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Written by

Ali Sparkes

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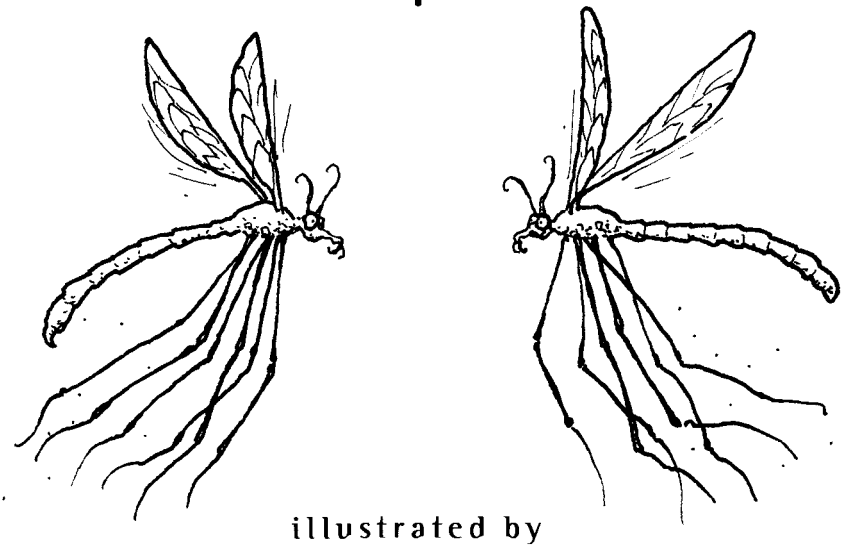
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S.W.I.T.C.H.

SERUM WHICH INSTIGATES TOTAL CELLULAR HIJACK

Crane Fly Crash

Ali Sparkes



illustrated by

Ross Collins

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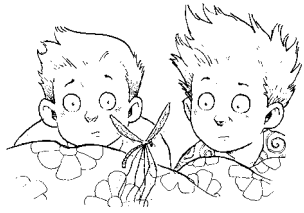
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For Freddie Michael

Danny and Josh (and Piddle)

They might be twins but they're NOT the same! Josh loves insects, spiders, beetles and bugs. Danny can't stand them. Anything little with multiple legs freaks him out. So sharing a bedroom with Josh can be . . . erm . . . interesting. Mind you, they both love putting earwigs in big sister Jenny's pants drawer . . .

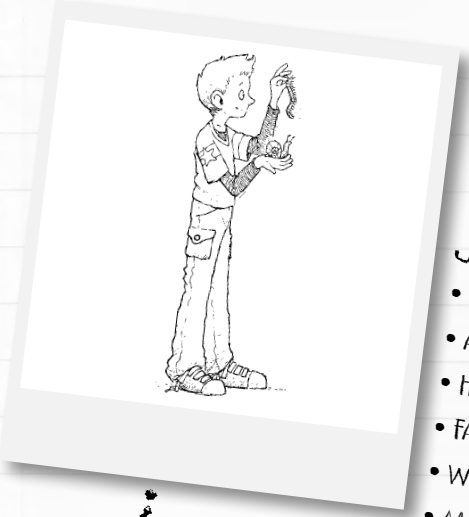




Danny

- FULL NAME: Danny Phillips
- AGE: 8 years
- HEIGHT: Taller than Josh
- FAVOURITE THING: Skateboarding
- WORST THING: Creepy-crawlies and tidying
- AMBITION: To be a stunt man







Josh

- FULL NAME: Josh Phillips
- AGE: 8 years
- HEIGHT: Taller than Danny
- FAVOURITE THING: Collecting insects
- WORST THING: Skateboarding
- AMBITION: To be an entomologist





Piddle

- FULL NAME: Piddle the dog Phillips
- AGE: 2 dog years (14 in human years)
- HEIGHT: Not very
- FAVOURITE THING: Chasing sticks
- WORST THING: Cats
- AMBITION: To bite a squirrel



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Something In the Hair Tonight

A horrific murder was about to take place in a dark alley. The victim fluttered helplessly in the shadow of a terrifying spiked weapon which pounded against the wall, missing only by inches.

The murderer was cold. Unfeeling. Able to kill with a single blow and then turn away without a moment's remorse. The victim knew time was nearly up. One more attack and there would be nothing left but a mashed corpse.

The spiked weapon swung forward.

'Jenny! Stop it!' Josh leaped across his big sister's bedroom floor and grabbed her arm just before it swung the hairbrush down again.

