CROAKY

DANGER AT CRATER CANYON



CROAKY



- Stole his style from TV adventurers
- Absurdly long tongue
- Sticky hands and feet
- Ready for adventure
- Curiously high waistband

Croaky is an excitable and enthusiastic frog who leaps before he looks. His daring streak can land him in hot water, though he usually has a trick or two to get out of it.

WINSTON

Winston is a Woggle Scout leader who is keen to relive his days as an adventurer. He is very experienced in the great outdoors, so you'd be surprised how often he relies on Croaky and Sheena when things go wrong.





SHEENA

Sheena is a bright and willing Woggle Scout who has collected more badges than Winston's had kipper sandwiches. She can't resist the call to adventure, but prefers a safety-first approach to most situations.

With thanks to everyone on Team Croaky: Jodie, Gill, Rob, Helen, and Lowri.

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CROAKY



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1

'WINSTON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE *ROOF*?' Sheena shouted, as she and Croaky arrived for their Woggle Scouts meeting.



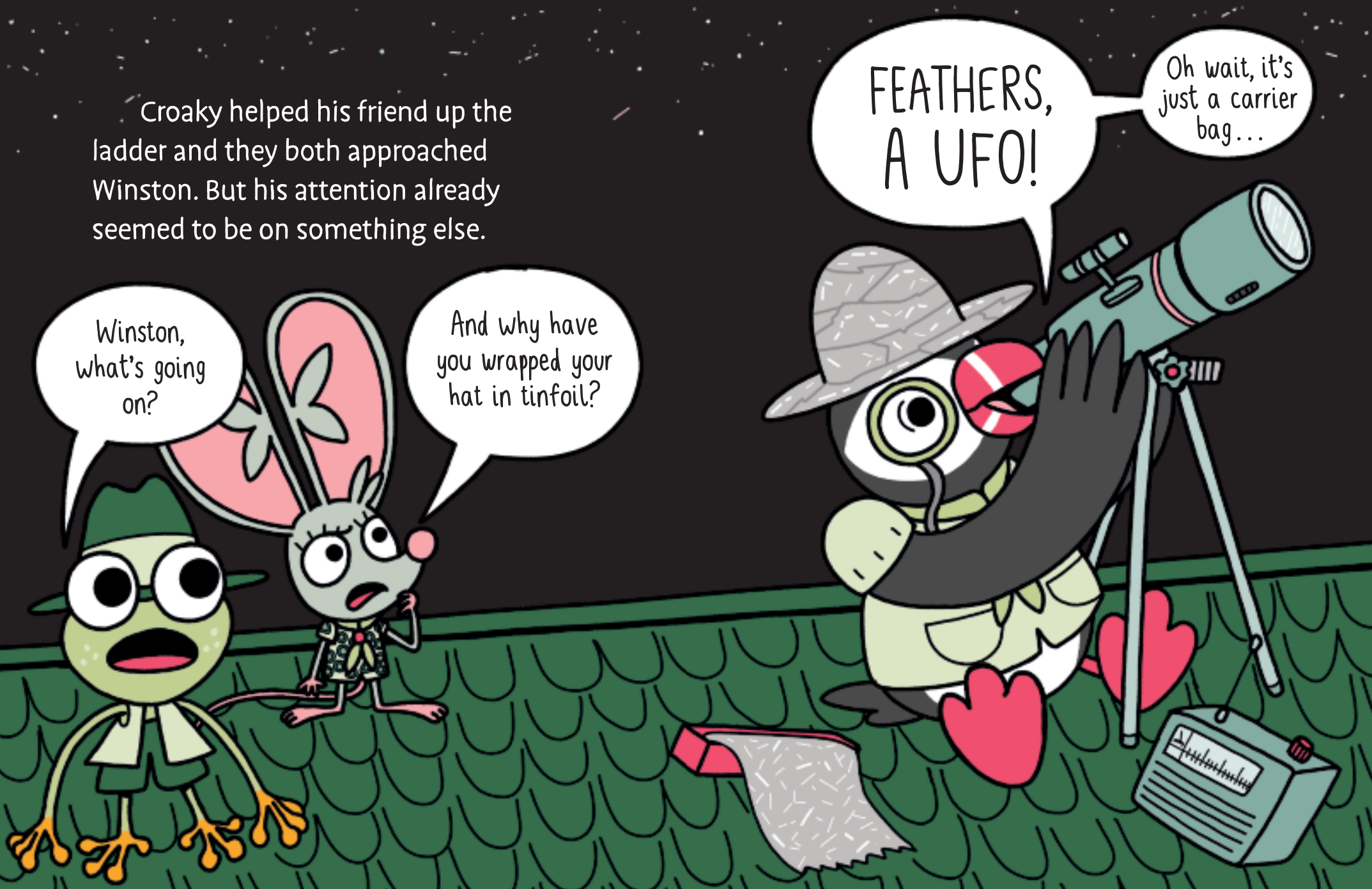
Winston the puffin was leader of their patrol and he took them on all sorts of exciting adventures. But sometimes Croaky and Sheena found him in strange situations of his own.

'ALL WILL BE REVEALED, YOUNG WOGGLERS!' Winston cried back. 'COME AND JOIN ME UP HERE!'

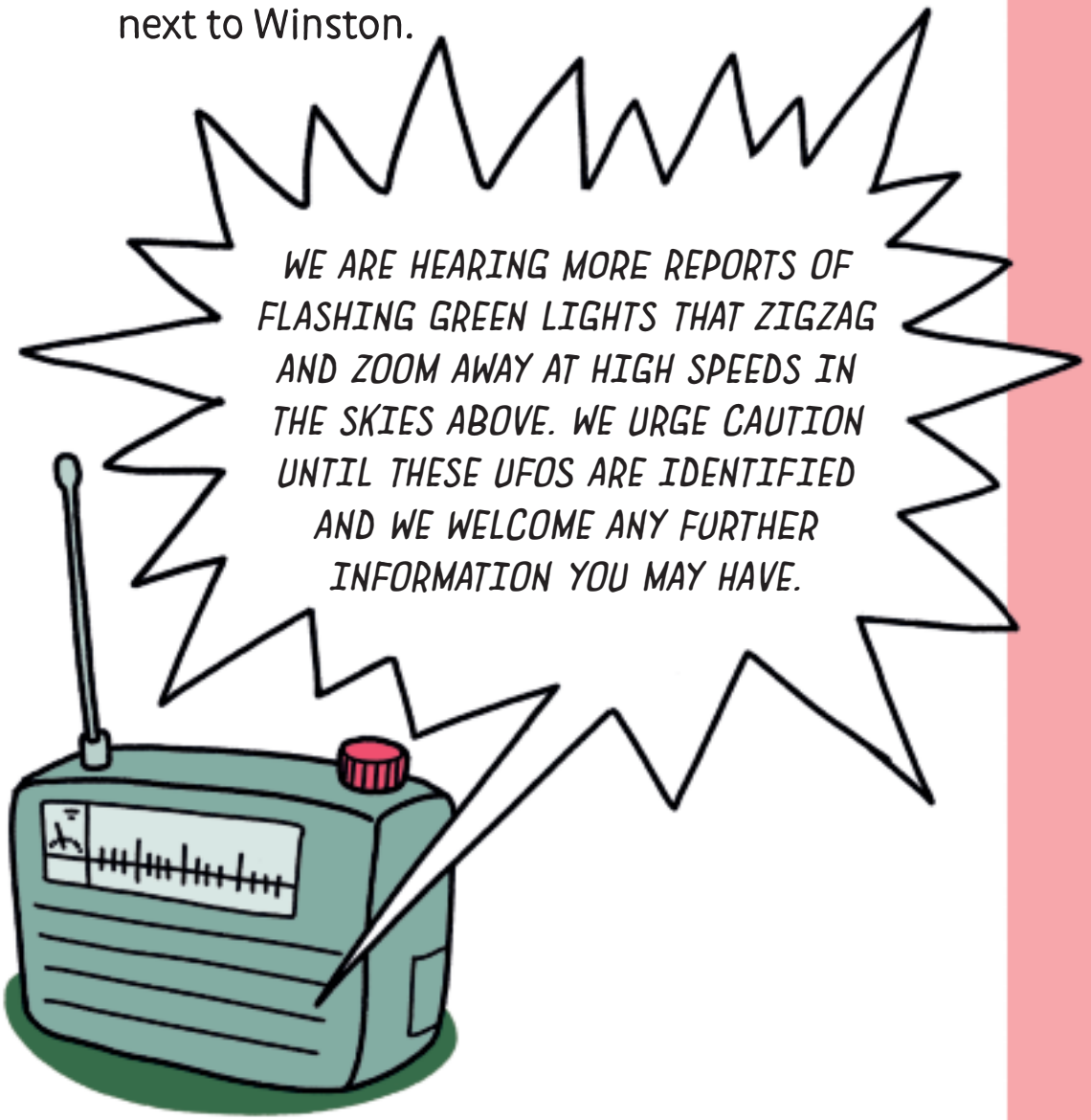
A ladder leant on the side of their Woggle Scout hut.

Croaky Hopper ignored it.




Croaky helped his friend up the ladder and they both approached Winston. But his attention already seemed to be on something else.
Winston, what's going on?
And why have you wrapped your hat in tinfoil?
FEATHERS, A UFO!
Oh wait, it's just a carrier bag...

A voice rattled out from the radio next to Winston.



'Did you hear that?' asked Winston. 'UFOs! It stands for—'

'*Unidentified Flying Objects*,' finished Sheena.

'You mean there are *aliens* flying around?' Croaky gasped, searching the skies with his big froggy eyes.

'Nope,' Sheena corrected. 'UFO means there's something in the sky and nobody's sure *what* it is. But there's usually a logical explanation for it.'

'Indeed, Sheena!' said Winston, one eye glued to his telescope. 'When it comes to astronomy it's important not to jump to conclusions—*OH MY GOODNESS! IT'S AN ALIEN!*'

Sheena blew on the lens of Winston's telescope, and a small moth fluttered away.



'So far, we've had a carrier bag and a bug. So you can see how silly it is to think all UFOs are aliens,' said Sheena.

'Wise words,' said Winston, looking a little embarrassed. 'But recently there have been reports of all sorts of strange goings-on. Mysterious lights. Flying saucers. Cows going missing. Horses riding bikes. That sort of thing.'

'Is it all true?' asked Croaky. He really hoped it was.

'That's what I'm trying to find out!' said Winston. 'And until such mysteries are unravelled, it's best to be careful.'

He reached for a roll of tinfoil. 'Here, Croaky. Wrap this around your hat. It'll stop aliens from reading your mind.'



'I think you're both being a bit silly,' said Sheena, turning off the radio. 'Even if there are UFOs up there, I doubt dressing up like a casserole will help.'

'Then the aliens will get *you* first,' said Croaky, wrapping his hat in foil. He had read all about how aliens could beam people up to their spaceships.

'Goodness me, I think I've found something!' cried Winston, looking through the telescope again. 'It's shaped like a spaceship and has green flashing lights.'



2

The Woggle Scouts dived for safety as something **thunked** off the roof and crashed on to the grass below. Croaky was first on the scene.



'It could be radioactive!' warned Winston, as he and Sheena caught up.

The lights on the UFO stopped flashing. It lay still. Something about it looked familiar to Croaky, as if he had seen it before. But then he had spent many nights reading about alien spaceships that looked just like this.

'We should report the UFO to the radio station,' Croaky said. 'Maybe they'll send a special alien taskforce to take it away.'

'No!' said Winston, prodding it with a stick and keeping his distance. 'We'd never see or hear of it again. Many UFO discoveries get hushed up by people who don't want anyone to know the truth about what's out there. It'll be

much better off in our hands.'

'If you say so!' said Sheena. She stepped forward and picked it up.



Winston and Croaky stared in disbelief. It wasn't like Sheena to be so reckless.

'You could have been hurt!' said Winston, taking the UFO from the mouse.

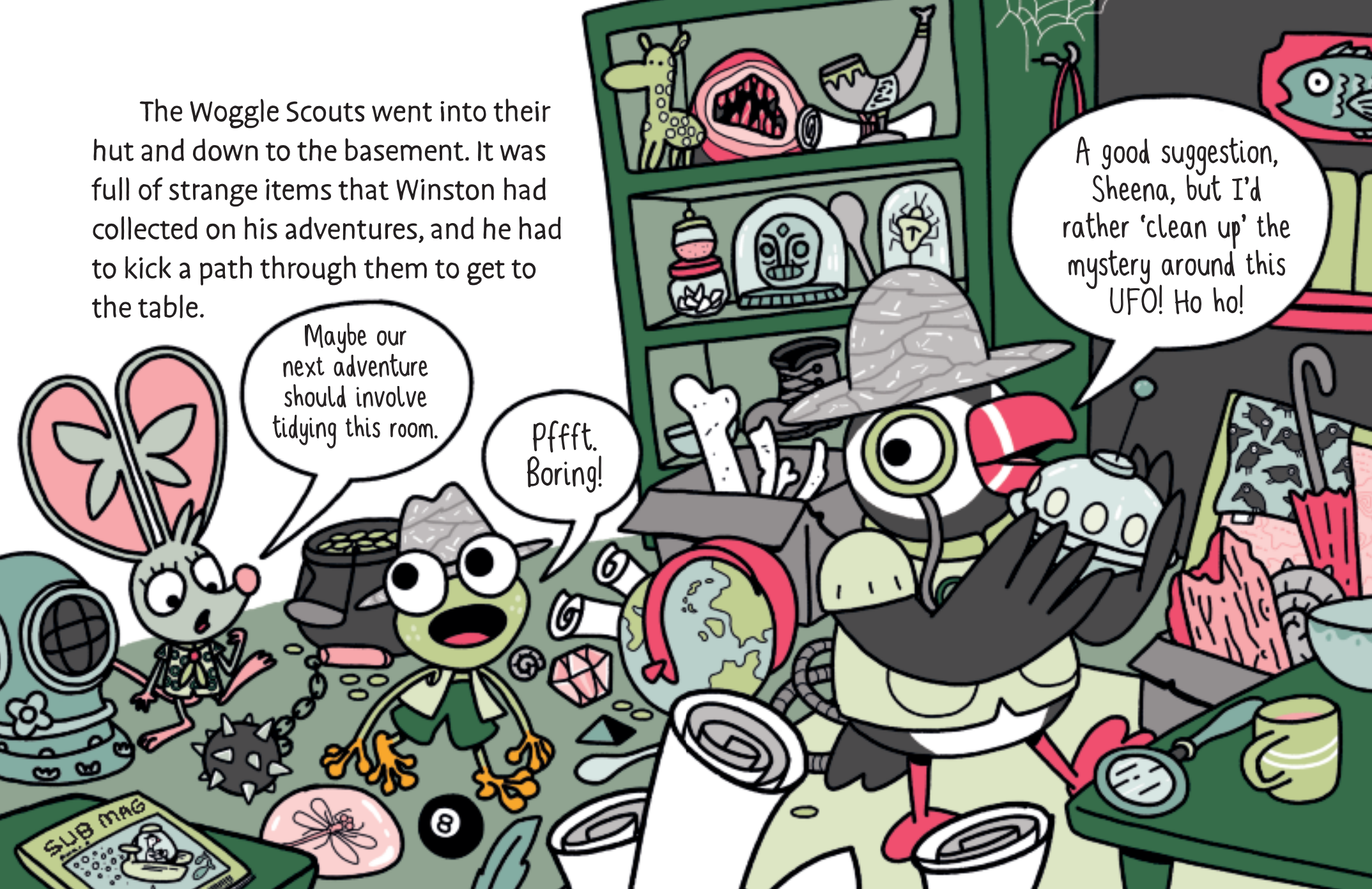
'Or beamed inside,' added Croaky.

'Not sure I'd fit,' Sheena replied.

'Let's get this indoors before somebody sees us,' said Winston. 'It's not every day a UFO lands on your lawn.'



The Woggle Scouts went into their hut and down to the basement. It was full of strange items that Winston had collected on his adventures, and he had to kick a path through them to get to the table.



Winston placed the object in front of them.

'Do you think there's a tiny alien inside?' asked Croaky.

Sheena couldn't help but giggle.

'Hey, just because you don't believe in aliens, it doesn't mean they don't exist,' said Croaky, annoyed.

'I suppose that's true,' said Sheena. 'But I'd bet my whole badge collection that *this* isn't anything alien.'

'It totally *is*!' replied Croaky.

