

# Woodlice on the Loose: Moon

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# Woodlice on the Loose: Moon Strikes Back

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# Chapter 1

In the bustling, shiny city of Woodlice Kingdom, Woody the woodlouse munched happily on juicy, oily school dinner food – a pepperoni pizza that covered his little chin in stretchy cheese. In the school dinner hall, Woody sat next to his friend Bill, who lived just down the road. Bill was rich – but not ridiculously rich, not so rich that he could buy a spaceship.

As the clocks clicked by, Woody and Bill grew tiresome of sitting in the large, noisy and overwhelming classroom. After three long hours, Woody finally reached his treehouse perched high in the oak tree, with polished wooden floors, tiny velvet curtains and brass lanterns swinging from the branches. The floors creaked just a little, but the silky, velvet curtains made it feel like the cosiest penthouse in the treetops. Climbing into his comfy, soft and plush bed, Woody began to feel lonely. A thought sprang in his head; he really wanted a sleepover with Bill. As he sneaked down the creaky, winding stairs into the living room, where his dad sat, feet propped on the table, watching *Woodlice in Wonderland*.

“Hey Dad,” Woody excitedly said. “I want to have a sleepover with Bill tonight.”

It took several moments for Dad to answer; he suddenly stood up and went into the kitchen to grasp a cup of Woka Wola from the fridge. It was so fizzy his mouth was full of bubbles and that’s how it refreshes your mind.

He answered, “Yeah, fine I guess you can have a sleepover.” They packed a bunch of snacks and drinks into their shiny, glass container and set off.

## Chapter 2

Dad and Woody hopped into the shiny, metallic, neon orange Lamborghini Avantor, zooming down a variety of roads, before reaching Bill's sleek, polished, well-kept home with an oval on the upper floor, framed by delicate iron rails. As they drove up the driveway, Dad spotted Bill's dad's McLaren 720. It was a shiny, metallic white, that the night moon gleamed off. Dad was jealous of the McLaren, yet he complimented it to Bill's dad. That's the type of guy he is – always polite, even when his stomach had a little twist of jealousy stirring inside.

Bill's dad said, "Thank you." Then suddenly, his face changed. "I need to also tell you something," he whispered. "Just be careful when you go into the house."

Dad looked confused. "Wait." His voice turning to a whisper too. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Bill's dad nervously said, "Umm, there is kind of some weird big black dots in our bathroom," he whispered again. "They're the size of a tire."

Woody slightly overheard his dad and Bill's Dad speaking and he thought that whatever they were talking about, might be gross. As Woody entered the house, he noticed Dad tiptoeing behind him.

Woody said, "Dad what were you guys talking about?"

Dad replied, "So basically," Dad shrugged, "we were talking about big tire-sized dots in the bathroom."

Woody scowled. "What do you think it is?"

Dad replied, "I have no clue. Possibly some flies."

They both decided to investigate. Creeping upstairs they suddenly heard banging. The wind from a nearby window blasted the door open.

**DAD WAS RIGHT!**

Suddenly four large flies, the size of a car tyre buzzed out of the bathroom, hitting Woody and Dad on their cheeks. The flies zoomed down the stairs, out of the slightly opened front door and landed on the expensive cars. The flies were too tiny to wreck the cars, but that didn't stop them from causing chaos. Two buzzed angrily over the Lamborghini, and the other two circled the McLaren like it was under siege, zigzagging and darting as if they owned the place.

## Chapter 3

Bill's dad slammed the front door shut, leaving the flies to swarm around the cars. Bill came into the hallway from the living room and said, "Hey, I didn't know you were coming over."

Woody chuckled. "Yeah bro, I was bored at home and thought we could have a sleepover."

Bill said, "Yeah that's cool with me. We should go check the bathroom."

Woody bravely smirked, "Yeah we don't want any more flies causing havoc, do we?"

As they made their way up the marble stairs, they slowly opened the bathroom door. Suddenly, the mirror shimmered and, in its reflection, a large, twirling, pink portal appeared out of nowhere, sucking Woody and Bill in. Dad heard the chaos coming from inside the bathroom and immediately burst in, watching as his son

and Bill were consumed by the portal. He tried reaching out to grab them, to save them, and instead he was sucked inside before he could even blink.

Before they knew it, they landed with a soft thump in a locker. It was so huge, it made them feel like ants in a playground. As they scanned the locker, they noticed a tiny purple car, with the logo hot wheel on it. The car had grey rims and a spoiler; one thing was for sure. They had never heard of this *Hot Wheels* company – only Wot Wheels.

