

The Super Weirdos

And the Battle of Bash

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Mr Mac

Mr Mac's journey as an author began with writing stories for kids in his classroom. He is passionate about empowering his reluctant readers and giving teachers a tool to encourage a growth mindset (alien secret number 1). This book has kids laughing out loud while growing their love for reading. It has been tried and tested on his students, who would refuse to go out to play sport so they could hear more of the story.

Mr Mac's vision is to create happy classrooms across the world through his writing and he has created easy to use lessons to accompany this book. You can find these lessons at www.mrmacsbooks.co.nz

What people say about Mr Mac

'Mr Mac, in my opinion is the greatest and funniest teacher in the universe... In Mr Mac's class he would accept the unique in you and make it cool to be who you are.' Stella – class of 2019

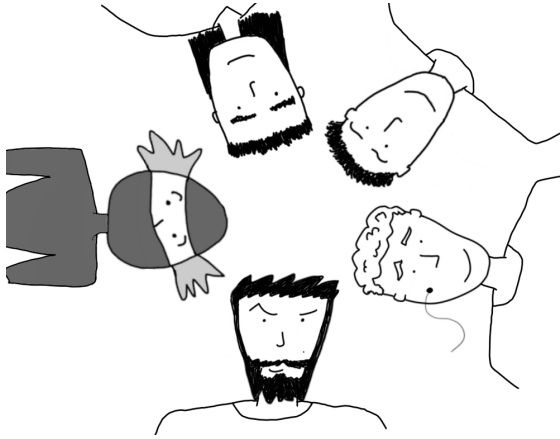
'Mr Mac is my favourite teacher of all time. He made learning easy because he is a funny kinda guy.' Hunter – class of 2017

'Mr Mac is a really good teacher because he is funny and nice and stuff. He isn't like those boring teachers because he always has fun.' Ari – class of 2019

'It's made such a difference having the right class. My daughter is like a different kid! She actually wants to go to school now because she loves her teacher, Mr Mac'

Parent of Skye – 2017

The Super Weirdos



And the Battle of Bash

WRITTEN and ILLUSTRATED

by

Mr Mac

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The Super Weirdos and the Battle of Bash was written and illustrated by
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Published by Mr Mac's Books, 2020
Mount Maunganui, New Zealand.

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ISBN: 978-0-473-48517-7

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*This book is dedicated to my family
and any student ever taught by me,
Mr Mac.*

Teacher Copy

Part I

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Chapter ONE

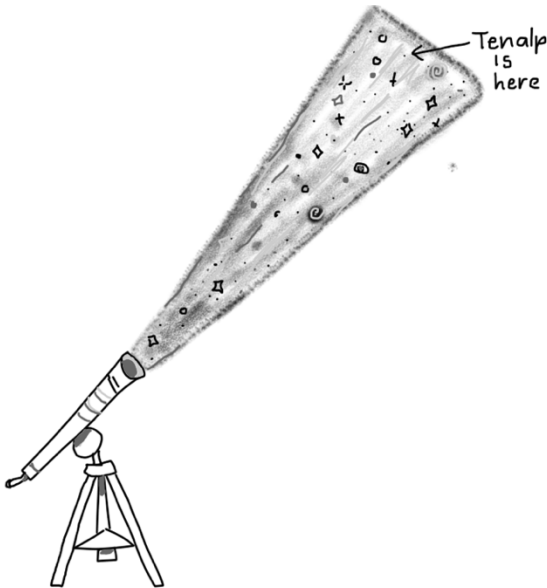
I Made You Do It

Hi, I'm Mac. I saw you walking through the room looking for a book and used my ALLLIIIIIEENNNNN mind control to make you pick this book up...



OK look, I have to level with you... I'm an alien. For real! I look a lot like a human, but trust me, I can do some weird stuff. I come from a planet which is around a bajillion light years away. Its name is Tenalp.

Take a look. See? This telescope is crazy powerful. See that little tiny dot right there? That one



which is haaaaaardly even visible? Yeah, that one. Well, that's not my planet. Not even close. My

planet is about 12 times further away. Earth's puny little telescopes are nowhere near powerful enough to see it. It doesn't matter though, Tenalp doesn't exist anymore. I miss it like crazy.

Back on Tenalp, we used to live in what you would consider a futuristic land where nobody needed money. Everything you needed you got through sharing with others - or if people saw you needed something, they'd often just give it to you. You gained social status through being a good Tenalpian, not through being rich. No one went without. I mean, what's the point in having something in storage and never using it when someone could put it to use? Tenalp was a beautiful place. That was until it happened...

Chapter TWO

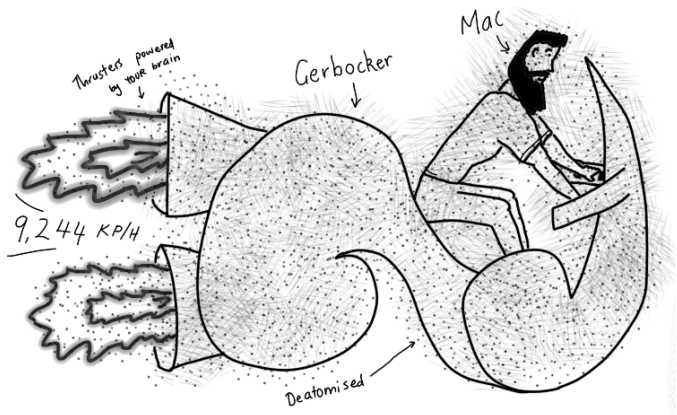
Tenalp

I'll never forget it. The day when Tenalp stopped spinning and we all had to try and escape before the whole place exploded. None of us know why or how it happened, we were just lucky to get away safely. Looking back now, a lot of random things went missing before my home planet shuddered to a standstill and then, KABOOM. My planet exploded!

First, my gerbocker was stolen, then second, all of our planets valuable resources disappeared. Worst of all, our fearless leader and his family were nowhere to be found, and after that, it was boom, boom, bang, bang, bye-bye, Tenalp. I miss my

home every single day. I miss my family. I miss my friends. I miss my gerbocker.

What's a gerbocker? Man, you humans are missing out. I won my gerbocker in a kertlamock tournament. Sadly, it went missing just days before our planet exploded. A gerbocker is similar to a scooter here on Earth but as you get on it, it deatomises your body so you can pass through



walls. Because you can take a direct path, it makes your journey a lot shorter. It's powered by the energy of your mind and only goes as fast as how urgent your trip is. You know that feeling when

you're running late? That horrible panic? Well, Professor Largedome figured out how to harness that and use it to power our vehicles. So, if you're running late, it uses the energy produced by your anxiety and goes fast. If you don't need to rush, you're using less brain energy, so it goes slow. Since you are deatomised you can't crash, so you can go as fast as you want.

I once went 9,242km/h when I accidentally left my grandmother at the supermarket. It was crazy fast and super scary but most of all, it was so much fun. I'm sure you can see why I miss it. I'm reading your mind right now, and no, you would definitely not be brave enough to ride it.

Chapter THREE

Weird Is Good

I guess the next thing you need to know about us aliens is we all have special powers. You guys here on Earth would love to have them, but sorry, you don't. What we can do is considered impossible for humans. Truth be told, we are just aliens with special powers wanting to fit in.

