

ATTACK OF THE ANIMATED ALIENS



Lucy Stubbs

Attack of the
ANIMATED ALIENS

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Lucy Stubbs

**Attack of the
ANIMATED ALIENS**

Illustrated by
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Chapter one

Molly tugged at my jacket.

“James” she said “come quick. It’s Mrs Henderson. She’s gone all weird”. I glared at my little sister. You see, I was playing football with my friends. I really didn’t want her bugging me.

“Mrs Henderson is always weird” I said. Jack and Ben giggled. Mikey nodded.

“Just ignore her, Molly” I told her. “Go and play with your friends or something.” But Molly didn’t budge. She just kept staring at me.

“Oh all right then” I said at last “but this had better be good”. I stomped over to Mrs Henderson and that’s when things started to get seriously strange.

You see, Mrs Henderson looked okay from a distance. She had her usual scowly face. She wore her usual grey coat covered in cat hairs. She was pointing angrily at something in the playground. As usual. But when I got closer I could see she wasn’t quite right. First, I stood on tiptoe and waved my hand in front of her face. Nothing. Then I stared into her eyes. They looked like two glass marbles. So in the end, even though I really didn’t want to, I had to stretch out my hand and touch her.

“But that’s impossible” I gasped, feeling her arm. You see, Mrs Henderson felt cold. Not ordinary cold like you would expect a teacher to feel if they’d been standing outside for twenty minutes on a windy October morning but really *really* cold. Cold as stone.

“I don’t get it” I said slowly. Molly shrugged.

“It’s weird isn’t it?”

“What’s weird?” asked Ben. Molly pointed at Mrs Henderson.

“Wow, she’s like a statue” said Ben tapping her leg. Jack and Mikey came over.

“Hooray” they shouted then they started leaping about in front of her pulling faces and sticking their tongues out. Soon the other kids started to notice. Some made faces. Others just prodded at her in amazement.

You see, Mrs Henderson isn't exactly our favourite teacher. She's one of those teachers who picks on you for no reason and is always grumbling about something. So at first I was tempted to join Ben and the others. But then, whilst all the other kids were going crazy, I had a terrible thought. If something had turned *her* into stone who would be next?

So I examined Mrs Henderson closely. Searching for clues. At first I didn't see anything out of the ordinary but then I spotted it. A stain halfway down her back. I'm sort of being polite when I call it a stain. It looked like she'd had the most enormous sneeze without using a hanky only of course people don't sneeze down their backs so I knew the snot couldn't be hers.

Then suddenly this huge shadow fell across the playground. I looked up expecting to see a cloud or something but there

was just this really big bird flying high above us. So I carried on looking for clues until this happened:

SPLIT

“Ugh” screamed Molly as a huge dollop of snot fell onto the playground.

“Ugh”, “Yuck” screamed the girls. The boys just stood and stared then Jack and Ben ran towards the luminous greeny yellow goo. Ben bent down towards the snot.

“Don’t touch it Ben” I shouted only it was too late. Jack tried to pull him away from the stuff but Ben was like Mrs Henderson now, frozen to the spot with his finger in the snot.

SPLIT, SPLIT, SPLIT.

“Ahhhhh,”

“Help”

Everyone started screaming. Great big dollops of snot were falling all over the playground. Kids jumped this way and that to avoid the stuff. At first I thought it was sort of falling like raindrops but no, wait a minute, it was more like *bird droppings*. Big bird droppings. Slowly I looked up at the sky. That big bird was circling the playground getting closer and closer. He stared at me with piercing red eyes. He flapped his shiny metallic wings.

CRAW CRAW CRAW he cawed.

“Run everyone” I shouted “get inside quick”. The kids went crazy. Pushing and falling over each other to get to the door. All except one.

Mikey stood in the middle of the playground staring at the creature above him. After I’d pushed Molly back into the school, I ran back to get him.

“Come on Mikey, hurry up” I said. Mikey nodded slowly.

“Yeah I’m coming” he murmured.

I dragged him into school and we stood by the window staring out at the playground. Most of us had escaped. A few of the little kids hadn’t been so lucky. Some had skidded into the snotty sludge on their rush to the door. Molly’s little friend Sally had taken a direct hit and stood motionless next to the door. Her face was all screwed up from crying and snot dripped off the end of her bunches.

Mikey was almost as still as a statue himself. His round face was so white it made his freckles stand out more than ever. He stared up at the weird bird then started muttering.

“That’s my drawing” he said quietly. “That’s Marty the Martian brought to life. I made him. The red eyes, the snotty slime that turns people into statues, they’re all my ideas”. I looked at the creature who had now completely

covered our playground in petrifying snot. Then I looked back at Mikey.

“You’re right” I said at last.



Chapter two

Mikey and I were silent for a minute. Kids dashed about around us but we took no notice. The alien creature circling outside *was* Marty, the one Mikey had drawn for our “Is there life on Mars?” assembly but it didn’t make sense.

“How did this happen?” I asked. Mikey scratched his head and pushed his straggly hair out of his eyes.

“Maybe I’m psychic” he suggested “maybe Martians really do look like Marty after all and they’re invading”. I shook

my head. OK, so scientists had found more evidence of life on Mars. That was what had given Miss Hall the idea for our assembly after all, but they hadn't actually *seen* any creatures yet, just found a couple of footprints. Besides, if you met Mikey you'd know he's just not the sort of kid who can predict the future.

"There must be a simple explanation" I said, although to be honest I couldn't think what it could be. I leant my arms on the windowsill and put my hands over my ears. I needed to think. Then someone tugged at my sleeve.

"Buzz off Molly" I said. Mikey nudged me.

"She's crying" he whispered. I stared into her big blue eyes and looked at her tear-stained pink cheeks. Her usually neat brown hair was sticking up all over the place. OK. So my sister is a pain *and* makes a big fuss about everything but I guess this really *was* a pretty big deal. I sighed and put my

arm round her. Molly wiped her eyes on the back of her sleeve and sniffed loudly.

“It’ll be alright Molly” I said “we’ll be fine now we’re inside. The teachers will be along in a minute to help Mrs Henderson and the kids outside - alright?” Molly nodded. “But what about Galton? He’s so small. Maybe he’s still out there and....”

“Who?” Mikey and I asked in unison.

“I told you about him already James” said Molly grumpily “he’s from outer space. He was in my pencil case only now he has run away and I don’t know where he is.” I was about to tell Molly that this was no time for her stories when it occurred to me that she might actually be telling the truth. After all, if Mikey’s Martian could come to life then maybe little green men existed too.

“Calm down Molly” I said “and tell me everything you know about this Gilton”

“Galton” corrected Molly “and he looks like a sort of tiny plump green fairy. He fell out of his spaceship. He’s only just learnt to fly you see and he landed in our garden last night. Well, I hid him in my room. I made him a bed then I got him to marry Barbie only he didn’t really like that especially when she tried to dress him up so he turned her back to plastic and then –”

“What?” I interrupted.

