



NEW FRIENDS?



FORBIDDEN

JOURNAL OF

RUFUS RUMBLE

UH OH!



ME, FREAKING OUT!



NICK LONG

ART BY ROBIN TATLOW-LORD

affirm press

FORBIDDEN

THIS JOURNAL WAS FOUND INSIDE AN ABANDONED
SPACE CAPSULE SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL NEAR
THE SECTOR 654 SWIRL VORTEX.

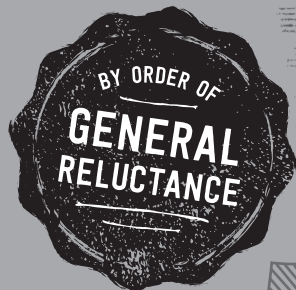
ALSO INSIDE THE CAPSULE WERE:

- TWO BLACKENED PARROT FEATHERS.
- A ROBOTIC ARM GRIPPING A HALF-EATEN WAFFLE.
- A VERY CONFUSED GORILLA.

RUFUS RUMBLE,
THE JOURNAL'S AUTHOR,
WAS NOT ON BOARD.
HIS LOCATION REMAINS UNKNOWN.

BY ORDER OF GENERAL RELUCTANCE, LEADER OF THE THROWBACKERS,
THE JOURNAL YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ HAS BEEN PLACED ON

THE OFFICIAL LIST OF THINGS
CITIZENS MUST NOT TALK ABOUT!



7 DECEMBER 2124

2.01PM

I'm Rufus. I don't always look like this.

This is my **'OUR SPACE CREW
JUST CRASHED INTO A
SWAMP ON AN ALIEN
PLANET THAT DOESN'T
HAVE WAFFLES'** face.

I know what you're thinking:
NO WAFFLES?! Why, oh why,
of all the places in the universe, did
I have to crash on **this** planet?

And you're **TOTALLY** right. It's absolutely every kid's

WORST NIGHTMARE come true.



And a **LITTLE VOICE** inside me is saying things are about to get



'CLEWSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM!' says the little voice.

Wait! That's not a **LITTLE VOICE**! And it's **NOT** coming from inside me!

It's the **BOOMING COMPUTER VOICE**. And it's coming from our crashed spaceship!

I already know that when it says **'CLEWSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM!'**, the next thing that happens is always:

