

EARTH KID HERO

BOOK 1: LIFT OFF!

Earth Kid Hero, Book 1: Lift Off
(A Sci-Fi Series for Kids 9-12)
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Acknowledgements

Thank you to my beautiful bride Francoise for your encouragement and love. You have always been there for me. You are my best friend and my love for you is beyond words.

Thank you to my parents Roger and Bonnie Troyer for raising nine very different children.

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Dedication

For Harry, Ryenne and Winston. You have made me a better parent and better person. I love you
more and more every day.

Introduction

Earth Kid Hero book series chronicles the adventures of a young earth boy named Tyler Parker. Tyler is asked by an alien boy named Ethan to accept a serious mission which will project him across the galaxy to a distant star. The quest is not all fun and games as he and his crew become runners in an effort to escape the robot ship chasing them. Tyler has a hunger for adventure but an aversion to risk. He makes his way through a maze of obstacles during his journey with untapped bravery.

After reading several books with my oldest son, including Harry Potter, How to Train Your Dragon and more, I thought it would be a novel idea to develop my series of children's alien books. The first book begins on earth and ends with a cliff hanger on the way to planet Ganrea.

I hope you enjoy the Earth Kid Hero series as much as my family.

Get Book 2: *The Tempest* FREE!



As in the first Earth Kid Hero book titled, Lift Off, The Tempest chronicles the adventures of Tyler and his alien friend Ethan.

The adventure jumps in to the story immediately in the first chapter where book one left off. Hooper, Tyler and Ethan are in the cave on Ikzonia desperately trying to secure the AMPP.

After dodging a maze of traps, the boys somehow manage to get to their destination with help from their guardian Ralph. He is the Unu ambassador who now works for a secret agency called Swivgo.

We also find an additional star of the book is Hooper, Ethan's robot. Hooper takes a novel role in the first project to retrieve the AMPP.

You can download your free eBook by going to the link below!

<http://www.koreytroyer.com/free-tempest-ebook/>

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CHAPTER ONE

Tyler's eyes cracked open as a blur of light poured in. He slammed them shut covering his head with his blanket. "I just want to sleep" he murmured to himself and drifted off once again.

A voice in the distance whispered in a gentle singsong tone. "Tyyyyer. Tyyyyer. Time to get up, Sport. It's Friday and you have a big day today." The voice belonged to Tyler's Dad. "You can a few more minutes Tyler. I'll be back to get you up in a bit."

Tyler quickly fell to sleep again but soon woke with the sensation of a presence in the room. He assumed his Dad came back but when he peeked out from under the covers he didn't see anyone. Tyler still felt a presence in the room.

"What Dad? I'm getting up!"

No response.

Tyler thought he must be dreaming burrowed back into the blankets and covered his head with a pillow as his Dad popped the door open and slipped back in.

"Come on Tyler. Time to get up, Champ. Let's start our day." He gently shook Tyler's shoulder, but the sleepy boy did not budge. "Hello in there!" said Dad, pulling the cover away.

"Okay, I'm up!" Tyler replied, groggily.

Dad chuckled, saying, "All right Ty, let's go. Time to brush your face and wash

your teeth!”

“You did it backwards again,” Tyler said through a snicker. His Dad spun around toward the door, shouting over his shoulder as he exited. “Giddy up, Cowboy. Get a move on.”

Tyler Parker is a remarkable boy. He is smart, very smart. Although he is in the first grade, he is advanced well beyond his fellow students. At times he is proud of his intelligence, but often Tyler feels a bit different from his friends and keeps his gifts hidden.

He is a handsome boy with warm eyes that glow pure happiness. When Tyler smiles, you can almost see a preview of the man he is to become; slight hints of dimples in his cheeks and his chin squares off, revealing a tiny shade of maturity. Tyler has short, thick blond hair like his Dad had at Tyler’s age. His Dad’s blond hair eventually turned brown over time, which Tyler found very strange indeed.

The attribute which garners the most attention are Tyler’s eyes - they are as blue as a clear desert sky in winter and framed by the thickest long eye lashes you’ve ever seen. Tyler definitely has his Mom’s eyelashes. When women encounter Tyler in the store or school or anywhere, always say the same thing, “You have beautiful eyes. Did you know that? And those lashes! What I wouldn’t give for lashes like that!”

After a while this started to bother Tyler and he’d grimace every time he heard about his ‘beautiful eyes’. Not too long ago, if in a foul mood, Tyler snapped back with “I don’t have pretty eyes. Only girls have pretty eyes!” Tyler now understands the ladies are being kind to him and he responds with a small smile and quick ‘thank you’.

