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Slime Squad versus the Cyber Poos

written by

Steve Cole

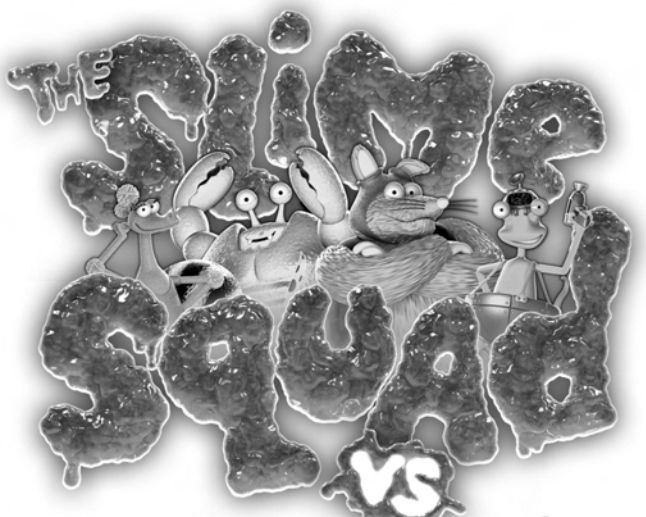
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THE CYBER-POOS



by Steve Cole

Illustrated by Woody Fox

RED FOX

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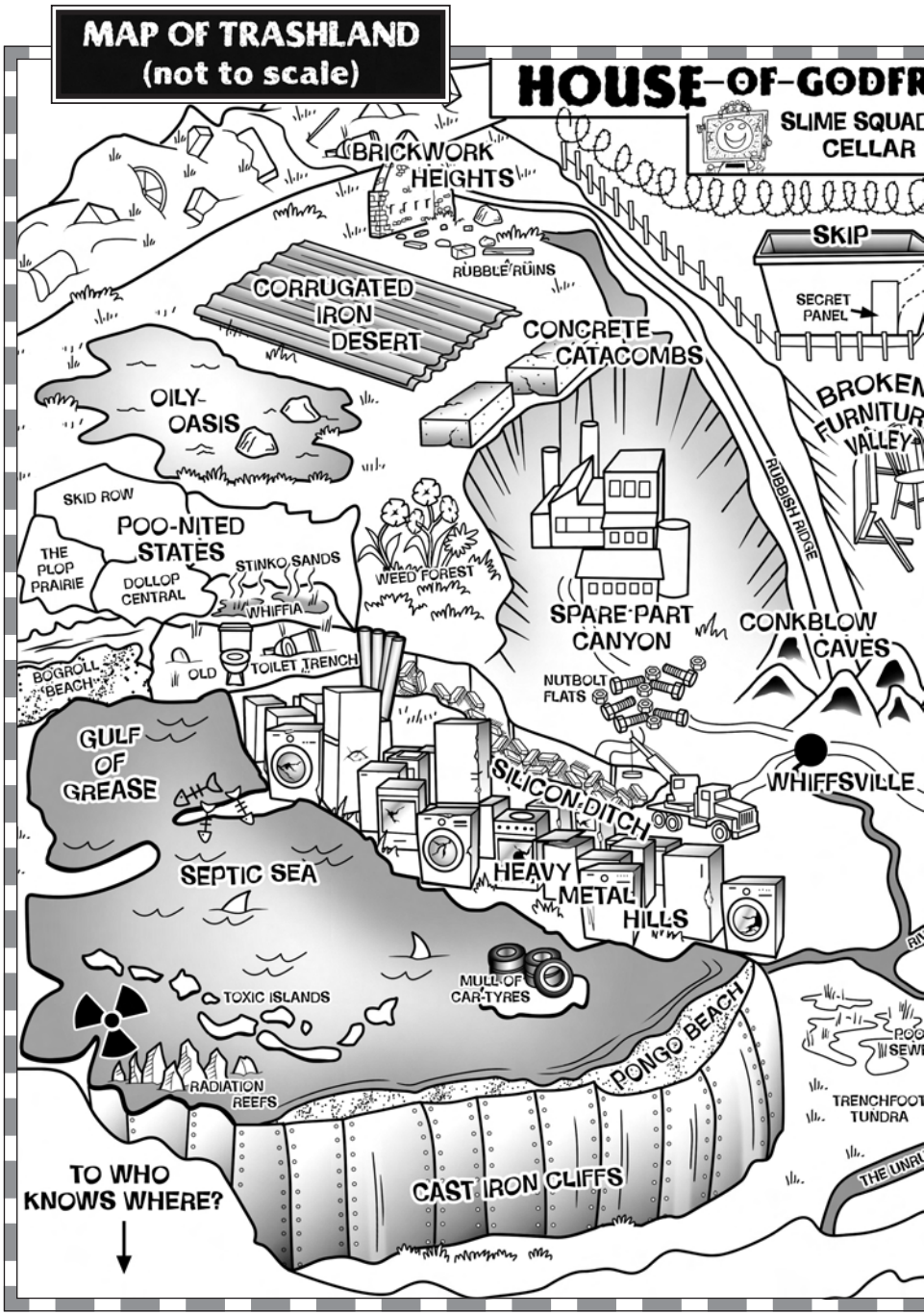
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For Cassie and Nathan


