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Opening extract from

Compton Valance Super F.A.R.T.s versus the Master of Time

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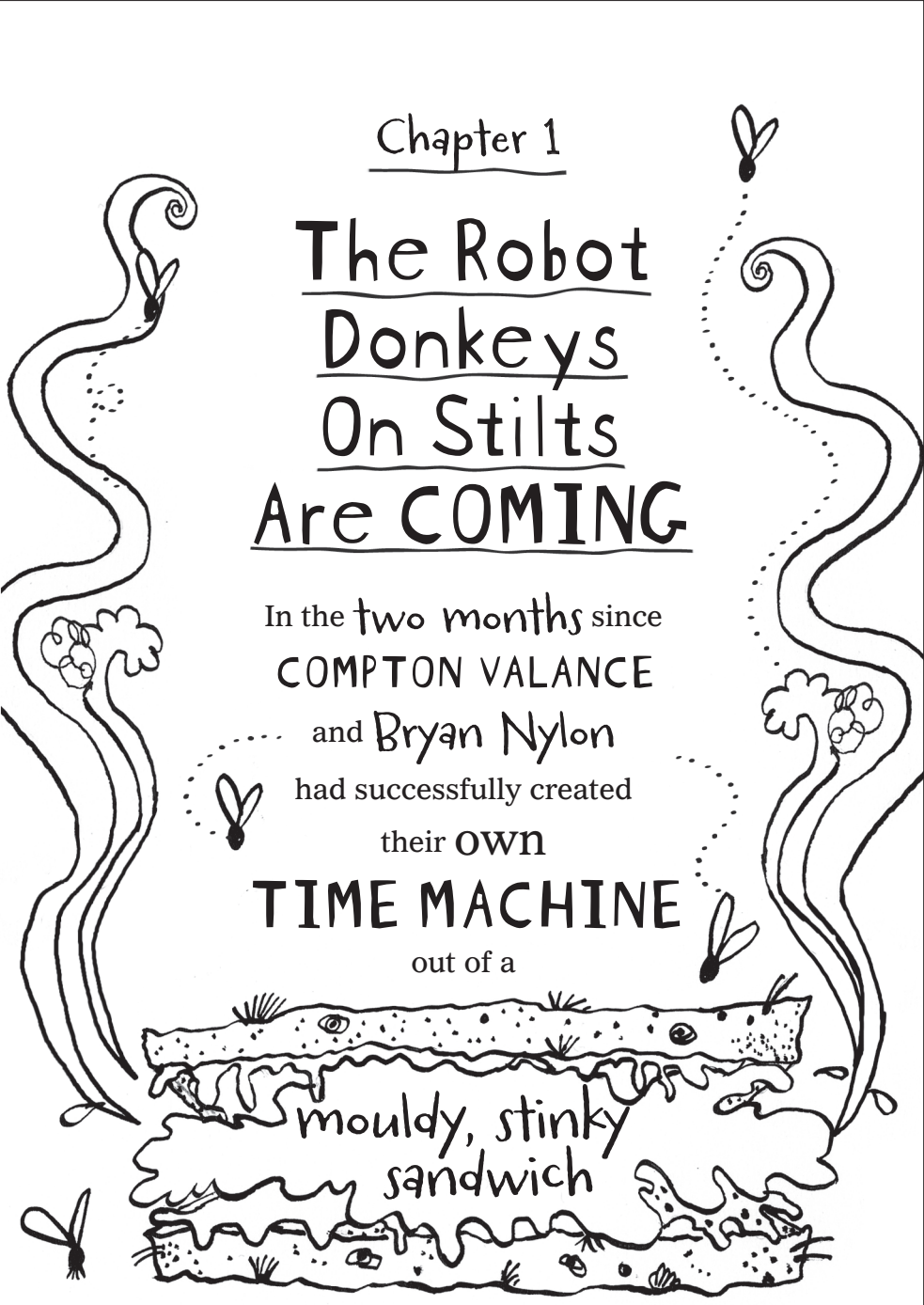
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Chapter 1

