

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY® PRESENTS

adventures of
AVERAGE BOY™

GROWING UP
**SUPER
AVERAGE**

by comedian *Bob Smiley* and *Jesse Florea*



TYNDALE

Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.
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Growing Up Super Average

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction: Meet Average Boy	8
1. The Quest to Become Super Average	11
2. True Friendship	20
3. Fight for Life	28
4. Rated PG for Parental Guidance	35
5. The Weird World of Sports	42
6. The Cost of Being Cool	49
7. Oh, Brother	57
8. Growing Up	66
9. On Your Marks	74
10. Defusing the Anger Bomb	83
11. Church Chaos	92
12. Good Health	99
13. Backstabbing Buddy	107
14. Exxxxxxuuusssseeee Me!	115
15. A Sour Note	123
16. Chores Are a Bore	132
17. Grandparents: Oldies but Goodies	139
18. Cheater, Cheater, Grade Deceiver	147
19. That Makes Cents!	155
20. Blended for Life	164
21. That's Entertainment?	172
22. The Scoop on Rumors	181
23. Laws of Attraction	189
24. Road Rules!	199
25. Ultimate Dirt Removal System	207
Appendix: Average Boy Online	215



Meet Average Boy

Name: Bob Smiley

Middle Name: something worse than
“Gertrude”

Height: five feet four inches, up to five feet five
in a strong wind

Weight: 94 pounds without cape (98 pounds
with cape; 100 pounds with cape soaking wet!)

Favorite Sport: Kickball

Best Friend: Billy (You’ll see why after reading
this book.)

Favorite Food: Chocolat . . . uh . . . my mom
says it’s broccoli

Greatest Quantity of Food Eaten at One Time:
Six hot dogs at Billy’s birthday party. (Note: Two of
them stayed with me!)

Favorite Book: Used to be *How to Get Out of
Trouble* by Billy (only one copy in circulation). Now
it’s a new book: *Growing Up Super Average*

Favorite Color: Depends what wall I’m painting

Favorite Subject in School: English, because I'm am really very well at it

Daily Chores: Cleaning room, cleaning paint off walls, feeding my pets, mowing the lawn, apologizing to my brother



Greatest Accomplishment: Telling people about Jesus

Favorite Bible Verse: Joshua 1:9

Favorite Hero from Bible: Jesus (Anyone who will die for me is the kind of hero I want!)

Favorite Adult: Tie between my parents, because they're always there for me

Favorite Hobby: Playing outside

Least Favorite Hobby: Filling out these answers



1

Being a popular superhero is awesome! Fans always notice me and stop me in public. Once I got noticed by eight different people in one hour! Of course, my dad likes to point out that we were at a family reunion. But I know my dad was just jealous of my fame.

“They didn’t seem to notice you, Dad,” I said.

“Anyone would get noticed if he wears a cape,” my dad argued.

Before we went to the reunion, I suggested Dad could wear my bedspread for a cape. But he wasn’t interested. I guess some people just don’t want to be



super. Others, including me, want to be super, but it doesn't come naturally.

I wasn't always Average Boy. When I started middle school, I knew I had to find my place, my crowd, my peeps. This proved to be difficult, especially because I wasn't really sure what a "peep" was at the time. I knew I wasn't supposed to utter one during detention and I liked eating them at Easter, but that's all I had figured out.

On the first day of school, I looked around to see where I'd fit in. I started with the jocks. These kids looked like a doctor had removed their necks and reattached the skin and muscle to their biceps and chests. They were so big that when they turned around, their shadows sent an eclipse moving over the room. I'm not totally sure, but I think each shadow weighed about 12 pounds. All the jocks had armpit hair and could palm a basketball—with me still holding on to it.

I figured with a few changes, I could fit in with these giants—I mean, kids. First, I stuck two strips of duct tape on my cat. Pulling them off wasn't as easy. But to be a jock, you have to be good at wrestling. Once I had ripped off the duct tape and superglued it under my armpits, I started working on palming a basketball.

That didn't go so well either. I discovered I

could palm a Wiffle ball—just not for very long! But I still thought I could pull off being a jock. After all, I had armpit hair and my shadow had gained a pound or two since I started eating protein bars to build muscle.

During the first day of gym, I walked over and stood next to Colter, the best athlete in school.

“What are you doing over here, little boy?” Colter asked. “We don’t need a water bottle yet.”

Did You Know?