Like before, when I said I used my alien mind control (we just call it mind control because at home I'm not an alien), I actually **did** use mind control. I made you pick this book up. Pretty good right? And when you put this book down, I'm going to use it again to make you pick the book

back up! When you start thinking about this book later on... That's right. That's me. IN YOUR MIIIIIND... Creepy right?

Don't believe me? Ha! You think **YOU** can do it? Really? Do you actually think you can control me with your piddly little human mind control skills?

OK then. Do it. Go on... Seriously.

Do it. Control my mind with yours. I know you ca... Waaaaaiit... what's happening to my arms??

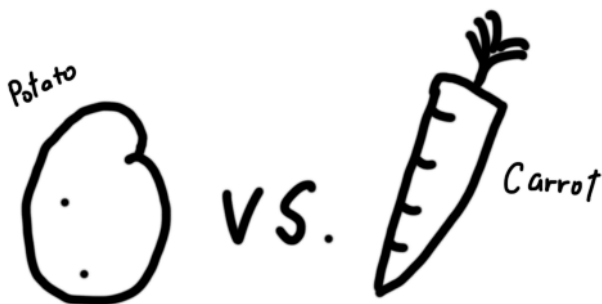


How are you doing this? This isn't meant to happen!!!!!!!!!!

Ha! Just joking. You're not controlling anything. Your human brain is not powerful enough to do what my brain can do, yet.

Read on and be prepared to be amazed. If I say, "Carrot, carrot, carrot, carrot, carrot, carrot, carrot..." you're now thinking one of two things. Either you're thinking of a carrot, orrrr, you're trying really hard **not** to think of a carrot and can only come up with a potato.

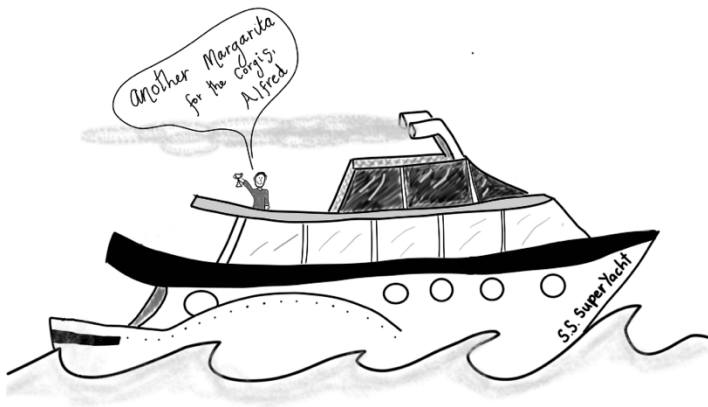
Which did you think of?



If you thought of the carrot, it means it is more likely you will dance with your undies on your head at your uncle's 40th birthday party while taking selfies of you and your Gran pulling a duck face for social media. #InstaGran.

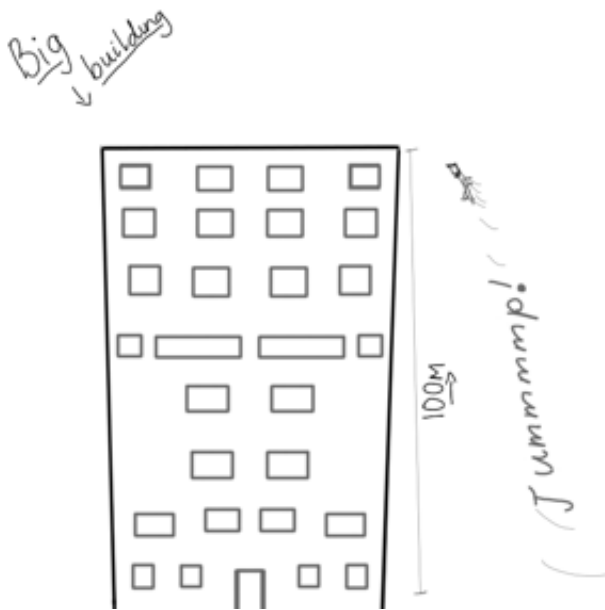


However, if you thought of the **potato**; it means you are a very intelligent person who is likely to become a world leader and hang out on super yachts while sipping fancy orange juice out of crystal glasses previously owned by the Queen of England...



Now, not to brag, but another power of mine means I can also jump really, really, REALLY high. Like, 100 metres straight up in the air. Sometimes more. I haven't been officially measured here on

Earth because I don't want people to know my secret, but the gravity here is a lot less than Tenalp so I reckon I could probably go even higher than 100 metres.



Want to hear something even weirder than alien mind control and gigantic jumping? Well back home, before the explosion, everyone had different abilities. Some are only marginally different to

others, and some are just plain ridiculous. Some powers were super incredible and some just made you shake your head and feel sorry for the unlucky owner.

Need an example? How about these guys...

WAYNO

My friend Wayno has the ability to summon random things you might see around your house - out of thin air - on command. He can't control what he conjures up, or its size, only when it happens and where it goes.

The other day he got into an argument down at the mall and the guy he was arguing with ended up with a frying pan donging him on his head. Lucky it wasn't a fridge!

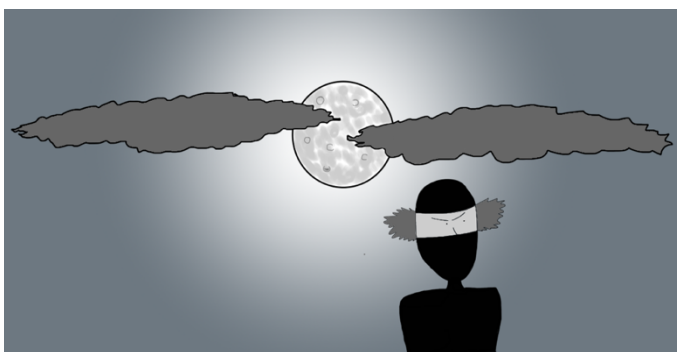


HUNTER

Another friend of mine who lives here on Earth
is Hunter.

He has super white skin and vibrant red hair. He's really not a fan of the sun because it burns his skin. Once he even got moon burn!

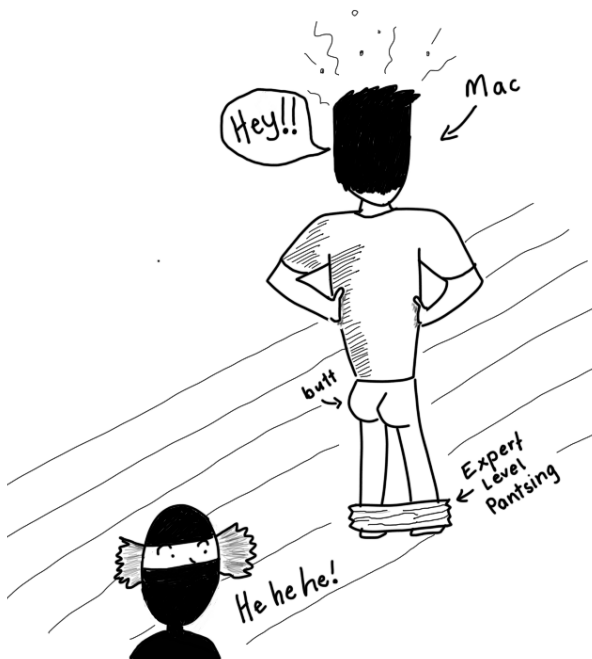
He came up with this sweet ninja outfit to protect him from the sun. To be cautious, he mainly comes out at night time.



