

LETTERS  
from an  
**ALIEN  
SCHOOLBOY**  
Cosmic Custard



*Translated from Alien  
by Professor R.L.Asquith*

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## Cosmic Custard

*Earthlings are hopeless duffers who cannot balance a ball on their beaks like the friendly seal, or open a packet of 'crisps' without them exploding.*

**BUT FEAR NOT!**

*The grown-up ones are about to be Improved.*

*Get your aunts, dads, uncles, mums, teachers, grannies and grandpas to follow the instructions on our magnificent Improver – a fiendish machine that civilises Earthlings – and they will be Improved beyond their wildest dreams. This means you, my friendly reader, will be allowed to stay up all night eating sweeties.*



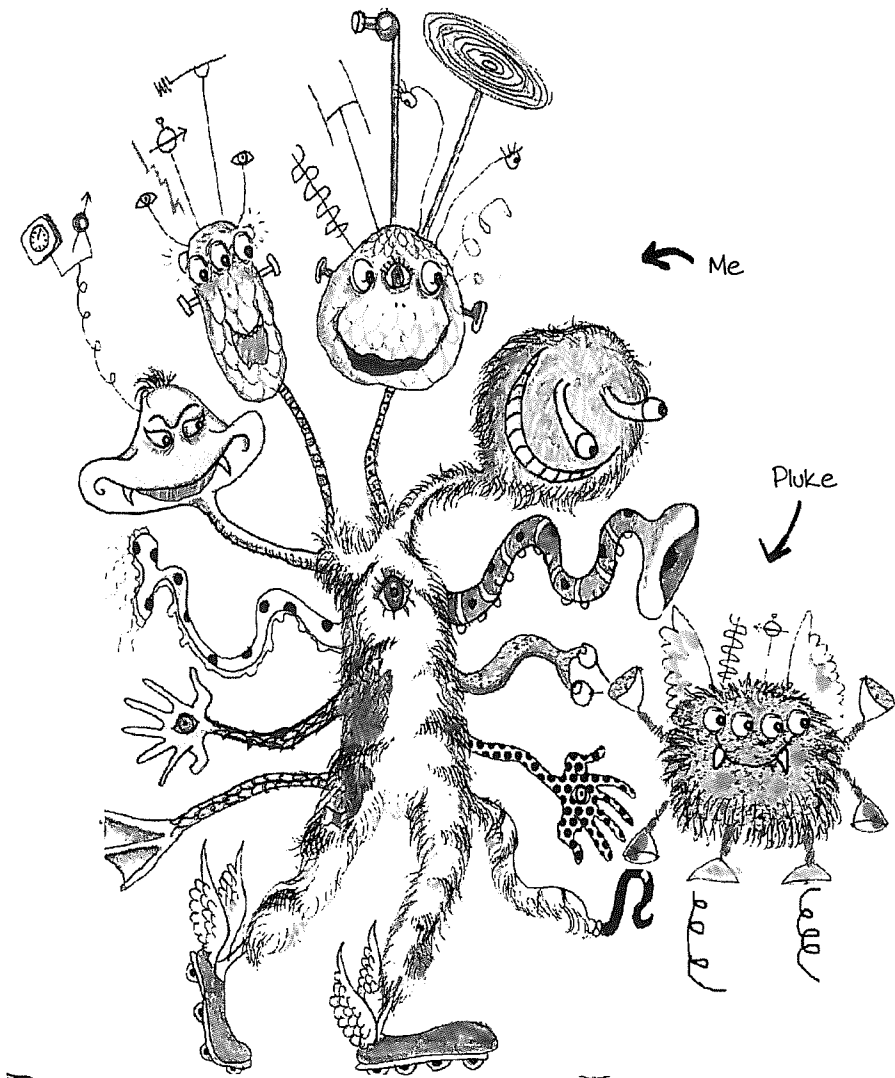
## MISSION EARTH TWO: DAY ONE - THURSDAY

Same Old Measly Dwelling  
 Row of Identical Dwellings  
 Titchy 'Country' Called England  
 Insignificant Blob Called Earth  
 Small, Dim Solar System  
 Forty-third Galaxy from the Right  
 Virgo Supercluster  
 Still at the Wrong End of the Universe