'Hey! Get off!' yelled Jenny, trying to shake her little brother off her arm. But now his twin,

Danny, came running in too, with an excited whoop, and threw himself at her other arm.

'You're a murderer!' shrieked Josh. 'Killing innocent moths! How could you?'

The poor moth in question flapped limply up the wall from behind Jenny's bed and bumbled against the windowpane, trying to get away.

'It's just a *moth*, Josh! Not a cat or a dog or a person!' snapped Jenny, her long blonde hair whipping about as she wrestled with her brothers.



'Just because it's small, doesn't mean it doesn't have feelings,' said Danny, now climbing onto his sister's back and making her spin round furiously.

'Danny! *Get off*!' Jenny whacked her elbows back, and Danny fell onto her bed. Josh had let his sister go and was now peering closely at the brown moth. Jenny shook her head at Danny. 'You don't even *like* creepy-crawlies. You go nuts if one lands on *you*!'

'True,' shrugged Danny. 'They can be creepy—but they are quite amazing too. I should know. I've been a spider, you know. And a bluebottle. And a grasshopper. Oh—and an ant. That was amazing!'

'Yeah, right,' snorted Jenny. 'Well, you always creep *me* out, anyway!'

Danny laughed. He knew Jenny couldn't possibly believe what he'd just said. Even though it was true. He and Josh *had* been all those creatures over the summer, ever since they stumbled into the secret laboratory in next door's garden and discovered something incredible.

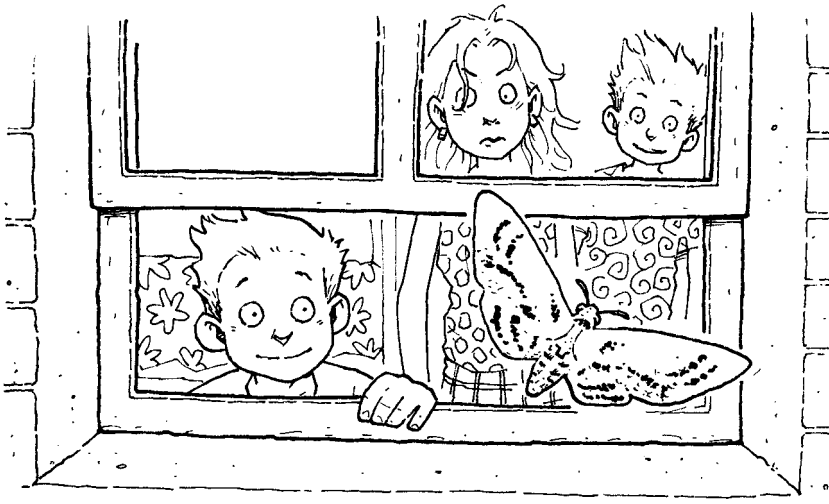
Their neighbour, Petty Potts, might seem like a batty old lady, but it turned out she was a genius

scientist who had invented SWITCH—a spray which could turn you into a creepy-crawly. Only Danny and Josh knew her secret since the day when they had accidentally got sprayed and turned into spiders. They'd been afraid of her at first but now they were helping her by searching for some special missing cubes. They'd got four already, but if they found just two more, Petty would have the code to make a new SWITCH spray—which could change you into a reptile. They could find out how it felt to be a snake, or a lizard, or even an alligator!

'You don't *have* to kill him, you know,' Josh told Jenny, still examining the moth. 'All you have to do is open the window.'

'I've tried *that*,' huffed Jenny. 'But it just keeps flying back in!'

'You need to turn your light off,' explained Josh, reaching over and switching off Jenny's bedside lamp. 'Moths get confused and think it's the moon and keep flying towards it.' He eased open the window, blew gently on the moth, and smiled as it flew away into the night. 'Off you go, hawky!' he called after it. 'Go get your tea!' He closed the



window and glanced back into the room where Danny was squirming on the bed with Jenny's foot on his head. 'It's a hawk moth. They feed on nectar by moonlight. Isn't that sweet? And they can smell their girlfriends from miles and miles away.'

'Eeeuurgh,' commented Danny.

'Yeah, thanks for the biology lesson, you freaky little bug boffin,' said Jenny, finally releasing Danny and switching her lamp back on. 'Now get out of my room, both of you. I've got to get ready to go out.' And she flounced to her mirror and started to brush her hair with the deadly weapon, while rummaging through all the bottles and pots of hair and make-up stuff. 'MUM!' she bellowed, ignoring them. 'Where's my hair spray?'