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# NELSON

Broccoli and Spies



Illustrated by  
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## Chapter 1



Nelson Hunter hated vegetables. He hated smelling them, he hated eating them. But most of all, he hated fighting them.

‘Get off me!’ yelled Nelson, as a two-metre tall head of broccoli pulled his hair and gave him a wedgie.

Broccoli fight dirtier than any other vegetable.

Nelson had been fighting broccoli for a while now, but bigger heads of broccoli kept showing up to join in. Soon Nelson was surrounded by a forest of stinky broccoli, their tendrils reaching towards him, trying to grab his arms and legs.



If only Nelson had some pumpkin! He'd recently found out that eating pumpkin made him super strong, and even though he hated the vegetable, maybe he'd consider taking a bite if it meant he'd be able to beat this evil broccoli gang!

Nelson shook off the fuzzy green broccoli monster from his shoulders and started to run but tripped, falling flat on his face. All the broccoli around him giggled. One of them had tied his shoelaces together! Nelson ripped his shoes off and threw them at the closest head of broccoli, but they just bounced off like ping-pong balls.

A massive head of broccoli towered over Nelson with an evil grin on its face. It was more than ten times the size of Nelson! He tried to get up, but it was too late. The huge green monster grabbed Nelson by the legs and lifted him into the air, holding poor Nelson above its shiny green mouth. Nelson kicked and struggled, but the broccoli's grip wouldn't budge.

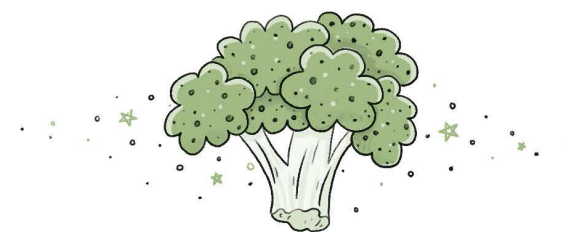


‘Nelson Hunter!’ the broccoli cackled, as neon green steam poured out of its mouth. ‘I hear that when you eat a vegetable, you get superpowers.’ The broccoli monster licked its lips. ‘I wonder what happens when a vegetable eats YOU?’

The giant broccoli opened its mouth wide and a slimy green tongue wrapped itself around Nelson.

All Nelson could do was scream. ‘NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!’

## Chapter 2



‘NOOOOOOOOO!’ screamed Nelson, waking up in a cold sweat.

Nelson looked around and realised he was actually in the back seat of his mum’s car with his best friend, Olive Sadana, who was laughing at him.

‘Was that the dream where you’re being chased by the giant broccoli?’ Nelson’s mum chuckled from the front.

She turned to Olive. ‘He’s been having that one since he was a toddler.’

Nelson scowled and pulled his hoodie over his eyes. ‘Are we at the farm yet?’ he groaned.

‘Just ten minutes to go,’ chirped Nelson’s mum. ‘Look how many cows are out the window!’

Nelson stared longingly at the cow-filled fields all around him. He wished they were going to a farm with animals, but he and Olive were on their way to his grandparents’ farm where the only animal was an old cat that hated children – especially Nelson. His grandparents’ farm was

filled with . . . vegetables. Thousands and thousands of vegetables – and Nelson knew he was going to have to eat a bunch of them today.

Last week had been a strange one for Nelson. He’d discovered that eating pumpkin gave him super-powered strength, and now his grandma wanted to test out the effects other vegetables had when he ate them. Any other kid



would be over the moon that they were about to find out what new superpowers they might possess, but Nelson's complete and utter hatred for vegetables far outweighed his curiosity. His best friend Olive was excited though; she loved vegetables! Olive and Nelson's grandma were two of only three people who knew about Nelson's secret superpowers.

'So Nelson, tell me again why you needed to see your grandparents so urgently?' asked Nelson's mum, staring at him in the rear-view mirror.

Nelson hesitated. He couldn't tell his mum the truth, but the last time

he'd made up something he received detention for lying about an alien race that turned out to be real. Luckily, his far more clever best friend was sitting next to him.

'It's for a school project,' said Olive. 'About how to grow pumpkins.'

'Oh, how fun,' Nelson's mum replied. 'There's no better pumpkin growing experts than your grandparents.'

Nelson fought back the urge to vomit every time the word *pumpkin* was mentioned.

'Oh, and Nelson?' his mum pondered, 'why did Mr Shue write *your secret is safe with me* on your homework this week?'

Nelson peered over at the huge stack of weekend homework in the front passenger seat that he had no plans of touching at any point. The only other person who knew about Nelson's secret was Mr Shue, his teacher. Nelson had recently used his pumpkin superpowers to save his teacher from being eaten by an alien.

'Well, I –' Nelson began, but was thankfully interrupted by Olive.

'Nelson's been secretly practising his routine for the upcoming dance talent show at school,' she told Nelson's mum.

'Talent show?' asked Nelson's mum. 'What type of dance?'

Olive looked blankly at Nelson.

'Uh, tap dancing,' said Nelson. He genuinely didn't know any other types of dance.

'I knew it!' Nelson's mum sang proudly. 'It runs in the family! You know who was the best tap dancer when he was younger? Your grandpa! You'll have to ask him for some tap tips.'

Nelson winced. Now his weekend was going to consist of eating vegetables and pretending he knew how to tap dance.

