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THE DAY THAT
ALIENS
nearly
Ate our
BRAINS

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WALKER
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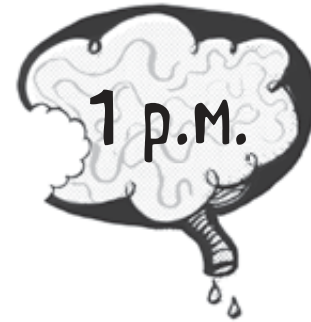
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recipe is for informational and/or entertainment purposes only;
please check ingredients carefully if you have any allergies and,
if in doubt, consult a health professional.

To my excellent coffee provider
and amazing wife, Elle x





“An inch to the left ... now an inch to the right ... that’s it, almost there! That’s it! One small step for man, one giant leap forward in sneakily watching

WRESTLEGEDDON
SMACK DOWN

using next door’s TV feed!” Freddy yelled in delight.

“Finally, we can watch the title clash between Bone Crusher Bill and Bloodthirsty Derek.”

“Well *yoooo* can. *I* can’t see a thing from up here.” There, standing on a chair, holding a silver cone and wearing a colander on his head, wobbled Freddy’s best friend Sal.

“I told you, someone has to point the satellite dish at next door’s transmitter; it’s the only way to watch the big fight. You lost at paper, scissors, stone so stop complaining.”

“It’s not a satellite dish, it’s the cone your dog had to wear round his head when he had his bits taken off, covered in tin foil,” Sal protested.

Both Freddy and Sal looked over at the



dog, who sighed a sad sigh and went back to sleep.

“Relax, you do the first hour, I’ll do the second.”

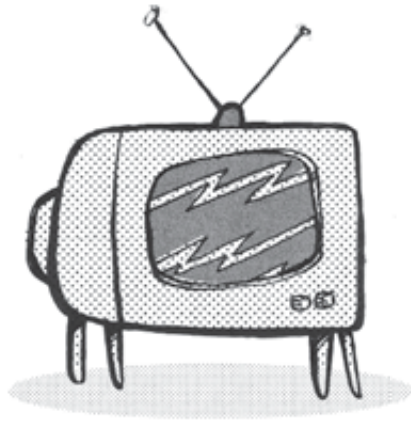
“I HAVE TO STAND LIKE THIS FOR A WHOLE HOUR?!”

Sal shouted. “I can’t feel my left buttock.”

“Well I’m not feeling it for you!” Freddy shuddered.

“No, I mean it has pins and needles in it. It’s both horrible and strangely pleasurable at the same time.”

“A little more to the left.” Freddy waved, squinting at the TV as it fizzed in and out of signal.



“I don’t think that’s a good idea...” Sal whimpered.

“Why?” Freddy asked, staring at the screen.



The whole room shook as Sal landed in a heap on the ground and the colander rolled to Freddy’s feet.

“That’s why,” Sal said, rubbing his head.

“Oopsy,” Freddy sighed. “How many fingers am I holding up?”

Sal squinted. “Which of your four hands am I supposed to be looking at?”

“Hmm, maybe have a sit down,” Freddy said sympathetically. “It was a terrible idea anyway.”

This was not the first hair-brained scheme that Freddy and Sal had attempted. There was the time they tried to invent hover-sock. The scorch marks were still visible on the ceiling of Freddy's bedroom. There was also the occasion Freddy and Sal rewired the washing machine to turn it into a

giant candyfloss machine, and

Freddy's dad's pants came out fluorescent pink.

But that's what being eleven was all about,

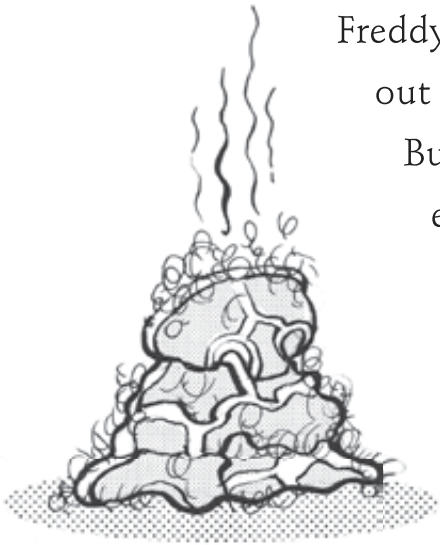
getting into scrapes

and turning your

best friend into a

human satellite

dish.



"Well I guess we can't watch the wrestling ... I'm sooooo bored. What now?" Freddy puffed.

"You know what we could do..." Sal said quietly.

"No!" Freddy snapped. "Don't say it."

"We could see if we can get the goldfish to speak again?" Sal said casually.

"I can't believe you said it ... for the last time, Sal, fish can't talk!"

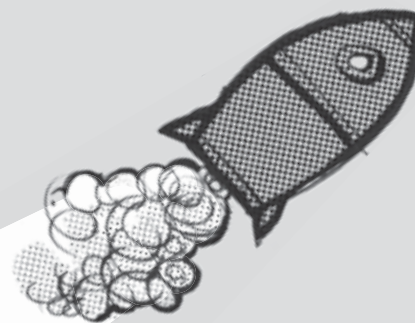
"You weren't there, you didn't hear him!"

