see an iguana hurtling through the air towards him. Dylan was a small kid, the smallest boy in his year, and



having an iguana thrown at him very much knocked him off balance. He hit the grass with a thud, his scruffy hair softening the blow.

Dylan was given no instructions from Sam, no idea as to how long he wanted Dylan to babysit his iguana for. That was three months ago and Sam hadn't mentioned his pet iguana since.

(BACK TO THE PRESENT ...)

'I wish I could save the world, Tumbler,' Dylan said, as he held the iguana up to his nose. 'Even just once, like Sam gets to do every single day.' (He had called the iguana Tumbler after the way it had flown through the air that day.) He'd asked what

Sam had called him, but just got a fart as a response. The worst kind – a smelly, fuzzy wuzzler.

'My brother and sister both have such awesome powers. Hopefully, one day, I will, too. Sam is always so horrible. I would make a much better hero than him. Maybe my powers will come soon. What do you think, Tumbler?'

The iguana looked back at him blankly.

'No,' Dylan continued. 'I don't hold out much hope, either,' he said, picking up his favourite comic and placing Tumbler underneath his bed just in time, as a giant raincloud rapidly formed inside his bedroom and started to break – raining cats and dogs

everywhere (actually, as this is a story about superheroes, this isn't the best phrase to use, as there are superheroes who do, in fact, have the ability to make cats and dogs fall from the sky – it's actually where the phrase comes from – but, to avoid confusion, it wasn't literally raining cats and dogs; it was just raining, well, boring old rain …)

Anyway, his brother, Sam, aka Arctic Thunder, had a habit of doing this. He would send a raincloud into Dylan's room, and then put a mini hurricane next to the door so that Dylan couldn't get out. When Dylan was good and soaked, his sister Millie would enter and dry him off using her laser vision, so that their parents wouldn't find

out. This happened every single Monday.

'Please can I come out now?' asked Dylan, who had given up trying to read his comic, as it rapidly fell apart in his hands.

'Not until you say it,' said Millie, sniggering outside his bedroom door.

'But I've already said it a hundred times.'

'Then say it a hundred and one times,' added Sam, also sniggering.

'Do you really have nothing better to do than lock me in my room? If I was a superhero, I would be out in the world, helping people!'

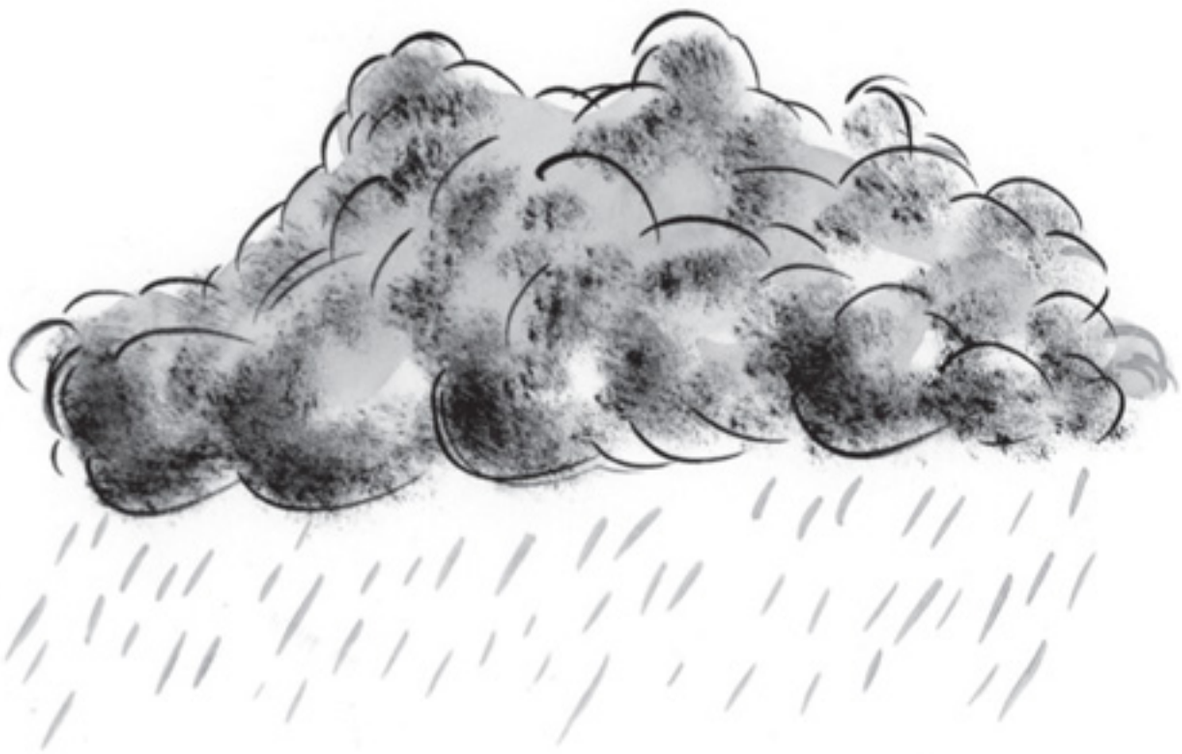
'But you're not a superhero, and you never will be,' said Millie, snidely.

