

"FUN, FASCINATING, AND FAST-PACED!"—MARI MANCUSI,
NEW YORK TIMES AND USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

THE MINOR RESCUE

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF NOAH MINOR



WRITTEN BY
MEREDITH DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY
BILLY YONG

PRAISE FOR
**THE
MINOR
RESCUE**



"The Minor Rescue welcomes readers to the world of superheroes, villain-ish uncles, and middle school friendships. Noah's need to prove he is worthy of being a Gravitator makes for a compelling must-read."

—VARSHA BAJAJ

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF
THIRST AND COUNT ME IN

"Noah and his friends are back, and this time they're taking Manhattan. From deep down in secret subway tunnels to the tip-top of the Empire State Building, these super kids must find a way to overcome some major emotions to make a not-so-minor rescue and once again save the day. Fun, fascinating, and fast-paced, this is one super superhero sequel!"

—MARI MANCUSI

NEW YORK TIMES AND USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF
NEW DRAGON CITY AND SALLY'S LAMENT

"Secret agencies? Kid superheroes? Gravity-defying abilities? Sign me up! Noah Minor is a character who kids can root for and grow alongside as he discovers that anger zaps his powers but friendship makes him strong."

—CAROLYN LEILOGLOU

AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *BENEATH THE SWIRLING SKY* AND
BETWEEN FLOWERS AND BONES

"An irresistible page-turner! This action-packed sequel has big twists and a five-star New York City setting. It's a super story about a superhero who finds his true power."

—ANNE BUSTARD

AUTHOR OF *FAR OUT!*

"Readers will delight in the return of superhero Noah Minor in this fun and suspenseful romp of a story. Can a community of treasured friends be the most potent superpower of all?"

—SUSAN FLETCHER

AUTHOR OF *JOURNEY OF THE PALE BEAR* AND *SEA CHANGE*



PRAISE FOR *THE MINOR MIRACLE*

"*The Minor Miracle* is major fun! Noah and his super crew may stretch the laws of physics with their fantastic feats, but it's the friendships that give this story its true power. You will find yourself rooting for Noah—and laughing out loud—all the way!"

—CHRISTINA SOONTORNVAT

BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *THE TRYOUT*

"A fresh, fun, and fantastic take on what it means to be a superhero!"

—CYNTHIA LEITCH SMITH

AUTHOR OF *ANCESTOR APPROVED* AND *SISTERS OF THE NEVERSEA*

"We might think we know all about superheroes, but Meredith Davis gives us a spectacular new one—Noah Minor. In a plot filled with twists and turns, readers will discover that superheroism isn't always about saving the world using extraordinary powers. Sometimes it's about saving your best friends, and that requires the most amazing power of all: love."

—KATHI APPELT

NEWBERY HONOREE AND NATIONAL BOOK AWARD FINALIST

"*The Minor Miracle* has everything! Superheroes, bad guys, epic trumpet solos, slam dunks, and hilarious hijinks galore. It will make your heart **ZING!**"

—MAX BRALLIER

#1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *THE LAST KIDS ON EARTH*

**THE AMAZING ADVENTURES
OF NOAH MINOR**

The Minor Miracle

The Minor Rescue

**THE
MINOR
RESCUE**



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**TO MY MOM AND DAD, WHO SHOWED ME HOW
TO CONNECT TO THE MOST INCREDIBLE
SUPERPOWER I'LL EVER KNOW.**