MAP OF TRASHLAND
(not to scale)
HOUSE-OF-GODFR
SLIME SQUAD
CELLAR
BRICKWORK HEIGHTS
RUBBLE RUINS
SKIP
SECRET PANEL
CORRUGATED IRON DESERT
CONCRETE CATACOMBS
OILY-OASIS
BROKEN FURNITUR
VALLEY
RUBBISH RIDGE
SKID ROW
POO-NITED STATES
THE PLOP PRAIRIE
DOLLOP CENTRAL
STINKO SANDS
WHIFFIA
WEED FOREST
SPARE-PART CANYON
CONKBLOW CAVES
NUTBOLT FLATS
BOGROLL BEACH
OLD TOILET TRENCH
GULF OF GREASE
SILICON DITCH
WHIFFSVILLE
SEPTIC SEA
HEAVY METAL HILLS
MULL OF CAR-TYRES
TOXIC ISLANDS
PONGO BEACH
RADIATION REEFS
TRENCHFOOT TUNDRA
TO WHO KNOWS WHERE?
CAST IRON CLIFFS
THE UNR


DFREY-GUNK
SQUAD SECRET
LLAR BASE
TO HUMAN WORLD
UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE/EXIT
PLASTIC BAG FOREST
PAN FRANSISCO
PAINT TIN PLATEAU
CAR WRECK COAST
NOSE PICK OCEAN
BROKEN GLASS BEACH
SQUASHED CARTON DISTRICT
PLAINS OF PACKAGING
TIN CAN MOUNTAINS
PLOG'S SHOEBOX
SOGGY SEWERS
SLUDGE CANALS
TISSUE BAY
THE GUNK GLACIERS
Great Puddle of Pandemonium
GOO YORK
CHOKETOWN
DIRTY NAPPY DUNES
RIVER MUDSON
MUCKY MATTRESS MARSHES
POLYSTYRENE WILDERNESS
PODEY SEWERS
THE UNRUNNY RIVER
THE MURKY BADLANDS
DANGER
THE DARKEST CORNER
Lair of Lord Klukk and his dastardly allies



ONCE UPON A SLIME . . .

The old rubbish dump was far from anywhere. An enormous, mucky, rusty landscape of thousands of thrown-away things.

It had been closed for years. Abandoned. Forgotten.

And then Godfrey Gunk came along.

Godfrey wasn't just a mad scientist. He was a SUPER-BONKERS scientist! And he was very worried about the amount of pollution and rubbish in the world. His dream was to create marvellous mutant mini-monsters out of chemical goo – monsters who would clean up the planet by eating, drinking and generally devouring all types of trash. So Godfrey bought the old rubbish dump as the perfect testing-ground and got to work.



Of course, he wanted to make good, friendly, peaceful monsters, so he was careful to keep the nastiest, most toxic chemicals separate from the rest. He worked for years and years . . .

And got nowhere.

In the end, penniless and miserable, Godfrey wrecked his lab, scattered his experiments all over the dump, and moved away, never to return.

But what Godfrey didn't know was that long ago, tons of radioactive sludge had been accidentally dumped here. And soon, its potent powers kick-started the monster chemistry the mad scientist had tried so hard to create!