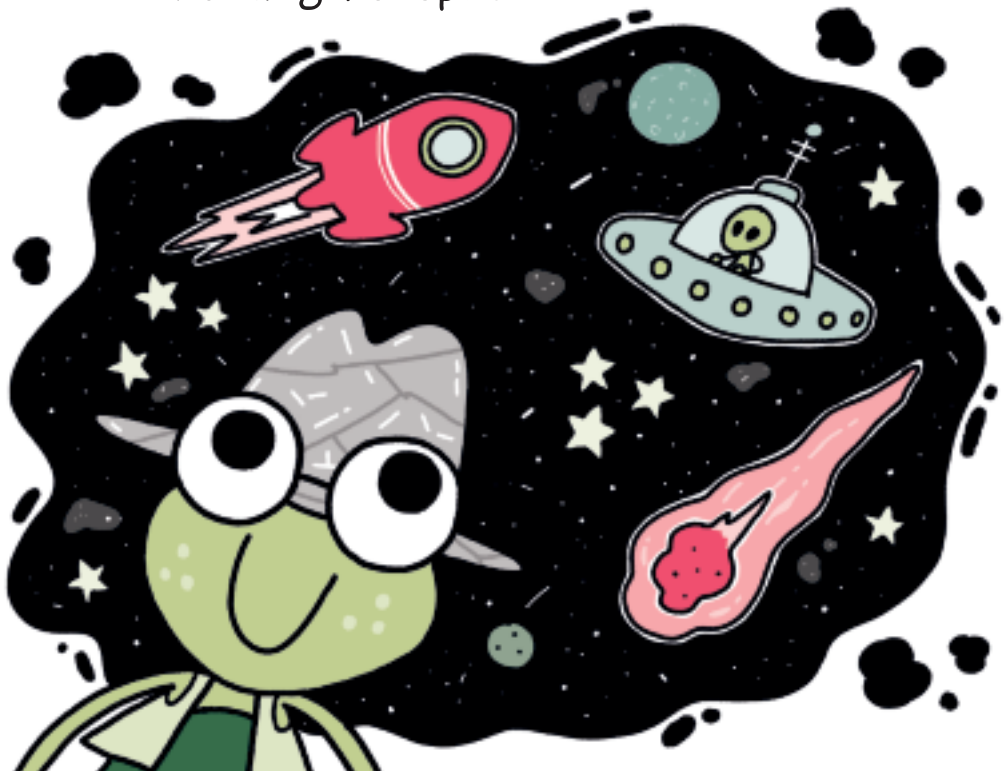
'Now, now, you two!' said Winston. 'Discovery is at the heart of the Woggle Scouts. And whether we're right or wrong, finding out *together* is the reward. And, until we do, all options are

on the table. For example, this could be an alien *device*. Or just a *piece* of an alien spaceship.'

Sheena let out a long sigh.

'Or perhaps it contains some kind of cosmic energy,' continued Winston.

'Wow!' murmured Croaky, his mind shooting into space.



‘I have an old tortoise friend called Shelby who lives out in Crater Canyon,’ said Winston, blowing the dust off a photo.



‘He lives alone in his observatory, keeping watch on the night skies and reporting back on comets, satellites, and meteor showers. Or, at least, that’s what everyone thinks . . .’ Winston’s voice dropped to a whisper. ‘Crater Canyon is a hotspot for UFO activity. Shelby has been researching it in secret. Whatever this is, he will know.’

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

A noise from upstairs made them jump. Winston raised a wing to his lips for quiet. Croaky and Sheena didn’t dare move.

‘It could be the authorities coming to seize our UFO!’ said Winston, stuffing it into a drawer.

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

‘Maybe it’s aliens wanting their tiny spaceship back!’ Croaky whispered.

The noise stopped. After a few moments, Winston gave the all clear.

‘They can’t want it back that badly,’ said Sheena. ‘We didn’t even lock the door!’

‘Well, either way, there’s no time to waste!’ said Winston. ‘We’ll head to Crater Canyon with the UFO this weekend.’



3

It was early in the morning when Croaky, Winston, and Sheena set off from the Woggle Scout hut. Crater Canyon felt like a long drive away and Winston wasn't making the journey go any quicker.



'It's a bit like driving on the moon!' Winston laughed as the van bumped along the road. The landscape had turned red and rocky. It felt like another planet.

No wonder UFOs gather above Crater Canyon, Croaky thought.

'What's in the trailer?' asked Croaky, suddenly aware of it rattling behind them.

'You'll see!' chirped Winston. 'Here!' said the puffin, passing back two envelopes. 'Your mission files. Read them carefully!'



Identify the Unidentified Flying Object

THE MISSION

Trek to Shelby's observatory in Crater Canyon and find out the truth about our UFO.



THINGS TO REMEMBER

Camping kit and plenty of water. A tinfoil hat of any design is advised.



Risks: Cactus prickles, dry lips, the odd meteor, alien abduction.

Rewards: An exciting hike through tough terrain and a discovery that's out of this world! (Maybe.)

WOGGLE SCOUTS
READY FOR ADVENTURE

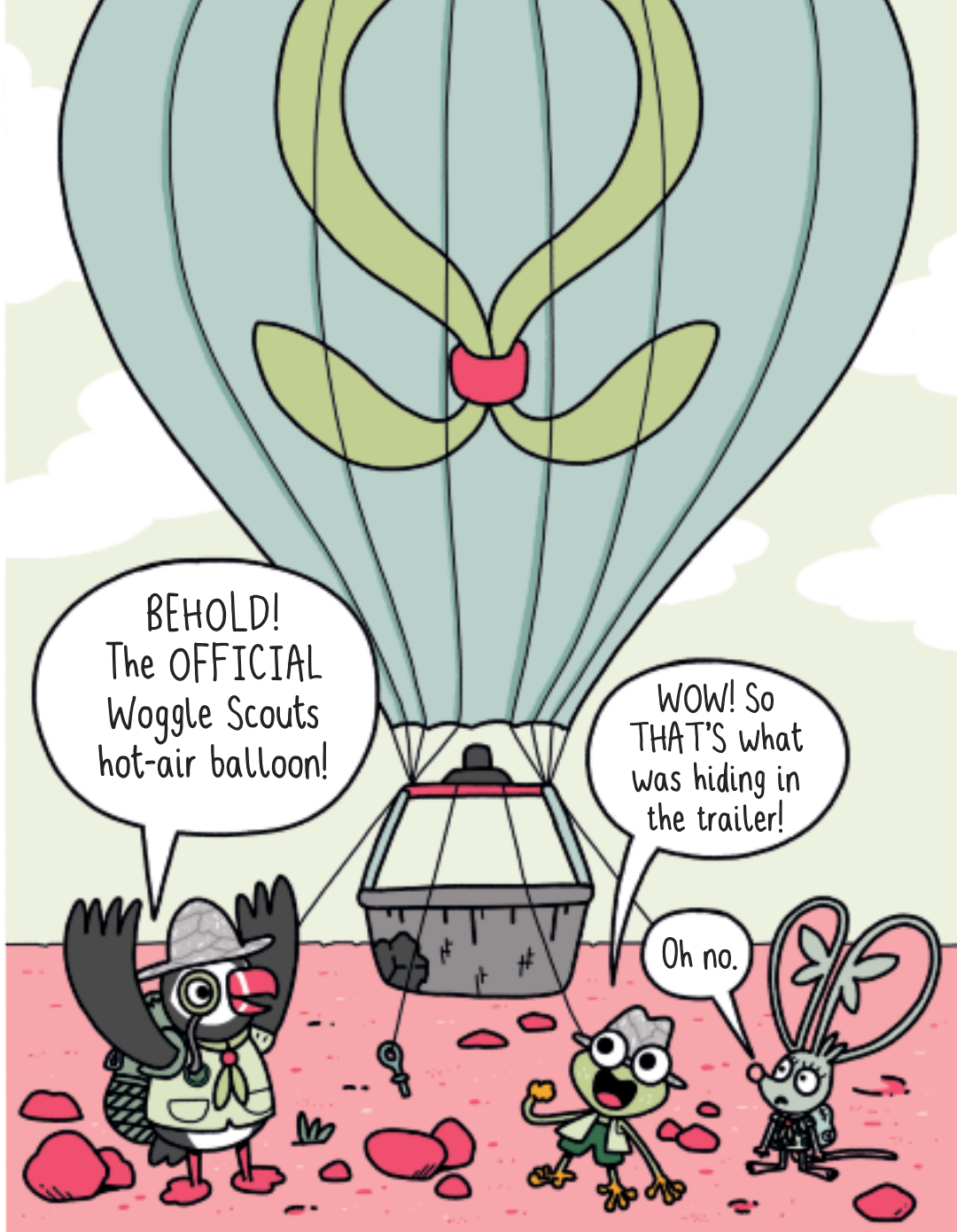
'Crater Canyon got its name from all the meteors that land there,' Winston explained.

'I'm not sure even tinfoil hats would help if one of those hit us,' said Sheena.

'You'll have a good view of the craters they leave behind,' Winston continued, 'because we're going to be approaching from the air!'

'In our plane?' asked Croaky. 'The *Light as a Feather*?'

Rather than answering Croaky's question, Winston simply told the two young Woggle Scouts to wait in the van with their eyes covered until he had everything set up. Eventually, he allowed them to look.





'You can't land aeroplanes in national parks like Crater Canyon,' said Winston. 'But there's no law against hot-air balloons!'

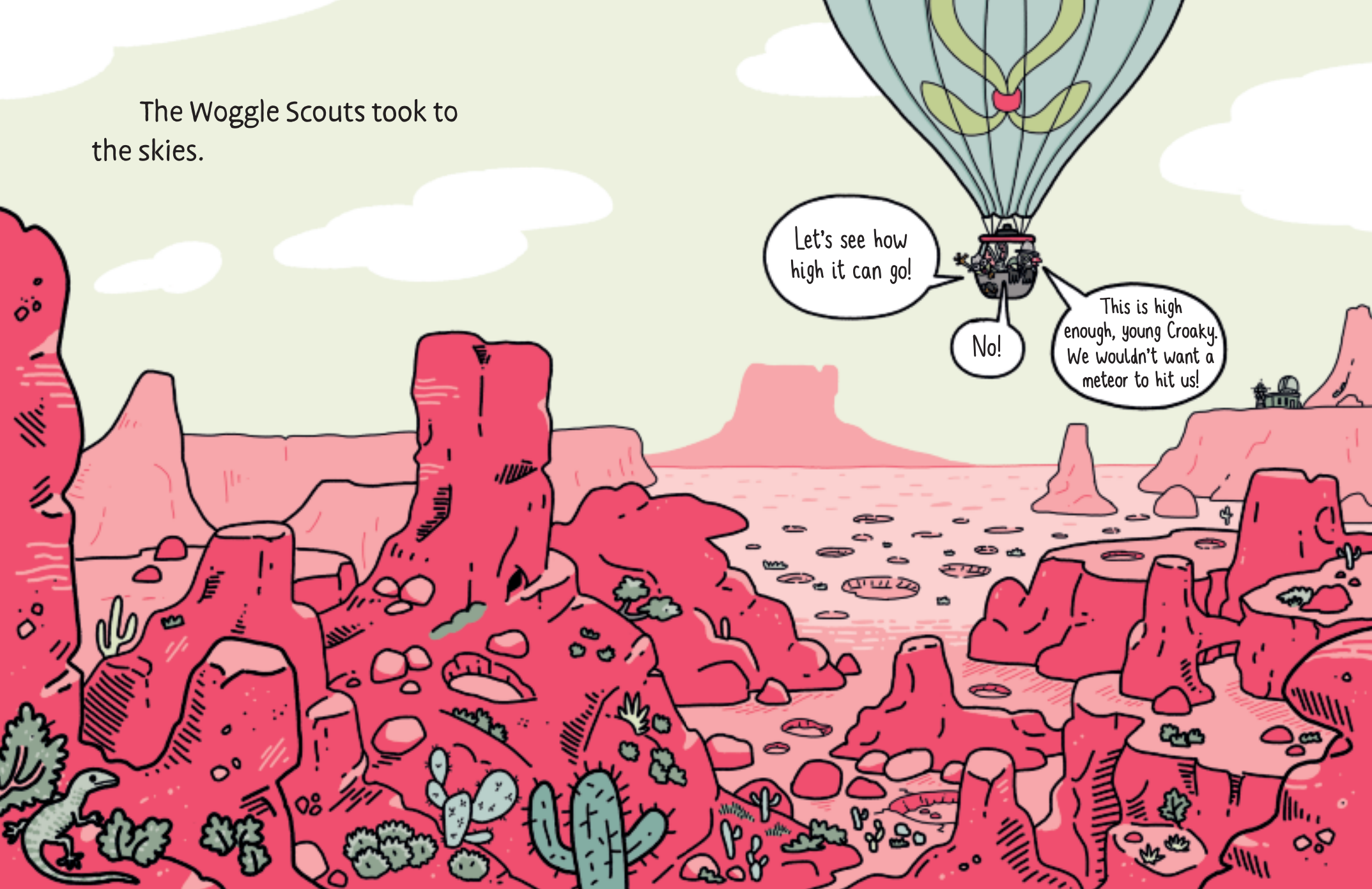
As they climbed aboard, Sheena stood as far away from the hole as possible.

'Why do we even need to go up high?' she squeaked.

'Well, I have no idea where Shelby's observatory is,' replied Winston. 'I was hoping we'd be able to see it from a balloon.'

He took the UFO out of his backpack. 'We'd better keep an eye on this,' he said. 'It might liven up if others of its kind are nearby.'

The Woggle Scouts took to the skies.



Croaky gazed at the sea of red rock below, dented by meteors. As they scanned the scene for the observatory, the wind suddenly caused the balloon to rock and Winston dropped the UFO.

It rolled straight out of the hole in the basket.



Another gust pushed them down towards a cliffside.

'We're losing altitude!' shrieked Sheena.

'We're going to crash!' cried Croaky.

'Feathers, there must be holes in the balloon, too!' said Winston, blasting more gas into it to force it upwards. But it was no use. 'At least we'll have a soft landing on the lush greenery below.'

'That's a *cactus patch*!' Sheena replied.

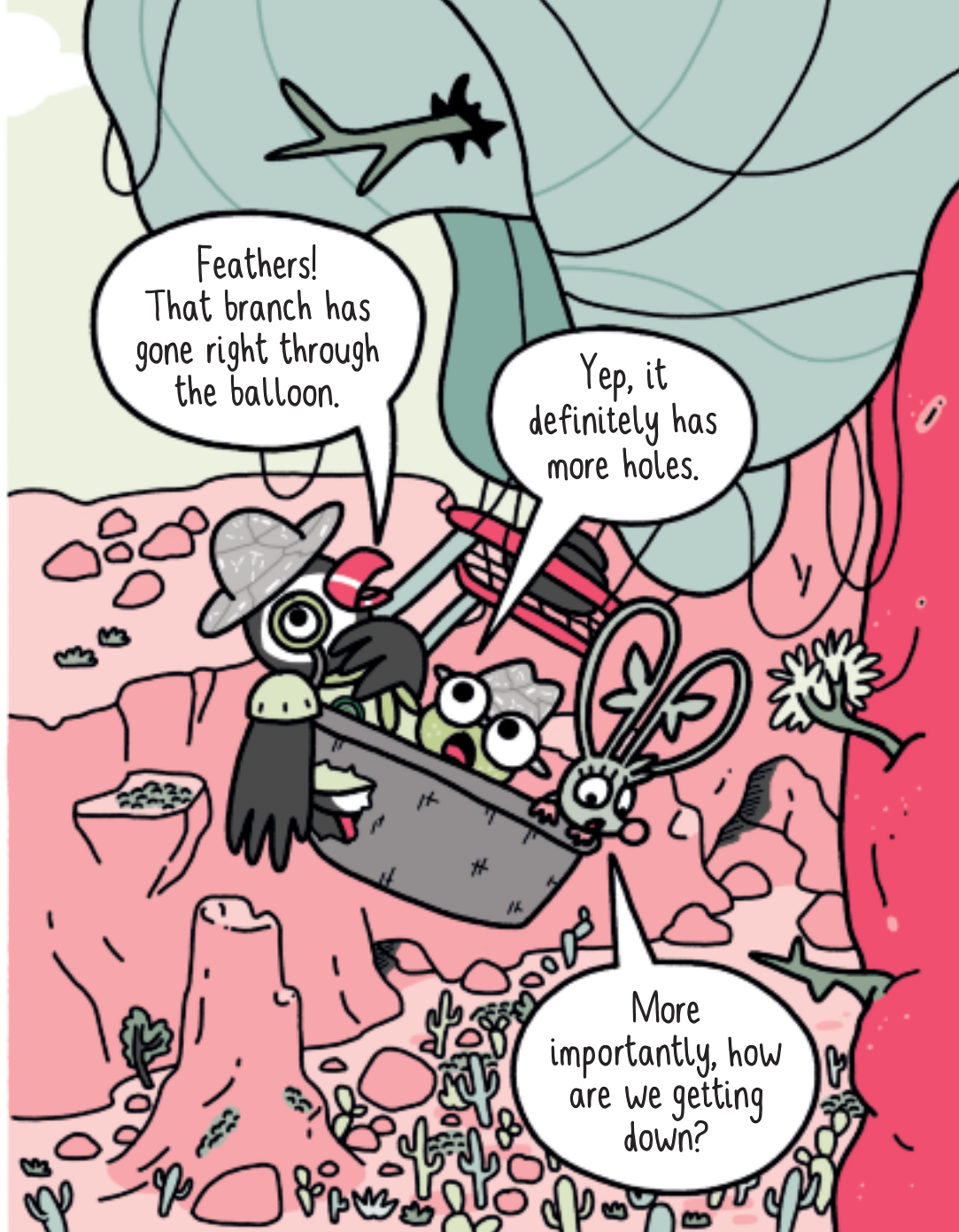
'Ah. Oh dear,' said Winston.

