

**BEN
DAVIS**



**LENNY
LEMMON**
and the
**Alien
Invasion**



illustrated by
**JAMES
LANCETT**

*nosy
crow*



Have you read?

**LENNY
LEMMON**
and the
**Invincible
Rat**

**LENNY
LEMMON**
and the
**Trail of
Crumbs**






First published in the UK in 2024 by Nosy Crow Ltd
Wheat Wharf, 27a Shad Thames, London, SE1 2XZ, UK

Nosy Crow Eireann Ltd
44 Orchard Grove, Kenmare, Co Kerry, V93 FY22, Ireland

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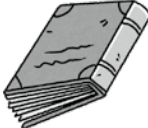


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ISBN: 978 1 80513 146 5

A CIP catalogue record for this book will be available from the British Library.



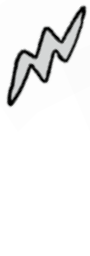
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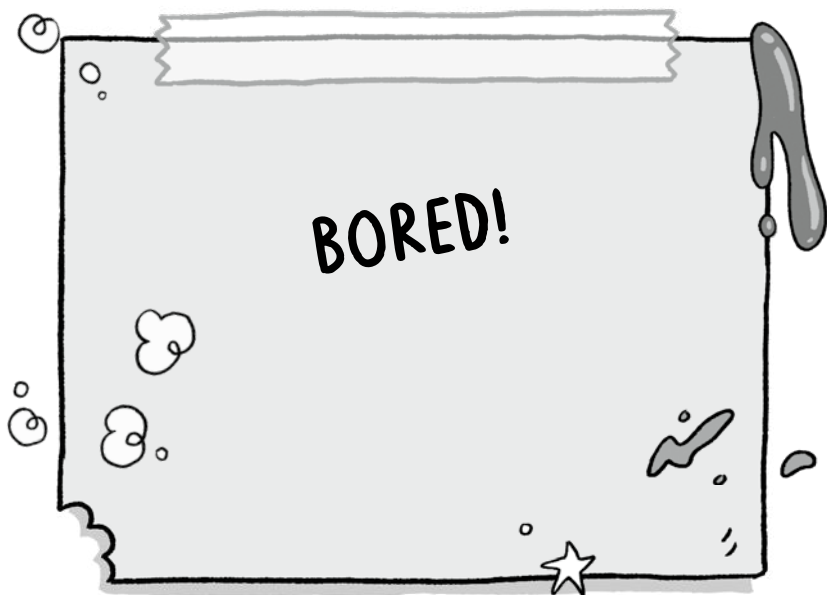
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1 3 5 7 9 1 0 8 6 4 2
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BOOOORED. Bored, bored, bored.

People say school holidays are the most fun part of the year, but this one? **BLAH.** The longest two weeks **EVER!** It doesn't help that my two best friends, Sam and Jess, are both on holiday. Not together. Sam has gone to

the seaside and Jess says she's rock climbing in the **GOBI DESERT**, even though our parents are friends and Mum says they're definitely in Tenerife.

I'm lying on the sofa trying to block out my brother Brandon's **BUM-ACHINGLY BAD** music thumping from upstairs, but I can't do it. I start poking at my wobbly tooth with my tongue. Maybe if it drops out, the tooth fairy can bring me something exciting.



The noise comes from the basement. Dad's inventions lab is down there and we've had more explosions than a fireworks-testing factory just lately. Still, I'm so

BOOOOOORED

that I'm going down to see what's happening.

At the bottom of the basement stairs, the floor is covered in broken inventions. There are the legs from his **LOLLIPOP-MAN ROBOT** that fell apart outside my school and made a load of Year One kids cry.

There is the command console from his
Chessmaster computer, which only knew
how to play Hungry Hungry Hippos.
And isn't that the bumper
from the HOVER CAR
that didn't hover?

As I pick my way through, I find Dad
standing by his desk, writing something
down. "Improve eye sockets," he mumbles
as he writes.

"Everything OK, Dad?" I ask.





"Stupendous," he replies. "Just putting the finishing touches to my **TRANSLATION HELMET.**"

Dad picks a helmet up from his desk. It's black and shiny with blinking red lights all over it.

