

The Alien Invasion

A Super Jack adventure



by Phil Young

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Another 'Super Jack' adventure

By Phil Young

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for Jackson

A note to the reader

Words printed in italics, (*like this*), may be looked up on the
'What It All means'
pages at the back of the book.

It was a night like any other night in Melbourne. Clear, blue-black skies sprinkled with stars, a warm Northerly breeze and nothing worth watching on the tele.

Between the trees of suburban Park Orchards, the rays of a full moon squished their way through to light up the Inggall house, otherwise known as super hero headquarters. Jackson (aka Super Jack the 'mild mannered marvel'), was lying on his bed idly knocking down wrestlers with a flick of his index finger, as Mitchell sprawled across the foot of the bed staring at the ceiling.

"You know", he said, "I reckon if I concentrated hard enough, I could see right through the roof and up to the stars. I wonder how far into space I could look."

"Forever" Jackson quipped in. "You could see forever and ever."

"I guess so", his big brother said. "Do you think there are any aliens out there?"

"Of course", came the absent-minded reply as another beefed up bully bit the dust on the Playstation *PS999JI*. "There has to be, it's just soooo... big out there. It would be a major waste of space of there weren't ..."

"Bzzz, bzzz, bzzz".

No, it wasn't a night shift honey collector making a beeline for home, it was the *Fantastiphone* ringing.

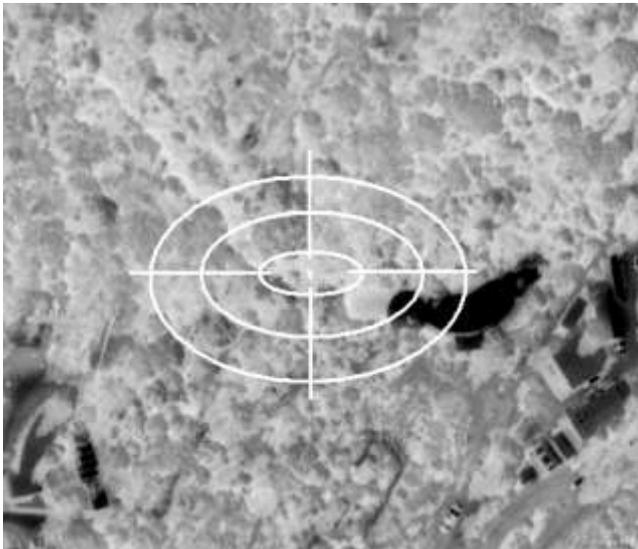
'That'll be Margy', thought Jackson and the phone's mental response unit answered the call for him. 'Thank goodness, something interesting to do.' (When you're the master of all known computer games, it can be hard keeping stimulated 24/7.)

"Hi Jackson" the *agent-at-large* greeted her good friend from her fingernail phone. "Is Mitchell there with you?"

"Sure is", he replied and motioned his brother to turn on the phone speaker so he could listen in.

"I was just tuning the *Big Ears scanner* on my new Super Segway, thanks for that by the way, and I picked up some strange sounds from out Healesville way. There were screams and cries of 'Aaarghhh! What is it?' in a foreign accent and some very odd animal noises. Maybe you should check it out. I think they might have come from the Sanctuary."

Flipping the custom 999JI to satellite scanner, Jackson zoomed in on the Healesville Sanctuary. He could see a figure rushing around the property, apparently in a mad panic.



"Hmmm... something odd's going on out there. It definitely looks like a job for 'Super Jack' and 'Master Mitch'. We'll get on it right away."

Thanks Margy. We'll meet you there. Ride safely." And he rang off.

"To the Thunderchair my man!" Jackson cried. 'He's getting a bit *melodramatic* lately', thought Mitchell. 'Better have a word with him about that later. Don't want this super hero thing going to his head,' Slipping out the side door so he wouldn't be seen by the sitter who was looking after 'Fearless' Fletcher and 'Amazing' Amelia for the evening, he zipped off between the shadows splattered across the path and down to the old mineshaft.

A quick prop on the *Bum Scanner*, out with the magic word, "*Flatulence*", and he was inside and firing up the Thunderchair.