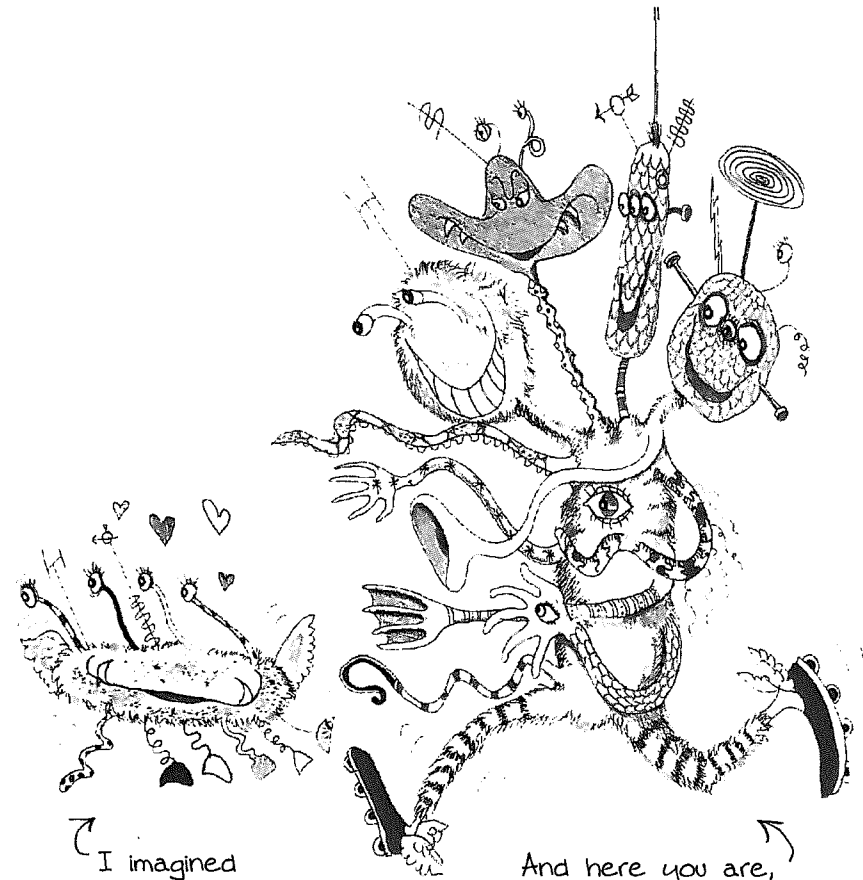
← But at least  
 we're no longer  
 inside cell 9000,  
 vilest prison in  
 Universe.

Dear Rok,

Bad news – we're not coming home to Planet Faa yet. I was longing to wrap seven tentacles around all my mums and dads again. And I couldn't wait to see you, my dear old friend.



I imagined this magical scene.



I imagined Skab bouncing to greet Pluke.

And here you are, Rok. Looping to meet me.

Instead, we're back on the freezing, grumpy old spaceblob Earth – the *flarrmsnaarg* ('armpit' is the Earth word for it) of the Universe.

Here are the full horrible details.

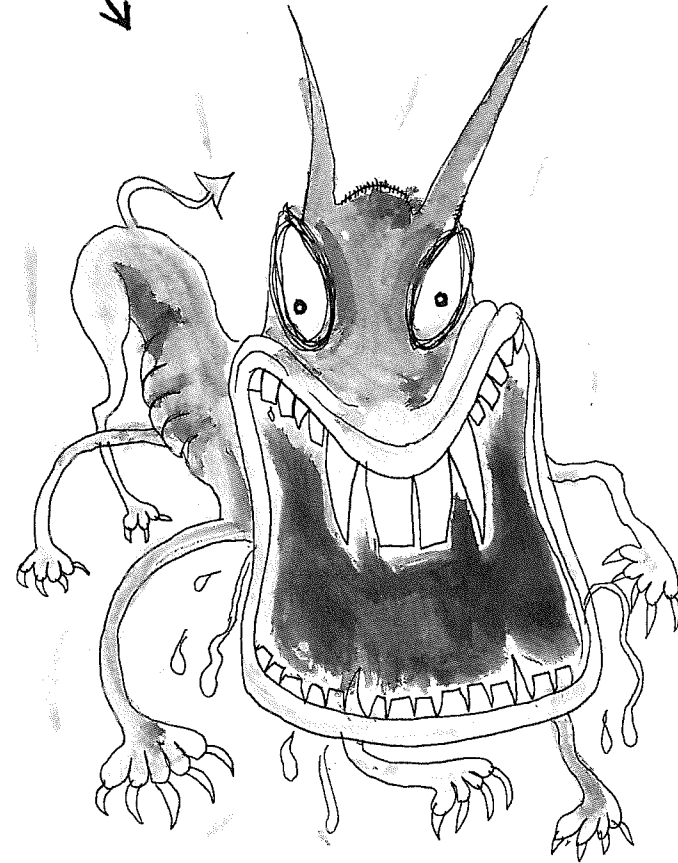
Flyzoop, the Worst Pilot Since The Big Bang, was flying our spaceship back to Faa at well over the three kazillion lightyears-per-second speed limit, as usual. I was just hoping we wouldn't get stopped for speeding when the in-flight panic signal told us something was wrong.

