
SPIGGY
RED
SKYLARKS
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Chapter One

"Spiggy Red? Calling Spiggy Red...?"

Spiggy snoozed on. He was tired of studying for his Space Ability Test.

"SPIGGY RED!" The commander's voice rattled the speakers. "CONTROL ROOM. NOW!"

Spiggy sprang up as if his space-pants were on fire. His eyes were as wide as flying saucers. He had never been asked to the control room, especially by the commander. Never ever.

Spiggy slid out of the transporter tube. He skidded across the floor, and landed at the commander's boots. The space chief's face was grim.

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"Listen here, Spiggy Red," the commander barked. "The rest of the crew are still off on the Futura Project. So I have nobody else to ask but you." He pointed at a shining box on his desk.

"Spiggy Red, you must take this casket over to Professor Gizmo's space pod on Planet XY73."

Spiggy almost jumped for joy. At long last, he was going on a space mission. He would even get to meet the eccentric inventor, Professor Gizmo.

But the commander looked very serious. "Planet XY73 can be very, very dangerous indeed! So don't land your Zooper anywhere else except by Gizmo's pod. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir!" Spiggy was sure that nothing on Planet XY73 could be more

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frightening than the commander.

Spiggy took the casket, and hurried off to put on his travel kit and his space helmet.

As he rushed to the Zooper deck, the Reminder Bird chirped, "Don't forget the casket, Spiggy!"

"Ooops!" Spiggy ran back, and put the steel casket into his backpack. He was off on his very first mission. It sounded so easy that surely nothing could go wrong...



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Chapter Two

Planet XY73 was easy to find. Spiggy's Zooper craft flew low over the planet's surface. There, beside the Lake of the Purple Pong, something glinted and glistened. It was a patch of rare newly-opened lava-lights. They didn't bloom very often at all.

"Hey, they're so pretty!" cried Spiggy. "I'm sure Professor Gizmo would like to see some lava-lights. They'll definitely brighten up his lonely old pod."

Spiggy touched



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his drive screen, and the Zooper dropped gently and landed.

The lava-lights were so lovely. They wiggled about, sparkling like stars. Spiggy didn't want to take too many of the precious blooms. Carefully, he picked up one, then another and another.



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As Spiggy placed them into a sample box, a huge grey shape oozed out from behind a space boulder and towards him. It spread a long tentacle over Spiggy's shoulder. It was made of some sort of strange shimmery plasma.

"Aargh!" gasped Spiggy.

"Don't you mean good afternoon?" said a deep calm voice.

"Good afternoon," squeaked Spiggy.

"That's so much better," the Thing said. "Do tell me! What is a little chap like you doing on Planet XY73?"

"No, no, no!" cried Spiggy in alarm. "I am NOT going to tell you about my secret mission."

"Wise boy," said the Thing. "I suppose you can't tell me where you're taking those lava-lights either, can you?"

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