

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: Library Day*	1
Chapter 2: Can a Girl be Super?	4
Chapter 3: The Problem is Me*	7
Chapter 4: The Wrong Book	10
Chapter 5: Battling Monsters*	15
Chapter 6: Ants in Your Pants	20
Chapter 7: Battle of the Chair	23
Chapter 8: Big Decision*	28
Chapter 9: Adventure Diaries	32
Day One: Coward or Champion?*	32
Day Two: Fishy Feelings	36
Day Three: Wings or Capes?*	41
Day Four: Math Madness*	44
Day Five: Day to 'DO'	49
Chapter 10: Response-Ability*	54
Chapter 11: The Office AGAIN	58
Chapter 12: Battle of the Books*	60
Super Secret Playbook for Heroes	68
Super Sidekick Power Tools	73
Special Note from Dr. Philip Zimbardo	76

*Are you a Super Sidekick who helps young people become heroes?
Check out '*Power Tools*' for selected chapters.

Chapter 1

Library Day*



No one could stop Dillon from reaching the best books first — no one! Not the kids in the crooked line in front of him, not Kate, who was always one step ahead of him ... not even Miss Bird, the librarian.

“Slow down,” Miss Bird said in a kind voice. “There are plenty of books for everyone.”

Dillon was a boy of action. He did not want to wait. He wanted to get to the best books first. The wanting pushed on him from the inside out. His fidgety feet would not stand still. Dillon jumped from the back of the line, bolting full speed ahead.

“No cutting! Wait your turn,” Kate said. She tried to grab his sleeve, but Dillon was too slippery. He dodged past her, squeezed around Miss Bird and through the traffic jam of kids. Kate followed close behind.

Dillon turned a quick left. He darted around a big box of books on the floor. Kate rounded the corner. Classmates drove down the aisle of books after them. Only one hurdle stood between Dillon and his favorite books. A single chair blocked his path. He grabbed the back of the chair with both hands. He lifted his feet to launch over the seat. It was Olympic!

However, this was no ordinary chair. This was a dizzy chair on wheels, the kind that spins in circles and makes you want to hurl. This was a teacher chair, a chair that teaches a very important lesson: you can't jump over a chair on wheels.

SQUEAK! It threw Dillon forward. PLOP! He fell face first on the floor. CRASH! The chair landed on top of him. Spinning wheels flipped up from the floor and smashed the toe of Kate's new blue boots.

Kate screamed, "OOOOWWWW!"

More voices followed.

"Pick up the chair!"

"It's his fault!"

"Cool! Do it again!"

Miss Bird tried to calm the storm with a gentle voice, but no one heard. So, she tried something else instead. "BE QUIET!" Miss Bird shouted. The room fell silent. Then she said nicely, "We don't shout in the library." Miss Bird turned to Kate. "What just happened?"

Kate was coughing, crying and gulping. She pointed one knobby little finger at Dillon. No one looked surprised—NO ONE!

Dillon could not erase the guilty look from his face. It was practically tattooed there. His mouth was half open, his eyes bulging; chin and shoulders were pulled forward like a fish caught on a hook. He couldn't believe his rotten luck, AGAIN!

Dillon felt his insides flipping and flopping. He liked Miss Bird. He liked her a lot. He didn't want her to yell at him. Miss Bird had a perfect record of always being extra nice, always.

That's when Dillon did what he had to do.

"You don't have to say it. I'll go to the office," he mumbled. Dillon reeled himself out the door. He ran to see the principal, the one who knew him by name. No one tried to stop him—no one.



*This was a teacher chair, a chair that teaches a very important lesson:
you can't jump over a chair on wheels.*