Tyler pulled himself out of bed, trudging down the hallway to use the toilet, brush his teeth and wash his face. He always did an excellent job getting ready in the morning; however,

like most kids his age, he is a slowpoke who needs to be prodded along by his parents.

Tyler ambled back to his room to get dressed. He grabbed his favorite jeans and Lego Star Wars tee shirt. Even though he lived in Florida, mornings can be a bit chilly this time of year so Tyler found his yellow fleece and slid it over his head.

Tyler shot like an arrow into the hallway on his way to his sister Matilda's room, almost knocking his Mom over. She had her hands full with a cup of coffee, her iPhone and what appeared to be a hair thing-a-ma-bob.

"Tyler!" she exclaimed, "Slow down honey."

Tyler streaked by with a quick wave and a cheery "Sorry Mom".

Matilda had a striking resemblance to the Gerber baby. At least it's what most people said when about her. Matilda had brown hair with sausage curls, which kinked and swooped in every direction but down. She has the face of an angel with big brown almond shaped eyes surrounded by her Mom's thick beautiful lashes. Between Matilda's rosy pillow cheeks, she had a small set of chubby lips that hid large white teeth. Matilda meant everything to Tyler and he was the best big brother in the world.

Tyler found his Dad dressing Matilda on the changing table. She almost leaped off at the sight of her big brother. Dad set her down so Tyler could give her a big hug. Tyler's Mom floated in the room, bent down, embraced both children and frantically smooched their faces.

Dad slipped past them, grabbed Mom's coffee cup and headed downstairs to get breakfast ready for the family. Mom came down the steps with the kids and gently placed a squirming Matilda in her chair as she sat down at the table, then took a long sip of coffee as she simultaneously handed Matilda her Sippy cup of juice.

Tyler watched his Mom in amazement – *she can do six things at once, all without looking!* Tyler and his Dad raced to empty their bowls of Rice Krispies before the snap, crackle, pop stopped. “You boys are going to get tummy aches if you eat too fast,” said Tyler’s Mom, shaking her head as she chewed her toast.

After breakfast Tyler got on his shoes and grabbed his backpack. He kissed his Mom goodbye following his Dad and Matilda out to the car. While he watched his Dad buckle up Matilda, Tyler peered across the street at a boy sitting alone on the playground equipment.

The boy dressed precisely like Tyler. The kid wore the exact clothes Tyler had put on earlier! He had the same yellow fleece and the same jeans. Tyler guessed the boy had the same Lego Star Wars shirt since the black tee shirt poked above the neckline of the fleece.

“Dad, look at that kid on the slide,” Tyler exclaimed, pointing to the boy. “He’s wearing my clothes.”

“Tyler please don’t point at people,” Dad responded. “It’s bad manners.”

Dad buckled Tyler up and shut the door. As he walked around the car, Dad gazed up and glanced at the boy as he climbed into the driver’s seat. *Tyler’s right, he thought, That boy is wearing his same clothes. How odd.*

“That boy must be new to the neighborhood,” Dad said into the rearview mirror. He probably went to the playground before his first day of school hoping to find a friend.”

“Yeah, sounds like what happened.”

The conversation ended, but they both had an eerie sensation.

That same surreal and awkward moment would be followed by many more. The next

oddities came in sequence during the ride to Tyler's before and after school program. As with all grown-ups, Tyler's Dad ignored nonsensical things so he completely missed the strange sightings.

When they pulled out of the neighborhood on to the main road the same boy stood at the corner! "Dad! The weird kid is at the bus stop!" exclaimed Tyler.

"Please Tyler, I'm driving. I'm sure he's not the same boy. He'd have to be as fast as super hero to get to the corner before us," Dad said.

They drove a few more blocks. There the boy popped up again! But now riding a bike, a bike exactly like Tyler's! When they passed the boy, he and Tyler locked eyes. The boy smiled and waved. Tyler snapped his head straight ahead so quickly he made a short 'huh!' sound.

The car turned down the road toward Matilda's daycare center and Tyler to see the same strange boy walking down the sidewalk. The boy carried the same Transformers backpack as Tyler!

"Dad! There's that kid again! It's the third time since the playground!"

Matilda started giggling because she always found Tyler funny when he raised his voice.

"Now Tyler, you know he couldn't possibly be in four different places in five minutes without a car. Even with a car, he'd have to have a parent drive him, jump out of the car, get into place and wait for you. I'm sure it's 'wear your yellow shirt day' and we just happened to pick out the right outfit," explained Dad.

