Episode 1

HOW STUNTBOY BECAME STUNTBOY

(AND A THING ABOUT A CHAIR)

Roll credits.
Cue theme music.



Now, the song.
And a *one*, and *a two*, and . . .



No, no, start with the handclaps, *then* the foot stomps. Stomp

LOUDER! LOUDER!

Now bring in the saxophone.



WeLLLlllLcoMe to
StUNtboyYYyy in the
MeaNNnnNnTIme!

INTRODUCING THE ONE AND ONLY . . .



This is **STUNTBOY.**

This guy, right here.

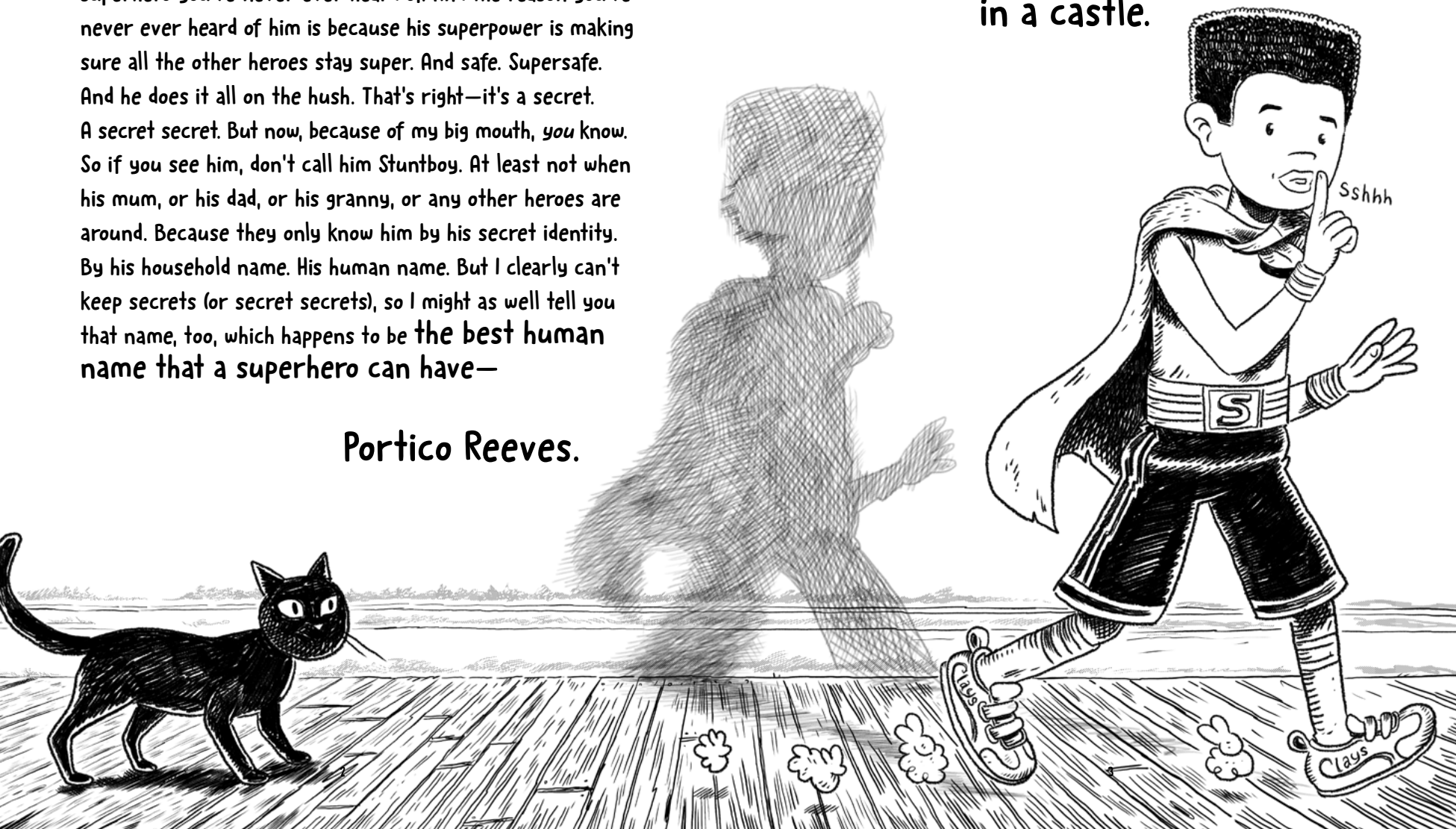
HIM.

