

## ***Praise for Solving Crimes is NOT My Superpower***

"EPIC. It's got a fantastic cast of characters and the writing is so funny my jaw hurt from laughing and smiling. Literally.

We'll all be talking about this book!"

**Rashmi Sirdeshpande**, author of ***Good News***

"I want more!!! Give me more Lessore!"

**Claire Powell**, author of ***Marty Moose***

"Witty, wacky and full of warmth and humour...  
bright and bold storytelling."

**Davina Tijani**, author of ***The Nkara Chronicles***

"Joyously silly yet a really touching story about  
finding your own kind of special."

**J. P. Rose**, author of ***Birdie***

"A brilliantly imaginative adventure."

**Sophie Cameron**, author of ***Away With Words***

"A giggle a minute, with brilliantly rib-tickling illustrations."

**Rachel Morrisroe**, author of ***Supersausage to the Rescue***

"A sharp and sparky adventure packed full of humour  
and fantastic characters, this series has everything you  
could want. A delight from start to finish!"

**Dave Rudden**, author of ***Knights of the Borrowed Dark***



*Remi and Hanta Lessore, who have  
always been like parents to me*

**- N.L.**

*To Heera and my lovely Anastasia*

**- S.S.**



**LITTLE TIGER**

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# TIME TRAVEL IS NOT MY SUPERPOWER



**NATHANAEL LESSORE**  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
**SIMRAN DIAMOND SINGH**

**LITTLE TIGER**  
LONDON

WELCOME TO  
WALSHAM





# A NEW ADVENTURE

The town of Walsham looks like any old English town. Vibrant, bustling, pleasant. But look closer, and things aren't as normal as they seem.

If you glance up, you might see someone floating to work, instead of getting the bus or riding a unicycle, like people usually do.

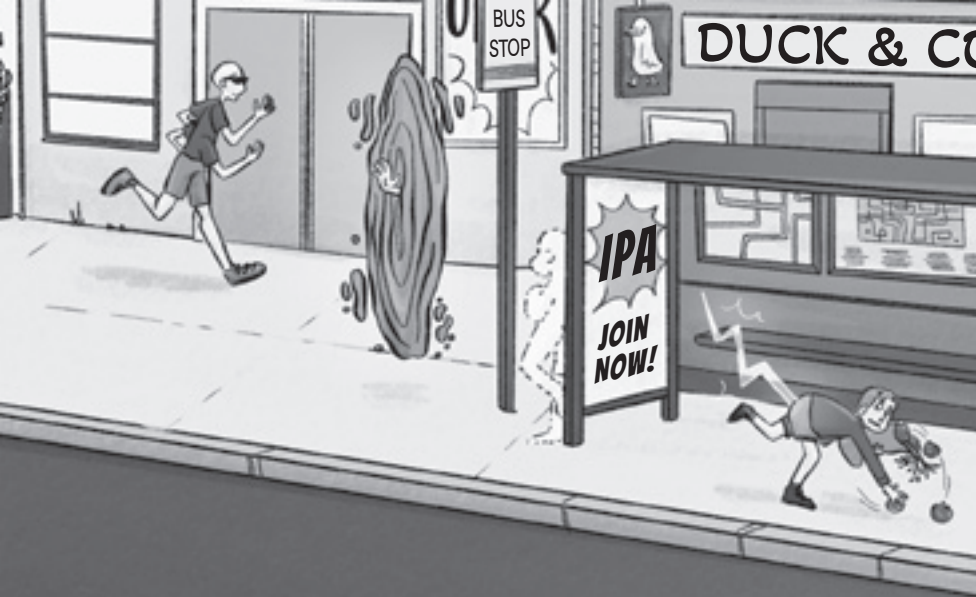
You might notice someone with a pair of invisible legs, or a street sweeper who's eating the pile of dead leaves they've just swept up. Gross, yes, but incredible nonetheless.



For Walsham is an incredible place. Years ago, Valkro Strapp, the town's mysterious founder, returned from his travels with a strange trophy in his possession. This trophy, hidden away in the local school, grants special abilities to the inhabitants. Powers no other humans possess.







For better or worse, these special powers are part of everyday life here in Walsham. Whether it be the power to shoot lightning from their butt, or the power to cry tears of banana milkshake, the people of Walsham are never far from a fantastic adventure.

And for Sara and her friends, a new adventure is about to begin...









# THE PRESENT DAY

JUST BEFORE EVERYTHING  
WENT WRONG





The orange fits in my hand like a magic orb.  
The perfect round object. Orbject. Ha, orbjection,  
your honour! No, Sara, focus.

I stare at the fruit bowl, over there on the other  
side of the kitchen. That's where fruit lives.

OK, Sara, you've got this. One last tiny squeeze  
of the orange in my hand and I close my eyes.

**WHOOSH!**

I appear on the other side of the kitchen, just in  
time to hear the tiny **THUD** as the orange hits the  
floor where I was standing. My hands are empty.





Again. I keep teleporting *with* the orange.

And reappearing next to the fruit bowl *without* it.