“You mean Galton can bring things to life?” asked Mikey. Molly beamed.

“Yep. But it makes him really tired and he says he wants to save all his energy for getting home only now he’s sulking ‘cause I think he should stay here with me. That’s why he’s run off’.

“Uh Oh” muttered Mikey. We looked at each other for a moment.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” I asked but I didn’t wait for Mikey to reply. I grabbed Molly’s hand and we ran down the corridor towards our classroom. A noise stopped us in our tracks.

THUD THUD THUD.

Marty had started rapping on the window with his huge silver beak.

“Ahhhhhhh” screamed the children as they dived for cover.

“Will he get in?” asked Mikey nervously. I shook my head.

“No chance, it’s special safety glass” I told him “remember when Ben ran into it? He just got a massive bump on his head, right?” I hoped I *was* right. If Marty got in we were all in trouble.

At last we reached our classroom. Our pictures were all pinned up on the display boards ready to be taken into assembly tomorrow morning. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary at first. Then we heard a tiny squeaky voice.

“Help” said the little voice. “Help, I’m scared”. Molly ran over to a pile of exercise books lying on Miss Hall’s desk and picked one up. A small plump man sat up and blew his nose.

“Thanks” he said dolefully.

“Hi Galton” I said trying not to sound surprised to find a little green man sitting on my teacher’s desk, “I’m James. Um, what have you done exactly ?” Galton opened his eyes wide and stared at Molly.

“It’s OK” explained Molly “he’s my brother. He’s here to help.” Galton sniffed.

“I thought they’d help me get home” he wailed, pointing a tiny finger at our Martian drawings, “so I made them come alive only they just tried to hurt me”.

“They?” I said.

“Uh Oh” said Mikey. Galton stared guiltily at his tiny silver moon boots and gulped.

“Well the first one just flew straight out the window” he said defensively “and the second one just roared at me and marched off but the third one was the worst. He breathed on me and –”

“How many of our drawings have you brought to life?” I asked as I closed the window.

“Only three” he mumbled “then I got too tired and too scared”.

“Poor little Galton” said Molly stroking his head with her finger.

Mikey examined the display board.

“Yep” he said “three pictures are missing. Look”. I stared at the display board. Three sheets of paper were now completely blank. No Martians and no writing. We’d written in details, like how big they’d be and what they wanted. Aliens who visit earth always want something.

“At least they won’t be hard to catch” said Molly staring at the blank paper, “being so small and everything”. Mikey shook his head.

“Marty’s not small, he’s even bigger than I thought he would be” he said quietly.

“They’re all big” moaned Galton “one was as high as the ceiling and the other one...” I stared at the sheets of paper.

“The words” I murmured “all that stuff that we wrote about them, that’s come true too”. Galton stared guiltily at his boots.

“Galton, do you realise what you’ve done?” I asked incredulously “can you hear all those kids ?”

We were all quiet for a moment.

“Ahhhhhhh”

“Help”

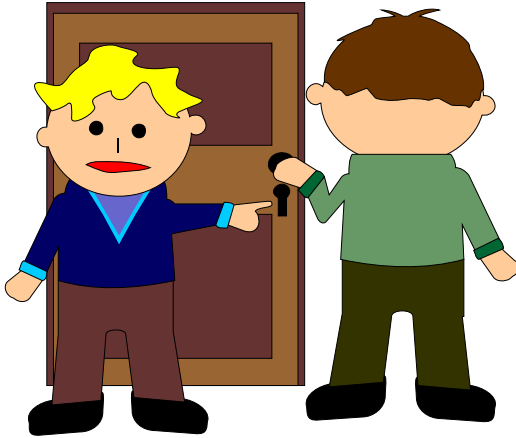
“I want my mum.” In the background we could hear children sobbing.

“They’re all terrified” I said.

“Sorry” mumbled Galton. Molly bit her lip. Mikey shuddered. Then came a noise so loud it made us all cover our ears:

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrp

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp



Chapter three

“What was that? asked Molly. Galton sat in the palm of her hand shivering. Mikey’s eyes were wide open. He looked scared stiff. I hadn’t seen him look like that since we were in Reception and grumpy old Mrs Henderson asked him to read.

“Don’t panic” I said bravely. OK, I’ll admit it, I was a tiny bit scared but I wasn’t about to let on.

“Wh, wh, what shall we do James?” asked Mikey.

“I’ve got a plan” I lied. “Er, Molly, you stay here with Galton. After we’ve gone push a chair under the door handle; it’ll make it much harder to open, then find somewhere to hide. Under the display table, maybe?” It was covered in a big silver cloth that went down to the ground. Molly nodded then she started sniffing.

“Pooh” she said “is that you James?” Mikey giggled. I’d noticed a bad smell too but I’d decided not to mention it. I had more important things to think about than whether someone had farted. I gave Molly one of my ‘don’t mess with me’ looks and carried on.

“Come on Mikey, I need your help” I said bravely “just follow me”. Mikey gulped.

“All right James” he said quietly.

As we walked towards the classroom door, the terrible smell got stronger and stronger. We pulled our jumpers up over our noses. Then we heard a noise.

Tap..tap..tap.

“What was that?” asked Mikey. I listened.

“Help, help” called a muffled voice.

“Sounds like it’s coming from the stationery cupboard” I said.

“That’s Miss Hall!” shouted Molly. I ran over to the stationery cupboard and tried the door handle.

“It’s stuck” I shouted then Mikey pointed at the keyhole.

“What?” I gasped “It’s completely sealed up, how’s that happened?” Galton started humming. I turned back and marched over to him.

“You know something don’t you?” I said. Galton nodded guiltily.

“The big white slimy one did it” he explained “it had laser beams that came straight out of its eyes. It frightened that lady into the cupboard. Then when she was inside, it pointed its eyes at the door. She shouted for a bit then she went quiet....”

“Do you think that’s what’s happened to *all* the teachers James?” Molly asked quietly. “Is that why they haven’t tried to save us?” I shrugged. Mikey looked scared.

“Maybe I’d better stay and look after Molly while you find out what’s going on” he suggested. Galton stood up and puffed out his chest.

“Excuse me” he said “I may be small but I’m still here you know. Molly and I can take care of each other can’t we Molly?” Molly giggled and stroked his head.

“Course we can Galton” she said.

“Don’t worry Miss Hall” Molly shouted “my brother is going to save us”. Miss Hall didn’t answer. I guess she was too tired from all the shouting she’d done earlier. I looked at my watch. It had been ten minutes since I’d heard any sound from the corridor. I was dreading opening the classroom door. But someone had to do it and it looked as though that someone was going to be me.

“Come on Mikey,” I said boldly “let’s go and sort this out” and we strode out of the classroom together.



Chapter four

The smell hit us the minute we opened the classroom door. A smell so strong we could still smell it even with our jumpers covering our noses. The most revolting smell I'd ever smelt. Just imagine the stench of rotten eggs, sick and dog poo all mixed together then double it; you'd be pretty close.