You can't tell just looking at him, but he's the greatest superhero you've never ever heard of. And the reason you've never ever heard of him is because his superpower is making sure all the other heroes stay super. And safe. Supersafe. And he does it all on the hush. That's right—it's a secret. A secret secret. But now, because of my big mouth, *you* know. So if you see him, don't call him Stuntboy. At least not when his mum, or his dad, or his granny, or any other heroes are around. Because they only know him by his secret identity. By his household name. His human name. But I clearly can't keep secrets (or secret secrets), so I might as well tell you that name, too, which happens to be **the best human name that a superhero can have—**

Portico Reeves.

But in order to understand how he became the greatest superhero you've never ever heard of, you first have to know where it all started—

in a castle.

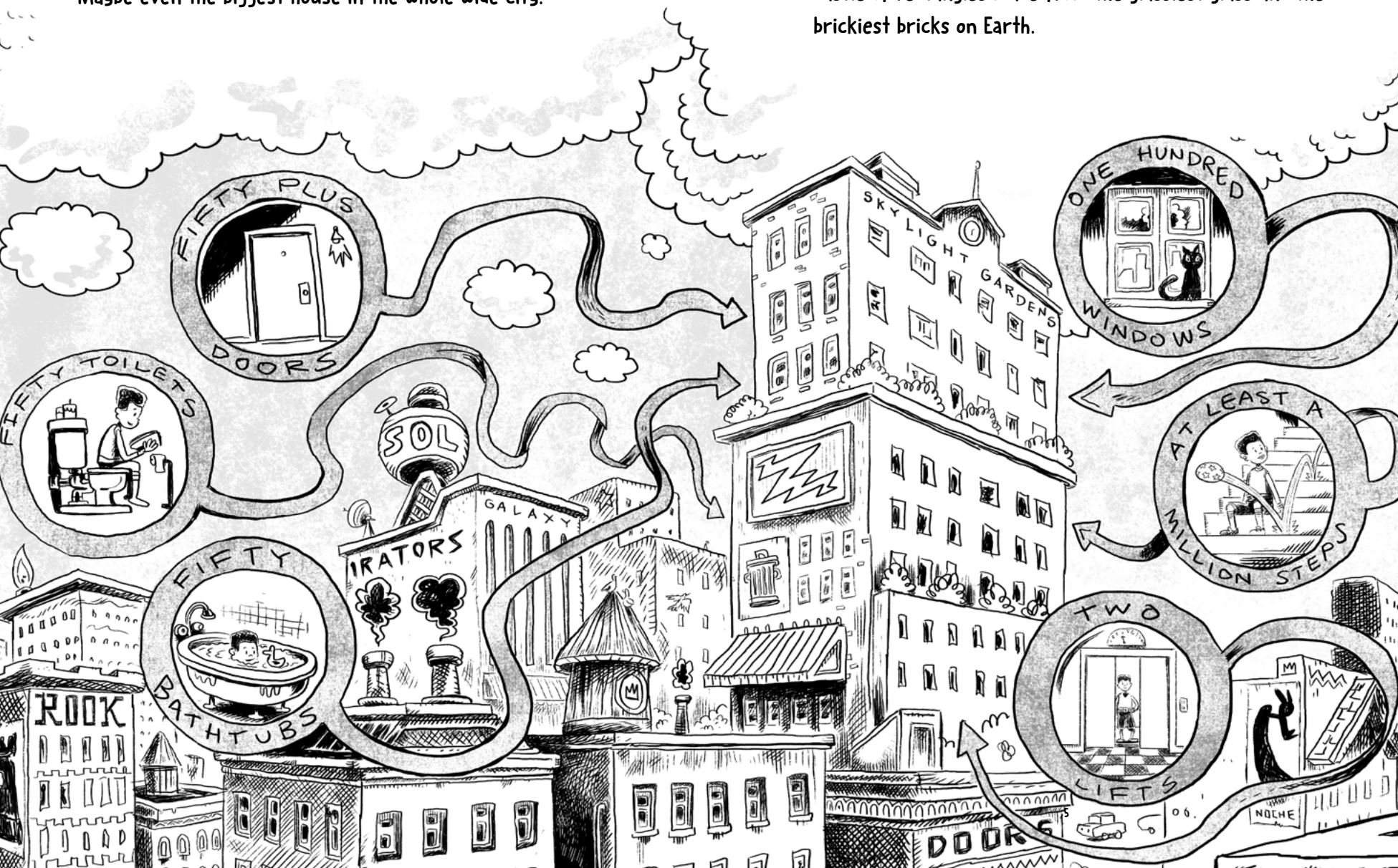


THE BIGGEST HOUSE

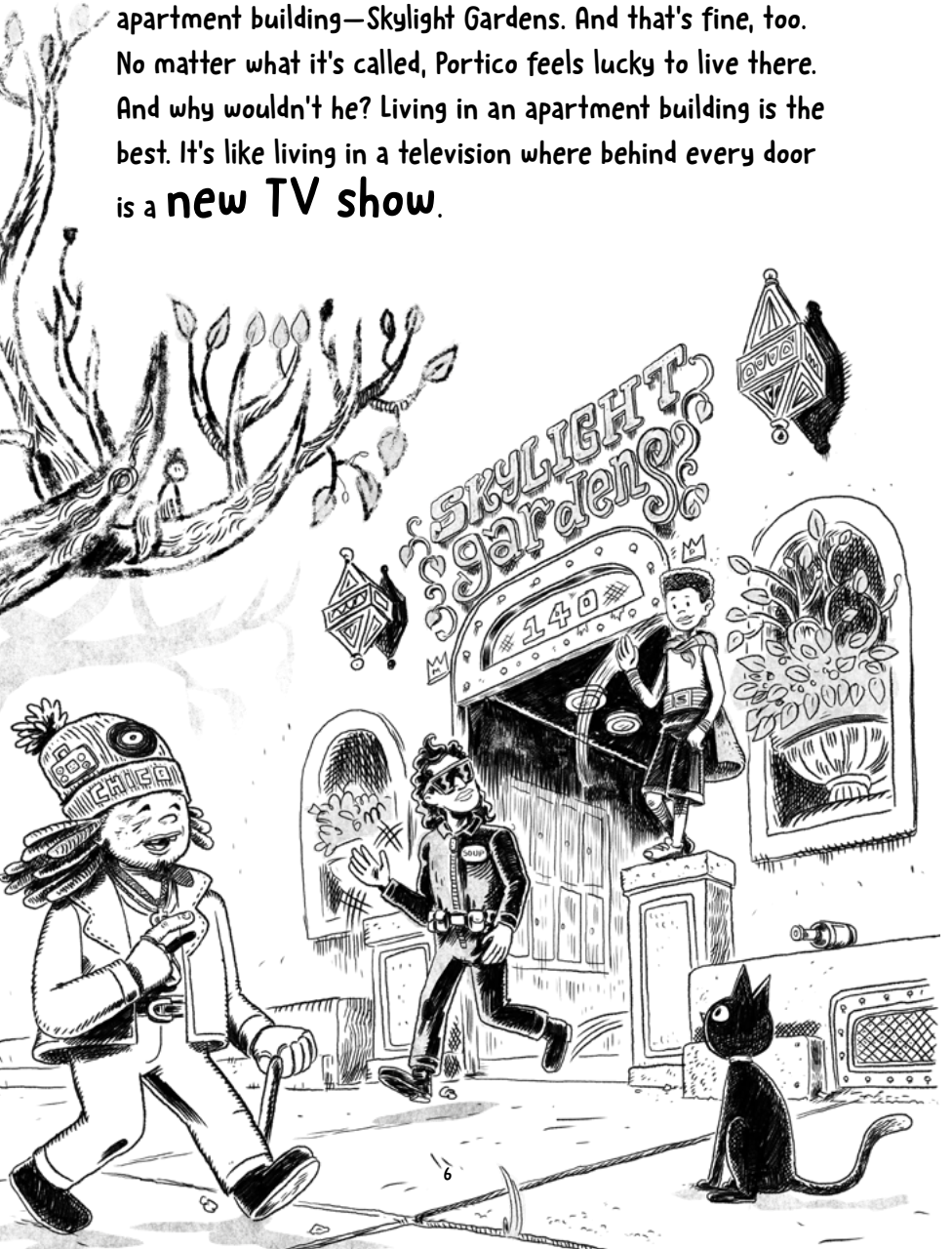
Portico Reeves lives in **the biggest house on the block**. The biggest house in the whole wide neighborhood. Maybe even the biggest house in the whole wide city.

IN THE WHOLE WIDE EVERYWHERE

Don't know if you would consider it a castle or nothin' fancy like that, but to Portico, it sure seems like one. A giant castle of rectangles made from the glassiest glass and the brickiest bricks on Earth.



Okay, so some people call where Portico Reeves lives an apartment building—Skylight Gardens. And that's fine, too. No matter what it's called, Portico feels lucky to live there. And why wouldn't he? Living in an apartment building is the best. It's like living in a television where behind every door is a **new TV show**.