Holding his breath to avoid the foul smell, Mitchell quickly checked the Helium levels in the Gorilla-Grip tyres, slipped into his flying suit and followed the chair back up the steep slope to headquarters. The ground closed up again behind him with that familiar empty tummy sound.

While his brother was gone, Jackson hadn't been sitting idle and was ready and waiting in his action suit as the super vehicle rolled in through the door with a low rumble like distant thunder. No matter how often he saw it, Jackson still found it unnerving seeing the chair wandering around the property by itself. It was, of course under Master Mitch's remote control, but it still looked strange, purring along on its own.

"Which module are you going to load?" asked Mitchell.

"Well, it could be anything out there causing those screams, maybe even aliens, he grinned. We'd better take the '*Chiller Champ*', that'll stop anything in its tracks. We should also

wear our infra-red visors so we can see in the dark.”

“Good idea” said Mitchell.

Jackson activated the module loader and the Chiller Champ slid out from the console and clicked into place under the chair.

A quick nudge of the Transfer lever and ‘Super Jack’ had changed chairs and was ready to fly.

Out in the lounge Fletcher had cleared the area for takeoff while Amelia kept the sitter

distracted in her bedroom using that amazingly angelic expression she wielded so effectively.

There was no time to lose and Mitchell grabbed the takeoff bar as Jackson wound up the

power. As was his job, Fletcher fearlessly stood by with the fire extinguisher. It was fortunate

he did as this time it was needed when, in his haste, Jackson overdid the acceleration as the

brothers circled the room to get up to flight speed. Out the door they headed and glancing

back, the last the two *intrepid* boys saw of the lounge was Fletcher in a cloud of foam as he

ran around putting out the smouldering floorboards. He would have his work cut out

explaining that away when the sitter came out of Amelia’s room, and this she was just about

to do, having heard the roar of blastoff.

Low in the eastern sky, the full moon was just clearing the TV towers on Mt. Dandenong as

Jackson and Mitchell soared up and across its smiling face.



Gazing over at it Mitchell thought, 'Isn't it funny how the moon's face looks right side up here in Oz and also in the Northern Hemisphere where people are standing upside down? I wonder how that can be.' Of course this puzzling to himself did him no good. The only person listening was his conscience, and he already knew it didn't know the answer.

You know, there are times when people can think too much and this proved to be one of those, because right then the two boys were zooming towards some high tension power pylons marching across the city, invisible in the darkness ahead.

Jackson of course was paying attention and as soon as he could make out their silhouette, he pulled back on the joystick and swooped up and over them in plenty of time.



Looking back he saw Mitchell flying straight for the steel *sentinels*. He punched the Comms button on his chest pack.

"Pull up! Pull up, Mitch! You'll hit the lines!" Just in time Mitchell stopped his day-dreaming (or was it really night dreaming after all?) and in one of his trade mark climbing spirals he *pirouetted* into the heavens.

"Do I have to watch out for you all the time big bro?" called Jackson. "Do pay attention to where you're going. Someday I mightn't be able to warn you in time you know."

The two formed up in their usual Squadron Leader/Wingman pattern and banked away towards the Yarra Valley, lying still and not so quietly in the bush at the foot of the *Great Divide*.

As they did so Jackson checked his NavTrak wrist unit and a bright flashing light indicated where her Super Segway was propelling Margy at breakneck speed towards their destination. Buildings and intersections were flashing by on the little screen as the indicator hovered in the middle of the image.

"At that rate he thought, she'll be there almost as fast as us. Thank goodness the roads are empty at this time of night. It's dangerous enough speeding like that without having other vehicles around. I do wish she'd slow down a bit."



On the streets below, late night dog walkers furrowed their brows in puzzlement as their pets barked at the roadway and the trees on the nature strip fluttered briefly, as if something, or someone, in a hurry, had just zipped by. The silver glint of moonlight on the two wheeled speedster went barely noticed by the blurry eyed humans, out for a final stroll before bed.

One unfortunate gent though just caught a flash of light in the corner of his eye that distracted him as his German Shepherd went poo right where he was about to put his foot down. Oooh, what a smell he carried home with him! Needless to say he was most unwelcome when he walked in the front door.