Since I discovered my **SUPERPOWER**, I've been training with Dad. I'm pretty good at the teleporting part but I haven't made any progress when it comes to taking things with me. I go over to take my frustrations out on the orange, holding my foot above it, ready to stamp it into a pulpy orange mess.



"You know what, you're not even worth it," I mutter, bending down to pick it up.

This was a fruitless endeavour.



Ha, fruitless. I pull out my notebook

and write that down, rating the joke

with a 9.7 and a picture of a smiley face. My own face isn't smiling though.



Sigh. This would be so much easier if I had my cousin Jules's power. His **SPECIAL GIFT** is super patience. It wasn't very helpful for joining the **IPA** (International Protection Agency) though,





because he lets the **SUPERVILLAINS** explain themselves *fully* before taking them in and BOY do villains love to talk.

**NOTHING** I do seems to be working, and I've tried teleporting with **SO MANY** different items. Dad had me in the garden, holding grapes, books, pencils, a label-maker, you name it. Georgie, my best friend, wanted me to try with sausages, muffins and scented candles. Turns out it was just a ploy for us to visit the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

"Sara, you ready to do this?" Dad calls from the front garden.

"Coming!" I reply. I glance out of the kitchen window, blink tightly and **WHOOSH!** – I feel the warm sun and fresh air as I open my eyes. Dad is standing next to a big pile of random stuff. Again.

It looks like the middle aisle when you go to Lidl or Aldi. There's a mirror, a single ski, a sofa cushion, a pair of fake teeth, three bowling balls (Dad uses them to juggle), a tray of sausage rolls and...



“Is that my inflatable swimming ring? Oh, I used to love this thing!” I mean, I still love it, but I also used to. My yellow rubber ring with a duck’s head is poking out of the pile of junk. The duck’s name was Cream Quackers III but then I changed it to Quack-this Walnut-open. I’ve shortened it to Quack-this, because *Quack-this makes perfect*.

“We’re gonna try something different today, poppet,” Dad says. “I’ve been thinking, the clothes you’re wearing teleport with you, but the items you’re holding are always left behind. So, let’s see what happens when you’re wearing an *object*. We’ll see if you can teleport while you’re wearing Cream Quackers.”

“Actually, Dad, it’s Quack-this now.” I pick up the rubber ring and step into it, struggling as I pull it up to my waist. Dad chucks a large, round hula hoop on the grass. My aim is to **TELEPORT** so I’m standing in it, like a landing point.

“Right, here we go. You ready?” Dad asks. I nod back. “Cream Quack— I mean Quack-this,



are you ready?" It doesn't reply because it's an object. "Go."

I close my eyes tight, staring at the hoop on the ground, thinking of my ducky, and when

I open them ... **SUCCESS!** I've landed exactly in the hula hoop, still wearing my inflatable. Did ... did I just do it?

**WOO-HOO!**

Dad starts jumping up and down with excitement, and he's so **POWERFUL** he makes the cars in the street wobble.

I'm doing my funky-chicken celebration dance. Mrs Jubswirth across the road is staring at us as she walks into her house with her shopping. What, has she never seen a fully dressed girl wearing an inflatable duck dance the chicken funk before? Mrs J sneezes and bursts into **FLAMES**, big purple ones, that instantly melt her shopping bags. She waits for the flames to die down before going inside, but not before giving me and Dad one more disapproving look.





We don't care! Dad pulls out his phone and plays a **CELEBRATION** song out loud. I go to do a cartwheel but land flat on my face halfway through and then jump back like it didn't happen and carry on celebrating.

We ignore Mrs Jubswirth, who is now standing at her window giving us a **DEATH STARE** as we dance the macarena. Except Dad's face goes all serious and pouty the more he dances. My arms start getting tired, my funky chicken's starting to look like a lazy chicken. OK, celebration over.



I give my ducky a little pat on the head to say thank you. Dad notices and raises an eyebrow.

“You really care about that thing, don’t you?”  
He starts stroking his chin like the thinking emoji.  
“I think I’ve figured it out...”



That evening at dinner, I tell Mum all about how I teleported Quack-this across the garden and into the hoop, and how Dad worked out that I can teleport with **THINGS I CARE ABOUT**! Once he realised that, I held Dad’s hand and I teleported him on to the roof!

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Mum asks.

“You’re thinking about how well I hung that painting this morning? Because I think I **NAILED** it!”  
Dad says.

“No.”

“Or my tennis competition? I **ACED** that.”  
He grins.



“Why are you like this?” I moan at his awful jokes.

“Because, Sara, with great nonsense comes great responsibility.”

Mum laughs, a lot. Which is weird because she doesn't laugh at *my* jokes. I guess she just doesn't get them – **HUMOUR** isn't my parents' power.