'ENEMY APPROACHING! REVERSE AT ONCE INTO FOURTH DIMENSION!' bleeped our trusty robot *Bert-iolboomflinglebuntusdyoliusfloopfloop*. (I just call him Bert for short.)

Flyzoop lost his heads as soon as he heard Bert. He flung up his suckers, whimpering, 'I surrender. They made me do it.'

The door imploded and six savage *barflesplurgers*, dribbling luminous slime, burst in followed by

Barflesplurger (this one is pictured in a gentle mood. His name is Spot.)



customs officials pointing those weapons that can vaporise all four of your heads at once.

'Citizens of Faa!' snarled the chief. 'You are a disgrace to the name of his Holy-roly-poliness the Emperor. You have betrayed his mighty cause and landed yourselves in the soup.'

My sister Farteeta and me hid behind Bert, pulling Susan with us. Susan is my Earthling friend who we were bringing back to Faa.

'We have reason to believe you have an illegal Earthling on board.' The chief spotted Susan cowering behind Bert and yanked her out. 'Hah! Just as we thought – a puny specimen. The worst kind too – from England,' he muttered, holding his nationality-scanner at full tentacle length, as though Susan was infectious. Then he spoke to her in perfect English. 'Where are your documents?'

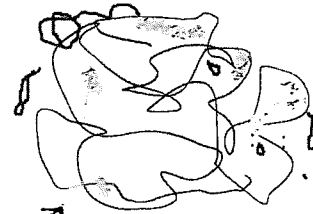
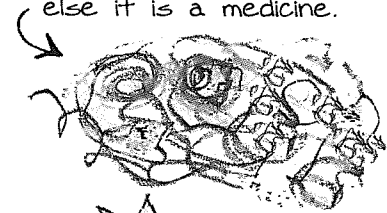
Susan emptied her 'pockets' (peculiar pouches Earthlings use to carry their important stuff) but there was no intergalactic passport in there.

The chief used all his four heads to snuffle the



'Paperclip'  
For joining one bit of paper to another bit of paper.

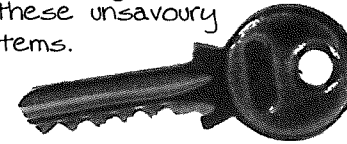
'Fluff' Important item in all Earthling pockets. I am as yet uncertain of its use, but either they believe it is lucky or else it is a medicine.



'Bogey tissues'  
Sorry, Rok, but in the interests of science I must expose you to these unsavoury items.



Chocolate 'sweetie'



'Key' Earthlings have to lock their houses every time they go out, in case other Earthlings steal their paperclips.



'Money'  
Earthlings love this best of all

INSIDE SUSAN'S 'Pocket'

chocolate, making slurping noises like an Earthling at lunch.

SLURP SLURP BELCH

'Anyway, you're all nicked, me old *flackersnicks*,' he said when he'd finished.

'We can sort this out,' said Papa, drawing himself up to his full eight metres. 'The Earthling is just accompanying us home to Faa for a short visit —'

'SILENCE when you speak to an Imperial Officer,' the chief yelled. 'They all pretend it's a visit, then they steal our jobs and our homes and before you know it they're everywhere. It'll have to be deported.'