Meanwhile high above him, cloaked in the invisibility of night, Super Jack and Master Mitch screamed on towards the shadowy glades of the Healesville Sanctuary. Banking round in a *port* turn, the boys concealed themselves against the backdrop of

the hills and approached the nature reserve well out of the rays of the full moon. Not knowing quite what to expect they throttled back their engines and glided almost silently in towards the car park to land.

Suddenly there was a blood curdling scream up ahead and a flock of Owls swarmed up from the bush, barely missing the jet intakes of the Thunderchair.

Jackson did a snap roll to keep out of their way before touching down and Mitchell peeled off for a second approach. He gently *flared out* and landed next to his brother.

"What was that?" Mitchell said.

"I can't say that I know", was the reply, "but somebody sounds scared."

They trundled forward to the turnstiles.

"I don't think we'll be driving through there in a hurry" Jackson said. "Jump on the back", and Mitchell stepped onto the towing bar, and with him holding onto the tail they hovered up and over the entrance to the park.

Landing on the other side they could hear a sort of whimpering sound coming from the bushes nearby.

Jackson flipped up the forward scanner, switched it to night mode and advanced towards the foliage.

There was a frantic rustling of leaves and something quickly moved off to another bush a bit further away.

Glancing across at Mitchell, with a circling motion of his hand Jackson indicated that he would outflank whatever it was and flush it back into the clearing. Meanwhile his sidekick backed off into the moon-shadows of the veranda as Jackson slipped away into the night. He certainly was amazingly nimble in amongst the trees for someone in a

wheelchair, but I guess that's what experience does for you.

Mitchell leaned back against the wall of the souvenir shop and waited. Soon there was the sound of running feet and a small figure rushed out of the undergrowth, looking over its shoulder.

Mitchell casually stuck out his foot and the shape sprawled in the earth at his feet.

"Well hello there", said the wing-ed one.

"And who do we have here?"

The figure on the ground looked around at the scene and spying the huge black silhouette of an Eagle nearby, started whimpering and covering its head.

As Jackson returned he took one look at the situation and correctly figured out that whoever it was cowering at his brother's feet, they certainly seemed to be terrified of the sculpture in front of them.



He wheeled over to the pair.

"There, there", he said, it's only a statue.

There's no need to be afraid... Here, look at me."

At that the boy turned his head and peered up at Jackson between his fingers.

"Who are you?" he asked in a broad American accent. That instantly answered one question. The one about the foreign accent Margy had heard; speaking of which she wasn't too far off by now, zooming through the deserted streets of the nearby town.

Jackson flashed his famous smile at the lad. You would swear his teeth almost glowed in the dark.

One look at the warmth behind the smile and the stranger instantly felt at ease. His heart rate dropped to normal and his breathing slowed again. He stood up and dusted off the dirt from his knees.

"Hi, I'm Super Jack and this is Master Mitch", said Jackson. "We heard screams and strange noises coming from out this way so we came to investigate. Is everything alright?"

"Hi. I'm Erstwhile Flogbottle..."

The brothers nearly burst out laughing when they heard the name.

"Erstwhile Flogwhattle?" Mitchell said, temporarily forgetting his manners. He well knew the cruel things some parents named their kids, but this *took the cake* as the saying goes. He doubled over trying to control his amusement and Jackson nearly fell out of his chair, or he would have if he hadn't been belted up properly as every kid should be when travelling.

"I know, I know. It's a long story and I'd rather not tell it. Just call me 'Bottle' and laugh about it later, when I can't hear.."

"Okay Bottle. What's happening here?"

Well I was sitting on my Uncles' back porch connecting the stars in my mind, when I heard some things moving across the lawn down by the creek, (he pronounced it more like 'Crick'),

so I went to see what they were. You know what I found? Aliens!"

"Aliens!" Jackson exclaimed. "How do you know they were aliens?"

"For a start they were the strangest looking beings. Neither one thing or 'nother. Bits of all kinds. Furry bodies to protect them from the cold of space, claws to attack any hostile life forms, a wide flat tail and webbed hands to get about on water planets, and a big smiling bill to lull us humans into a false sense of security before killing us all and taking over the planet. Pretty scary huh?"

"And how big were these, these aliens?" Mitchell asked.