'Yeah, you don't have a power and, even

if you did, they would never invite you in to the Superhero Collective. They have certain standards and you simply don't meet them,' added Sam.

Dylan paused. Then he reluctantly said what his brother and sister wanted to hear (for what was actually the three hundredth time).

'My name is Dylan Spencer, I am nine years old, and I just wet the bed.' Despite the noise of the erupting hurricane and the pattering sound of falling rain (not cats and dogs falling, these noises are different: dogs make a terrible whining sound as they fall, while cats remain quiet, confident of landing on their feet), Dylan could hear his brother and



sister rolling around on the floor, laughing. He wasn't sure why they still found it so funny, having heard it over a hundred (three hundred) times. Eventually, the door opened. Millie dried Dylan and his room off with her laser eyes, leaving only one small wet patch in the centre of his mattress.

'It's very big of you to admit it, Dylan, but you really should have stopped wetting the bed by now,' said Sam.

Millie patted him on the back and laughed.

Then Sam's phone rang (playing 'Barbie Girl' by Aqua. He would hum along every

time it went off and sing 'come on, Arcti, let's go party...')

Sam put his finger to his ear. This was how Superhero HQ communicated with the superheroes – with SUPER-COOL ear pieces:

'Absolutely, sir, I will be there right away. I'll let Millie know, too.' Sam touched his ear once more and turned to face his sister. 'That was Ron Strongman. We have to go – a rhino has escaped from Bristol Zoo and is running around causing mayhem.'

'Sounds pretty terrible,' replied Millie, coolly. She turned to her younger brother. 'I'll tell you what, Dylan. We'll head off and save the WORLD, and you can stay here and

save your mattress – by changing the sheets.'

He could hear their laughter all the way down the stairs.

In that moment he was certain that one day, he would develop a power. And when he did, he would be better, stronger, and fiercer than both of them put together!

★

After he was sure that Sam and Millie had left the house to save the world from a rhino, Dylan headed outside to the garden to play with his cars (which had, of course, originally belonged to Sam). There were five in total: three only had two wheels; one was covered in paint; while the other was

severely burnt (it had probably happened on a Monday).

He placed Tumbler in the sandpit nearby and set the cars up, ready to launch them off a small wooden ramp, made from the broken shed at the end of the garden. Dylan hadn't noticed that the ramp was facing in the direction of the sandpit, as he was too busy polishing his favourite cars, the Hyundai and the Hummer.

'Please welcome, for your entertainment, the amazing stunt-car driver, Dylan Spencer!' He grabbed hold of the burnt-out Hyundai car and pushed it towards the ramp. He let go and the car flew off the edge – straight onto the head of Tumbler.