He turned to Susan. 'You are under arrest. I warn you that everything will be taken down and used in evidence, including your socks.'

'Will I be sent back to Earth?' asked Susan, happily.

'Punished first. Maybe we'll make you walk the plank into the well of despair, where there are no

mobile phones or hairdryers. Unless you have more cocoa solids?'

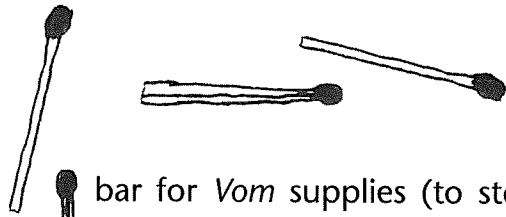
But Susan didn't have any more chocolate so we were all bundled into a slimy prison cell on their spaceship.

Papa messaged home to explain the situation to the Secretive Services he works for, hoping they would tell the customs officials that we'd been on a secret mission. They were not pleased.

**YOU HAVE CAUGHT ONE FEEBLE EARTHLING?  
YOUR MISSION WAS TO CAPTURE AND  
IMPROVE HUNDREDS OF EARTHLINGS FOR USE  
AS SLAVES ON FAA. RETURN TO EARTH  
IMMEDIATELY. HAIL TO THE EMPEROR.**

'Shame, it would've been fun to make 'em walk the plank,' said the chief, shoving us back into our spaceship.

We dropped by the Helix Nebula's Happy-Snax



bar for *Vom* supplies (to stop our Earth disguises dissolving when we're 'stressed'). Then we shrank back to being Earthlings, with just one head, four useless limbs and only two eyeballs.

I have to be a schoolboy again, called Hoover Bogey Nigel Custard Toilet Hercules Namby Pamby Harmonica Hedgehog Coldplay Bugspray Cro-Magnon Colander Junior (Nigel Colander for short). And I have to pretend to have a brain that can't even price up the kids' menu at a fly-in *flaark* branch, let alone begin to think about why time bends.

'It's nice to have you back as Nigel,' said Susan. 'You're really scary as Flowkweewe or whatever.'

I don't think she liked my four handsome heads, or my suckers.

Flyzooop dropped us off an hour after we'd first left Earth, using the space/time coordinates that Earthlings have no clue about. (They cannot do even the most basic time travel, not even a second forwards.)

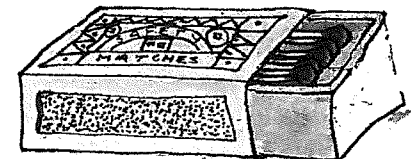
'It's still Thursday,' said Susan. 'My mum won't even know I've been gone.'

Farteeta pointed the memory blaster at her. 'And neither will you.'

'That won't work now she's been out of Earth's atmosphere,' said Papa. 'What *do* they teach you in school? Anyway, no one will believe Susan if she says she's been in a spaceship with a bunch of four-headed aliens and a giant robot.'

So here we are, back in our wretched little Earth 'rooms' called 'bath' or 'bed'. Earthlings are fonder of their rooms than they are of their own children. They are always buying them presents of curtains (for shutting out moonlight) and carpets (to warm their floors) and complicated furnitures.

Remember how cold I said Earth was? Well, it's worse now. Mama is trying to light a warmer-upper with primitive twigs called 'matches'. She is rubbing them together like the Earthling warriors

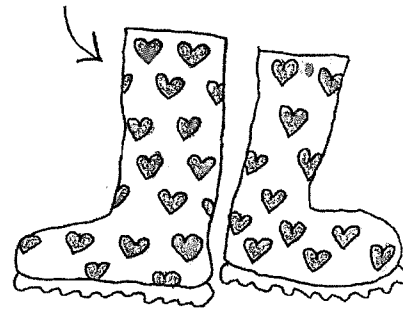
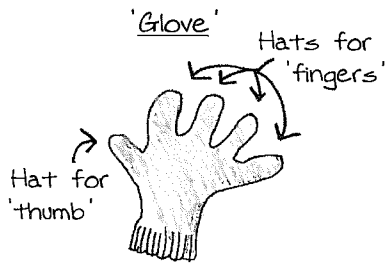


# Me in my 'winter clothes'

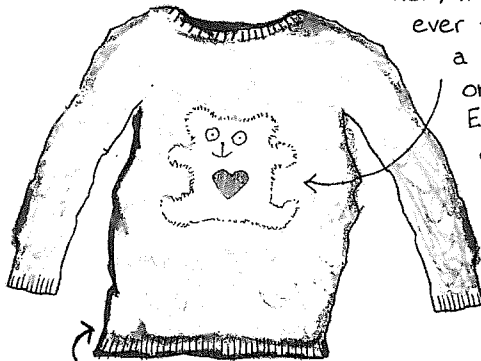
('boy scouts') do but it isn't working.

