# ROCK STAR!




Quentin Flynn

Bettina Guthridge

Nelson Literacy Directions

For teachers' inspection ONLY




# Rock Star

**Written by** Quentin Flynn
**Illustrated by** Bettina Guthridge

## Contents


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | It's AIRHEAD! | 4 |
| 2 | A Life of Luxury | 12 |
| 3 | Headhunting | 18 |
| 4 | The VIP Room | 25 |
| 5 | Dismal Dudes | 32 |
| 6 | Horror Shock Rock | 37 |
| 7 | A Star Is Born | 46 |


NELSON
CENGAGE Learning
For learning solutions, visit cengage.com.au

# Meet the Characters



**Zoomer**

The guitar player in Airhead.



**Voxy**

The singer in Airhead.



**Snare**

The drummer in Airhead.



**Bartley O'Boogie**

Airhead's manager.



**Okahito**

A Japanese butler.



For teachers' inspection ONLY

POSTCARD

Dear Reader

I'm sure all of us have dreamed of what it would be like to be a rock star. Behind our bedroom doors, when no-one's watching, we play our tennis racket "guitars" and sing loudly into our hairbrushes and ... oops, is that just me?

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this tale of super-stardom silliness. While you're reading, I've got a new song to practise! Yeehar!

Quentin Flynn

Author

## The Airhead Gigs




1. Tokyo, Japan
2. Brisbane, Australia

# 1 It's AIRHEAD!

Zoomer plugged in his cherry-red electric guitar. He wiped a bead of sweat from his forehead. The stack of amplifiers towering behind him buzzed. But not nearly as loudly as the huge crowd of Airhead fans, pressing towards the stage.

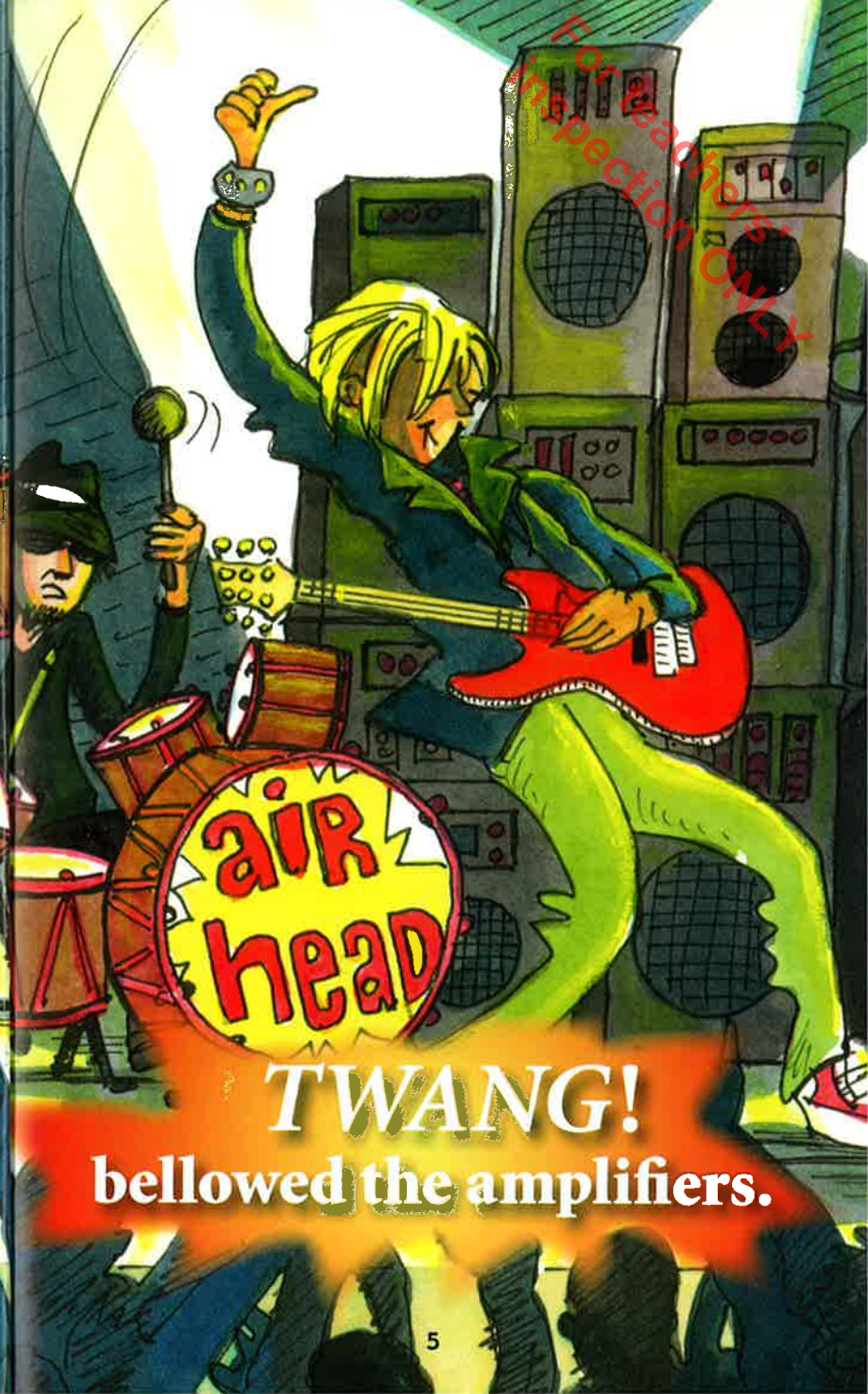
The arena was filled to capacity. Throughout the crowd, fans swayed on their friends' shoulders to get a better view of their idols.

