

The Scout Brooks Story
The Freshman Invasion

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*I would like to dedicate this book to my wonderful wife, Erin.
Thank you for all of the happiness that you have brought into my
life. I love you!*

BLAST OFF!

I looked out the window again and couldn't see anything. It was dark and everything was moving so fast. I started to feel dizzy, and then it really sunk in – I was a fourteen-year-old being blasted into space in a homemade space shuttle built by my high school Astronomy teacher, on my way to another galaxy to save three people from evil robotic aliens. Some would roll their eyes and say “yeah, right.” I, however, say “Awesome!”

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PROLOGUE

The Name's Brooks

What's up, playas! The name's, Brooks. Scout Brooks. Sorry if that came off a little too James Bond-ish, but in all seriousness, I've done some things that even James Bond would be jealous of; stuff he could only dream about.

You see, I have a secret – one that only a few people know about. I don't share my secret with many, not even my family, because, frankly, it's in my best interest not to. There are certain 'situations' that could arise.

I use to be a normal kid – a geek if you will - just like a lot of other awkward kids in high school. I got acne just like anyone else. I found myself in dozens of awkward social situations. I got made fun of. I got a ticket my very first day driving alone. I killed my first alien my freshman year.

Yeah, that's right. I said alien, bro! My official job title is an E.I.A. - Earth's Intergalactic Ambassador. Technically, I'm the leader of an elite squad of pals known as The Fellas. It's a position that very few people besides the President know of, and they like to keep it that way.

So, how does a socially awkward kid with weird friends become an Intergalactic Ambassador, where I get to drive a pretty sweet spaceship and save the Earth from aliens everyday?

Well, like I said, I don't share my secret with many, but since I don't know you and you took the time to listen to my story, I guess I can let you in on this. It all started my freshman year...

CHAPTER ONE

The Frosh

I.

“Holy freaking crap,” I muttered under my breath as I walked through the front doors to Kings Town High School for the very first time. It was like walking into an unexplored castle that I was 100% unprepared to be in. I gripped my backpack strap just to make sure it was still there. I didn’t want to lose this thing – all my crap was in there. Protractor, compass, rulers, number two pencils and about a hundred other things that I would probably never even use over the next four years.

I could feel a nervous sweat coming on and my glasses were starting to slide down the bridge of my nose. I pushed them back up, accidentally smudging my left lens. I ripped the specs off my face, and with the bottom of my shirt, rubbed out the smudge. I put them back on just in time to see a random student standing in front of me, awkwardly gawking.

He had on thick rimmed glasses, gray sweatpants and under his blue and red flannel shirt, I could see he was hiding a bit of a gut. He looked like he wanted to cry.

“Look man, you gotta help me out here,” he sniffled.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, glancing at my watch. I needed to find my first class before I was late. “I really need to get to class. I’m not even sure where it is.”

“The zipper on my backpack broke off, man. I can’t get any of my crap out!” The sniffing and nasally kid started getting all worked up. He swung around, back facing me, and glanced over his shoulder. “Can ya mess with it, bro?”

I was slightly put off by this kid, but oh well. I looked into the situation. “I’ll see what I can do, man,” I said, looking into the situation.

I reached for it and noticed immediately that the zipper wasn’t even broken. It had just folded into the bag itself.

“Oh man, it’s not that bad, the zipper is still there,” I said, flipping the zipper back out. I could hear the kid sigh heavily in relief. “You’re all set, buddy,” I reassured him.

The kid swung back around, and feathered his hair back. He wiped a tear from his cheek and extended the same hand out to me for a shake. “Thanks. I’m Chuck. Chuck Taylor.”

I smiled and shook his hand back. “Like the shoes?”

“Yeah. First day of high school – I’m a little nervous about the name. I don’t need a nickname this early in my high school career.”

“You’ll be fine. I’m Scout Brooks.”

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Scout. I need to find my first class too,” Chuck looked around at the mess of students filing into the school. “This is gonna suck.”

I nodded, and he continued. “Good luck to ya, Scout. I’ll see you around.”

Chuck turned around and quickly disappeared into the massive clog of students. I pulled my schedule out of my pocket and saw my first class listed: Mr. Watson – Homeroom – Room 100. That was on the first floor and it was the first room in the hall. Not a bad start at all.

II.

Homeroom was kind of weird, but I guess it gave me a perfect example of all the different types of kids that would inhabit the school with me. Goth kids, skaters, preps, and nerds – which I guess was the category I fell under.

