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Opening extract from

Stop Those Monsters!

Written by

Steve Cole

Illustrated by

Jim Field

Published by

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STOP

For Tobey and Amy, always
- Steve Cole

For Steph, Denis and Jasper
- Jim Field

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A NOTE FROM MAGIC INK PRODUCTIONS

Long ago, when people were apes, elephants were mammoths, tigers came with sabre-teeth and monkeys were smaller, fatter and a bit squirrelly . . .

The first monsters appeared on the Earth.

They squelched across every continent.

They lurked in every sea.

They evolved just like everything else.

They made guest appearances in many myths and legends (and were usually the best thing about them).

Only . . . see any monsters about you now?

No. No, you don't.

WHERE DID ALL THE MONSTERS GO?

You are about to find out.

For the monsters have a world of their own: a world of mysteries without measure and dangers without end. A world that few have visited, and fewer still survived to tell the tale. Or indeed any tale at all, apart from a very short and uninspiring tale that sounds suspiciously like:

AUUGGHHH HHHHHHHH!

This book goes further than any other to bring you, for the first time, the

WHOLE, REVOLTING TRUTH.

So STRAP YOURSELF IN – it's going to get

MONSTERY . . .


WEREWOLF
THE BLOB
MAGIC INK
WOLFMAN
THE EYE
HI! MY NAME IS ROBERT BEE. BOB BEE - THAT'S ME. NOT BOBBY BEE - THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY NAME IS BOB BEE-BEE, WHICH IS KIND OF ODD. UM... DO WE HAVE TIME FOR ALL THIS? NO??
IT CAME FROM SPACE
JAWS
CREEP 3D



CHAPTER 1

HELP! MY HOUSE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!

Er, sorry, I know you've just started reading this book and everything, but this isn't really the easiest time for me to write.

My house has just been picked up by some crazy, freaky hurricane. Right now it's being whirled about the sky like a giant's conker, and I'm in the wardrobe, just trying to hang on.

Well, anyway, just look at the state of my room! All my DVDs thrown all over the place . . . tops, trousers and dirty pants everywhere . . . books and collectibles

scattered over the floor (and on the bed) . . . okay, so my room normally looks like this anyway. In fact, my mum would probably be more freaked out that I haven't tidied up yet than by the fact our house is hurtling through a hurricane, and – unless we had some really paranoid builders on this estate – no massive rocket jets underneath to help us safely land again.



So, basically: *Noooooooooo, we're gonna crash down on the other side of town, and everything including me will be smashed to pieces and I really don't wanna think about that—*

It's probably a good job Mum is out with my dad for dinner tonight. Though I'm not sure Rachel Thing saw it that way (I can't remember her proper surname.) Rachel Thing is the babysitter who was downstairs; I think she jumped ship (or house) not long after we took off into the air. I definitely heard her yell and the front door open, and after that . . . nothing. She's only in Year Ten while I'm in Year Eight, so I'm not sure she's even qualified to babysit. She might be qualified in skydiving out of low-flying houses, though.

I should have jumped too, before the house was so high. But I was so scared, I couldn't move. I couldn't even shout for help. And now I'm wishing I collected airline sick-bags instead of monster movie memorabilia. Empty sick-bags, obviously (who collects full ones? Weird!). Because if the house keeps on rollercoastering through the clouds like this, I'm going to start redecorating my room in shades of Technicolor vomit. And that's going

to ruin my cool collection of vintage horror-film posters. If only I'd got them framed like Dad told me to, instead of using Blu-Tack, they'd just wipe clean!

Ooops, but there goes my bedside table, right into The Wolf Man's teeth, so if they had been framed, the glass would've shattered and the air filled with lethal shards and everything would be at least 28% worse.

Blue sky and green fields flip past the bedroom window, but there's a yellow glow, too, and it's getting brighter.

The room is shaking like a space shuttle attempting re-entry. The turbulence turns my stomach like the world's worst waltzer.

Then – ***WHAMMMMMM!***

It's like my eyes are struck by lightning. I'm thrown out of the wardrobe and bang my head against the radiator.

"OWWWWWWW!" I yell. Sound from my throat, at last! I follow up the "OWWWWWWW" with some random shouting and cursing – it takes my mind off throwing up.

And so does the view through my window.

Because suddenly there's no blue sky, no fields, no random flying animals caught up in the storm. There's not

even a yellow glow any more. There's only darkness, rolling and roiling like the inside of a thundercloud.

And then – "WHOOAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!" – the whole house tips over and I'm thrown against the window, and it opens and . . .

I'm falling through darkness. It's what you might call a 'brown trousers' moment. (Doubly so, as I actually AM wearing brown trousers. What were the chances?!)

I glimpse my house spinning away into shadows beneath me.

On and on, I fall. Tiny. Insignificant. Doing little fearful farts as I go. (You totally can't blame me.) But I can smell something worse than those little butt-whimpers. Something rotten and rancid and all kinds of wrong—

And suddenly, I crash into it.

