

Wombats in Space

SAMPLE

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Deep in the scrublands of Australia, there lived four very bored wombats.

BLASTER was a little wombat with big space-exploring dreams. He always kept his bazooka strapped to his back.

HUNGRY was always hungry. No matter how much he ate, he was ready for more.

BOOMER was Blaster's brother. Boomer loved explosions more than anything in the world.

SPARKS could dig faster and deeper than any wombat alive. She was always on the lookout for something shiny.





The trouble was, they had run out of things to do.

Hungry had eaten every root, berry, and grub in the whole scrubland. "I need something new," he said, patting his very full tummy.

Sparks had dug up every interesting rock, gem, and mineral for kilometres around. She held up the last pebble and sighed. It was just a pebble.

Boomer had blown up every old tree stump, abandoned anthill, and suspicious-looking rock formation around. Blaster had blasted them all twice.

"There is nothing left to explode," said Boomer, which was the saddest sentence he had ever said.

They sat together in the soft dirt and stared at the sky.

"There must be somewhere with... more stuff," said Blaster.





One night, the four wombats were sniffing around the scrubland when they found something extraordinary.

A **ROCKET SHIP!** Just sitting there in the bush.

Whose was it? They had no idea. They walked around it slowly, heads tilted.

"Maybe I could take it for a little test drive," said Blaster.

Everyone stared at Blaster. Blaster stared at the rocket.

He had never flown a rocket ship before. But Blaster had a knack for making things work.





Blaster climbed in. He tried to reach the controls — but couldn't. He was just too short.

He jumped. He stretched. He climbed on Hungry's head and stretched some more.

CLICK. Something happened.

WHOOOOOOSH!

The rocket shot straight up into the night sky, past the clouds, past the moon, and out into the stars.

"I have no idea how that worked!" said Blaster.

"I guess we're going on an adventure!" said Sparks.





Their first stop was **Planet Dynamite** — a red, rumbling planet covered in fuses, bombs, and very suspicious-looking barrels.

Boomer's eyes went wide. Blaster's eyes went even wider.

"Exploding competition?" asked Boomer.

"Exploding competition!" replied Blaster.

Hungry looked around for something to eat. There was nothing but fuses and barrels.

Sparks looked around for something to find. There was nothing but more fuses and more barrels.

KA-BOOM. BA-BANG. KA-BLOOEY.

It looked like Planet Dynamite wouldn't last much longer!

"Back to the rocket," said Sparks. "Two happy, two bored. We can do better."





Their next stop smelled incredible. **Planet Cheese** was a golden world the size of a very large wheel of cheddar. Hungry took one sniff. Then another very long sniff.

"I'll just have a little taste," said Hungry. Forty-seven minutes later, half of Planet Cheese was gone! Hungry patted his very full tummy.

From the remaining half, a very large, very angry figure rose. **THE CHEESE GUARDIAN.**

"YOU ATE MY PLANET!" he bellowed. (Half of it, Hungry thought. But this did not seem like the right moment to mention that.)

He charged. The wombats didn't have time to think. They turned around, pointed their bottoms at the Cheese Guardian, and blocked the rocket door like four furry shields.

Here's something not many people know: a wombat's bottom is made of very tough cartilage — almost like a built-in shield.

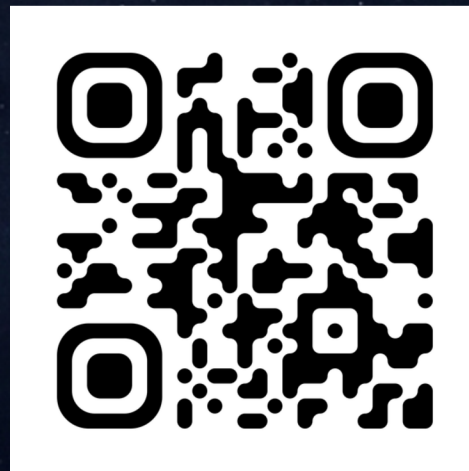
The Cheese Guardian crashed into four furry backsides and bounced right off. But then he grabbed their rocket. **CRUNCH! SMASH! CRASH!**

The explosion sent all four wombats flying through space.





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The adventure is just getting started!
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is available now on Amazon.



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