“Whooh” I gasped. Kids lay everywhere. On the floor, on the cloakroom benches, in heaps near the playground door.

“Are they ddddd dead?” asked Mikey. I crouched down close to Jack and felt his breath against my face.

“Sleeping I think, or fainted”. Mikey nodded then coughed.

“What’s that smell?” he spluttered.

“I dunno” I said “but whatever it is, I reckon it’s made these kids pass out”. As I said it, my heart sunk. This was the work of *my* alien. Mogatron, a gigantic lizard-like Martian with burps so over-powering that they made people faint instantly so he could carry on his evil mission in peace.

Mikey couldn’t speak, he had his hand clutched over his nose and mouth and was red in the face. I looked around us for something to cover our faces with. At last I spotted our scarves hanging in the cloakroom.

“Come on” I said. Mikey spluttered and coughed his way over to the pegs.

“Grab a scarf and wrap it round your nose and mouth” I told him “and keep wrapping till you can’t smell it any more”. I found my scarf. Grandma Jones made it for me. It must be the longest scarf ever made. Bright red with little yellow diggers on it. For some reason, Grandma still thinks I’m four. I only wear it when Mum’s looking or when we go to Grandma's. Mikey grabbed Molly’s pink scarf and wound it round and round then Ben’s stripy scarf then finally he put on his football scarf .

“OK?” I asked. Mikey shook his head.

“Eye cam spill smell it” he mumbled through layers of woolly stuff. I handed him Jack’s Slurpington United scarf . He shook his head.

“This is no time to be worrying about which team you support” I told him. Mikey opened his eyes wide and shrugged.

“Please yourself” I said “but you’ll end up like them in a minute”. I pointed at a pile of kids lying in the corner of the cloakroom area. Mikey sighed and wound the scarf round him.

“All right?” I asked.

“Mmmmm” mumbled Mikey through layers of wool.

We walked along the corridor stepping over bodies. From all the store cupboards came faint cries for help. When we got to Mr Grimley our headmaster’s office we stopped. The lock was sealed.

“Should we say something?” whispered Mikey.

“Like what?” I whispered.

“Who’s there?” called a faint voice.

“It’s Mikey MacDonald, Mr Grimley” said Mikey “don’t worry, James Jones and I are going to save the school”. Mr Grimley sighed.

“Is there no one else?” he asked wearily.

“No Mr Grimley, they’ve all passed out or been locked up”

I explained.

“Or been turned to stone” added Mikey. Mr Grimley sighed deeply.

“Well good luck boys, good luck”.

“Oh, we don’t need luck Mr Grimley” said Mikey “James has got a plan”. It might be my imagination but I’m pretty sure I heard Mr Grimley groan when Mikey said that.

I pulled Mikey away from the door. Then we slumped down on the floor by the main school entrance amongst the other kids.

“What *are* we going to do?” whispered Mikey. I shrugged.

The truth is, I had no idea. In a normal emergency I’d ring 999 but what would I say? “Excuse me but three aliens brought to life by a lost little green man are on the rampage

in our school”? Even if the police did show up, they’d never make it across the playground without Marty turning them into statues. We were on our own.

What we needed was some kind of super hero to save our school. And to be honest, you couldn’t describe either of *us* as super heroes. I’m ordinary; ordinary height, ordinary looking, not especially talented but not stupid either. Look around your school for the most ordinary looking kid - that’s me. As for Mikey, well, he’s just Mikey....

“Well, first we need to find out as much as we can about these Martians” I said. “That flying alien, he’s yours and the one with the pongy breath, I’m afraid he’s mine but who made up the lock sealing alien?”

“I did” said a croaky voice from behind us.



Chapter five

I looked over my shoulder. Sam was slumped in the corner with her back against the wall. She raised her hand in a sort of wave.

“Hi” she whispered. She’d got her red hooded top on back to front and had the hood bit covering her nose and mouth. Sam is quite cool. Most of the girls in our class just hang around together giggling and whispering all the time. Sam isn’t like that. She plays football and climbs trees. She says

she doesn't really care what she looks like. She just keeps her black hair cut really short and always wears trousers. She holds the record in our school for the longest belch and can do fantastic wheelies on her bike.

"Hi" we said. Mikey took one of his scarves off and handed it to her.

"Thanks" she said as she wrapped it round her face. We sat quietly for a bit then I said:

"What's his name then? Your alien?"

"*Her* name is Squort" Sam replied "and she's gigantic with smooth moist white skin, like an enormous slug really. Check out the slime trails". Mikey and I looked along the corridor. A long trail of slime led from where we were down the corridor, zigzagging it's way around the kids' bodies.

"What does she want?" I asked. Sam shrugged.

“Information” she explained “she wants to know all about our inventions and technology so she can take the information back to Mars and replicate it.”

“Interesting. Mikey, what does Marty want?” Mikey looked at his feet.

“Ice cream” he mumbled. Sam smothered a giggle.

“Really? Marty’s come all this way for ice cream?”

“I couldn’t think of anything else” said Mikey “anyway, ice cream is good and I reckon they probably don’t have it on Mars”.

“But how did you think he was going to get it back there? It melts you know” said Sam. Mikey turned bright red and looked embarrassed.

“Look,” I said, “they’re only pretend. We only drew them ‘cause Miss Hall asked us to, it doesn’t matter. All that matters now is that we stop them, alright?”

fell silent. Then I saw him. My Martian. The mighty Mogatron. He looked incredible in the flesh. Sort of majestic and well, really, really scary. He was about three metres tall with skin like the most colourful lizard you've ever seen, only loads shinier and with eyes so bright you daren't look at them.

He stomped up the corridor through the entrance hall and on down towards our classroom. I thought about Molly. I just hoped she'd done what I'd told her to do. Then I tried not to think about her anymore. After all, there was nothing I could do right now. Nothing until we'd saved our school.

“Why do you think he smashed that glass?” whispered Sam.

“Trying to get out I guess” I said “after all, he wants to take over the world remember, to do that he has to get out, right?”

“I think he tried the door too” said Mikey “I think that was what the rattling was”. Mikey was probably right but how come he couldn’t open it?

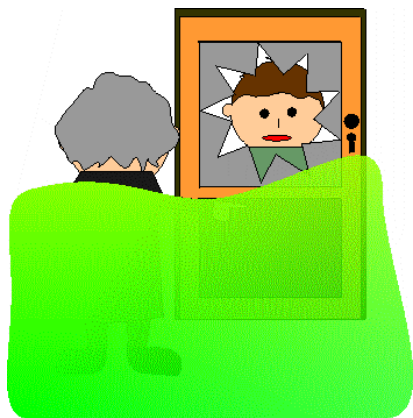
“Come on,” I said “let’s go down that corridor and see what he did”.

“All right” said Sam. Mikey didn’t look so sure.