And then their balloon hit the canyon wall.

4

Croaky was usually very good at thinking fast to get out of a pickle. But, in the moments before they crashed, he just covered his eyes and hoped for the best.

And, in a strange kind of way, it worked.



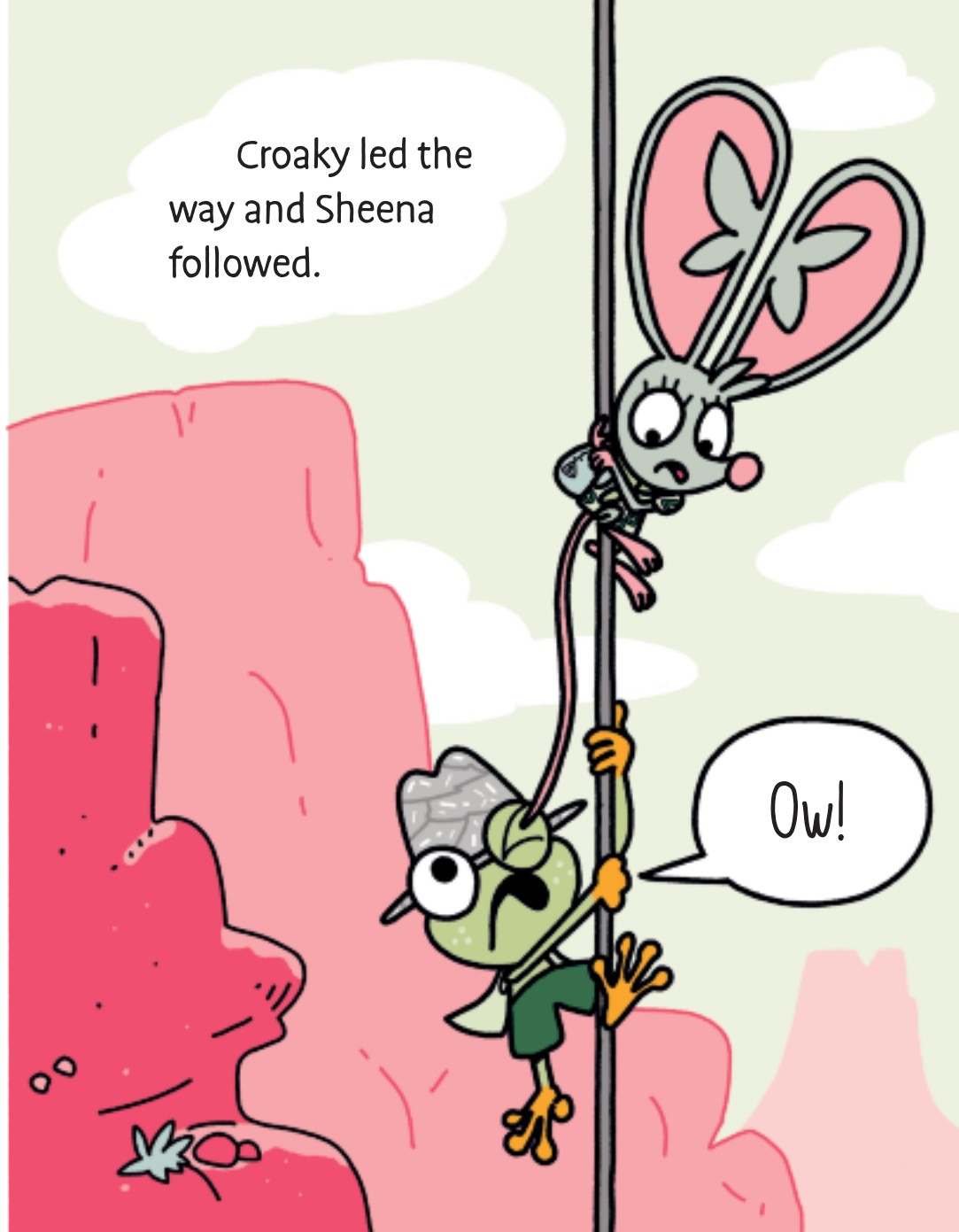
‘On the plus side, I can see the observatory!’ chirped Winston as they dangled.

‘We’re far too high to jump out,’ said Croaky. ‘Do we have any rope?’

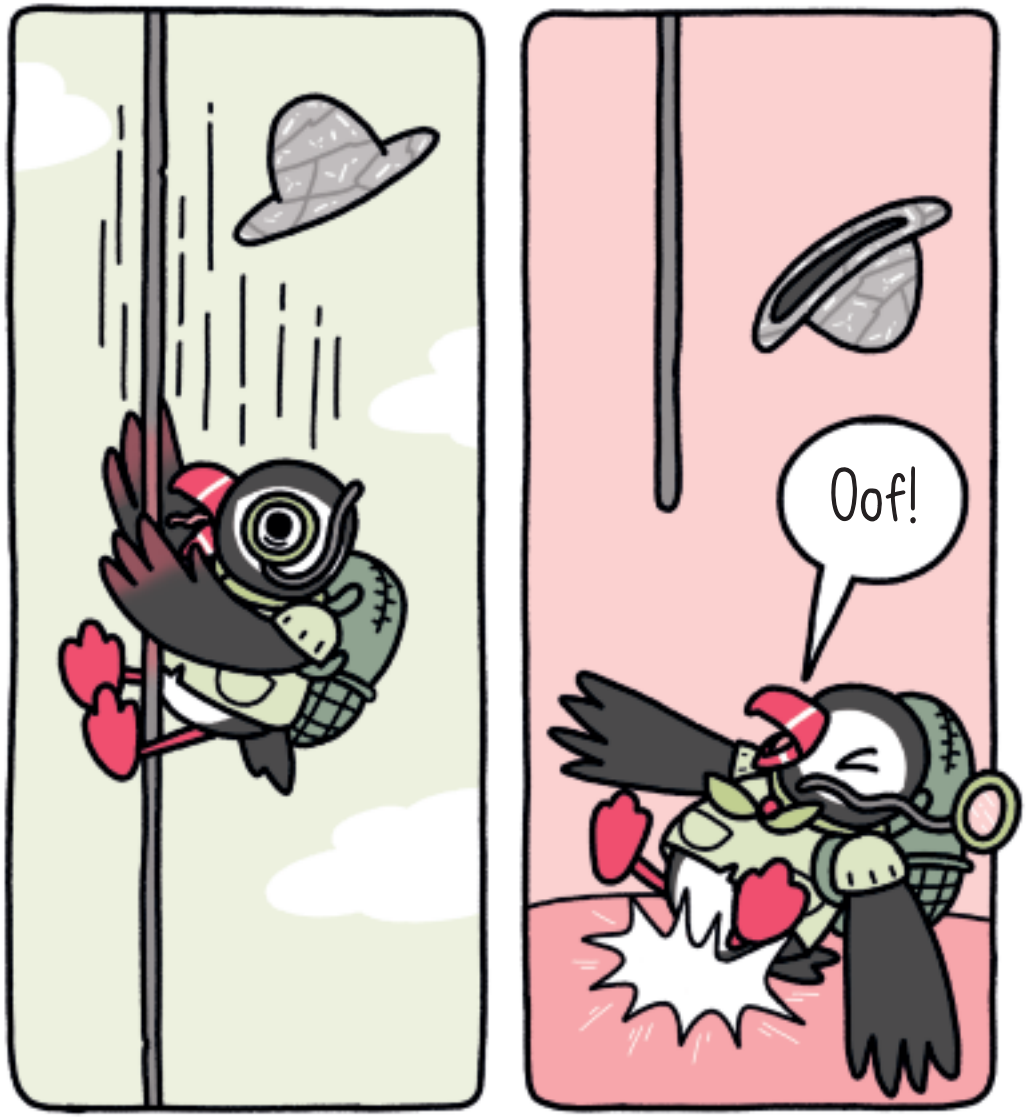
Winston rummaged in his backpack and gave a coil to Croaky. The frog looped it through the hole in the basket and then stared at it blankly.

‘Honestly! Don’t you know how to tie a knot?’ said Sheena. She took the rope and fastened it tight.

‘Excellent teamwork!’ said Winston. ‘Now, which one of you wants to go first?’



Then it was Winston's turn.



'Owww, rope burn!' whined the puffin, flapping his wings to cool them off.

'Keep that up and you might fly to the observatory!' Sheena laughed.

'We all know those days are long gone.' Winston sighed. 'Besides, we need to find our UFO first.'



The Woggle Scouts searched high and low, and all of them got painful reminders to be careful.

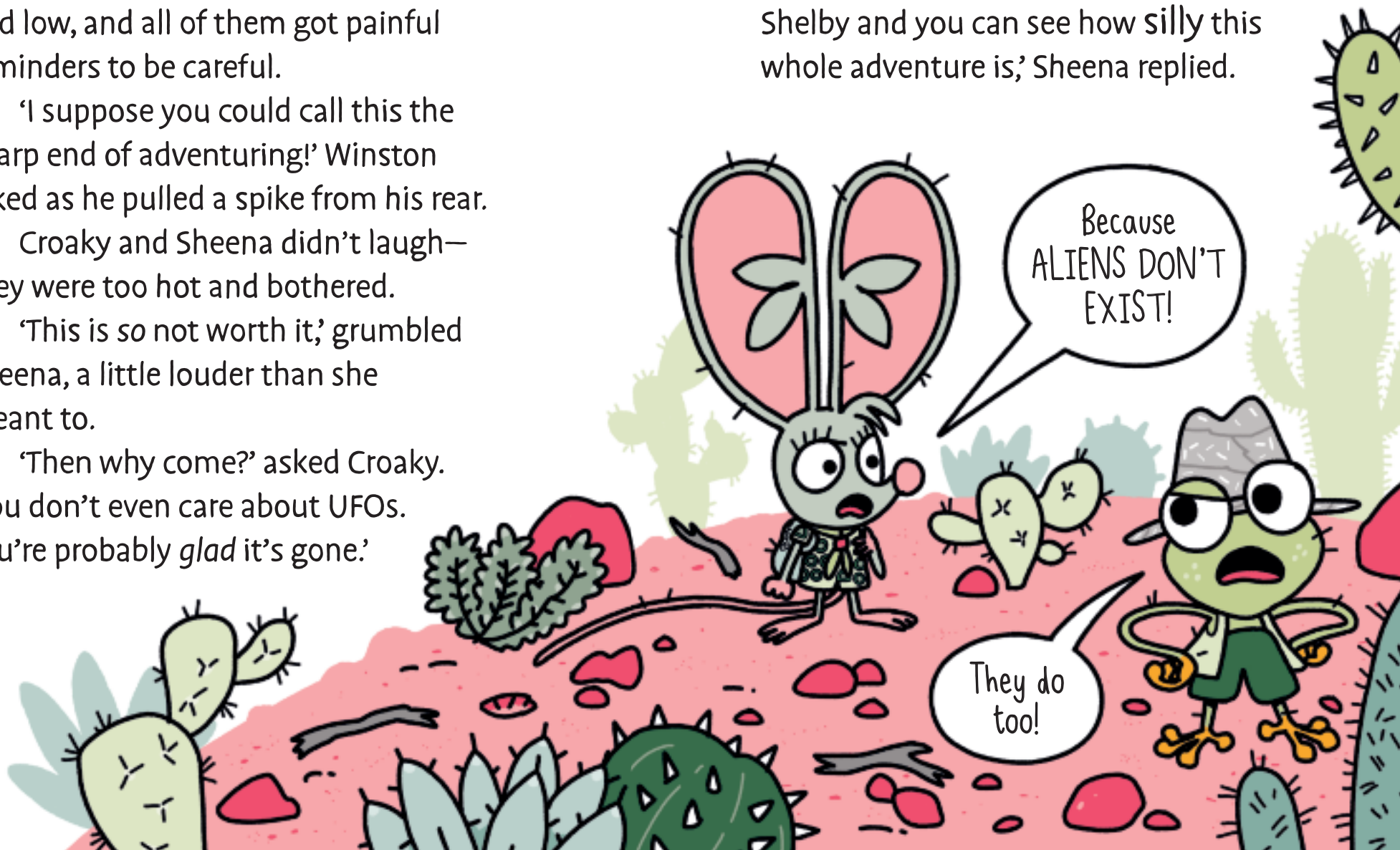
'I suppose you could call this the sharp end of adventuring!' Winston joked as he pulled a spike from his rear.

Croaky and Sheena didn't laugh—they were too hot and bothered.

'This is *so* not worth it,' grumbled Sheena, a little louder than she meant to.

'Then why come?' asked Croaky. 'You don't even care about UFOs. You're probably *glad* it's gone.'

'I want us to find it so we can show Shelby and you can see how **silly** this whole adventure is,' Sheena replied.



'Hush now!' said Winston firmly. 'This place is warm enough without you two getting all hot-headed! We'll only complete our mission if we *work together.*'

Croaky said nothing and stomped on ahead. *I'll show Sheena who's silly*, he thought. *I just need the UFO.*

BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP.

It wasn't loud, but Croaky could hear *something* nearby. He dashed after the sound, picking up a few prickles on the way.

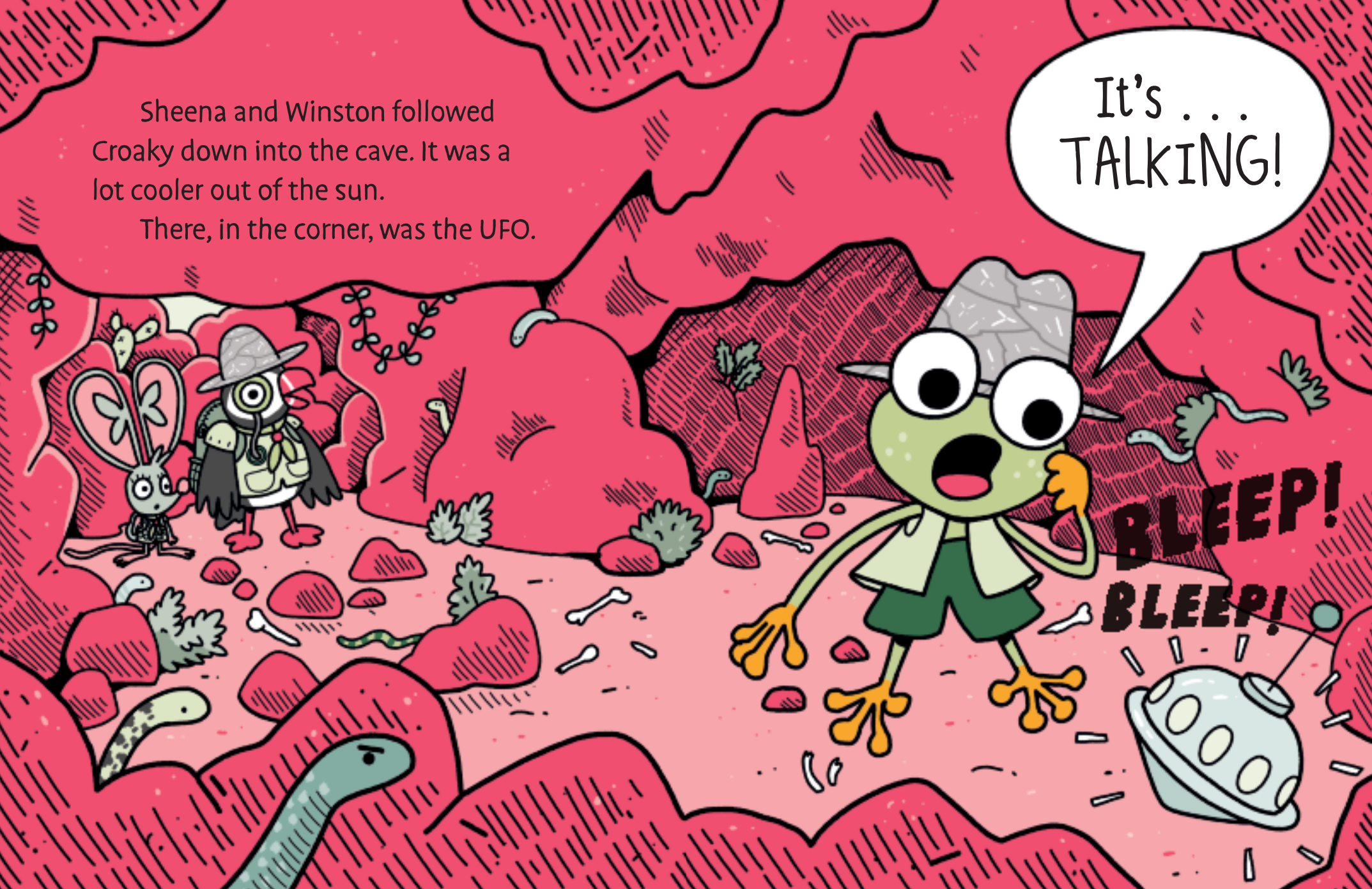


But Sheena had heard it first.

