

FULLY CHARGED AND READY FOR ACTION

# ELECTRIGIRL

Written by JO COTTERILL

Illustrated by CATHY BRETT



# FIVE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LOVE THIS BOOK . . .

A brand new superhero—  
Electrigril is a human  
battery, charged  
with electrical  
superpowers!

Full of action-  
packed comic  
strips—see  
Electrigril's explosive  
abilities in  
pictures!

Superpowers  
aren't for fun  
- there's a deadly  
purpose. Can Electrigril  
save the world from the  
evil genius Professor  
Macavity?

Real life clashes  
with superlife - Holly  
may be a superhero,  
but she still has to go  
to school!

An electrifying  
page-turner. Perfect  
for readers that  
love strong, heroic  
characters

Hello!

I love being a writer—and one of the most exciting things about telling stories is that you can do it in so many different ways! When I was young, I enjoyed the Asterix and Tintin books, and also weekly comics, which I read from cover to cover.

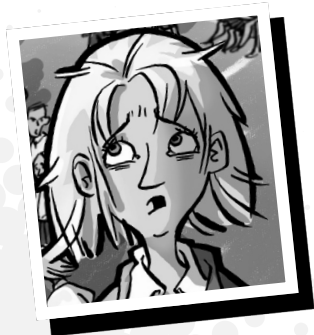
I've always wanted to have a go at writing a story in comic strip—and so I'm **RIDICULOUSLY** excited about **ELECTRIGIRL** which is illustrated by my amazing buddy Cathy Brett. We've had such fun developing Holly's story in words **AND** pictures! You can see, just by flicking through the book, how we swap from one to the other.

If you've thought about reading comics but weren't sure where to start, try the awesome Phoenix Comic, which comes out weekly and is **STUFFED** full of brilliant and bonkers comic stories. Or if superheroes are your thing, you can watch videos and play games online at **[marvelkids.disney.co.uk](http://marvelkids.disney.co.uk)** and even design your own comic!

Happy reading!



# CHARACTER PROFILES



**HOLLY** loves sports but hates being the centre of attention, which is a bit of a drawback when you have superpowers!

**JOE** is obsessed with comics. He's Holly's brother and her mentor, seeing as he knows so much about superheroes.



**IMOGEN** never goes anywhere without a sketchbook. Resourceful and clever, she has a great imagination.



**PROFESSOR MACAVITY** is a technological genius bent on world domination – but she's reckoned without Electrigirl and her friends!



FOR JEMIMA AND HARRIET  
—MY OWN SUPERHEROES  
J. C.

FOR MY SUPERHERO NIECE DAISY,  
WITH LOVE  
C. B.

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**ELECTRIGIRL**

JO COTTERILL  
ILLUSTRATED BY CATHY BRETT

OXFORD  
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# HOW IT ALL BEGAN

If I hadn't argued with my best friend, I'd never have been struck by lightning. But if I hadn't been struck by lightning, I'd never have got my **SUPERPOWERS**.

Maybe sometimes, things happen for a reason.

That day, I was on the hilltop, high above the sea. It's the place I always go when I want to be alone. The air was still and strangely hot. Clouds clashed and rolled and rumbled above me, like the thoughts thudding and crashing in my head. How did everything get so awful?

A yellowish tinge to the sky made everything look wrong. The grass was the wrong shade of green; the sea was the wrong shade of blue. My fingers tingled, and the back of my neck prickled, like all the hairs were standing

on end.

I re-played the argument over and over in my head: ‘How could you?’ I’d yelled. ‘How could you let me down?’

And she’d just walked away.

What had happened to her? Even her smile was wrong these days.

Everything was wrong.

A faint **CRACKLING** noise came from behind me. I turned and looked up at the huge new mobile phone mast on the very peak of the hill. Sparks fizzed around the grey globe at its top, like one of those plasma balls. I hesitated. A storm was coming—a big one. And if there was going to be lightning, then I probably shouldn’t be up here next to a big metal tower.

I glanced back at the sea, and caught my breath. A light had appeared on the horizon. The sun peeping through? No, it was too small and too bright and too sudden.

It was getting bigger.

Closer.

Brighter.

What was it? Should I move? But where would I run to?

Maybe it was a meteor! A flaming ball of rock




headed straight for me! Was I about to die?

Regret rushed through me: I should have tried harder to keep my friend; I should have told my family I loved them; I should have admitted it was me who dropped Mum's toothbrush in the toilet . . .

AND NOW . . .

NOW IT WAS TOO LATE  
FOR ALL OF THAT!

# CHAPTER 1

I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me take you back a month. Back to where all of this started, really, with the opening of the new  **CyberSky** building in town.

CyberSky is a mobile phone company. We have a TERRIBLE signal down here on the coast and half the time we end up on a French network, which costs silly money. CyberSky said we'd all get five bars from now on, so I was kind of pleased that they were here. But Bluehaven is *full* of people who get upset and **shout** about the tiniest things, so it had been all over the news before the building was even finished. Yup, you've guessed it, not much happens here.

