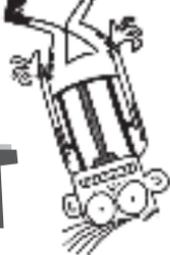


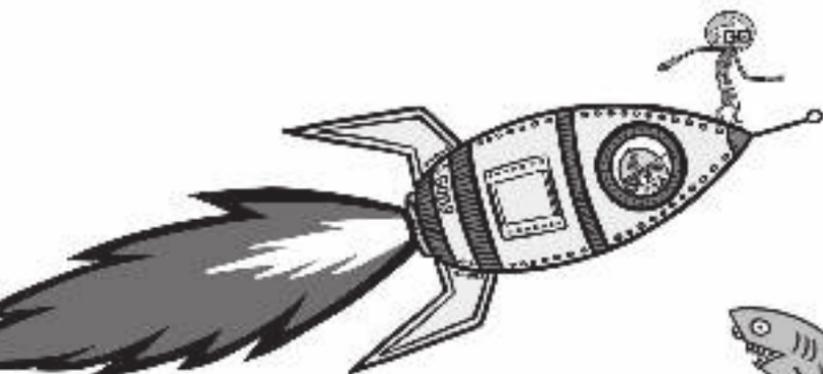
MICK ELLIOTT



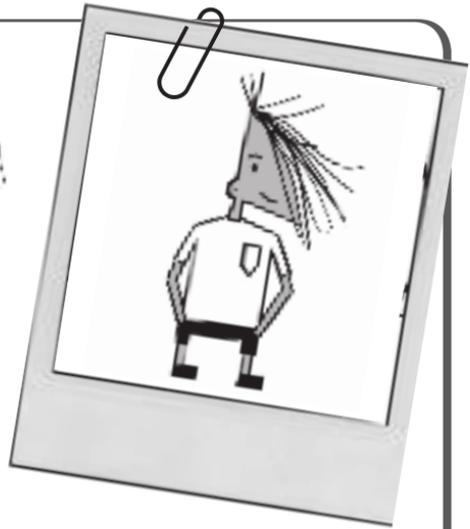
SQUIDGE DIBLEY



DESTROYS
THE GALAXY



 **LOTHIAN**
Children's Books



GASA*
TOP-SECRET
CASE FILE

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

A 100% true account of everything that occurred involving Craglands South Primary School, Class 6PU.

As told by Padman O'Donnell. Best friend of Squidge Dibley. Writer. Cartoonist in training. Nickname: Pod.

*The Galactic Australian Space Association

THE KIDS INVOLVED IN 'THE INCIDENT'

Squidge Dibley

* New student at Craglands
South Primary School.

* Special medical conditions:

Bungee Bones (super-bouncy
skeleton), **Nervous Belly**

Belchus (epic, accidental burps
when exposed to loud noises),

Bloatus Maximus (massive
bodily ballooning when fully
submerged in water).



Leanna Kingsley

* Total science nut.

* Space fanatic.



Nathan Kobeissi

* Hooked on eating
paint.



Rennie Grosse

- * Obsessed with
pythons, snakes,
pythons, reptiles
and pythons.
- * Owns a pet python.
(Obsessed with it.)



The Pritchard Twins: Ainsley & Audrey

- * Identical twins.
- * Legendary
pranksters since
birth.



Abigail Takani

- * Sugar sachet
collector.
- * Junior street
dancing champion.



Rebecca Peterson

- * Plays every
instrument in the
school band.



Shane Sloosman

* Eternally nervous
friend of Lenny
Battisto.



Lenny Battisto

* Not so nervous, but
still pretty nervous,
friend of Shane
Sloosman.



Daniel Kwon-Yoon

* Skateboard pro.
* Dreams of
skateboarding in
the Olympics.



Crichton Peel

* Most annoying kid
on planet Earth.
(And probably in
the universe.)





CHAPTER 1

Okay, so some *crazy* stuff happened. But none of it was Squidge Dibley's fault.



In fact, without Squidge, things would have turned out a *lot worse* than they did.

If anyone is to blame, it's Rennie Grosse's pet python.



I mean, who would you trust if your life depended on it? An innocent kid whose body just happens to change shape without warning – who is also my best friend and the person who saved Craglands South Primary from the worst teacher of all time – or a carpet python who *once ate a poodle?*



My name is Padman O'Donnell (my friends call me Pod) and I'm writing this knowing that the truth may never come out. But I owe it to Squidge Dibley to document the whole *intergalactic disaster*.

It all began with this egg.



CHAPTER 2



Actually, it all began when Shane Sloosman asked our teacher, Ms Trigley, what it feels like to grow a baby in your tummy.

She thought about it for a moment and then said that maybe we should all find out for ourselves.