'It's my big ears,' she explained, trying to lighten the mood between them.

They stood over the entrance to an underground cave.




Sheena and Winston followed Croaky down into the cave. It was a lot cooler out of the sun.
There, in the corner, was the UFO.
It's . . . TALKING!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!

‘What’s that other noise it’s making?’ asked Sheena, as Croaky went to grab it.

A hissing sound echoed around them.

‘That’s not coming from the UFO,’ said Winston.

From every nook and cranny, shapes began to wriggle out of the darkness. Some of them began to coil around the UFO. Croaky backed away cautiously and met the others in the middle of the cave.

‘We’re surrounded!’ cried Sheena, as the Woggle Scouts backed into each other.

There was no way out.

5

‘EEEEK!’ squealed Sheena as she realized what was coming for them.



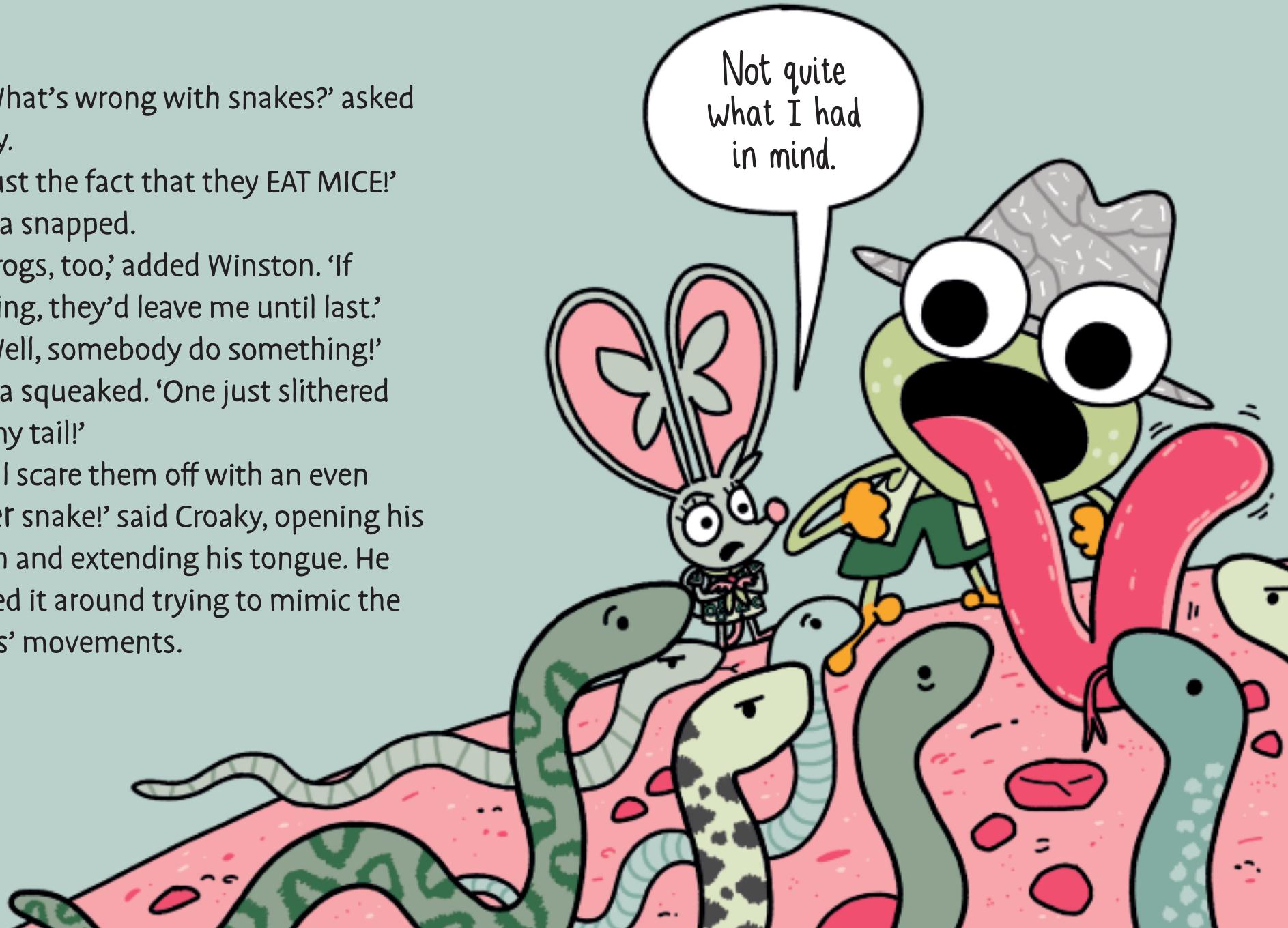
'What's wrong with snakes?' asked Croaky.

'Just the fact that they EAT MICE!' Sheena snapped.

'Frogs, too,' added Winston. 'If anything, they'd leave me until last.'

'Well, somebody do something!' Sheena squeaked. 'One just slithered over my tail!'

'I'll scare them off with an even bigger snake!' said Croaky, opening his mouth and extending his tongue. He wiggled it around trying to mimic the snakes' movements.



A snake lunged at Croaky's tongue with its fangs out. Croaky snapped it back just in time.

'It didn't work!' Croaky cried. 'They thought it was food!'

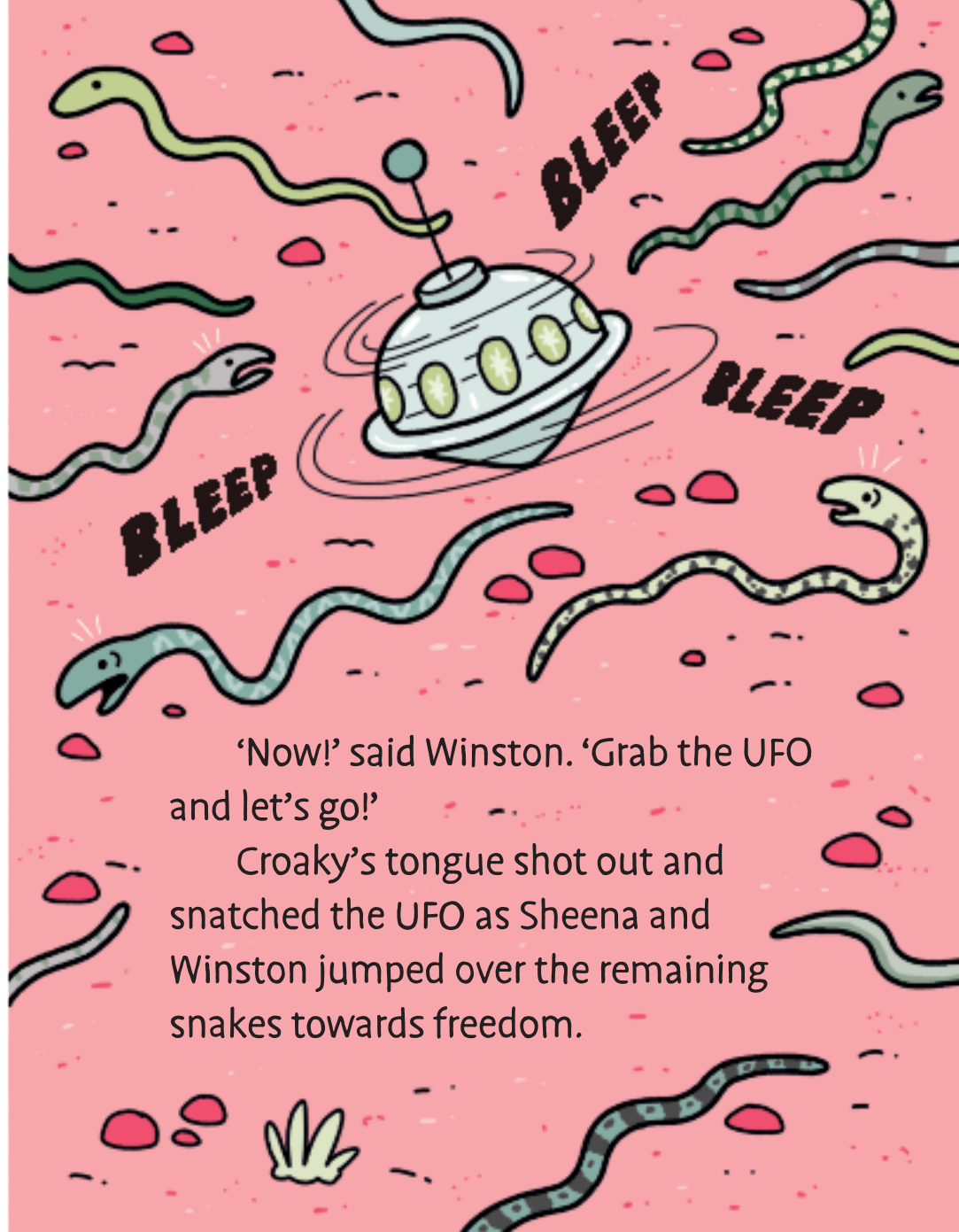
'Let's make a run for it,' said Winston. 'You two, climb up on to my shoulders. Winston T. Featherworthy can handle a few snakes nipping at his ankles!'

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

The UFO began to spin around with its lights flashing.

And the snakes didn't like it one bit.

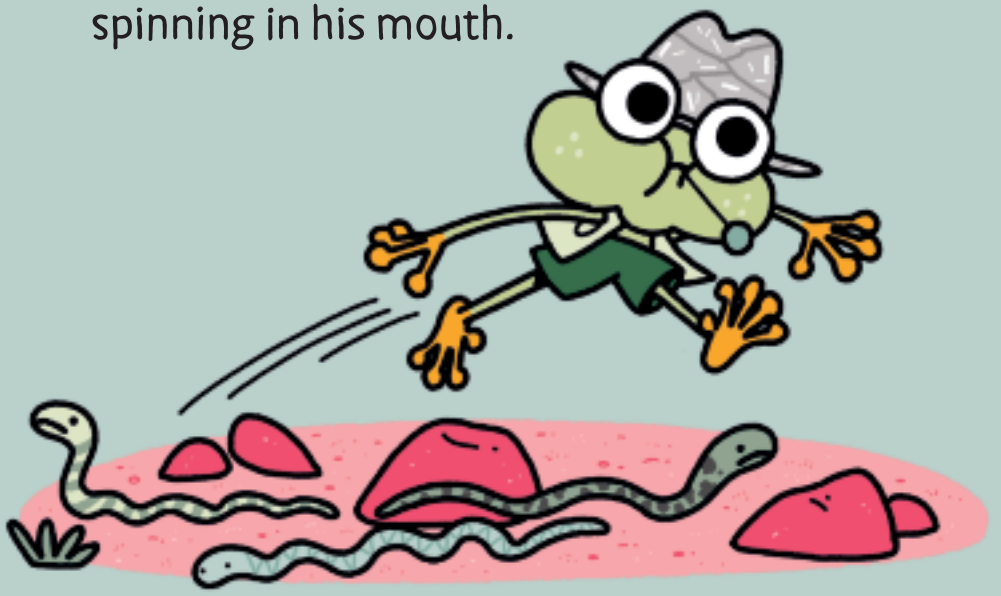
The Woggle Scouts watched the snakes scatter.



'Now!' said Winston. 'Grab the UFO and let's go!'

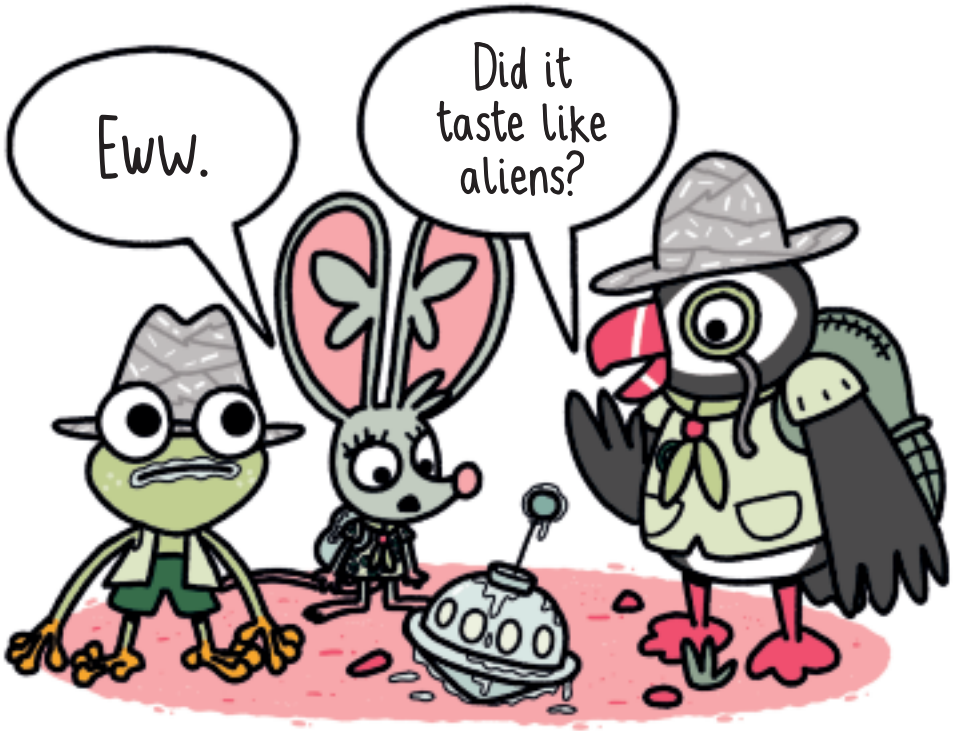
Croaky's tongue shot out and snatched the UFO as Sheena and Winston jumped over the remaining snakes towards freedom.

Croaky followed, the UFO still spinning in his mouth.



They clambered out of the cave before the snakes could regroup. The arid air of Crater Canyon didn't feel so bad now.

Croaky felt the UFO go still. He spat it out on to the ground.



'Well, that was another lucky escape,' said Winston. 'I daresay Crater Canyon is pushing us to the limit!'

'It's like the UFO knew we were in trouble,' said Croaky. *Could there really be something or someone inside, controlling it?* he wondered again.

But the UFO wasn't hanging around to give him an answer. It spun back into life, flinging froggy goo in all directions.



They watched it shoot away from them at lightning speed.