Life began to form. Amazing mini-monsters sprang up with incredible speed.



Bold, inventive monsters, who made a wonderful, whiffy world for themselves from the rubbish around them – a world they named Trashland.

For many years, they lived and grew in peace. But then the radiation reached a lead-lined box in the darkest corner of the rubbish dump – the place where Godfrey had chucked the most toxic, dangerous gunk of all.

Slowly, very slowly, monsters began to grow here too.

Different monsters.

Evil monsters that now threaten the whole of Trashland.

Only one force for good stands against them. A small band of slightly sticky superheroes . . .

The Slime Squad!

Chapter One

STUCK ON YOU!

KER-SPLAT!

In an underground garage in a secret base in the wilds of a whiffy old rubbish dump, a sudden squelch echoed out . . .

And a searing splash of green slime shot past Plog the monster's furry head!

Plog dived to the floor, almost squashing his long, rat-like snout on the floor as he did a head-over-heels and bounced back to his feet.



KER-SPLOOSH!

Another squirt of slime whizzed between his legs.

"Whoa!" Plog cried, snatching his long, twisty tail out of the way. "Careful, Danjo – this is meant to be just a training exercise, remember?"

"It's only test-slime – not much of a kick!" Danjo Jigg, a crimson crab-creature, grinned from the other side of the garage. "And with the kind of baddies we go up against, training's got to be tough." He waved his rifle in one of his many pincers. "Besides, we've got to test out these new slime-shooters. I can fire hot slime and icy slime from my pincers – but these babies can spray it faster and three times as far!"



"So I noticed,"

Plog puffed, ducking another high-speed splat.



But he knew Danjo was right about the enemies they faced as two members of the spectacular Slime Squad . . .

Trashland, the abandoned human rubbish-dump that was now home to millions of mini-monsters, had always been a peaceful, pleasant place. But that changed when evil, mutant mega-monsters started showing their ugly faces. Born from ultra-toxic waste in the dump's darkest corners, led by the mysterious and villainous Lord Klukk, these sinister scum-buckets craved total control over Trashland and its people.

Plog sighed, jumping nimbly to avoid another slime-splat shooting his way. He and his friends were the only ones with enough guts, determination and sheer, slimy super-powers to thwart Klukk and his horrible hench-monsters. But the butt-ugly baddies' plans were growing sneakier and their forces ever stronger – so the Slime Squad was training hard to stay one step ahead . . .

Suddenly – "Argh!" Plog's ears shot up in alarm as he slipped and an extra-hot splodge of slime burst over his nose. "OOF!"

"Gotcha!" Danjo punched a pincer into the air. "The aim was true – now you're wearing the goo!"



"Hooray!" cheered a high, croaky, slightly muffled voice from close by.

Plog wiped the sticky slime from his eyes to find a white frog-monster in round metal pants and a crash helmet apparently jumping out of mid-air. It was Furp LeBurp, hop-about hero and absolute expert on all things slimy – and in actual fact, he was only jumping from the Slime-mobile, the Squad's invisible, all-purpose transport. "HOORAY!" he cried again with a humungous smile on his face.

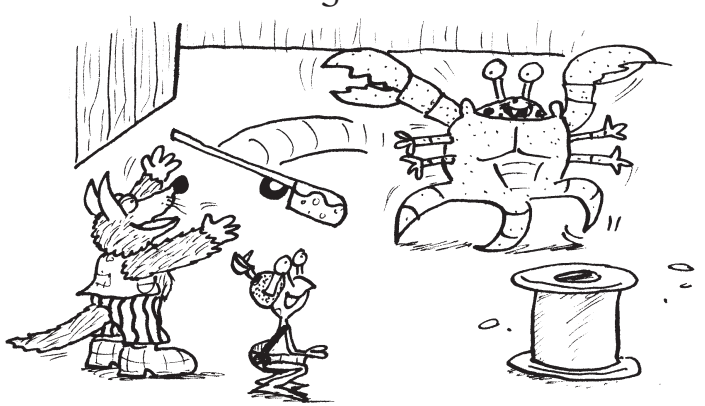


"You don't have to look so pleased that I've been slime-splattered!" Plog complained.