We have put on 'winter clothes' made from scratchy-furred Earth creatures called 'sheeps'. Imagine 'gloves' Rok – a woolly hat for each digit.

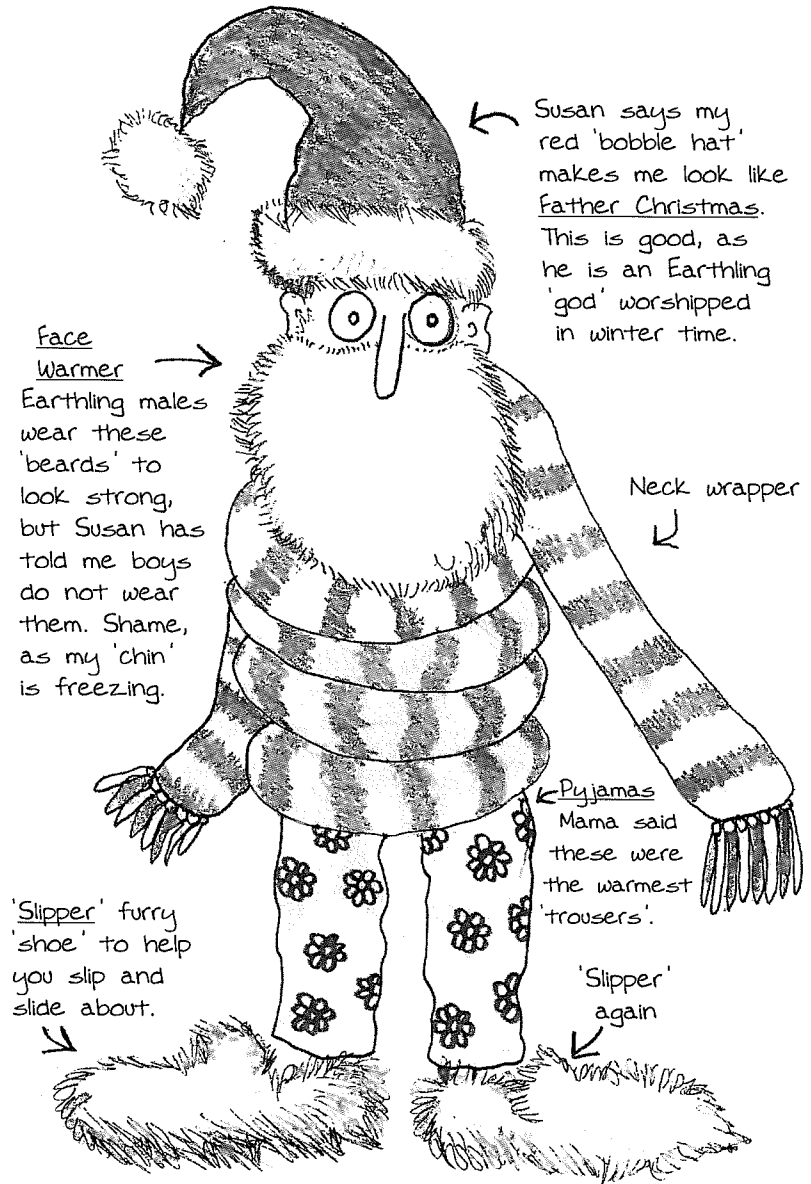
I liked these pink and violet 'welly boots' but Susan said, no.



Rok, if you are ever forced into a 'jumper' wear one with an Earthling Hero on it, not a teddy. Earthling Heroes are men in tights named after superior creatures like bats or spiders.



'Jumper' a disappointing clothe. It does not jump but merely hangs about.







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