



The Deadly Disguise
of Blooka-Blooka
Book 2 of the Blooka-Blooka Trilogy

The Disguiser

By Peter and John Cassetta

Create new disguise

Chapter 1

Scientific Accomplishments

Blooka-Blooka sadly looked at a pile of ashes. "None of my experiments work," he whined. "The lab rat became ghosty, the guinea pig got dissolved by my acid water, and just look at the mousey!" Here he gestured towards the ash pile. "No," he said, "I am a very bad scientist. I'm sure I would be a much better robber! Robbers are cooler, anyhow."

He walked around the chamber and remarked, "I still don't know what all this stuff is...like this thing." He pointed at a strange-looking machine. "What in the world," he examined it carefully, "does this do?" He pressed a power button and a screen came to life. As it started up he read it: "The Disguiser...huh. What's that supposed to mean?"

When it finished powering on, a button appeared on the screen: "Create new disguise". Blooka-Blooka selected that, then chose "Create from scratch". The machine appeared to create disguises, and Blooka-Blooka came up with a plan. He added brown hair, brown eyes, slightly tanned skin, a medium-sized nose and various other things. Soon Blooka-Blooka had finished, and he tried the disguise on.

Blooka-Blooka walked over to a mirror and exclaimed, "Yes! I look just like him!"

Chapter 2

Joining the Police Force

“Well, here you go, sir.” a mailman handed a letter to its recipient, who ripped it open and read it aloud:

“Dear Sir,

“Congratulations! Your application has been accepted. You will be expected at training in three days and your uniform will arrive shortly. Do not come to training without it.

–The Capital City Police Station”

The man jumped in the air in celebration. “Whoo hoo! Plooka-Plooka has joined the police force.” He looked around and saw that the mailman was still standing there, staring at him with an unusual look on his face.

“What are you looking at?” Plooka-Plooka asked.

Instead of answering, the mailman made an angry face, and in one swift motion, he pulled a dagger from his jacket and lunged at Plooka-Plooka!

Chapter 3

The Canned Crosswalk

Two whole weeks of annoyances from that ice-cream-splatter Plooka-Plooka. Would he ever stop? Altrin Perkins had, in that time, learned what it truly meant to be miserable. As he drove to his house in a rented car (his had been mysteriously de-engine-afied) he wondered what prank that maniac would pull next.

He suddenly stomped on the brake pedal, causing his car to come to a screeching halt. An old lady was leisurely crossing the road, pushing a walker which had a string of cans tied to it. Now he was angry. The old lady had effectively created an impassable barrier of sharp cans that would pop his tires if he attempted to drive over them! He honked his horn loudly, not sure who he was more mad at, the cans or the lady.

The lady responded, unlike the cans, with an evil glance at him, causing him to feel more uneasy than angry. She then yelled out, "Piano!" and ran off at a speed Altrin would have, a few seconds ago, thought to be impossible at her age.

Before he could do anything, a grand piano fell on the hood of the car with a tremendous **CRASH**, crushing it and triggering the airbag, which slammed into his face, re-breaking his nose. He pulled out his pocket knife and stabbed at the airbag. There was a loud pop and before he knew it, he was covered in sticky green goop.

As he choked, he figured Plooka-Plooka's sneaky minions must have filled the airbag with slime! Altrin could not imagine that anyone

would have more rotten luck than he did.

He coughed a few times, then thought of the old lady and her cans. She was undoubtedly one of Plooka-Plooka's minions. Probably the cans were, too.

Chapter 4

Battling a Mailman

Time seemed to slow down as the dagger, glinting in the sunlight, slashed through the air. Plooka-Plooka immediately thrust his letter upwards in an attempt to block it.

He got it there just in time and the dagger stuck. Plooka-Plooka yanked his letter, pulling the weapon out of the mailman's hands and causing it to fly into the air. He grabbed the mailman by his shirt and slammed his head into the mail truck repeatedly until he was knocked out.

Plooka-Plooka grabbed the would-be assassin and threw him into the truck in such a way that his head pressed down the gas pedal. Plooka-Plooka set it to drive and jumped back to watch the fun.

The mail truck sped down the road and slammed into a tree, then burst into flames and exploded! As Plooka-Plooka dodged a large chunk of shrapnel, he could feel the heat of the fire. The librarian was surely behind this attack. It was time to do more than just annoy him; it was time for Operation Gremlins to give way to Operation Ruins.

He would soon get complete revenge on that librarian. He pulled out a small device and pressed a button on it that said "Summon Minions" and walked over to the abandoned warehouse...

Chapter 5

A Bank Robbery

A single security guard sat watching the surveillance monitors at Gateway Credit Union. He saw a person walk up to the front door – and recognized him from the public library. It was Mr. Perkins; shouldn't he know the bank was closed at this hour?

What happened next shocked the night guard. The librarian pulled out a wrench and swung it, shattering the glass doors! Alarms went off and the vandalistic librarian dashed through the newly-created hole.

Just then, Mr. Perkins stopped and pulled something from his front shirt pocket...a pen? The guard was perplexed. Did the librarian come in here just to write a check? Was he insa – wait – why would he hold it like that? The guard gasped in horror. It was a high-powered cutting laser; he was cutting right through the vault's titanium steel walls!

And getting away with it, he realized. "Stop, thief!" he yelled, even though the criminal could not hear him. Although he was slightly out of shape he ran to intercept the villain. Unfortunately, he was more out of shape than he realized (or rather, admitted). He was out of breath after a few seconds and stopped to rest.

