

## Chapter 1

## Super Cody

"Is your fly zipped?"

Cody's mother looked over from behind the steering wheel of their blue station wagon.

Cody zipped his pants.

"Tuck in your shirt."

"I don't feel so good," he said. He saw a school-crossing sign out the window, and his stomach tightened.

Cody pulled down the car's sun visor and looked in the mirror. "Maybe I'm sick," he said hopefully. "Look at these spots. I think I have chicken pox."

"Cody, keep your imagination under control. Those are freckles."

His mother stopped at a stop sign. "You do not have chicken pox. You just don't want to go to school."

She drove on.

"The first day is always the hardest. You'll be just fine."

"I don't see any parking places," said Cody. "Let's try again tomorrow. Or next week."

A red Jeep pulled out right in front of the school.

"Oh, good," his mother said. "Here's one."

The school was a tall red-brick building with lots of windows. It did not look at all like his old school. To Cody, it looked more like a prison. He imagined that he was a prisoner being driven to jail.

"Don't I get a last request, Warden?" he said to his mother.

She swung into the parking place. "Don't

be silly. Be yourself. By the end of the day you'll have lots of new friends. You'll love this school."

Small groups of kids were walking toward the building. They laughed and talked.

Cody wondered what his friends Aaron and Kate were doing. If he were still in Topeka, he would be with them, making them laugh. School was fun with Aaron and Kate.

One whole week last month they'd pretended to be from another planet. They'd talked like robots and walked like robots. Everyone had laughed, even his teacher.

Another time they pretended to be able to read the teacher's mind. They got out their lunch boxes and lined up for lunch before she called them. And once they pretended that the cafeteria was haunted. Why else would the meat loaf have that greenish color?

Right now, back in Topeka, Kate and



## You only get one chance to make a first impression.

eet Cody. His father is an F.B.I. agent, his mom drives a red Jaguar, he's got a pet emu, and he's an ace on Rollerblades. At least, that's what Cody tells his third-grade class on the first day at his new school—and they believe him! Being Super Deluxe Cody is

a skating party. And suddenly
Cody is on a collision course
with disaster!

## Also by Betsy Duffey

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How to Be Cool in the
Third Grade

The Math Wiz