

The first book in the *INFINITY BLAST* series.

Self-proclaimed space nerds Infinity, his best friend Gabriel, and his sister Twilight are on the run, spurred by the arrest of their astrophysicist parents who have decoded a mysterious message from the long dormant Opportunity rover on Mars. Pursued by President Harker's secret agents, they piece together clues pointing to the existence of a galaxy-wide conspiracy. In need of help, the three kids track down legendary astronaut Gerald "Fox" Fuller who has retired to a life of surfing and yelling at anyone who interrupts his surfing. When Fuller tells them the space shuttle on display at the science museum is fully operational and ready to launch, they know they must steal it and blast into orbit. Their mission: Destroy the military's orbital space weapon before Harker can deploy it against the peaceful aliens approaching Earth. Heroism does not come easily to Infinity, Gabe, or Twilight. They feel big feelings but find a way to be brave, fight through it all, and triumph in the end.



INFINITY BLAST AND THE SPACE WEAPON OF DOOM
BRAD WRIGHT



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AND THE SPACE WEAPON OF DOOM

BY BRAD WRIGHT



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INFINITY BLAST

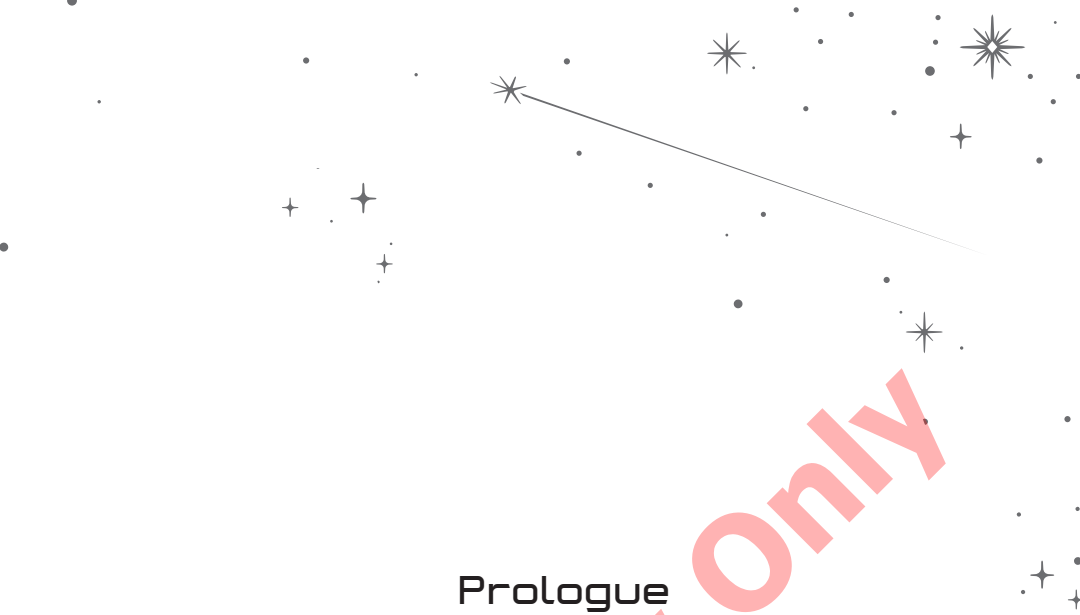
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Prologue

August 28th, 2026

Goldstone Deep Space Communications Complex

Office of the Director

“Ms. Galloway? We have some interesting data coming in. I think you should check this out.”

Jane Galloway glanced up from her laptop. Andrews, one of her junior scientists, was standing in the doorway. “What is it?” She asked. “What kind of data?”

“Well...you’re not going to believe this.”

“Believe what?”

“It appears to be coming from Opportunity.”

“The Opportunity rover? On Mars? It’s been offline since...” Galloway turned her gaze to the ceiling, trying to remember. “2018?”

“Sounds right to me. Looks like it woke up.”

“After all this time,” Galloway mused. “What’s it transmitting?”

“It’s gibberish to me. But Swain says she thinks there’s a pattern in it. She said it’s like an unknown language.”

“An unknown language?”

“You know how she is.”