"**THIS IS GOING TO BE THE ONE, MY BOY,**" he says. "**IT'S GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD!**"

Dad says that about all his inventions. But one day he might be right! Maybe.

"This bad boy instantly translates anything into the language of your choice," he says.

"Watch this. I'm going to say, 'Hello, I would

like three eggs, please' in French and the translation helmet will say it in English."

Dad puts the helmet on his head and a weird robot voice crackles out.

"OWOH! ME WOO LIKEYLIKE THREEZY EGGYWEGGIES PLAZAZAZA."

Dad whips the helmet back off with a big grin. "Pretty cool, eh?"

I give him a thumbs up. "**BRILLIANT!**"



"And that's not all!"

"Really?" I say.

Dad nods, a proud smile still on his face.

"Let's go upstairs."



In the back garden, something is covered in a sheet. I'm a bit nervous because last time Dad kept something under a sheet it was his **AUTOMATIC HAIRCUTTING MACHINE**, which gave him a wonky mohawk.

"Lenny, do you like biking?" he asks.



I nod. "Sometimes."

"And do you ever find yourself biking along and wishing you could go faster? And **HIGHER?**"

Now I'm interested. "Actually, yes!" I say. I don't tell him I often have a daydream about soaring above school and dropping water bombs on Mr Greenford, the head teacher.

"Introducing, the **FLYING BIKE!**"

Dad whips off the sheet to reveal a bike that looks a lot like mine, but with some added bits. Hang on a second. That IS mine!

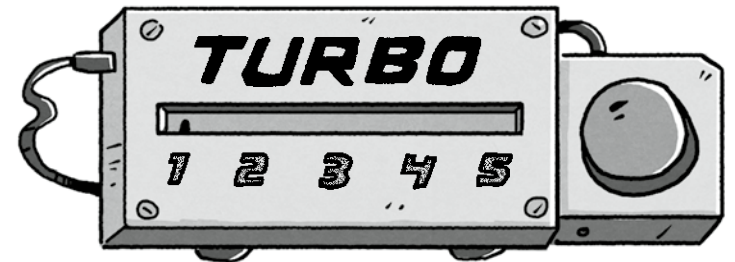
"Dad, why have you messed with my bike?" I moan.



"Messed with?" says Dad. "I think you'll find the correct word is '**IMPROVED MASSIVELY**'."

He grins at me and I stare back at him. "I think that might be **TWO** words."

Dad laughs. "Take a look!" He points at the handlebars. On one side there's a dial that has



written beside it. On the other side,

there's a big red button that says



"Come on, watch me take her for a test drive," he says.



Two minutes later, Dad is sitting on my bike in the middle of our road, wearing a motorcycle helmet, and pads on his knees and elbows. Now, this could be **EXCITING!** Imagine if it works! Every shop in the world is going to want these: the Lemmon Flying Bike! We'll be so rich, I won't even have to go to school any more. Better yet, I could

BUY the school. Imagine if I were the head teacher. First up, I'm banning maths.



Dad yells, snapping me out of my daydream. "I said are you ready to start filming? This could be a historic moment!"

I press record on Mum's phone and give him the thumbs up. Dad nods and gives me a thumbs up back. He turns the dial and starts pootling down the street. When he gets to the end, he spins round and comes back. I hear him scream, "**TURBO THREE!**"



The bike heads back towards me faster.
I see him crank the dial. **"FOUR!"**

My heart pounds so loud it almost
drowns out the roar of the bike.

"TURBO FIVE!" Dad yells.



"FLY, FLY, FLY!"

Dad smashes the big red button
and the bike jumps up. I whoop
with delight. **IT'S WORKING!**
We're going to change the world!





Then the bike clunks back down and smacks into the kerb. Dad goes flying over the handlebars and lands in Mrs Patel's flowerbed. I run over to him, scared that he's hurt himself, but he climbs to his feet with daffodils sticking out of his motorcycle helmet.

"It's fine," he says. "Just needs a little tweaking, that's all."

I look down at my bike, lying in a twisted heap in the road.

"Or maybe a **BIG** tweaking."