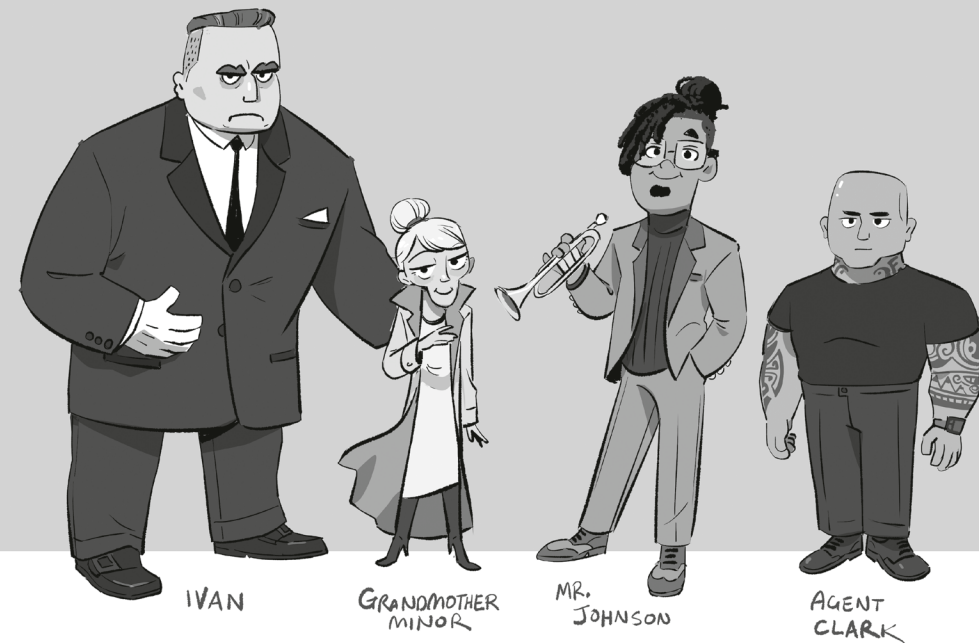
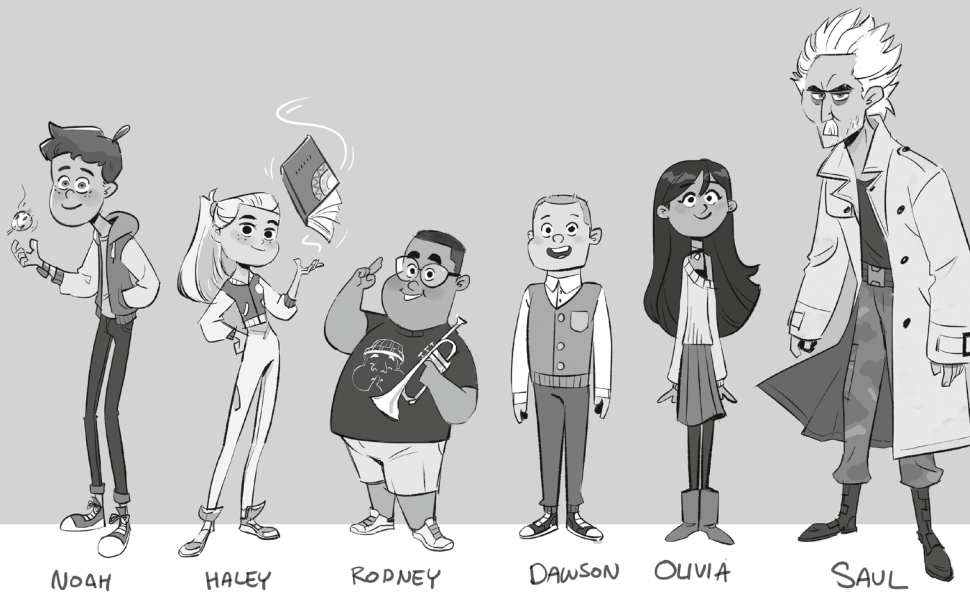
THE MINOR RESCUE CAST LINEUP

THE ANGRIER I GET, THE STRONGER I GET!

—Hulk, “Enter: The Hulk,” *Tales to Astonish* #59

**A FOOL GIVES FULL VENT TO HIS ANGER,
BUT A WISE PERSON HOLDS IT IN CHECK.**

—Proverbs 29:11





PROLOGUE

Saul—former Gravitas scientist, current Gravitas most-wanted—should be getting as far as possible from the crime scene. But instead, he hides in the shadows. Watching.

He's crouched on the roof of a house across the street from a middle school parking lot. A supermoon illuminates the scene, agents craning their necks to see a boy gently descend with a girl in his arms. Saul can't take his eyes off the boy. Noah Minor, his great-nephew, betrayed him. As Noah's feet touch the asphalt, the agents cheer and Saul grinds his teeth.

He checks his watch and then goes to the opposite side of the roof. It isn't long before a black car pulls up below. Using his gravitar powers to push off the ground, Saul steps off the roof and hovers briefly before descending. Once he's perfectly concealed within the hollowed-out space underneath the back seat, the car moves on. The road goes from smooth pavement to

bumpy dirt, small rocks pinging the bottom of the car. Soon, Rim Rock, Texas, is behind him.

Finally, the car stops. The back seat lifts.

"Coast is clear," a woman says. Her face is mostly covered by the collar of her turtleneck.

Saul gets out carefully, groaning. Something big moves nearby, rustling the tall grass. His body tenses. "What's that?"

