

“Hang on,” said Emmy. “I’ve got a torch somewhere.”

She went through her pockets, chucking out everything she didn’t need – light bulbs, a screwdriver, three spanners, a potato waffle – until she found her torch. She flicked it on, lighting up the trees around us. I couldn’t see anything I recognised – especially not ...

I frowned. “What is that?”

It was a big, grassy hill, covered in twigs and leaves – but the hill was hovering two metres off the ground!

Emmy gasped. “It’s Perseon V’s spaceship! This must be what I saw flying over the island last week.”

She tumbled from the branches and ran to the floating hill, pulling away the grassy layer on top. The camouflage slid off like a blanket, revealing a sleek, metal spaceship underneath. It was as polished as a black marble, and resting on legs so thin they were almost invisible. A silver ladder dangled from a hatch like a trail of cosmic spiderwebs. Tabby climbed up and poked her head inside.

“It’s empty! Come on, guys – maybe Perseon V’s robot-making machine is inside!”



We climbed the metal ladder and crept into the dark, silent spaceship. There was a huge windscreen at the front, and a glass desk covered in millions of smooth, shiny buttons. But lots of the buttons were missing or broken ... and that wasn't the only thing that was damaged. The windscreen had a great, big crack in it, and springs and wires dangled down from the ceiling.

"What a dump!" said Tabby. "I thought aliens would be much tidier than this."

Emmy scratched her head. "Looks like it crash-landed. Perhaps that's why there's a gap in the trees."

"We can figure that out later," I said. "For now, let's

find Perseon V's robot-making machine so we can turn all the adults back to normal."

"Good idea!" said Tabby. "I'll check this cupboard—"

She opened a metal cupboard beside her – and instantly, something small and bristly shot out, screaming at the top of its lungs.

"AAAARGH! DON'T HURT ME!"

The small, bristly thing didn't get far – it tripped over a broken swivel chair and fell sprawling across the metal floor, so we could finally see what it was.

It was the mayor of Finney Island!

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MISERABLE MAYOR

The mayor was usually a very dignified man, but he didn't look very dignified now. He hadn't shaved in days, and he was cowering on the floor in crumpled clothes, whimpering in fear.

"Please don't hurt me!" he begged. "I'll do whatever you aliens want!"

Emmy pulled him to his feet. "We're not aliens – we're trying to stop them. Which is what you should be doing, rather than hiding in a cupboard!"

The mayor was insulted. "Hiding? That evil alien's had me locked in there as his prisoner for a week! Oh, what a terrible few days it's been ..."

He slumped on to the broken swivel chair, trembling in his stained clothes.

"I was in my office in the Town Hall, just waking up from a lovely morning snooze. I was about to start my daily lunchtime nap when suddenly the

door was kicked in and that terrible alien appeared! Before I could sound the alarm, he froze me with a ray beam from a watch on his wrist. He's been keeping me prisoner in here ever since, asking me about the layout of the Town Hall – he said it was important for this 'Great Plan' of his ..."

