

# Bumageddon

Zack Freeman looked up and realized that he was about to be squashed by a giant brown blob.

Oh no! he thought. Not a giant brown . . .

But that was all he had the time to think before the giant brown blob crashed down on top of him – and everybody else – gathered at the Bum-fighting Academy.

Zack, his bum, his parents, Eleanor Sterne, Silas Sterne, the Kicker, the Smacker and the fifty of the best and brightest bum-fighting recruits in the world.

All squashed.

All buried.

All completely giant-brown-blobbified.

It was a sad end to what has been the proudest and happiest morning of Zack Freeman's life.

Not only had Zack just arrived back on Earth after saving the world from a zombie bum invasion and rescuing his parents from Uranus, but he had also graduated from Silas Sterne's Bum-fighting Academy. In one hand he proudly held his basic bum-fighter's certificate, and in the other a special medal of excellence for his work in bum-fighting simulator.

Unfortunately, however, none of the challenges Zack has faced so far – either real or simulated – had prepared him for giant-brown-blobbification.

He was way out of his depth.

And sinking fast.

He shut his eyes.

He pinched his nose.

He held his breath.

And then he did . . . well . . . *nothing*.

There was nothing he *could* do.

He could hardly move.

The blob was too thick. And too dark . . . or rather, too brown. Pitch-brown.

He didn't know which way was up.

He didn't know which way was down.

North or South.

East or West.

Zack's mind was racing.

He didn't want to die.

Not yet, anyway.

And especially not inside a giant brown blob.

What if the giant brown blob set hard and became a fossil?

And what if one day in the future they dug it up, cracked it open and found him?

He didn't want his body to be put in a glass case and displayed in a museum for school children to laugh at. 'Eeerggghh, yuck!' they'd say. 'Blob-boy! Look at the disgusting blob-boy!'

Then again, perhaps that was better than not being found and having to spend eternity trapped inside a giant brown blob . . .

Zack shuddered at the thought. With a mighty effort he brought his mind back to the present. He had to stop worrying about what might happen in the future and start focusing on what was happening to him right now.

And fast.

Zack smiled ruefully as he realized he was still clutching his bum-fighter's certificate. He'd been so proud to receive it, but in this situation a bum-fighter's certificate wasn't even worth the paper it was printed on.

Or was it?

*Paper.*

The word triggered something inside him – but what? What use was paper?

Suddenly an image of his grandfather flashed into Zack's mind. Percy Freeman – one of the world's first bum-fighters: the Wiper. Armed with only a few rolls of toilet paper and an enormous load of courage, he had wiped some of the deadliest bums on the planet.

*Paper.*

*Wiper.*

Even as Zack's oxygen-starved brain was shutting down, the two words forged a fragile, but life-saving bond in his mind.

Zack knew what he had to do.

He brought the piece of paper up in front of his face.

And started wiping