"Just the driver." The woman is tall and trim, her hair tucked into a black beanie and a bag slung over one shoulder.

"We didn't get much, mostly uniforms and paperwork," she continues, digging through the bag, "but we did get this!"

She holds up a metal capsule the size of a toilet



paper tube and hands it to him. It's different from the capsule Saul opened with Noah and that girl, Haley, just a

few hours ago on the roof

of the school. It's smaller, a level 1 security that requires the pull of only one gravitar to open. Saul fixes his eyes on the silver lid.

It pops off, and the curled paper inside slips out of the capsule and into his outstretched hand. The woman shines a light on the paper as he unfurls it. It's a list of

names under the heading "Rejected Gravitas Candidates, Unit 41."

"Hmmm," says Saul. "Poor kids. I know how it feels to be rejected."

"Indeed," says the woman. "We should do something for the little lambs."

"Indeed," says Saul.

TOP SECRET

GRAVITAS

Student Incident Report

Reporting Officer: Director Wolfshaw

Security Level: 2

Capsule: 247

Facility: 3

By his own admission, in October and November 20__, Gravitas student Noah Minor, a recent recruit, was contacted multiple times by former agent and scientist, and Minor's great-uncle, Saul Weaver. Although he was aware of Weaver's status as one of Gravitas's most wanted, Minor did not notify Gravitas to disclose these encounters.

This lack of disclosure led to the incident on December 3, 20__. Gravitas agents arrived at Rim Rock Middle School after the GPS on a level 4 security capsule was triggered. The events that follow are based on the eyewitness accounts of Minor, Gravitas student Haley Foster, and non-affiliated individual Rodney Johnson.

CONFIDENTIAL

CLASSIFIED

Weaver incapacitated Agent Patrick McKinley and twelve-year-old Johnson via ketamine injection, then used threat of said medication to coerce Foster and Minor into helping him open the level 4 security capsule on the roof of the school. Agents have identified the capsule as the same one stolen by Weaver twelve years ago [see capsule 169]. In the course of opening the capsule, Foster was knocked unconscious and then dropped off the roof of the school by Weaver. Minor jumped off the roof to save her. Both Gravitas students survived.

The capsule was recovered with the contents intact. Weaver escaped and remains at large. A potential accomplice is being searched for in connection with a break-in at Black Belt Karate Studio.

Disciplinary action has been taken, and Minor has been demoted to provisional status.

Further interrogation revealed that Minor's abilities are enhanced on the night of a super-moon [see file GVT-732352].

RECEIVED





1

I used to think I was nothing special, but after everything that happened last semester, I know better.

For one thing, I can manipulate gravity.

If you ask Director Wolfshaw, he'll say I'm no superhero, that a gravitar's abilities are possible "because of science—not the bite of a radioactive spider or some magic ring."

Whatever.

I think what I can do is pretty super, and because I was dropped sixteen stories on the night of a supermoon, I'm even more powerful than the average gravitar. Once I learn a new skill, my extra strength kicks in and I advance quickly. As soon as I figured out how to pull, I was immediately doing a heavy pull. And when there's a supermoon, I've got even *more* power. I was the one who swooped in and **BAM! KAPOW!** stopped the bad guy and saved the lives of my best friends.

Okay, yeah, I'm also the one who let the bad guy,

aka my great-uncle Saul, manipulate me and ultimately get away the night of The Incident. But—

“Noah, focus,” Wolfshaw barks. He’s got a broad chest, big muscles, and a military buzz cut that’s pretty spot-on for the director of a covert international organization affiliated with the CIA.

“Yes, sir!” I bark back. I straighten to my full height, which is almost as tall as he is, and adjust my blue belt.

Focus . . . I need to focus.

But not on practicing my press to build up to a heavy press like Wolfshaw wants me to do. Sure, I’d like to get off the provisional status I was put on after my mistakes with Saul. Yes, I want to earn my purple belt and keep **Zooming** through the Gravitas ranks. But I’m not going anywhere without Haley. What I’m focused on right now is helping my best friend get her press back. The dynamic duo sticks together.

Middle School Gravitas Belt Progression		
Level	Belt Test	Skill
Beginner	Yellow	Pull
	Orange	Heavy Pull
	Green	SLG
Intermediate	Blue	Press
	Purple	Heavy Press
	Brown	Intermediate SLG
Advanced	Red	Push
	Gray	Heavy Push
	Black	Advanced SLG

When I learned I was a gravitar, Haley had already been training for a full six months. She was intermediate before I even started. But then Saul dropped her off the roof, and she lost her ability to press and went back to a green belt. While I’ve been advancing, she’s been stuck. She can pull and she can SLG (which we pronounce as “slug”), but she can’t press anymore.