“Come on, we’re in this together. They’re our Martians right? So only we know how to stop them” I said.

“Come on Mikey” said Sam “just think, you’ll be a hero after this”. Mikey shrugged.

“Just lie down and play dead if you see anything OK?” I whispered. Sam and Mikey nodded. Together we crept down the corridor as quietly as we could towards the door that led to the school playground.



Chapter six

I saw it before the others did. It was green and gloopy. Then when I looked back to where we'd come from, I saw a trail of green spots carrying on down the corridor towards our classroom.

“Mogatron’s Blood” I explained.

“Errrrrrr” said Mikey.

“Don’t be such a baby” said Sam “it’s not that bad”. Mikey pulled a face and then turned his back on her.

I went over to the door and took a closer look. Mogatron had smashed a big hole through the glass in the door. At first I couldn't figure out why he hadn't he just opened the door. Carefully, I put my head through the glass and stared out at the playground.

“Whoaah, that's gross” I said. It looked like it had been snowing snot in our playground. Or like someone had made an enormous luminous yellow jelly out there. It smelt disgusting too. I think Marty must have been circling the playground all this time dropping his snotty slime. It was over a metre deep now. The little kids bodies had been covered as had Ben's. All that remained was Mrs Henderson's miserable face peeping out above the yellowy greeny gunge. I was glad Molly wasn't here to see it, she would have freaked out for sure. I tried not to think about Ben and the others buried in the snot. Would they, could

they survive? I shuddered. There was no time to think about that now.

“That’s why he couldn’t get out” I explained to Mikey and Sam “the door won’t open with that much stuff on the ground. It’s too heavy to push. See”. I pushed on the door as hard as I could but it wouldn’t budge.

“Hold on though” said Sam “if he *had* managed to get out there, wouldn’t he have been turned into stone as soon as he touched the stuff?” Sam was right.

“Maybe we should get all the Martians together in the playground” suggested Mikey “then they’d all turn to statues”. Sam pulled a face.

“All but one, dummy. Your one” she said impatiently.

“Hold on though, I reckon you’re on to something” I said. Mikey beamed and poked his tongue out at Sam who scowled back.

“Yeah. Think about it. These Martians don’t know about each other right? Each of them thinks that other Martians look like them –”

“So?” interrupted Sam.

“So if they meet each other what are they going to think?”

“Will they be scared?” asked Mikey. Sam put her head in her hands and let out a deep sigh.

“Maybe Mikey” I said patiently “but I was thinking more that they’ll probably see each other as enemies. Marty might think Squort and Mogatron are after ice cream too in which case –”

“He’ll want to destroy them” said Sam.

“Precisely” I said “so all we have to do is get them together in the same place and leave *them* to fight it out.”

“Yeah. That’ll work” said Mikey “well done James”. I smiled.

“Thanks Mikey” I said.

“I hate to burst your bubble” said Sam “but you haven’t actually done it yet have you? I mean, what’s the plan?”

“Well first,” I said “we need to find out where they are...”

“Well that should be easy” said Sam “just follow their trails”. I looked at the slime trail and the green blood. We could track down two of them but what about Marty? I thought for a bit. Of course. I smiled. Suddenly, I’d got it all figured out.



Chapter seven

“I’ve got a plan” I said at last “and it’s brilliant”.

“There’s no need to be modest” said Sam sarcastically.

Mikey beamed.

“I knew you’d work it out” he said “what’ll do we do?”

I dived into Mr Johnson’s classroom and got a piece of paper and a pencil then I scribbled down a diagram. Sam shrugged her shoulders.

“Well, it might work” she said doubtfully.

“It’s got to work” said Mikey glumly “else we’re all”

“It will work” I said firmly “come on, let’s go”. We set off towards the school kitchen. You see, I’d worked out why Marty kept hovering above our playground *and* why he’d been banging on the windows trying to get in. He knew there was ice cream, lots of it, in our school kitchen. It was on the menu for lunch today. Maybe he could smell it or something. Now that Mogatron had smashed the glass on that door to the playground, it was only a matter of time before Marty found it and flew inside looking for his dream food. And we’d be waiting for him.

Slowly we made our way up the corridor then Sam stopped suddenly.

“Look” she whispered “all the kids are waking up”. It was true, wherever you looked children were stretching and whispering to one another. The broken glass had wafted

fresh air along the corridor, getting rid of Mogatron's foul smelling breath.

"Uh-Oh" said Mikey.

"Too right" I said, "any minute now they'll start running all over the place. We've got to stop them or Marty'll turn them all to stone."

"Why don't we get them to go in the classrooms? We know this corridor is safe at the moment" said Sam pointing at Squort's slime trail and Mogatron's blood spots which both clearly led down the other corridor, "they could lock themselves in or something."

"Clever" I said "you tell the kids on the left hand side, I'll tell the kids on the right".

"What about me?" asked Mikey sulkily.

"You tell the kids in the entrance hall, send them down this corridor. Let's do it fast before they walk off. The kids

down the other corridor must still be unconscious else they'd be screaming by now". I crossed my fingers that Molly was safe then got on with sorting the kids out.

Persuading them to go into the classrooms was harder than I'd thought it would be. They just wanted to get out then when they found out they were trapped in a school surrounded by petrifying snot, they went crazy.

"Help" they shouted.

"Shhhh" whispered Sam loudly.

"Marty will hear you" I explained "and he'll come in and turn you all into statues". The kids looked scared.

"I want my mum" grizzled one of the kids from Molly's class.

"Look, I'm sorry" I said pushing a group of them firmly into Mr Johnson's classroom, "just stay here, it is for your

own good”. I could hear Sam and Mikey saying similar things to the other kids.

“Right” I said as Mikey returned from hiding the last child, “let’s go”.

The school kitchen was still unlocked but someone or something had been in before us.

“Whoah” I gasped. Pots and pans lay strewn across the floor. It looked like a bag of flour had exploded and the floor was slippery with vegetable oil. The storeroom door was sealed shut and we could hear a faint tapping sound.

“Mrs Sully” I whispered “are you there?” There was silence then:

“James Jones, is that you?” called a faint voice “can you get us out?” I looked at the door even though I knew there was nothing I could do. I shook my head.

“No” I said “I’m sorry but, um, we’ve got a plan” I explained.

“Look, Mrs Sully, where do you keep your ice cream?” asked Sam.

“Don’t you dare touch it” said another voice. It was Mrs Baker, the bossiest dinner lady on the planet, probably in the whole universe.

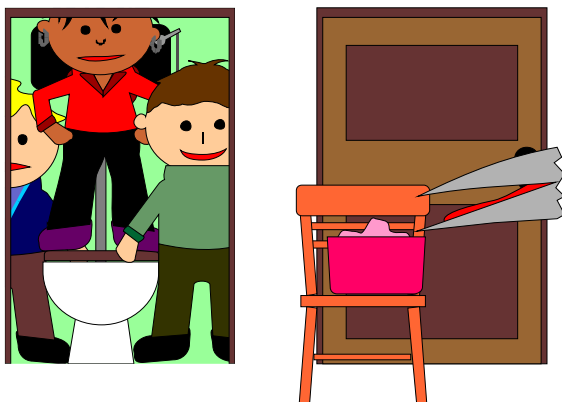
“Please yourself” I said bravely “but you’ll be stuck in there forever if you don’t tell us”. Mrs Sully answered.