"Oh huge. At least six feet long!" Bottle replied, holding his arms out wide. They reached about three foot six. (Yes of course he used feet and inches, he was from the USA where they don't use metres and centimetres.)

"Are you sure said Jackson? I've a suspicion I know what you've seen and I doubt they were that big. Where are they now?"

"They're gone now. I followed them up the creek to their flying saucer and they took off into the clouds."

"Flying saucer? You saw a flying saucer?"

"Sure. I told you it was an alien invasion."

"This I've gotta see", Mitchell said. "Whereabouts was this?"

"Down the path a bit, over there" and he waved towards the dark eastern sky where the moon now lay obscured by clouds. A look of fear crept back onto his face.

"Off we go then boys", said Jackson and flicking on his headlights, he headed down the dark path into the bush.

"I'm not going back there", trembled Bottle.

"Come on. Here, walk next to me. I'll protect you" said Mitchell, radiating the inner warmth that comes from being a 'Funky Woo Master'.

In the glow of friendship, Bottle quickly relented and started down the track between Super Jack and Master Mitch.

All was going well as they went their way amongst the trees. Even the strange night noises of the Australian wildlife failed to scare the young American until... Crack! Whirrrrr. Crumple, Rumble, Click! Something was advancing on them through the undergrowth. Jackson spun the Thunderchair around to face the oncoming threat as the micro scanner lit up.

Poor Bottle was beside himself, which was handy, because then the two of him could be frightened together.

"Ah there you are" called out Jackson, "Over here Margy", and within seconds his good friend appeared out of the gloom, the dull beam of her infra-red head light piercing the bush.

"So you found a way in. I was wondering if you'd need a hand." Jackson said.

"There's a hole in the *perimeter* fence near the creek" she replied.

"That's where I followed the aliens in", piped up Bottle.

"Aliens. You mean there are aliens here?"

"No Margy, I don't really think so, but Bottle here says he followed some in through your hole in the fence and then saw them leave in a flying saucer."

"What? You've got to be kidding me!

His name can't be Bottle! That's ridiculous!"

"Calm down and don't be rude. He can't help what his parents called him and besides which, when did anyone's name have anything to do with what type of person they are. He's not ridiculous, just a little scared, a little *ignorant* of Aussie wildlife and a long way from home."

Now let's go look at the landing place. Lead on Bottle."

The little band moved off through the darkness following in his footsteps. Turning this way and that past the Emu enclosure,



on through the Kangaroo paddock,



where the sound of snoring punctuated the night, and past the Owl cages, where the birds of prey sat restlessly on their perches.



"Umm... I'm not quite sh,sh,sh sure which way is next," said Bottle, his voice beginning to trembling as he got closer to another encounter with the aliens. He walked round behind the others then rushed off down a side path calling, "I think it's this way..." and his voice trailed off before Jackson, Mitchell and Margy could turn round and follow. Quickly they did so, but there was no sign of Bottle in the headlights.

After a hundred metres or so, they stopped at an intersection of three paths.

"Now where to?" said Mitchell.

"Shhhh!" replied Margy and she flipped on the Big Ears scanner.

The indicator popped up from the handle bars as the horns flipped forward and rotated until the blue light flashed brilliantly, casting ghostly shadows over the three friends.

"That way" she said, pointing in the direction indicated by the scanner. "I can hear the sound of chattering teeth. Someone down that path is very scared and I reckon it's poor old Bottle. Let's go!"

Margy was barely holding back a grin at the sound of his name as she accelerated off down the path. Jackson followed close behind with Mitchell on the towbar. The low rumble of the Thunderchair was comforting amongst the strange night time noises of the wildlife. Around a couple of bends they sped before pulling up short at a weird sight.

There in front of them, at the far end of a lawn, was a landing base for a flying saucer, or at least that's what it looked like. Bottle was hiding behind a tree and watching it in fear. "See he said. What did I tell you? There's where the saucer left from. Now what do you think?"

"Well I must say it's a strange looking thing, but I don't think it's got anything to do with aliens. Come on. Let's go have a closer look" said Jackson and flashed a smile at his new friend to calm him down. It did the trick alright and the little group trundled up the dark path with Bottle in the rear towards the strange structure.

