



Vasudha Sahgal





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Printed and Bound in New Delhi, India.  
First Printing 2018

Published by  
Firefox Bikes Pvt Ltd

HMC Group  
2A -1001, 10th Floor  
Two Horizon Centre, Sector 43, DLF Phase 5, Gurugram

[www.firefoxbikes.com](http://www.firefoxbikes.com)



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Illustrations by Ujan Dutta



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# 1

## THE THREE BEST FRIENDS

In the fascinating city of Tilly, lived three best friends—Zubin, Sophia and Mahir. They were normal 8-year-olds who did everything that normal 8-year-olds do. This entailed going to school, spending time at the playground, getting up to naughty pranks now and then and riding their bikes.

The city of Tilly is fascinating because it is one of the oldest cities in India. India, with a long history of invaders and inhabitants from different cultures, is a land that is mystical and charming in its own way. In India, lots of people, different in their ways of living and dressing and talking and eating, coexist happily. They are collectively and proudly known as Indians.

So, why is the story of three ordinary 8-year-olds, who belonged to a fascinating city and a charming country, important? It is because of what happened one special day that completely changed their ordinary lives. It would also change Tilly, India and probably the entire planet in the days and years ahead!



That special day was a week ago. But first, let's get to know these three best friends better. Zubin, Sophia and Mahir met for the first time on a warm, sunny day in kindergarten when they were five years old. During recess, each of them sat with their lunch boxes, not quite concentrating on eating but fully immersed in their favourite picture book.

"Is that about the Little Red Riding Hood?" asked the red-haired Mahir.

Sophia put the book down. "It is! And what have you got there?"

"Well, this is the story of Hansel and Gretel!" replied Mahir. "You must read it. There is a cottage made of pancakes and gingerbread! I won't tell you more."

By this time, Zubin, a bespectacled boy with freckles who sat close by, was paying close attention to their conversation. His book had a young girl with golden hair and three bears on the cover.

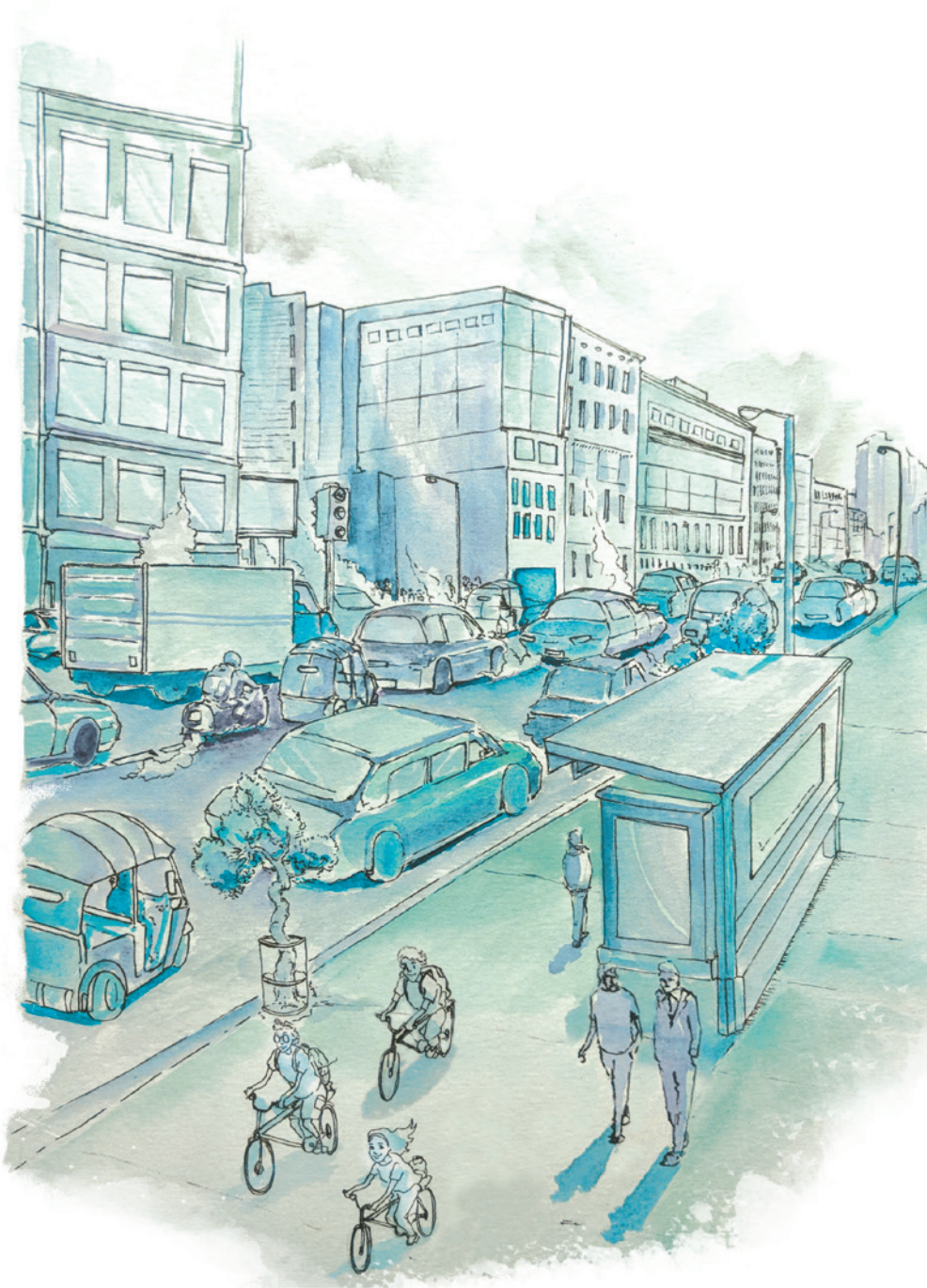
"Which picture book have you got there?" Sophia asked Zubin. She was a kind girl with large kind eyes and a big smile.

"Well, it's another fairytale!" replied Zubin.

And this is how Zubin, Sophia and Mahir became best friends.

When they turned 6, each of them got a shiny new bicycle





on their birthday. They even learnt how to ride them together. It was the most exhilarating feeling—riding their bikes up and down the paths and on small hills in Tilly. Riding their bikes became their favourite pastime. Zubin, Sophia and Mahir were always looking to stumble into some sort of adventure while biking.

Whenever their bicycles needed repair, which was mostly just a flat tyre, they headed to Uncle Billu for help. Uncle Billu sold bicycles and also repaired them. He was a jovial old man who lived alone in a red-brick house. The house was perched on top of his cycle store. It looked like a warm red nest. He had no wife or children and he lived alone in that cosy, red nest.

He was a short man with red cheeks and a big bald patch in the middle of his large head. Thin, shimmery silver hair lay neatly on either side of that bald patch. Uncle Billu was always in a good mood. His large eyes always twinkled as if he knew a secret or two, which he told no one.

Since he had no family, he looked forward to meeting Z, S and M and treated them like his own kids. (In this story, we will sometimes refer to Zubin, Sophia and Mahir as Z, S and M for short.)

Whenever Z, S and M wanted to escape from the routine of regular 8-year-olds, they would bicycle to Uncle Billu's shop to hear his extraordinary stories. Uncle Billu had exciting tales from far and wide. In his stories, monsters lurked in dustbins and pixie fairies appeared out of green powder! Then there was a boy who could will rainfall and ride on



rainbows! Whilst hearing these stories, Zubin, Sophia and Mahir always felt that, at any time, a wretched witch or the Rainbow Boy may barge out from one of the secret doors in Uncle Billu's shop.