“Are you sure you know what you’re doing, James love?” she said softly. Sam and Mikey smothered giggles. Mrs Sully is a friend of my mums. She has known me since I was baby.

“Yes Auntie Sally” I said quickly, ignoring Mikey who was now bent double with laughter “don’t worry, all right?” We heard whispers from behind the door, then:

“The freezers next to fridge, by the window. Key’s hanging up above it”.

Sam ran over to the freezer. She stood on top of it and got the key then jumped down and put it in the lock. Then at last she lifted the lid.



Chapter eight

“Wow” gasped Mikey “there’s loads”.

“Fantastic” I murmured “look, I’ll take this up to the entrance hall and start setting up. Are you two sure you know what you’ve got to do?”

“We’re not stupid James” said Sam “at least, one of us isn’t” she said staring straight at Mikey. He pulled a face.

“Stop it will you? We haven’t got time for all this” I said impatiently “just get on with it, right?”

Mikey nodded. Sam shrugged. I watched as they disappeared down the corridor then got back to work.

The plan was to hide the ice cream all around the entrance hall area, on high shelves, under chairs, behind the pot plants. I wanted Marty to spend as long as possible here to give the other Martians time to arrive. I put everything in position and waited for the others to return. Sam reappeared first.

“Where do you want all this stuff?” she asked, wheeling a huge trolley into the hall. Sam had collected all kinds of electrical gadgets from our technology cupboard; a hairdryer, an old mobile phone, a calculator, a laptop - even an MP3 player.

“That’s brilliant” I said “just pile it up on the floor”. Sam beamed and dumped all the electrical stuff in a heap. Mikey appeared carrying a globe and a map of Europe.

“What are those for?” asked Sam. Mikey shrugged.

“James said to get something that would attract Mogatron.

Well, if he wants to take over the planet, he’ll need to know where everything is won’t he?” Sam smothered a giggle.

“Thanks Mikey” I said and stared hard at Sam. “Now, are we ready?” Sam and Mikey nodded. Quickly, I took all the lids off the ice cream tubs then we took up our position and waited.

It was a bit cramped for the three of us in the staff toilet but I hadn’t been able to think of anywhere else where we could be hidden but still keep an eye on the action. Sam put the seat down and stood on the toilet, towering above us. We waited and waited and waited. Mikey started fidgeting. Sam looked bored and I started worrying. What if my plan didn’t work? What on earth would we do then?

Craw Craw Craw Craw.

At last Marty showed up. He swooped down and started devouring a tub of raspberry ripple that I'd left on a chair by Mr Grimley's office door. I smiled. So far the plan was working perfectly. Then we heard this:

Shlip shlop shlip slop shlip

“What’s that?” whispered Mikey.

“Derrrrr” whispered Sam “Mickey Mouse” she added sarcastically.

I put my finger on my lips and stared out at the entrance hall waiting for Squort to appear. At last I saw her: A large white creature about two metres long; smooth like a giant maggot but shaped like a slug. Her body slithered along the floor leaving a sticky trail of slime behind her. She had eyes like a human; big and blue with curly eyelashes.

Her eyes flipped open wide when she saw all the electrical stuff. Suddenly two long thin white arms shot out of her

body and she started examining the items closely. She picked up the mobile phone and licked it with her really long pink tongue.

“What’s she doing that for?” Mikey whispered. Sam glared down at him.

“Shhhhh” I whispered. I looked around for Marty. He hadn’t spotted her yet. He was engrossed in a tub of chocolate ice cream, his beak so far in that he had practically fallen into the tub. Then suddenly he sat up, wiped his beak clean on his feathers and stared straight at Squort.

Craw,Craw, who are you? He cawed. Squort jumped out of her skin then swivelled her head round and stared at him.

I am a Martian she drooled.

Naw,naw, I am a Martian cawed Marty, his eyes narrowing to hot red slits, you are an invader, keep away, keep away. Keep away or die.

No you keep away dribbled Squort. She started looking around her, I guess she was searching for a place to lock Marty in. Her head swivelled round towards us. Quickly I closed the toilet door. Everyone took a deep breath. Then came the sound we'd been waiting for:

SPLIT, SPLIT, SPLIT

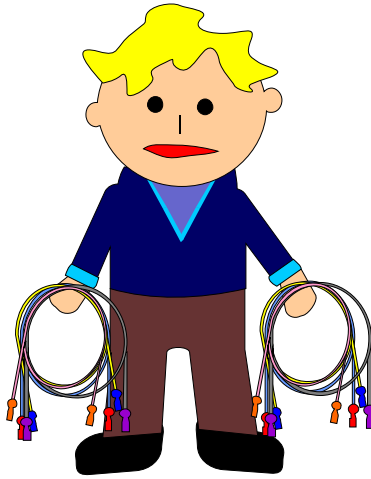
I opened the door a crack and we peered out. Squort was still clutching the mobile phone and looking up defiantly to where Marty had been. She looked like she'd been frozen.

Three large splodges of luminous snot slid down the back of her head.

“One down” I whispered.

“Two to go” added Mikey with a grin.

I peered out of the toilet. Marty still seemed busy eating ice cream. Small dollops and little melted pools of the stuff lay all round the hall. So even when he'd finished eating from the tubs I figured he'd stay and eat up all the bits he'd spilt but then what? If Mogatron didn't turn up soon, Marty would fly off in search of more ice cream wouldn't he? But where would he go? I bit my lip as I figured it out. It was obvious. Marty would head for the shops.



Chapter nine

It was a terrifying prospect. Marty on the loose in Slurpington shopping centre. I couldn't stop thinking about it. The chaos he'd cause. All those people he'd turn to stone. I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't hear Mogatron stride up the corridor. But Marty noticed him straight away.

Craw, Craw, keep away, keep away he cawed.

NO,NO,NO, you keep away from

meeeeee roared Mogatron. His voice was blood curdlingly scary, just like I'd imagined it would be when I designed him.

Marty didn't waste any time. He flew up above Mogatron's head and hovered close to the ceiling. Mogatron lifted up his tail and tried to swipe at Marty's wing.

SPLIT, SPLIT,SPLIT

The petrifying snot landed on the tip of Mogatron's tail. Mikey, Sam and I watched as it turned to stone as did the rest of his tail and half of his body. His head and the rest of his body were still moving. Sam tapped me on the head:

"What now?" she whispered. I shrugged then:

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP

Marty swayed slightly then landed on Mogatron's head.

SPLIT

The huge dollop of snot slid down Mogatron's angry face turning it immediately to stone.