They were about fifty metres away when the clouds parted and the full moon, peered over the top of their destination.



"Argh! See!" said Bottle, "they're coming back!"

"Don't be silly, it's just the Moon. It only looks so big and close because it's down low in the sky. I'll bet it looked even bigger when you saw it before. It would have been much closer to the horizon. There's no need to worry. See here's a sign about the building. It says, 'Animal Nursery', he said reading it in the infra-red light of the micro sensor. I can see how you got a bit confused though. That's definitely a strange roof on it."

"Well what about the aliens then? Where did they come from and where did they go?"

Bottle was not calming down at all.

Jackson tried the killer smile, but oddly enough it didn't have the desired effect and he remained highly stressed and in fear of little furry men, with duck bills.

"I think it's time for the Chiller Champ, Master Mitch. What do you think?"

"Definitely, Super Jack. Make it happen."

Jackson pressed the Activate button and the under seat module slid out.

The top rolled back and a supercooled box rose to lap level on a telescoping arm.

"There's nothing better to calm things down than a 'WonderCream', don't you reckon?"

Bottle, come here and choose yourself one of the best ice creams in the Universe. These have been known to stop a whole train load of rioting kids in their tracks, with their delicious, satisfying taste. You'll forget all about aliens and flying saucers when you wrap your lips around one of these.

Now what do you want, a Mega Mango Madness? Maybe a Raspberry Rocket? It'll lift you off your feet in astonishment? What about

an Orang-utan Argument or a Strawberry Bomb? Guaranteed to explode all over your taste buds. Or one of the others? There are plenty more to choose from."

By this time Bottle was drooling with the anticipation of all those flavours. Somehow flying saucers seemed to have drifted from his mind as he stared down into the glow of the chiller.

"What's that one?" he said, pointing to a purple waffle cone with a rainbow of coloured cream that swirled up into a volcano-like cone with a crater full of lollies on top. Each one looked more tempting than the next.

"Oh, I don't know if you're strong enough to handle the *Vesuvius*, Jackson said."

"Yes I am. I can handle it!" Bottle gushed as his face lit up in the darkness of the bush.

"Well team – shall we let him try it?"

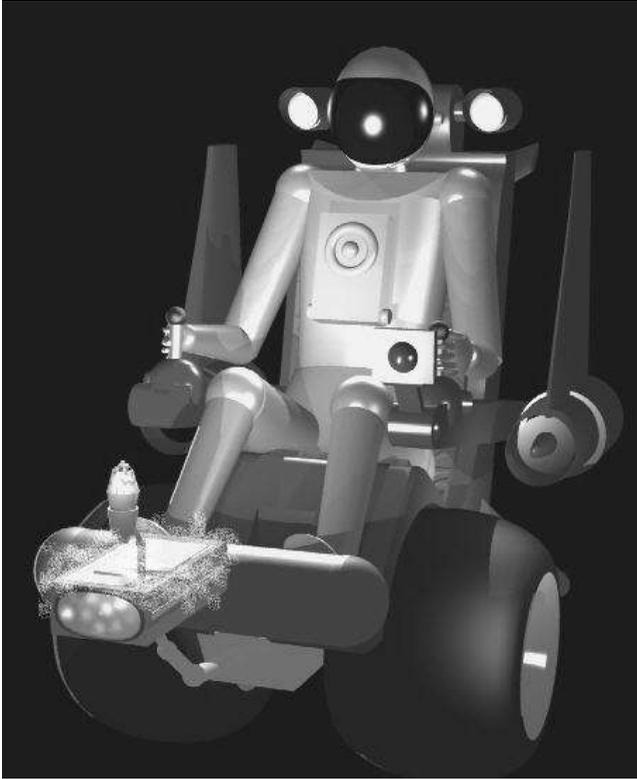
"I guess so" said Mitchell.

"But we'd better be ready in case he passes out with pleasure." added Margy.

"Okay then Bottle, press that" and Jackson pointed to a big button on the front of the Chiller Champ. It shone with the whole *spectrum* of colours that rotated and pulsed in a *myriad* of patterns. It looked almost magical. The boy reached out his hand and pressed it firmly.

"Click, Clunk, Plop, Whizz, Bang!"

