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Opening extract from

Galactic Hotdogs: Cosmoe's Wiener Getaway

Written by

Max Braillier

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"Two more dashes of Jupiter Jolt sauce," my buddy Humphree says as he piles on the ingredients.

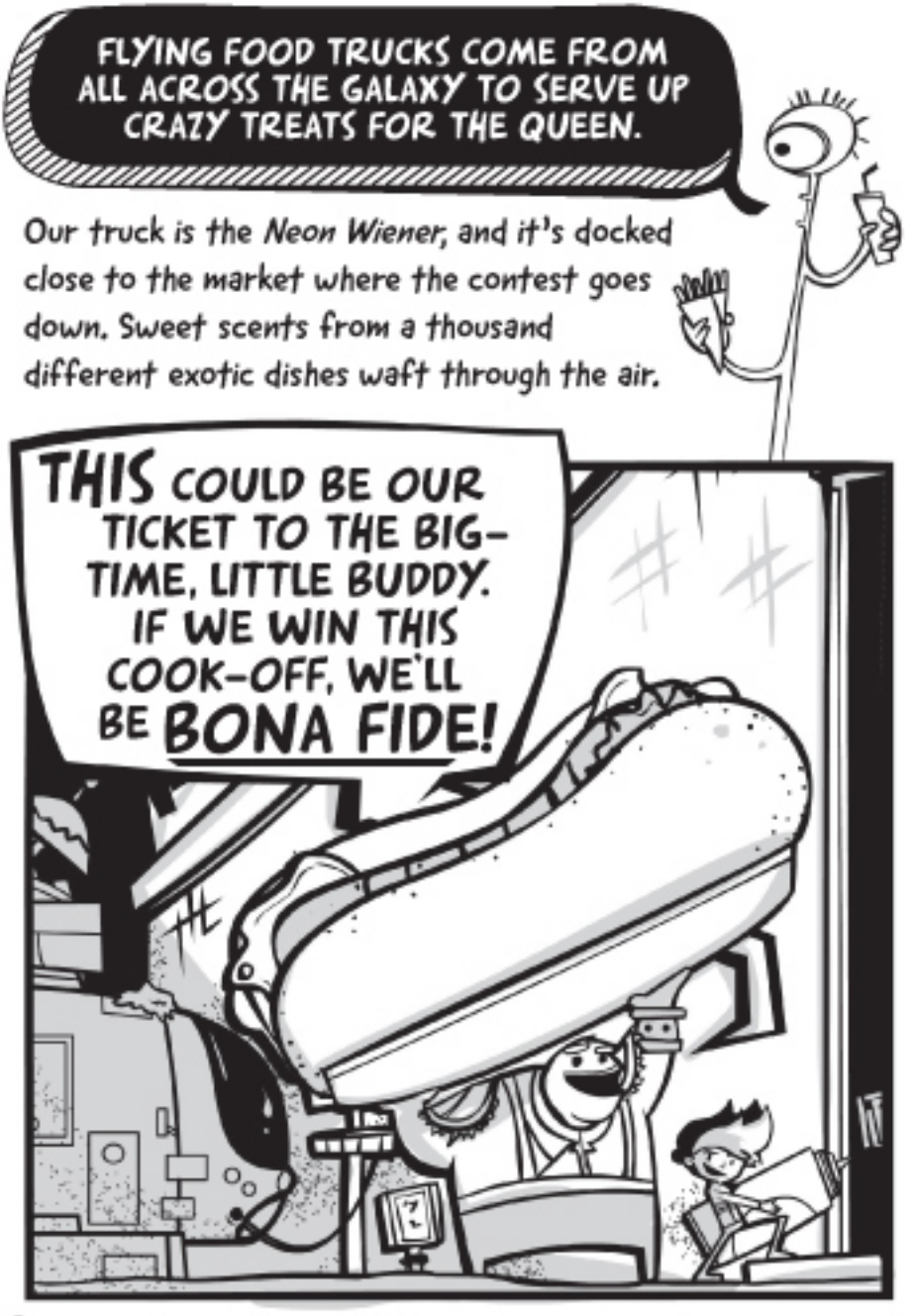
That's me, Cosmoe, the little human from Earth with the big funky hair. I own a flying hot dog truck with my best buddy, Humphree (he's the big, alien-looking guy). Why am I here, in space? Well, that's a story for another time . . . Why am I here *today*? We're on Space Port Funketoun, cooking up a Mega-Dog for the Intragalactic Food Truck Cook-Off.

"Dude! This dog is the size of a Jeep!" I exclaim.

"What's a Jeep?" Humphree asks.

Ugh. Sometimes I forget I'm the only one around here from Planet Earth. "Never mind! C'mon, let's get this thing to the cook-off!"

The Intragalactic Food Truck Cook-Off is a major event.



Our truck is the *Neon Wiener*, and it's docked close to the market where the contest goes down. Sweet scents from a thousand different exotic dishes waft through the air.

Evil Queen Dagger judges the cook-off. She's royalty and she's mega-rich, so she has, like, **37 MILLION** soldiers and spies working for her. And if she doesn't like your food, she just might disintegrate you . . .



"You think Evil Queen Dagger will like the Mega-Dog?" I ask Humphree.

Humphree can tell I'm nervous. He's observant like that. "Of course she'll like it," he says. "No one's going to have anything nearly as good as this. I doubt there will be any competition at all—"


INTRAGALACTIC
FOOD TRUCK
COOK-OFF
AWW,
SMUDGE!

"Dude, don't stress it," Humphree says. "As long as we have the Mega-Dog, we can't lose. And the Mega-Dog isn't going anywhere, right?"

WRONG!

JUST THEN—

