

“Nice work you two,” Lucretia Leather said, giving a thumbs up to Frankie and JP, who landed on the field next to her after releasing their missiles.

Slapper grabbed the binoculars and smiled as the missiles reached the sky over the hangout. **“AND . . . RELEASE!”** Instead of exploding, the missiles split open, releasing long tendrils of rope that spread. The ropes began weaving together, and soon mesh covered the entire building, like a hockey net that had fallen over. “Perfect. This should give us the time we need to assemble our team.”



“HOCKEY NETTING?” asked Gabby Gourd, holding up her now-numerous goalie arms in confusion. **“WHY DIDN'T WE JUST BLOW THEM UP?”**

Slapper sighed. She'd explained this ten times already. “Despite your obvious love of violence . . .” She paused a moment to watch Mongo the Goon pummel a nearby rock into dust. “An explosion is **NOT GUARANTEED TO ELIMINATE THE SUPER SIX.**”



“No?” asked JP and Frankie, raising their eyebrows.



Slapper shook her head. “Remember? I **CRUSHED** them, **BURNED** them and sent them into a **VIRTUAL BLACK HOLE. THEY SURVIVED EVERY TIME.**”