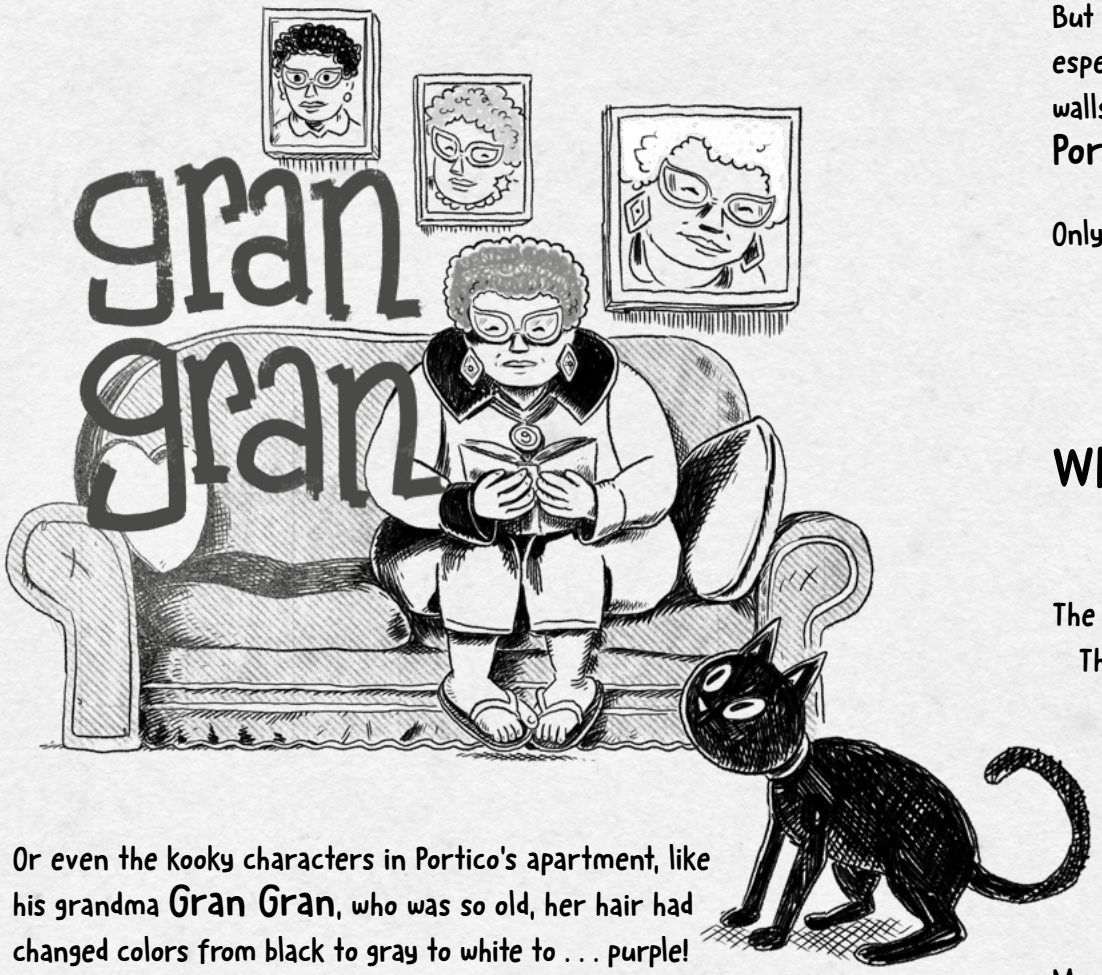
And Portico knows *all* the characters.

Like **Mr. Mister**, who stands outside **apartment 1B** all day long tying and retying and re-retying and re-re-retying his shoes, tighter and tighter each time. He does this because he's scared he'll leave his feet somewhere, and as long as he has on shoes, he knows he's still . . . feeted (which is way better than being de-feeted)!



Or **Frisbee Foster** in **apartment 3G**, who got her nickname from being thrown back and forth by her big sisters when she was a baby.





Or even the kooky characters in Portico's apartment, like his grandma **Gran Gran**, who was so old, her hair had changed colors from black to gray to white to . . . purple!

Oh, and let's not forget about the smarty, arty, purry, furry family cat who's called

A New Name Every Day.

But enough about them. Portico's granny and cat are cool—especially the cat—but the best thing climbing walls and jumping off counters in **apartment 4D** is **Portico** himself.

Only problem is, he also has a terrible case of . . .

THE FRETS

What?

You've never heard of the frets?

You're kidding, right?



The un-sit-stillables?

The worry wiggles?

The bowling ball belly bottoms?

The jumpy grumpies?

(Or the grumpy jumpies, depending on who you ask.)

The hairy scaries, or worse, the VERY hairy scaries?

No?

Maybe it's because your mum probably calls it what Portico's grandma calls it—"anxiety." (That *X* is tricky, ain't it? Might cause some *anxiety*.

Try this: **ang-ZY-uh-tee.)**