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir also loved to spend time in the forest. The forest was at the far end of the city. They were friends with Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey and Georgy the Giraffe, who lived in the dense forest. This forest was separated from the rest of Tilly by a river. You could cross the river by a boat or, if you were adventurous enough, you could even swim. But the waters were deep and the unfriendly weeds that grew there were known to swallow those who risked swimming.

A safer way to go around the river was by a car or a bicycle. The sound of the car engines always disturbed the waddling ducks in the river. So, Zubin, Sophia and Mahir usually headed there on their bicycles. Since it took them a few hours of cycling to get to the forest and they couldn't spare enough time on any other day of the week, they went there only on Sundays.

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir could talk to their animal friends in the forest. They knew this was quite unique. They didn't know any other human that possessed such an ability.

So, you see, even though they came across as 'pretty normal', they did possess a special ability. They had told no one about this special gift. Not even their families. It was their little secret. They were afraid people wouldn't understand it, maybe even think of them as 'freaks'. So, they never told



anyone, except Uncle Billu.

"Maybe every child is special in their own way," Uncle Billu had once told them, his eyes twinkling like two bright stars. "All they have to do is just look for their 'specialness'!"

And just like that, this little secret about their special ability to talk to animals brought Zubin, Sophia, Mahir and Uncle Billu even closer to each other.

Apart from bicycling, Zubin was fond of math games like Sudoku. Sophia loved word puzzles and games like Scrabble. As for Mahir, experiments in the science lab at school got him really excited. As they grew older, all three of them shared a passion for reading superhero comics just like they liked fairy tales when they were younger.

The three best friends spent many hours in the forest reading out stories to Georgy the Giraffe, Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey and their other friends—Peanut the Pig, Okapi (Georgy's cousin) and Flames the Flamingo. We will hear more about their animal friends later.

First, let's get back to what happened a week ago. Because what happened a week ago changed everything. Life for them, would never be the same again.

Last Wednesday, Z, S and M made their way to Uncle Billu's store after school. "School was such a bore today and his stories are so nice!" said Zubin, riding his bicycle. By his side, riding their own bicycles, were Sophia and Mahir. "I can't wait to hear what he tells us today," replied Sophia.



But, alas, when they reached Uncle Billu's shop, they found that it was locked. This seemed odd. The shop was never locked. Even Uncle Billu's house above the store had a big lock on the door. Z, S and M were very disappointed to see this.

Mahir decided to do something. He always acted first and thought later. He spotted a big brick on the side of the building. He immediately got off his bike, picked up the brick and began striking at the lock. Zubin and Sophia didn't bother stopping him. They knew their friend was stubborn, impatient and always determined. Mahir struck the brick harder and harder, again and again, until the lock fell off. Sophia unlatched the door and the trio tiptoed in.

They were familiar with this dimly lit, large room. Colourful cycles were neatly parked on one side. On the other end of the room sat Uncle Billu's rocking chair. Usually, it was occupied with Uncle Billu either in deep sleep or reading one of his books. Today, the rocking chair was steady and empty. The rest of the shop was quite stark. A wooden table and chair were perched in one corner. This was where Uncle Billu did his accounts.

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir had spent many evenings in this room and were very familiar with its ordinary surroundings. There was a silver door to the far end of one side. That was the door that fascinated them the most. They weren't familiar with what lay beyond that door. It was the door towards which Uncle Billu pointed every time he narrated his story about a Grumbling Goblin, a Wonderful Wizard or a Wretched Witch.



All they knew was that this silver door led up to Uncle Billu's house. But the kids had never been invited into the house. Many times, the three of them had discussed the many possibilities of what could be inside. Maybe the Grumbling Goblin and Wonderful Wizard and Wretched Witch were hiding under Uncle Billu's bed or maybe in his cupboard?

Oh, they were so curious! Whenever they asked Uncle Billu if they could go inside, he merely widened his smile showing all of his yellow teeth and said secretively, "Someday, kids, I will take you in. But first, listen to another story!"

Today, there was no one to stop them from trying their luck in finding out what lay ahead of the silver door. Zubin walked towards it and pushed it gently. Voila! It opened very easily. There was a glittering golden staircase leading up to the house. It seemed so inviting. The kids felt drawn to the staircase. Before they knew it, they were running up the stairs! And that's when they found it—the marvellous treasure! That's when their lives changed forever.







## 2

THE MARVELLOUS  
TREASURE

What they saw next made their eyes widen with awe and their mouths hang open. They stood transfixed, unable to close their mouths. In front of them, in a room with stark white walls, stood the most marvellous-looking bicycles! They were more beautiful than anything they had ever seen before. The bicycles' steel bodies were sparkling. One was ink blue like a midnight sky. The other was scarlet like a sunset. And the third was bright yellow like a daffodil flower. They had seen many bicycles in Uncle Billu's shop, but none as striking as these. All three bicycles glittered like treasure.

Each cycle was tagged with one of their names. The ink blue had Zubin's name on it under which it said 'ZUNAMI'. Sophia's name was on the bright yellow bike which said 'STORMYUM'. The scarlet one with Mahir's name had 'METEORIDER' written under it.

The kids exchanged looks. Who had left these lovely rides for them here? Were these a surprise from Uncle Billu? What were these OTHER names under their real ones? It was all so fascinatingly fun!



Before they knew it, they leapt onto the bikes which bore their names. Just when they jumped on their new-found, as-amazing-as-treasure bikes, something bizarre happened. Outside, the skies struck with roaring thunder and powerful lightning like never before. And inside, Zubin, Sophia and Mahir didn't look like themselves anymore!

They became taller. They had longer hair. Their eye colours changed from brown to blue. They had a glint in their blue eyes and their eyebrows had an upward slant, just like a lightning bolt! Their ears were larger and perked up like a fox's or pixie's ears. Their normal clothes were replaced with bodysuits, matching their bikes. The bodysuits had cool outer accessories like knee pads, shoulder armour and gold belts. They felt stronger, more powerful and also enlightened. Zubin, Sophia and Mahir looked at each other in disbelief.

"Your hair is standing up like orange flames!" exclaimed Sophia, pointing at Mahir.

"And yours have grown into long blonde tresses!" yelled Mahir back at her. "In fact, I don't recognize you at all!"

"We look so awesome! But we look nothing like ourselves. We look like some sort of superheroes! What is going on?" called out Zubin, pointing to their reflections in a floor-length mirror that was placed against the wall. His hair was an incredible blue.

The kids were just about recovering from the shock of their changed features, clothes and this strong superhero feeling



when they heard a loud voice. It came from above their heads. "Do not be scared, kids. You are the chosen ones. From today, Zubin, you are also Zunami—the one with the power of waves."

The voice was powerful, but kind.

"Who am I?" asked Sophia impatiently to the unknown voice from above. "Sophia, you are Stormyum. You have the amazing power of making cyclones and twisters with your bike."

"Wow! I always loved acrobats!" squealed Sophia excitedly, making a circle in the sky with her newly acquired power. She jumped, almost reaching the high ceiling, on her yellow bike! It was as if her new bicycle had invisible springs. So wonderful! She landed back on the floor as smoothly as she had bounced up on her bike. "Did I ... I ... did I just do THAT!?" she asked aloud.

"Yes, you did!" screamed Mahir.

"And it was awesome!" yelled Zubin. They were so excited to see her new incredible power in action for the first time.

The voice from above continued, "Last, but far from the least, Mahir, you are Meteorider. You have the power of spouting out fire. You will also possess dazzling speed." Mahir pressed down his super bike's handlebars. Orange flames shot out from the spikes on the wheels of his bike.