A press is basically a pull *plus*, enabling a gravitar to pull something heavier than his or her body weight. We essentially increase our mass by compressing—or pressing—gravitons to our bodies. This alters the gravitational forces between us and a heavier object so that we can pull on it and make it move.

Haley understands this with her brain, but not her body. Not anymore.

What happened that night is holding her back. Haley’s scared. And you can’t press from a place of fear.

I don’t think having the director of Gravitas as our instructor has helped either. Wolfshaw makes everybody nervous. Nobody knows why he was put in a teaching position, but personally, I think he’s here to keep an eye on me. He started once I entered intermediate. Coincidence? I think not.

“Noah, I said focus! Give me ten pull-ups,” says Wolfshaw. “Dawson has already pressed three times. Maybe pull-ups will help you focus.”

"Yes, sir," I say, trying to keep irritation out of my voice.

All green and blue belts have their own sacks filled with cubes of tungsten. The cubes are pretty small, considering how much they weigh. They're about the size of a grapefruit, but each weighs twenty-five pounds. We start off with bags equaling our weight, using sand to get it just right, and once we get our press, we work our way up in twenty-five-pound increments until we can test for our heavy press—four hundred pounds.

Dawson, who joined the intermediate class just a month after me, has already worked his way up to pressing one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Just twenty-five pounds less than me. He's such a teacher's pet.

I could probably press more than two hundred pounds, but Wolfshaw put me on a restricted schedule. I can bump up only twenty-five pounds a week until I reach my four-hundred-pound goal, while Dawson can add cubes to his bag whenever he's ready.

It isn't easy to watch him catching up to me.

I concentrate on the red bell mounted to a steel rafter above me. There are twelve of them spaced at intervals on the ceiling. I imagine a taut fishing line and a perfectly in-tune D on the trumpet, the things that helped me get my pull, and spin gravitons into a tight,

thin line of connection. I hook the line of gravitons to the bell and begin to pull myself off the ground at a constant speed. Not too fast. Not too slow.

I rise two stories and flick the bell with a finger.

TING!

Then I slowly let go, what gravitars call a slug, and descend back down to the mat. One down, nine to go. Easy. I don't even need to re-focus on the bell to immediately pull again.

TING!

I get that there are consequences for the mistakes I've made, but having Wolfshaw always watching and Gravitars restricting my progress feels unfair. I think they're slowing me down to see if I can handle it without losing my cool.

TING!

I don't want to advance out of intermediate without Haley anyway.

TING!

TING!



As I rise for another pull-up, I look down at my best friend. Wolfshaw has her on the training track today, a super slick surface that cuts down on friction. If she tries to press but fails, she goes sliding toward her weight. The track may be good for giving immediate feedback, but in my opinion, the last thing Haley needs is *negative* feedback.

“How many is that, Noah?”

I’ve lost count. “Seven, sir,” I say as I slug back down.

Haley glances over at me and holds up five fingers. Five, seven—who cares? Her eyes flick to my blue belt, then back to her weighted bag sitting on the mat ten feet from her.

TING! TING! TING!

“Nice pulling,” whispers Dawson, and he presses and then pulls his weighted sack across the room again.

What he means is, *What a loser, doing pull-ups when you could be pressing.*

I focus on the gravitons between me and my sack as frames from my comic books run through my head. Some superheroes use their anger to boost their power. I’m one of them.

I let my irritation with Dawson, then the frustration at being ordered to do the stupid pull-ups, fill my thoughts. Rage builds as I think back to Uncle Saul’s hands pressing tape over my eyes and the way he dropped Haley off the roof of the school. The anger is

always resting, close to the surface, waiting to be stirred up. It’s how I got my press, and I let it consume me now.

Once I’ve built up enough force and I’m heavy with the gravitons I’ve gathered, I pause and shift skills. I quickly quiet my mind, spin a desire line, and pull my weighted bag before the gravitons I pressed drift away. It slides across the studio floor easy as a toy being tugged by a grown man.

CHA-CHING!

Did you see that, Dawson?

He’s looking at his own bag, which drags slow but steady as sweat rolls down his face. I know he saw. He’s just jealous.

