

Eva laughed from the sofa. "Bears? No, of course not."

"Mmm, Eva, what about gorillas?" he asked.

Eva got up and joined him at the window. "Of course we don't have any... Oh, I see."

They stood looking out of the window with their mouths open.

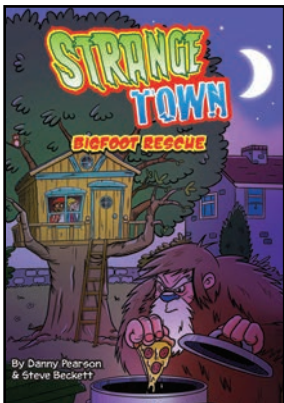
They could see a large, hairy creature going through Eva's bins.

"What do you think it wants?" asked Logan.

"Stale pizza by the looks of it," replied Eva.

Logan turned to Eva. "You know what I mean. WHAT is it and WHAT is it doing here?"

Eva turned to him with a smile. "Let's go ask."



Chapter One

Late

Eva was running round the treehouse and frantically flinging aside books, clothes and cushions.

“I can’t find it,” she cried.

“Can’t find what?” asked Logan.

“My Strange Town F.C. scarf,” Eva said as she emptied her desk drawer onto the floor. “I know it is here somewhere.”

Logan looked at the cuckoo clock on the wall. “Come on, we are going to be late for kick off.”

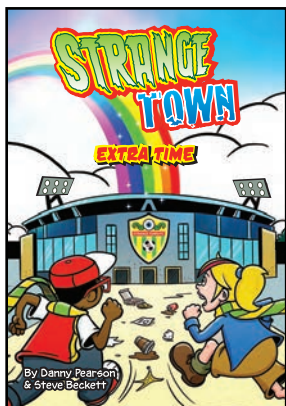
“What do you care?” snapped Eva. “You don’t even like football.”

“True. But I do like the hot dogs they have there,” smiled Logan as he pictured an extra-long hot dog coated in ketchup and mustard.

Otis was barking at a stuffed deer’s head hanging on the wall.

BARK! BARK!

Eva whipped her head round and spotted her scarf hanging from one of the antlers.



The trail of dirt stopped again, this time right at the foot of the tree their den was built in.

The same siren blasted out again.

A van screeched into view. It swerved around a squirrel, drove over a neighbour's prize-winning rose bush and stopped inches away from an ugly bunch of garden gnomes.

"Her again," Eva said. "How did she get here so quickly?"

The very tall and very thin woman appeared from the van. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. There is no need to panic," she announced. "I, Miss Green, the queen of landscape gardening, am here to fix your little problems."

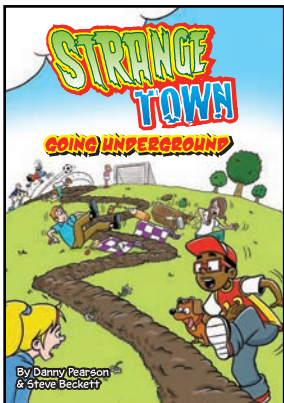
"Ha! That's original," Eva said.

Everyone had run out to meet Miss Green, pleading with her to fix their gardens. She produced a notebook and began to take orders.

"This is too much of a coincidence," Eva said stroking her chin. "How can this Miss Green be in the right place, at the right time, twice in one day? I bet she knows what's causing these dirt piles. There may be some clues in her van. Let's go and take a look."

"No way am I going down to that creepy lady's van," Logan said.

But it was too late. Eva was climbing down the treehouse ladder and heading over to it.



Chapter Two

Green Light

Still half asleep, Logan started to lift up the big, heavy bin bag from the kitchen bin.

“EWWWWWW!” Bin juice!” he wrinkled his nose.

Dirty liquid leaked from a hole in the bag and covered his favourite slippers. Otis ran over and licked them.

“EWWWWWW!” Bin juice and dog drool!” he cried. “Out. Get out now,” he said as he flung the kitchen door open.

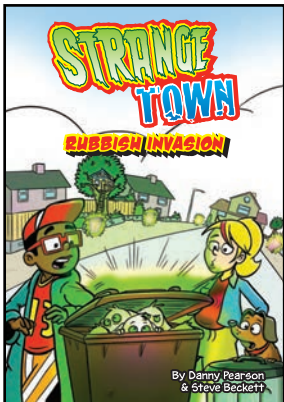
He dragged the bin bag up the driveway leaving what looked like a giant slug trail of bin juice behind him.

“Good morning, Logan,” came a call from across the road. It was Eva.

“Is it?” asked Logan.

Eva walked over to him. “Is it what?” she asked.

“A good morning,” replied Logan. “So far I’ve been woken up at the crack of dawn... twice. Been told to do a million jobs. The bin is leaking all over me and my gran is coming to stay the week.”



“Ha! It’s all working perfectly,” chuckled the man as he made his way towards the room with the cameras and computers. “My advert is turning those idiots into money-spending fools.”

He raised his hands over his head and shouted, “First Strange Town, and then the world! **HA HA HA!**”

The man bent forwards and held his stomach as it let out a loud

GURGLE!