"Well, you can also do that with your fingertips," explained



the unknown voice, as though it had seen Mahir, now Meteorider, perform this magnificent magic. “From today, you are not just mere mortals,” the voice continued. “You are PLANET FOXERS. And you have been chosen to protect the planet from all evil.”

It took Zubin, Sophia and Mahir a minute to register what they had heard. They were going to be Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider—superheroes with amazing powers! Was this a dream? No, it was all really happening! They looked at each other and as if reading each other’s minds, shouted in unison, “Yes we are and yes we shall!”

Only Zubin hadn’t tested his Zunami powers yet. There wasn’t a water body in sight so, he would have to wait. Yet he, too, felt special like a superhero.

“But, who are you?” asked Zubin/Zunami gently. Zubin had always been the more curious one of all three. He had a habit to think ahead and had the sharpest mind.

“I am the Sky Angel,” replied the voice from above. “You can’t see me, but I exist. Your city of Tilly needs you to defend it from the evils that loom large.”

It was true that they couldn’t see the Sky Angel. But the voice from above was so sincere and mesmerising that somehow, they completely believed it.

And this is how Zubin became Zunami, the conqueror of waves; Mahir became Meteorider, possessing the power of fire and dazzling speed; and Sophia became Stormyum,



the one with the wind and acrobatic power. This is how our three favourite friends’ normal lives changed to be extraordinary!

But how were they to use these powers? It was fairly simple. When they got on their bikes, they were automatically transformed from Zubin, Sophia and Mahir to Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider. Even when they were just around the bikes and not actually on them, they could choose to be Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider. All they had to do was close their eyes for a few seconds and concentrate. The Sky Angel explained all this to them in a letter left in a basket near the bikes.

This was the best day of their lives. They had found magical bicycles and they could transform into superheroes! Can you begin to imagine how exciting and astonishing all this was for Zubin, Sophia and Mahir? It seemed like a brilliant dream.





## 3

## LET THE MAGIC BEGIN

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir decided to call each other only by their new names when they transformed into their superhero avatars. From then on, when they were on their super bikes, they were Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider. This was to maintain secrecy. So, just so it isn't very confusing, we will mostly call them by their new 'superhero' names ahead in the story. And, sometimes just as Z, S and M (their old nicknames) for short.

As they left Uncle Billu's house (and yes, by now they had totally forgotten to look for their favourite uncle), they felt excited but also nervous in their new superhero avatars. They made their way down a housing colony laughing and full of energy. Neat brown houses with colourful flowerbeds lined either side of the road. But if you looked closely, all the flowers in the flowerbeds were wilted. There was a black, smokey haze in the sky which was following our superheroes. The black haze was the Smoggy Monster and it was looking at Z, S and M wickedly. It had no shape and was a fluid being with evil black eyes and ugly grey arms. It drifted from one shape to the next, like a shadow, floating in the air in an eerie manner.



Our Planet Foxers hadn't noticed the Smoggy Monster yet. But it was following them and listening to their every word.

"Are we reallyyyy Planet Foxers now!?" Mahir asked his two other pals, examining his new orange nails. It was amazing how, when he got his superpowers and became Meteorider, even the colour of his nails became different! He lifted one hand from the bicycle handle and pointed his fingers upwards. They let out a large red flame of fire!

"Wow," yelled Stormyum and Zunami in unison. "I ... I can't believe I just did that," exclaimed Meteorider, his body shaking, his eyes transfixed at the orange flames shooting through the air which evaporated in a few seconds. "What should we do next?" asked Sophia/Stormyum excitedly. She was dying to jump up high in the sky again but, if someone were to see her, they would wonder who she was and how she could jump so high!

"I think we should go test our new powers by the river," suggested Zunami. "We can ask Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey and Georgy the Giraffe their suggestions on how to use these powers to save our city!"

"Great idea!" agreed Stormyum. "But first, let's trick them for fun. They won't know it's us—Zubin, Sophia and Mahir. We will first show off our super skills, see their reactions and then tell them later!" They knew they could trust their animal friends with their secret. Maddox and Georgy could keep a secret better than any human being they knew.

"Yes, you are both right. And Zubin ... I mean Zunami, you



are still to try your powers!" said M, speeding slightly ahead of the others. "We must practice our powers a bit before we use them anywhere."

"That's right," replied Z. "After all, it's not only how we use our powers, but also how we control them that is important."

While they decided what to do next, Z, S and M zoomed full speed on their magical bikes. These bikes were swift and agile, unlike anything they had ridden before. They turned a bend and arrived outside M's house. From a large, open window, they peeked in. The living room in the house was visible. The lights and TV were on and M's mom was watching the news. The word 'EMER-GEN-CY' was spread across the TV channel. They knew it meant something serious.

In the TV, a young lady reported in a stern voice. "Our city of Tilly is facing a big crisis. A black smog has engulfed our skies. It is threatening the entire city. We are all at a risk of being extremely sick. Everyone is advised to stay inside." The lady from the TV went on, "Schools and parks will remain shut. Nobody should go outdoors. It is too risky for everyone's health."

M's mom changed the TV channel. Another reporter, a 50-something-looking man with a white beard, spoke. "There is an Air APO-CA-LYPSE. Our city has been taken hostage by air pollution. It is getting difficult to breathe because the air has become extremely dirty." The man in the TV looked grim. He explained further, "Smog is



something that is made entirely of harmful smoke and other atmospheric pollutants ...”

“What is an Air APOCA-!?” enquired S to the others.

Z and M shook their heads. They couldn’t understand. Suddenly, they heard a loud, menacing snigger. It was coming from the skies. It was very different from the earlier voice of the Sky Angel. The Sky Angel’s voice had been kind. This voice was evil and shrill. It was of the Smoggy Monster who had been following them. It was the same monster that they had heard about on TV, causing this AIR APOCALYPSE!



## MEETING THE MONSTER

“I am the Smoggy Monster!” announced the black smog descending downwards, now in full view of Z, S and M. “And I am going to destroy your city of Tilly.”

The Planet Foxers looked at the grey being. They felt really sick around it. That’s because the Smoggy Monster’s entire body was made up of toxic gases which were very bad for health.

“We are the Planet Foxers,” announced Zunami.

“We are not afraid. We won’t let you destroy Tilly,” added Stormyum.

The monster let out an evil snigger once again. “But it has already happened, you silly kids! Don’t you see how strong I am?” The Smoggy Monster raised its grey arms. Its long, ugly fingers touched Meteorider’s face, who let out a large sneeze. “I have already caused the worst Air Pollution in the history of the world!”

Now it came very close to the kids. Stormyum started





coughing up a storm. She felt very, very uneasy. “What have you done to our friend!?” asked Meteorider angrily. “Tell us, where have you come from?”

“Everyone in this city of Tilly is going to face the same fate,” said the Smoggy Monster proudly, pointing its ugly, pointy fingers into Stormyum’s face. It further explained, its evil tone intact, “An APOCALYPSE means complete and final destruction. And you, all of you humans in this city, are responsible for this.”

“We don’t believe you!” said Zunami. “Show us how you have been able to take over our blue skies. And why is everyone finding it hard to breathe?”

“This is just the beginning,” snarled the Smoggy Monster. “Your entire blue sky will be filled with many Smoggy Monsters like me. No bird will soar in the skies. No child will play outside. The flowers in the flower beds will remain wilted and sad.”

Z, S and M were growing anxious. Because of their superpowers, which had made them stronger than the others, they were able to be outdoors and face this evil, unhealthy creature. Their body armour gave them strength and resistance. But they couldn’t see anyone else outside.