The Robot Donkeys On Stilts Are COMING

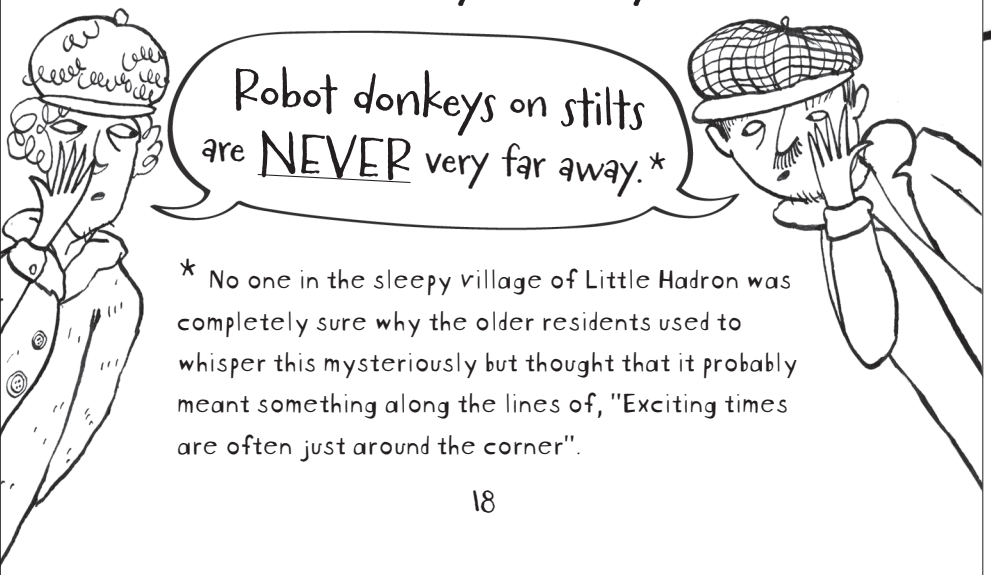
In the two months since COMPTON VALANCE and Bryan Nylon had successfully created their own TIME MACHINE out of a



and then heroically

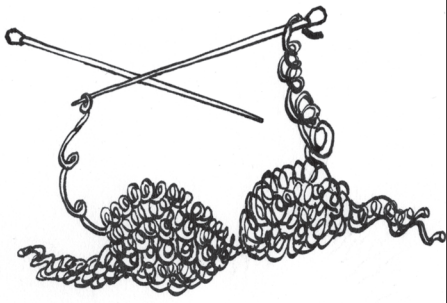
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THE UNIVERSE
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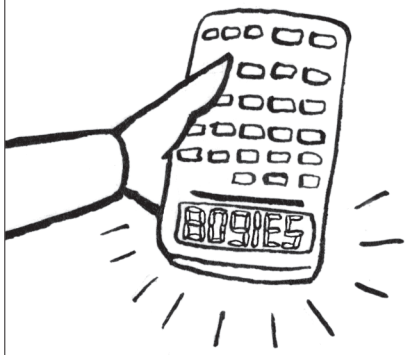
it would be fair to say that their lives had become duller than a chat with a spare bedroom. But then, as the older residents of the sleepy village of Little Hadron would sometimes mysteriously whisper,



* No one in the sleepy village of Little Hadron was completely sure why the older residents used to whisper this mysteriously but thought that it probably meant something along the lines of, "Exciting times are often just around the corner".

Compton and Bryan had broken up for the summer holidays from St Geoffrey's Junior School exactly one week earlier and made every effort to halt the boredom that was creeping into their lives. They had already tried to knit a bra out of spaghetti.*

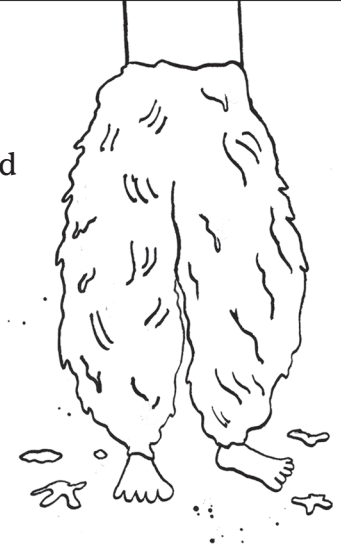




They had attempted to make as many words as possible by using upside-down numbers on a calculator.**

* They couldn't.

** They became very good at this and managed over two hundred words. Compton's favourite was 531608, which when the calculator is turned upside down spells the word "bogies" and Bryan's favourite was 317537, which spells "Leslie". Nobody quite knew why Bryan loved this word so much!

