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Opening extract from
S.W.I.T.C.H. 7:
Lizard Loopy

Written by
Ali Sparkes

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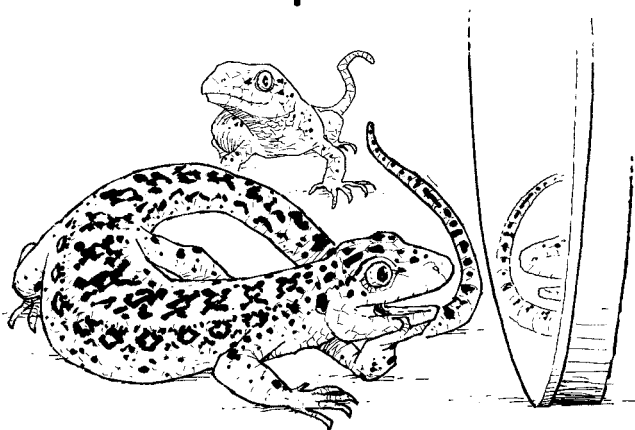
Alligator Action



SWITCH

Lizard Loopy

Ali Sparkes



illustrated by
Ross Collins

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recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
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regulations of the country of origin.

Photograph on page 127: Thanks to Tiny Drury, cool chameleon.



For Layla

With grateful thanks to
John Buckley and Tony Gent of
Amphibian and Reptile Conservation
for their hot-blooded guidance on
SWITCH's cold-blooded reptile heroes.

Danny and Josh and Petty

Josh and Danny might be twins but they're NOT the same. Josh loves getting his hands dirty and learning about nature. Danny thinks Josh is a nerd. Skateboarding and climbing are way cooler! And their next-door neighbour, Petty, is only interested in one thing ... her top secret SWITCH potion.



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



Petty

- FULL NAME: Petty Hortense Potts
- AGE: None of your business
- HEIGHT: Head and shoulders above every other scientist
- FAVOURITE THING: SWITCHING Josh & Danny
- WORST THING: Evil ex-friend Victor Crouch
- AMBITION: Adoration and recognition as the world's most genius scientist (and for the government to say sorry!)





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See ya Later

‘ALLIGATOR!’

The scream echoed across the hall, filled with blood-chilling terror. Claudia Petherwaite’s eyes were glassy with horror and her pink mouth was stretched wide as the scream poured out of it.

The alligator swung its snout round and located Claudia’s scent. It grinned at her, taking a step closer, its dim swamp-green eyes fixing on the movement as she staggered backwards towards the foldaway climbing bars. Her lunchbox fell to the floor, scattering sticks of celery and carrot across the scuffed wooden surface.

The alligator was not distracted. It smelt meat. Not veg.



‘NO! NO! NO!!!’ screamed Claudia Petherwaite, trying to scramble up the bars but failing because her shiny shoes were too slippery and her hands were slidey with fearful sweat.

The alligator laughed—at least it looked that way. Its snaggle-toothed snout lifted and its huge mouth opened wide, getting ready to snap down on a limb.

‘Shouldn’t we help her?’ screamed another girl, cowering by the stack of gym mats. ‘She’s going to be eaten alive!’

‘It’s awful,’ sobbed another, just behind her. ‘But she was so mean to Danny in Biology this morning. Maybe it’s a bit harsh . . . but I—I suppose if *anyone* had to get eaten alive by an alligator . . .’

The alligator’s mouth got wider still. Rows of vicious pointed teeth gleamed in the midday sun that shafted through the tall hall windows. Its stubby clawed feet dug into the wooden floor as it raised its scaly head on a thick, muscular neck. It roared and belched and the stink of a recently dismembered gazelle wafted up towards Claudia

who was now babbling wildly, swinging on a gym rope just inches away from the ravening reptile's gaping jaws.

'I know—I know I was horrible to Danny,' she shrieked. 'And it was so wrong of me to say he was stupid because he couldn't spell "chrysalis". I should never have laughed at him. And now, as I'm about to be eaten alive, I just wish I could say sorry to him first . . . and tell him that he's actually very clever and handsome and fabulous in e-every wa-a-ay . . . ayayaaaargh MY LEEEEEEEG!'



‘And then I bite her leg off,’ Danny said. He made a cracking and squelching noise and followed it with a gurgling scream. He rested his elbows on the gatepost and smiled happily.

‘You need help,’ Josh said. ‘Professional, mental help.’

‘What—just because I want to SWITCH into an alligator and bite Claudia Petherwaite’s leg off?’ Danny shrugged at his twin. ‘Oh come on! She’s *asking* to have her leg bitten off. I bet you half the kids in school would agree with me. There was never a girl so obviously in need of losing a leg to a killer reptile. It would probably make her a much nicer person. SO—come on! Let’s GO! I WANT TO BE AN ALLIGATOR!’

Josh just folded his arms and stared at him—so Danny jumped up and down and squeaked like an over-excited toddler. ‘Come ON! I WANT TO BE—’

Josh thwacked him on the back of the head with his hand.

‘Get a grip,’ Josh said. ‘You’re eight, not three!’

‘But I want to be an alligator,’ whined Danny. ‘NOOOOOOOW!’