This was all very serious, after all. How long would people remain inside? And when they did come out, how would they breathe? The Sky Angel had made them Planet Foxers to protect Tilly ‘from the evils that loomed large’. The Smoggy Monster definitely seemed awfully evil and awfully



threatening. Zubin/Zunami's phone started buzzing. "It's a message from Georgy and Maddox," he said anxiously. "They are saying that some strange men have arrived in the forest to cut down their trees!" screamed Zunami. "They are asking us for help!"

The Smoggy Monster sniggered again. Meteorider was so furious that he let out red-hot orange flames towards it. But nothing happened to the Smoggy Monster. In fact, it just started sniggering louder and louder. Stormyum coughed even more.

"What did I tell you? It is your human kind which will finally destroy Tilly. And it is your kind of beings that make us, the Smoggy Monsters, stronger! It is too late to rescue anyone. Once the forests are cleared, there will be no trees to clean the air. I will be so big and powerful that no one will be able to breathe," declared the Smoggy Monster proudly. Its eerie, black face had a mean look. Its mouth broke into menacing grimaces time and again.

Zunami was in deep thought. This monster kept boasting that it was the humans who had made him stronger. So, they first needed to stop the humans from doing things that were adding to the strength of the smog. Zunami hatched a plan to do just that. He knew this monster was cunning and clever. He decided to play a game.

"Okay, Smoggy Monster. If you are so confident that we, humans, are responsible for creating you and this mess, take us around and show us how. If you are right, we will accept our fate."



Meteorider nudged Zunami hard. "What's wrong with you?" he whispered sternly into his friend's foxy ears. "Why on earth are you trusting this pollution monster to do this for us?"

"Just trust me," Zunami replied. Stormyum knew that Z had a plan. She knew how Z always thought things through. She gestured a 'thumbs up' to him.

The Smoggy Monster looked at the trio suspiciously. But it wasn't very bright. It had no brain. After all, it was made up of fumes and harmful gases and all sorts of awful matter (like PM 2.5, PM 10). This awful matter came out of vehicles, factory exhausts and crop burnings, amongst other things. It made the air poisonous and gave birth to things like the Smoggy Monster.

The Smoggy Monster nodded its ugly head and started whizzing ahead of the kids. The kids zoomed on their bikes behind it in full speed. In a few minutes, they turned a bend onto a main road.

"Why have you brought us here?!" asked Stormyum. They had entered a very busy road which was crammed with vehicles.

"Watch closely," ordered the Smoggy Monster.

There were cars, two-wheelers, buses and trucks all jam-packed on a narrow road. A few drivers from these vehicles were honking furiously. Ugly fumes were coming out of the vehicles. As the fumes were coming out, they were joining





the Smoggy Monster's shapeless body and were making it even bigger! The big red trucks gave out the largest fumes. An ambulance's siren screeched for passage, but the road was choked with vehicles. The vehicles had no place to turn and give way to the desperate ambulance.

"Now do you see how these fumes make me stronger?" asked the Smoggy Monster smugly. It was so happy with itself. It had proved its point.

Z, S and M looked at each other in disbelief. Never had they noticed the awful pollution that was caused by certain vehicles before. There were just far too many cars and trucks on the road.

"Some of us take the bus to school and our parents take the metro sometimes," said Stormyum hopefully. "Doesn't that ease things?"

The Smoggy Monster chuckled again. M looked at it furiously. "Oh, child, before you lose your temper again," said the Smoggy Monster, returning M a look. "Let me take you to the next stop." Z, S and M located a zebra crossing and crossed the main road.

Passers-by noticed them and pointed towards them. Even though no one should have been out, the people of Tilly could not stop themselves from doing regular activities like going to the supermarket or to the doctor. Most of the people on the roads were wearing masks. Those who weren't wearing masks were coughing hysterically.

A man, who did not believe in magical things like

superheroes, saw the superkids darting on their bikes. He thought they were in costume for a school play. Little did he know that they were rescuing his city from the looming disaster.

Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider had been riding for a while now. Stormyum asked the two of them worriedly, "Shouldn't we go to Maddox and Georgy first?"

"I have already thought about it," said Zunami. "The Smoggy Monster is leading us on the same route which leads to the river. And I have a feeling what it is going to show us is also related to Georgy and Maddox's problems."

As they made their way to the other end of the city on their magical bikes while following a threatening new monster made up of smog, they couldn't stop thinking about their animal friends, the beautiful forest and what would happen if they didn't rescue them on time.





## 5

## FRIENDS IN THE FOREST

Meanwhile, at the far end of the lake, Georgy the Giraffe, Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey and their other animal friends were having a meeting.

Georgy's mother had named him George because she had always wanted to visit England. And, from George, it became Georgy with affection. Georgy was as tall as a small building. He had an enormously long neck, long legs and a gorgeous yellowish-brown body with square spots all over. He really was quite handsome and striking. When Zubin, Sophia and Mahir were younger, they would slide down Georgy's long neck for fun.

"Has Zubin replied?" asked Georgy pacing up and down. His long pink tongue hung out from one side of his mouth. That was a sign that he was nervous.

"Not yet," informed Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey. "But it's very strange. Zubin always answers my text messages as soon as he gets them." Maddox was swinging from the branches of a tree, plucking out ripe bananas. He was throwing them to the ground one minute and checking his



cell phone the other.

Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey was a multitasker in their circle. This meant that he could do many things at once. His one eye had never stopped him from his multitasking ability. In fact, it had only made him more determined to be an active and agile monkey. Maddox was born with two eyes. When he was a child, his sister Merlyn pelted a stone with a catapult which missed the fruit she was aiming for and hit Maddox's right eye. It was a terrible accident, one Merlyn felt very guilty for.

Maddox got himself an eye patch made of durable leaves. He never looked at his disability as a deterrent from doing the things that he loved, like swinging from the branches and getting up to mischief. He thought the eye patch gave him a cool pirate look.

Georgy and Maddox's other friends were Flames the Flamingo, Peanut the Pig and Okapi, Georgy's cousin.

Flames the Flamingo visited the others only a few months in the year. She was American and flew in all the way from America. She was proud of her pretty pink feathers, strong beak and was overall very aware of her good looks. She told Maddox, Georgy, Okapi and Peanut interesting stories about her American country. Peanut the Pig—you guessed it—loved eating peanuts!

Today, Flames was sitting by the river. She looked distressed. "Oh, my my!" she drawled in her American accent, looking at her reflection in the waters of the river. "Soon they will



cut down the trees and set up factories. Then the dirty waste from the factories will pollute the waters of the river!" She hid her face with a dramatic WHOOSH of her feathers. "Will this be my last visit to come meet you all? Oh no no no nooooo!"

Okapi stood close by. "We overheard the uniformed men talking yesterday," he said in a serious tone. "They said that they will begin cutting the trees tomorrow." Okapi always knew everything. Rumours far and wide in the city of Tilly never missed his propped up ears.

Other animals in the city made fun of him because he looked like many animals in one. His buttocks and legs had black and white stripes like a zebra. His back and chest were a reddish brown colour like a horse's. And his long neck and large, propped ears were like a giraffe's.

