

Praise for the
Letters from an Alien Schoolboy
series





'The humour is infectiously funny,
and more importantly relevant . . . like reading a
child's version of *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.'
Just Imagine



'Out of this world. Endlessly inventive . . .
will tickle and touch children's imaginations.'
Ian Whybrow,
author of *Harry and the Bucketful of Dinosaurs*

'Very different. Very funny.'
Jeremy Strong

'Very funny. Very good fun to read.'
Julia Eccleshare, *The Guardian*

'It is a hillarious book and I bet my family would
wet theirself if they read it. Well done!'
Charlotte (Year 6) Doncaster Book Awards

'Something funny and clever on every page . . .
astute observations on human life in all its
irrationality . . . Asquith's invention never flags.'
Books for Keeps

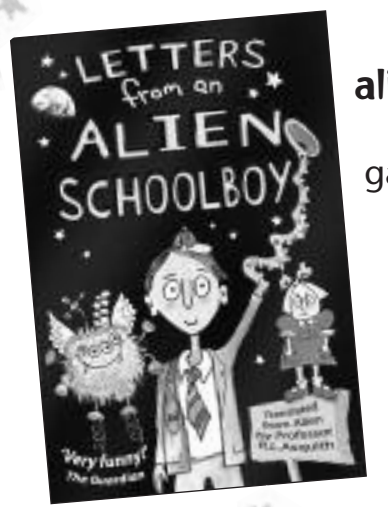




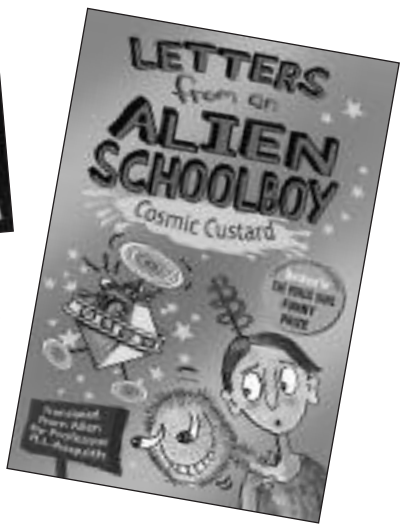
Ros Asquith started out as a photographer, became a theatre critic for *Time Out*, *City Limits*, and *The Observer* before emerging as a cartoonist. She draws regularly for *The Guardian* and has written and illustrated many books.

Ros lives in London with her jazz critic husband and two sons. She has stroked a tiger, cuddled a wolf, caught an escaped tarantula and juggled in a circus, but mostly prefers reading and eating fudge.

Find out more about Ros at www.rosasquith.co.uk



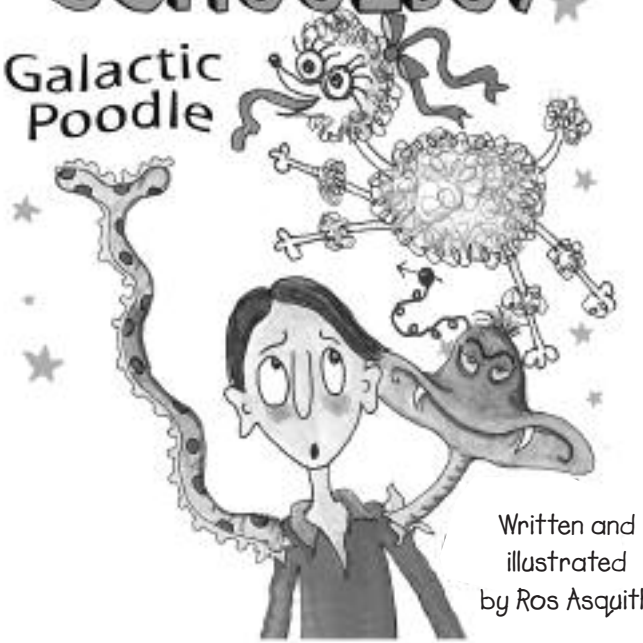
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Discover what happened on Flowkwee's first trips to Earth!

LETTERS from an ALIEN SCHOOLBOY

Galactic Poodle



Written and illustrated by Ros Asquith

Piccadilly Press • London

FOR
LOLA AND LENNY BRUCE

(and thanks to all at Piccadilly Press who,
despite being bumbling, mumbling, fumbling Earthlings,
have managed to make a silk book out of a pig's shorts)

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Galactic Poodle

EARTHLINGS, LISTEN UP!
You helped us vanquish our enemies the Threggs
with your amazing music.
You helped us destroy the Wiffly Biffly
with your amazing jokes.
But NOW another deadly threat approaches.
Do you have a third super power
with which to defeat them?
Shiver in your Earthling shoes and read on.



