AND THE BUBBLEGUM BOTS

FOR KEEKS AND CASS, MY TWO FAVOURITE CADETS–R.C.

TO MY LOVED ONES, YOUR SUPPORT IS MY ROCKET FUEL–R.F.

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COSMIC CADETS

AND THE BUBBLEGUM BOTS

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CHAPTER 1

A NEW MISSION FOR TEAM GLAZZ

Gloria anxiously twisted the single coil of purple hair on the front of her head until it bounced up and down like a spring.

This was it. Friday mission time. Her last chance to gain top marks and officially finish the week top of the unofficial cadet leader board. Gloria sat in the front row of the classroom, tapping her feet impatiently beneath her desk as she waited for the next assignments to be handed out.

She hadn't become a cadet at the famous Cosmic Academy just to be given something boring to do, like guarding a silly old museum or escorting soon-to-be extinct meteor-mammoths to a safer planet. No, she was here to—one day—graduate and become a Cosmic Crusader. The greatest crusader of all time, in fact. So

she'd need something WAY more dangerous for her final mission of the week. Like disarming a molecular missile or defanging a sulphur serpent.

Finally, Captain Tinsela took a deep breath and turned to face the class. Smirking teasingly, she said, 'Happy Thursday, everyone!'

The whole class let out a groan and Gloria's patience ran out. She stood up, her chair screeching across the floor behind her, and yelled, 'Captain Tinsela! It's FRIDAY. We need our missions!'

'Then you're a volunteer? Fabulous!' Captain Tinsela replied, clapping her hands together in a mini explosion of multicoloured glitter.

The thing nobody mentioned about having a Glitzanoid teacher was that, yes, THEY were coated from head to toe in a dazzling layer of glitter, but YOU were the one who spent all day dodging the showers of glittery sparkles flying off them.

'So, Gloria and Razz will be rescuing that pesky missing lynx,' Captain Tinsela said. 'AGAIN.'

'No! Not the lynx again.' Razz stood up and toppled her chair over with her big bushy tail as it swung angrily behind her. 'Glorious! Why would you volunteer us for this mission?!'

'Um . . . well . . .' Gloria knew better than to get on her partner's bad side. On the outside, Razz may have looked like a cute, charming ball of peach fur from the planet Purrl, who liked to call Gloria 'Glorious' (which Gloria didn't mind at all). But on the inside, Razz had a fiery temper and a habit of solving problems with her claws whenever she got upset (which Gloria DID mind).

Despite this, Gloria loved her perfect partner, Razz. She especially liked that she didn't complain about the many, MANY times Gloria landed them in trouble with their headteacher, Mrs Hubblegum. In return, Gloria gave Razz ALL the encouragement she could EVER need to become the best (or probably second-best) crusader in the cosmos. Together, they were unstoppable.

'I didn't volunteer!' Gloria replied. 'Captain . . . can we please—'

Gloria felt Razz's furry paw over her mouth, keeping her from making a huge mistake. Because Captain Tinsela had just about the WORST allergies in the entire cosmos. And the thing she was especially allergic to was . . . being asked questions. Which was not AT ALL useful for a teacher. Just a single question would send Captain