N.E. McMORRAN

MOOJAG

and the LOST MEMORIES

Illustrations Kyra-Sky Foster

SPONDYLUXPRESS

First published October 2023 in the UK by Spondylux Press.
Spondylux Press is an independent neurodivergent publisher
set up and run by autists to publish inclusive, own-voice works.

Writing © N.E. McMorran 2023
Editors: Catalina Gutierrez, Tango Batelli
Cover design & layout © Spondylux Press 2023
Cover art & illustrations by Kyra-Sky Foster 2023
Illustration on Page 10 by Chiaki Kamikawa 2020

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ISBN: 978-1-8380978-8-2 (Print)
ISBN: 978-1-8380978-9-9 (E-book)
ISBN: 978-1-8380978-2-0 (Audiobook
'Moojag and the Auticode Secret')

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

Printed and bound in the UK by Clays Ltd, using sustainably sourced,
manufactured and FSC certified paper.

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PATIENCE AGBABI
Author, *The Leap Cycle*

'Fantastical fun with a deep message about the value of human memories. I loved that the three grannies took centre stage with so much dynamism, humour and wisdom whilst taking memory loss head on. Go grannies!'

ALLIE MASON
Author, *The Autistic Guide to Adventure*

'Fast-paced and action-packed, with more plot twists than you can shake a Gajoomstik at, Lost Memories will keep you guessing until the very last page!'

EMILY KATY
Autism advocate, blogger, author

'Delve back into the magnificent fantasy world of Moojag with this standalone sequel full of joy, and explore what it means to be different.'

DANIEL AUBREY
Author, *Dark Island*

'A fantastic adventure with an important message and authentic and exciting neurodivergent characters. I loved it!'

PRAISE FOR MOOJAG AND THE LOST MEMORIES

ALEX FALASE-KOYA
Author, *Marv / The Breakfast Club Adventures*

'A captivating adventure… with really fun and whimsical pieces of technology, but still there is a real sense of peril... I have never been so scared of a marshmallow chamber! Most of all though, I love how it pushes back on the idea of older people being useless, not by erasing the things they may find difficult, but by highlighting their strengths… The things they still remember end up being as important as the things they have forgotten.'

READERS' FAVORITE
5 Star Review by Pikasho Deka

'An imaginative futuristic adventure that draws you in and keeps you hooked. But it's the characters who win your heart... Vivid, vibrant, compelling, laugh out loud.'

BEN DAVIS
Author, *Lenny Lemmon*

'A thrilling adventure with a memorable cast of characters!'

SEAN FLETCHER
Journalist / Presenter

'A brilliant story... Positive autism representation with loads of fantastic ideas that take you to another world!'

Letter from the author

Did you know that, in 2021, my first novel ‘Moojag and the Auticode Secret’ won the Nautilus Book Award? Well, since then I’ve been busy editing other books and writing this sequel, as well as looking after my invincible ninety-nine year young gran who inspired it. Sadly, she passed a few months before this book was published. But she did get to see the cover, and had a good giggle at the grannies. She had dementia, which meant she often forgot where she was, which decade she was in, and even who I am. But she was always super positive and brave, and we laughed together a lot, especially because I was going through peri-menopause at the same time, something which adults experience when their bodies start changing again. It’s sort of like puberty, but the reverse, and that can make you feel topsy-turvy and forget things too! Even Ben, our dog who’s now ten years old—sixty in dog years—has gotten forgetful and a bit blind. Maybe he has a case of dog-o-paws, since he’s forever walking into things, while I’m always losing my glasses, and the both of us are constantly trying to remember where we were going! Gran, Ben and I made quite the team. :)

So, use what you’ve got, because you might not always have it, and there’s no guarantee you’ll get PIE in 2044! Unless you’re a scientist or designer, like Gran in the story, and decide to invent your own... I’ve left some blank pages at the back of this book especially for you to sketch your own future tech inventions! We’re excited to see what bright ideas you come up with—so, if you like, send us a photo and we’ll share your work on MOOJAG’s website and all over *whatsnapchatinstatwitface...*

Enjoy ‘Moojag and the Lost Memories’!