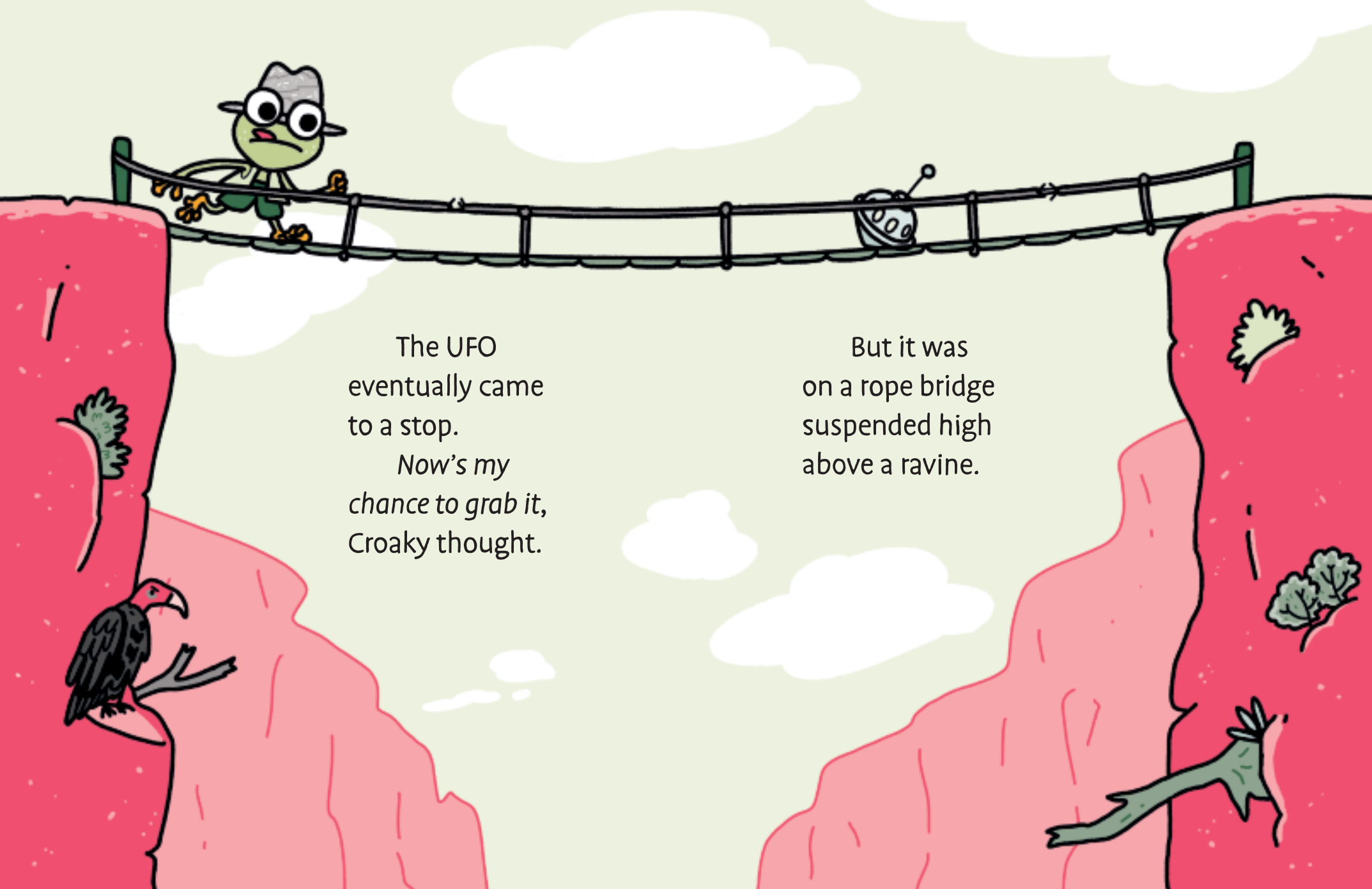
They had lost it again.

6

'That thing has a mind of its own!' said Winston as they began to give chase.

Croaky burst out in front and soon left the other two far behind. He was relieved that he didn't have a heavy backpack to slow him down.





The UFO eventually came to a stop.

Now's my chance to grab it, Croaky thought.

But it was on a rope bridge suspended high above a ravine.

Croaky was no stranger to rope bridges. He scampered across excitedly, but that only made it rock from side to side.

The UFO rolled close to the edge.

Gotta go slow, Croaky told himself.

He inched along, not taking his eyes off the UFO. The planks creaked beneath his feet. Croaky grasped the ropes more tightly. It was a *long way down.*

The UFO started to spin again.

No! Not now! Croaky thought. He charged forwards and lunged.

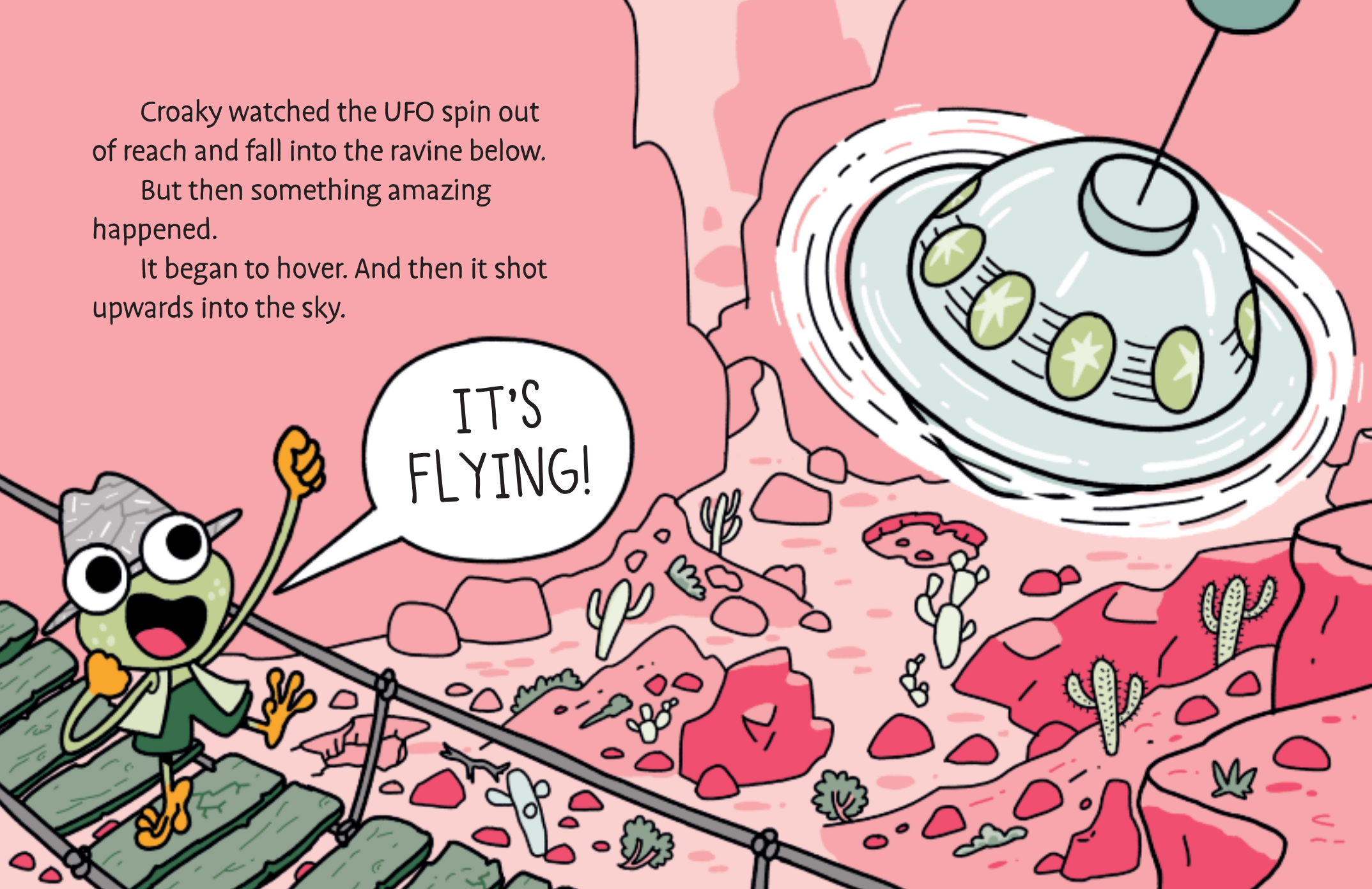
But it was too late.



Croaky watched the UFO spin out of reach and fall into the ravine below.

But then something amazing happened.

It began to hover. And then it shot upwards into the sky.



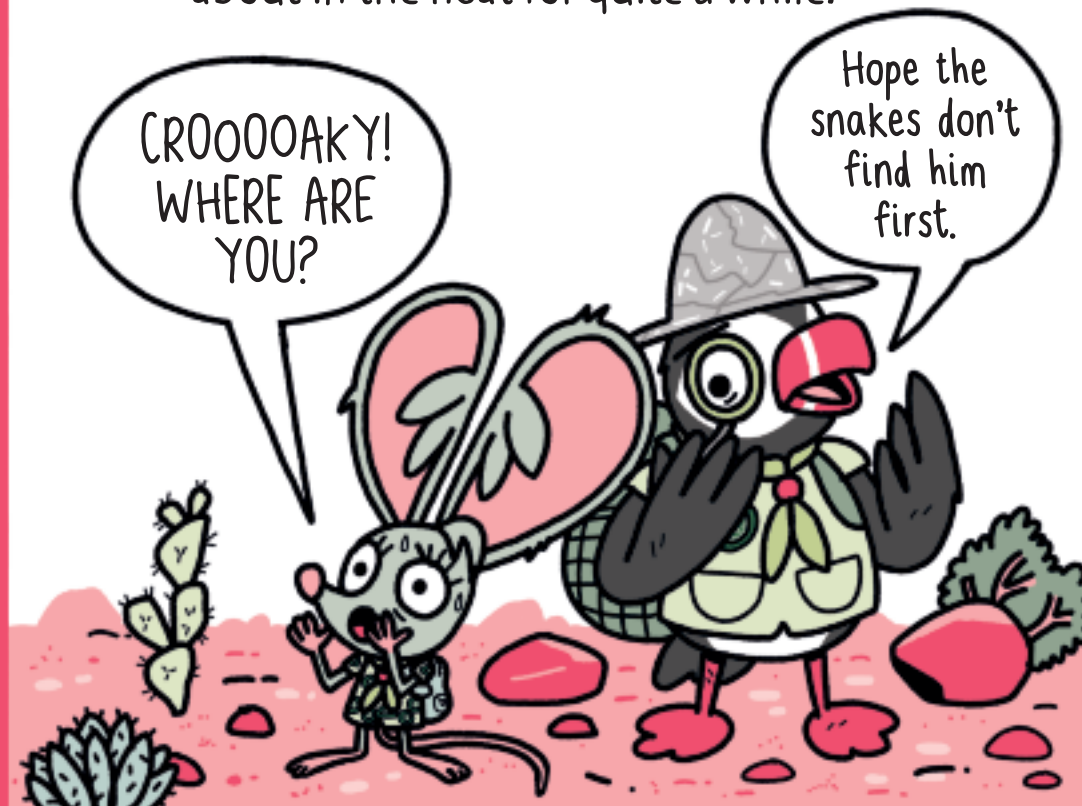
Croaky found himself jumping up and down and cheering. Then, *snap*, the plank beneath him split in two.

Croaky fell through.



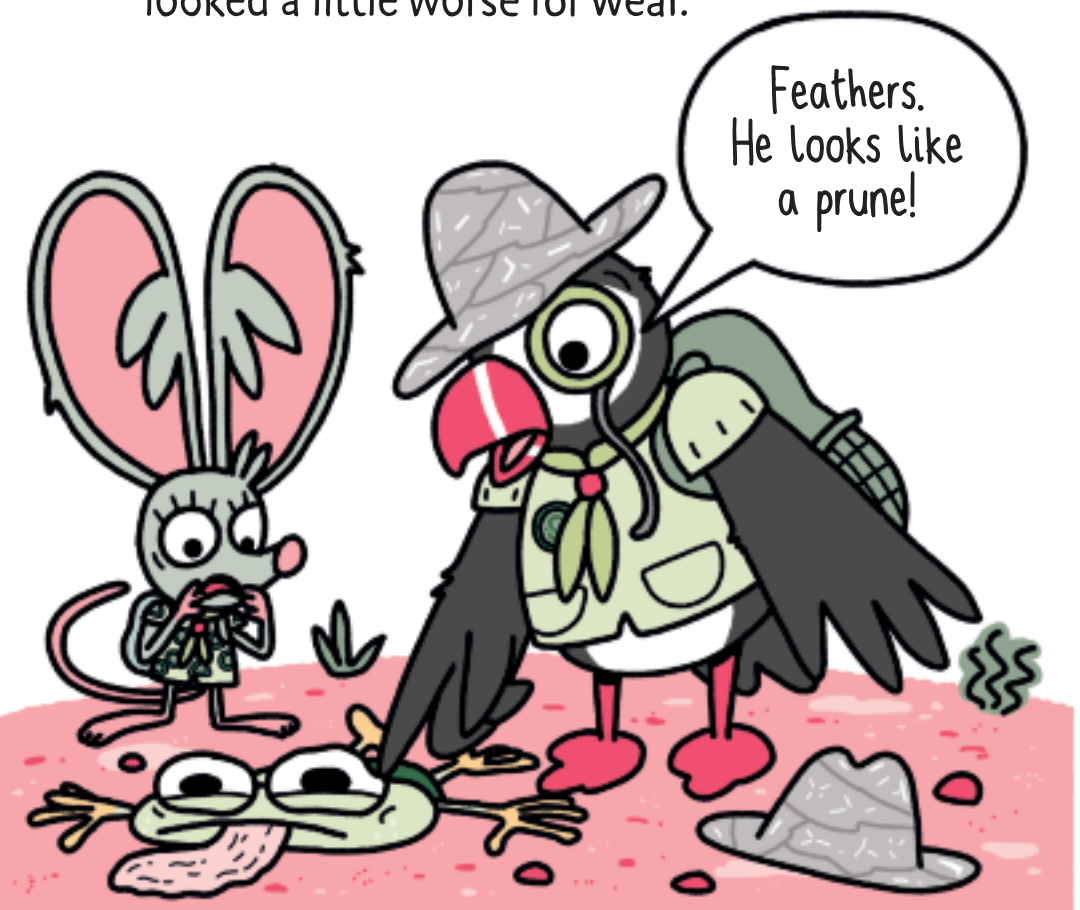
7

Winston and Sheena had been trudging about in the heat for quite a while.



'We *know* he's in this area,' said Sheena. Her huge ears picked up a groaning sound from nearby. 'This way!' she called.

When they finally found the frog, he looked a little worse for wear.



'I'll give him a good soak with some water!' Sheena said.



Croaky explained what had happened between big glugs of water. 'As I fell, I latched on to a branch with my tongue. When it snapped, I grabbed hold of a rock and climbed down. And then I got dizzy from the heat.'

'Well, it's a good job you had a tinfoil hat,' said Winston. 'We saw it reflecting the sun!'

'Croaky, I'm SO sorry,' said Sheena. 'I never meant for you to be in danger. The UFO is—'

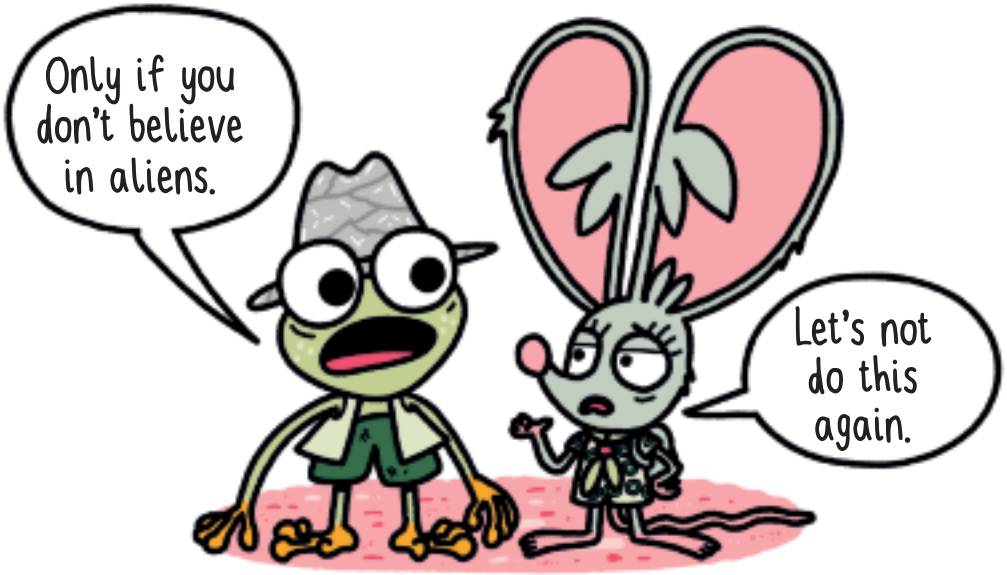
'The UFO!' cried Croaky, remembering. 'It can *FLY*!'

'Of course it can!' Winston laughed. 'The clue is in the name, after all.'

'But it's like it's regaining its power,' said Croaky.

'No doubt it's a long way away by now.' Winston sighed. 'Maybe on Mars or wherever it came from.'

