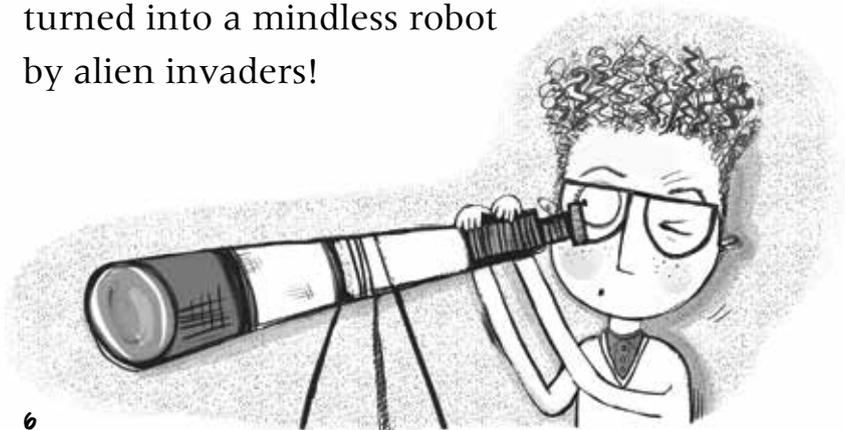


# I SIBLING SQUABBLES

I looked through the telescope, and gazed down at the street where I used to live. It looked exactly like it always had – plain, quiet, a little boring.

People were walking to their jobs. My neighbours were watering their front gardens. The milkman was delivering milk.

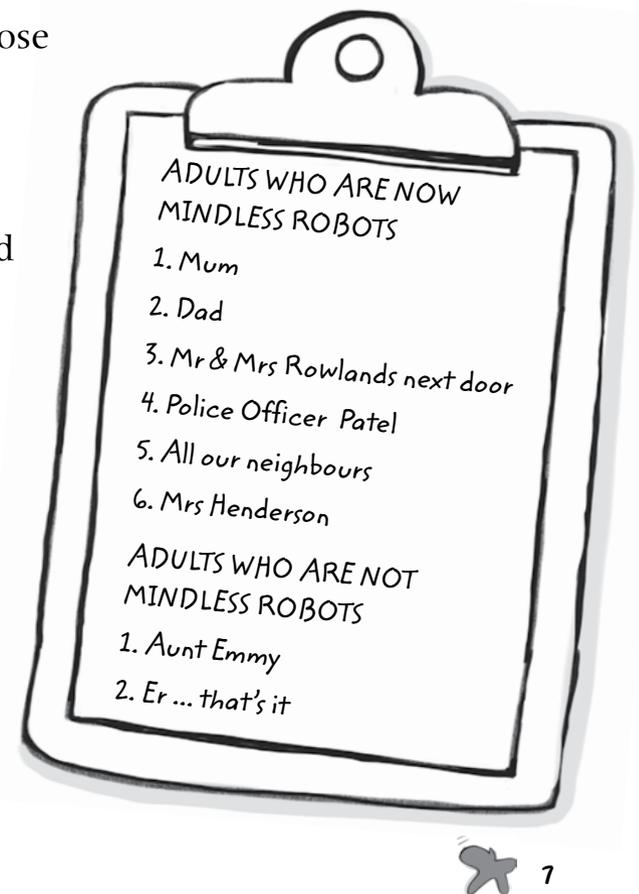
But my street *wasn't* the same. Every single one of those adults had been turned into a mindless robot by alien invaders!



I scanned the street through my telescope. I could see my old headteacher, Mrs Henderson. Just like the other adults, she now wore a futuristic green jumpsuit, and was smiling the biggest smile you've ever seen. She wasn't blinking, either – her eyes were like two big glass marbles.

I sighed. Those were all the signs that the aliens had changed her as well. I added her to my list.

"ASH!  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?"



I groaned. Speaking of mindless robots, my annoying little sister Tabby was running up the stairs to find me. We'd only spent two days in hiding together, and she was already doing my head in.

"I'm searching for Emmy," I said. "She said she was sneaking into town earlier, to find out what the aliens are up to, but I can't see her anywhere."

"Let me try!" said Tabby, reaching for the telescope. "Maybe I can find her."

I snatched it away. "No! You'll break it. You're always kicking footballs and swinging around tennis rackets without thinking. If it wasn't for me, you'd have destroyed all of Emmy's inventions by now."

Tabby rolled her eyes. "You're such a bossy older brother!"

"I have to be bossy because you're so babyish," I grumbled.

"I'm babyish?" Tabby laughed. "Look who's talking! I've seen you hiding from Barry Sandwich!"

I blushed. Barry "Knuckle" Sandwich was the biggest, meanest, toughest kid in town. He and his gang made my life a complete misery. I spent most of my break times hiding in cupboards to avoid them.

"Well, all you care about is sports!" I shouted. "You've never had a single clever thought in your whole entire –"

"Shhh!" said Tabby. "What's that noise?"

I listened. The noise was coming from down the road. It sounded like an old rusty tin man with a terrible cough falling down the stairs.

"The Emborghini"  
Tabby gasped.