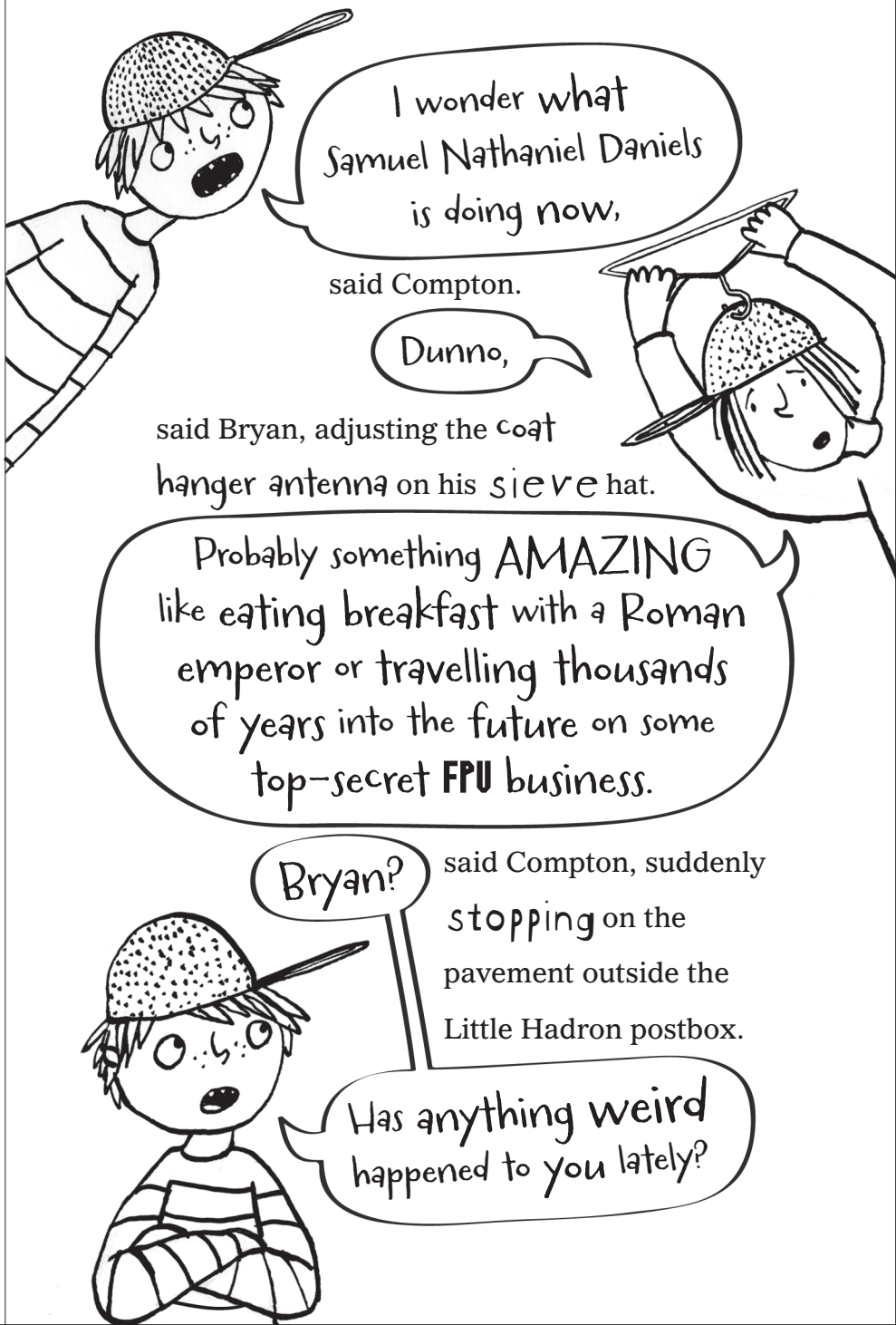


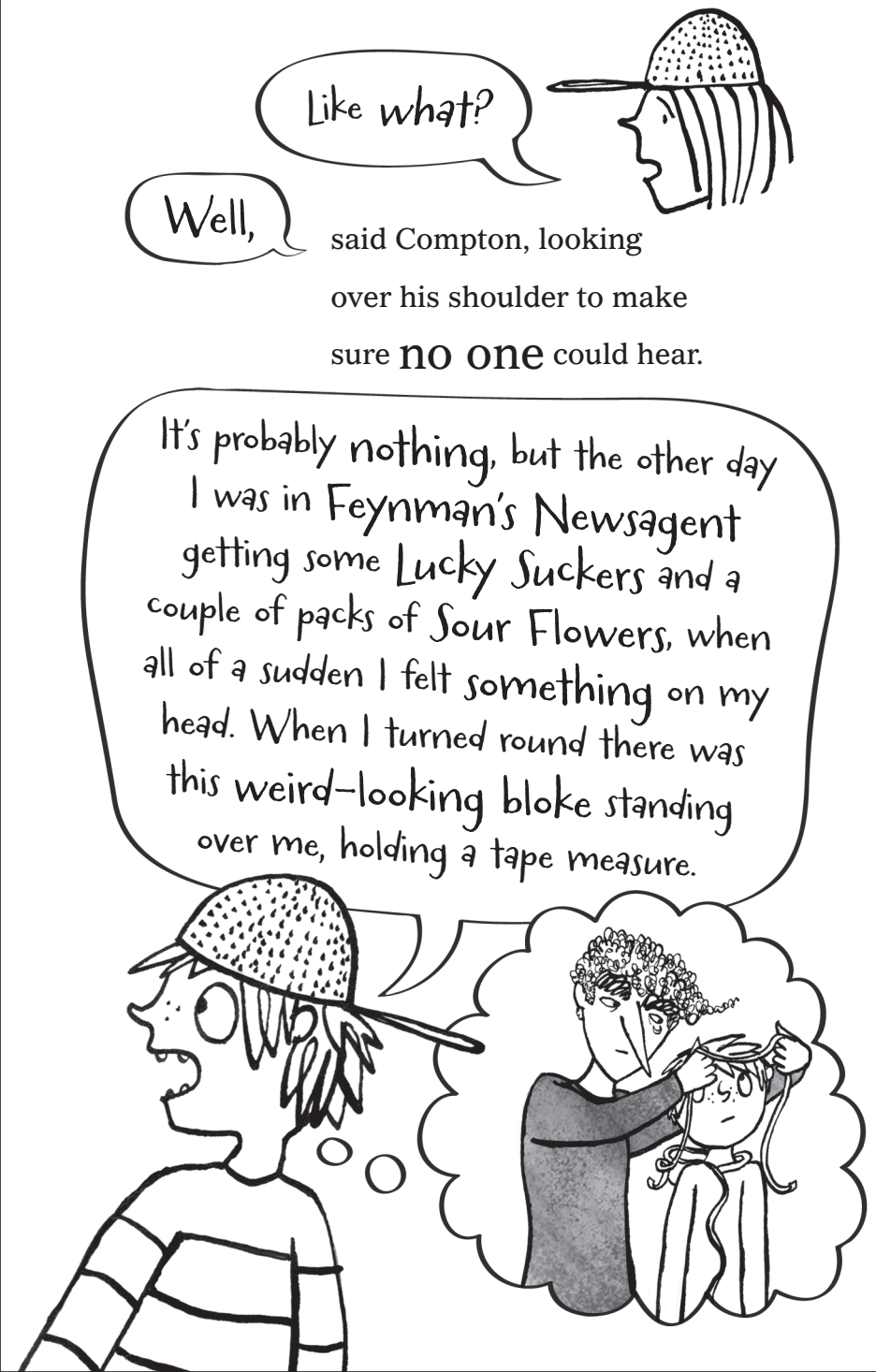
They had **even** turned their attention to the **GREATEST** of **ALL questions**; **can** you make a pair of **trousers** using ***only*** **custard**?*

Their latest attempt to pump some **adventure** back into their lives involved walking around Little Hadron with **sieves** on their heads, trying to see if they could make **contact** with **aliens**.**

* No. Well, at least not *yet*. The first pair of custard trousers would be made by Compton and Bryan but not until the year 2199. (Don't ask. It's a very, very, very long story.)

** Sadly this attempt would be unsuccessful. The first human contact with aliens took place in May 2191 and was something of a disappointment. The alien in question, Reg Halifax from the planet Cantona, only spoke three words of English: "jam", "ocelot" and "toggle". The problem was that no one on earth spoke any Cantonian and so Reg spent most of his stay eating jam and toggling ocelots.





said Compton, looking over his shoulder to make sure **no one** could hear.

"So, he was measuring your **head**?" said Bryan **s l o w l y**.

"**Yeah**," Compton nodded, thinking just how **strange** it sounded when it was said out loud. "I think he was."

"Well, now you come to mention it," said Bryan, "something **odd** happened to me last week **too**." He paused for a moment. "I was on the bus with my mum going into town," he began. "And I was sitting in my usual seat."

"Second from the back, driver's side?" said Compton.