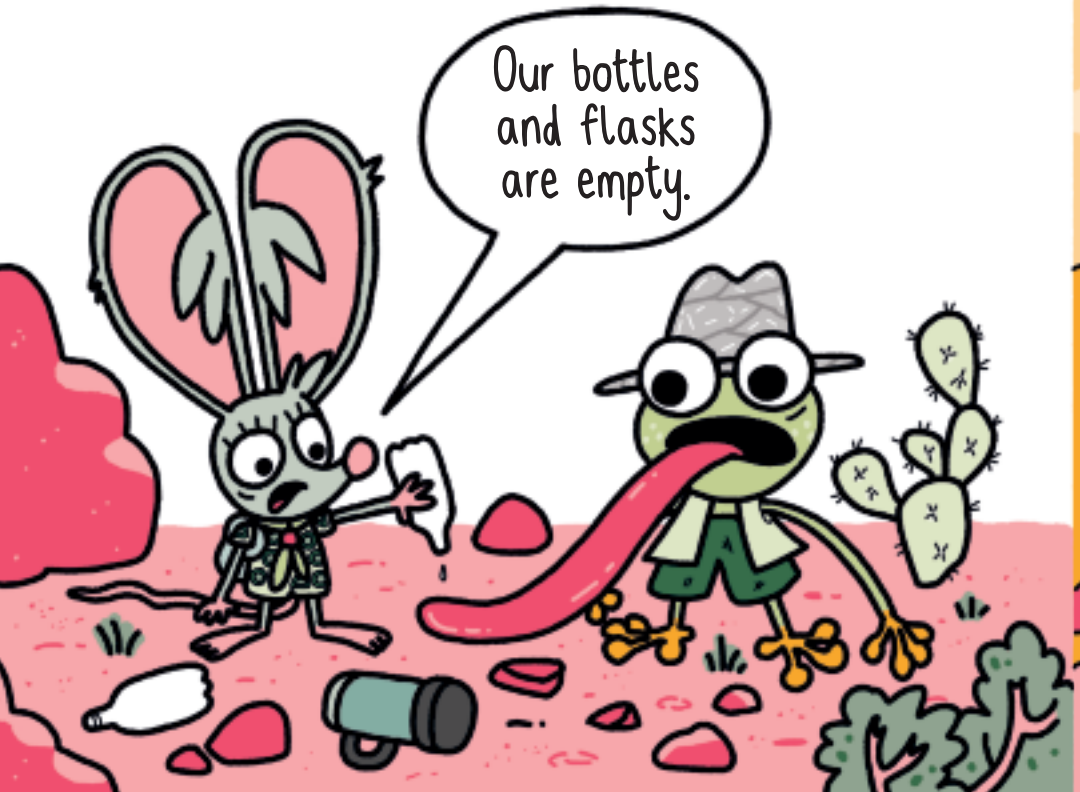
'It flew away?' Sheena asked, confused. 'But . . . that doesn't make any sense . . .'



'This probably puts an end to our mission,' said Winston sadly. 'Perhaps some things aren't meant to be understood.'

'Maybe,' said Sheena, 'but we still need to reach Shelby's observatory.'

'How come?' asked Winston.



The sun was starting to fade as they reached the observatory.




Winston stopped and held out a wing to prevent Sheena and Croaky getting closer.
Something didn't seem right.
The door is open!

'Shelby?' called Winston. No answer. He tried again. Silence.

'Now that *is* odd,' said Winston, sounding concerned.

'What do we do now?' asked Croaky.



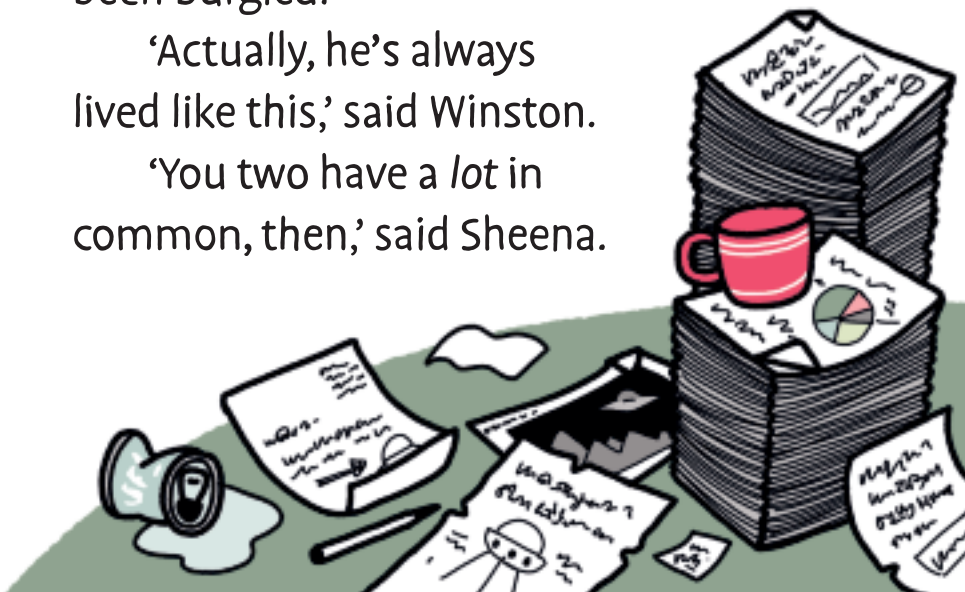
8

The three Woggle Scouts crept into Shelby's observatory. There was mess everywhere—piles of paper on the tables and clutter strewn across the floor.

Croaky gasped. 'Shelby's been burgled!'

'Actually, he's always lived like this,' said Winston.

'You two have a *lot* in common, then,' said Sheena.



They checked the place over, but it was clear they were alone.

Winston opened the fridge and took out some cans of lemonade.

'I'm sure Shelby won't mind,' he said, passing them around. Croaky drank his a little *too* fast.



Croaky's eyes were drawn to a wall covered with photos and notes.

'Shelby has certainly been busy,' said Winston. 'Look at these photographs of spaceships! I wonder if they are the cause of the flashing lights seen in the night sky.'

'None of them look like our UFO,' said Croaky, disappointed.

'But vehicles on our planet all look different from each other. Perhaps it's the same for alien transport,' Winston pondered.

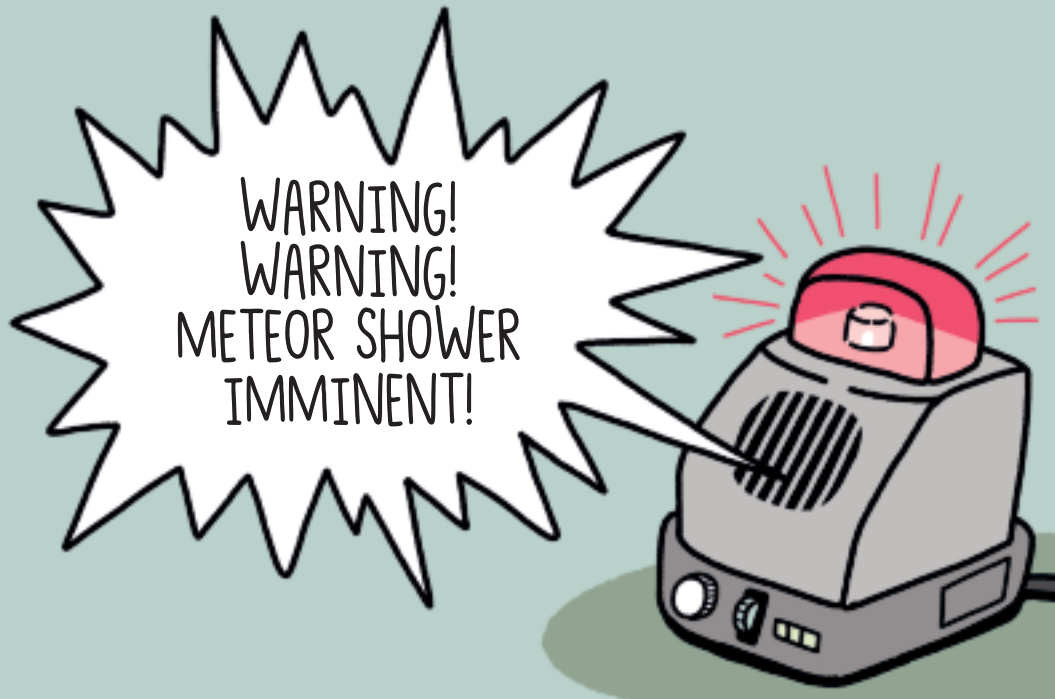
'Let's focus on finding Shelby,' Sheena reminded them.

'Maybe he was beamed up by aliens,' said Croaky. 'He got too close to the truth, so they smuggled him on to their spaceship.'

'That might explain why the door was left open and why his dune buggy is still parked outside,' said Winston.

'Or *MAYBE* he just went for a walk and forgot to lock the door?' offered Sheena, trying to bring the other two back down to earth.

'Both excellent theories,' said Winston.



The Woggle Scouts jumped in alarm.

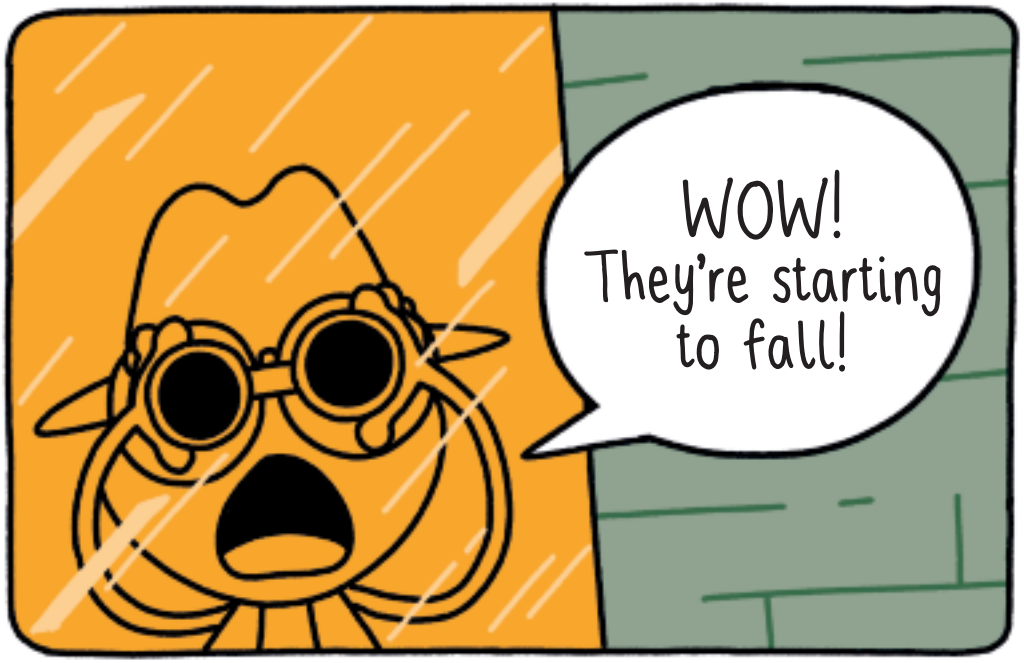
'Shelby's meteor detection system!' said Winston. 'Sounds like there'll be a shower somewhere nearby.'

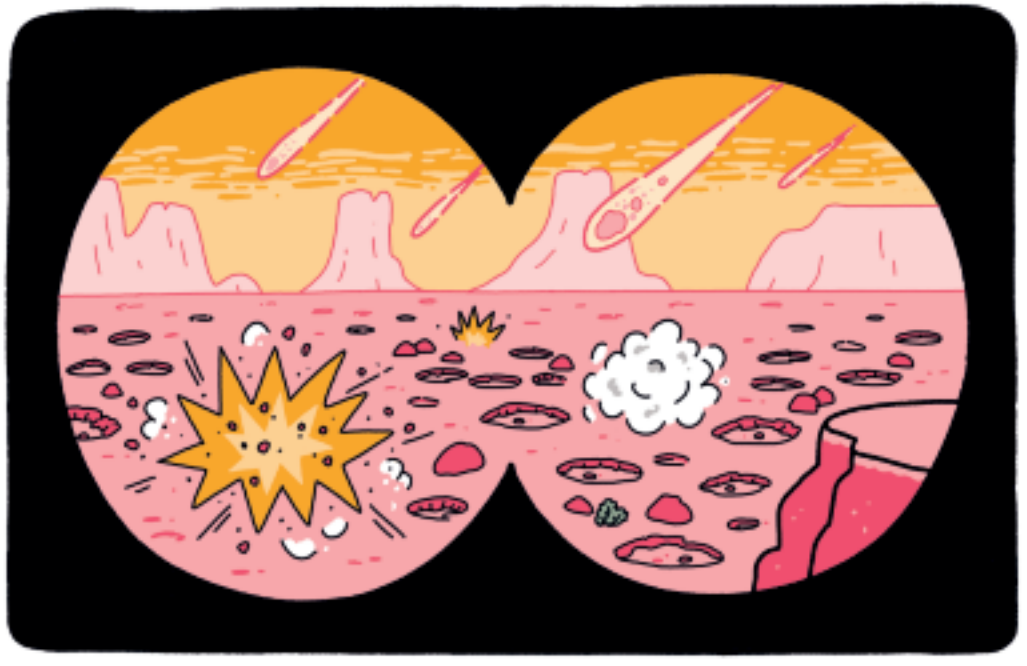
'What do we do?' asked Croaky. 'We could get SMUSHED!'

'We'll be safe here,' said Winston. 'This place was built to block any blast or barrage!'

'Probably helps if you close the front door first,' said Sheena, pulling it shut.

Croaky found a pair of binoculars and ran to the window.





Fire flashed in the sky. Croaky zoomed in on the ground where the meteors landed, causing eruptions of dust and debris. Something among the chaos caught his eye.

He gasped.

'Winston! Someone's out there!' he said.

'*WHAT?*' said Winston, grabbing the binoculars.

Croaky saw the puffin's face go pale.

'Oh no!' Winston whimpered.



9

'We have to help him!' cried Croaky. 'A tortoise can't outrun a meteor.'

'We could take the buggy,' Sheena suggested.

'Great idea!' said Winston. They rushed outside.

Croaky hopped into the driver's seat.

'Nice try!' said Winston, shooing him away.

The puffin got in and started the buggy's engine. 'Buckle up!' he warned.


'This could be a wild ride!'
They bumped and skidded downhill.
When they got to flatter ground,
Winston really put his foot down.
WAAAHHHH!
I did say 'buckle up!'



Croaky felt like the sky itself was falling down around them.

'WATCH OUT!' shrieked Sheena as a meteor hit the dirt nearby.

Winston spun the wheel so sharply Croaky thought the buggy might roll over.

'That was a little close for comfort!'

joked Winston as they powered onwards.

'You mean we were seconds away from being squished,' squeaked Sheena.

Croaky tried to focus on finding Shelby, but the buggy was kicking up so much dust it was hard to see anything.

Luckily, Shelby was closer than they realized.

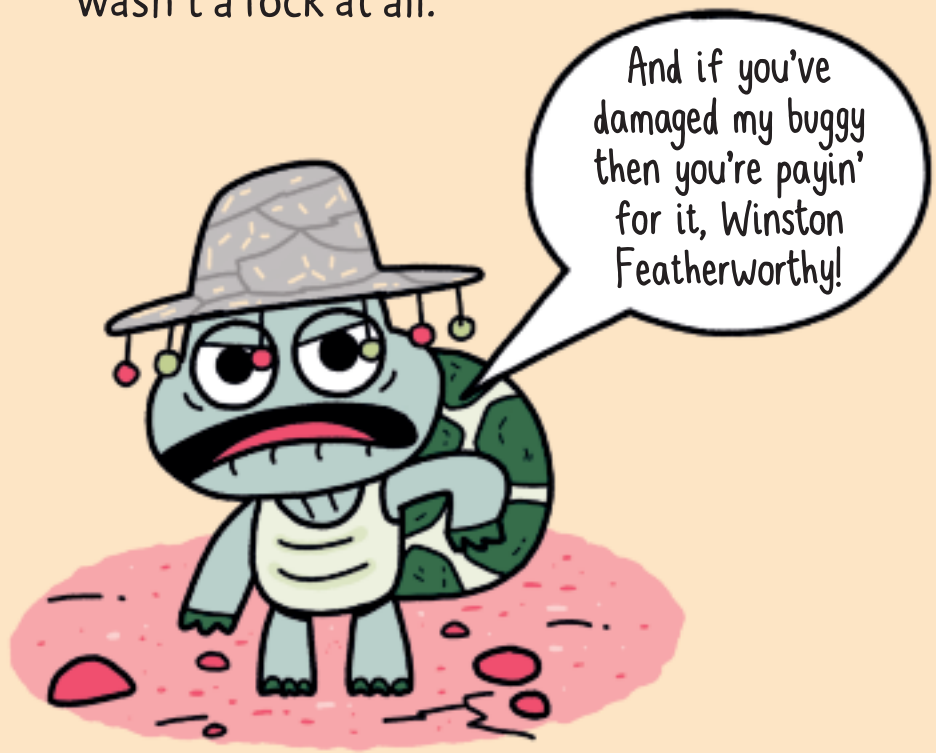


Winston slammed his foot on the brake a little too late. They came to a halt with a bump.