Bang? What was that about? Who knows? But whatever it was, the end result was that the triple insulated glass top of the freezer slid back out of site and the *Vesuvius* ascended from a mist of cold.



From it came a soft bubbling sound.
"That's a strange noise" said Bottle.
"So you don't want it now?" Jackson said
toying with the lad and reaching out as if to
send it back into the freezer.
"No, no. I mean yes, yes I do want it!"
"Don't be so mean" Mitchell quipped in.
"Okay. You can take it now", the super hero
said, flashing that smile again just to be sure.
All this carry on had served to distract Bottle
even more and by now he was feeling quite
calm and secure with his new friends.
He poked out his tongue to lick the multi-
coloured delight and a lolly rolled down it into
the depths of his mouth.

You would swear his eyes lit up right as the succulent sweet caressed his taste buds.
"Wow!" he cried. "That's fantastic!"
"Are you sure it's not too much for you now? We can still change it you know."
"No, no I can take it. In fact, I reckon I could take on anything right now."
"Right then, let's go and look for some aliens."

Bottle took another lick and eagerly trotted off behind the boys with Margy bringing up the rear. She pulled up beside the distracted boy and motioned him to climb up behind her.
"Just don't spill that all over my back now. I do not want to have to wash my action suit when I get home," she said, and off they went after the brothers in a little *convoy*.
Every now and then the sounds of their progress were interrupted by an "Ah!" or "Oh!" or "Wow!" as another new taste sensation erupted in his mouth.
By the time they reached their destination some way down the winding paths of the sanctuary, Bottle had consumed quite a quantity of the fantastic frozen confection. It should have been almost gone, but there was one special thing about the Vesuvius that Jackson hadn't mentioned. Not only did it erupt in the mouth, but every now and then it erupted even more cream making it last seemingly forever. Of course there was a down side to eating so much ice cream, it could make you fat and give you brain freeze. Being greedy might mean no more chances to run and play, or just to run for that matter, such as away from aliens, but that was the last thing on Bottle's mind by then. He thought it was sheer bliss.

The little group pulled up at a long curving building.

"I think this is where we'll find your aliens, Bottle", said Jackson and taking out a small device from the armrest he dialled it to 'Open' and held it up to the electronic lock on the door. Lights flashed in a complicated pattern and there was a soft scraping sound as the bolt slid back from the striker plate.

They rolled inside. Bottle could see absolutely nothing. It was pitch black. The others however were looking through their infra-red visors as they moved along the huge tank that ran around the left hand wall.

Once or twice Jackson stopped to peer into the water, and then moved along, not having found what he was looking for. After a while he stopped. "Aha! There's one", he said

"What? An alien?" said Bottle. "I don't see anything."

"Just a minute", came the reply and Jackson switched one of his headlights from 'Infra-red' to 'Projector' mode and skewed it round to face the back wall.

He fiddled with the micro scanner and a large image appeared on the wall. It showed a furry animal with webbed feet and a duck-like bill.



"Is that your alien?" Jackson asked Bottle.

"Yes, but where is it. I can't hear it in here",

he said, feeling his way over to the Thunderchair to hide behind it.

"Don't worry, it's only small, I've enlarged the image for you. It's in the tank over there so it won't hurt you.

"Then what is it?"

"It's a Platypus. They're native in the creeks and rivers around here. Didn't you learn about them at school?"

"No. I've never seen such a strange thing."

"Well there a quite few strange animals in Australia. I think it's time you found out about them. Come back back in the daylight and have a look around. There are some very interesting little beasts here."

"But why did they look so big?"

"I suspect that's due to a bit of fear on your part and a little atmospheric *refraction* of the light. Was it foggy earlier?"

"Yes."

"Well there you go then. Happy now?"

"Yes thank you" Bottle replied, looking a little sheepish and taking another lick of the never decreasing ice cream.

"Okay then, mission accomplished. Time to get you back to your Uncle. He'll be worried about where you've gone. You know you shouldn't wander off like that. We can't be around all the time to look out for you, you know."

With that the little band traipsed out of the Platypus house, off through the bush to the hole in the fence.

"Margy, would you like to see Bottle back to his Uncle's place? We'd better get moving before Mum and Dad come home."