- A **BAD**
- B **AWKWARD**
- C **DISGUSTING**
- D **EMBARRASSING**
- E **SMELLY**
- F **ALL OF THE ABOVE**

~~~~~

I look up to find out **EXACTLY** what the problem might be.

In the distance is a group of aliens rushing towards us.
But that's not what's making me **SLIGHTLY FREAK OUT**.

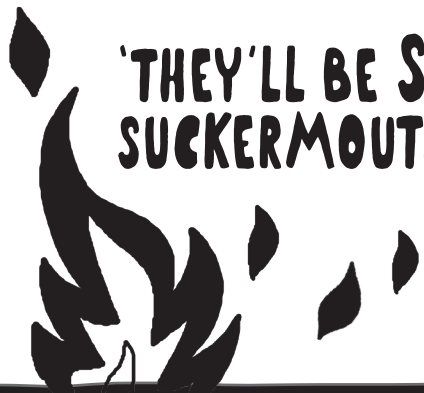
The freak-out is because I can **ALSO** see the dragon, high above them in the sky. She's brewing a flameball in her belly ... and preparing to fire it at the aliens!

As you probably know, this dragon gets **VERY, VERY ANGRY** when she misses her naps. (Which, lately, she has. A LOT!)

You should also know that these aliens look very much like humans. Which means they're almost certainly **NOT** fire-proof.

'ARRRR!' screeches the pirate.

'THEY'LL BE SIZZLED LIKE SUCKERMOUTH SCHNITZELS!'



'And the one thing you should NEVER do when you meet a new alien race,' yells Captain Clewston, 'is sizzle them like Suckermouth Schnitzels!'

'Remind me,' says Maureen, 'what exactly IS a Suckermouth Schnitzel?'

I have **NO IDEA.**

Not just about the Suckermouth Schnitzel thing.

About what to do in this situation. And about nearly EVERYTHING that's happening.

And if I'm confused, ANYONE reading this journal must be

**TOTALLY 100 PER CENT
BUMFUZZLED!!**

So, how about we all take a deep breath (AHHHHH-PFFFEW) and catch up with what's been going on.

(And maybe it'll give me time to figure out what to do next!)

2.02PM

Okay, I'm Rufus. But you know that already.

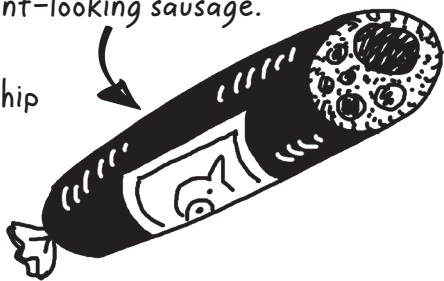
If you come from Earth, you might know me as **THAT WEIRD KID WHOSE MUM DISAPPEARED AND WHO THEN HAD TO MOVE IN WITH HIS HORRIBLE, BURPY GREAT-UNCLE GRUMBO.**

Because of what's happened more recently, I could also be known as **THAT WEIRD KID WHOSE MUM DISAPPEARED AND WHO THEN HAD TO MOVE IN WITH HIS HORRIBLE, BURPY GREAT-UNCLE GRUMBO, WHO SENT HIM INTO SPACE ON A LOW-BUDGET SPACE TOUR THAT WENT VERY, VERY WRONG.**

Exactly **WHY** did the space tour go so **WRONG**?

Well, it all started with this innocent-looking sausage.

Yes, a tiny salami made the spaceship computer go **COMPLETELY HAYWIRE.**



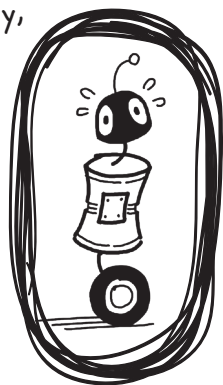
The result: I got sent into space with a crew that really DID NOT get along.

They're officially the
WORST SPACE CREW EVER!

Despite being **COMPLETELY INCOMPATIBLE**, we've been through a lot of difficult stuff together. [INSERT LIST OF EVERY SPACE DISASTER YOU CAN IMAGINE ... AND SOME YOU CAN'T!]

And I've recently realised that going through difficult stuff together bonds you closer together. So, weirdly, I'm starting to feel **ALMOST** fond of this crew.

There's my travel buddy, **BUNGLEBOT** - a robot I added a bunch of inventions to. Most of them don't work too well. (You especially need to watch out when the Bat Umbrella pops out.)



There's also a lady called **MAUREEN**. She only left home to go shopping for shoes and ended up in space.

Maureen can get a bit confused sometimes. But she's also full of surprises. For instance, she invented some kind of top-secret pyramid space travel thingy that was shut down by the Throwbacker government back on Earth. And somehow she can fix robots. And navigate in space. (Who knew? No one!)



Then there's a **GORILLA**, who loves to give hugs. And has a **VERY** big appetite. (Just don't let her eat multiple cans of beans.)

There's a **YETI**, who doesn't like hugs. And needs a lot of space. (I guess that's why he came on a space trip, right?)



There's a friendly merman called **NORMAN**. He leaves puddles of goop everywhere he goes. (Just don't call it slime, whatever you do.)