Tyler was dropped off at day care too but took the bus to his school. As Dad dropped him off, Tyler looked around but saw no hint of the reappearing boy. Luckily the time waiting for the bus remained uneventful. Tyler played with his friends then walked out to the bus. No sign

of the strange boy.

By the time they arrived at McLaren Elementary School, the boy appeared again, walking in front of the school. He looked Tyler in the eye through the tinted window and waved!

Tyler didn't dare say a thing. His friends wouldn't believe him and may think Tyler had flipped his gourd. Three more times he saw the strange boy on the bus ride to school. At a gas station, on a bike, and finally eating a Pop Tart by a crossing guard. All so unbelievable!

Tyler walked with his classmates toward the school entrance. His hair stood up on the back of his neck. The boy mingled in a crowd of kids getting off another bus. Tyler felt a rush of heat seep into his face. His ears got burning red. He put his head down and scurried in the direction of the school while whispering "I am brave... I am brave...I am brave." under his breath.

Tyler finally arrived to the classroom and let out a huge sigh of relief. The hot flush washed away from his face and his skin returned to its normal color. Tyler put away his backpack and took his seat.

Tyler's teacher, Mrs. Cantwell greeted them with a warm smile. She told the children to settle down, only to observe Tyler already sitting quietly.

"Are you all right, Tyler?" she asked.

"I'm fine, thank you for asking. I'm just thinking."

"Okay, Tyler—you are a thoughtful young man."

Mrs. Cantwell gave him a quick wink and started class by reminding everyone of their field trip to the science museum later this afternoon. Normally the opportunity to go on a field trip excited Tyler, but after the strange happenings this morning, he truly preferred to stay

at school. He didn't want to see that boy ever again.

Class went on as it would any given day. The weirdness of the morning began to bounce around in his head like a pair of tops. Tyler quieted his mind and concentrated. He used to daydream, but now he kept reminding himself that I am the Boss of My Thoughts, with no room for strange boys. He could focus anywhere, anytime.

Normally nothing shook him, though today being the boss of his thoughts took a bit more effort. Despite his busy brain, as usual, Tyler sped through his work ahead of his classmates.

The kids queued up for the march down to the cafeteria. Tyler mused, *No way a stranger could freely walk the halls of an elementary school.* Running into the boy wearing his clothes is impossible. Once he arrived at the cafeteria, Tyler took his usual seat with his friends and opened his lunchbox to find a note from his parents. Tyler's Dad placed a note in his lunch every day and today today's read "*Tyler, you are a special boy! We love you very much. Love, Mom and Dad.*"

Tyler soon forgot about the strange boy but had the same eerie sense of being watched as he'd had in his bedroom when he woke up.

Following lunch, Tyler kept peering over his shoulder on the way out to the playground. His friends asked what was bothering him and Tyler shrugged it off. "Oh nothing. Just trying to read the poster by the door," he said, gesturing to a sign hanging on the wall.

When they got outside, Tyler had no indication of the strange boy from this morning...at first. But then, way off in the distance, past the fence line he saw the outline... Tyler shook his head, cleared his mind and went back to playing with his friends.

The bell rang and all the children returned to class. The students settled down as Mrs. Cantwell gave them instructions for the field trip to the science museum.

CHAPTER TWO

The excited students shuffled out to the buses in a semi-orderly manner. *Boys will be boys*, so Mrs. Cantwell expected the horseplay that goes along with being so young and full of energy. Tyler laughed with all his friends as he boarded the bus. The joking around kept his attention off the strange occurrences earlier this morning.

Tyler took a seat next to the window, completely transfixed by his friends' cool story. The bus pulled away from McLaren Elementary School and headed toward the science museum downtown. The bus rocked and bounced (as buses do) in a rhythm and hum which had some kids nodding off.

Tyler's heavy big eyelashes began opening and shutting like the waves of the ocean lapping the beach. Oops! A bob of his head! Tyler quickly snapped back upright. He rubbed his eyes, yawned and turned left to gaze out the window at the world passing by.

Suddenly he locked eyes with the passenger of a fire engine driving next to the bus. The strange boy in Tyler's clothes again! This gave him a surge of energy like a dose of cake and ice cream at a birthday party. Tyler noticed the boy wasn't wearing the yellow fleece anymore but instead wore the same Star Wars Lego shirt he had on.

