

The ground beneath his feet was sticky and wobbly as Mr Alien ran for his life. Every step he took he sprang up into the purple mist, because the ground was made of jelly. Everything in Jellyville was made of jelly. His heart was racing as he dodged the flying vehicles that were soaring through the misty, purple sky, casting no shadows under the huge, black sun. As he was running his seven, lanky legs got tangled up into a knot. As he tumbled to the ground his 1000 arms propelled him into a cartwheel which safely planted him onto his feet again. As the sun set and the red moon was rising Mr Alien's three white, torch eyes began to glow, his three heads rotated around 360 degrees to see if they were still chasing him.

When, suddenly he saw the three bullies riding on fire breathing dragons. Mr Alien thought to himself this is not how I expected my first day at Jellyville High to go. At lunchtime Mr Alien was playing handball, when in the blink of an eye, arm number 365 hit the ball which ricocheted into Bogolumpus' big, purple, gooey eye. Smashing his sunglasses and making his face glow red with fury and smoke come bursting out of his ears and nose. Bogolumpus is one of the three, easily raged, most fearsome bullies at Jellyville High. The friends playing handball had warned Mr Alien about the bullies at Jellyville High and they told him to run! There was no hesitation as his little jiggly, jelly body began to run. Bogolumpus and his two friends Splatterfold and Snifferbum hijacked three dragons and had been chasing Mr Alien since. All of a sudden, the ferocious dragons breathed fire, alerting the police to the situation and knocking the bullies off the dragons onto the bouncy jelly ground.

While they were falling they pulled out their new 'spike shoes 2000'. These were the latest model, most expensive pair of shoes in Jellyville. The three bullies had stolen these shoes from Jelly Sport. The spikes were ice jelly, sharper than a megladon's tooth and they began to tear up the ground. The citizens of Jellyville started to run for their lives. As Mr Alien was bouncing to avoid the cracks in the ground a broken down flying vehicle was spinning out of control. In an instant the uncontrolled vehicle rammed into him, it was the last thing he remember before passing out.

When Mr Alien work up Jellyville was spinning around him, his tummy was tingling and he felt dizzy. His face was pale and his body was the colour of fizzy lemonade jelly. Mr Alien felt like someone was jackhammering his head. He sat up, all of a sudden, he noticed Bogolumpus, Splatterfold and Snifferbum were standing in his room. He scrambled to the opposite end of his bed. Mr Alien realised the three bullies were tied up and he felt relieved. They were forced to say sorry and principal Wobbles demanded that they clean up the mess they had made and return the shoes that they stole.

Over the next few days Mr Alien began to feel better. However, he felt a teensy bit guilty because the three big, bad bullies had detention for five months. After that, Mr Alien continued to play handball with his old friends. Until, one day, quite unexpectedly, arm number 366 hit the ball, which ricocheted.....