said Bryan.

"Classic," said Compton, shaking his head and smiling.



"Yes," said Bryan. "An empty crisp packet."

"What flavour?" said Compton.

"Prawn cocktail," said Bryan. "Supermarket own brand!"

"Hmmm," said Compton. "That IS weird."

"Yes, and that's not all," continued Bryan. "Because when I looked back through the window, I saw the man had got off the bus and was standing on the pavement, just looking at me, and then a second later he was gone."

"*Gone?*" said Compton.

"Gone," said Bryan.

"As in?" said Compton.

"Well, just *gone*," said Bryan again.

"*Gone?*" said Compton again. "Like, *completely*?"

"That's right," said Bryan. "*Completely* gone."

Compton thought for a moment and then **nervously** looked over his shoulder again.



As it turned out, the feeling wasn't such a **weird** one because behind the bus stop on the other side of the street, a man who wouldn't be **born** for **over five hundred years** and who had **disguised** himself by placing two **carrier bags** on each foot and a discarded, **family-sized fried-chicken bucket** on his head, was watching Compton and Bryan through a miniature telescope.



You see, despite the very **dull** start to their school holidays, **life** in Little Hadron was about to get a whole lot **more interesting**. At that precise moment,

THUNDERING

towards Compton and Bryan was an adventure so **exciting** and so

ENORMOUS

that it was like… Well, it was like some **robot donkeys on stilts** had been just around the corner and were about to arrive at **any minute**.

