

Timmy Destroys the Sun

There's something strange about Susan's new little brother, Timmy. He draws strange symbols, reads the newspaper and likes broccoli. Susan is sure of it... he must be an alien! With the help of her neighbour Mrs Cashew, Susan works to uncover the truth. Is he really an alien? And what on *Earth* is he really up to?

Maverick Chapter Readers

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Maverick

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Written by W. G. White

Illustrated by Ramona Bruno

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'Timmy Destroys the Sun'
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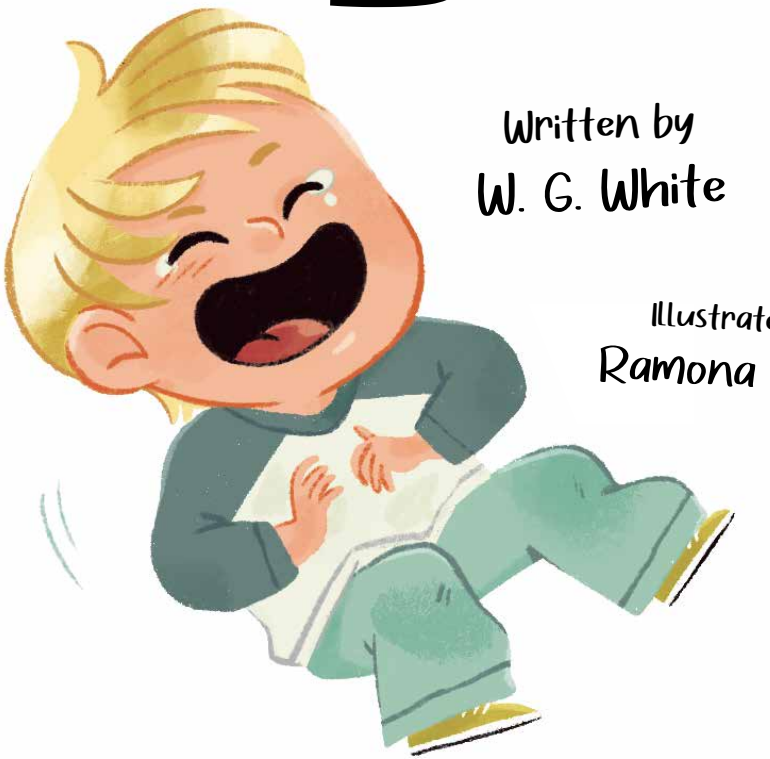
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For Review Only

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Chapter 1

Susan didn't hate change, she just thought it was unnecessary. Pointless, even.

She'd been with her foster parents, Daniel and Fiona, for four years now and they'd got used to each other. They knew exactly what Susan liked and how she liked it.

Movie days tucked under the blankets on the sofa, watching sci-fi spectacles and creepy horrors. Rainy board game afternoons where Susan would *always* win. Trips to the nearby woods to build dens.

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Day trips to theme parks to scream until their lungs were sore. Messy kitchen days experimenting with different flavours of sponge cakes and muffins.

It was, without a doubt, the absolute best arrangement Susan could imagine. She had her own room, her own toys, her own spot on the sofa, her own place at the table, her own *everything*.

So why would her parents go and ruin something so perfect?

Susan was sitting on the stairs when *it* arrived. She peered through the bannisters, her nose pressed against the cool wood, as she watched *it* sleeping on Fiona's shoulder. *It* drooled and Susan cringed. No horror monster or sci-fi alien could possibly be as bad as Timmy... her new brother.



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Chapter 2

"What does it do?" Susan asked her parents as she gingerly poked Timmy with her big toe. Timmy pushed himself onto his feet and lunged for Susan, his grubby hands reaching for her hair.

"*He*," Fiona corrected, "does what any two-year-old does."

"Nothing good then," Susan concluded.

"Be nice to your brother," said Daniel. "He needs a loving home just like you did."

"We'll see about that..." Susan ducked under Timmy's hands and leapt onto the sofa to avoid him.

"She jump up! Ha!" Timmy said in a high-pitched squeak, before throwing himself at the sofa and smearing his spit-covered mouth onto Susan's favourite spot.

And so it begins, thought Susan. The destruction of all she loved.



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