They got inside the rusty car and suddenly, the door to the locker creaked open and a tall, human girl with long, brown, silky hair came and opened the locker. As she reached for the Hot Wheels Car, she slowly examined it, peeking inside the little plastic windows and spotting the three woodlice inside. She edged closer and put her eye near one of the side windows - Woody crawled up her face and into her hair. The silk of her hair made Woody slip from it, and before he could reach the ground, the girl manoeuvred the car towards him. Woody plopped on the roof of the car and climbed through the side window.

Dad and Bill were still sat in the car with a look of relief on their little faces. "Phew, glad your safe buddy." Dad sighed.

As Woody winced in pain, Dad looked concerned and said. "Hey, lad, is your back alright?" his voice trembling. "Hey come here. Let me see." As Dad slowly examined Woody's back, he noticed some light bruising. "OUCH! That looks painful."

The girl walked out of the locker room, with the car placed in her hand. To Woody, Dad and Bill it felt like stomping.

Woody answered Dad, wincing in pain. "I... I fell... my back... it hurts..."

Dad's voice shook as he said, "Is your voice alright lad?"

"I... I don't... don't know," Woody gasped. "It... it's painful... so painful!"

The girl went into a classroom labelled 4SL and sat down on a hard chair, she placed the car on the table. Quickly, Woody's dad stepped on the gas and zoomed into the hallway. He effortlessly put the car into sport mode and vroom – it shot out of the building, jumped over a crate and landed on a bin. Woody's dad drove the car off the bin and drifted around a corner. They spotted a direction sign saying, "Welcome to Cat City". Woody, Dad and Bill all looked at each other, eyebrows raised, filled with confusion.

## Chapter 4

As they drove through the city roads, they noticed small signs of destruction: buildings caved in; holes in the roads; and trees fallen onto the roads. Out of the blue, they heard large rumbles, the ground shaking violently. As the rumbling grew louder, they clutched the steering wheel, trying to keep the car on the cracked roads. From the corner of their eyes, they saw a shadow of a cat approaching closer.

"What... is happening?" Bill gasped. They had no idea who or what was causing this chaos.

Suddenly, the cat approached from behind a half-destroyed building, his collar labelled Moon. They didn't know him or his reasons for doing this, but one thing was certain, Cat City needed saving, and they were the only ones who could try.

They knew they had to act.

Woody immediately shot up. "We have to do something," he said bravely.

Bill looked at Woody and then back to Woody's dad, confident – his smile beaming. "Yes, I agree." turning to Woody's dad, he hoped he would agree too "What do you think?"

"I agree," he sighed. "But I don't want you both to get hurt"

They all ran into a secluded alleyway, forming plans and brainstorming ideas. Some of them were crazy and totally out of the world. Like Bill's plan to throw swords at the cat whilst doing backflips mid-air. In the end, Bill had an idea. I mean it is a cat and cats like fish, right?

"We should make a trail of fish into a factory where there's a crate or metal cage that we can lower to trap him inside," Bill confidently said.

"Yeah, that might work," Woody said unsure. "Hopefully."

Woody's Dad immediately chirped up. "Okay, you two investigate the area for a perfect location – I'll secure the fish."

They all split up quickly, their feet tapping against the ground as they rushed out of the alley. Everything felt strange and dangerous, like the city was watching them. Woody and Bill crept around the corners, peeking into broken buildings and empty

streets. "What about there?" Bill whispered, pointing at an old rusty factory, with half of the roof missing.

Woody squinted. "It could work...but it looks really weak."

Just then, a loud CRASH echoed nearby. They both froze. A shadow moved past the street, huge and slow. It was the cat. Moon.

"Okay we need to hurry," Woody said, his voice shaking a little.

Meanwhile Dad was struggling, carrying fish was a lot harder than he thought. They were slippery, smelly and too heavy. "Why did we choose fish?" he muttered, picking them up again. Back at the factory, Woody and Bill rushed inside peering around for a metal cage or anything – anything at all that could hold Moon.

The first attempt failed. The cage dropped too early and slammed loudly on the ground. "Oops," Bill laughed. Their second attempt almost worked, but the rope snapped, and the cage tilted sideways, Woody groaned, almost giving up hope. They both looked each other, Bill's smile reassuring Woody that it would all be okay. One more try. Taking a deep breath, they fixed the rope and lifted the cage, carefully setting everything in place. This time it worked.

Now all they had to do, was lure Moon.

Woody's Dad finally arrived, dropping the fish in a messy pile. "I got them," he said, out of breath. "Well...most of them," he sighed.

"Quick," Bill said. "Let's lay the trail."

They carefully placed the fish one by one, leading from the street, around the corner and straight into the factory. Perfect. Then they waited, and after what seemed like hours, a slow, heavy thud echoed down the road.

Thud...

Thud...

Thud...

