

Alien Ahoy!



Emma Laybourn

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ALIEN AHOY!

Chapter One

I never believed in aliens. Not until last week...

I live on a space-ship. A great big space-ark. My dear father is the Captain. We travel through deep space, making star maps.

It's a lonely life, but I like it. It's nice and peaceful – just us and the stars.

We thought we had the galaxy to ourselves. We never met any aliens.

Until last week...

I was in the school-room with my little sister, Roa. I'd just had my spelling pill.

"Now, dear child," said the teacher. "How do you spell LIGHT?"

"L-I-Y-W-O-Q-G-H-T?"

"Hmm! I think we need to change the dose."

Meanwhile, Roa had her maths injection.

"6 + 4?" the teacher asked.

"39!"

"Oh, dear. Let's give you another jab..."

Just then there was a *fizz* and a **thud**. They came from the landing bay.

We rushed out. There sat a little shuttle, bashed and dented.

And out of the shuttle climbed... the alien.

The alien took off its space-suit.

We froze in fear.

It took off its helmet.

We gasped in horror.

It was only a small alien... but it was *hideous!*

For a start, where was all its fur? It hardly had any – only on its head. That was tied in two long, thin ropes, and was a weird yellow colour. Fur should be purple, like ours!

The alien's face was a horrible pink. And it had *two* eyes! Surely one is quite enough for anybody.

It had no proper tentacles at all – just four long sticks, with five pink wiggles at each end.

And its *voice!*

I greeted it as politely as I could. We are always polite.

“Welcome to our space-ship, O rare and beautiful alien,” I said. I bowed low.

“Alien? I'm not an alien! I'm a girl. I'm Belinda!” snapped the alien. She had a voice like a laser knife. And a stare to match.

“Who are you?” she demanded. “Where am I? Take me back home at once! Right now! This minute!”

Both my mouths fell open.

“But – but where is your home?” I stammered.

“Planet Earth, of course! Where else, fur-brain?”

“There are no planets round here,” said Roa.

“I know *that!* I'm not stupid,” said Belinda furiously. “I'm on holiday, cruising with my parents in our space-ship. I went for a

ride in the shuttle by myself, and I got lost in a stupid meteor storm.”

“Oh, poor you,” said Roa. She actually tried to take hold of the alien’s pink wiggles! She’s brave, my sister.

Belinda shook her away.

“Get off me, fuzz-face! Take me to your Captain. You’re going to help me find my parents.”

“We are?”

“Of course you are! *Or else!*”

Chapter Two

“I said, *you’ve got to fix my shuttle!*”

Belinda glared at my brave and noble father, the Captain. He took a nervous step back.

“We’re trying,” he said. “But it’s badly damaged.”

“Then try harder! Have you called my parents on the radio yet?”

“Oh, yes,” said the Captain. “Several times. But there’s no answer.”

“Well, you’d better get an answer soon! I’m tired of waiting. And I’m hungry!”

“Would you like something to eat, dear alie – dear Belinda?” I asked.

Her eyes lit up.

“You bet! What have you got?”

I listed my favourite dishes for her.

“There’s mould soup,” I said, “or slimed sludge cake. Or perhaps you’d like fungus delight?”

“YUK!” shouted Belinda. “They sound disgusting!”

“We have to grow all our food in tanks,” explained Roa. “The sludge cake’s very nice.”

Belinda shook her head so hard that her yellow ropes whipped to and fro.

“I want a hamburger!” she announced. “And make it snappy.”

Roa nearly fainted.

“You mean... dead animal?”

“We don’t eat animals,” I said, with a shudder. “Animals are our friends. It’s not very polite to eat your friends.”

“Bring me some sludge cake, then,” grunted Belinda.

“Double helpings. With extra slime.”

Belinda ate four helpings of slimed sludge cake. When she’d finished, she didn’t look quite so pink. She turned a nice shade of green.

“You look much better now,” said Roa admiringly.

Belinda put her hand to her mouth.

“Where’s your toilet?” she groaned.

Roa showed her.

When Belinda came out of the toilet she wasn’t pink, or green. She was bright red.

“That’s a *terrible* toilet!” she shouted. “I need to lie down. Where’s your bed?”

I showed her my bed.

Her eyes goggled.

“That’s not a bed. That’s a wardrobe!”

“We sleep standing up,” I told her.

“I can’t go to sleep in that!” yelled Belinda.

“What a pity,” I said. “We could do with some peace and quiet.”

Roa stared at me in surprise. I felt ashamed. I’d never been rude before in my life! I don’t know what came over me.

Belinda scowled. She jabbed one of her wiggles in my stomach and hissed.

“Just you wait, fuzz-ball. Just you wait till my parents arrive! I’ll tell them how you’ve treated me. You’d better start being nice to me right now – OR ELSE!”

Chapter Three

I went on to the flight deck and bowed politely to my noble father.

“Dearest father and best of captains, have you tracked down Belinda’s parents yet?”

He shook his head, and brushed back his fur with a weary tentacle.

“No, beloved child. Not yet.”

I felt relieved. I didn’t want to face her parents.

But Belinda had followed me.

“Not yet?” she shouted. “Why not? What’s the hold-up?”