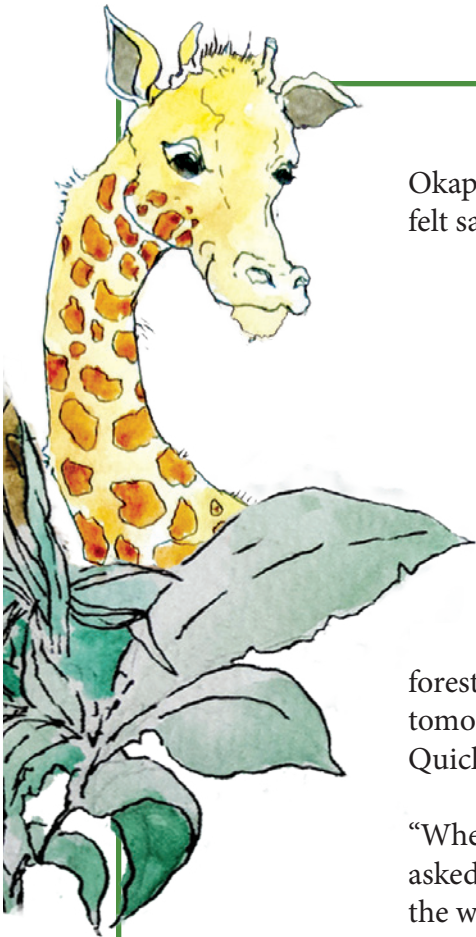
Georgy the Giraffe was very protective of his cousin Okapi.

"What a weirdo!"

"My my, what a weird cross between so many!"

These were some of the mean things Okapi would often hear from other animals. Georgy felt bad for him. A few years ago, when Okapi's parents had died and Georgy's mother had also passed (he never knew his father), Georgy and Okapi became inseparable. In this tight group, Okapi was respected for his know-it-all ways.





Okapi often broke into a song whenever he felt sad.

“All the other animals mock me,  
But I have skills they don’t have,  
I can see what they can’t see.  
I know all that is to happen in Tilly;  
Long before it happens, I can predict.  
And that is my very special gift!”

“Oh my, good lord,” cried Georgy  
the Giraffe stooping his long neck.

“The evil woodcutters rest inside the  
forest. What if they start cutting the trees  
tomorrow? Oh heavens, we need a plan.  
Quick!”

“Where will you all go if that happens?”  
asked Flames the Flamingo still staring into  
the waters. “Maybe I can try taking you all  
to America with me!”

Maddox was still swinging from the branches and  
scratching his head. “I suggest we all stack up on food,” he  
squealed munching on a banana. Okapi was looking around  
at the sky above. “I can sense,” he said in an ominous tone,  
“that even the humans are in danger. A dark greyish haze  
looms large. It is called the Smoggy Monster and is a threat  
to all living beings.”

The animals looked at each other in disbelief. So much evil  
had befallen on their wonderful city of Tilly. Who would



save them all now? Peanut the Pig was the only one who  
was missing. She had gone to visit her aunt for a month.  
Her aunt lived on a farm in a nearby city. When Peanut  
heard the dastardly news from Maddox over the phone, she  
quickly packed up her bags and told her aunt:

“Oink, oink, Aunty, I must leave.  
For all my friends in Tilly are in a great bit of peeve!  
Evil men wish to clear our forest;  
There’s also news of some grey, horrible mist.  
I need to be there with Maddox, Georgy, Flames and Okapi.  
We will fight for every bird and tree.  
For all of them—they are family to me!”





## 6

## EVIL MEN

It had been a while since Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider had been riding on their magical bikes. The Smoggy Monster was still moving swiftly ahead of them. Time and again it would turn its ugly head and snigger at Z, S and M.

Z, S and M were very concerned. Where was it taking them and what was going to happen to their city if the Smoggy Monster didn't go away? Surely people couldn't be in their homes forever. Even Stormyum, with her superpowers and armour, had been coughing away in the Smoggy Monster's presence. Not only did the Smoggy Monster look icky, it also threatened to make everyone unwell. What could be more horrid!

Although these evils loomed large, the three kids on their new magical bikes felt hopeful and strong. They hadn't felt like this on any other bike or on the bus or a car or even in a plane! The feeling couldn't be described in words. They felt that they could outsmart the Smoggy Monster. So, they kept riding behind him.



After another 20 minutes, they came across a dilapidated house in the middle of a field. The Smoggy Monster stopped before the entrance of the house. The brick exterior had cobwebs around it and there were three floor-length windows on one side. The house had a heavy-looking wooden door at its entrance which was closed. There were no other buildings or houses around.

The Smoggy Monster gestured for Z, S and M to come near the windows. They slowly made their way on their bikes, trying to be as quiet as possible. The windows were open and, as they went closer, they could hear voices from inside. They peered in through the windows and tried to be careful not to be seen.

In the far end of the house, three middle-aged men sat around a long table. They were dressed in identical black suits. One of them spoke in a hoarse, commanding voice. "I want the forests cleared by the end of the week, Daggers!" he barked, pointing to one of the others. "You are in charge. I want no trouble." The man called Daggers nodded. Daggers had a menacing stare, crooked mouth and was big-built.

The third man, a short, rotund fellow, stood up. He shoved some papers in front of the first man who had spoken. "Boss, please sign these papers," he requested him. "Then everything will go off smoothly. These papers are proof of your authority and a nod to clear the forests. Then we can build factories where the trees once stood." The Boss laughed. He was a short fellow with wobbly arms, big pink cheeks and very thick, black eyebrows.



A large feast lay on the table in front of the three men. There were strawberries and peaches, bread in white and brown colour, green leafy vegetables and a large, golden roast chicken which sat in between. Crystal glasses and plates decorated the table. The Boss suddenly burst out singing:

"I am the Boss of a political party,  
Since I rule, I can do as I please.  
The foolish people of Tilly gave me their vote,  
Now they will suffer, while we sit and gloat.  
Oh, look! Our chicken has come to a roast!  
Let us eat! There's wine! Oh, let us toast!  
When we cut the trees,  
The land will be free, to make our factories,  
And then we shall be rich, us three!"

The Boss danced while singing. His thick eyebrows were bobbing up and down, his wobbly arms moved up in the air, like they were screwing a light bulb.

Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider looked at each other baffled. This was what the Sky Angel was talking about! So many villains loomed large in Tilly. Crooked, cunning men were plotting acts to destroy their city's environment.

The Smoggy Monster looked smugly at the three superhero kids. "What did I tell you!?" he said boastfully. "It is your kind making me stronger! The smoke and pollution from these factories will make me even stronger and larger!" The Smoggy Monster let out its sniggering laugh again. "Once there are no trees to keep the air clean, there will be more smog like me. Bwahahahah!"



Inside, the men were still chattering. The man called Daggers told his boss:

“When the forests are cleared,  
We will round up the animal herd.  
We will sell them in the illegal market,  
And that will be their sad fate!”

Hearing these mens’ chants made the Smoggy Monster very pleased. It got into such a fit of evil laughter that it started rising upwards into the sky, rolling from one cloud into the next. The poor clouds hated the Smoggy Monster. But they had no choice. They had become too weak to fight it. The Smoggy Monster was in such hysterics that it did not even notice Z, S and M barging into the house on their magical bikes.



## THE PLANET FOXERS STRIKE!

When Z, S and M barged into the meeting of these black-suited men, they didn’t just make any entrance. They made a spectacular one.

Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider biked towards the entrance and parked themselves in front of the wooden door. Meteorider gripped the handlebars of his magical bike tightly and shut his eyes. Large orange flames shot out from his bike’s handlebars towards the door. In a matter of minutes, the wooden door was up in flames, burning quickly to ashes into the ground.

As the wooden door was burning to a crisp, Zunami splashed water from a nearby pond to make sure the smoke wouldn’t pollute the air. Then they sped their bicycles into the house. The three men, who, minutes before, were stuffing their faces with food and singing songs, were up on their feet. They looked stunned.