Mr. Watson reminded me of what I might look like in 20 years. He had short black hair, glasses and wore an ugly-as-sin dress shirt, complete with a purple bow tie. Strange for sure, but hey, I’ll give him credit for taking such a daring risk.

Mr. Watson was in the middle of a pretty intense roll call. He’d yell a students name at an unnecessary and alarming volume and expect a “Here!” immediately. He was about halfway

through the list of students, when all of a sudden the classroom door creaked open. Everyone's attention, including Mr. Watson's, was drawn to it.

Chuck Taylor poked his face in. "Mr. Watson's homeroom?" He asked, nervously blinking.

Mr. Watson put his list down by his side and his free hand on his hip. "You're late to my class. About ten minutes late to be exact."

"Sorry," Chuck scurried into the classroom and found a seat near the back where he plopped down. Mr. Watson closed the door and turned around to face Chuck.

"And your name would be?" he asked, looking at his list. Laughter was imminent. Chuck swallowed and blinked again, heavily, before boldly stating his name.

"Chuck Taylor."

I was right about the laughter. Students from all four grades put aside whatever maturity they had, if any, and exploded in to a chorus of laughter. Mr. Watson settled the kids down and continued through the list of names.

The rest of homeroom went by quickly, and I moved on to second period: math. It was a good thing to get Math done first thing in the morning – not my subject of choice. Third period, Astronomy, came and went. Fourth and fifth crawled by and

sixth couldn't have come any sooner. It was lunch and I was starving.

I sat alone at a small round lunch table. I started to devour my turkey and provolone sandwich with mayo, as I glanced around the rowdy cafeteria. It was like a zoo. I felt weird because everyone was getting along already and I didn't know anyone. I mean, I knew some kids from middle school, but I didn't know them well enough to start a mature high school conversation. Even Jeffrey Shuster, the captain of our middle school football team, was hanging out with seniors! How does that happen so fast?

I felt the table move, and I looked to my right. Chuck Taylor plopped down in an empty chair at my table. He was brown bagging it too. He pulled out a cube of foil, unwrapped it, and pulled out some left over pizza. He took a bite and looked at me.

"Man, I really bombed in homeroom this morning," Chuck said with a mouth full of food.

"Yeah, that was a little rough. If I knew you were in my homeroom you could have followed me."

"Holy crap, you were in that class?"

"Yeah, I was sitting against the wall."

"Man, I was in the back," Chuck took another bite of his cold pizza.

“Late to your first class on your first day of high school. Were you embarrassed?”

Chuck swallowed a mouth full of pizza, unintentionally leaving some sauce on his cheek. “Yeah. I’ve been late to all my classes so far.”

I laughed, “Really?”

“Yeah, I’m just...I’m freaking out, man. I’m not cut out for all this, ya know?”

“You’re not cut out for...school?”

“Yeah. I don’t really fit in with all these people. I’ve always had a problem fitting in.”

“Me too,” I said, trying to comfort him.

“Plus,” he added, shifting his eyes around the cafeteria in an accusing manner, “this place creeps me out.”

There was a slight commotion going on behind us. Chuck and I both turned around and saw three of the older kids, probably juniors, standing on either side of a tall, fat kid. The older kids, obviously some kind of jerk skater punks, were picking on him. He appeared to be an easy target. He was tall, overweight, had long brown hair pulled back into a ponytail and was literally wearing a Hawaiian t-shirt. One of the skater kids glanced our way.

“Don’t look!” Chuck shouted at me, swinging back around and stuffing more pizza into his face.

“Why?”

“Cause they might come over here. We don’t need that, Scout. It’s gonna be crazy, I just know it.” Chuck was obviously a nervous wreck about his first day, but he was right. The bullies escorted the fat kid over to us and one of them, the head honcho, tapped Chuck on the shoulder.

“Hey, Shoes!” he said. Chuck looked up at him, afraid. The bully’s friends laughed.

“Shoes?” one of the friends questioned.

“Yeah man, Shoes. This kids name is Chuck Taylor.”

The bullies laughed, and forced the fat kid down into the seat next to Chuck.

“This is where you belong, you wad. See you guys later! Bye Shoes!” The lead bully grabbed his friends and they trotted off, laughing. I was stunned.

“Uh, what’s up?” I asked, not sure where to take it from there. The fat kid responded, not even remotely bothered by what happened:

“What’s up, dude.”

“What just happened?” I asked, trying to create a conversation out of his awkward arrival.

“I don’t know. I guess it’s illegal to sit at a lunch table full of popular kids around here.” He spoke like he had been running all afternoon – out of breath.

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