

Slimeborgs of the Behemoth

A Scout Brooks Story

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Slimeborgs of the Behemoth: A Scout Brooks Story

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*For Noah*

*The coolest brother-in-law and the #1 Scout Brooks fan!*



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# PROLOGUE

## Flashin' Back

So there I was, getting ready to join the Astro-Nog's, an after-school Astronomy club run by Professor Nog, when out of nowhere, the hallway exploded and I saw Nogger running straight for me with some giant alien-robot chasing him, firing off lasers from some high-tech space-gun-extreme!

We took cover in his classroom and before the giant beast could do anything to us, Nog pressed a button on some small machine he had, and it zapped the creature back to where it came from – a planet near the Crab Nebula called Bethani.

In the weeks that followed, I discovered that Professor Nog was in charge of a secret government organization called the E.I.A. or, Earth's Intergalactic Ambassadors. There were only a few people involved at the time, and I soon became a member as well.

Turns out, Nog and his old partner, Farrow, had somehow gotten involved in an intergalactic war with a race of alien-robots called The Frooginites. The Frooginites used portals from their home planet to come to Earth to try to destroy the E.I.A. once and for all.

In the process of them trying to do this, my girl-crush, Mandy Lee, was zapped to their home planet, as well as Nog's partner,

Farrow and a bully from our school, Matt Radar. Nog called an emergency meeting for all the members of the E.I.A. and I soon found out that the high school principal, Principal Smidgeon, a local comic book storeowner, Jakon, and my best buddy, Chuck Taylor were all a part of it! Who knew?

Well, long story short, Nog sent Chuck and I to Bethani to rescue the three of them and to destroy the portals that would allow the Frooginites to get to Earth. And we didn't disappoint – we were able to bring back Mandy Lee and Farrow with no problem!

Unfortunately, we weren't able to bring back Radar or this random homeless guy we found on the planet. I want to say it was devastating, but it wasn't really. The kid who bullied us was 6,500 light years away, and as for Homeless Harry, I just plain old forgot about him. Plus he was homeless, so it wasn't any big loss.

Being in the E.I.A., and more specifically becoming the leader of an elite group of space explorers called The Fellas four years after I was initially inducted, has its perks, but it also has its downfalls. We can't tell anyone who we are. It's hard at times. Not being able to tell my mom, my brother, Mark or my other best friend, Phil, kinda blows, but I guess being a hero has its rules.

So that was the excitement my freshman year. When my sophomore year came, it really threw me for a loop. It made me

realize what kind of person I was supposed to be and was also filled with another space adventure, slime-filled robots, mustaches, a tragic accident and a deep-space threat that none of us saw coming.

## CHAPTER ONE

### A Sophomore Mustache

#### I.

I stood in the upstairs bathroom, staring hard into the mirror. I'd been staring for almost ten minutes, waiting patiently for the light to glare at just the right angle again; cause I'm pretty sure I saw the start of a single mustache hair above my lip. Even though it was only for a split second, I'm pretty sure that's what it was.

I know, you probably think it's ridiculous that I, Scout Brooks, a sophomore in high school, is searching the upper lip valley for the start of what could be a legendary stash that this moment might be foretelling. But it isn't as far-fetched as you'd think. I had asked Mark about it not too long ago – he'd been trying to grow a stash for years, and now at the age of 24, he thinks he might finally be onto something.

Phil already had the full-blown deal. It was dark brown and made him look a little 'dirty'. When I asked Mark about a sophomore mustache, he said "There's always that one kid in your school who has a mustache before everyone else. It's not fair."

Well, Philly was sporting a good one and I was hoping I wasn't too far behind. But for now, I had to catch the bus because it was going to be here soon.

I got dressed in some warm clothes, threw on my jacket and backpack, popped on one of those winter hats with the little ball thing on top and left the house, ready to journey to the bus stop. It wasn't too far, but winter was really starting to take its toll on Kings Town. Between the ice and the snow, it made walking down to the end of the street a freezing cold ordeal.

Across the street from my house was a moving van in the driveway of a home that had been vacant for at least six months. There was only one guy unloading boxes that I could see of. He appeared to be middle aged, was clean shaven with short, rough brown hair and was bundled up in his winters best.

It was such an odd time to be moving. The man saw me and went through great lengths to set the box down that he was carrying and wave at me. "Hello there!" he shouted through the wet flakes that were falling.

I just smiled and waved back. Creep.

The school year was already underway by about three and a half months. It was already the third week in December and our Christmas break was just around the corner. A few more days of

school, then the Christmas dance, and then a nice break where I'd be able to enjoy the holiday with my mom and brother.

The Christmas dance was going to be Friday night and I had been trying to work up the courage for weeks to ask Mandy Lee, but I just couldn't do it. There was still some time left though. I thought after I saved Mandy's life last year she'd be a little more into me. That wasn't the case. Sure, she was appreciative – and technically owed me big – but the experience of being kidnapped and taken away to a distant galaxy still didn't sit well with her. She'd smile and say "Hi" to me occasionally, but most of the time she'd pretty much keep her distance. She acted like none of it ever happened – which kind of benefited Professor Nog. He didn't have to worry about her blabbing to anyone.

Still, I wanted to ask her to the dance. My crush on her had only grown over the past year.

My first period class was Math – Geometry to be precise. Who needed to take a class about shapes? Math sucked and I was failing it. The only cool thing about the class was that my best buddies, Chuck Taylor and Phil Easton were in it with me. That's the first class since high school started that all three of us had together. It ruled, even though the seating chart had unknowingly spread us out amongst the classroom.