The sun can still hurt his skin due to the incredible brightness, so at night, he works as a legendary hitman who can blind people by turning up the brightness of his skin. He doesn't use that power often. It's so rare because it takes all his energy to complete the move and he's tired for the next few months. Imagine if your skin went so

bright it blinded everyone around you. That's a lot of energy.

Hunter comes from a long line of ginger ninja assassins. He is so sneaky, nobody ever sees him coming. Annoyingly he loves practical jokes. His favourite trick is to sneak up on his friends at parties and pull their pants down. He calls it 'pantsing'...



He's pantsed me four times this month. FOUR!!!!

It's realllllly embarrassing. And this one time, I wasn't wearing any undies. **Ultimate embarrassment!**

FOREST



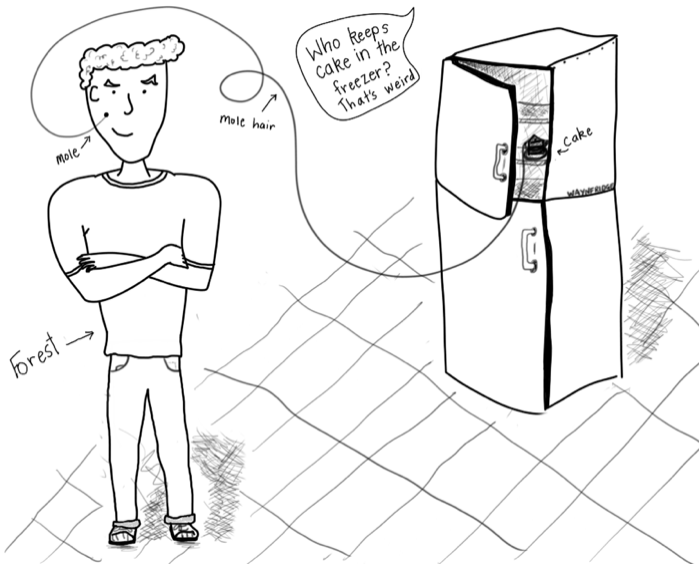
Next up, we call him Forest and he has some unique abilities of his own. He has the voice of an angel which can calm anyone down, no matter how mad they are.

He can calm screaming toddlers and even your mum when she finds out where you've been wiping your boogers for the last three years. I know, down the side of the couch... Yes, I know about it and it's disgusting. Your mind is full of strange little secrets, isn't it?

My favourite ability of his is really weird. He has this mole on the side of his face and he can control the length of the hair that grows out of it. It's so gross, but weirdly amazing! He can send that wriggly little mole hair where ever he wants. We had it examined by Professor Largedome back on Tenalp. He reported that it had the same strength as a Spindockian diamond, it can move at the speed of a blazar from a hyperactive galaxy and has the manoeuvrability of a cooked piece of spaghetti. It's a truly incredible combination considering he can control where it goes with insane accuracy.

It's a lot like when you push the button on a vacuum cleaner to make the cord come in, except

in reverse and with sniper precision. Forest can control his funny little mole hair so well he never has to leave the couch. He just sends his mole hair to the fridge to grab himself a piece of cake.



It's so gross, but so helpful. You should see him scratch his bum... let's just say, yuck.

Chapter FOUR

The Superior Corporal

As far as I know there are 30 of us aliens here on Earth living amongst you. We all **LOVE** it here on Earth. Well, most of us love it here. There IS this one guy. We call him... Scotty. I know what you're thinking, he sounds harmless right? Like, "There goes old Scotty, off to buy a paper and then donate to charity again." **WRONG!!!** You are **SO WRONG!** You are $2+3=11$... **WRONG!**

S.C.O.T.T.Y stands for: **Superior Corporal Of The Tall Yetis.**

I know... Sounds scary right? Tall yetis are totally frightening. And more than that, they're totally **annoying**. This guy is 275cm tall! Do you know how tall that is? It's massive! You should see if your teacher will let you measure it out at school, then you'll see just how freakishly tall he is.

Imagine a scale that explains annoyingness which goes from 1-10: one being a puppy chasing a butterfly through a meadow of daffodils under a double rainbow. A ten being your cousin who thinks he's funny, purposefully leaving the window open and the light on at night time, letting hundreds of hungry mosquitos in and when you wake up covered with bites you go to put some nice soothing cream on it, but he's changed it to your dad's super strength super glue!

If your cousin's a 10, Scotty would be a 13! He'd do all of that, plus fart in the room you're in, blame the fart on you, then walk out. He says he's just misunderstood so we let him hang out with us.

His superpower is similar to mine, except it only works on **weaker aliens** and humans. My mind control skills work on any human and **almost** any alien. Only the strongest aliens, Wayno and Scotty can resist my powers.

I use my powers for good. He uses his powers to annoy people so much they abandon their planets just to get away from him.



Don't worry about Earth though, although he's super powerful and can take over people's minds,

I'm **more** powerful and can keep him under control. Secretly I think he really enjoys Earth.

Something else about Scotty ... He has a lisp. When he controls people's minds, you can definitely tell because the targets start to speak with a really strong lisp which is hilarious. He doesn't like to talk about it, so if you see writing like this:

“Hi I'm Thcotty, the thuper thilly alien who thecretly wantth to take over the world.” You will need to translate it to, “Hi I'm Scotty, the super silly alien who secretly wants to take over the world.”

(As you read, I challenge you to get someone to read Scotty's parts out loud - bonus points if it's an adult - double bonus points if you video it and upload it to social media and tag, @mrmacsbooks).

Both Wayno and I can stop him from making people want to ditch their planets just to get away from him. Wayno once tried to defuse a situation but accidentally made a toaster appear on the end of Scotty's hands. While he was distracted by the

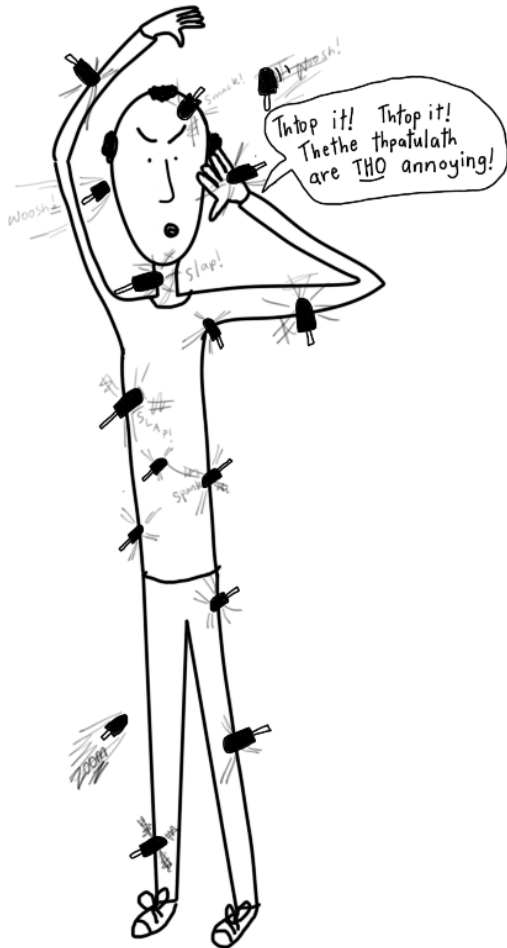
burning sensation, we took him down, put him in handcuffs, and gave him to the authorities.