THUD Then Marty fell to the floor, overcome by Mogatron's noxious burp smell.

Mikey's eyes shone through the semi darkness of the toilet.

"We did it" he shouted "three cheers for James".

"Ah, it was nothing" I said with a grin "besides, I couldn't have done it without you two...."

"Oh please" said Sam "don't start making speeches now. Marty is only unconscious remember. What'll we do when he wakes up?" It was a good question.

"I know" said Mikey "let's tie him up".

"Good idea" I said "Mikey, go and find that box of skipping ropes Miss Crawley keeps in the P.E cupboard".

Mikey rushed off. Sam raised her eyebrows and sighed.

“What now?” I said with a sigh. Sam shrugged.

“Sorry, I don’t want to negative or anything but just tying Marty up won’t work. He’ll still be able to flob on people.....”

“I’ve thought about that” I said “ What we need is some really strong tape to wrap round his beak then all our problems will be over”.

“Will they?” murmured Sam “have you thought about what you’re going to do with three alien bodies? And what about all the mess, not to mention all the petrified kids and locked up teachers?” I sighed. Sam was right, of course.

Mikey returned. His cheeks were bright red and I could hear him panting underneath his thick layer of scarves. Sam found some carpet tape in Mr Johnson’s desk drawer then we were ready for action.



Chapter ten

“So let me get this straight” said Sam slowly “we’re going to pick up Marty, tie him up and drag him into there?” she said, pointing at the staff toilet.

“Uh huh. Then we’ll lock him in, just in case he manages to break free” I explained. We walked over to where Marty lay. He was still completely unconscious. Judging from the vile stench in the hall, I reckoned he’d stay that way for a while longer. I bent down and pushed both my hands under

his wing. Nothing. His feathers looked metallic because they *were* made of a curious bendy metal. Using all my strength, I managed to lift the wing tip up a couple of centimetres.

“Well, don’t just stand there” I called to the others “come and give me a hand”. Sam rushed round to the other side. Mikey shuffled forward reluctantly.

“What if he wakes up?” he asked. Sam scowled at him.

“He’s not going to, scaredy cat” she said. I looked at Mikey then at Marty.

“Hold on” I said “maybe he’s got a point –” Sam stared at Marty for a bit.

“Then let’s tape up his beak now” she said “that way he’ll be able to stab us but he won’t be able to snotify us.”

“Is ‘snotify’ a real word?” asked Mikey. Sam rolled her eyes.

Sam passed me the tape. Carefully I wound the tape round his beak avoiding the stray lumps of snot.

“Right, if Mikey and I lift him up, can you tie that rope round?”

“You bet” said Sam with a grin. Mikey gulped then put his hands under Marty’s other wing.

“Ready?” Mikey nodded. Using all our strength we got Marty about two centimetres off the ground. Quickly Sam slipped the skipping ropes underneath him and tied them round his feet then round his wings. We dragged him into the staff toilet.

“Mission accomplished” I said triumphantly. Suddenly Marty’s eyes snapped open and he poked Mikey with his beak.

“Oi, get off” shouted Mikey “I thought you said this wouldn’t happen.”

“Quit whingeing” said Sam “he can hardly attack you in his state can he?”

“Come on” I said “let’s lock him in quick”. We shut the door and put a chair under the door handle.

“We did it” shouted Mikey. I grinned. Sam looked pensive.

“What now?” she said.

“We’ll go and find my sister” I said.

“Like a six year old is going to know what to do” said Sam sarkily.

“Yeah but Galton might” explained Mikey. Sam raised her eyebrows.

“Who’s he?”

“You’ll see” I said. “There’s no time to explain and you wouldn’t believe us anyway.”

We ran down the corridor to our classroom.

“Open up Molly, it’s me” I shouted through the door “the coast is clear”. Molly flung the door open.

“I know” she said “I heard that big one roaring then it went all quiet. I guessed you’d done something”.

“Aren’t you impressed?” I asked. Molly shrugged lazily.

“I guess. I’m sort of worried about Galton though. He keeps crying.”

Sam’s brown eyes opened wider than I thought eyes could open when she saw Galton. He was sitting on top of the display table surrounded by all our model spaceships. She gasped. Galton sobbed.

“None of these are any good” he wailed pointing a stubby green finger at the models.

“Good for what?” asked Mikey.

“For going home” he sobbed. Molly patted Galton gently on the head.

“His spaceship doesn’t look anything like these ones” she whispered “*and* his one has got a computer on it which will tell him where Gryll, his planet, is”.

“Else I’ll be lost forever” sobbed Galton.

“Look, not being funny or anything but what’s going on?” asked Sam “first our Martians are on the loose and now this little guy shows up.....”

“Galton started it” explained Mikey.

“Didn’t” muttered Galton but Mikey took no notice.

“He can bring stuff to life right?” he continued “so he brought our Martians to life thinking they were real ones and could help him get home.”

“That’s not true” said Galton “ Everyone knows what real Martians look like. I just thought they were aliens.”

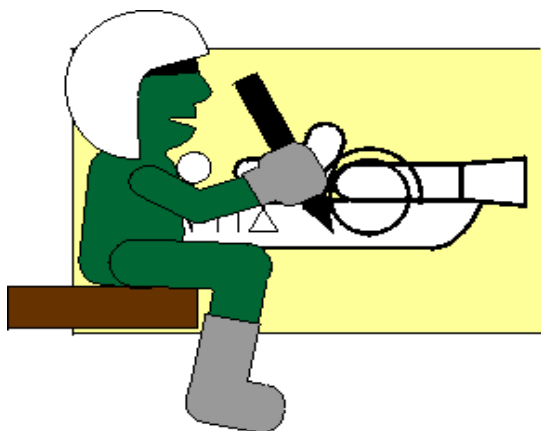
“Didn’t you read the writing?” asked Sam.

“That” scoffed Galton pointing at our wall display where Miss Hall had neatly written “Our Martians” in huge letters “just looks like scribble to me”. I sighed.

“Look Galton” I said “we need you to turn these aliens back into drawings. Can you do that?” Galton shook his head.

“No, sorry” he said with a sob “my magic powers don’t work when I’m sad.”

“Then we’re all doomed” said Mikey at last and Galton burst into tears again.



Chapter eleven

“Hold on a minute” said Molly “you weren’t exactly happy when you turned Barbie back into a doll”.

“Or when you brought these drawings to life in the first place” added Mikey.

Galton started shaking. He shuffled his feet guiltily and stared at the ground.

“But they’re scary” he wailed “I don’t want to touch them.”

“Does he have to?” asked Molly. Sam sighed.

“Have you got a better way of getting rid of three Martian bodies?” Molly shook her head.

“Besides” I added “one of them is only unconscious, if he wakes up we’re all in trouble”.

“I won’t do it” said Galton “not till you find a way to get me back to Gryll. I don’t like it here” he wailed “I want my sleeping pod and my grizzly chips”. Molly stroked Galton’s head with her finger.

