

**Ed Wicke**  
**Wicked Tales**  
**(A taster of “Alicroc the Alien”)**

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# *Alicroc the Alien*

## The voices

**Alicroc** is cool, calm and talks like an American hippy. He's so smooth and charming that you don't even notice the 272 fine white teeth, the green skin or the spiky tail. He talks in that laid-back but upbeat way that makes you think he's completely in control of the situation, even when he hasn't the slightest idea what he's doing. Which is most of the time.

**The Head Teacher** is a lazy slob who got into teaching by mistake. His voice is a small-town businessman's slow drawl, and it isn't helped by the fact that his mouth is full of fried chicken. You can be sure that he listens to country & western music, and would wear a cowboy hat if he could find one big enough for his head. He has food stains down the front of all his shirts.

The **Children** have so many voices that I couldn't possibly list them all. Some of them speak in whispers, some of them can't stop themselves from shouting everything, some of them cry whenever they hear the name "Mrs Wilson". Half of them lisp Alicroc's name as Alley-cwoc. Some sound like your little sister or brother, if you have one. They all sound like they would very quickly drive you mad.

The **Chickens** don't say anything. But if they did, they would sound like chickens.

## The story

Once upon a time, there was an alien named Alicroc who had green, crackly skin and 272 fine white teeth. They were very sharp teeth, too. So sharp that he never bothered with a can opener. Just toss the can into the air, catch it in the mouth and -

***CRRRUNCH.***



He came down to earth in his black Alienmobile and decided to find a job. Unfortunately, every job he tried went wrong, and all because he didn't know the difference between Right and Wrong.

For instance, he worked the till at a supermarket but kept swallowing loaves of bread at the checkout ... and tins of beans... bottles of squash... light bulbs... and any pets that wandered past.

After this, Alicroc was driving around town in his sleek black Alienmobile when he saw a sign outside a nursery school. The sign read:

**URGENTLY NEED TEACHER  
FOR 4 YEAR OLDS. APPLY WITHIN.**

Now, Alicroc didn't know what a nursery school was, or what a teacher did, but he was sure he could

handle 4 year olds - whatever *they* were. So he went inside.

The Headteacher was a big man with a tummy like a basketball. He was sitting at a desk, happily eating fried chicken. A lot of fried chicken, from a large, greasy bag.



‘Mr Alicroc,’ he said, ‘I don’t like you, because you’re a funny colour. But I need a new teacher like a chicken needs crispy batter. Since Mrs Wilson... uh... *left*, we’ve had 10 replacement teachers in 10 weeks. The children simply tear them to pieces.’

Alicroc exclaimed, ‘Heyyyy - these kids have got good teeth, have they? And they *like to bite*?’

‘No. I mean they go on and on about how good Mrs Wilson was, until they drive the poor teacher wild. It’s your turn to suffer. You start tomorrow.’

‘That’s Galactic!’ said Alicroc. ‘Hyperspace! But tell me, Headteacher: what do I *do* with all these children?’

The Headteacher took a big bite of chicken wing.

‘Mr Alicroc,’ he said, ‘you gotta remember some-

thing: children are like chickens.'

'I see... you mean, they're *finger lickin' good*?'

The Headteacher stared at Alicroc, and a chunk of crispy batter fell into his lap.

'No, Mr Alicroc. I mean they don't know anything. Not *ANYTHING*! They're as stupid as chickens! So you've gotta explain things to them. Show them... um... Things. Tell them Things. Whatever.'

He added, 'Now get out of my office, green boy. I got some serious eatin' to do.'

So for the next week Alicroc the Alien told the children "Things". He didn't know anything about the Earth so he told them about his own planet instead.

For instance, he told them the world was shaped like a big doughnut with a hole in the middle. 'Kids!' he said, 'You gotta watch out for that hole when you go swimming! Know what I mean?'

And he told them that in the oceans there lived a kind of underwater donkey which ran around on the surface of the ocean, but upside down, with its little hooves just poking up out of the water.

They believed him. And of course they told all this to their parents at home. And their parents sent them to bed early for making up stories...

The kids all loved Mr Alicroc. But they were always pestering him about Mrs Wilson. One day a boy put his hand up and said,

'Mr Alley-cwoc, when our old teacher was here, Mrs Will-son, before she had - ' (he whispered) '- *her accident*, she let us do Painting.'

'Yeah,' shouted another. 'We did finger-painting!'  
'We put our fingers in paint -'  
'An' we wiggled them -'  
'Wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle...'  
'And made pwetty patterns -'  
'Wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle...'  
'On little bits of paper, it was fun!'  
'But it didn't taste nice...'  
'Why don't *you* do fun things, Mr Alley-cwoc?'  
'Wiggle wiggle -'  
'KIDS!' cried Alicroc. 'Kids, you just leave it to old Alicroc. I'll do something even *better!*'



So that night he went to the shops with his Inter Galactic Credit Card and bought:

- 🖐 Four bathtubs
- 🖐 Ten enormous rolls of paper bigger than you are
- 🖐 Bucketfuls of red, yellow, blue and black paint

And when the children came in the next morning, there were great long strips of paper laid out on the floor, and each bathtub was filled with a different colour paint.