A spotlight burst into life. An intense beam of white light lit up the rock star and his electric guitar amidst a sea of dark, pulsating shadows.

The crowd drew in its breath. Zoomer swung his arm in a wild arc. His guitar pick hit a string.

*Ping*, went the string.






**TWANG! bellowed the amplifiers.**

For teachers' inspection ONLY

The crowd went wild. They cheered and clapped. They threw hats, concert programs and inflatable Zoomer dolls into the air.

Zoomer's face burst into a wide, cheesy grin. "I love it when that happens," he chuckled to Snare, Airhead's drummer. Snare was dwarfed by a huge drum kit just behind Zoomer. "It doesn't matter what string I hit, they think I'm fabulous!"

Suddenly, he remembered he was supposed to be looking cool and suave. A deep gaze into the distance replaced the cheesy grin. It was a look that Airhead's manager, Bartley O'Boogie, had made him practise over and over again, until he got it just right.

"Just imagine you ordered a delicious lasagna for dinner, but they brought you peanut butter on toast," Bartley had suggested. "That'll give you the look."

It did. It worked every time. Zoomer gazed out over the crowd. His expression was tinged with sadness and disappointment. His head was full of thoughts of peanut butter on toast.

The crowd screamed with delight!



Snare looked at the drums in front of him.

"I wonder what that one sounds like," he thought, tapping a sparkly purple drum.

*THUMP, THUMP, THUMP,* boomed the amplifiers. The shockwave from the drums echoed through the arena, and the crowd started jumping in time to the beat.

"Keep going!" hissed Voxy, the singer. He held his microphone, pulled a face and closed his eyes. He was ready for the pain that was about to come.

"I hate this bit," he grumbled quietly. He dropped to his knees and hit the stage with a loud *crack*.

"OOWWWW!" he yelped. "Ow! Ow!"



"OOWWWW! Ow! Ow!"

For teachers' inspection ONLY

A roar rose from the crowd and swept around the arena. It didn't matter to the crowd that they couldn't actually hear Zoomer, Snare and Voxy anymore. They were swept away by a tidal wave of sheer excitement – the excitement of being at a concert given by Airhead, the world's hottest rock band!







For teachers' inspection ONLY

After the concert, Zoomer, Snare and Voxy piled into the back of a big stretch limo. Snare and Voxy fiddled with the knobs and switches that lined the limo doors. They watched in amazement as hidden refrigerator doors popped open, DVD movie screens whirred down, and different-coloured mood lighting filled the car. The limo edged its way through the fans who wanted a glimpse of their rock heroes.

Zoomer picked singed hairs from his head and sniffed them suspiciously. "Can we make sure that the fireworks are a bit further away next time?" he said.

Airhead's manager, Bartley O'Boogie, squirmed around in the limo's front seat. "The crowd loved that bit!" he assured Zoomer. "It was, like, you're not afraid of danger, dude!"

"I'd be quite afraid of danger if I knew the fireworks were about to explode," grumbled Zoomer.

"Fearless, dude! Fearless but vulnerable!" said Bartley, nodding his head sagely. "Awesome! The punters will be queued up for days before our next gig, just to see you dicing with, like, death, dude."

Zoomer pushed a button on the limo door and a black-tinted window slid down. He shook the clump of barbecued hair out of the car. There was nearly a riot as fans scrambled for each strand of frizzled fluff that fluttered out from the limo.

Finally, the limo lost the crowds of fans and pulled onto the freeway. Zoomer, Snare and Voxy sat back in their seats and stared at the glittering skyscrapers and busy streets that whizzed past. "Where are we?" said Snare, looking puzzled.

Voxy looked at the name of the city he'd scribbled on the back of his left hand. "Tokyo," he said.

"And where are we playing next?" asked Snare.



Voxy looked at his right hand. "Brisbane," he replied. "Brisbane, we LOVE you!" he practised in his stage voice.

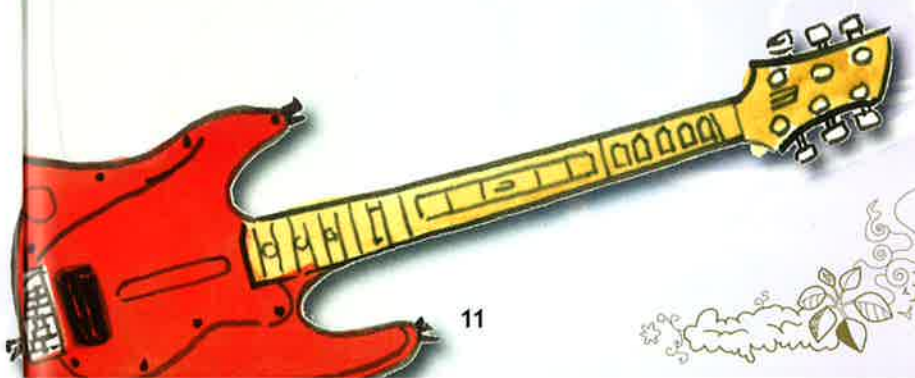
Snare frowned at Zoomer, who shrugged his shoulders. "No use looking at me, Snare. I haven't got a clue where Brisbane is."

"But you love them, dude," drawled Bartley from the front seat. "It's, like, being in love and not knowing where you're going to end up. That's, like, really deep, dude."

Zoomer, Snare and Voxy looked at each other.

"I think it's this one," said Zoomer. He pressed a button and Bartley's head disappeared behind a soundproof, tinted screen that rose behind the front seat.

"That's better," nodded the members of the world's hottest rock band.





For teachers' inspection ONLY