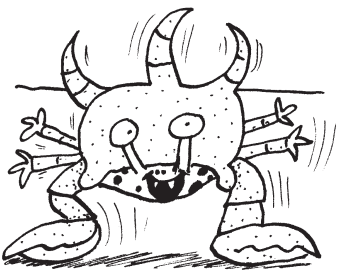
"Eh? Pardon?" Furp frowned absent-mindedly. "Oh, no, no, no, Plog. I was cheering because I've just invented some fabulous new slimy ammo for the slime-shooters in the lav-lab. This will really help us in the fight against evil."

Plog smiled. The Slime-Mobile's lav-lab was Furp's favourite place – a mobile workshop that was part-toilet, part-laboratory and *all* smelly. "Hang on," he said. "I don't have to get sloshed with this stuff, do I?"

"Nope. It's my turn to play target," said Danjo, tossing him the slime-shooter. He danced and shimmied across the floor on his three sturdy legs. "Bring on the slime – I'll dodge it in time!"



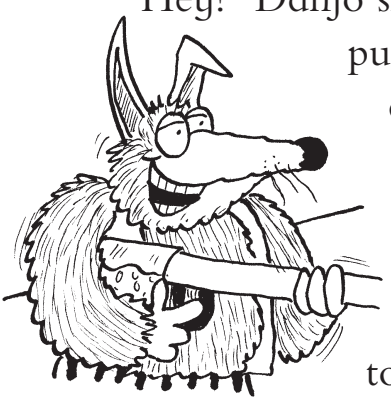
"If you don't, my new 'stick-you' spray will certainly stop you dodging anything else!" Furp loaded the slime-shooter with big, purple bullets. "Aim for his feet, Plog."



Danjo responded by doing a handstand – or rather, a pincer-stand – and waggling his three feet in the air. "Yeah, come on, Plog! Hit them!"

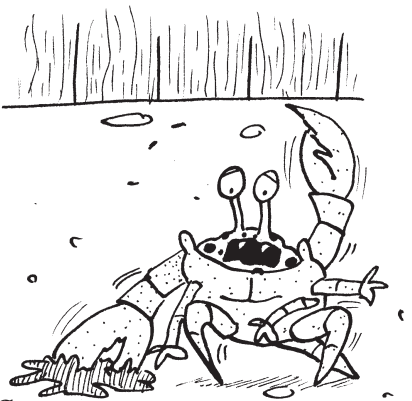
Plog grinned. "I don't think that's quite the test Furp had in mind," he said – and fired at Danjo's right pincer.

"Hey!" Danjo shouted as a purple puddle splashed over his crusty claw. "Not fair!"



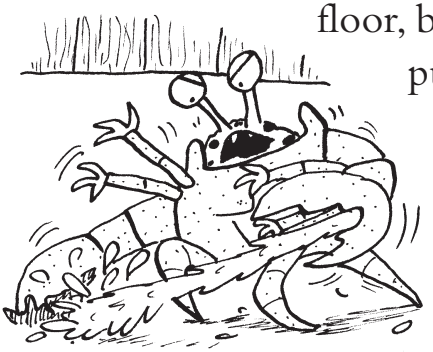
Plog winked. "With the kind of baddies we go up against, training's got to be tough!"

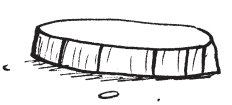
Danjo collapsed with a crash. "My pincer's stuck to the floor," he complained.



"My 'stick-you' super-slime works a treat!" Furp cried, jumping about the underground garage, his pants rattling. "Now whenever bad guys attack, we can stop them in their tracks."

"No kidding," Danjo muttered, straining with all his strength to un-stick himself. He squirted red, steaming-hot slime from his claw at the floor, but still the purple goo wouldn't budge.