Other times Wayno stopped Scotty from taking over the world...

Wayno caught him taking the batteries out of everybody's remote controls and putting them back in upside down. So he put Scotty in a washing machine on a spin cycle for three weeks.



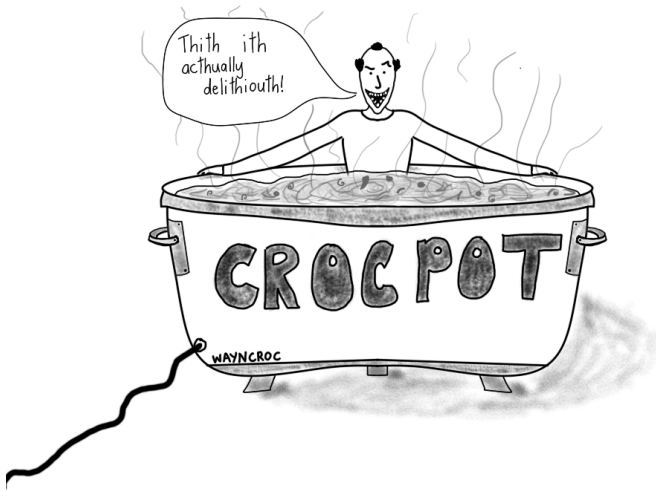
Spatulas continuously slapped him on the face until he cried and said he wouldn't be naughty any more. Scotty lied.



When Scotty turned off the world's freezers so all the ice cream melted, Wayno trapped his hands and feet in tea pots.



When he stole the world's toilet paper, he was slow cooked in a crock pot for 3 hours on a medium low heat. He smelt like onions and brussels sprouts for a month. Yuck!



If only Wayno could control his powers. He would probably be the most powerful alien on Earth. He and Scotty are the only aliens I've ever met who can stop me from controlling their minds. I'll figure them out though, there must be something stopping me from getting through.

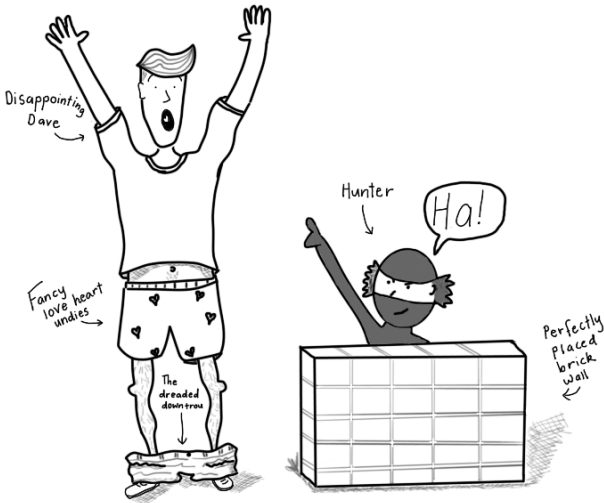
Chapter FIVE

Who Are We?

You're probably wondering, if Tenalp is so amazing, why don't we make this planet more like home. We are working on it, but we are working on it in secret ways. I really can't tell you. The only humans who know are Bill.i.am from the Blue Eyed Beans, Arnold Schwartzenschnitzel, Insain Bolt, Lebron Jims and Dave.

We shared a few secrets with these humans and they've taken them and made themselves as famous as a human can possibly be, improving things here

on Earth for everybody. Except Dave. He's done nothing interesting and is a real let down.



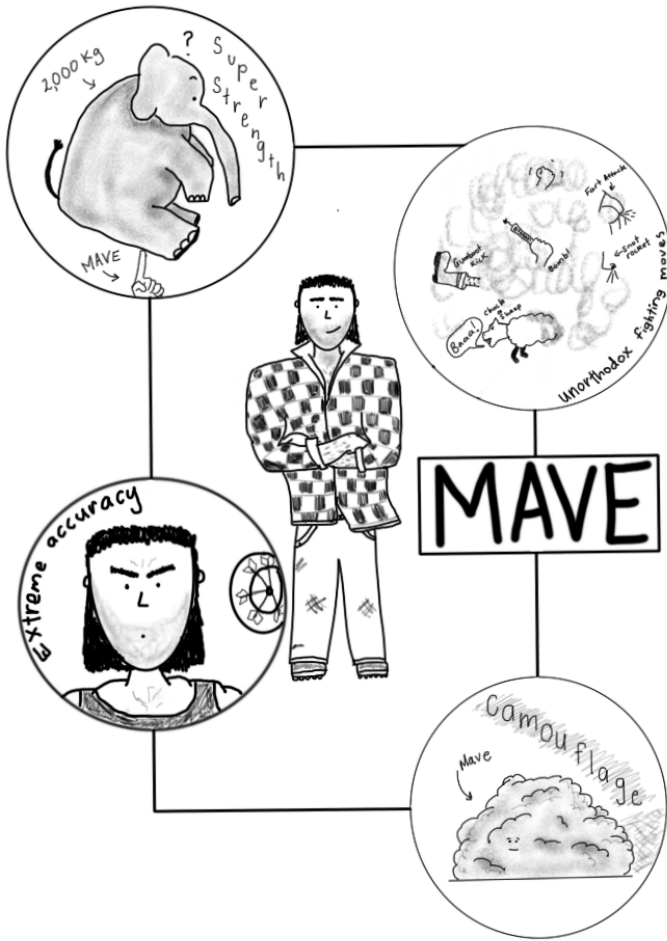
Maybe you can get those people to tell you our secrets, I doubt they'll tell you. I won't tell you either. I swore an oath to keep our secrets a secret for at least 2,439 human years. Maybe I can tell you if you live that long. I'm already up to 9 years here so only 2,430 years to go.

Us aliens meet up once a year for a party on October 17th. Anyone who is available **must** turn

up. We talk together about things we've learned about humans. We discuss new sayings which we can use in everyday conversation. Human expressions are something we really struggle with so you might notice some well-known expressions said incorrectly, like, "He was barking up the wrong hill" or, "It's raining cats and slugs outside."

Often our party can get a bit awkward because Scotty tries to mind control another one of our friends, Mave. Mave always takes offence to this because as you now know, Scotty only mind controls 'weaker' aliens. A lot of us laugh because Mave doesn't talk very much and when Scotty is mind controlling him he has a ridiculous lisp and won't stop talking.

But when Mave gets worked up, holy horse! It's quite a sight! You see, Mave has more than one super power because he comes from what Earthlings call a 'rural background'.



Rural aliens adapt to their surroundings extremely quickly and often develop extra super powers along the way.

An interesting little quirk about Mave is he often makes funny noises instead of talking. We tease him about it, but only because he's secretly everyone's favourite.

This one time at our party, Mave started speaking loudly with a lisp and twerking. When Mave found out it was Scotty, he went on a mission of revenge for the rest of the night.

Mave camouflaged himself as a house plant and when Scotty walked past, he wrapped him up in a sleeper hold which Scotty never... saw... coming! It was hilarious. Scotty was OUT COLD. Classic Mave vs. Scotty. When he finally let go, Hunter came out of nowhere and pantsed Mave. When it's not you being pantsed or put in a sleeper hold, it's HYSTERICAL!

What a party ... I can't wait for next year!