And Alicroc said, 'Okay, kids! Mrs Wilson let you do finger painting. But *I'm* gonna let you do:

***BODY PAINTING!***

The children all cheered.

'What you do, kids, is jump into one of the bathtubs full of paint - you can keep your clothes on or take 'em off, whichever you like. And when you've got yourselves all covered in paint, you roll on the paper and sort of squidge it all about and make a

good pattern. Then you try a different bathtub, and another, and so on...'



The parents weren't pleased when their children came home covered in paint. But they WERE

pleased a few weeks later, when Alicroc entered the paintings in a competition, and WON.

However, the Headteacher wasn't pleased at all. He called Alicroc to his office and said, while gnawing on a chicken bone:

'Mr Alicroc, you're still green and I still don't like you. And you're setting a bad example to the children.'

He shook the bone at Alicroc and said, 'You gotta remember that children are like chickens. They have to be kept in their places!'

'I see... you mean we have to put them in cages?'

The Headteacher dropped his chicken bone. 'No, Mr Alicroc. I mean you can't just let them do whatever they want to do. That's like asking a chicken to do a handstand. You *know* it's gonna go wrong.'

Things went smoothly for a while, and Alicroc managed to teach them some Useful Facts from his own world, such as:



↑ Green water runs uphill

↓ Blue water runs downhill

💣\* Red water can explode for no reason at all

'Kids – let me tell you: never drink red water. And don't drink green water unless you're standing on your head!'

But one day, one of the children said:

'Mr Alley-cwoc, when our old teacher was here, Mrs Will-son, *before that BAD THING happened to her*, she let us do Moosic.'

'Yeah,' said another. 'We made music noises!'

'We got things to shake and -'

'Shake shake shake shake ...'

'And things to jingle -'

'Jingle jingle jingle...'

'And things to hit, it was fun!'

'Hit hit hit -'

'No, that was when she let us do fightings...'

'Why don't *you* do fun things, Mr Alley-cwoc?'

'Hit hit hit jingle shake shake -'

'KIDS!' cried Alicroc. 'Kids, old Alicroc'll do something even *better*! Trust me!'

So that night he went to the shops with his Inter Galactic Credit Card and bought:

♪ Ten saxophones, one for each child

🕒 Ten alarm clocks

And when the children came in the next morning, he said, 'Kids, Mrs Wilson let you play about with horrible bits of metal and wood. But old Alicroc is

gonna teach you how to play... the saxophone!

'Hooray! Hooray!'

So he spent all day teaching them how to play the saxophone. And when they were getting ready to go home, he said,

'Kids! You were great today. You were *astronomical!* But the only way to learn the saxophone properly is this: you gotta hide your saxophones in your bedrooms. Then you set your little alarm clocks to go off at exactly 3 o'clock in the morning. That's when you get up and - this is the important bit - LOCK YOUR DOORS!'

'Then you do exactly one hour of saxophone practice. Kids, if your parents knock on your door, you gotta ignore 'em. If they shout at you, you gotta play *even louder*. This is MUSIC. It's IMPORTANT!'

The parents weren't very pleased with being woken up at 3 o'clock every morning by the sound of a saxophone squawking. But they *were* pleased a month later, when the children were entered in a music competition, and WON.

.....There's much more to this story, and it gets crazier with every page until at last Alicroc has to escape in his sleek black Alienmobile, and the mystery about Mrs Wilson is finally revealed...

**The stories in Wicked Tales are listed on the next pages**

Ed Wicke  
**Wicked Tales**  
(a taster)

**Alicroc the Alien**

An alien with green, crackly skin and 272 fine white teeth becomes a nursery school teacher. Hypergalactic chaos follows.



**The Thunder troll**

When your lightning bolts won't work, the Thunder troll Fairy might be able to help you. If you get him a big box of chocolates, that is...



**The Princess and the Golden Ball**



You might want to think twice before trying to fool an enchanted prince disguised as a frog.

**Snow White and  
the Seven Easter Bunnies**

"Drop that Easter Egg! And back away from it reaaaaaal slow..."



## The Fairy and the Horse

You'll believe a horse can fly. But not dance.



## Mouldysocks and the Three Humans



We bears don't like hoomun fairy tales an' has our own versions. Dis one is about a cool bear who eats all duh porridge... an' duh honey... an' duh sugar. Of course.

## The Boy and the Trolls

NEVER run away from home. If you do, this is what will happen.



## The Pink Pig



If a furry grey creature with beautiful yellow eyes, perfect manners and sharp teeth invites you to dinner, you really ought to go, right?

## The Gorilla

It's a real jungle out there. A little gorilla would have to be ultra-cool just to survive the journey to school.