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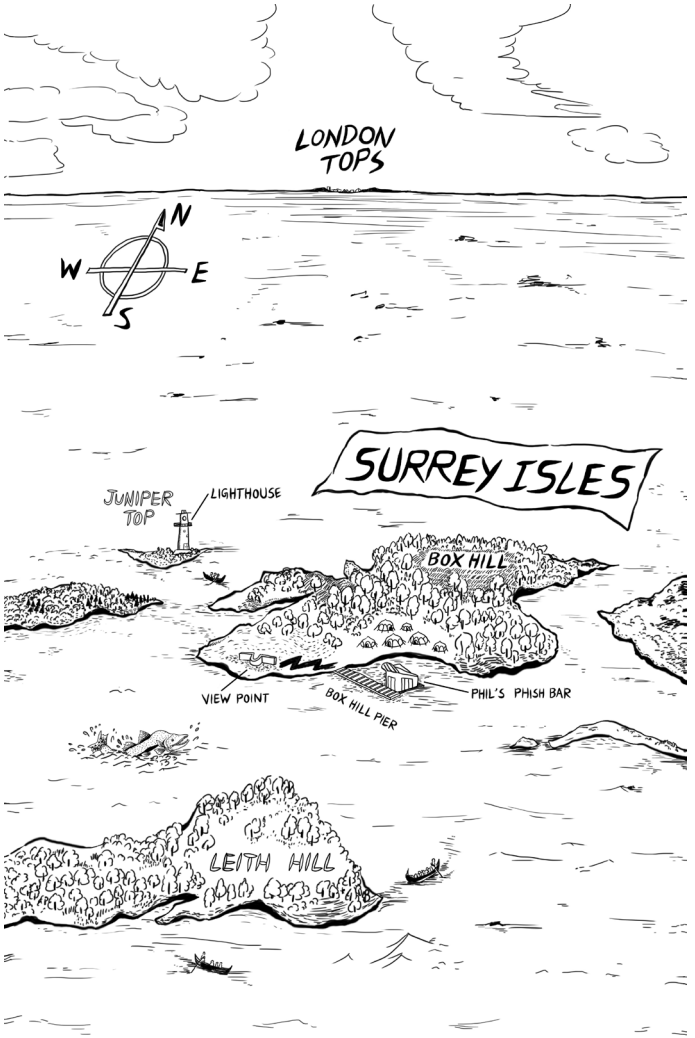
Photo © *Giota Panagiotou* 2023

For the ones lost to lockdown

Thank you Tessi, for inspiring me with your superhuman positivity; Mum and Maria, for all the reading; editors, Cat and Tango; artist, Kyra-Sky; and everyone who has supported and reviewed the Lost Memories.



This is the sequel to 'Moojag and the Auticode Secret'…

Ten years ago, in 2044, when I was only three, a gigantic tidal wave swept Britain. The 'Great Surge' sunk even more of England, after years of flooding, and turned its highest points into lots of smaller islands. London became London Tops and the Surrey Hills became Surrey Isles. When it got too difficult living on Hampstead Top, without enough land to grow real food, we moved to Box Hill Island in the Surrey Isles. We'd lost Mum and my brother Monzi already, so it was just me, Dad, and Gran. They created the 'Real World': a community of neurodivergents—people who think and feel things differently—living outdoors with the help of our PIEs and 3D printers.

"What are PIEs?" I hear you ask? No, pre-Surgers, they're not stuffed pastries! Before Gran founded the Real World, she invented our amazing solar-charged, full-body electronic skin, complete with a single Spondylux shell

device. PIE is the computer we wear instead of clothes to protect us from all weathers and keep us safe from harm and disease. It does everything all your devices can do, too, like *whatsnapchatinstatwitface*. And it has some other incredible functions as well, that I still have no clue about!

We've been living the perfect life, free to be our true selves, ever since. Well, until Adam, Izzy, and I met Moojag, that is! Everything changed again when the outsider led us to Gajoomdom—a curious, sticky, underground world full of artificial sweets, inhabited by the Conqip group (a gang of nasty, smelly, greedy, controlling men); the Pofs (a race of small but super strong winged kids); the Auts (twenty-one autistic coders with super senses); and a bunch of Gajoomstiks (innocent candy-producing robots).

That's as much as I can tell you without spoiling the last story. If you read the 'Auticode Secret', you can find out everything that happened before in Gajoomdom. Or you

might lose track of time—like the wrinkly new characters in this story! There's also an audiobook version of the 'Auticode Secret', with an amazing cast of neurodivergent voice actors including narrators Indica Watson and Ria Lina. Or, you could be a rebel like Gran and read this cool adventure first!…

1

THE WARD

Back down in Gajoomdoom with Moojag, I glance up at the fake red-veined blue sky. The painted ceiling is now laced with ever more dried-up candyfloss splotches.

"Did you hear her?" he asks, adjusting his top hat and tidying his tailcoat jacket.

A whiff of liquorice hits my nose as I bend down beside the little violet-flowered bushes to collect the pineapple and my friends' sparkling e-skins. "Who?"

"Mum," he says, pulling me up and spinning us round. "She's here," he adds, skipping off down the criss-cross paved candy path, "underground in Gajoomdom!"

"She's gone, Moojag," I whisper loudly, chasing after him for Conqip Hall. "It was only the ghost of Mum."

He huffs and shakes his head. "Don't believe in

ghosts."

"I heard her, too, but—"

"You see!—"

"It wasn't real. It was just the memory of her; our senses playing tricks—"

"Gibberish," mutters Moojag, stalling in front of the giant, human-sized drainpipe and crossing his arms.