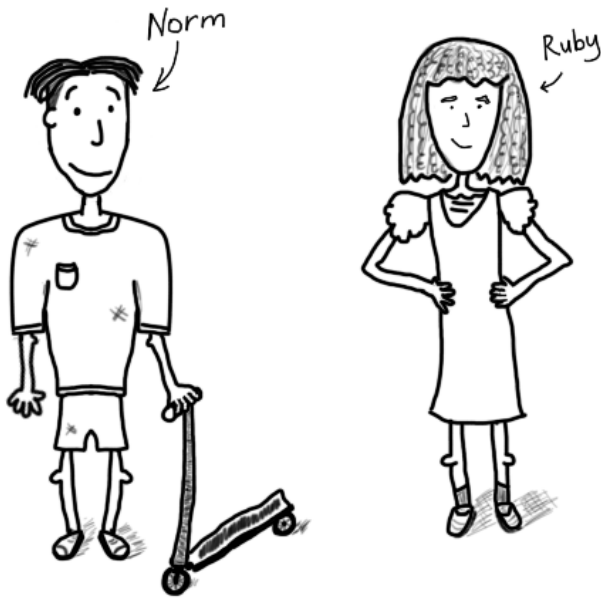
Chapter SIX

Norm

Here on Earth I've gotten to know this kid. A boy called Norman. Norm's 9 years old, average height, short brown hair, wears second hand clothes, doesn't own much and he scooters everywhere. Norman's my neighbour and over the past nine years I've watched him grow up. He doesn't know my secret and I plan on keeping it that way. Don't you dare tell him or I'll make you tell that person at school you've got a crush on, that you've got a crush on them. You **don't** want that do you? **DO YOU!?** Good. Then don't tell Norman about my secret.

Young Norman is a little champion. He's got heaps of hobbies. He likes model plane building, reading, he builds things and then sells them to people on the street as they walk past his stall (which he also built), but Norm's favourite pastime is hanging out with his friend Ruby. He's got a massive crush on her but pretends he doesn't. It's so obvious I don't even need to read his mind. She walks by and he goes all red and silly. She talks to him and he stutters out absolute garbage which is almost impossible to understand. He thinks she is

the coolest person in the world, while she just thinks he's Norman from school.



Chapter SEVEN

The Beginning

Now that you're all caught up on who we are, let me tell you about the Battle of Bash.

It all started on Norm's birthday when I promised his mother I would take him down to the park so he could practise his scootering. I got him a brand new scooter and gave it a little 'alien tweak' so it goes even faster and higher than a normal one. Norm's pretty sharp on the scooter so I feel OK giving him such an epic ride. It's no gerbocker, but for Earth's standards it's pretty awesome.

When I went next door to pick him up, I could feel something in the air and noticed a spring in Norm's step. He really wanted to get down there.

“You ready, Mac?” he said. “Ruby's already down there, let's go!”

Ohhhhh, nnnnow I see the hurry. Ruby will be there. “Alright, birthday boy, let's get a wriggle off. Say goodbye to your mother... See you soon, Mrs. Norm's Mum.”

“Bye Mum!” called Norm as he skidded out the driveway knocking over the neighbour's rubbish bin.

After a few hours of Norm tearing up the skatepark on his alien enhanced rig, we were at the half pipe. Ruby only had a human skateboard but she was easily keeping up with Norm. The girl is fearless! Earlier I watched Norm go down a HUGE ramp and off a jump at the other end. I thought it was impressive and only possible because of the

alien enhancements, but over followed Ruby as if it was a piece of pudding!

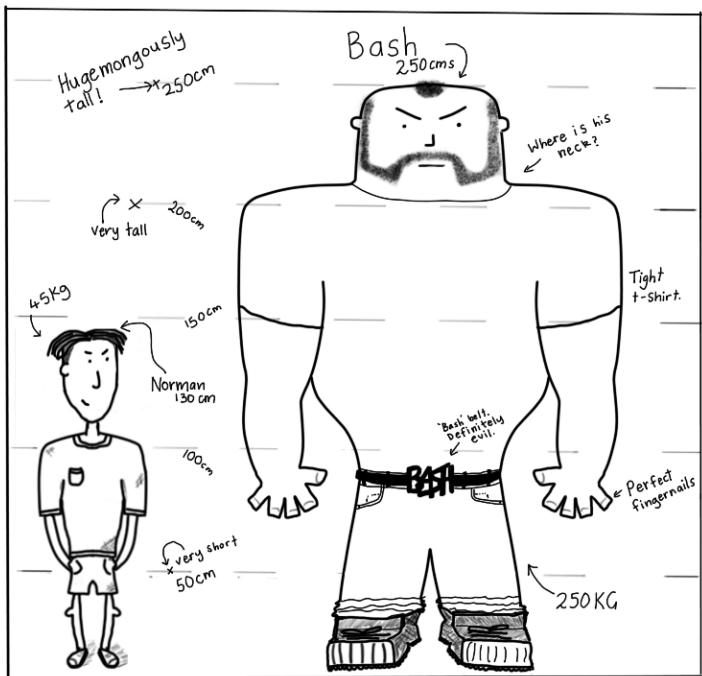
Then came trouble. A huge bloke stomped into the skate park. This man was bad news. It was such a beautiful sunny day, but when he turned up it felt like the clouds blocked out the sun and a chill hit the air. Noticing Norm had the newest scooter in the park, he challenged him to a scooter-off grumbling something about the winner gets the loser's scooter...

Something you need to know about my little friend Norm is that he is super competitive and sometimes, he makes bad decisions. He never backs down from a challenge, even when it's obvious that he should. It's an issue made even worse when Ruby is around so of course, he said, "Righto, you're on. I'm Norm. What's your name, big man?"

"Bash," grumbled the mountainous man in a deep voice which meant business.

Ruby skidded to a stop beside them, “Maaaaan you’re huuuuuge!” she remarked staring up at the giant. Bash grunted and ignored her.

As I stood beside the halfpipe looking at Bash and Norm on their scooters, it didn’t look fair. Norm is 9 years old, 130cm tall and about 45kg. Bash on the other hand looks about 35, is 250cm tall and weighs 250kg.



Bash's hair line looked like it was running away from his forehead. He had stubble on his face shaped in a very strange beard, was wearing a very tight t-shirt, some jeans and a pair of shoes which looked as if they might once have been army trucks. He looked like a giant who ate another giant, then robbed a homeless person for their clothes. His fingernails were oddly perfect.

“What's the challenge then?” Ruby asked full of confidence when it came to Norm. I too had faith in him, but I could tell there was something strange about Bash.

Bash pointed down the ramp, “You have to go down this side of the half pipe and back up that side, the person who gets the highest off the ramp, wins.”

Ruby slapped Norm on the back. “No prob, Bob! You've got it in the bag, Norm.”

I must have looked a bit worried because by my calculations, Bash's weight would give him so much

more speed and height than Norm. My little friend walked toward me to tell me he will be fine. I took his scooter off him anyway, tweaking it a little more and handed it back to him while wishing him good luck.

“I don’t need luck!” he replied and off he went.