Suddenly, the giant black and white cat appeared, its yellow eyes glowing as it sniffed the air. It spotted the first fish. CRUNCH. It ate it in one bite. The group sat, watching attentively from their hiding spot. The cat stepped forward. CRUNCH. Second fish. GONE. The cat moved forward again, the third and the fourth fish demolished. Then it stopped, and slowly blinking, it sat down and licked its paw.

"What is it doing?" Bill whispered.

The cat let out a small, satisfied mrrp...then turned around and started walking away.

"What?" Woody's Dad gasped. "NO, NO, NO, KEEP GOING."

Panic spread through the group as their perfect plan completely failed. The rest of the fish just lay there, useless, as the heavy footsteps faded into the distance.

Back in the factory. Woody, Bill and Dad huddled together trying to come up with a plan that would ACTUALLY work this time. The last plan had failed horrendously, and they were running out of ideas, but Woody knew they couldn't give up this time. They needed to save Cat City and restore peace to whoever or whatever

resided here. They needed something bigger, something stronger. Woody noticed a door, a sign half hanging off that said, "DO NOT ENTER, ROBOTS IN PROGRESS". Woody smiled, pointing this new discovery out to Bill and Dad. As they crept towards the door, edging closer and closer, they looked at Dad. "Open it," Woody whispered.

Woody's Dad confidently brushed himself off. "I've got this, kids. You know how strong I am." He smiled. "I was in the army back in the day."

Woody's Dad pushed the door open, amazed at the sight of all the robots hooked up to machines labelled, Amethyst Bot 1. All the way up to Amethyst Bot 7,532. After looking around in amazement, they noticed a machine with lots of coloured buttons, switches and levers.

Bill looked unsure. "Should we...test one of the buttons out?"

Woody giggled, his voice changing to a funny accent. "I'll just click them all."

Woody jumped to the machine, slamming down on all the buttons and clicking each switch and lever without any care in the world. Out of nowhere, the machines began to power up and the Amethyst Bots started to move, their metal bodies creaking and moving stiffly. Suddenly, they all began to say *hello* in different languages.

One of them said, "How can we help you? We are here to serve your every need."

Woody laughed, shocked and flustered. "We need you to destroy Moon," he shouted. "The big black and white cat wreaking havoc in these streets."

Bill piped up adding, "Do whatever it takes."

Woody's dad sighed, seeing how this ends in movies, hoping that nobody else would get hurt during the Amethyst Bot's mission to destroy Moon.

Suddenly, each bot sprung out of the factory scanning Cat City to locate Moon.

Woody said soothingly, “We will win – HOPEFULLY.” They all rushed out of the cramped laboratory. The broken roof allowed them to see Moon thudding on a road nearby. Quickly they all zoomed under a metal, rusty table with old, broken and glitching laptops on top – the laptops crashed onto the floor, shattering into pieces, keyboard buttons fell around them. The room was painted a dull cream colour, with smudges of what appeared to be microorganism matter. On the other side of the rusty table, there was a path leading around the guardrail in the shape of a circle. Inside the circle, there was a giant observatory telescope pointing to the sky; a perfect viewing opportunity to view the Amethyst Bots battle with Moon.

As they peered through the telescope, all taking turns to get an idea of the chaos unfolding, they saw the bots fly into the sky and shoot missiles and bombs and lasers at Moon. Moon let out a whimper and a deep, loud and pained growl. Woody, Bob and Dad heard it from all the way inside the factory. Suddenly, they heard a loud crash and felt the roof shake.

“Did he fall on the roof?” Dad whispered, nobody answered, too scared to speak. “Hopefully not,” Dad sighed. After hearing the crash, Bill, Woody and Dad all ran, as fast as their little legs could take them, back to the table. Crouching underneath it, they felt safer there. As Dad turned his head to the side, he noticed Moon *did* fall into the factory. The bots zoomed back into the factory, landing with a gentle thud on the hard, stone-cold, concrete floor. The robots formed a giant stethoscope within a matter of milliseconds, activating it and then scanning Moon’s frail, weak body. They shouted super loud that the trio could hear, “CONFIRMING MISSION IS COMPLETE. SUBJECT IS DEAD.”

Another Amethyst Bot turned, his head slightly tilted. “At least we think he is – our scan doesn’t show any stable vitals.” The Amethyst Bots formed a forcefield

around Moon and sent him to a mysterious planet called B i0 226M 5,000,000,000,000 lightyears away from Cat City.

Suddenly, the pink portal appeared – urging to the trio that their work here was done. They could safely return to Woodlice Kingdom, tucked away in their safe planet, Planet Woods was a beautiful, vibrant and diverse living source that was home to many different species.

Or would they be safe on their return?



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After going through a mysterious portal, a group of friends end up in a strange place called Cat City. They have never been there before, and everything feels confusing and a bit scary. The roads are cracked, buildings are broken and trees are blocking the streets. Something has clearly gone very wrong.