Crichton Peel shouted:



**YUCK! I DON'T
WANT A BABY IN
MY TUMMY!**

This was really stupid of Crichton because everyone knows that sudden loud noises make Squidge burp, thanks to his rare medical condition called *Nervous Belly Belchus*.

It was a *spectacularly stinky* one, because Squidge had just eaten one of my dad's experimental curries for lunch. Squidge *loves* my dad's curries.

Dad made about a thousand of them when he tried to start a home-delivered-curry business. The business didn't work out, but we have enough curry in our freezer to last until the next ice age.



Luckily, Squidge just can't get enough of them.

Sometimes, like when we're tinkering with a new invention in Dad's workshop after school,

Squidge will eat four in a row.



Ms Trigley took us all out to the playground while the smell of Squidge's burp cleared from the classroom.

Ms Trigley is totally cool with Squidge's quirky reactions. She got used to them when she taught him at his old school – before he came to Craglands South Primary.

Once we were all inhaling fresh air, Ms Trigley suggested that if we *really* wanted to know what it's like to grow a baby, we should try to hatch our own baby chicken.

Lenny Battisto punched the air.



'Your head is a chicken nugget,' said the Pritchard Twins.

Then Rebecca Peterson pulled her trumpet out and started playing the ‘Chicken Dance’. Suddenly Abigail Takani was dancing along, and before Ms Trigley could explain anything else about hatching eggs, everybody had joined in. It was *super lame*, but it was better than being stuck inside on a hot day when the classroom smelled like Squidge’s pork-rosemary-and-goat’s-cheese-curry burp.



Little did we know, as we happily chicken-danced in the blazing afternoon sun, that we would soon find ourselves in danger of being **FRIED ALIVE**.

CHAPTER 3

The next day, Ms Trigley brought in an egg wrapped in a blanket. She explained that if we kept it warm for *twenty-one days*, a chicken would hatch out of it.



‘How are we going to keep it warm for twenty-one days?’ asked Daniel Kwon-Yoon. ‘Boil it?’

Ms Trigley chuckled. ‘No, Daniel. You’re each going to take turns wearing this.’ She held up a special soft leather pouch.



‘Your tummy is the warmest, cosiest part of your body,’ continued Ms Trigley. ‘And this pouch will keep the egg nice and toasty against your tums.’

‘But I thought the warmest part of your body was your butt,’ interrupted Crichton.

‘She said “warmest”, not “stinkiest”,’ said Leanna Kingsley. ‘We don’t want to gas the chicken before it hatches.’

Squidge started giggling.

‘What’s up, Squidge?’ I whispered.

‘Egg gas,’ he squeaked. Squidge cracks himself up sometimes. No pun intended.

‘Now,’ continued Ms Trigley, ‘who is going to wear the pouch first?’

Crichton jumped up and started screeching,
'ME FIRST! ME FIRST!'

I guess Ms Trigley figured that Crichton would keep complaining until he had a turn, so she assigned him first shift as *human incubator*.



Turns out, the egg would have been safer if Crichton *had* worn the pouch around his butt.

Crichton was so busy being Crichton that he quickly forgot he was wearing it. At lunchtime he was pushing in at the front of the canteen line – which he always does – when he **SMOOSHED** the egg against the canteen counter.



Luckily, Ms Trigley had expected this to happen.

She told us that Crichton had been wearing a practice egg.

Crichton had demonstrated how we needed to be *much more careful* if we wanted to raise a baby chicken of our own.

‘But it wasn’t my fault,’ grumbled Crichton, picking pieces of eggshell out of his pants.

Everyone knew that it *was* Crichton’s fault, especially Ms Trigley. But she doesn’t go off her nut when someone makes a mistake, even someone as annoying as Crichton. That’s what makes her such an **EXCELLENT** teacher and so much better than our old one, Vice Principal Hoovesly. He was **HORRIBLE**.

Thanks to Squidge he’s not vice principal any more.* He’s Janitor Hoovesly now, but everyone suspects he’s secretly planning his *revenge*.





Anyway, Ms Trigley pulled out the *real, unbroken* chicken egg and Abigail Takani looked after it for the day. She sprinkled it with sugar to give it energy to grow.

Rebecca Peterson looked after it the next day. She played it lullabies on her harp.



Then Daniel Kwon-Yoon looked after it the day after that. He gently whispered, ‘Be chill, chickie-dude,’ non-stop for six hours.



Then it was the Pritchard Twins' turn. They actually managed to resist the temptation to prank anyone with the egg, even though everyone was sure they were planning to 'accidentally' scramble it.

Then it was my turn. I have to admit, I secretly felt pretty nervous about cracking it like Crichton. But I got through the day okay.



Squidge found his own squidgy way to keep the egg safe and comfy. Seriously, I reckon that egg had the best care any egg ever had.

Too bad that the next day Rennie Grosse's pet python ate it.