The teacher, Mr. Hobbs, was a cool guy I guess. He was younger than most of the teachers and for some reason always

said, “Jot this down”, like he wanted us to write down everything he was saying.

The bell rang to start the school day and Mr. Hobbs took center stage.

“Alright class, jot this down.” Mr. Hobbs turned to the chalkboard and began to draw a right triangle. As the Math terms started to spew out from his mouth, I tuned out. I was looking forward to second period; it was space stuff.

After I passed Astronomy with flying colors, I elected to take Advanced Astronomy my sophomore year just so I could kick it with Nog a little more. It wasn’t a necessary class, but if I was officially an Intergalactic Ambassador for Earth, I figured I might as well brush up on the cosmos as much as I could.

“Scout, care to venture a guess?” Mr. Hobbs asked, rudely interrupting my thoughts.

“Uh...” I stuttered, not knowing what the question was. “Can you repeat the question?”

“No.”

Huh. I was in a corner and there was definitely no way out. Might as well get fresh. “Well, you’re the teacher, you should know the answer. You tell *me*, Mr. Hobbs.”

I sat back in my chair and crossed my arms with a smile. The class chuckled, and the first thought that raced through my head was *why the heck did I just say that*.

“Mr. Brooks, you talkin’ back?”

“Maybe,” I said, continuing this act that wasn’t typically me. I was in so much trouble.

“I’m not gonna stand here, wearing this perfect tie that my girlfriend bought for me, and take that from some disrespectful sophomore,” Mr. Hobbs said. “And I’m pretty sure Principal Smidgeon won’t either.” He pointed to the door and snapped his fingers, “GET!”

I packed up my books into my backpack and walked though the classroom, passing Chuck and Phil. Chuck was chuckling, but Phil wasn’t. Come to think of it, Phil really hadn’t been the same with us since that note someone had slipped him about Chuck and I not being who we say we are. Phil had been quite curious about us for the past year, keeping his distance at times, but sporting that golden stash *all* the time. It looked so sweet.

I left the classroom and headed straight for Principal Smidgeon’s office.

## II.

“Scout, you’ve become quite a little loud-mouthed turd here lately,” Principal Smidgeon said to me from across his desk. I smirked, knowing he was right.

“Sorry, bro,” I said.

“It’s cool. But I can’t keep pretending to give you punishments much longer. Straighten up, boy,” he said.

I nodded and looked around his office. There was a picture of Smidgeon on the wall with his family – two teenage girls and his wife. “How’s your family?”

“Oh, they’re fine. The wife’s been on my back about retirement. I don’t know, it sounds nice I guess.”

“Would you retire from the E.I.A. too?” I asked.

“Who knows, Scout. Now that the government has approved our grant because of Nog’s shuttle experiment, there’s gonna be a high demand for positions. It’d be only a matter of time before I was replaced anyway. I’m getting a little old for this.”

“Old? Nog has like twenty years on you, man. *He* should be the one retiring.”

“Nog won’t retire. He and Farrow founded the E.I.A. They’ll both be with the group until the day they die.”

“Have you made any progress on the ‘ghost’ from last year? It seems like we haven’t heard a peep out of him since that note he gave to Phil,” I asked.

“There’s no progress to be made. I haven’t been able to figure anything out about his identity. After you guys made it back from Bethani, he just vanished. The threat might be over.”

“Or he’s just waiting for something.”

The two of us sat there and nodded together like a couple of agreeing pals. The bell rang to end first period and I grabbed my backpack off the floor.

“Well,” I said, “I’m off to Nog’s. We’re learning about gaseous masses today.”

“Sounds just like Nog,” he said and we both laughed. “Tell the old geezer I said ‘hey’,” Smidgeon said.

“Will do. Catch ya later, brotha,” I said with a wink and a point in his direction.

Professor Nog was running late to class for some reason, but he finally showed up about five minutes into the period. He was the same as ever – long, white lab coat, terrible comb-over, flashy red tie; he was ready for the day.

“Alright geeks, get out your books and turn to page 100. We’re about to have a pop quiz up in this mother,” he said, heading straight for his desk.

The class released a unanimous groan, but it didn’t phase Nog. If he wanted to quiz us, he would see to it that we got quizzed. Our Astronomy books were assigned to our desks and were kept in a small metal basket under our seats. I pulled my book out, just as everyone else did, and opened it to page 100.

There was a note in my book. A note for me – ‘Scout’ was written in black marker on the front of the folded piece of

graphing paper. I looked up at Nog and he shushed me with his finger. I opened the note and read it to myself:

*Scout, last night Jakon received a transmission from deep space. It was Fritz. Jakon was able to download all of the data received and analyze the crap out of it. Gather up Chuck and meet all of us at my house tonight at seven.*

*-Peace, my brotha*

I looked up and gave Nog a thumb's up. He reciprocated with a nod and the deal was all squared away.

### III.

Lunch period came and I was literally devouring my honey-roasted turkey and provolone wrap. I chased it down with a loud gulping swig of my boxed chocolate milk and let out a sigh of satisfaction. The hankering had been met.

Chuck sat across from me, eating left over pizza that he, for some reason, always wrapped in tin foil. Phil sat to my right – he was on his second egg salad and tuna sandwich.

“So, are you guys going to the dance on Friday?” I asked the table.

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