

SAM WU

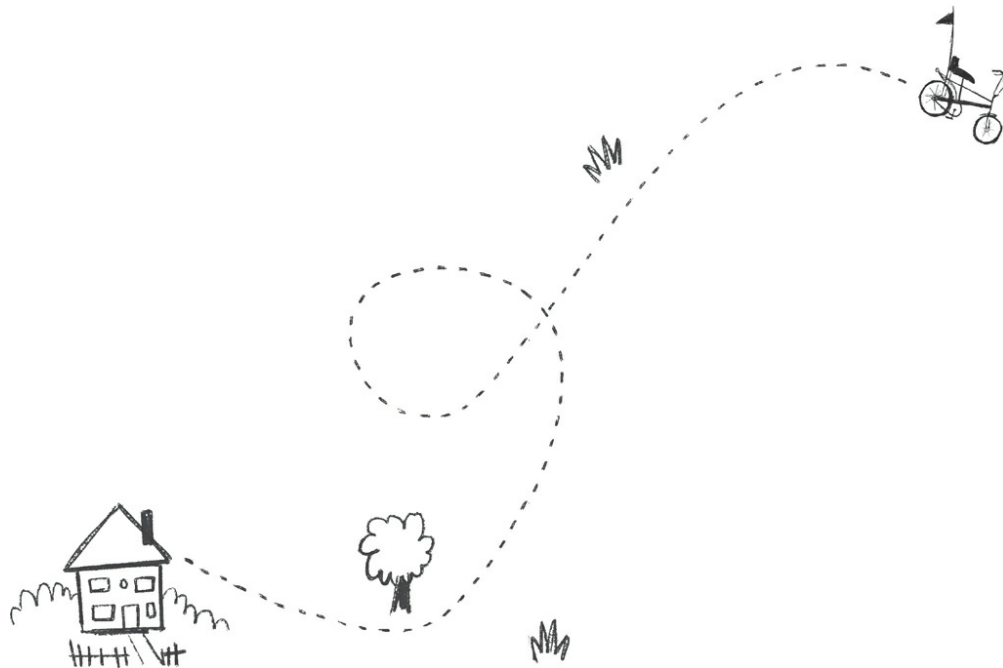
is NOT afraid of
GHOSTS

See,
totally
NOT
scared



KATIE & KEVIN TSANG

Illustrated by Nathan Reed



So I packed a bag with everything I'd need for my new life on the run:

- 🌀 My custom-made space helmet (to protect my head from ghost attacks)
 - 🌀 My **extremely valuable** SPACE BLASTERS special edition collectible cards (for bartering)
 - 🌀 Poison mist (my mum's hairspray)
 - 🌀 Bag of rice (a spaceman's gotta eat)
 - 🌀 Bottle of my favourite hot sauce (good for blinding ghosts and also for seasoning my food)
 - 🌀 Extra pair of underwear (just in case I had another ghost related incident)
- I didn't want my family to worry, so I left them a note.

*Dear Mum, Dad, Na-Na, Lucy and Butterbutt,
I'm very sorry, but the time has come for me to blast-off to the far
beyond for a brave adventure, and to make a new name for myself. You'll
probably never see me again. Don't believe any rumours you hear about
me.*

*Mum, it was me who broke your favourite vase, not Butterbutt.
Dad, please stop doing the hokey-cokey at family parties.
Na-Na, sorry I won't be there to help you weed the garden.
Lucy, help Na-Na weed the garden. And don't let Butterbutt in my room.
Love,*

Spaceman Sam

PS Watch out for the Ghost King. He's tricky – I know from experience.

It was almost a clean escape. But then my little sister Lucy came into the kitchen just as I was putting the rice in my backpack. She was holding Butterbutt (**who was looking especially evil**).

'Sam,' she said, stroking Butterbutt, 'why are you putting a bag of rice in your backpack?'

'None of your business!' I said, without making eye contact with her.

She put down Butterbutt and started poking through my backpack. Butterbutt began attacking my ankles. I was definitely **NOT** going to miss him.

'What are you doing with Mum's hairspray?' said Lucy.

'That's **NOT** hairspray, it's poison mist for me to use on my enemies. And put it back.'

'You don't have any enemies,' she said.



'I have plenty of enemies,' I said, grimly. But I didn't want her to be **too scared**, so I put on a tough voice and added, 'But that's nothing for you to worry about, little Lucy.'



Lucy frowned. 'Why do you sound so stuffy? Do you need to blow your nose?'

I glared at her. '**Never mind**,' I said. 'Now go back to your room. I've got things to do, places to go, **ghosts** to banish, things to **blast** . . .'

I swung my backpack on my shoulders with a grunt. It was heavier than I'd thought. It was probably the rice, which was taking up most of the space. I patted Lucy on the head.

'Be good for Mum and Dad,' I said. 'And help Na-Na in the garden.'

'**You're so weird**,' she said, but she went back to her room and Butterbutt followed her (with one final swipe at my feet).



And then it was time for my **great escape** – my **brave adventure**. I couldn't even tell Zoe or Bernard where I was going.²

Unfortunately, it was still daytime, and I couldn't see the moon, so I stopped at the park and went on the swings for a while.

I was pretty lonely, swinging by myself. I was going to have to get used to that, though, being **bravely** on the run, all alone.

I thought about when Spaceman Jack was on the run from the Ghost King and what he did. Then it hit me. **I needed a trusty companion!** Just like Spaceman Jack had his flying lizard, Three-Headed Tommy!

Three-Headed Tommy is **always** by Spaceman Jack's side. Whether they're eating on TUBS or getting sucked through black holes or exploring a new galaxy, wherever Spaceman Jack goes, Tommy is there too. So I knew I wouldn't get lonely (or only very occasionally a **tiny bit scared**) if I had my own trusty companion.