I stop beside him and shrug my shoulders. "She'll always be with us, in spirit—"

"Mumbo jumbo."

I can't force him to believe it, and I can't exactly prove it, either. "Where is she, then?"

He shakes his head. "I *will* find her," he says, taking a bite of the mini sponge cake I gifted him. "Happy *Un*-birthday to you," he mumbles, hovering off the ground to swipe the pineapple from my arm and drop it into his top hat. The weight of the spiky fruit pulls it down, and him along with it, when the sound of tipsy men's laughter echoes through the drain. Their gruff voices fly out the end along with the scent of alcohol, mouldy cheese, and lime pie. Conqips on their way! The stinking green sound skims our eyes, ears, and noses as we sprint across to Conqip Hall and

creep in through the thick wooden double doors.

Following after Moojag down the darkened hallway, I trace the wallpaper's coarse ridges with my fingertips. My stomach churns at the smell of roasted meats and sour-apple candy, still lingering in the Conqips' dining room. A shard of light reflecting off one of the framed portraits lights up a stuffed deer's head. I edge away from the wall and catch up to my brother as he turns left, down a small corridor.

THUD, THUD, goes the ground, shaking under my feet as my e-skin soles start to inflate.

THUD, THUD…

I turn to peek back round the corner and gasp at a gang of drunken suited Conqips charging into the hall.

THUD, THUD, THUD…

Moojag pulls me back round after him into a room on the left and softly closes the door behind us. The wall is cold and damp. The air, musty, like pre-Surge old socks and something else.

I know that scent… Izzy—when she was little and wouldn't wear PIE! It's *unpurified* pee! This pee smells funky, though.

"Aldon, is that you?" croaks a weak-sounding,

older female voice. I tap Moojag's shoulder, but he brushes my hand away and hovers over to the woman. He says something but she just hisses at him and shouts, "Who are you? Get out!"

"Moojag," he answers, leaping back.

She giggles. "But you're old enough to be his father!" His father? …Dad? She's quiet for a moment, then looks him up and down and smiles. "Jack, dear! Have you been back long? Where are you staying?"

"Yes, of course. I'm here every day, *tous les jours*. But I am Moojag, not Jack."

The woman definitely thinks he's Dad. But who's *she*? She sounds a lot like Gran. It couldn't be. Could it? She scans the room and peers back at him. "Is that you, Monzi?" He nods, glancing back at my wide eyes with his. Only Gran could know his birth name—Monzi! Is he thinking she's Gran, too? "Take care! There are strange men and curious small girls with wings who bring us pills we don't need. Are they friends of yours?" She must be talking about the nasty Conqip and their poor brainwashed little Pofs.

"Not exactly, but I am not Monzi, not any more.

I am Moojag. And here is—"

"I'm terribly tired," she says, with a worn-out sigh. "I shall sleep now. It was kind of you to visit. Do come again. You *will* come again, won't you?"

"I live here, too," huffs my brother, glancing back at the sound of big footsteps approaching outside.

"I *know*, dear," she mutters. "Goodnight, Jack." I'm not sure she does know. At least, she keeps forgetting who he is.

"TRAVIS!" yells an older man's voice from the hallway. "Stop gazing at your insipid reflection and open the door!" That sounds a lot like nasty old Conqip leader Aldon!

Moojag grabs my hand and pulls me over to the metal-framed bed. "Under here," he whispers. I crawl beneath it and hide behind the coattails of his jacket, tucking Izzy and Adam's e-skins neatly beside me. I whisper "PIE off," and my skin fades to grey, just as the door handle turns and two men wearing tuxedos stride in.

"I don't know why you bother looking at yourself in the mirror, Travis," says Aldon, brow raised. "You look just as awful as you did this morning."

Travis, Aldon's number III, snorts and combs his

fingers through his pathetic thinned quiff. “Smells like… ooooh, I don’t quite know,” he says, sniffing the putrid air. “What does it smell of to you, A’?”

“Well, T’,” answers Aldon with a disapproving sigh, “let’s see if I can help put your finger on it. Could it be the scent of three double-crossing, waste of space Wrinkly Old Bones, who can’t remember a thing. *Hmm*?” Travis roars with laughter, snorting even louder as he leans back and almost topples over.

Brix, Aldon’s number II, charges in through the lit-up doorway, gasping for breath. He adjusts his bow tie and wipes the dripping sweat from his forehead. “Just spotted Biermont running into Stikleby Hall!”

“What’s the reprobate playing at,” says Aldon, “disappearing and reappearing on us all the time? Why didn’t you reprimand the useless Conqip!”

“Perhaps we shouldn’t mind *him*,” Brix answers, sticking his neck out and pointing in my direction. I hold my breath as he pulls his sleeves up and swaggers over. “What about *this* one!”