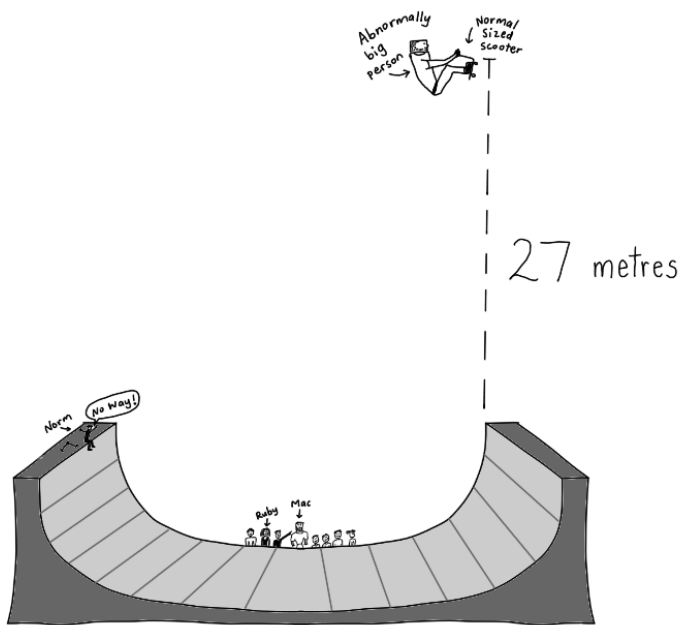
Norm jumped as high as he could and then down the ramp he sped, his tiny little body generating as much speed as possible. He crouched at the bottom of the ramp and prepared to spring up on the other side to help with momentum. He timed everything perfectly and soared through the air like a fighter jet searching for more and more height to get away from its enemy. He reached the pinnacle of the jump, and at 3 metres of height it looked like he had the win locked in. As he came to a perfect stop, all of the other kids who had gathered to watch, clapped and cheered! He looked back to the top of the ramp to check that Ruby had seen. She was jumping up and down giving Norm two thumbs up.

I'd never seen Norm look so happy. He was the man!

I said to Bash, "You won't beat that, mate."

He turned back and said something quite odd, "Don't count your chickens before they break out of their shells."

I thought to myself 'that's not the saying is it?' Bash jumped high into the air, and when I say high, I mean HIGH. And when I say HIGH, I mean REALLY HIGH!! A four metre standing jump! He gathered so much speed as he headed down the ramp, I wondered how his scooter didn't snap in two. He crouched down just as Norm had and prepared to use his momentum to propel himself high into the air! He went up... UP... UPPP...



UPPPPP!!!! If I wasn't there I wouldn't have believed it. He went 27 metres into the air and on the way back down he was taking selfies! He was in the air so long he even uploaded the photo to 'The Book with some pretty mean hashtags like #WeakHumans.

Once back on the ramp he jumped off while still moving so his scooter carried on into the group of

kids gathered around the half pipe. The group was late to notice and one of the kids doubled over when he was hit in the stomach by Bash's speeding scooter.



Bash laughed at the boy and began walking toward Norm to collect his winnings.

This was no ordinary bloke. Norm was crushed. His brand new, alien enhanced birthday scooter was now in the hands of this humongous adult! I decided to intervene.

With my fingers to my temples I stared at Bash, concentrating intensely. Any second now, Bash will return the scooter... any secoooonnnndddddd...

What's going on? My mind control isn't working. Why isn't he giving it back? I tried one more time. I must have been concentrating too hard trying to push my orders into his head because, well sometimes this happens, OK? I let out an embarrassingly long, disgusting fart.



I stopped my mind control immediately as my face turned red and the sound of laughter hit me

like bullets. Norm was now not only crushed at the defeat, but embarrassed that the adult that brought him to the park let a gigantic squelchy butt yodel rip in the middle of the half pipe.

I heard Ruby call out, “Hey Farty, your undies have got bigger skid marks than the speedway!”

Before I could say anything or interrogate this ‘Bash’ bloke (if that IS his real name), Norm was dragging me as far away as possible.

“Well that was embarrassing! Why did you have to fart like that? This is the worst birthday ever!” and with that, he stormed off without saying goodbye.

Not only did I feel horrible for Norm and embarrassed for the massive stinker, but now I couldn’t stop thinking about this Bash character.

Chapter EIGHT

The Book!

There were so many strange things that happened at the skatepark.

1. A man the size of two normal humans did a four metre standing jump, and then flew 27 metres into the sky on a scooter.

2. He said, “Don’t count your chickens before they break out of their shells,” instead of, “Don’t count your chickens before they hatch.” (I googled it).

3. His hashtag of #WeakHumans.

4. I couldn’t control his mind.

This is not good. The only thing I can do is check The Book. If my fears are correct, we are in some serious trouble here. That means YOU too, reader. After all, you live here too!

Wait, what's The Book? You don't know what The Book is either? Are you for real? It's only the most creepy and amazing and scary and cool book ever. The Book is our only ancient document which we managed to save from Tenalp and bring here to Earth. To put it simply so your little human brain can understand, it's a big book of biographies which chronicles everyone's lives in real time. It's an amazing piece of technology that updates itself and adds to everyone's personal story. It's incredibly creepy what it knows, but it's really interesting.

You have to be careful when you open it as your eyes are transfixed on the information. People around you become a blur of nothing as you stare blankly at The Book, lost in a world of faraway

friends. It can be good because you know what everyone else is doing in their life, but it can be bad as well because you can lose hours, if not days of your life! It's a shame because while you are looking at The Book you could be outside doing awesome activities and exploring the universe.

I cough a little as the dust covered cloth releases a cloud which hits me in the face. I haven't used our ancient document in so long that I become nervous that I will be hooked in by The Book. I go over the plan in my head.

'Look only for Bash. Shut The Book,'

again: 'Look only for Bash. Shut The Book,'

repeat: 'Look only for Bash. Shut The Book.'

I really, really, really don't want to be trapped in The Book. That happened to my friend Kyba. He was sucked into The Book for so long he didn't eat for three weeks. He's all skin and bones now and actually very lucky to be alive.

I shoot off a quick message to Wayno through my mind control and ask him come around in a few hours to drag me back to reality if I get stuck.



As I open The Book, I immediately feel like I am being sucked into a world of information. The lives of my friends are rushing past me and I can't help but look at what they are doing. The Book is alien technology. It's so advanced that it's hard to put into words how amazing it is. It's kind of like every memory you have, is stored in an intergalactic

database. It follows your thoughts and shoots to the page of whoever you're thinking of.

I think of my family and the planets they now inhabit and ZOOM, I'm dragged through a whirl of colours and lights, landing on my cousin Doug. He's just started his own company selling second hand spaceships. That could come in very handy one day.

I check on my ex-girlfriend. Ew yuck, she married Barry!?! She can do way better than Barry. I guess that's just karma for breaking up with me.

I check on my old teacher, Mr James Lee. He's entertaining his students by balancing a table on his chin and spinning pillows on his fingertips. What a legend.

As I'm watching the spinning pillows my thoughts wander to my friend Goat. ZOOM, I'm sucked through the same fantastical lights and colours and land in front of his page. I find a memory he must have had playing on a loop. Wow,

he's got kids now. Goat's child is laughing while plummeting back to the ground after being launched crazily high by her father...

NO! STOP IT! I have to check on who this Bash character is!

'Look only for Bash. Shut The Book.'

I think hard about the Bash from today, a human on Earth. I wait for the ZOOM... Nothing? Hmm, maybe if I just think of the name 'Bash'... ZOOM, my stomach lurches forward as the rest of my body catches up. I land on a page of people all named Bash, none of which are in the human category. That's weird. He's not human?