“She’s probably the smartest person in this building,” Galloway said, standing. “Let’s go see what this is all about. We’d better get the Jet Propulsion Laboratory on the phone. They built the rover. And NASA.”



In which Infinity breaks into his own house

Infinity Blast thought of himself as a pretty sensible kid. He wasn’t a risk taker, wasn’t a rebel, didn’t talk back to teachers or his parents. He did his homework and (mostly) turned it in on time. Studied for tests. Flossed his teeth. He was only occasionally mean to his sister and he always felt bad afterward. He had a pretty impressive name but that was just because his parents were weirdos. Space, computers, science, rockets. Those were his things too. He was a space nerd, not an action hero.

So what the heck was he doing hanging from a tree

branch? In the middle of the night? Getting ready to break into his own house?

Infinity's arms strained but he forced himself to go slow. The plan was risky. Maybe too risky. Still, somehow, he had to make it work. It was their only chance.

Rough bark bit into his fingers. He inched forward, hand over hand, the branch bending and bouncing under his weight. Below, the yard was all inky shadows, but he knew he was over the fence. Far enough. Time to let go. The ground rushed up to meet his feet. Whump! He landed on squishy, overgrown lawn. Mowing was his job, but it wasn't going to happen any time soon. He imagined his mom shaking a finger at him. "You shouldn't have procrastinated," she'd be saying. "You weren't using your head." It almost made him laugh but then he remembered her being led from the house, handcuffs on her wrists, and a wave of sadness washed everything else away.

A moment later, Infinity's best friend Gabe plummeted and whumped down beside him. They hunkered there, motionless in the shadow of the big tree. Infinity counted silently to twenty, listening for any sound from the house. Nothing. He glanced back to the tree fort where his sister Twilight waited. He

couldn't see her in the dark.

"Let's go," he whispered and set off, creeping toward his bedroom window. His body trembled. He took ragged breaths between jolts of adrenaline, forced himself to keep moving, circling around the patio. They reached the window and crouched below it, listening. A dog barked several houses away and a voice shushed it—Mrs. Tran taking her Pomeranian Lucy out for a last walk before bed. A car passed by on the street out front, loud engine revving. Good cover, Infinity realized, straightening up. He placed his fingertips on the glass and pushed sideways. The window slid open with a barely audible rumble.

"Let's get that," Gabe pointed to a big empty pot on the patio a few feet away. Infinity nodded. They lifted it carefully and set it upside down in the dirt beneath the open window. Infinity stepped up and peered into his room. The door was open a crack, the hallway dark beyond. The familiar, comfortable smell of home hit him in a wave of emotion. He breathed in deeply—a smell made up of a thousand other smells—his mom's perfume, his dad's cooking, the fruit bowl in the kitchen, the floor soap his mom used when she went on a cleaning rampage, the essential oils Twilight used in the diffuser she got for her tenth birthday.

Grasping the upper part of the window jamb, he lifted a foot, pushed up, and crouched on the sill, then stepped down gently onto the bed, lowering his weight slowly. The drone was on his desk—a mini multi-rotor with a 2.4GHz controller. The range was about 130 feet max but he calculated it would be enough for Twilight to control it from her perch in the tree fort.

Placing his foot with caution, he stepped down off the bed. The house had creaky hardwood floors but he knew all the loose planks in his room and the hallway. He tiptoed over, got the drone and the controller, and brought them back to the window. Gabe, silhouetted against the night sky, reached in, took the equipment, gave a thumbs up, and disappeared. Now Infinity had to wait for the distraction.

Standing there in the dark, his insides churned with fear. He could feel the presence of the agent who waited in the living room. One wrong move, a stumble, a Lego skittering across the floor, and the agent would be down the hall in seconds. A shiver ran up his spine at the thought. He'd be locked up. Gabe and Twilight would have no chance of getting the flash drive after that. It would all be over. No way to save their parents. No way to prove their innocence.

Trying to calm himself, and with nothing to do but wait, Infinity let his mind wander back over the events of the last two days. A weird series of incidents he still didn't fully understand had led to this equally weird moment—breaking into his own house in the middle of the night.

It had all started on his birthday.