They put up a huge high-tech mast on top of the hillside: *my* hillside. I love that hillside; it's my favourite place in the whole world. There's enough space to run and practise cartwheels or

just sit and look at the view. I don't go near the edge. I'm not stupid. But you know what? After the mast was built, I kind of forgot it was there half the time.

The day of the official opening of the CyberSky headquarters, I was down in the town with Mum and my brother Joe and my best friend Imogen. Mum was holding a big sign on a wooden post. It said

**DON'T RADIATE MY KIDS!**

She and her friend Nicky are always protesting about something: rainforests, whales, banks. Nicky is one of the shoutiest people in Bluehaven. This time they were complaining about the phone mast being so close to the town (which it wasn't really) and they'd persuaded about twenty people to come along and protest too. Joe and I always find it SO embarrassing. 'Dad would never turn up to this,' Joe muttered.

Dad's in the army and he's abroad a lot. He says mobile phones and the masts are perfectly safe and that all this worry about radiation is

a complete over-reaction from people who believe everything they read online. It's one of the few things he and Mum argue about when he's home. He thinks she gets all riled up about silly stuff. Sometimes I think Mum's right to get mad about things. I mean, if no one ever made a fuss, nothing would ever get changed, would it? I just wish she didn't have to drag us into it. I don't like being the centre of attention.

There were plenty of other people there too—people who thought that the new company would be good for the area and create lots of jobs—plus the Bluehaven mayor, Mr Foley, who was nearly bald but tried to pretend he wasn't by wearing a wig.

'We could sneak off and go buy ice cream,' Joe muttered. 'No one would notice.'

I was tempted. 'Have you got any money?'

He sighed. 'Spent it all on the new Batman figure.'

My brother is OBSESSED with superheroes. He makes his own films and collects comics and figurines. Sometimes he talks to them as if they're real people, when he thinks no one can hear him. Which is kind of sweet but also kind of *disturbing*.

Imogen was gazing up at the CyberSky building. She's taller than me and has long brown hair that she wears in a plait. 'It's almost like it can make itself invisible,' she said. 'You know? All those glass windows, like mirrors. They reflect the sky so that it almost looks like the building isn't really here.'

I looked up too. 'Er ...' I said. It was a building; you couldn't get away from that. Tall and square, like it belonged in a city business area or something. But Imogen has this way of looking at things differently. She pulled out a sketchpad and a pen from her bag (she's never without THEM) and started drawing the building. I watched over her shoulder, marvelling. My buildings haven't progressed beyond the infant stage: two vertical walls, a triangular roof, a door and square windows, and a chimney on top. If I have time, I'll colour the roof in red. *That's* the extent of my artistic abilities. But Imogen is really amazing. Within seconds, she'd sketched and shaded in the building so that it looked like it was made of clouds and sky. Watching her draw, I understood what she meant about the building almost being invisible.

Joe nudged me. ‘Look, someone’s coming out.’

The front doors had opened, and a woman in a grey suit walked out into the sunshine. She was pale, with grey hair in a shiny bob and grey shoes. She looked like the sort of person who stayed out of the sun. Her name was Professor Macavity and she ran CyberSky. I knew that because her photo had been in the paper for months. Mr Foley stepped forward, mopping his shiny brow. His mayoral chain glinted. His wig blew up in the breeze and exposed a bit of bald patch.

‘*CyberSky out!*’ shouted the thin line of protestors. Nicky’s voice was the loudest. ‘*Don’t radiate our kids!*’ Mum went, ‘Yeah!’ and waved her placard aggressively. Joe and I tried to hide behind Imogen.

Mr Foley shook the professor’s hand and nodded and smiled. The professor (nodding but not smiling) went to a microphone set up just in front of the doors. ‘Good morning,’ she said, and for a moment, my heart went **THUD** because she *sounded* grey too. I’m not kidding. Her voice was like a cold wind on a grey day. It made me **SHIVER**.

She said how pleased she was to be here (she didn't sound pleased) and how welcoming the residents of Bluehaven had been (which wasn't really true, especially not Nicky and my mum) and how CyberSky was at the forefront of technology development (which, according to Imogen's dad, who reviews gadgets for his job, *is* actually true). It was all very boring. But *then* she said something that made me **SQUEAK** with excitement . . .

'As a thank you, CyberSky will be delivering a free mobile phone to every resident over the age of ten in Bluehaven, along with six months' free calls and internet services.'

Imogen and Joe **SQUEAKED** a bit too, and Imogen even put her sketchbook away. 'A brand new phone! **EACH!**' My brother is just ten. He looked like he was about to explode with happiness.

Nicky shouted, 'We don't want your filthy phones!' but some of the protesters were looking a bit uncertain now. After all, a free phone is a free phone.

And then the mayor said something and someone cut a ribbon, and my mum put a supportive arm around Nicky and muttered

something about not giving up the fight, and we went home. And Imogen and Joe and I chatted ALL THE WAY about the brand new phones we were going to get.

IF ONLY I'D  
KNOWN THEN WHAT  
I KNOW NOW . . .