“What do you think you are doing?” roared the Boss. But before anyone could say or do anything, Stormyum whizzed





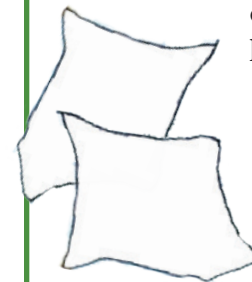
towards them on her dazzling yellow bike. Round and round she spun her bike, inching closer and closer to the three men. This caused a small cyclone in the room. The papers flew out of the rotund fellow's hands and got caught in the spiralling cyclone that Stormyum had created. Even the half-eaten roast chicken on the table flew up in the air.

Stormyum kicked one leg of the roast chicken. It went flying towards the Boss and hit his head. The Boss fell flat on the ground while saying loudly, "AAAAAAA! Go get them," he screamed.

"Aaarghhhhh," roared Daggers, his twisted mouth becoming more twisted. He ran towards the kids. Zunami let his fist up towards the spiralling papers which immediately lit up in red flames and then poof! Ashes!

"Go after them," ordered the rotund man. But Z, S and M were already outside, riding their magical bikes faster and faster and faster. The bikes were like planes—swift, smooth and fast.

Meanwhile, up in the sky, the Smoggy Monster, after laughing himself silly, had drifted into a deep sleep. It snored loudly in one of the clouds, much to the poor cloud's dismay. It had no idea what had just happened.







## RIDING THE WAVES ON ZUNAMI'S BICYCLE

There had been another urgent text from Maddox, the One-Eyed Monkey, on Zunami's phone. In it, Maddox mentioned how the forest was going to start getting cleared of trees from tomorrow. Z, S and M couldn't waste any time. If the forest was to get cleared the first thing tomorrow morning, they knew the woodcutters would be resting somewhere close. Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider were nearing the river.

The river, which usually had white swans and ducks, was empty. The jogging track had no joggers. The sea gulls, which usually would soar the blue skies, couldn't be seen. The sky, itself, like the rest of Tilly, was unusually grey and the sun hid behind it somewhere.

The forest, like I mentioned earlier, was on the other side of the river. They wouldn't get there on time by biking along. There were no boats also in sight. And there wasn't a second to waste. Zunami had a plan. If they could cross the river using the powers he possessed with his new bike, they would save time. "It's time I put my Zunami powers to test!"



he exclaimed. S and M nodded in delight. They had been waiting for this.

Zunami rode into the river on his magical ink blue bike. As the tyres of the bicycle touched the water, it was as if it had invisible fins! Zunami was zooming forward in the river at full speed. Suddenly, a gigantic wave formed in the river. Zunami, on his bicycle, rode the wave with such astonishing prowess!

“Wow!” cried S and M in unison. But that was not all. Zunami zoomed back on his bicycle, towards the riverbank, where Stormyum and Meteorider were. S mounted herself on one of Zunami’s bike’s handlebars and M mounted himself on the other.

And that’s how our three super heroes sped across to the other side—a bicycle, carrying two other bicycles and humans in the middle of the river! Imagine how fascinated the fish were watching this. “Is that some sort of a grand sea creature?” asked one fish to the other. “It looks like a spectacular bicycle dance!” remarked the other fish.

Zunami’s powers were nothing short of a spectacle. The way Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider made their way to save their friends in the forest, was a remarkable feat. Z, S and M also could not quite come to terms with it, in all of it’s remarkability.



# 9

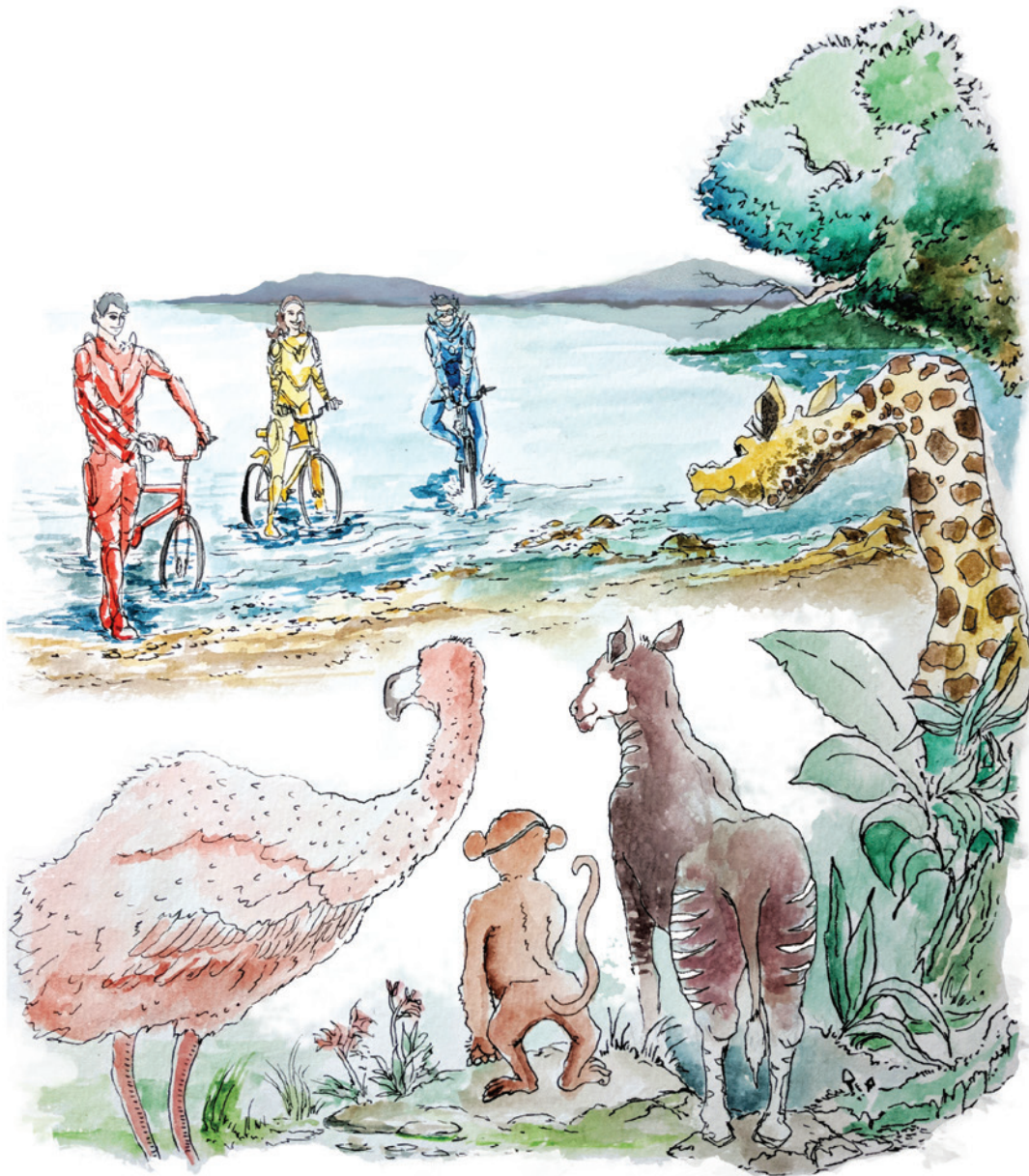
## HEROES TO THE RESCUE

Georgy the Giraffe, Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey, Flames the Flamingo and Okapi were still solemnly figuring out their options when they heard a huge splash in the water. “My my. Who just wet my pretty face?” asked Flamingo irritably. “Whomsoever that is has just ruined the new style I was trying,” she said fluttering her long eyelashes and pretty pink feathers together. “I saw it in a fashion magazine this morn ...”

“Look at that, will you!” interrupted Georgy, straining his long neck towards the other side of the riverbanks. Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider had emerged out of the waters and were bicycling towards the animals in the same human pyramid that they rode the river in.