Press complete, cold settles into my body, all the way to my bones, like I just stepped into a freezer and shut the door behind me. Pressing is easy for me, but it has consequences. Every time I do it, it sucks all the heat and energy out of me. And the breathless, numb feeling has only increased with each cube I’ve added to my bag. I clench my teeth so they don’t chatter.

“Noah, have you found a new way to press?” asks Wolfshaw. He crosses the mat and stares into my eyes, as if he’s some kind of human lie detector.

“Yes, sir,” I lie.

Wolfshaw says anger will only get me so far. But the Hulk says, “*The angrier I get, the stronger I get.*” Thinking

like the Hulk is what has me progressing faster than anyone in my class, maybe anyone in the history of Gravitas.

I think Haley should try to use her anger at Saul to find her press, too, but she's all about doing things right. If Wolfshaw says anger is the wrong way, Haley won't do it.

"Okay, Noah, I want you to press again," says Wolfshaw, "and this time, tell the class how you're doing it. Haley, listen up."

She crosses her arms, and heat rushes to my face, matching the flush that rises into Haley's cheeks. I hate it when Wolfshaw talks to her like that, publicly reminding her that she's behind. Every student is looking at me, all seven of them.

"Let's go, Noah," says Wolfshaw.

I haven't fully recovered from my previous press, but I can't tell Wolfshaw that, or he'll know I used my anger again. He claims when I do it right, I'll be energized, not exhausted. I usually give myself at least ten minutes to recover, but I can still do it.

I jog to the other side of the room, trying to come up with a believable way to explain how I'm pressing.

"Um, first, I focus on the gravitons between me and my weight as I imagine . . . all the times I've succeeded." I hate being used as an example, hate lying, but what can I do?

Use it. Use the hate.

"I gather gravitons to me, compressing them tight until I'm heavy with them, so full there is no room for anything else," I say. I don't mention that I can't feel my feet or the tips of my fingers. "Th-th-then I stop pressing and pull the object. L-l-like this." The two-hundred-pound sack tumbles across the mat. Cold washes over me again, like a bucket of icy water tipping over my head. It wasn't as smooth as the last one, but I did it. I tuck my hands under my arms and try to keep from shivering. It will pass. It always does.

"Have you tried it that way, Haley?" asks Wolfshaw. His voice sounds weird, like he's far away.

"Yes, sir. I've tried it every way," Haley replies. There's an edge of desperation to her voice. Wolfshaw says we've all got to find our own way to the press and it will be different for everyone. I know Haley's tried to press the way she did before, but she's blocked. That's the only way she can describe it.

"What's the difference between mass and weight?" Wolfshaw drills Haley.

She tilts up her chin, a hint of the old Haley, who has all the answers, sure she's right. "Weight is mass times gravity." She definitely hasn't lost her mojo when it comes to head knowledge.

Wolfshaw continues to grill her, but her problem

isn't knowing the right answers. It's confidence, something she never struggled with before The Incident.

"Try again, Haley. Concentrate," Wolfshaw barks.

"Yes, sir." Haley seems unfazed. She rarely loses her temper, unless it's with me. But maybe she needs to get angry so she can harness it and use it to press. If she was even half as angry as I feel right now, she'd have more than enough to execute a press.

She stares at her bag, which is only twenty-five pounds heavier than she is. Her hands

ball into tight fists, and I can

tell she's focusing, but

instead of the bag

moving toward

her, she slides

down the slip-

pery surface.

It's happened

so much she

doesn't even

fall anymore,

just stops

pulling and

puts out

her hands

like she's

surfing as



her momentum gradually slows. At least she fails with flair.

"This isn't a game, Ms. Foster," says Wolfshaw.

Haley's jaw clenches as she goes to her starting spot again. "No, sir" is all she says.

I know what Haley needs. Distraction. We've been friends my whole life, and whenever she's stuck on something, it always helps if me or our other best friend, Rodney, gives her something else to think about.

My muscles are warm again, a sign that I've recovered, so I take a deep breath and focus my thoughts on Uncle Saul. I replay all the ways he wronged me: bugging my room, suppressing Rodney and making me think it was Graviton, and dropping Haley off the roof.

I zero in on my weighted bag, but I need to press more gravitons, so I shift my thoughts to Wolfshaw. The way he makes Haley feel small, the way he bullies her . . .

I'm so heavy, my rage tightly coiled and ready to spring. But I hold on to all the emotions, continuing to gather gravitons. I know my mass hasn't changed, just my gravity, but I feel heavy enough to sink into the floor.

