



PRINCESS SUPERHERO

by Beverlee Patton

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Illustration by Cora Hays

I woke up with my eyes closed and my ears open. It was quiet in the house—too quiet. I had a strange feeling. I opened my eyes. A stranger was in my bedroom, sitting in my chair, looking at me.

She wore green and blue striped boots that went all the way up to her knees. She wore a frilly pink dress. I moved my eyes up to her face. She was beautiful. She glowed like there was a light turned on inside of her head. On top of her head she wore a sparkly crown with bright orange feathers sticking out.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I’m Princess SuperHero,” she answered like I should already know who she was.

“A real superhero?” I didn’t want to sound like I didn’t believe her, but I didn’t. “Can you fly?”

“Of course I can fly! That’s what superheros do. Look!” She stood up and twirled around fast. A purple cape billowed around her from her shoulders to her feet. She stopped swirling and billowing and lifted one leg to show me her shiny roller blades. She said, “See, I can roll, and I can fly. But right now you need me to fly. You need my help, fast!”

“Why do I need your help?” I still didn’t believe she was real.

“I was told to help a boy named Gus who lives at 259 Green Lane in Beverly Hills. I checked; this is the right address. Are you Gus?”

I wondered how she knew my name and where I lived. I nodded my head. “Yes.”

“Good, I like short names,” she said. “You need my help to get your family unstuck.”

“My family is asleep.” I felt scared.

“They’re not sleeping in their beds. They are stuck someplace. We’d better hurry and find them before they get stuck harder. Hang on.” Princess SuperHero held out her cape in front of me.

Before I had time to think of how scared I was, her cape lifted me up and held me close to her. She rolled us out of my bedroom. Her roller blades didn’t make any sound; it was like we were flying. We rolled into my brother Ollie’s room. He was not in his bed. I called, “Ollie!” just in case he was hiding. I looked all around. He was not any place in his room. “We have to find my brother,” I told Princess SuperHero. I felt really scared now.

“You looked every place but up,” she said.

I looked up. There was Ollie with his head stuck to his Pokémon cards, which were stuck to the ceiling.

Princess SuperHero told me to hold on again. “Put your hand on my shoulder, and take a deep breath.”

I barely touched her shoulder. We flew up so fast I almost hit my head on the ceiling.

“Be careful,” she said. “You don’t have to work so hard at flying. As soon as I get your brother unstuck from his Pokémon cards, and his Pokémon cards unstuck from the ceiling, let go of me, drop down, and stand right underneath us, so you can catch him.”

I didn't have time to think that I wasn't strong enough to catch my big brother. I let go of her cape. I floated down to the floor, and stood right underneath Ollie.

She kept talking: "Good. Now hold out your arms, and spread your legs wide apart to keep your balance. Here he comes."

Princess SuperHero unstuck Ollie from the ceiling. I caught Ollie and five Pokémon cards. It was easy. I felt strong.

"Move over. I'm coming down." She landed right beside me.

We put Ollie back into bed and laid five Pokémon cards right next to his pillow. He didn't even wake up.

Princess SuperHero said, "Now let's go find your mom and dad. Hold on."

I held on to her cape, and she rolled us silently out of Ollie's room. She rolled us across the hallway and into mom and dad's room. First I looked up. Mom was not on the ceiling. Dad was not there either.

"Let's think," said Princess SuperHero. "We better look every place your mom might be."

We flew to the kitchen. Mom was not on the kitchen floor, or on the ceiling, or on any of the shelves, or inside any of the kitchen cupboards.

"Maybe she's be in the garden," I said. We opened the back door and flew outside to the garden. We looked around the garden. Mom was not under the tomatoes, or under lettuce, or

under the squash.

“Where else could your mom be stuck?”

“She might be in her office,” I said.

Princess SuperHero smiled at me for the first time. “Now you’re thinking.” She flew us very fast over the garden and through the back door. We rolled into mom’s office, which was downstairs next to the kitchen.

Mom was not on the office floor. She was not on the ceiling. She was not on the bookshelf. She was not behind the computer. She was not anywhere that I could see.

Princess SuperHero said, “We didn’t look in that closet.” She opened the closet door.

We looked up and down and all around the closet. There was mom on the floor, stuck on top of a box of clothes she sells online. We unstuck her gently, lifted her up, and carried her out of the closet.

“Hold your mom, Gus. Hang on.”

We flew upstairs and rolled into mom and dad’s room. We put mom into bed. She didn’t even wake up.

“Now let’s find your dad; then we’re done,” said Princess SuperHero.

We flew back downstairs and rolled into dad’s office. We looked around the floor. We looked up to the ceiling. We looked on every bookshelf. We looked under the desk. We looked behind

the computer. We looked inside the closet. Dad was not any place in his office.

“He might be outside,” I said.

“Where outside?” asked Princess SuperHero. “There’s a lot of outside. We can’t go flying around like this all night.”

“He likes his red pick-up truck,” I said.

We flew out the back door. The red pick-up truck was in front of the garage. We looked inside. He was not in the driver’s seat. He was not in the bed of the truck. We looked underneath the truck. Dad was not there.

Princess SuperHero said, “Let’s think. Where is the last place you saw your dad?”

I remembered. “Last night we watched dad in a movie on TV.”

“Why didn’t you think of that before? Let’s go look in the TV. We flew back into the house and rolled into the TV room.

“You turn on the TV,” said Princess SuperHero, “I’m not so good at these technical things.”

I found the remote under a pillow on the couch. I turned on the TV. The picture came up. There was dad, stuck in his own movie.

“Well, this is a new one,” said Princess SuperHero, “I’m not sure what to do.”

“I know,” I said. “I will pull him out. This time you stand

behind me and catch us so we won't fall backwards." So we did.

"Look how strong you are," said Princess SuperHero. "I could not have done this by myself. You hold your dad, and hang on."

We flew upstairs. We rolled into mom and dad's room. We put dad into bed. He didn't even wake up.

"He will never know what happened." Princess SuperHero whispered.

"We better go look for Buck," I whispered. We were still keeping our voices low so no one would wake up.

"Who is Buck?" asked Princess SuperHero. "I was told to just get your family unstuck."

"Buck is our dog. He's a chocolate lab," I answered.

"Buck is probably okay. Dogs don't get stuck the same way people do."

"He sleeps in the laundry room. We better go and look there anyway," I whispered.

We flew downstairs. We rolled into the laundry room. There was Buck, sound asleep and snoring on his dog bed next to the dryer. He didn't even wake up.

"Whew!" I was glad Buck wasn't stuck.

We flew back upstairs and rolled into my room.

"Gus, it's late." Princess SuperHero wasn't whispering any

more. “This took a long time. I never saw a whole family stuck at once. I have to go now. You don’t need me anymore.”

But what will I do if my family gets stuck again?”

“You can get them unstuck all by yourself; just remember how strong you are.”

“But what if I want to see you again?” I didn’t want her to leave. I liked flying and rolling with her.

“Just say, ‘*Princess SuperHero*’, and there you’ll be.” Princess SuperHero opened my bedroom window and flew out.

I watched until her orange feathers, her purple cape, her green and blue striped boots, and her shiny rollerblades disappeared into the night. “That could be me,” I thought. I yawned and climbed into bed.