- Studies show that popular kids are more likely to drink alcohol, smoke, shoplift, and vandalize property than average kids.
- A recent survey found that 37 percent of popular kids grew up to be less successful in life than unpopular kids.
- It’s impossible to tell the popular kids apart because they all dress the same and are named either Ashley or Nick.

Warning: One out of three statistics may contain false information and defame the name of all the nice Ashleys and Nicks.

The rest of the jocks laughed.

"Oh, I heard you did," I replied. "But now that I've talked to you, I realize you need a bottle of mouthwash."

Sometimes my mouth doesn't like me and tries to get me in trouble. The jocks took it really well, though. They even asked me to play catch with them—I just wish they hadn't used me as the ball.

This got me to thinking that maybe the "brains" were more my crowd. During study hall, I went over to their table. They were playing chess. It was Trent's turn, the smartest kid in school.

"My rook takes your knight," Trent said as his opponent looked defeated. "That means Trent-Baggins has reclaimed his ring and can disappear from this game. Checkmate!"

"Wow, your castle took his horse!" I yelled, trying to fit in.

Quickly, all the brains looked up through their glasses. One of them pointed at me and said something in what I think was Klingon. Everyone laughed.

I decided I might join the band. The problem with band is that you have to play an instrument. I decided I'd learn how to play the piano. Then I found out it was a marching band. I figured I might slow up everybody if I had to scoot around on a

piano stool, so I took up the triangle.

We all got cool nicknames in the band. I was Bob “No Rhythm” Smiley. I earned a spot as fifth triangle alternate. This confused me because there weren’t four other alternates—much less a *regular* triangle player. After not being allowed on the field for two games, I left the band. I didn’t mind really. I couldn’t wear that band hat without laughing.

That left just the skater crowd. However, I knew I didn’t want to hang with them. They did stuff I didn’t agree with, like grind rails without head protection. I knew God didn’t want me making the wrong kind of friends. Plus, they were mean to me when I tried talking to them. One of the skater kids even spit on me. I have to say, though, it was a pretty impressive feat because I was about 30 feet away and against the wind. She was good.

To be honest, I was kind of discouraged. Three weeks into school and no peeps. I had tried my hardest—I had the armpit rash to prove it. I just wasn’t supertalented at any one thing.

That’s when it hit me: I was just average. In fact, I was all-around super average! The Bible talks about lots of people who were just average, and yet God used them for great things. I knew right then that God had called me to be Average Boy!

On the spot, I decided to fight injustice and do

my best using the average talents my Creator had given me! Even though I'm average, my God isn't. So I know I'm already going to win in the end. Isn't that cool?!? You can be on the winning team, too, if you're part of my team—I mean God's team. Anyway, that's what this book is about. I hope you enjoy reading these adventures, my peeps!

Super Average Advice

Some kids are born with a ton of athletic talent. Others can pick up an instrument and immediately play a beautiful melody. Speaking of beauty, some kids have got it. As you look around, you'll see kids who automatically fit in.

Maybe navigating your way through life isn't always that easy. You don't click with the popular crowd. When you pick up an instrument and play, you draw a crowd—but it's a pack of howling dogs. The truth is, growing up can be difficult. You may make mistakes. But there are some things you can do to make the most of life's adventure.

Be a friend. If you want to find where you fit in, you have to be friendly. Try different things. Reach out to other kids. Be a friend to someone who's lonely. Don't try to become something you're not, just so you can fit in with the popular crowd. Proverbs 18:24 says, "A man of many companions

may come to ruin, but there is a friend who sticks closer than a brother.” Having a lot of friends isn’t always the best thing. You can be pulled in different directions and forget who God created you to be. Try to be a true, loyal friend. You already have the best friend you could have in Jesus.

Give your life to God. You may feel average, but God doesn’t look at you that way. He has an amazing plan for your life. All you have to do is follow God’s guidebook—the Bible—and trust Him. God specializes in making the ordinary extraordinary. Check out these words written by the apostle Paul: “Take your everyday, ordinary life . . . and place it before God as an offering. Embracing what God does for you is the best thing you can do for him” (Romans 12:1, MSG). If you feel average, that’s great! Give what you are to God. Offer your life to Him and then stand back and watch the miracles He can do.

GOD'S GUIDE

Read: 2 Corinthians 12:9-10

- When is God's power made perfect?
- How does God want you to feel when you hit difficult times and someone makes fun of your faith?
- Write down what you think this means: "When I am weak, then I am strong."

BONUS ACTIVITY

Want to be a superhero, too? Just follow the guidelines above and ask your mom to make you a mask and cape.