



One sunny afternoon Shifty and Sam were in the park, thinking up new recipes. Shifty was thinking quietly on the grass. And Sam was thinking as he whizzed down the slide!

But then Sam went a bit too fast, flew off the end and – crash!

Sam rubbed his bumped head. For a moment he saw stars. Then Sam saw little aliens. Two bright-green ones, running in and

out of the trees.

 Sam tiptoed to Shifty.

“Psst,” whispered Sam. “Shifty! Alien attack!”

“Eh? Funny name for a cake!” snorted Shifty, his head still buried in his notebook.

“N-no, alien attack’s not a recipe,” spluttered Sam. “There are aliens – over in the trees!”

Shifty looked over. There was nothing there. Then he saw a big lump on Sam’s head.

“Hey, Sam – are you OK?!” Shifty gasped. “You bumped your head and now you’re seeing things.”

“I’m not!” Sam frowned. “I really did see aliens.”

Shifty closed his notebook. “So where’s their flying saucer?”

“I dunno.” Sam shrugged. “Probably hidden! We need to get out of here – fast!”

Tutting, Shifty gathered up their things. “Come on then, let’s go home,” he said, hoping Sam would forget all about the “aliens”.



As they walked back through town Sam was quiet. Why wouldn't Shifty believe him?

"I need to get a book," said Sam as they passed the library, "on what to do when aliens ATTACK!"

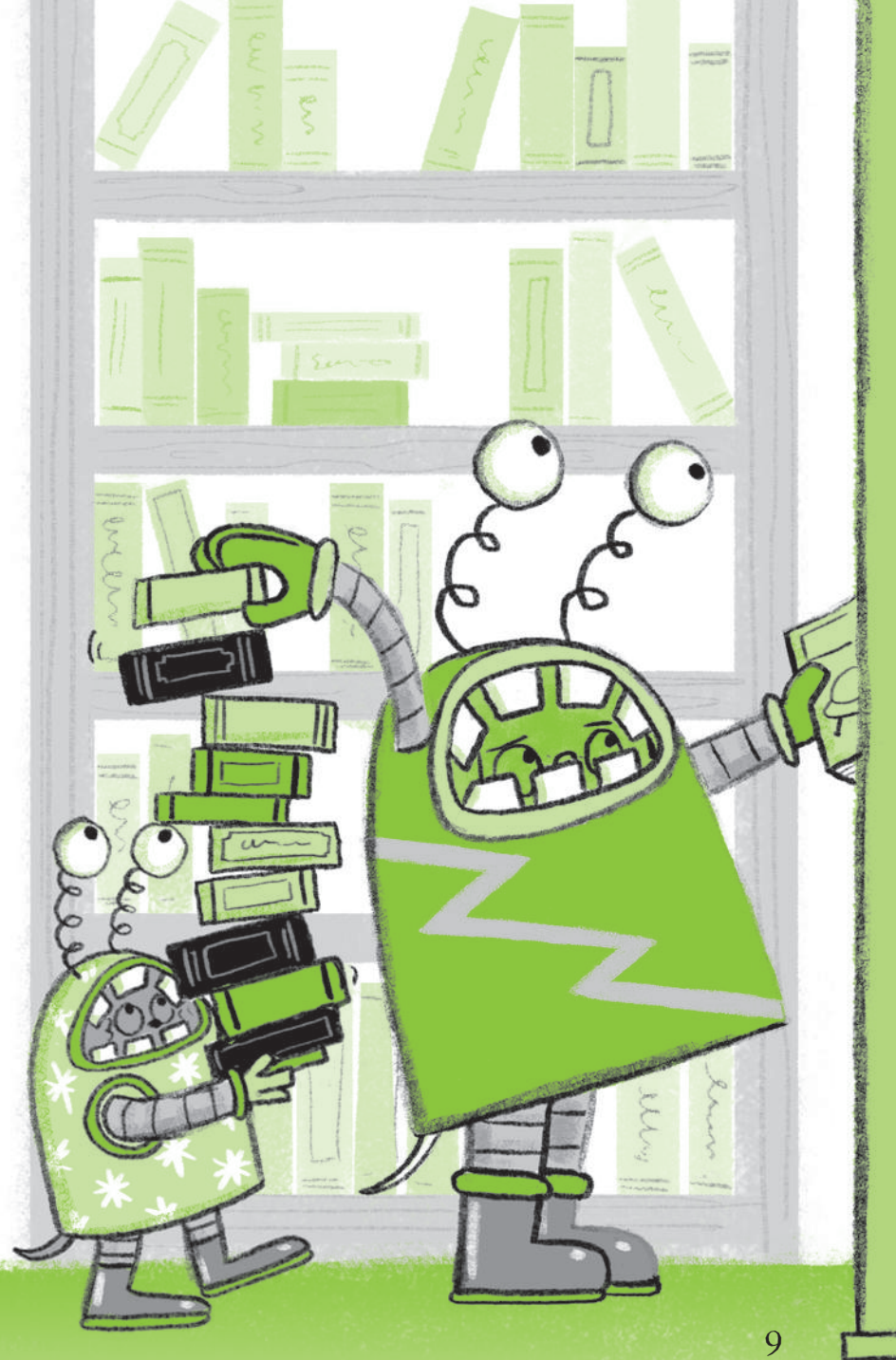
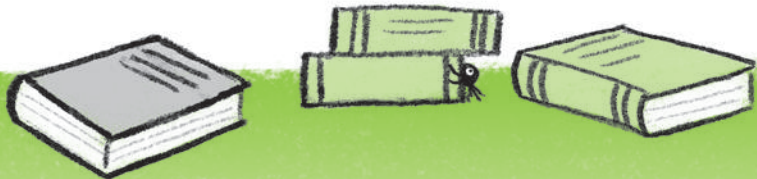
"I'll wait here," sighed Shifty as Sam pattered inside.

