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Opening extract from

Bob and Barry's Lunar Adventures: Clone Chaos

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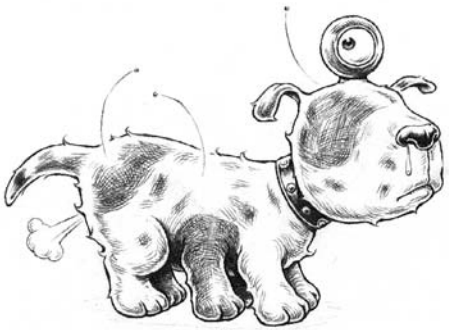
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CHAPTER ONE



“PICKLED ONIONS!” said Bob, the Man on the Moon, as his rocket approached Earth. “Whatever I do, I mustn’t forget the pickled onions!!!”

Bob’s shopping list was a little shorter than usual. Because Barry, his unusual six-legged dog, had gone away for a while, there was no need to buy bone-shaped biscuits or flea powder. Just lately, Barry had started to whiff a little and Bob had decided that a short spell at the swish new Poodle Parlour on Pluto would do his best-ever friend the world of good. Of course, life without him was a tad lonely but at least when Barry returned he wouldn’t stink out the rocket.

Having safely landed at the Lunar Hill launch-pad, Bob quickly changed into his Earth clothes and cycled into town. Luckily, he just caught Seamus Typhoon's General Store and Post Office before it closed. Along with the pickled onions, he put six packets of football stickers, a smallish bag of plums and a plastic comb into his shopping basket before rushing to the till.

The shopkeeper, Seamus Typhoon, seemed very surprised to see him. "More pickled onions?" he remarked. "That's the second jumbo jar you've bought in the last fifteen minutes. You'll begin to look like a pickled onion if you're not careful!"

Bob was puzzled. "I think you're confusing me with someone else," he said politely as he paid and left. "Next stop, Home Sweet Home!" Bob smiled, looking forward to savouring his speciality – 'PICKLEDY ONIONY SOUPY SUPPER' – in front of the big match.

That evening, however, his home didn't seem so sweet. As he walked up the garden path, he noticed the dark silhouette of a figure through the drawn curtains of the kitchen window.

"H… HOLY HELMETS!" he thought. "IS THAT A… A… A… BURGLAR?!!!"

Bravely, he opened the front door and tippy-toed up the hallway to get a closer look. A tall, slim, red-haired man was standing with his back to Bob, emptying a jumbo jar of pickled onions into a bubbling pan. Bob hardly dared breathe for fear of alerting the intruder.