That's enough. I stop pressing, spin a strong desire line, and pull as hard as I can.

ZOOM!

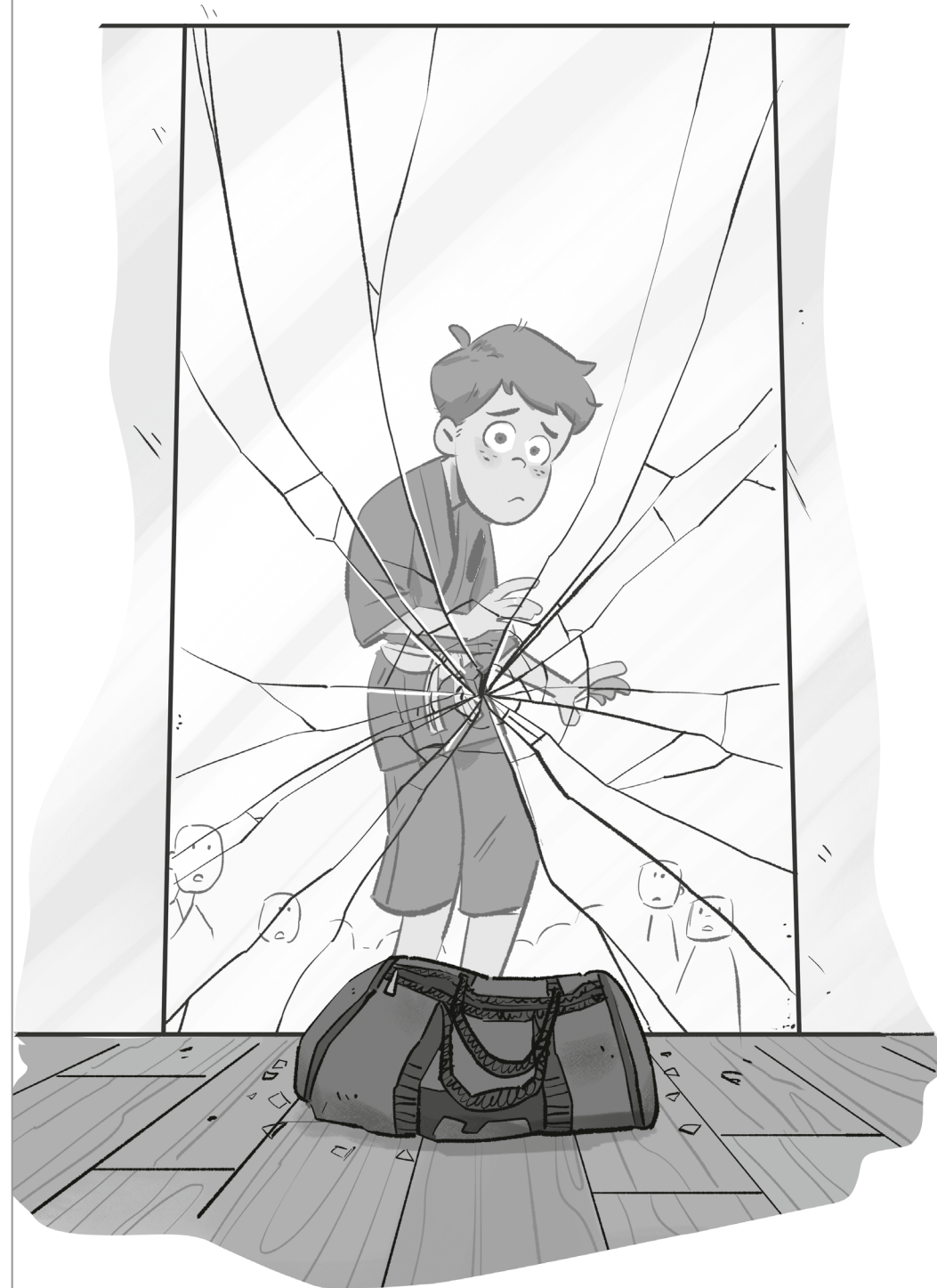
The bag comes at me fast, faster than ever before. I

shift my pull from the bag to the metal rafters above, lifting off the ground just before the bag mows me down. It's just what I hoped would happen.

Except it's even better because of the little yelp I hear from Dawson as he dodges the oncoming projectile and slips on the training track.

Two hundred pounds of tungsten hit the back mirror, and . . .

CRACK!





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