I look up in awe at the page of beings called Bash, and there's 12 of them. Oh no... There he is! He's marked by the Federal Bureau of Interstellar Investigation (commonly known as the FBII). My friend Tommy works for the FBII, if Bash is wanted, Tommy will want to know he's here on Earth.

“TOMMY” I called, and again, ZOOM! I was sucked through The Book, through a porthole of sparkling, blurred pages and land in front of his page:

“Tommy Staunton from the FBII, because two I’s are better than one.” I’m sure he was really proud of himself when he came up with that line. I quickly put a link to Bash’s profile on Tommy’s page and then turn my attention to what Bash’s criminal record has to say.

Goosebumps pop up all over my body as I look at the criminal record. I shudder reading all of the horrible things he's accomplished.

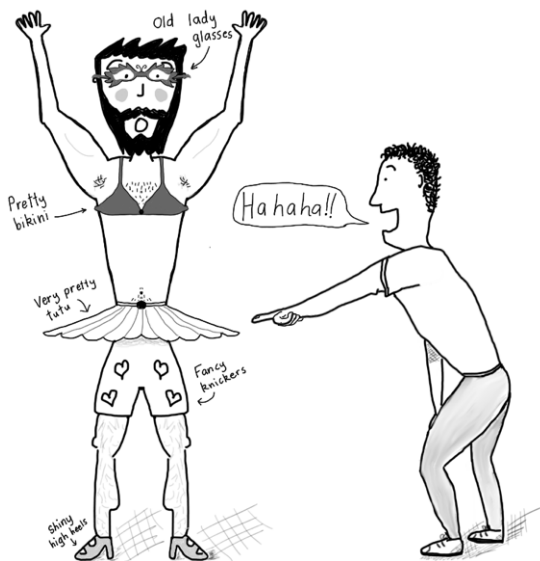


This is really strange... Somehow The Book, which follows everyone and everything, hasn't

updated anything on him for the past 23 years. It says here that he is a known criminal and is number six on the list of most wanted interstellar criminals. He is infamous for his use of cutting edge technology to enhance his powers and evil reputation. His use of the trugnungar on the inhabitants of the now deceased Planet Splitters in the Warbog Quadrant is only one example of what he is capable of. If he is seen, you are instructed to alert the FBI immediately as he will not stop until he collects the planets core, thus making the planet stop spinning and ultimately destroying the planet with a huge explosion.

I shake my head. This is bad. REALLY BAD! He must be the one who destroyed my beautiful home planet and stole my gerbocker. I can't let this happen again.

I'm jolted back from the book with the sound of Wayno laughing. He's pointing and laughing at what he's done to me while I was absorbed in The Book.



“Mate you’ve been in there for hours! I’m not going to lie, I might have had a bit of fun while you were out of it.”

“You’re sick, Wayno,” I say looking at the clothing he has put me in. “We don’t have time for your silly pranks. Bash is here on Earth!”

Wayno lowers his finger and stares blankly at me, “What are you talking about? Who’s Bash?”

While searching for my normal clothes, I say to Wayno, “We have to call an emergency meeting of the Tenalpians here on Earth. We have an interstellar super villain on our hands!”

Chapter NINE

The Meeting of the Weirdos

We have an alien messaging service which runs through The Book. It's crazy effective because of our alien technology. Instead of a ding for a message, you sneeze. So, when the call goes out to all the aliens they sneeze into their elbow and the message appears there. If you see people sneezing, they might be an alien.

The message I sent outlines the urgency around us all gathering. I sent this message with three exclamation marks at the beginning and three

To: *Tenalpians*

CC: *President, Prime Minister, Queen, Justin*

Bie...

Subject: **!!!EMERGENCY MEETING OF
NON EARTHLINGS!!!**

Dear Tenalpians,

There is an alien super villain on Earth and he is here to steal the Earth's core. Please meet at our headquarters ASAP.

Kind regards,

Mac

PS: I think he is the same guy who destroyed Tenalp.

PPS: Bring something nice for a shared lunch.

exclamation marks at the end of the subject line. As

you can imagine, with that amount of exclamation marks, I expect people to arrive quickly. Also, the bold italic capital letters make it waaaaay more urgent looking.

As old friends started turning up, I couldn't help but be pleased to see them. Then I remembered why they were here and began to feel anxious that others were so slow.

My house is our headquarters. I know that sounds lame, but it's a totally sweet house. On the outside it looks like any old house. But on the inside, if you push the green button in the fridge, it instantly transforms the interior into the ultimate hideout. Today, I pushed the green button in the fridge.

Every window was instantly covered in metal curtains, the table in the lounge automatically flipped upside down to reveal a hovering, mega advanced alien planning station, complete with holographic realistic moving characters who

represented all of my friends and this new fellow, Bash.

After a few hours, Forest, Wayno, Hunter, Scotty, Mave and myself were still waiting for the others to arrive. Scotty normally only turns up because I make a delicious Tenalpian nomnomnom cake.

“What’th thith about then?” Scotty asked in an annoyed and muffled voice. He hated being called away from annoying humans but he loved eating my famous nomnomnom cake.

“Well, the other day,” I started, “I was at the skate park with Norm and...”

“Coooooooooooooooooool” Scotty interrupted looking around grinning with a tone which was so sarcastic even Wayno was impressed.

I glared at Scotty shook my head and continued through gritted teeth. “..When this bloke turned up. He was massive! Like, abnormally big. He beat

Norm in a scooter competition and took his scooter.”

“Tth that all? Your little friend loht a competithion tho you call everyone in?” lisped Scotty.

“No, that’s not it, Scotty. This big bloke, Bash, he stole Norm’s scooter and I tried to mind control him, but I couldn’t. I couldn’t control him.”

Scotty stood there shaking his head, hands on his hips, “Thhhhho you found thomeone you couldn’t control? Woop dee doo. That happenth to me all the time.”

Wayno jumped in, “Yeah but Scotty, you suck at mind control. Mac can control anyone. Well, except me and you. You know, the strong aliens. Eh, Mave?” Wayno loved to remind Mave he hadn’t figured out how to stop me from mind controlling him.

Mave offered a half sneaky smile which suggested 'I'll get you, Wayno. Laugh it up while you can'.

As the group returned to look at me, I continued, "He's an alien. I checked The Book."

"It's true" said Wayno. "While he was stuck in The Book I put him in a tutu, a wig and a bikini." Wayno handed out the pictures he'd taken. As everyone laughed I took the opportunity to control Hunter's mind and made him pants Wayno to reveal a pair of hilarious love heart undies. Then, using my mind control, I made Hunter steal the phone and delete the pictures.

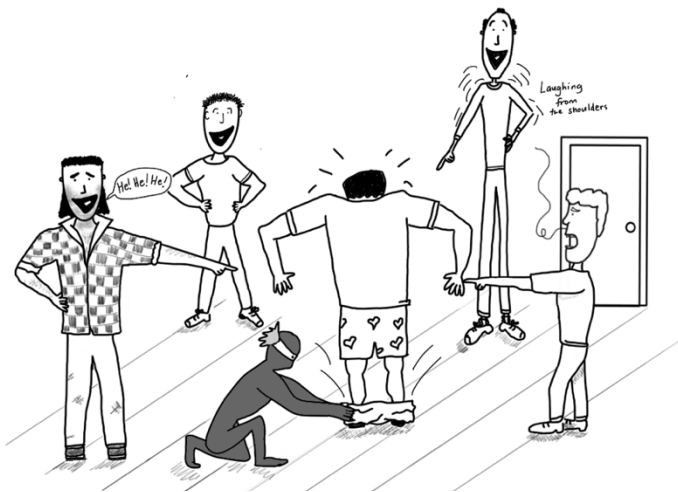
Time was marching on and the sun was now sneaking through a crack in my metal curtains which told me the evening was upon us. These guys need to understand the seriousness of the situation.