**"NOBODY HEARD HIM.
HE'S. A. FISH!!!"**



It had been a few weeks previously, on another boring afternoon, when Sal had attempted to hypnotize Freddy's fish, Perkins, with the belief that they could convince him to talk. Freddy had been downstairs fetching a snack for the pair of them, when Sal claimed he'd heard Perkins say the word "banana".

"Well I can't think of anything else to do," Sal said, sitting on the end of the bed and looking up at the ceiling. Freddy's



bedroom was an Aladdin's cave of gizmos and gadgets, posters of planets and space rockets. Freddy was a bit of a dreamer. Sal and he were always being accused of having their heads in the clouds, *but what's wrong with that?* Freddy thought. *At least things are interesting up in the stars, not like down here on planet Earth.* Their tiny town of beige houses seemed to suck the life out of everything and everyone.

Just then a head popped round the door. It was Freddy's mum.



“Did I hear a thud?” she asked, eyeing the pair of them suspiciously.

“Err, no Mum.”

“Are you sure?” she said as she looked at the TV hissing in and out of signal.

“That’s a lovely hair-do you’ve got there. Is it new?” Sal interrupted.

“Oh why yes, Sal. How thoughtful of you to notice.” Freddy’s mum smiled.

“I might get one of those myself.” Sal grinned.

“I’m not sure platinum-blond tinted highlights would suit you, Sal. But thank you. Anyway, I only came up to tell you that me and your dad are off to the garden centre. We’ll be back later. You two all right on your own?”

“Yes Mum.” Freddy nodded. With that, she shut the door and bounced down the stairs.

“That was close.” Freddy sighed.

“The old ‘that’s a nice hair-do’ trick, works every time.”

“Oh I can’t take it any more! This place is so dull,” Freddy said, staring out on to the street, “nothing exciting ever happens here.”

“Aren’t you forgetting about the time Wolverhampton was hit with that terrible storm?”

“Oh, the great drizzle of ’83? Don’t, my nan still talks about that. Can you turn the TV off? It keeps buzzing at me.”

Sal looked at the TV as it crackled and whizzed into life. “Must be picking up a signal from next door still.”

“GREETINGS EARTHLINGS!”

Freddy looked at Sal. “What?”

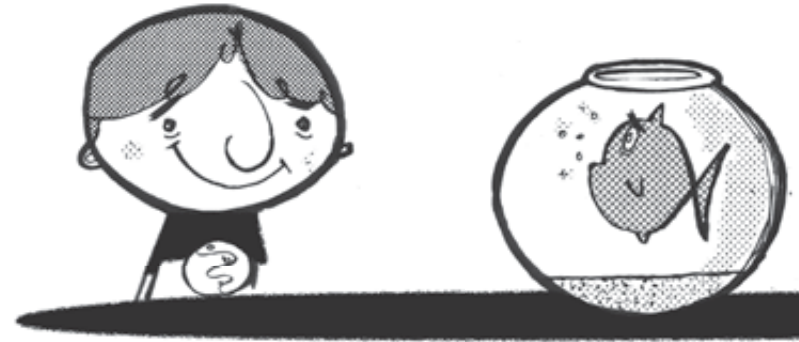
“What? I thought you said that?”

“GREETINGS EARTHLINGS I SAID.
PLEASE BE HOW I EXPECT YOU RESPOND
AND DO THE REPLYING BACK NOW.”

came the strangely worded reply, as if it was English but not English.

Freddy and Sal looked at each other.

“Oh. My. Crikey! It’s Perkins! He’s trying to communicate with us Freddy!” Sal ran up and put his head next to the fish bowl.



“HELLO PERKINS, I AM SAL, TALK TO ME YOU FISHY GENIUS.”

“Er, Sal...” Freddy whispered.

“TELL ME, WHAT’S IT LIKE TO BE UNDERWATER? HOW DO YOU SNEEZE? DO YOU LIKE SWIMMING IN YOUR OWN WEE-WEE?” Sal cried, shouting at the fish as if it were an exchange student.

“Sal...” Freddy said a little louder.

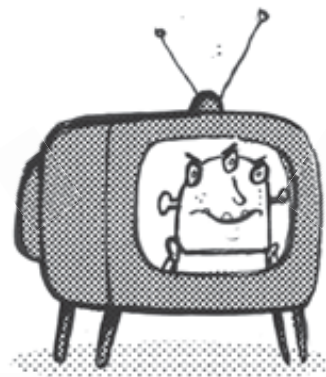
“TELL ME, DOES BEING WET EVER GET BORING?”

“SAL!” Freddy screamed. “IT’S NOT THE FISH IN THE BOWL TALKING TO US!”

“How do you know?” Sal huffed.

“BECAUSE THERE’S AN
ALIEN ON THE TV SCREEN!”

Freddy yelled, pointing at the TV.



“YOUR FRIEND IS RIGHT IN HIS THINKING.
I AM **ALAN** FROM THE PLANET **TWANG** AND
I AM HERE TO DO THE TELLING OF YOU THAT
YOU HAVE UNTIL 10 P.M. TONIGHT UNTIL
THE END OF THE WORLD WHEN I WILL KILL
YOU ALL TO DEATH. TICKETY-TOCK ...
TICKETY-TOCK.”