'Is everyone all right?' Winston asked.

'Well, you probably put a few scratches on my shell!' came the response.

A head, arms, and legs emerged from the rock, which Croaky realized wasn't a rock at all.



‘Shelby!’ Winston cried with relief. ‘Quick, climb in and let’s get out of here!’

‘Hold your horses,’ grumbled Shelby. ‘Aren’t you forgettin’ somethin’? That’s *MY* buggy. *I’M* DRIVIN’!’

After a quick shuffle, they were speeding back to the observatory.

Croaky spotted something flying right alongside the buggy.

‘The UFO!’ he said. It was just out of reach.

‘Oh no you don’t,’ said Sheena, putting an arm out to stop him. But Croaky’s seabelt was already unbuckled. He leant out of the

buggy and clambered on to the roof.

‘ARE YOU LOOKIN’ FOR TROUBLE, LAD?’ Shelby shouted.

‘Croaky! Do be careful!’ Winston urged. ‘Sorry,’ he said to Shelby. ‘He’s not normally like this.’

‘He’s *ALWAYS* like this!’ Sheena corrected him.

But Croaky could only think about the mission. He couldn’t stomach the idea of never fully knowing what the UFO really was. Not after they’d come all this way and faced the dangers of Crater Canyon.

He steadied himself and rose to his feet, as his tongue whipped in and out trying to make contact with the UFO.



It's like it doesn't want to be caught, Croaky thought as it zigzagged around him.

A flash in the sky appeared behind them. And it was getting bigger.

'*METEOR!*' Sheena screamed. It was blazing towards the buggy.

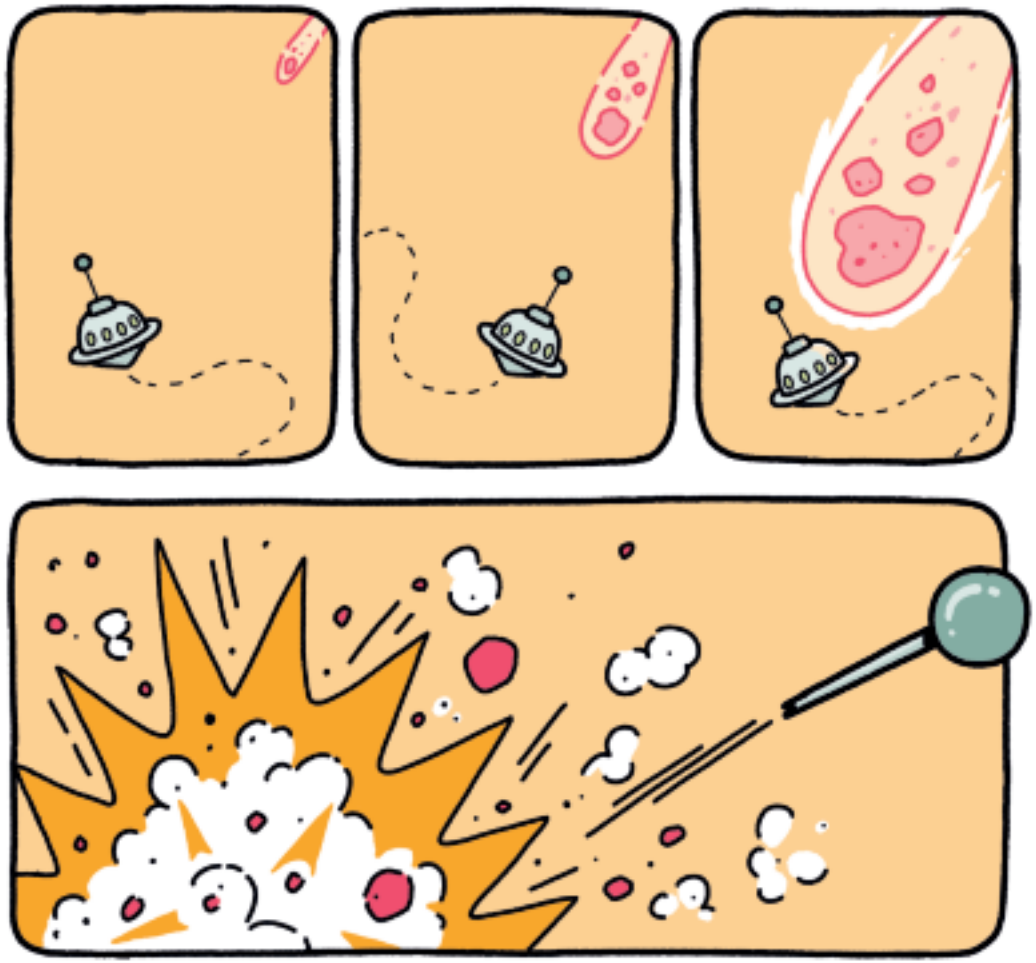
'HOLD ON, FROG BOY!' Shelby shouted.

Croaky planted his feet wide on the buggy roof and stretched out his arms to balance. The buggy veered sharply and powered away from the collision course.

But the UFO didn't follow.

'NOOOOO!' Croaky cried. He watched helplessly as the fireball ripped

through the sky and crashed down, taking the UFO with it.



'Ooof! That was one hot potato!' said Shelby. 'You'd be frog mush if that had landed on you!'

'I was so close to the UFO,' Croaky said sadly, as he clambered down to his seat. Now he really hoped there *wasn't* an alien inside.

They raced towards safety as the meteor shower dried up.

'Now, time for you to tell me what in the blazes you were all doin' out here,' said Shelby as they parked outside the observatory.

'I think we could ask you the same thing,' said Winston.



Shelby peered into his fridge.

'Coulda sworn I had lemonade in here,' he grumbled. 'So how come you all came to Crater Canyon?' he asked. 'Dangerous place. Most folk stay away. And that's just how I like it!'

'I thought you were supposed to be friends,' Sheena whispered to Winston.

'So did I,' replied the puffin.

'We found a UFO,' Croaky said quietly. 'It crash-landed on our Woggle Scout hut. We brought it all this way to show you, but we lost it. And then it got smushed by the meteor.'

'We knew the great Shelby Roswell would be able to tell us all about it,' Winston continued. 'But the UFO had other ideas.'

The tortoise stared at them for what felt like an eternity. And then he started to chuckle. First a little, but soon he couldn't stop himself.



The Woggle Scouts looked at each other, confused.

'Shelby . . . is everything okay?' asked Winston.

'That thing flew right by my observatory,' Shelby said, through fits of laughter. 'I didn't know what it was at first, so I went to grab it, thinkin' it would only take me a minute. Before I knew it, I was down on the desert floor dodgin' death from above! Good job my shell is built like a bunker.'

'But what's so funny about all that?' Croaky asked.

'Because only after I got up close did I realize it was nothin' more than a *TOY*.' The tortoise chuckled. 'And all of us here risked our lives for it!'

He laughed so hard he tipped over on to his shell.

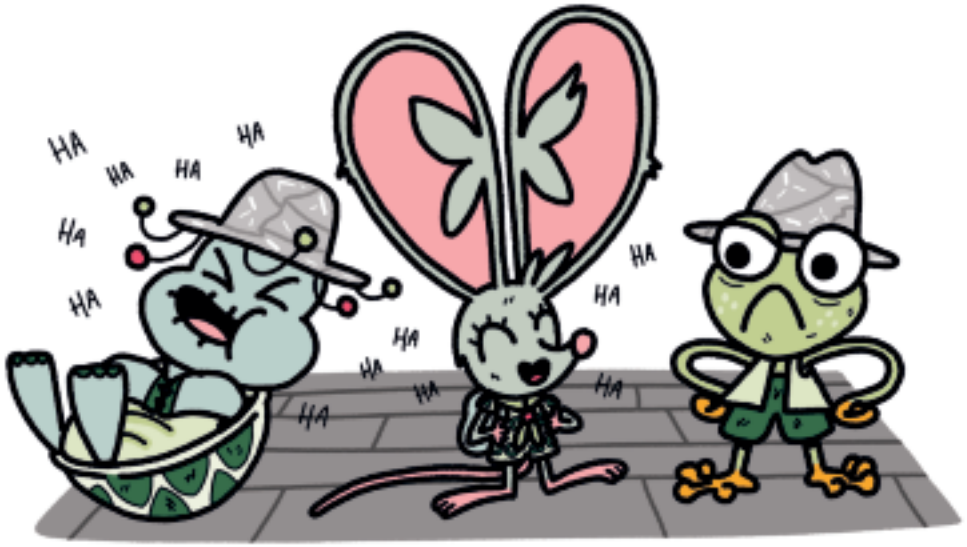
'What do you mean, a *toy*?' asked Croaky.

'Space Spinners, they're called,' said Shelby. 'My grandson has one. Come in all shapes and sizes, they do.'

He held up an advert from one of his UFO magazines.



Croaky looked at Winston in disbelief. The puffin had gone bright red in the face. Now it was Sheena's turn to join in the laughter.



'Sheena, did you already know about this?' Winston asked.

'The adverts are all over TV.' The mouse giggled. 'I wanted to tell you, but you two just got so carried away with all your alien talk. I didn't want to ruin the fun.'

'Sheena!' started Winston. 'If you'd just told us before, then . . . then—'

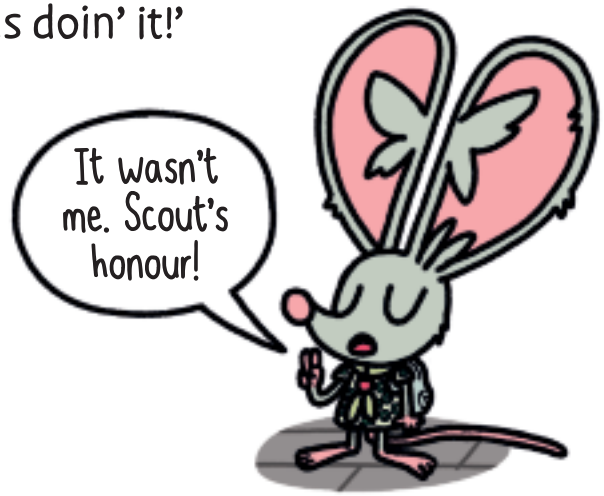


'I suppose it *was* a lot of fun,' Winston said. 'And I'd say we learnt a valuable lesson not to get so ahead of ourselves, eh, Croaky lad?'

'I guess,' said the frog reluctantly.

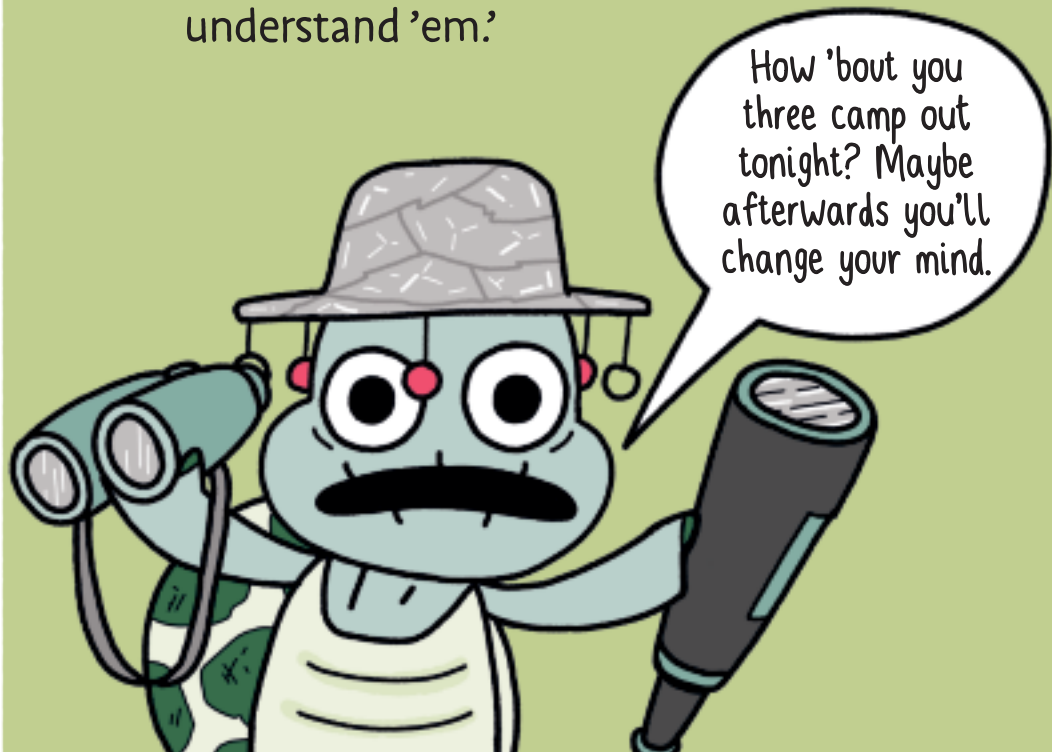
'Good,' said Sheena, trying her best not to sound smug. 'Because there are no such things as aliens.'

'You sure 'bout that?' asked Shelby. 'How do you think that thing was movin' around? Ain't no remote-control signal reachin' this far. Unless one of you was doin' it!'

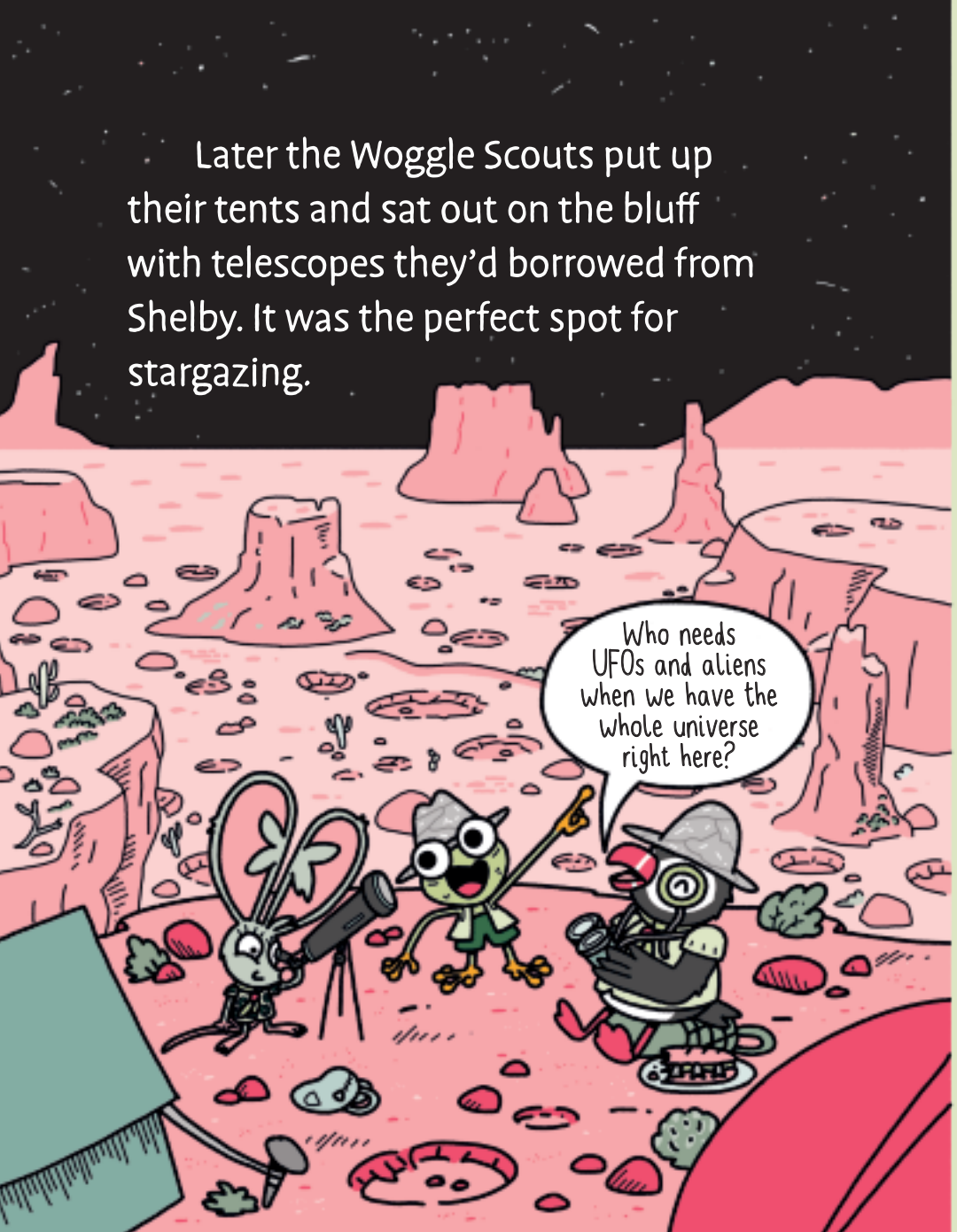


'I was confused by that too,' Sheena admitted.