MISSION EARTH THREE: DAY ONE - SUNDAY

Measly Earth Dwelling Again
Row of Identical Dwellings
Titchy 'Country' Called England
Insignificant Blob Called Earth
Small, Dim Solar System
Forty-third Galaxy from the Right
Virgo Supercluster
Still at the Wrong End of the Universe

OK, Rok,

Here's the good news: as you can see we're alive.

The bad news is that instead of coming home to our lovely planet Faa, we're back on this foolish spaceblob, Earth.

You remember we were bringing Earth creatures back to Faa for the Emperor? They were all tiny because we had shrunk them with the amazing

Shrinker that my little sister Farteeta had built, so we could fit them into the spaceship.

But ten space tunnels were closed for repairs, so a journey that should have taken 45 Earth minutes took two Earth days.

Sharing a spaceship with grumpy gorillas, crazy cows and snapping crocodiles – even very small ones – is enough to drive you *bootglarked*, and the rats all got travel sick.



Animals are such *snortblurking* liars and cheats! The fox kept on begging us to let him share with the chickens and rabbits.



'No! No! NO!' they shouted.

'Boo hoo, they are my BESTEST friends,' moaned Foxy.

'Don't be mean – he wants to be with you,' Farteeta said to the chickens and rabbits as she opened the door to their cage. 'Be nice to him.'



But GULP, gnash, crunch, the fox scoffed two fluffy chicks and a baby rabbit before we could yank him out. He tried biting my left lower gripper, but I extended its protective shield just in time. His teeth went *kraaang* and he let out a furious growl.



'*Splavoons,*' Farteeta said. 'He's growing back to his normal size – and so is Darren!'

Darren the lion, who had been the size of an Earth kitten when we shrank him, was already the size of a large Earth cat. Nellie the elephant's long curly beak was snaking into the cockpit round our dozy pilot Flyzoop's necks.

It was total chaos.

Bert, our robot, flashed and bleeped. '**ANIMAL EXPANSION ALERT! ACTIVATE SHRINKER!**'

But, oh no! I had left the Shrinker behind with my Earthling friend Susan so she could keep a tiny horse as her pet.

'How did this happen?' squealed Mama as the biting, scratching, snarling creatures continued to expand, splintering their tiny cages and exploding into the spaceship. 'You said the animals would stay small for three days!'

'**Space time continuum**,' replied Bert, as if he

knew what he was talking about. 'Neglecting to pack Shrinker was a big boo-boo. Reverse to Earth.'

'Will reversing shrink the animals again?' I asked Bert, but he was too busy pushing Flyzoop out of the pilot's seat. Flyzoop was being useless and panicky as usual. Bert shot out a lower extender and kicked him in the sitting region.

'Owww!' wailed Flyzoop. 'Not FAIR!'

'Mission termination in four minutes, thirty seconds,' Bert droned. 'Prepare for evacuation of spaceship.'

'We can't survive without our spacesuits, Bert,' Farteeta squealed, 'and they're back there – past all those . . . those . . . things.' She pointed in horror at the ever-growing mountain of fur and legs and claws and teeth, growling and thrashing around in the main section of the spaceship.

'Bert can survive,' said Bert, glowing

brightly. 'I have plan to contact Earthling and retrieve Shrinker. If this does not work, will send message home saying no worries, all dead, sorry.'

'Thanks a lot, Bert,' we said, but he was busy operating a search on the communications database.

Earthling, Susan, female, friend

appeared on the screens next to a picture of Susan's unusually nice Earthling face.



I could hear an Earth phone ringing, and then a familiar voice coming over the speakers.

'Hello? Who's that? Hello?'

IT WAS SUSAN! Could she save us?

Bert started droning, '`Earthling Susan, do not be alarmed. Please locate cell-growth inverter and proceed to latitude 51 degrees and —`'

'Susan!' I shouted, grabbing the intercom. 'It's me, Flowk! The animals are expanding and we have to leave the spaceship. We're returning to Earth and will land in about three and a half minutes! Can you get the Shrinker and bring it to our house in that time? Otherwise we'll be eaten and a whole zoo will be rampaging round town.'

'What do you mean?' Susan squealed. 'I thought you'd gone home to another galaxy.'

'No time to explain! Can you do it?'

'I'll . . . I'll try . . .' Susan said.

'`Entering Earth's atmosphere`,' Bert burbled.



The ship was getting hotter, which made the expanding animals crosser still. A gorilla sprayed the fire extinguisher over Darren and an aardvark seemed about to bite its way into the cockpit.

Susan was still on her phone. We could hear her panting as she ran down the stairs in her house. We heard the front door slam. Would she make it?

'I can see you, I can see you!' Susan squealed down the phone. 'Ohmigoodness, you're on fire!'



