

The Monkey Invaders



Written and Illustrated by Timothy Montney



One warm summer night, I was walking around outside and enjoying the night sky. I saw something weird coming from the sky, something unusual. It was coming right toward me. Flickering lights covered a triangular shape. It hovered above me for a while. Then it landed right in front of me. I realized it was a spaceship. I tried to run, but I was frozen with fear.



A huge, fierce-looking monkey stepped down from the ship.
“I am King Monkeys-around. Who are you?”

“I am Bob.”

Then without warning, “Ahhhhhhhhhh!” It was their sacred battle cry! “Ready the ship, monkeys! Prepare for battle!” the primate ordered.

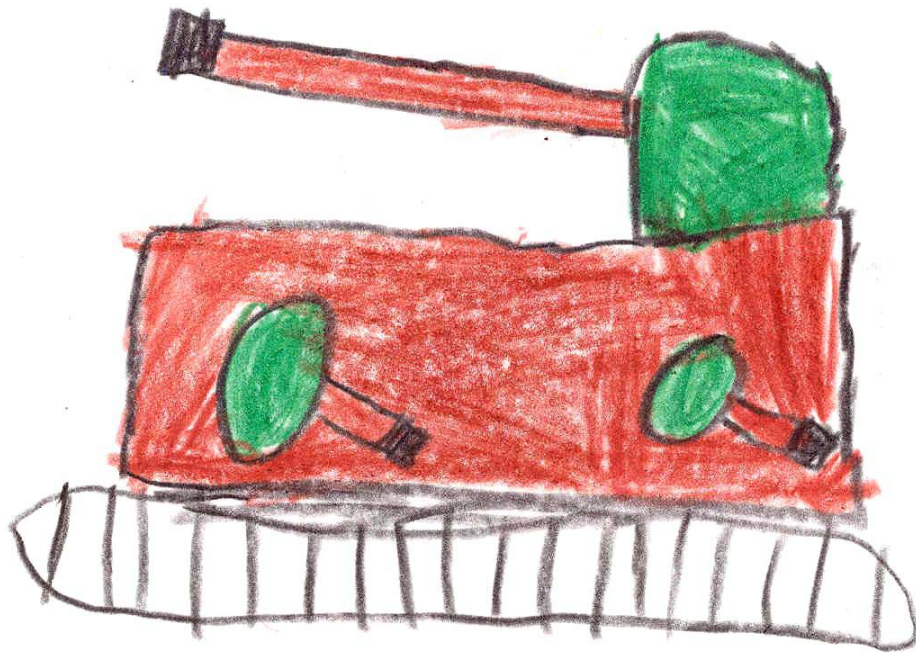
“No! Don’t destroy Earth!” I yelled.



It was time to call my Dad, a master sergeant in the military. I hurried to a phone booth. "Dad, it's me."

"Hello Bob. How ..."

"No time for chit chat, Dad. Bring in heavy arms. We're under attack by our enemies from Monkeys-around. Hurry! They are dropping banana bombs!" I did all I could do until Dad arrived.



Varoom!! In zoomed my dad in a large tank. “Get in, son. It is time to take these monkeys down!”

I climbed into the massive tank. I had never been inside a tank before. “Wow! This is cool!”