Georgy and Maddox had no inkling that these strange but





exquisite-looking humans were their friends. How could they? The superhero suits and the new features completely disguised them.

“Who are these creatures?” asked Maddox. “They look like some sort of superheroes!” exclaimed Okapi, his ears propped up. “Like the ones we read about in comics!”

It was Zunami who approached the group first. With his wonderful bicycle, he had ridden the waves beautifully and had carried them this far. It had left him feeling more excited than he had ever felt.

“Hello! Your friends—Zubin, Sophia and Mahir—have sent us here,” Zunami said gently. “They told us you are in trouble and we are now here to help you,” added Meteorider, picking up Z’s cue.

Z, S and M did not want to tell their animal friends just yet that they were, in fact, Zubin, Sophia and Mahir. After all, would the animals be able to believe it? They would think it’s a prank. So, they decided to leave the explanations to a later time and rescue them first.

Maddox squeaked with excitement. He leapt off the tree he was hanging from and landed on the back seat of Zunami’s bicycle. He then did a ‘Happy Monkey Dance’, clapping his hands loudly. Georgy the Giraffe bleated with happiness. He shook his long neck from side to side and gave a wide grin with all of his long yellow teeth visible. Flames the Flamingo outstretched her pink wings in salute and bent one bony leg as a show of gratitude.



“We greet you with our warmth,” said Okapi, shaking his striped buttocks. “Can we make our acquaintances?”

“There’s really no time for that,” interjected Meteorider, fastening his grip on his superbike. “Lead us to where the woodcutters rest.”

“Absolutely,” said Georgy the Giraffe. He plonked himself on Stormyum’s cycle and said, “What a cool bike you have!”

Stormyum gave her friend a warm smile. She really wanted to tell him that it was she, Sophia. But all she said was, “It is the greatest bike ever. You may ride it later.”

Georgy bleated.

“Wait, wait,” ran Okapi towards Meteorider. “You can’t leave me behind! I am the one who knows where the woodcutters’ secret resting spot is.” He, too, tried to plonk his fat buttocks on Meteorider’s back seat. He slid off the first two times, and the third time he tried, Meteorider had to say impatiently, “Just hold on to me tight, fat Okapi.”

And this is how Zunami and Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey, Stormyum and Georgy the Giraffe, Meteorider and the striped, big-buttocked Okapi made their way to save the forest and the city of Tilly.



# 10

## SAVIOURS OF THE GRAND FOREST

Ten woodcutters lay fast asleep in the middle of the forest. They were resting under one of the Peepal trees. There were thousands of these magnificent trees in the forest.

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir had heard many stories about the greatness of such a Peepal tree. It is believed that it is under a Peepal tree that Gods Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva discuss the fate of the Universe. Gautama Buddha also attained enlightenment under a Peepal tree. It is also believed that, on Saturdays, Lakshmi, the Goddess of Prosperity, resides in the canopy of such a tree. A Peepal tree is magnificently large with heart-shaped leaves that form a large canopy. The tree has long roots which fall vertically towards the ground. The Peepal tree keeps the air clean by giving out oxygen, even at night!

In India, such trees are celebrated. Some people even worship them! The Smoggy Monster, made up of smoke and fumes, could be destroyed by the power of such trees. However, selfish, cunning people like the black-suited men were set on destroying these very trees that kept everyone in



Tilly healthy.

“Over there!” Okapi yelled from behind Meteorider’s bicycle, pointing to the woodcutters who lay lazily under a shady tree. Some of them were snoring loud ‘ZZZZZs’.

When they arrived at the spot, Zunami spoke first. “You cannot clear our forests,” he said in a calm voice.

“And why not!?” barked one of the woodcutters who was awake. The rest of them woke up from the noise, except for one fat one, who was still snoring loudly.

“Because you have no orders to do so,” announced Stormyum sternly while getting off her bike.

“That’s right!” interjected Zunami. “We destroyed your boss’s papers!”

“Look. They are trash now!” added Meteorider, searching his pockets for the grey ash which had been the ‘Clear the Forest’ papers. He sprinkled the ash on one bald woodcutter’s head.

From behind a tree, two men, who looked like they were around twenty years old, emerged. They wore white metal hats and carried a saw. They were slim and fit. “Try and stop us then,” one of them said coolly, “because we will still be clearing these forests.”

These words served like a signal to the rest of the group that was still slumped under the shady tree. Nine woodcutters



quickly sprang up in strike position with axes in hand. One of the boys in a white metal hat, who hadn’t spoken yet, kicked the only woodcutter who was still in a merry sleep.

“OW! Oh! Sorry, boss!” the fat woodcutter cried trying to jump quickly to his feet. Apart from him, the rest of the woodcutters were fit and looked like they were capable of a good fight.

It was now the three animals—Maddox, Georgy and Okapi—with the three Planet Foxers—Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider (who had only just a while ago discovered their superpowers)—against this army of twelve.

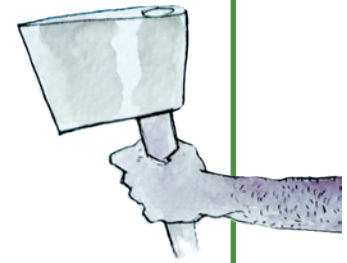
“Uh-ho. We are outnumbered!” cried Maddox, jumping on Zunami’s shoulder.

“We will get them. I am adept at martial arts,” whispered Georgy to Stormyum.

“Really!?! Is this how you do it?” asked Stormyum, kicking in the air really high! But before anyone could try anything further, an army of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 ... almost 100 woodcutters had gathered! Our animals and superheroes were now greatly outnumbered!

But that didn’t deter them. They fought as a team. And it was a fight to remember.

Stormyum let out another kick, this time rising higher, and knocking at least 5 woodcutters off. Meteorider, using his





fire powers, very carefully burnt out the wooden handles of the axes in the woodcutters' hands. The woodcutters saw the fire and threw the axes on the ground.

Zunami was quick to usher in some water and drown the burning axes before the trees in the forest could catch fire. Stormyum used her cyclone skills to cause a massive storm above the woodcutters' heads. This made them wobbly on their feet. They soon lost their balance and the saws that they were carrying slipped out of their hands. Maddox the One-Eyed Monkey was quick to hide the saws.

And, what a deadly karate kick Georgy the Giraffe gave some of the men! Okapi used a very unique defense technique to scare the enemies away. He pointed his stinky feet and shook his striped bottoms. Some of the men could not bear the stinky smell and fled.

Our heroes, zipping around in their bikes, fought like a wonderful team. Even though they were outnumbered, it was just like the Mahabharata, a very famous story of historical India. In the story, the Pandavas, outnumbered by their not-so-noble cousins, the Kauravas, still managed to defeat them all. And that's exactly what happened with Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider. They defeated the evil men, thanks to the superpowers from their bicycles. Their animal friends were a great big help, too!





## 11

AT LAST, HAPPINESS  
IN TILLY!

By the time all of the 100 woodcutters were defeated and made to flee, evening was upon them. The sunset in the forest was always so beautiful. Far beyond the horizon, the orange sun cast its blinding rays one last time. Slowly, it sunk into the pearl white clouds, whisking away the eventful day.

The animals thanked their new friends (who, they still didn't know, were actually their old friends). It had been such a long day. Even though Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider very badly wanted to tell their animal buddies that they were Zubin, Sophia and Mahir, they were too tired to. This secret had to wait another time to be disclosed.

Okapi, Georgy and Maddox went to tell Flames the Flamingo about their win. When she heard the good news, Flames gave her feathers a haircut in celebration!