Moments later, we crash-landed in our garden,



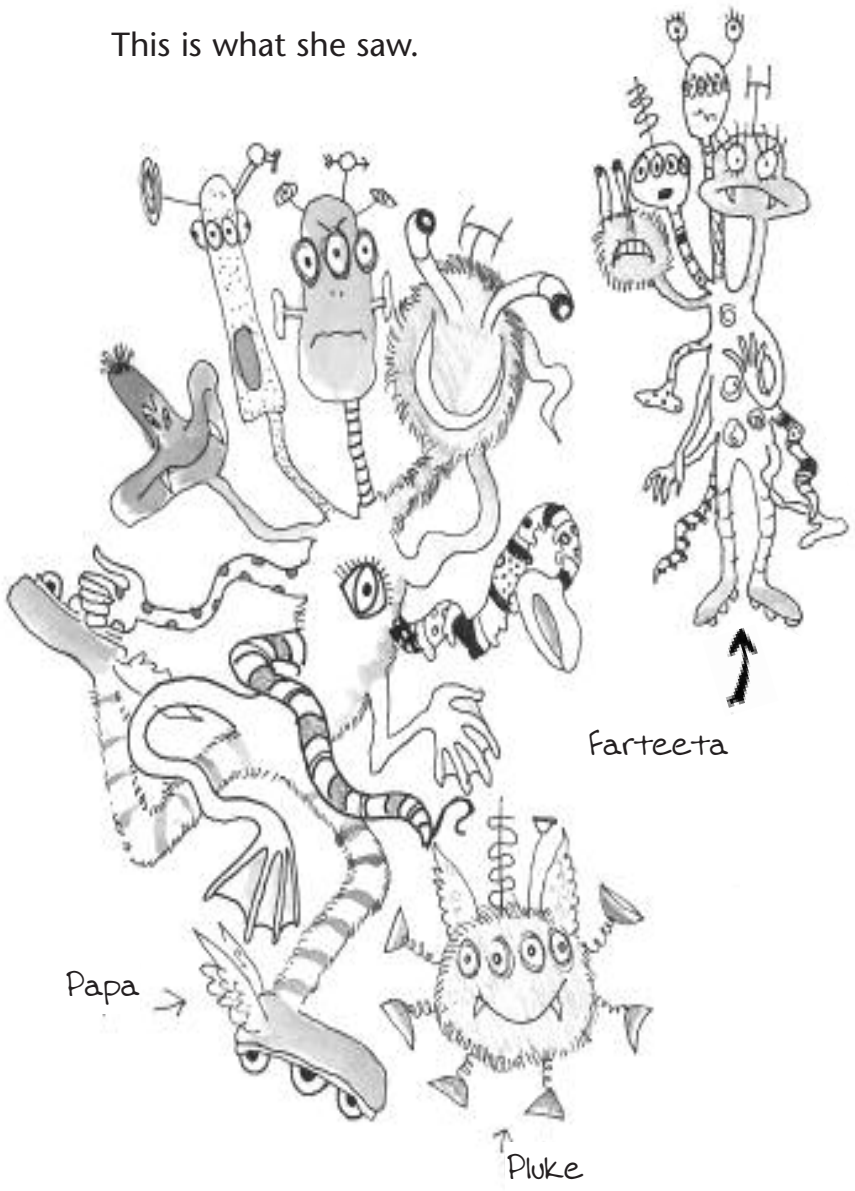
narrowly missing Papa's shed. The spaceship's door shattered and we all fell out, the animals on top of us. Farteeta screamed from underneath a hairy yak, Papa tugged a boa constrictor off his lower left gripper and Mama swatted a cloud of bats off her fourth head.