A shadowy figure sat in the driver's seat. The driver appeared blurry, as if distorted by haze. This time Tyler did not pull away from the gaze of the smiling boy. Something held his

attention.

The boy had the kindest, warmest smile Tyler had ever seen from anyone other than his parents. He gave a snappy Forrest Gump wave as the fire truck slowed to let the bus go ahead and faded from view.

At the museum the students began the rituals of museum field trips, wristbands on, a buddy to walk with and instructions from a tour guide. Tyler had to be reminded to get his head out of the clouds.

The tour stopped at the entrance of a large room with tall black walls and a black ceiling. The dark space was stiped with white beams of light shining down on individual exhibits, making each piece pop out of the darkness.

A lump grew in Tyler's throat and butterflies in his stomach. Fifteen foot tall facial pieces were scattered throughout the room. A giant nose you could walk through. An enormous ear with a slide. All parts of the human head that should have been fun, but today they totally freaked Tyler out. He recalled coming here a year earlier with Dad and Grandma and Grandpa.. "I am brave. *I am brave!*" he repeated to himself, over and over.

Still chanting and in full reverse, Tyler backed into something. He stopped with a quick flinch almost falling backward when a pair of hands caught him. Turning to see who had helped him, Tyler found himself standing nose to nose with the strange boy! The boy had an odd yet comforting look. His brownish skin glowed a reddish shine on his cheeks.

The most remarkable thing about the boy's face was its unremarkable features. He had a smooth complexion without blemishes, scars or freckles or anything. His face was symmetrical. The narrow nose was perfectly straight. The boy's mouth was long with stark

white, straight teeth. His large, round eyes with a light brown hue, which bordered on yellow, were warm and welcoming, and thick, wavy, chestnut hair reached to his earlobes.

“Hello Tyler,” the boy said happily. “It is so nice to meet you.”

Tyler twisted around to straighten up from his awkward position, gulping hard.

“Who are you and why are you following me?”

The boy grinned with a sparkling smile as he explained his strange presence. “I am visiting. I know this may sound odd but I have been looking forward to meeting you Tyler.” The strange boy pointed at the exhibit. “This is all so interesting. Do you not find these objects fascinating?”

“They used to scare me,” Tyler responded. “But I’ve learned how to make them not as scary. I’m the boss of my thoughts.”

The boy tilted his head with a whimsical smile spreading broadly across his face.

“Indeed you are Tyler, indeed you are.”

As the two stared at the giant nose, suddenly Tyler snapped out of his funk. “Wait a minute. What’s your name?”

“Oh, in my language my name is pronounced Adababyitsaboy, but translated to English it is Ethan,” he replied, eyebrows raised, “You can call me Ethan unless you prefer to say Adababyitsaboy.”

“No, it’s okay, I like Ethan better,” Tyler giggled. “Where are you from, another country?”

“Well, sort of,” Ethan said with a slight chuckle. “My home is far away. You might say I am on a special secret mission.” This got Tyler excited! A secret mission? *For real? Wow!* “What

kind of a secret mission?” “The answer is complicated. I will explain later,” Ethan responded.

“Are you all right?” asked Ethan.

“Yes I’m okay.”

“Tyler you look as if you need to urinate,” Ethan said rapidly. “Perhaps we should find a facility so you may eject the waste.” *Huh? Urinate? Eject waste? Who talks like that?* “I have to go the restroom,” Tyler finally explained. “Ah, understood,” said Ethan, “Let us find a lavatory. But you must first notify the adults.”

Ethan walked out of the exhibit and waited in the hallway as Tyler found a teacher. While walking to the lavatory Ethan and Tyler continued to quiz each other.

“Why did you not tell me you needed to urinate? You seemed distressed and uncomfortable.”

“I’m having too much fun talking to you. I didn’t want to leave,” Tyler replied.

“Tyler, if you have to go, you will go,” Ethan said calmly, as they entered the men’s room. “The result will be the same no matter how long you wait. So why not make it on your terms? Take charge of your body, Tyler. You are worthy of such self-respect.”

I think I understand him, Tyler thought to himself, but he sure doesn’t talk like any kid I know.

After Tyler finished ‘doing his business,’ he washed his hands and stepped to the restroom door ahead of his new friend Ethan. He headed down the corridor towards his classmates when he noticed Mrs. Cantwell waving her arms in the air as if landing a plane.

“Come on Tyler, let’s get a move on! We’re about to leave,” she bellowed. Tyler turned to tell his new friend he had to go Ethan had disappeared. *This kid must be a ninja shadow warrior*

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