“Our telescopes can’t see their ship,” explained the Captain.

“And there’s still no reply to our radio signals.”

“*I’ll* send them a message. They’ll listen to *me!*”

Belinda rushed over to the radio. She bellowed into it so loudly that the Captain had to cover all four of his ears.

“Mummy! Daddy!” she yelled. “Come and find me *now!* I’m on an awful purple alien space-ship full of awful purple aliens. There’s nothing to eat but sludge. You’d better come and get me right this minute! *Or else!*”

She stepped back from the radio.

“That ought to do it!” she declared.

“I do hope so, dear and delightful Belinda,” sighed the Captain. “But there’s a lot of space out there.”

“We must keep trying,” said Roa. “Poor Belinda! Her parents must be missing her dreadfully.”

Then I did something terrible. I was rude again! Twice in one day!

“Huh!” I snorted. “Missing Belinda? You’re joking! Who’d want her back? They’ve probably lost her on purpose.”

Belinda’s face scrunched up. I thought she was about to yell at me again.

But she didn’t.

Instead, something very strange happened. Belinda’s eyes began to leak. She stood there making funny choking noises and dripping all over the floor.

“Oh, help!” said Roa. “What’s wrong with her? Maybe she’s dying!”

I felt terrible.

“Don’t die, Belinda!” I urged her. “I didn’t mean it, honestly.”

Then Belinda opened her mouth wide and howled. We all had to cover our ears.

“What if it’s true?” she bawled. “What if they don’t want me back? What if they’ve gone away and left me here for ever?”

“Oh, no!” I gasped in horror. Imagine being stuck with Belinda for ever...

“I know I’m too bossy,” howled Belinda. “Maybe they’re sick of me. If they’ll only come back for me, I’ll never, ever be bossy again.”

And she collapsed into the Captain’s chair, boo-hooing.

Roa stroked her yellow knots. Father gently patted her wiggles. Even I felt sorry for her... a bit.

We were all so busy trying to comfort her that we didn't notice the red light flashing on the control panel.

We didn't hear the soft thud of a ship landing outside.

We didn't see the doors open, and two tall aliens come out – until Belinda opened her eyes wide and shrieked.

“MUMMY! DADDY! YOU’VE COME!”

Chapter Four

Belinda ran out to the landing bay. We followed her nervously.

I didn't want to meet Belinda's parents. They'd probably be ten times as loud and bossy as she was...

And what if Belinda told them I'd been rude to her?

I shivered. I wasn't just nervous. I was scared.

Belinda's parents were even uglier than she was. One of them had grown his fur all round his mouth by mistake.

"Daddy!" cried Belinda.

The other one had heaps of fur, orange and curly. It was tied to her head with lots of little ribbons, to stop it escaping.

"Mummy!" squealed Belinda.

The aliens smiled timidly. To my surprise, they looked ... frightened!

"They can't be scared of us," I thought. "After all, *they're* the aliens. They're the weird-looking ones, not us."

They both came up and shook the Captain's tentacle. So they weren't afraid of *him*.

Then they shook my tentacle, and Roa's. So they weren't afraid of *us*.

They looked at Belinda. And I realised it was Belinda they were scared of!

"H-hallo, dear," quavered Belinda's mother. "We're so sorry we kept you waiting."

“We came as fast as we could,” said her father anxiously.

“Please don’t be angry with us!”

I got ready to block my ears, because I was sure Belinda was going to shout at them.

They thought so too. They looked amazed when Belinda said, in a quiet, polite voice,

“Thank you for coming, dearest Daddy.”

“Huh?” He couldn’t believe it.

“Thank you, dear beloved Mummy.”

“What?” She couldn’t believe it either.

“I said THANK YOU!” yelled Belinda – and then she stopped.

“I beg your pardon,” she said quietly. “I didn’t mean to shout. These are the dear delightful aliens I’ve been staying with. Although they look so hideous, they’ve been quite kind. Mostly.” She gave me a look.

“We’re very grateful,” said Belinda’s mother faintly. “Shall we go now?”

Belinda said goodbye very politely. She curtsied to all of us. She even kissed Roa. I’m glad she didn’t kiss *me*.

“Goodbye,” her father said. “Thank you for taking care of her. You must come and visit us on Earth some day!”

None of us answered. We just smiled as they climbed on board. We waved as the ship took off.

We watched it get smaller and smaller, and disappear amongst the stars.

Then we heaved a sigh of relief.

“I *never* want to visit Earth,” I said. “Not if it’s full of aliens like Belinda!”

“I think we’ll give Earth a miss,” agreed my fearless father.

“Imagine being bossed around all day.”

“Just as well none of us is like that,” said my father.

“I’ve never met anyone so rude!”

“I liked her,” said Roa.

“*What?*”

“I thought she was wonderful,” said Roa. “She had such lovely yellow fur! I wish I was an alien.”

We both stared at Roa. She was tying her purple fur into long, thin ropes.

“What are you looking at?” she said. “I’m hungry! I want a double sludge cake, with extra slime! And make it snappy—
— OR ELSE!”

THE END

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If you enjoyed *Alien Ahoy*, you can read more free stories about the starship crew at Emma Laybourn’s website,

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