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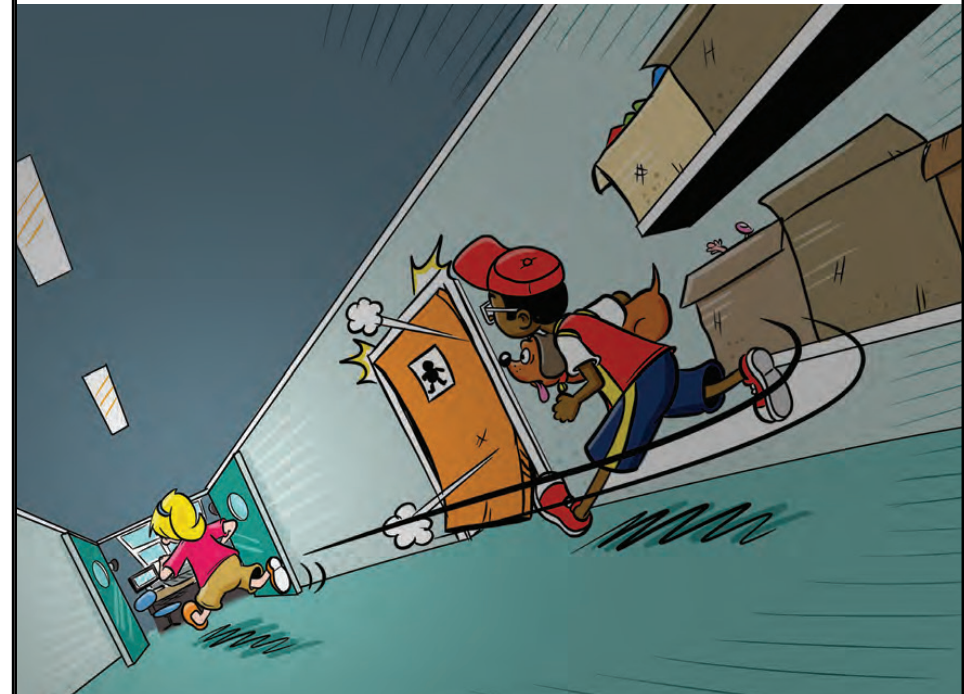
Sweat was running down his face. “Oh! That kebab I had for breakfast is not sitting too well,” he said.

He ran back to the staff toilet and slammed the door shut.

“Quick. Now is our chance,” said Eva.

“Our chance to do what?” asked Logan.

“We are going to make our own advert and send that out,” she said as she ran down the dark corridor.



1 HOUR LATER...

Logan had looked all over the backstage area but couldn't see anything.

The band were coming off stage. He pressed himself against the wall and removed his ear plugs.

The tall lead singer bent over to a tap that was sticking out of the back of the large speaker. He filled up his cup with a weird-looking green liquid.

"Cheers to the fans of Strange Town for giving us the energy we need," he laughed as he drank the green drink in one go.

The drummer also took a cup and filled it from the tap. "And cheers to this little beauty for sucking in their youth so we can rock on forever!"

The band all laughed as they filled their cups from the speaker tap.

"Quick, boys, we are back on," cried the lead singer. "Let's give them a show they will never forget."

"That's it!" Logan said. "They are somehow draining life and energy from their fans through that speaker. I have to warn Eva."



Sample pages taken from Strange Town: The Iron Stones



A huge noise came from outside the treehouse.
The ground was shaking. All three of them ran over
to the window.

Logan looked out nervously. "Eva. What is that?"

It was the kitten. Or at least, it used to be.



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Chapter Three

Kitten Rampage

The creature slowly rose out of the rubble. It was
now the size of an elephant. It was green and it had
a strange glow surrounding it. It didn't look very
happy, or cute.

This didn't seem to bother Otis, though, as he puffed
out his chest and gave a loud

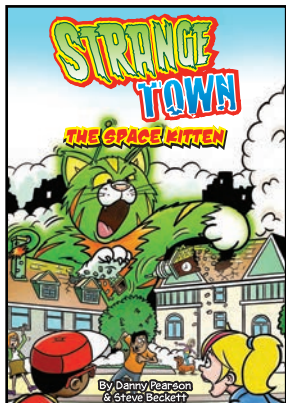
BARK!

The kitten turned around and let out a huge

ROAR!

The noise was so loud it made the whole treehouse
shake.

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Eva, Logan and Otis slowly backed up into the garage as Dave stomped towards them.

He looked very angry. "I told you to pretend you never saw this, but you had to come over and spy on me anyway."

Eva could see an old wood-carving on the wall. The man in it looked like Dave. Only more heroic. He was dressed like a Viking and carrying the hammer.

"That's you, isn't it?" she asked. "You're Thor. Well, at least, you used to be."

Logan couldn't believe what she was saying. "Eva, will you shut up? You are going to make it worse. He couldn't possibly be that guy from the carving."

Dave stopped. "Oh, he is right," he said in an uneven voice. "I could never be him again. I mean, *look* at me." He stuck out his belly and began to cry.

He sank to the floor, pulled out a squashed cheeseburger that was in his back pocket and ate it with tears streaming from his eyes.

"It's not my fault. I came to Earth for a holiday over a hundred years ago and now I am stuck here. I loved it at first but then I started to eat too much. The food here... it's so good!"

"Why are you stuck here?" asked Eva.