Mum's superpower is to **CONTROL WIND**,

which is super cool. She can fly,

she puts out fires,

and when we

go to the beach,

she can

make

huge

waves, even

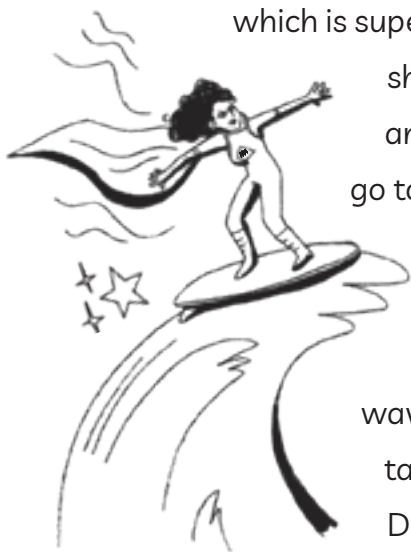
taller than

Dad.

And Dad has **SUPER STRENGTH**;

he can pick up an entire bus with one

hand as if it was a box of matches.





**IPA**

Yes, my parents are superheroes. They're part of the **IPA** and they're the coolest.

"I'm thinking," Mum tries again, "that if Sara can teleport people to different places, we could have a bit of a field trip."

I look up at her. "For real? With Georgie and Javier?"

"And a responsible adult," she says.

"But I don't know any responsible adults." I start tapping my chin while I think. "Unless you mean Uncle Benji – he has a bank account." Fun fact: Uncle Benji's superpower is **LONG DIVISION**.

"I'm *not* talking about Uncle Benji." Mum frowns.

"Cousin Alex?" I carry on guessing. "He can speak two different languages and only one of them is made up. Wait—"

"I was talking about me and your father!" Mum interrupts before I can continue.

I start bouncing up and down in my chair. "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" I teleport so that I land in a hug with Mum, wrapping my arms around her, and continue saying, "Thank you,

thank you, thank you."

I run over to the fridge, which is covered in photos. I can only teleport to places I can see, including images, and I've stuck all my **FAVOURITE LOCATIONS** on here. There are pictures of:

- Georgie's front door
- Javier's front door (even though I can

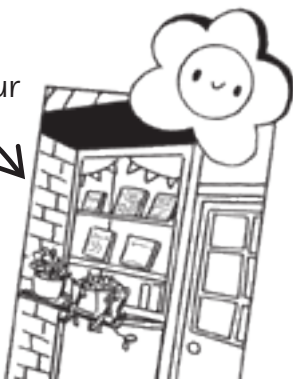
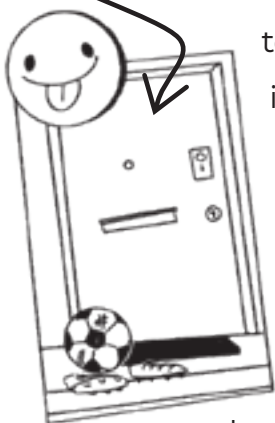
teleport inside places, Mum says it's basic good manners to reappear at the front door and wait for someone to open it)

- My house
- The timber yard where my cousin cuts logs using his bare hands.

He said it hurts a bit.

Apparently they get a little saw.

- The park
- The ice-cream parlour
- The library
- The school gates.



And I guess now I can add some new places!

I **RACE** upstairs to call Georgie and Javier.

Usually I'd just pop over to Georgie's house – it only takes me 1.2 seconds to get there – but it's getting a little late now. Instead we do a three-way phone call.

*Ringing...*

*Ringing...*

"Hello?" Georgie answers first.

"Hey, bestie, you won't **BELIEVE** what my mum just told me." The words just come tumbling out my mouth, I'm grinning so hard.



"Did she tell you that dogs are made of cheese? Or that West Ham is short for Westley Hamster?"

"No. And no more guesses." I take a deep breath. "How would you feel about going on a **FIELD TRIP**?"

There's a little bubble noise as Javier joins the call.

"Hey, guys, what's up?" he asks.





“Sara’s taking us to a **FIELD**,” Georgie replies excitedly. “Is it a football field, or is it more like the field down by the lake?”

“Oh, I do hope it’s the field by the lake,” Javier chimes in. “I can bring my picnic blanket.” Dear little Javier.

“Guys, we’re not going to a field,” I jump in.

They both do a little groan of disappointment. I clear my throat. "I teleported my dad on to the roof today. Which means I can teleport with people, and if I were to see a picture of, let's say, Egypt..."

Javier gets there first. "You can take us to Egypt!" he gasps.

"Or Paris," I tell him.

"Or Doncaster?" Georgie says, very enthusiastically.

"Yes, or Doncaster," I reply. "Or Spain or Italy or China – **ANYWHERE** in the world. As long as one of my parents comes with us."

Now they're both **SCREAMING WITH DELIGHT**, talking over each other to tell me where they wanna go. This is more like it!

"Let's do Greece," Javier proposes.

"Ancient Greece?" Georgie asks.

"No, that doesn't exist any more. But we can go to Greece," I tell her.

"Ooooh, what about Rome?" Javier suggests.



“Ancient Rome?”

“No, not ancient Rome, Georgie. Normal Rome. We can eat **ICE CREAM** and check out the Colosseum. Although I still think we should go to Egypt,” I suggest. “*Modern-day* Egypt,” I add quickly.

“Wow, will we get to see the pyramids?” Javier exclaims.

“And ride camels?” Georgie asks.

“All of it,” I say with the biggest smile. “Greece, Rome, Egypt, Paris ... let’s do **ALL** of it.”