There's also a **PIRATE**. She can get **VERY** angry, **VERY** quickly. (Maybe I would too, if I'd lost an arm in a lava lake.) Oh, and the pirate has a parrot, who **CAN** speak but nearly always chooses not to.

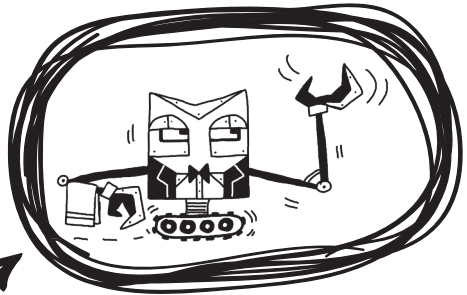


With the spaceship came **CAPTAIN CLEWSTON**, our space captain. Apparently he used to be very brave. He even had his own show called *Captain Clewston's Great Beyond*. His catchphrase was 'The only good suit is a spacesuit!' But these days he's not so sure of himself. And he thinks anything can be fixed with duct tape.



There's also a **BOOMING COMPUTER VOICE** who **SPEAKS LIKE THIS**. It's the voice of the spaceship. Everyone gets a little nervous when it speaks, because it's usually about to warn us of **ANOTHER DISASTER!**

There's a service robot called **MARLON**, who can make absolutely any dish you like ... as long as it's made ENTIRELY from potato!



And our most recent passenger is an intergalactic public toilet attendant called **KLETCHEN**.



Kletchen didn't mean to come on this adventure. She was working on Intergalactic Public Toilet Number 6832C for fourteen years, minding her own business. (And everyone else's business, if you know what I mean!)

Then our spaceship accidentally towed her and her toilet into this crash. Sadly, Kletchen will **NEVER** see the funny side of that situation. That's because she knows the **FUNNIEST WORD IN THE UNIVERSE**, which means she can never laugh again. **EVER!**

Finally, there's the **DRAGON**. Last seen about to shoot a flaming fireball at those aliens ...

You know who'd have the solution? My mum, Charlotte Rumble.
She's a space scientist.

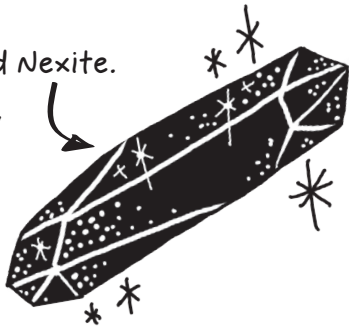
But she's not here because she went missing.

IT'S A BIG MYSTERY.

And even though I don't know exactly **WHERE** she's gone, I'm starting to work out **WHY** she might have disappeared.

It's got something to do with a rock called Nexite.

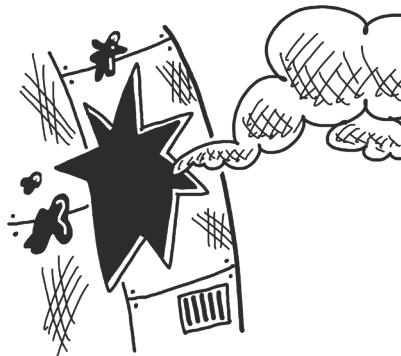
I've got the rock with me right now, in my backpack. It **GLOWS** with an eerie green light, and I've heard it might have some kind of **SPECIAL POWER!**



Mum made me promise to keep the rock safe and never show it to anyone. The day after she said that, she **DISAPPEARED** from our home on Earth. Her ride-on lawnmower was left behind, still running, with her boots still on the pedals.

I don't know how, but I'm going to find my mum, and the worst Space Crew Ever have all promised to help me.

The cabin windows are blown out. There's a gaping hole in the ship's side, where the infinity pool used to be. And every inch of the crash site is sprayed with potato 'cheese' from the All-You-Can-Eat Pizza buffet.



Plus, because we towed an **ENTIRE** intergalactic public toilet into the crash, there are literally **THOUSANDS** of toilet nozzles strewn around us.



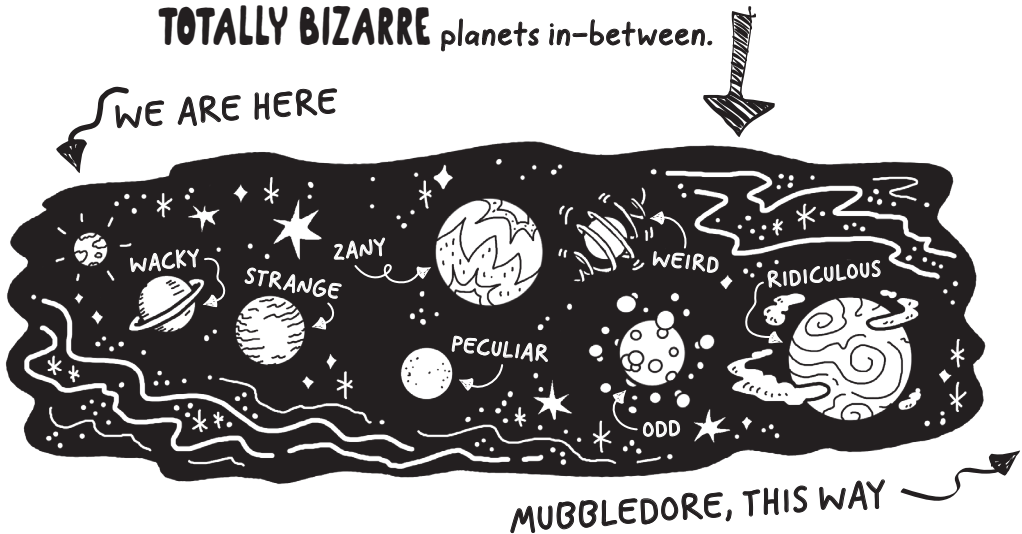
(Fun fact: Kletchen's Intergalactic Toilet had 9,362 toilet nozzles. Some of them in shapes that really boggle the mind. And the bottom.)

SLIGHT MAJOR ISSUE NUMBER 2

The planet we've crashed on is about **THREE BAZILLION MILES** from Mubbledore.

Okay, I admit that three bazillion isn't a real number. I have no idea how many miles away Muddledore actually is. I only know:

- ★ It's REALLY far at the other end of this solar system.
- ★ According to Kletchen, it's the twelfth planet on the left.
- ★ Also according to Kletchen, there's a whole lot of **TOTALLY BIZARRE** planets in-between.



Mum said I should always go forward ... and somehow I'm going to do that. All the way to Muddledore!

But first, we need to prevent a possibly disastrous

DRAGON+FIREBALL+ALIEN INCIDENT ...