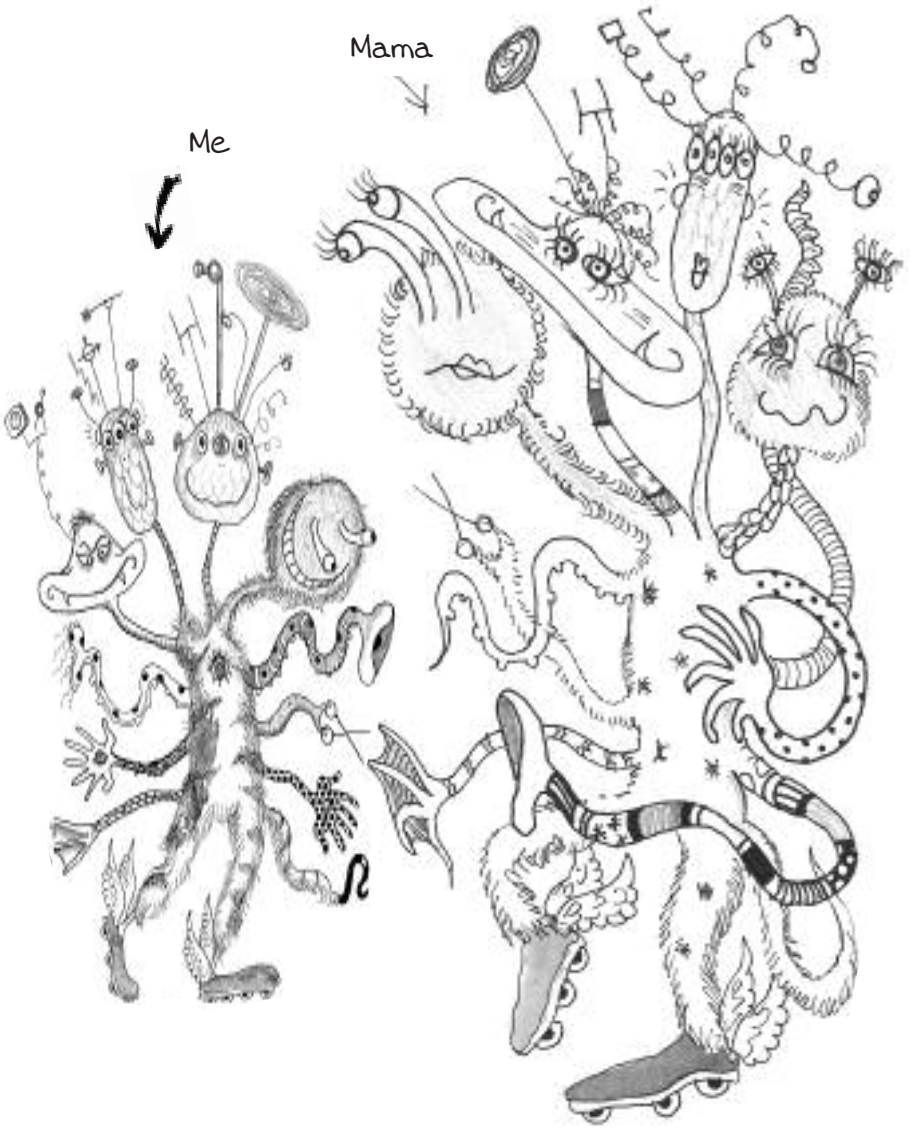
But hooray – brave Susan arrived just in time to save us, firing the Shrinker at the pile of arms and legs and heads and teeth. The Shrinker doesn't work on humans, so only the animals shrank. First their heads were reduced, then their bodies, legs, tails, wings and horns retracted until they were tiny again.

We all cheered. But instead of looking pleased, Susan looked up and screamed her one head off.



This is what she saw.



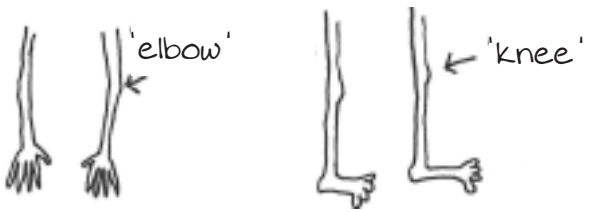


We hadn't had time to disguise ourselves as Earthlings and although she's seen us like this before, Susan is always scared by our handsome Faathing forms.

Bert raised the anti-matter shield to make us and the spaceship invisible while we transformed into Earthlings, by drinking massive doses of



I felt the familiar, sinking feeling of all my four beautiful heads – violet, blue, green and orange – collapsing into a single miserable, grey Earth face, while my whirlers, tentacles and suckers merged into near-useless 'arms' and 'legs'.



I had forgotten, in just two days, how beastly it was. And I hate my Earth name: *Nigel.*

Mama flung us a pile of Earth clothes. Me and Farteeta were in a hurry and it's very difficult to get dressed in all these tubes and flaps. When we emerged from behind the anti-matter shield, what Susan saw was this:



Now she laughed. As you know, Rok, that's an Earthling sound like a hyperdrive engine trying to start with a dead *blooglewurg* squished in its converter. But it sounds nice when Susan does it.

I was so pleased she was happy that I looped over and hugged her. She screamed again. I'd forgotten to adjust the muscle sensors on my upper grippers and had crushed her a little. Susan is very good tempered however, which is another thing that makes her different from many Earthlings.

'It's good to have you back,' she said, smiling her nice smile at me. 'I've missed you.'

I liked that bit, Rok. More soon.

Yours devotedly,
Flowk

MISSION EARTH THREE : DAY ONE - SUNDAY - LATER

Dear Rok,



Capturing all the tiny animals took ages. The hens had shrunk nearly as small as dear little flies and one was tragically stung by a bee. Meanwhile lions gobbled lambs, a crocodile escaped into next-door's garden and zoomed about in the pond eating the very