Sam gave me a nudge and beckoned me down to the other end of the classroom. Mikey followed.

“Can’t we just draw him one?” whispered Sam “then he’ll get rid of the Martians for us and then – “

“He can animate his spaceship and go home?” I said with a smile.

“Exactly” said Sam.

“Sam, you are brilliant” I said. Mikey pouted.

“I’ve been brilliant too” he mumbled. I gave him a big smile then marched back to Galton.

“Galton, if you turn our Martians back to drawings then I promise I’ll get you home”

Galton narrowed his little green eyes.

“How?” he asked suspiciously. I explained. Galton beamed.

“OK” he said “but you’ll have to draw my spaceship first”.

“No problem” I said. I got a sheet of paper and a pencil.

“What does it look like?” I asked.

“Well, it’s green, and braha shaped with two turbo Gryll 500 engines and four booster tubes. It’s got a super computer and two intelligent sponge chairs. Oh, and a twiddle stick”.

“Uh oh” muttered Mikey under his breath. Molly bit her lip. Sam raised her eyebrows. “Er, Galton,” I said, putting my pencil down “I’m really sorry, but I can’t draw it. I

don't know what any of that stuff looks like." Galton burst into tears.

"Well then I'm stuck here aren't I?" he sobbed "but don't think I'll help *you* with those stupid monsters" he added sulkily.

"Poor Galton" said Molly. She picked him up and carried him back to the display table.

Mikey, Sam and I stared at the ground.

"What now?" asked Sam. I shrugged. Mikey stared at his hands.

"Galton's got hands" he said slowly.

"So?" asked Sam. Mikey shrugged.

"So why doesn't he draw his own picture?" suggested Mikey.

“Derrr” said Sam “haven’t you noticed that he’s shorter than a pencil, how is he supposed to hold one let alone use it?”

“Hold on” I said “Mikey’s got a point, all we have to do is find something small enough for him to use. Let’s have a look around”.

We rushed around, opening drawers and cupboards. I got to our drawers and felt a bit bad about looking through other people’s stuff but if I didn’t then I couldn’t save them. In Ben’s drawer I found a pack of bubble gum and a bashed about toy helicopter. That was no help. I opened Jack’s drawer and smiled.

“Bingo” I shouted. Jack’s beloved propelling pencil was just lying there. The lead was really thin. I pushed some of it out and then snapped a tiny bit off. I took it back to Galton.

“Here” I said gently “now you can draw your own spaceship OK?” Galton sniffed and nodded. Molly carried him to the paper and set him down on the table.

Galton took a deep breath and put his finger in his ear. He gripped the pencil lead tightly and began. It’s kind of hard to explain what happened next. You know how sometimes you see things on telly that have been speeded up? Well, watching Galton draw his spaceship was like that. One minute he had a blank page and the next he had a perfectly formed life size spaceship. It didn’t look like any spaceship I’d seen before though. It was canoe shaped for a start and appeared to have four rubber rings on it. I guess they were the booster tubes. The twiddle stick looked like a stick that you could wobble about, sort of like an old-fashioned gear stick. The chairs looked like the most comfortable armchairs I’d ever seen. As for the super computer, it was

just a box with funny writing on it and five big square buttons.

Galton sat back and smiled.

“There” he said “perfect”.

“Do you need to make it green?” asked Molly. Galton shook his head.

“I’ve written green on it” he said pointing at something that looked like roman numerals “that’s enough”.

“Right then” I said “let’s go and find those aliens”. Galton fixed me with a stare. He puffed his stomach out and took a deep breath. Suddenly Sam grabbed his picture and the tiny piece of lead.

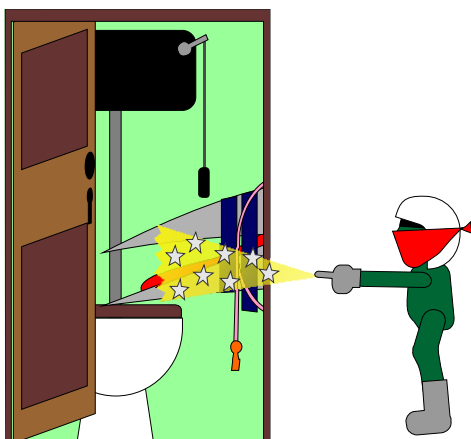
“What did you do that for?” asked Molly.

“Because your little friend was about to fly off” she said.

Galton stared guiltily at his feet.

“Wasn’t” he mumbled. I looked at the clock. It was way past lunchtime now.

“Come on, we really need to get on with this” I said. We didn’t have long before home time. Would we ever get this mess sorted?



Chapter twelve

Molly took Galton to the other end of the classroom and whispered something in his ear. We watched as he slowly nodded.

“Right, we’re ready” announced Molly.

“Nice one Molly” I said “Here, cover your noses and let’s go”. I handed Molly a scarf and a handkerchief for Galton.

Then we ran down the corridor. The smell wasn’t so strong now and the kids were mostly awake, just lying in a daze.

“Just stay where you are everyone” I called as we jumped over bodies. In the entrance hall everything was as we had left it. Mogatron’s angry face stared out at us. Squort clutched her mobile phone. Galton shivered.

“They’re horrible” whispered Molly.

“Yeah but they won’t hurt you” said Mikey.

“I can’t do it” squeaked Galton. Sam sighed.

“Don’t be such a cowardy custard” she said waving his spaceship picture at him “I thought you wanted to go home”.

“Come on Galton” I said cheerily “you can do it”.

“Course you can” added Molly. Galton’s cheeks turned red.

“Yeah, I can do it” he said bravely. Suddenly he flew up to Mogatron’s head and pointed his middle finger at him. A shot of bright sparkly light came out of it and he traced quickly around Mogatron’s outline. Slowly, bit by bit,

Mogatron disappeared; first his head then his front legs, body, back legs then finally, his tail.

“Wow” gasped Mikey. Sam’s eyes opened wide.

“That’s what happened with Barbie” explained Molly.

“Shhhh” snapped Galton “I’m concentrating”. Sam smothered a giggle. We stood in silence and watched as Squort slowly disappeared head first.

Clunk. The mobile phone fell to the floor.

“Of course” said Sam “that wasn’t in my picture”. Galton paused.

“I’m tired” he whinged.

“Only one more to go” I said brightly.

Crrsh, thd, crrsh, thd.

“What was that?” asked Molly. Sam, Mikey and I looked at each other. The noise was coming from the staff toilet. It

could only be one thing. Sam pulled the chair away from the door.

“Look, it’s all right” I said “we’ve got him tied up”. Galton gulped.

“No way” he said “I’m not going in there”.

“Please yourself” said Sam “I’ll just have to tear this up. Then you’ll have to stay here forever”. Galton started crying.

“Please Galton” I said.

“You’re our only hope” said Molly.