"I checked The Book. He's been untraceable for 23 years but in that time 23 planets have had the same pattern of scooters, gold, royal families and

the planets' cores stolen. Coincidence? Well, today he stole Norm's scooter..."

Everyone was staring at me giggling and pointing...

"What?" I looked down to see my pants around my ankles.



I could feel the blood filling my cheeks as more time was wasted, "For goodness sake, grow up, Hunter!" This was his way of pay back for me using my mind control skills on him.

I quickly pulled up my pants and as I tightened my belt, the front door swung open. Norm was standing in the doorway holding a newspaper.

“Hey Mac, look at this...” he looked up from his paper, eyebrows raised, mouth open.

“Woah... What happened to your house? Who are these guys?” Norm gawked at all of us with his mouth open, “What are you guys wearing? You look...” Norm searched for the right words.

“Legendary?” suggested Wayno.

“Awethomely Thuper?” offered Scotty.

“Like a wicked awesome super group?” said Hunter.

A grin ran across Mave’s face.

“Na?” Norm shook his head and couldn’t fight the smile any longer. “You look... ridiculous!” and with that, Norm began rolling around on the floor laughing his head off.

“What’th he doing?” asked Scotty.

“I believe this is called ROFLing,” said Hunter.
“I’ve never seen it in person, but I read about it on
Google.”



Scotty’s eyebrows wiggled across his face, “Well
tell him to thtop it. He’tth freaking me out and we
have therious thingth to dithcuth.”

Norm was rolling from side to side clutching his
ribs. “And the tall one talks like a snake! Hahahaha
this is amazing. What a group of super weirdos!”

I resume talking about Bash assuming it will all go over Norm's head. "Gentlemen, Bash is pure evil. He is here to take over the Earth, take the planet's core and sell it to the highest bidder."

Scotty's eyebrows raised with a pretend innocence, "How much doeth a planet'th core go for now-a-dayth?"

"I haven't seen one for sale for a while, I think the last one I saw was around 17 billion turgs." Turgs are the intergalactic currency. 1 turg = \$7 here on Earth, so stealing the core from a planet like ours is big business.

Scotty looked like he was trying to hide how excited he was. You know the look when you get told a huge secret that you triple turbo pinky swear not to tell, but you really want to tell someone? He looked like that. That look normally means he's going to do something annoying.

"Hey guyth, I've jutht gotta head outthide for a minute... to... ahhh... find my cat."

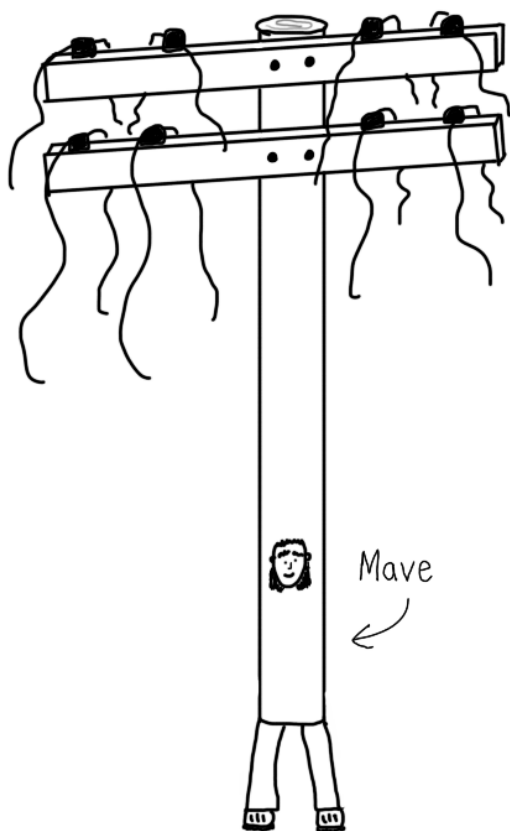
Hunter piped up, “You don’t have a cat, what are you doing, Scotty?”

Scotty now had one hand on the doorhandle, “It’th a new little kitten. Hith name ith... Bill, yeth... Bill. That’th hith name. I picked him up latht night. Anyway, betht be off... Thee ya... No need to follow me... I’m definitely going to thee Bill... the kitten... who ith deffffinitely real. Byyyyyyyyyy...” and he slammed the door.

“Well team, I think we can all agree that was a strange and incredibly obvious exit. Anyone want to volunteer to go follow him?”

Mave put his hand up with another little half smile. Mave is an expert in camouflage, it’s a safe bet that if he wanted to follow Scotty, he would never be seen.

As we watched Mave leave disguised as an extremely convincing power pole, I turned to the remaining members of the group, “Team, this is a very real threat. Norm, can I see that newspaper?”



“No need,” answered Forest. “I already read it while Scotty was leaving. I grabbed it with my mole hair.”

“That’s so gross” blurted Norm, putting a finger down his throat in a throw up gesture.

“No it isn’t, you’re gross. My mole hair is cool. Anyway, as I was saying. I have read it. It says here, the bank holding 75% of the world’s gold has been robbed by a behemoth on a scooter. I believe we have found this intergalactic mega criminal, Mac.”

My eyes went wide with panic, “75% of the world’s gold!?” I shouted at the group. “We’re running out of time. By the time the FBI get here, the Earth will be dead!”

As this information sunk in, Hunter began to walk around the room thinking out loud, “So let me get this straight. You say Bash steals scooters, then the planet’s gold or currency or whatever, and then he takes the planet’s core. Then what? He jumps in

his spaceship and leaves the planet and all who live on it to explode?”

The group turned to me.

“I haven’t seen his spaceship, but yes. That’s what he does. Very soon he will be extracting the Earth’s core and **WE** are the only hope.”

Forest interrupted, “Well, I like the name that Norm gave us earlier. The Super Weirdos. I’ll only be part of this if that’s what we are called. We can be like a super group. Like One Direction or The Spice Girls.” Forest was nodding at the group, willing them to agree.

“I’m in,” said Hunter.

“I’m in, too,” called out Wayno.

“Me too,” smiled Forest.

Although Mave wasn’t there, we knew he would be in.

“Can I be a Super Weirdo?” asked Norm who was getting caught up in the excitement.

“Definitely, Norm. Obviously, I’m in too,” I said.

Standing in a circle, we all put our hands in the middle, giving the Tenalpien eyeball to each other. This means no one can back out.

Then Norm called out “Super Weirdos on THREE. One, Two, Three!”

We all watched as he called out, “Super Weirdos!” shooting his hand to the sky.

“What are you doing?” asked Wayno.

“Aw... That’s... That’s like a thing sports people do. I thought you knew that.” Norm’s cheeks reddened.

“How would we know that? Never do that again,” replied Wayno.

Great work team, part 1 is
finished!

I really hope your class are
enjoying my book so far!

What's been your favourite part?

What will happen next?

Did your teacher read with a
lithp?? I hope they did!

Reading with a lithp ith very
difficult, tho be nithe to your
teacher!

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