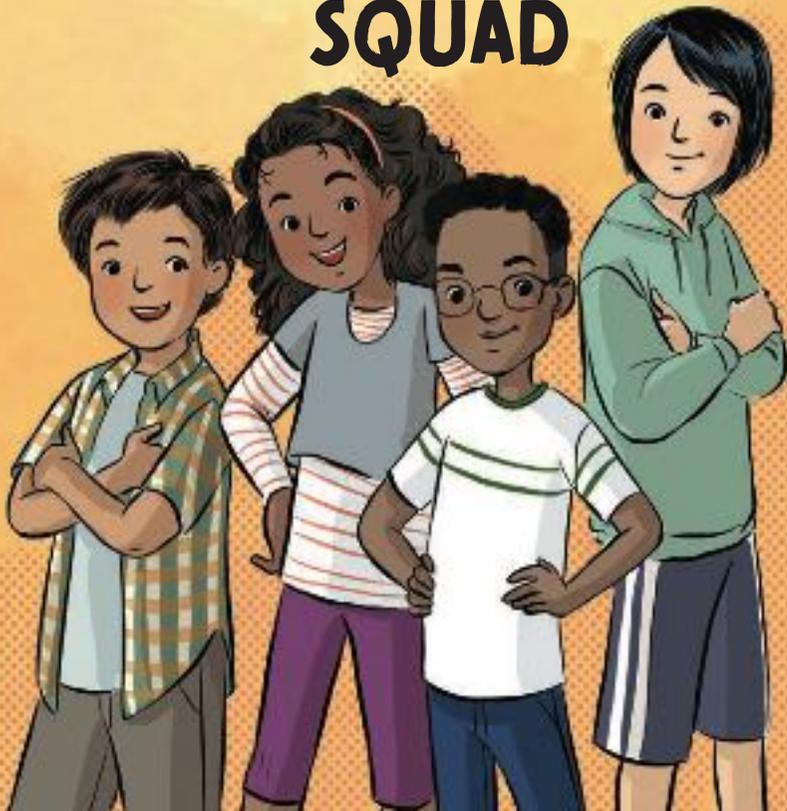
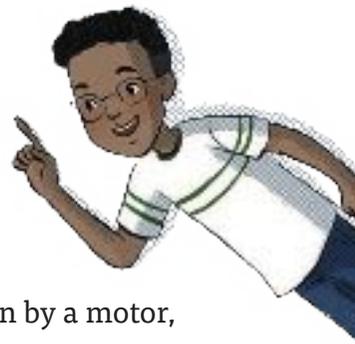


**A WORD  
FROM THE  
HOMEWORK  
SQUAD**





My name is Hunter. My mom says I'm driven by a motor, whatever that means. All I know is I can't sit still. I tap my feet. I play with my pencil. I've even fallen out of my seat right in the middle of class! Can you imagine anything more embarrassing?

I try to pay attention. I swear I do. But sometimes, when I really try to listen to my teacher, I start to day-dream about listening to my teacher. Crazy, right? Well, if you're reading this book, I guess you can relate.

I have what's called Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, aka ADHD. I know I'm not stupid. It's weird, but if I'm interested in something—I mean really interested—I can focus. I memorized all the hometowns and colleges of the best players on my favorite football team—go Wombats!—and I'm a good problem solver. I can fake a fever by running around my room and building up a good sweat to get out of babysitting my little sister, Jade. I'm also funny. Jade doesn't think so, but what does she know?

My parents tell me that my ADHD is part of what makes me special. I guess that's true, but it can also be totally annoying. It drives me crazy when Dad tells me to try harder to pay attention. Does he think I want to be this way?

Sometimes ADHD can be a real pain in the you-know-what. It's just so hard to sit in class and listen. And don't even get me started on homework. So, finally, I got

sick of struggling and decided to do something about it. Remember, I'm a problem solver!

I got permission from my parents and Principal Wilson to put up fliers at school. Principal Wilson opened the doors for me bright and early before everyone got to school so no one would know it was me who put up the fliers. This is what they said:

If you have ADHD, struggle to stay focused, or just want to get better grades, meet in room 223 right after school. –Your ADHD buddy

To be honest, I was kind of afraid no one would come. Or everyone would come and laugh at me. So, you can imagine how psyched and terrified I was when three kids from my class showed up.

Michael is the tallest kid in the grade and an awesome athlete. He gets picked first for every team, but he's really cool about it. I mean, he could score every time if he wanted to, but he still passes the ball. Even to the kids who aren't very good. No ego, if you know what I mean.

Prisha has this head of long, curly brown hair and is super nice. She even brought in personalized cupcakes with these awesome star sprinkles for her birthday. She wrote everyone's name in strawberry frosting.

The third is Mateo, the class clown. He tells the best jokes and always cracks everybody up. Like in science, when he told us not to trust atoms because they make up everything, or in music when he asked us what Mozart