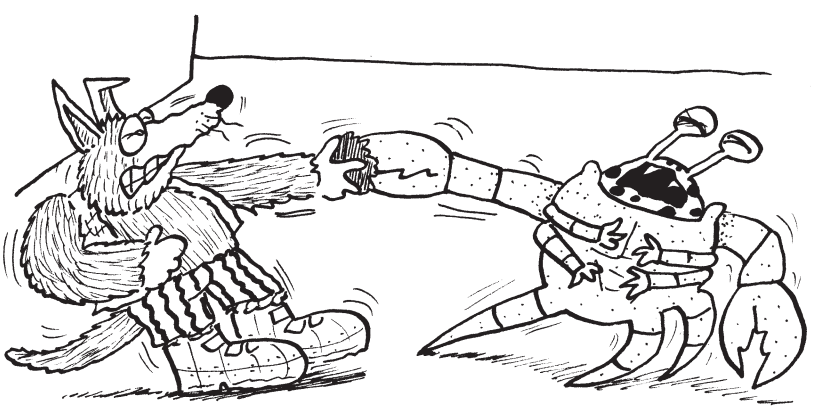


"Let me give you a hand," said Plog. He crossed to join Danjo and grabbed hold of Danjo's pincer. With a grunt of effort he pulled the pincer free – along with a chunk of concrete floor. "Wow, this stuff really is sticky," he realized.

"Thanks, Plog." Danjo smiled. "Er, you can let go of my claw now."

"No, I can't." Plog tried to pull his hand away – and almost yanked Danjo off his feet. "I'm stuck to you!"

"Huh?" Danjo tried to pull away from Plog. Plog tried to pull away from Danjo. It looked like they were having a crazy tug of war. "Furp, what's going on here? Get us unstuck!"



"Oh, dear. Um . . ." Furp looked shifty. "I haven't quite got round to finding a way to un-stick my super-slime."

Plog's eyes narrowed. "You WHAT?"

Furp blushed. "I'm sure it will wear off one day."

"And in the meantime, Plog and I are stuck together?" Danjo groaned. "We're supposed to be tough superheroes. It looks like we're holding hands!"

"Nonsense, my dear Danjo," Furp assured him. "Nobody would think such a thing."

"Er . . . Plog?" came a girlish voice from behind them. "Why are you holding hands with Danjo?"



Furp winced. "Well, almost nobody."

Plog turned to find that the Squad's fourth and final member, Zill Billie, had emerged from the tunnel that led to the group's meeting room. You certainly couldn't call *her* a nobody, he thought fondly. With her bushy black tail, six skinny legs, super-slimy spit and bags of attitude, Zill was like a cool poodle crossed with an atomic skunk – at the moment, a rather worried one.



"We're not holding hands," Danjo insisted, still tugging to be free of Plog. "Our hands are just stuck together."

"Uh-huh," said Zill, as if this happened every day. "Well, I hope your butts aren't stuck to anything – because you need to shift them into the office right now." She pulled a face. "The All-Seeing PIE just had a funny turn."



Furp gasped. "Our boss? A funny turn?"

"I didn't know computers could turn at all," said Plog.

"PIE is a super-computer," Danjo reminded him. "Perfect Intelligent Electronics, remember? I bet he can do funny turns, serious turns, many happy returns . . ."

"I mean, he just went really weird," Zill interrupted. "I was cleaning his screen and polishing his wires. He was talking away, and then he just sort of . . . switched off."

"What?" Furp squealed in alarm. "PIE never switches off – that's why he's all-seeing. This could be serious . . ." Twittering away, he went hopping at high-speed along the tunnel to PIE's office.

With a quick cough, Zill spat out a long rope of sticky slime at the ceiling, gripped it with her paws and swung all the way there in a couple of seconds like a bushy-tailed Tarzan.



"Wait for us!" yelled Danjo.

As he ran after his teammates with Danjo, Plog found his heart was racing too. The All-Seeing PIE had brought the Slime Squad together to do good in Trashland – he was a mega-machine, created and then cast aside by Godfrey Gunk, the same human scientist who'd accidentally brought the rubbish dump to life. PIE had special sensors scattered far and wide throughout Trashland, and thanks to his 'Intelligent Electronics' he could use them like long-range eyes and ears.

Whenever these sensors detected danger, he sent the Slime Squad off to help.

But as Plog and Danjo burst into the vast human office through a door in the skirting-board, it seemed that PIE was the one who needed help. The computer's large, flickering screen suddenly flared neon bright as a million exclamation marks shone from within.

"Danger," groaned the super-computer. "Help! I am UNDER ATTACK!"