The library was busy. Sam found the "Outer Space" section but all the shelves were BARE!

"Grrr," grumbled Sam. "Who's nabbed all the space books?!"

Then he saw them again. The aliens from the park! But there were more of them now, and bigger ones too. And their arms were piled high with space books.

"Whoa!" gasped Sam. "Wait till I tell Shifty. He'll have to believe me now!"





“MORE aliens!” shouted Sam, darting back out. “And they’re hogging ALL the space books too! Now no one will have a clue what to do when they ATTACK!”

Sam tried dragging Shifty to see. But Shifty was having none of it.

“You need to get home to rest,” said Shifty, helping Sam off down the street.

“But! But!” spluttered Sam.

“No buts,” said Shifty. “I’m worried about you.”



But back at home Sam would NOT rest. He decided that the garden shed would make a brilliant safety bunker for when the aliens attacked. First, though, he had to alien-proof it.

It took ages, but by bedtime Sam had done it. He rushed Shifty out to see.

“Ta-daaa!” cried Sam. Shifty’s jaw dropped.

Sam had foil-wrapped the ENTIRE garden!

“It’ll stop alien spaceships landing,” smiled Sam. “Cos it’ll dazzle them. Plus, it’s non-stick.”

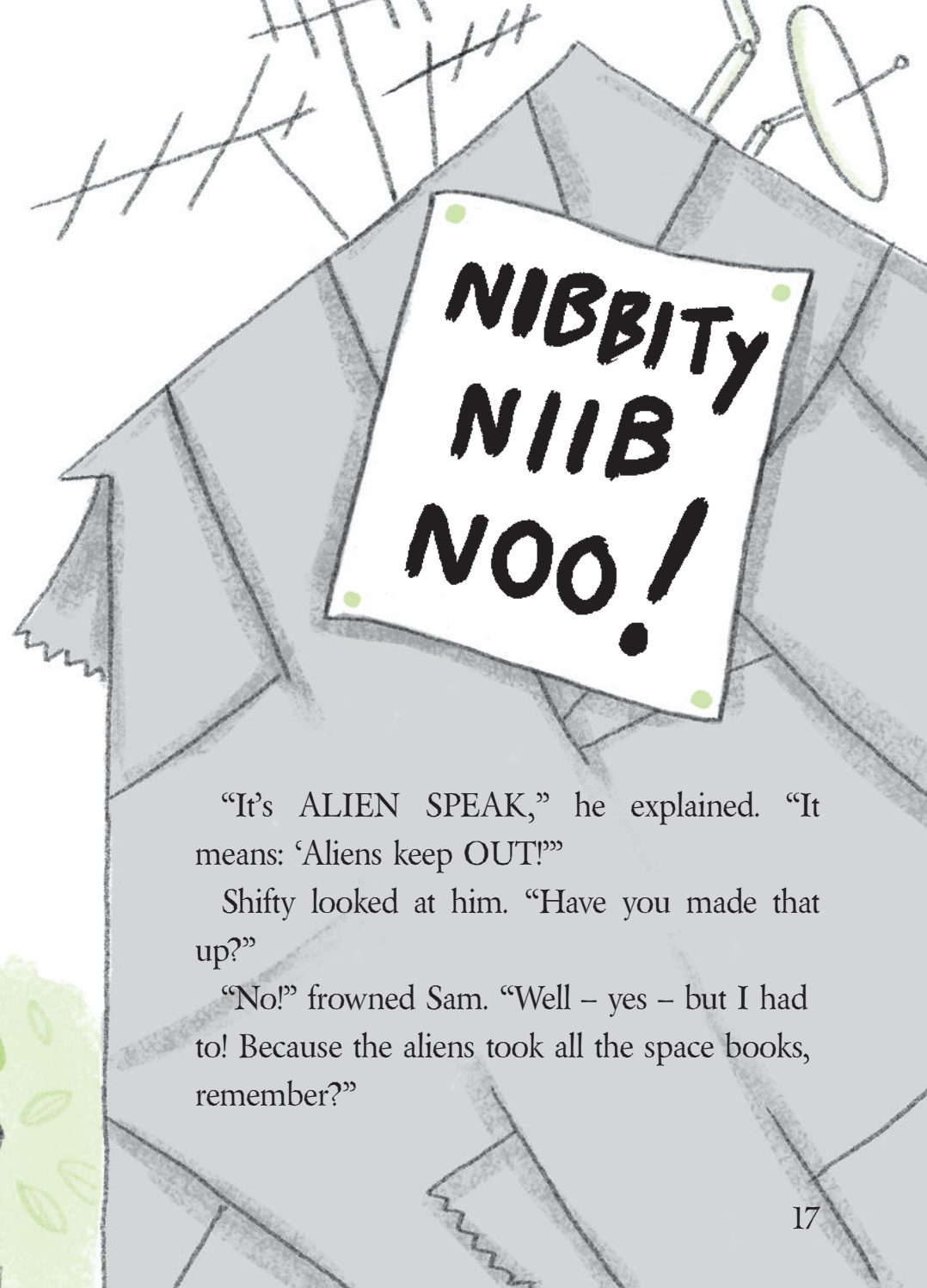


“Poo!” Shifty frowned. “What’s that smell?”
“Oh! That’s my alien-repellent necklace,”
beamed Sam. “But don’t worry, I made one
for you too!” And he popped the stinky garlic
necklace over Shifty’s head. “It stops aliens
coming too close,” nodded Sam.

“And anyone else!” Shifty shuddered,
holding his nose.



Sam had stuck up lots of TV aerials too to confuse any flying-saucer trackers. And on the door of the “safety bunker”, Sam had nailed a notice...



“It’s ALIEN SPEAK,” he explained. “It means: ‘Aliens keep OUT!’”