"Of course I'd love to Super Jack. Come on Bottle, jump on. Let's go."

"Remember Bottle, not to mention us to anyone. It'll be our secret, okay?"

"Okay."

"And by the way, make sure you put your Vesuvius in the freezer. It won't run out as long as you're licking it, but it can melt away when it's left alone in the warm air."

"I'll remember that and thank you so much. Goodbye Super Jack! Master Mitch."

"Time for bed then Mitch. Let's go home."

And with that, Mitchell unfolded his wings and Jackson zoomed up into the night sky, pulling him up to launch speed. The ram jets fired up and they were off, following the *Milky Way* home.

Back on the Healesville streets the Super Segway trundled along quietly so as not to bump the Vesuvius out of Bottle's hands.

"Margy?" he said.

"Yes", she replied. She could hear the questioning tone in his voice and hoped it wasn't going to be one of those difficult queries young kids are so good at.

"Why does Super Jack ride in his chair all the time?"

"Ah. That's because he's a very special kid and some very special kids shouldn't have to get their feet dirty."

This seemed to satisfy Bottle and he dropped the subject as they pulled up outside his Uncle's house.

Margy flipped on the Big Ears scanner and checked the activity inside. She could hear Bottle's Mum and Dad discussing family business in the kitchen. His mother was saying something about "having come all this way to see her father...", and the three of them were obviously very engrossed in the conversation. "They're busy in the kitchen", she whispered to her little friend.

"Good. I'll be able to slip in the side door" he whispered. "Thanks for everything Margy"

“Our pleasure Bottle. You look after yourself and don’t go getting carried off by any aliens now”, she ribbed him.

With a little giggle and a smile that even the darkness couldn’t hide, he stepped off the Segway and slipped round the side of the house, the taste volcano clutched tightly in his hands.

“And wipe that cream off your face”, Margy nearly called after him, but thought better of it. It would only attract attention from inside the house.

Instead she turned around, flicked on her hyper drive and sped off into the night, heading for a cosy bed.

Yes, it was way past bedtime and while it’s all very well to be a super hero, even super heroes need sleep. In fact super heroes need super sleep and so once the boys reached home the Inggall clan slipped beneath the covers to dream of a normal life in a normal home; one where poor old Dad wouldn’t have to replace the floorboards on a regular basis.

The End (or possibly not...)

What It All Means - (a sort of dictionary)

PS999JI – one of a kind, custom built Playstation, with many hidden and amazing features. Created specially for Super Jack

Fantastiphone – super long distance, dedicated phone system with the latest in mobile phone features plus a mental control unit so it can be controlled by thought. The field unit can be worn like a false fingernail.

Agent-at-large – a person who roams around on behalf of someone else, checking out stuff in the world that may be interesting or useful.

Big Ears scanner – very sensitive, long distance listening unit.

Infra-red – invisible colour at the Red end of the rainbow. Hot things send out infra-red so an infra-red sensor can detect warmth, even in the dark. It shows up as bright white on the scanner.

Melodramatic – exaggerated and emotional or sentimental.

Bum Scanner – security access unit that the user sits on and it recognises the unique shape of their bum.

Flatulence – farting.

Chiller Champ – super cold refrigeration unit.

Intrepid – fearless.

Sentinel – guarding soldier

Pirouette – to spin gracefully.

Great Divide – a long chain of hills and mountains that divides the coast lands from the Outback. It stretches from Western Victoria to Queensland.

Port – pilot's and sea captain's word for Left.

Starboard – pilot's and sea captain's word for Right.

Flare out – pilot's term for raising the nose of the plane to slow it down gently just before landing.

Took the cake – to 'take the cake' means to carry off the honours, in this case, for the weirdest name.

Funky Woo - the ancient art of killing people with kindness.

Perimeter – the surrounding edge of something.

Ignorant – someone who is ignorant about something has just not learned about it yet. (Ignorant does not mean stupid.)

Vesuvius – the name of a famous Italian volcano.

Spectrum – all the colours of the rainbow.

Myriad – many and varied.

Convoy – a line of vehicles travelling together.

Refraction – the bending of light.

Milky Way – a band of stars that stretch like a river across the southern night sky.

Technical Drawings

Super Segway