'*UFOs!*' said Shelby, pointing to his wall of research. 'Up above. You can't see 'em by day, but they're there. Scramblin' our systems! Playin' games with us! I've spent my twilight years out here, alone, tryin' to understand 'em.'



Later the Woggle Scouts put up their tents and sat out on the bluff with telescopes they'd borrowed from Shelby. It was the perfect spot for stargazing.



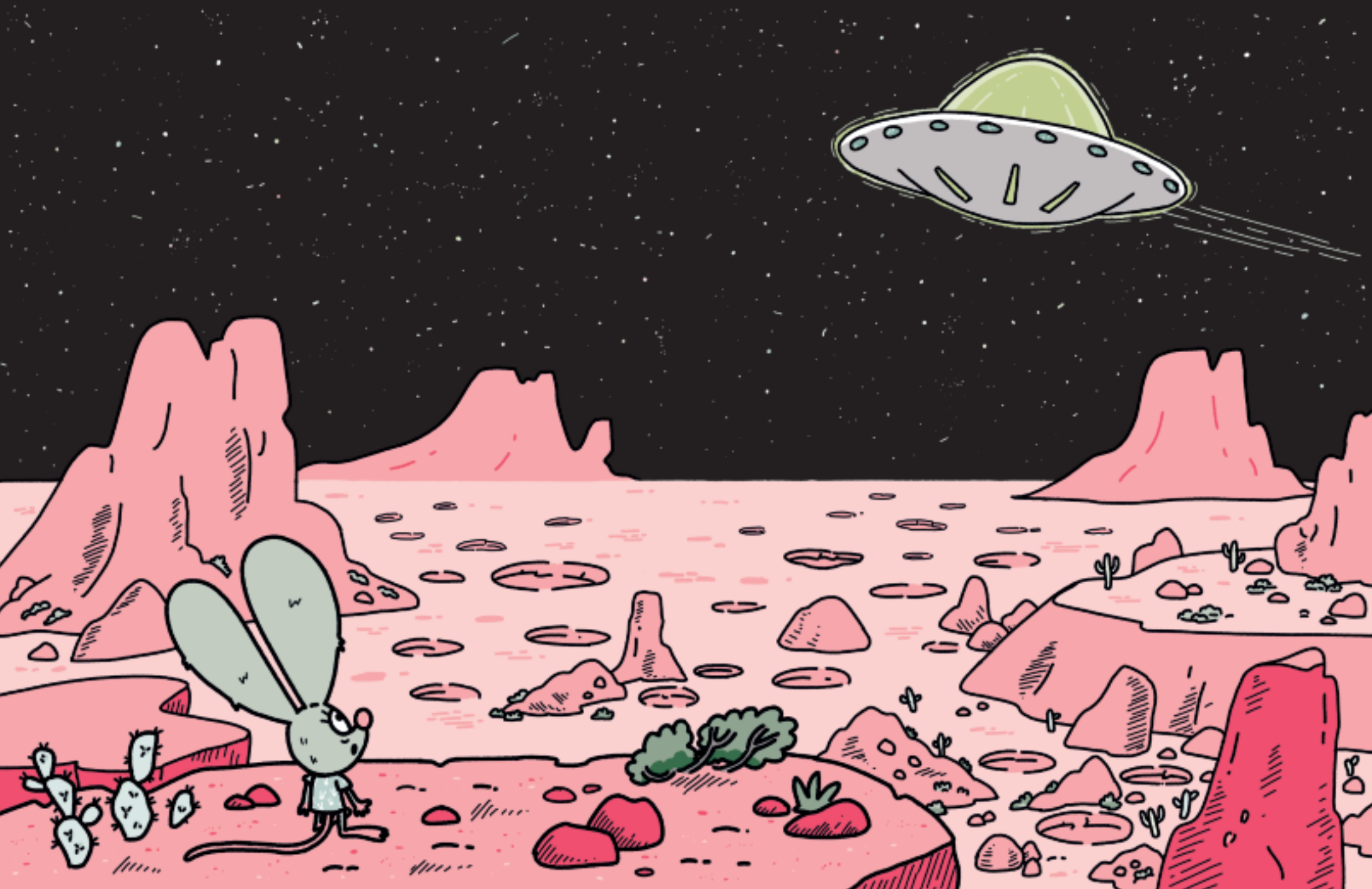
Long after they'd all gone to bed, Sheena woke from a deep sleep. There were bright lights flashing outside and she could hear a strange noise.

Croaky was fast asleep and snoring next to her.

That explains the noise, she thought, as she crawled out of her sleeping bag and unzipped the tent, expecting to find Winston stumbling around in the dark with a torch.

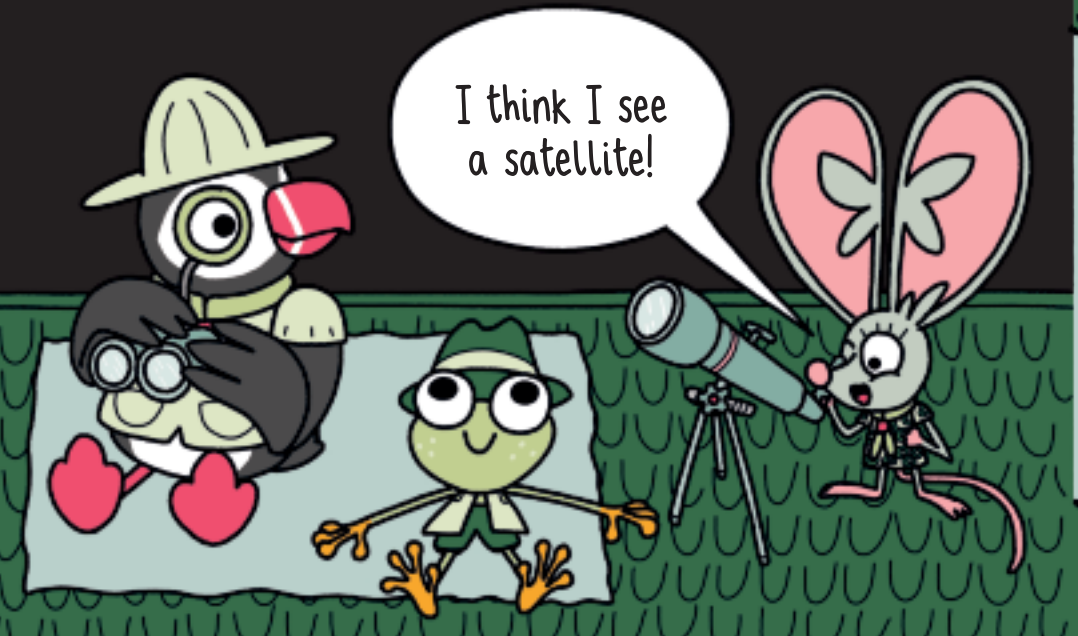
But what she actually saw had her rubbing her eyes in disbelief.





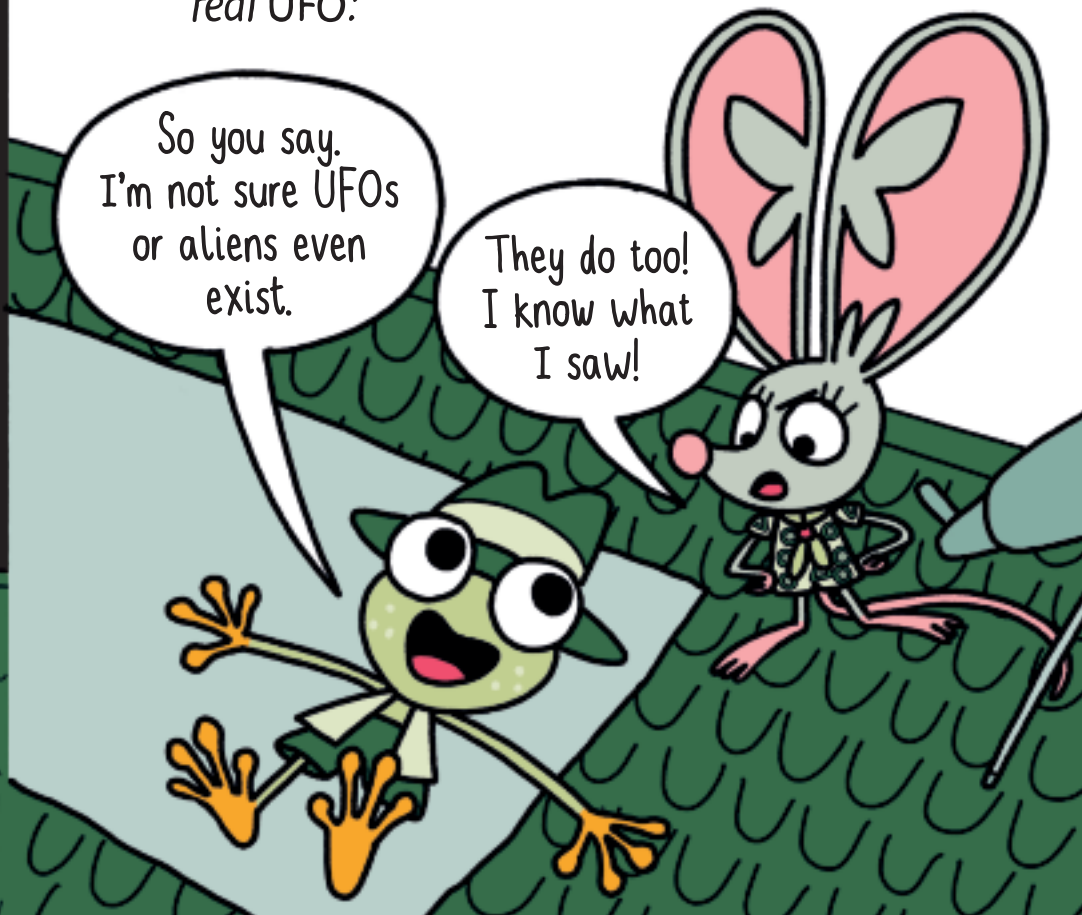
11

Soon after their trip to Crater Canyon, Croaky, Sheena, and Winston found themselves back on the roof of their Woogle Scout hut.



'It sounds like recent events have lit a spark in you, Sheena!' said Winston.

'Well, there is a Stargazing badge I have my eye on,' said Sheena. 'Plus, I am the only one of us who actually saw a *real* UFO.'



Winston chuckled. ‘Look at you two now! Only days ago, you both thought differently. I think this is the most concrete proof we’ve had so far.’

‘Proof of what?’ asked Croaky.

‘That, no matter what you believe, you must always be ready for new discoveries that might change your mind,’ said Winston. ‘I’m sure that’s something we can all agree on.’

‘Absolutely,’ said Sheena, extending a hand to Croaky.

He shook it enthusiastically.

‘Now, take this,’ she said, handing over the telescope.

‘What for?’ he asked.

‘I want you to see a UFO, too,’ said Sheena.

Croaky smiled and looked through the lens.



Thud! Thud! Thud!

'Was that . . . the door?' said Winston, confused. He peered over the edge of the roof.

'Oh, feathers!' he whispered, scrambling back so he wouldn't be seen.

'What? Who is it?' asked Croaky.

'Sheena, pass my kipper sandwiches, would you?' said Winston. 'I think we might be up here a while.'

Thud! Thud! Thud!

'Hello? Is anyone there?' came a voice from below.



Earn your EXPERT BEASTFINDER badge by spotting these creatures in Crater Canyon!





Answers: Vulture: page 58, scorpion: page 41, lizard: page 32, orange snake: page 71.



Find the path that leads to the UFO to earn your EXPERT UFO CHASER BADGE!

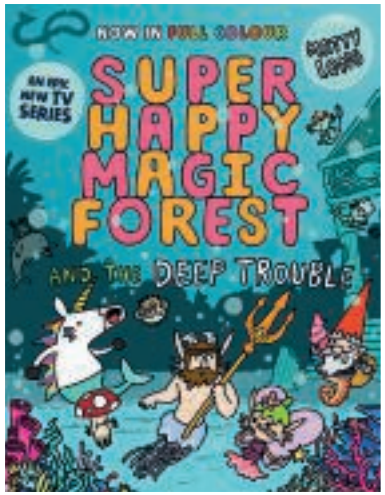


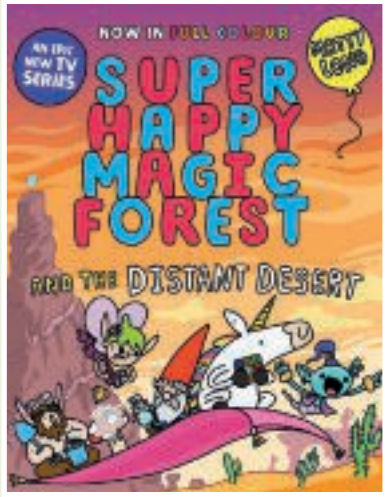
Answer: C

SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST

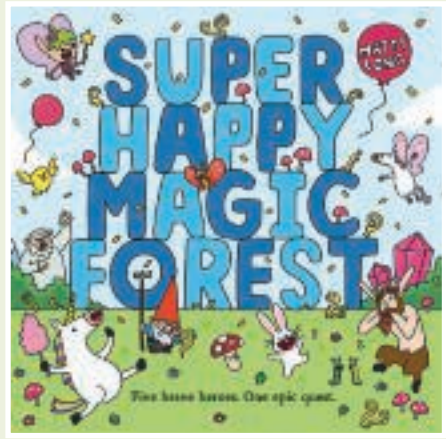








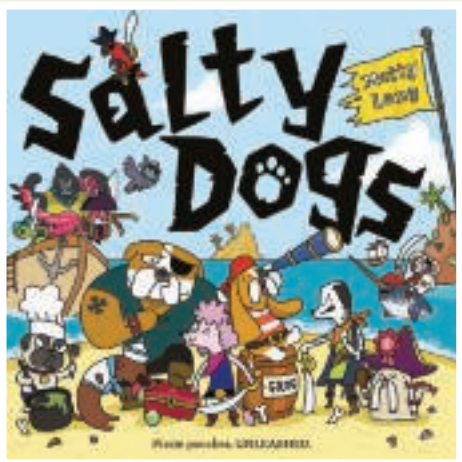
MAGIC FOREST

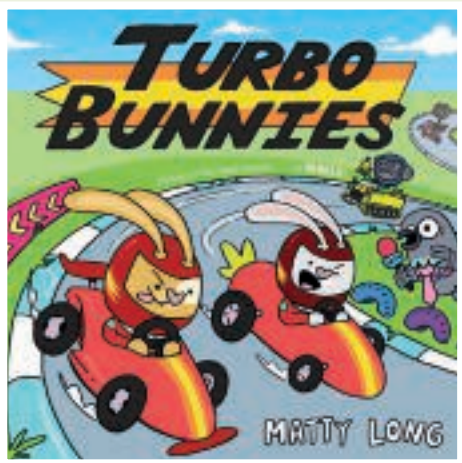




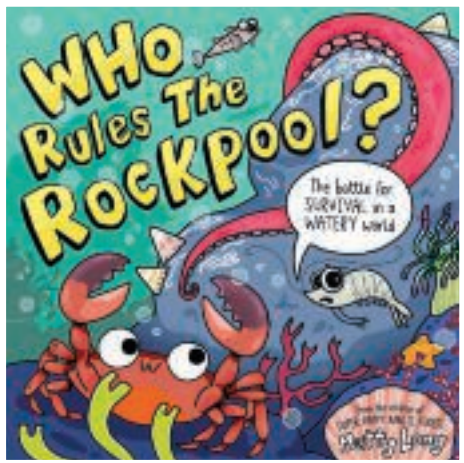


OTHER BOOKS BY MATTY LONG










If you enjoyed this book, please spread the word! Tell all your friends and maybe leave a review online!
I'll give it five stars.

MATTY



- Not much style, if at all
- Mostly likes staying indoors
- Working towards his Expert Drawing and Colouring badge
- Also has an absurdly long tongue (can lick his elbow)
- Has created over 15 books. Wow!
- Would like you to tell EVERYONE about his books

Matty is a former Beaver and Cub Scout (4th Godalming, in case you wondered). He once got stuck on a climbing wall at scout camp and cried until they lowered him down. If only he had Croaky's climbing skill and bravery. These days Matty draws pictures and writes stories to go with them and still vows to always do his best.