Shifty looked at him. “Have you made that up?”

“No!” frowned Sam. “Well – yes – but I had to! Because the aliens took all the space books, remember?”

That night the boys got NO sleep at all. At every creak, Sam boomed, “Alien attack!” and rugby-tackled Shifty to the floor.



“What are you doing?!” hissed Shifty.

“Taking cover,” tutted Sam. “Obviously!”

By morning Shifty was exhausted. And he stank of garlic too. “Right, seeing as they DIDN’T attack,” he grumbled, “I’m off for a bath, then I’m opening the café.”

“Are you crazy?!” called Sam.

“If anyone’s crazy round here,” muttered Shifty, “it’s not ME!”

Sam stayed down the shed until just before café closing time when his “emergency provisions” (jam doughnuts) ran out. Then he risked it inside to snaffle more.

There was only one customer left in the café when Sam sneaked in. Matilda was just finishing off her coffee, when—

“SHIFTY!” shrieked Sam.

He pointed a paw.

“THERE!!”



Heading through the door were two tall aliens. Sam whisked out his cupcake catapult at once and Shifty swiftly tossed him a cupcake. But Matilda, Sam noticed, hadn’t batted an eyelid.

“Matilda! Aliens!” shouted Sam. Then one of the aliens spoke...

“Hello! I don’t suppose you happen to have a cake in the shape of a flying saucer, do you?”

“A big one! To feed HUNDREDS,” the other alien nodded.

“Maybe with popping-candy sprinkles?”



Sam winked at Shifty so he’d play along.

These aliens were a right cunning bunch! They’d even learned polite EARTH SPEAK to trick everyone into believing they were nice!

Sam said that they would bake them an alien cake and that it would be ready in an hour. The aliens beamed and, antennae bobbing brightly, they left.

“Um, r-right,” stuttered Shifty. “We need to