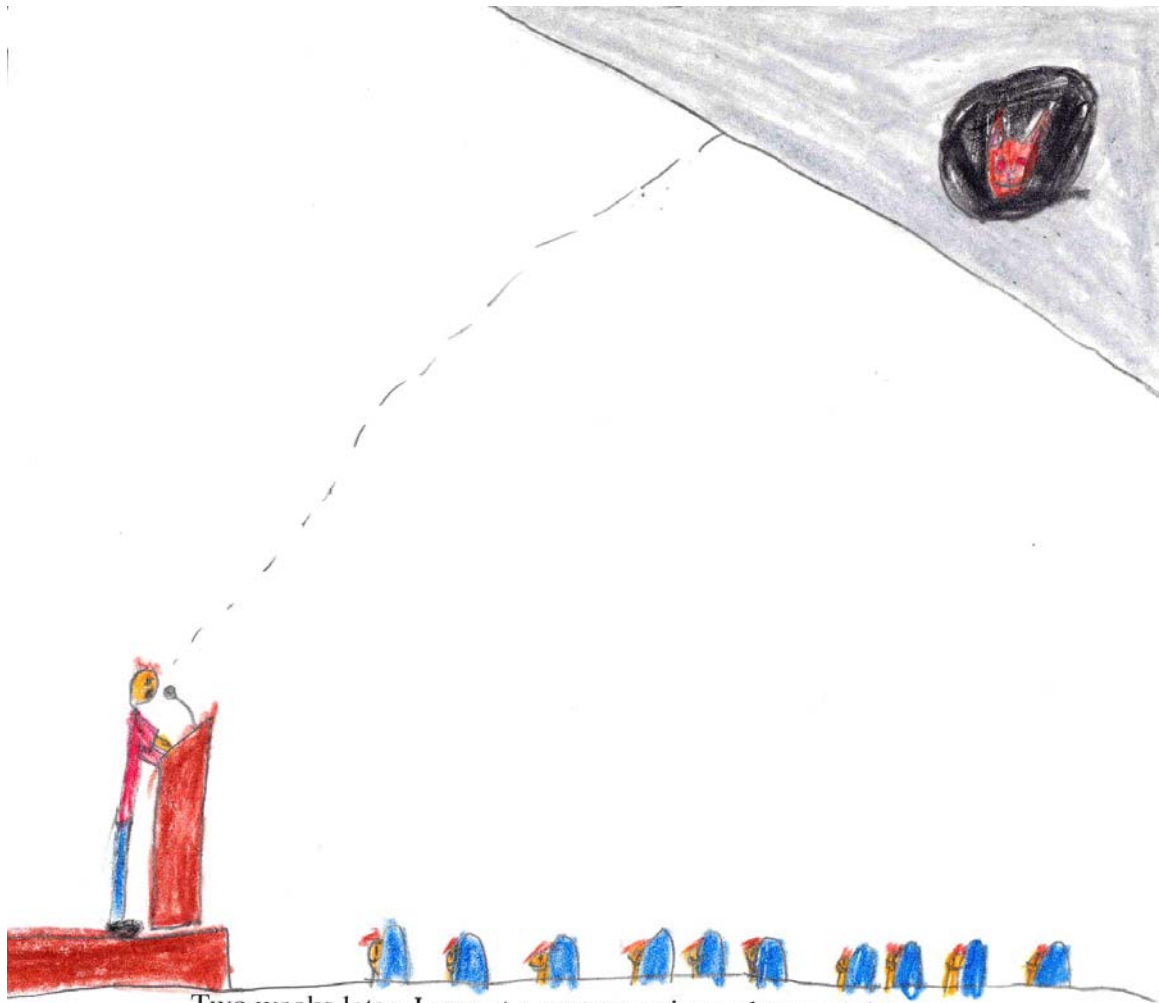
My dad pointed to several red knobs. “Son, these control the cannons.”



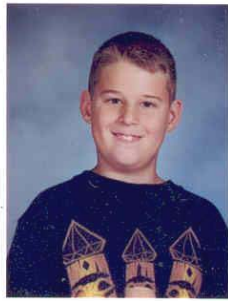
It was awesome. I couldn't wait to fire the cannons. I took careful aim. My finger was just above the fire button. I murmured before I shot, "This is for all the destruction you have caused!" I bombed the ship. Millions of banana pieces flew into the air and landed as far as the Arctic Ocean.



“Son,” my dad said. “You deserve a medal! In fact, I’ll call right now to arrange a ceremony. My dad made a quick call to his commander.



Two weeks later, I was at a ceremony in my honor. The governor waved me up to the stage. I walked up to accept my medal. A strange noise sounded above. I looked up and saw a big spaceship. This one looked familiar. It had the symbol for CATastrophe – Meow! I shouted, “Not again!”



Meet the Author: Timothy Montney

Timothy Montney is 9 years old. He was born in Dover Air Force Base in 1995. He loves his life. Tim has lots of friends to play with and cheer him up after a hard day of school. He lives with his Dad, Mom and black lab, Duncan.