It was now just Zunami, Stormyum, Meteorider and their wonderful bikes in the middle of the beautiful forest. They were resting under one of the Peepal trees whose leaves hugged the kids protectively.



“What a day this has been!” sighed Meteorider resting his head on the tree’s trunk.

“I know, right. Also, none of our animal friends found out about who we really are!” exclaimed Stormyum, hugging the tree bark.

“It has, indeed, been the most extraordinary day,” agreed Zunami sitting by Meteorider’s side. They were still in their superhero avatars, without paying much thought to it, as the cycles were around.

“The Sky Angel was right. We have been given magnificent powers. Now we just need to understand what more we are to do with them.” “Oh, don’t get ahead of yourselves,” squealed a shrill, familiar voice from above their heads. “Where do you think I’ve gone!?”

It was the Smoggy Monster. It came in full view, revealing its ugly grey arms and smiling its ugly, smug smile.

Suddenly, Zunami had a bright idea. He winked at his friends. They understood he had yet another plan. “You are right, Smoggy Monster. You have won,” he said in his calm voice. “And, just for that, we invite you to sit in the branches of this wonderful Peepal tree. Do you know gods and goddesses used to sit within its branches? It is an honour to sit in it.”

Meteorider looked confused. He was about to get to his feet and fire some flames but Stormyum nudged him back to sit and let Zunami work his plan. She added, “Yes, Z is right.



Why don’t you rest here for the night?”

The Smoggy Monster snorted. “Alright, alright! I do deserve the honour! I will sit inside the tree tonight and rest. You, silly kids. Don’t you know that at night trees give out carbon dioxide? That will make me even stronger!”

The Peepal tree was hearing all this and she silently decided to work her magic. By the time morning came, Z, S and M, who had fallen asleep under its shelter, awoke to see something amazing that had happened.

The Smoggy Monster was only a shadow of its former self. It was weak. It couldn’t open its eyes. Its ugly mouth had reduced to half its size. It looked at Z, S and M weakly and whispered, “I am very weak today. I will not be able to follow you children any longer.”

In a few hours, the Smoggy Monster had died into thin air. Clean air. The Peepal tree made sure of this. She had kept it in her branches all night till she had squeezed out all of its toxic insides and killed it.

The city of Tilly resumed back to normal. “The deadly smog has lifted from the city,” said a happy reporter on TV. The kids were back in schools and playgrounds. The adults were back at work. The flowers bloomed in the flower beds. And Tilly looked happy again.

One thing still remained a mystery. Uncle Billu was still not back in his workshop. Where had Uncle Billu gone?





# 12

## EVEN SUPERHEROES NEED TO STUDY!

It had been a week since Zubin, Sophia and Mahir had become the Planet Foxers. After rescuing the forest, they had gone back to their regular routine. Their final exams were around the corner and there was so much homework to do. They would often meet at each other's homes to study. When they would take a break, they would discuss their amazing secret and giggle and laugh. Z, S and M decided not to tell anybody about their super bicycles and their superpowers. Not even their parents.

They rode to school on their old bicycles and had put their new, superpower-invoking bicycles away in their garages. But what if someone found them? They were waiting for the Sky Angel to present itself again. And the only other person who could help them understand what to do next was Uncle Billu. But a week had passed and there had still been no news of Uncle Billu. Every evening, after school, they would ride by the shop and find no one inside. On the eighth day, they decided to sneak out of their houses at midnight on their Planet Foxers bicycles and go by his shop again.

Zubin, Sophia and Mahir, who all lived in the same housing



colony, met at a secret spot near their homes. The secret spot was a deserted garden. They jumped onto their bicycles and WHOOSH—Zubin became Zunami, Sophia became Stormyum and Mahir became Meteorider. The sky above them let out a small roar. It was thunder. And, suddenly, the Sky Angel spoke, “Planet Foxers, you were amazing the last time. But your journey has only just begun. Lots of more adventures await you!”

Z, S and M looked at each other. Meteorider let out flames from his orange fingers. They sped up into the empty sky like shooting stars and disappeared just as quickly as they had formed. Stormyum swirled round and round like a rotating ball on her bicycle, faster and faster. And Zunami jumped into a large pond in the garden, whizzing his bicycle, which made the waters jump up and down like a beautiful fountain.

“Oh, thank you, Sky Angel! How we love these powers!” cried Zunami. “But do you know where Uncle Billu is, Sky Angel?” cried Stormyum.

The Sky Angel didn’t reply. It was gone. The Planet Foxers would have to look for their favourite uncle themselves.



# 13

## UNCLE BILLU’S SECRET

That evening, they finally found Uncle Billu. They went all around the town riding their special bicycles. They hoped that no one would spot them. Anyone who awoke at this hour and looked out their windows and spotted them would think that they were dreaming of superheroes! After all, people thought superheroes only existed in comics and movies.

Tilly looked so peaceful in the twilight sky—the moon beamed like a silver necklace and the stars shone like little diamonds on a purple sky.

And guess where Uncle Billu was found? On his rocking chair, reading a book! The twinkle in his eyes was intact along with the expression that said he knew everything. Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider sat huddled around Uncle Billu. They somehow knew that he knew their secret, so they didn’t switch back to being Zubin, Sophia and Mahir.

“Kids, I know you are wondering where I went,” he said in a





calm voice. “I also know what you want to tell me. You want to tell me about your new superpowers.” The Planet Foxers exchanged looks and nodded impatiently.

“The Sky Angel came and met with me a few months ago,” he said, as if reading the kids’ minds. “It was looking for three brave, gifted kids to save Tilly and the planet. And I was given the task to build the magical bicycles which would make you Zunami, Stormyum and Meteorider.”

Uncle Billu had been hard at work all these months building the super bicycles. This was all so fascinating! He wanted the kids to discover the bicycles on their own and hence, had left town for a week. But he also left town for another reason. He had gone to look for two more children to join our Planet Foxers in their fight against evil.

“There are going to be two more magical bicycles,” Uncle Billu announced, “with two more young superheroes who will join you three on your mission!”

Z, S and M squealed in unison, “Really!? Who? Tell us! Show us!”



## NEW TREASURES

Z, S and M were now behind the silver door and two new magical bicycles stood before them. One was a colourful one with rainbow colours—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red! It had small blue feathers on its rear wheels.

“The special rider of this bicycle can ride over rainbows and clouds!” announced Uncle Billu proudly.

“Wow!” said Zubin. “What a power!” said Sophia, almost enviously. “Now that is something!” yelled Mahir.

There was another bicycle lying next to the rainbow bicycle. It was silver in colour. Uncle Billu reached towards it and sat on it. “This special bicycle will be given to another special kid,” he said. “And I will show you what it can do.”

Uncle Billu mounted the bike on a vertical wall in the room. The next thing the Planet Foxers saw was Uncle Billu on the ceiling hanging upside down on the silver bicycle!



The kids were, once again, struck with awe. Their eyes were stuck on the tall ceiling from which Uncle Billu hung like a spider on the silver bike!

“This is nothing, kids!” Uncle Billu shouted, upside down from the ceiling. “This bike can even ride deep in the waters! You will see soon enough!”

Z, S and M couldn’t wait to meet the chosen ones for these stellar new magical bicycles. They realized that their adventures had only just begun!





To Be Continued...





Zubin, Sophia and Mahir were 8-year-olds who lived in the wonderful city of Tilly. One day, they discovered an 'extra-ordinary' treasure. Life for them, would never be the same again...

## **THE HEROES ARE HERE!**

Meet the *#PlanetFoxers*

Always fighting for justice with a thirst for fun. The kids with extraordinary powers and bikes!

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Illustrations by Ujan Dutta