When he finally reached the vault, the burglar had already gone. "And with all the moneys too," he pouted. He bent over and picked something up. It was the laser pen. A most unique name was inscribed on the side: The Crule Librarian.

Chapter 6

Stashing the Cash

A dark figure walked up to Altrin Perkins' house, mumbling cruel words of success. The silhouette was hunched over, carrying a large sack over his shoulder.

"My plan is working perfectly..." the person whispered, then, "Ho ho, just as I expected, he left his window open for ventilation; good thing I broke his air conditioner!"

The figure pulled out a grappling hook, throwing it through the open window. Managing to ponderously climb the rope, he climbed onto the roof and tossed the large sack through the window and into the librarian's house.

Then, seeing that the deed was accomplished, the rather stealthy person removed the grappling hook and slid down a pipe.

"Maybe next time you'll think twice before shooting someone, Mr. Librarian!" The person attempted to cackle, but it sounded more like he was choking.

Then, as he was leaving, he uttered one final malicious sentence: "You shall be blamed for this robbery, you crummy librarian, or my name isn't Blooka-Blooka!"

Chapter 7

Interrupted Snacking

A police officer sat in his car, snacking on donuts and sipping hot coffee, when his police radio suddenly crackled to life.

"Attention all units!" it snapped, "The Gateway bank was robbed of over 6 million dollars last night. The thief has been identified as the librarian Altrin Perkins—" here the officer choked on his coffee in surprise, spraying his dashboard with the liquid. "-suspect is not at his house; keep alert." Plooka-Plooka was extremely confused. Why would Altrin Perkins rob a bank? Couldn't he just get money from his rich and powerful dictator cousins? He decided to check with his minions to see if they had any theories.

A few minutes later he had learned his minions was as surprised as he was. As he was about to hang up, he asked his minions to give Altrin a wedgie when they found it convenient.

After that, he started up his police car and began his routine patrol, a little bit later than usual. As he drove off, he decided to keep an eye out for the thieving librarian.

Chapter 8

Altrin's Attack

Altrin Perkins raced down the highway in a newly-newly-rented car. How that stash of money had gotten into his bedroom he didn't know. He had figured it was probably stolen and he'd gotten away as quickly as had been possible.

He checked his rearview mirror and saw flashing lights in the distance! Two people in a hot rod drove up alongside him. Whew...the police were probably after them – just then his window shattered, showering him with glass shards. The people in the hot rod just attacked him! Plooka-Plooka's minions again. He was not in the mood for this. The passenger picked up a radio and yelled,

"Boss! We found him!" Altrin, hearing this, turned suddenly off the next exit, fooling the hot rod minions and leaving them on the highway. Where was this exit taking him, anyway? There was a sign up ahead: Main Street. Didn't Plooka-Plooka patrol here this time of day? An evil plot formed in his mind and he had soon lined a section of the street with explosives. Any second now...there! He saw a – wait – make that *several* police cars. Who knows? Maybe Plooka-Plooka was going to treat them to a meal of donuts.

They approached the trap and he prepared to detonate the explosives...now! There was a resounding boom as the police were engulfed in flames! Altrin pulled out his phone. "Hytraponon, the enemy has been eliminated!"

Chapter 9

Doom and Frog Donuts

"Mmm...these donuts sure are good. Too bad I had to wait in line so long. Hey, what's that? An explosion? I better check it out..." the police officer sped up to investigate the anomaly. "Wow! Someone's fireworks display must have malfunctioned! That reminds me of the time Blooka-Blooka and I burned our neighbor's house down while he was on vacation." For a moment Plooka-Plooka was confused as to exactly why he was reminded of that, then he just shrugged.

"Oh well. Say...wasn't the President supposed to be here around now? Maybe he got delayed or something."

Plooka-Plooka reached for another donut, then looked up to see a giant smoking pothole right in front of his car! He swerved to avoid it, almost crushing a person on the sidewalk in the process. When he had calmed down and gotten out of his car, he lifted his donut to his mouth then yelled in terror and threw it into the pothole. The donut was iced in such a way that it looked like a smiley frog face! Plooka-Plooka reckoned he had gotten some sort of frog-o-phobia after that robot frog attacked him.

He walked to the edge of the pothole to see what had become of the donut. He looked down, then jumped back in fright. The donut's icing had melted onto a flaming skull, making it look like a frog monster!

Chapter 10

Altrin's Mistake

Altrin Perkins was quite pleased with himself. He had single-handedly eliminated both a potential thief and a person with no respect for good literature. The world was now a much better place, thanks to him.

He bought a newspaper and, feeling very generous, told the person to keep the change, all three cents. Altrin walked off, smiling to himself as he saw a flag waving proudly in the wind. Happy days were here again!

Sitting down on a nearby bench, Altrin lifted his newspaper and read the front page headlines. "President Assassinated, Boy Finds "Ghosty" Rat, Pizza shops offer – wait, what? President Assassinated? Who could have done such a thing?" He read on: "Yesterday, America was horrified to find that our President had been assassinated by a" Altrin gasped, "*violent explosion*. The crime occurred at 3:00 in the afternoon on Main Street, Capital City." Altrin looked up, realizing the truth. He now saw the flag was actually at half mast and heard people all around him wailing. He had mistakenly blown up the President! Altrin Perkins stood up. His cell phone rang, and he answered it, feeling that he was doomed. A few minutes later, he hung up. Well, at least his cousins might be able to frame some disresponsible countr – he suddenly felt a sharp pain, then turned around. Someone had just given him a wedgie. He figured he had probably deserved it.

Altrin realized then that happy days were most certainly **not** here again.

The Middle...