“All right then” he snapped “but you” he said staring at Sam “give Molly my spaceship. I don’t trust you”. Sam opened her eyes wide. I nodded.

“Go on Sam”. Sam sighed and handed Molly the picture. I opened the toilet door. Marty’s eyes glowed red with rage. He lifted his head and tried to jab at us with his beak.

Galton took a deep breath and pointed his finger at Marty. We watched as he slowly disappeared, beak first. At last Marty had gone leaving the ropes and tape behind.

“Three cheers for Galton” shouted Molly. Galton’s eyes sparkled. He yawned.

“Now can I go home please?” he asked wearily.

“Of course you can” I said “but, before you do, a word of advice”.

“What?” asked Galton sulkily.

“Next time, take be a bit more careful when you bring stuff to life all right?” Galton stared at his silver boots and nodded slowly.

Molly laid his picture down on the ground. Galton took a deep breath and drew around the shape with his finger.

Pop, pop, plop, PLOP.....

Suddenly the spaceship appeared in front of us. It was tiny of course and the most brilliant shimmering shade of green I'd ever seen. The buttons on the super computer were all flashing in bright fluorescent colours.

“Can I put you in it?” whispered Molly. Galton puffed out his chest.

“I'm perfectly capable” he said. Molly laughed.

“I know that silly” said Molly stroking his head with her finger “I just wanted to say goodbye and give you a cuddle”.

“Oh please” said Sam pretending to be sick. Molly took no notice.

“All right then” said Galton “pop me in that chair on the right, the one nearest the twiddle stick. Molly scooped Galton up and put him in the chair.

“Welcome Galton” said a voice “shall we go home?”

Galton nodded and the chair inflated around him.

“Are you sitting comfortably?” asked the voice. Galton nodded again.

“Then let’s begin”. Galton beamed. Smoke started pouring out of the booster tubes and slowly the strange little spaceship took off.

“Am I going mad” I asked “or did that chair just talk?” Sam nodded.

“I guess that’s why they’re called intelligent chairs” said Mikey thoughtfully. Galton’s spaceship reached the ceiling. Molly chased after it as it flew down the corridor towards the broken window. Galton untied the handkerchief from around his face and threw it out of his spaceship. It landed at Molly’s feet.

“Bye Galton” she called “don’t forget me. Come again”.

Galton waved and smiled. Molly’s eyes filled with tears.

“I’m going to miss you” she shouted. Galton shot out of the broken window and rose quickly up into the sky. Soon he was just the tiniest speck in the distance.

“Come on Molly” I said when his spaceship had disappeared from view, “let’s get this mess cleared up.”

Molly wiped her eyes on her sleeve and sniffed.

“What mess?” she asked.



Chapter thirteen

“James. Come here quick” called Mikey. I ran back to the entrance hall.

Sam was staring at the ground.

“What?” I asked.

“The mobile phone” she said quietly “it’s gone and the rope, the tape -”

“And the ice cream, tubs and all” Mikey added. I stood still for a minute and took a deep breath. I looked around me, blinked and looked around again.

Things were changing as I watched. I looked out of the window. Bit by bit Marty’s snot was disappearing. In the entrance hall, all the technology stuff that Sam had collected was back on the trolley. Slowly and with a creaking sound the trolley set off back to the technology cupboard. I put my hand up to my face, all my scarves had gone. Mikey’s too. Sam’s top was on the right way round and the scarf I’d lent her had disappeared. I glanced down the corridor to the broken glass in the door.

“Look” I said to the others. Mikey and Sam stared open mouthed; the glass was as good as new now. All traces of Mogatron’s gloopy green blood had gone. As had Squort’s slime trails.

“Everything’s going back to normal” said Mikey. I nodded.

“Like it never happened” I said. “I guess when Galton turned our Martians back into pictures, everything *they’d* done was erased”. Sam pinched herself.

“Well, I know I didn’t dream it” she said. We laughed.

“What’s so funny?” asked Molly.

“The school is going back to normal” I explained.

“As if Galton and the Martians never existed” Mikey added.

“Who?” asked Molly.

“Yeah, very funny” said Sam. Molly shrugged.

“You lot are weird” she said “why are you all inside anyway? You’ll get into trouble”. I looked at Molly closely. No, she really wasn’t pretending – she couldn’t remember what had happened.

“Why are *you* inside then?” I asked.

“To get the bell, silly” said Molly “Mrs Henderson said I could ring it today”. Mikey, Sam and I looked out into the playground. It was full of children running about, laughing and shouting. I spotted Ben and Jack playing football. In the midst of it all, looking as grumpy as ever stood Mrs Henderson shouting at a group of kids. I chuckled.

“I never thought I’d say this” I said “but I’m so pleased to see her”. Mikey stared at me.

“You what?” he said slowly.

“Well, you know after what happened to her, I’m kind of glad to see her back to normal”.

“But that was ages ago” said Mikey.

“And she only sprained her ankle” said Sam “tripping over her cat. You said you hoped she’d never come back”. I looked at Sam and Mikey to see if they were pulling my leg but they weren’t.

“No. I don’t mean her ankle, I mean when Marty turned her to stone”. Sam and Mikey stared at me.

“Marty? My Martian? That must have been a dream James” said Mikey “stuff like that doesn’t *really* happen you know”.

“Whoohah. You are one weird kid” said Sam.

I closed my eyes. If this *had* all been a dream then when I opened them I’d find myself in bed or in a very boring maths lesson. I opened my eyes. Nope. I was still there. I watched Mikey and Sam walking up the corridor towards the playground door. Through the window I saw Molly handing Mrs Henderson the bell before running over to her little friend Sally.

I followed Sam and Mikey up the corridor towards the playground. I couldn’t have imagined it all, could I? Then at last I spotted it, proof that I really wasn’t going bonkers.

Lying on the floor just where it had landed was the handkerchief I'd given Galton. I picked it up and examined it closely. Strange shimmery dust fell from it. It looked like someone had mixed talcum powder and glitter together. Then when I looked around me, it was everywhere. A thin shimmery coating covered everything. Including me.

And that's when I remembered something I'd read ages ago. Something about alien dust. I wasn't sure if I believed it at the time. I mean, it all seemed so unlikely. But that's what this stuff was. Apparently when aliens visit our planet they don't like earthlings to remember their visits so sometimes they drop a magic dust or powder onto the planet to make sure people forget all about them. Galton must have dropped it from his spaceship. Molly was nearest

to him when he flew off which explains why she forgot first.

But how come everyone forget except *me*? Well, that was one mystery I'd have to wait a long time to solve. In the meantime, I kept hoping that Sam, Mikey, Molly and the others would remember what had happened that day but they never did. Not even when I showed them the hanky. They couldn't even see the dust on it. Nor could Mum who found it hidden in a box under my bed and washed it. Thanks Mum.

As for me, I started keeping a look out for strange life forms. Something very weird had happened that day and call it a hunch but I had a funny feeling that this was just the beginning.....

THE END