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Opening extract from
**Galactic Hotdogs: Cosmoe's
Wiener Getaway**

Written by
Max Braillier

Published by
**Simon & Schuster Children's
Books**

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First published in Great Britain by Simon & Schuster UK Ltd, 2015

A CBS company

Originally published in the USA in 2015 by Aladdin Books, an imprint of Simon & Schuster Children's Division, New York.

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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1st Floor, 222 Gray's Inn Road

London WC1X 8HH

www.simonandschuster.co.uk

Simon & Schuster Australia, Sydney

Simon & Schuster India, New Delhi

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

PB ISBN 978-1-4711-2312-2

Ebook ISBN 978-1-4711-2313-9

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CRO 4YY

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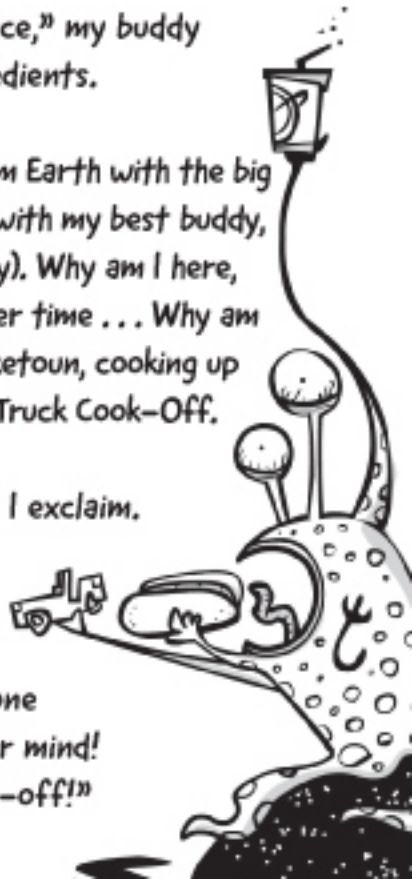
"Two more dashes of Jupiter Jolt sauce," my buddy Humphree says as he piles on the ingredients.

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!"



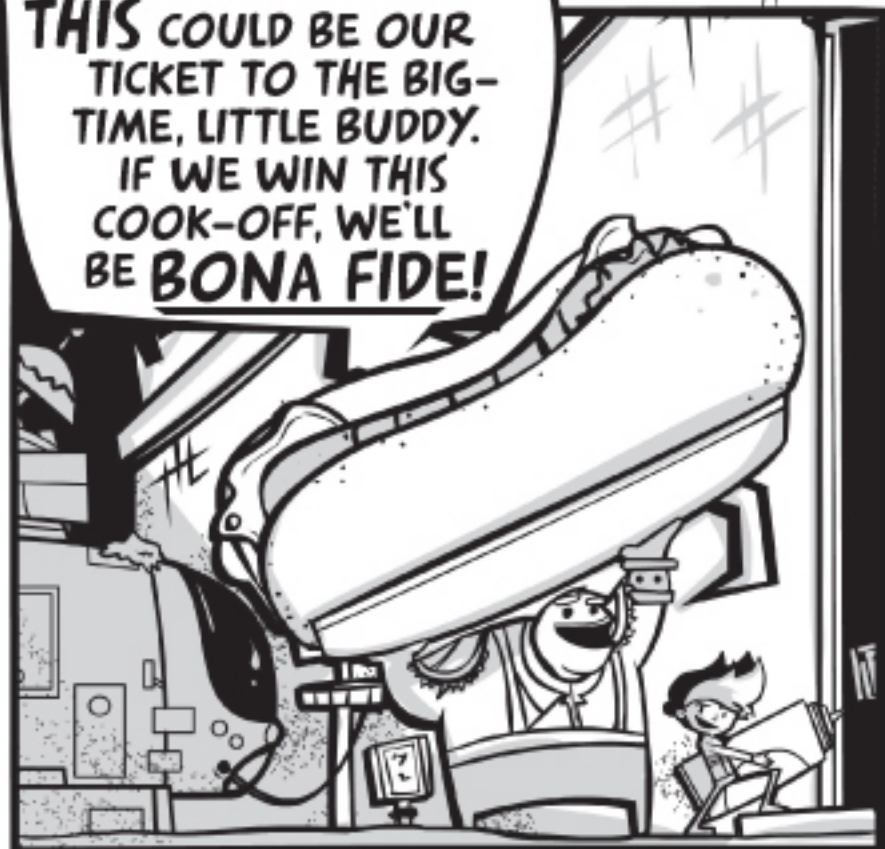
The Intragalactic Food Truck Cook-Off is a major event.

**FLYING FOOD TRUCKS COME FROM
ALL ACROSS THE GALAXY TO SERVE UP
CRAZY TREATS FOR THE QUEEN.**

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.



**THIS COULD BE OUR
TICKET TO THE BIG-
TIME, LITTLE BUDDY.
IF WE WIN THIS
COOK-OFF, WE'LL
BE BONA FIDE!**



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—

