

**KILLER  
Vending  
Machines  
WRECKED  
My Lunch!**



BY **Matt Brown**

TO MY MUM, FOR TAKING ME TO SPLOTT  
LEISURE CENTRE WHERE I FELL IN LOVE  
WITH MY FIRST VENDING MACHINE

First published in the UK in 2019 by Usborne Publishing Ltd., Usborne House,  
83-85 Saffron Hill, London EC1N 8RT, England. [www.usborne.com](http://www.usborne.com)

Text copyright © OddDog Ltd., 2019  
Illustrations by Paco Sordo © Usborne Publishing Ltd., 2019

The right of Matt Brown to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him  
in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

The name Usborne and the devices   are Trade Marks of Usborne Publishing Ltd.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval  
system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying,  
recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher. This is a work of  
fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author's imagination  
and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or  
dead, is entirely coincidental.

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

ISBN 9781474960243 05256/1 JFMA JJASOND/19  
Printed in the UK.



ILLUSTRATED BY **PACO SORDO**



# FRIDAY



Drishya Samode opened her curtains and let out a bone-chilling scream.

“AAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

A face was staring back at her from the window. A hideous, ghostly face with bloodshot eyes and wild, sticky-up hair.

“AAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Drishya screamed again until she realized that the face wasn't an angry ghost, or a twenty-foot



tall giant who wanted to snatch her from her bedroom and kidnap her. The sun hadn't quite risen and it was still dark enough outside for her window to reflect

her own face back at her. The hideous, terrifying face of a recently-woken eleven year old.

Drishya stared at her reflection and was ruffling her dark, tangled hair, when a flash of light coming from the street below distracted her. She looked down as a huge lorry turned into her cul-de-sac and parked outside the house opposite. It was a house that Drishya knew every inch of. A house

that Drishya had spent almost as much time in as her own. It was the house that had, until recently, belonged to Drishya's best friend, Hattie Lavernock.

Hattie and her family had moved out barely a fortnight ago but Drishya missed her so much it already felt like a lifetime. Hattie's parents had decided that after recent "events" they would move out of Dreary Inkling and start a new life somewhere else.

"It's just not safe here," Hattie's mum had said when Drishya had asked why they were moving. "Who knows what's going to happen next? This whole town is cursed. CURSED, I TELL YOU!"

Honestly, it was such an overreaction to a couple of tiny incidents of potential global devastation. First, there had been that time a

couple of months ago when two aliens had very nearly blown up the whole planet after watching a talent show at Drishya's school\*. And then there was the school trip a few weeks ago when an evil witch had tried to become supreme ruler of the world by turning Drishya's entire class into an army of brain-sucking zombies\*\*.

"But there's no way anything like that could ever happen again here," Drishya had said to Mrs Lavernock, trying to reason with her. "The odds of worldwide destruction happening in Dreary Inkling for a *third* time must be a hundred billion billion billion to one!"

But it was no use and Hattie had gone, and

---

\* The whole unbelievably exciting and fabulously well-written story can be found in the brilliant book, *Aliens Invaded My Talent Show!*

\*\* For the lowdown on that extraordinary tale, just get yourself a copy of *Mutant Zombies Cursed My School Trip!* Believe me, it'll blow your flippin' socks off, unless you're not wearing any socks, in which case, it'll blow your feet off. So, it's probably best to make sure you're wearing socks.

now a new family were moving in to Kinney Avenue. Drishya felt a knot in her stomach at the thought of another whole day of school without her best friend. As she closed her curtains, she heard an enormous bang coming from downstairs. This was followed by the sound of her dad yelling, and then what sounded like the sound of her dad sobbing. Drishya grabbed her dressing gown and ran downstairs.

"Everything okay, Dad?" she said, racing into the kitchen.

Mr Samode was holding a bin bag in his hands and had a crazed, panicky look etched on his face. The same crazed, panicky look he'd had on his face when he'd accidentally called Drishya's teacher "Mummy" at her last parents' evening.



“BIN JUICE!” he yelled.

“THE BIN JUICE IS DRIPPING ON ME.”

Drishya saw that liquid from the bottom of the bin bag was dripping on his slippers. He screwed his face up and held the bag at arm's length.

“It's so stinky,” he said, gagging. “And slimy. And horrible.”

Then he ran to the back door, opened it and charged out into the garden in the direction of the recycling bins. After a couple of minutes, he reappeared panting heavily. Drishya rolled

her eyes. Her dad was never at his best in the morning.

“Where's Mum?” asked Drishya.

“Early callout,” said her dad, who was clearly still in shock from the bin-juice drama and was finding it difficult to speak in full sentences. “Emergency. Electrical cables. High street. Needs fixing. Unbelievably dangerous. Urgent.”

Drishya's mum worked as an engineer for the local electricity company. She'd only recently got the job and this was the first time she'd been on an emergency callout, which meant that this was the first time Drishya's dad had been on his own



during the Samode early morning routine.

“I miss her so very, very much,” he said, blowing his nose into a tea towel.

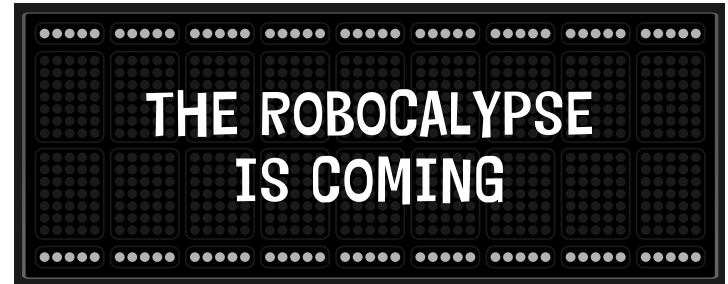
Drishya sighed.

“It’s okay, Dad,” she said. “I’m sure we’ll get through it. I tell you what, why don’t I get myself some breakfast while you go and put some trousers on?”

Drishya’s dad looked at her for a moment and then down at his bare legs.

“TROUSERS!” he yelled, running out of the kitchen and up the stairs. “I COMPLETELY FORGOT MY TROUSERS!”

Drishya could tell that it was going to be a long morning.



Drishya sat down in her favourite chair and pushed a button on the remote control. The TV flickered into life and the doughy face of local news presenter, Jonathan Bonathan-Jovington, appeared.

“Good morning, Dreary Inkling,” he said, in a very important-sounding voice.

Drishya eagerly shovelled a spoonful of cornflakes into her mouth. The local morning