



# A WHOLE NOTHER STORY



As told by  
(THE ONE AND ONLY)  
Dr. Cuthbert  
Soup

## CHAPTER 1

If you're anything like me, and most of you are by virtue of cell structure, you'll agree that there's nothing quite so sad as a child with no friends.

The children of Mr. Ethan Cheeseman found themselves in a near-constant state of friendlessness through absolutely no fault of their own. By all accounts the three youngsters were smart, pleasant, witty, attractive, polite, and relatively odor free. All traits that generally result in one having plenty of friends.

Their state of perennial friendlessness could be attributed solely to the fact that they were never in one place long enough to form any lasting relationships. You see, Ethan Cheeseman was a scientist and inventor by trade and, when he moved closer to perfecting a device so incredible, a device that could be used for either immense good or unspeakable evil, he found that suddenly everyone—from corporate criminals to top secret government agencies to international superspies—desired to get their hands on his brilliant new creation.

Bthan realized that this remarkable device would only ever be safe in his own hands. And so, one night he made a decision. He would disassemble the partially completed machine, load it into the family station wagon along with his three sleepy children, and disappear. And he would remain in a state of disappearedness until this device, known simply as the LVR, could be completed, perfected, and used to reclaim the life of Olivia, his beautiful wife and mother of his three smart, polite, and relatively odor-free children.

That was nearly two years ago, and since then Mr. Cheeseman and his children have been on the run, scarcely keeping one step ahead of these corporate villains, foreign intelligence operatives, and members of government agencies so secretive that no one, not even those who work for them, knows their names.

Of course there is much more to be told about all that, but it will have to wait because, at this very moment, Mr. Cheeseman is busy waking his children so he can once again hurry them into the family station wagon, along with all of their earthly possessions, and move them to yet another town, far away from those who have designs on his wonderfully useful yet incomplete invention.

"Let's go now," said Mr. Cheeseman, bursting into the room where his two boys slept peacefully and completely unaware. "We must be out of here in less than an hour."

"It's three in the morning," groaned fourteen-year-old Barton, the eldest of Mr. Cheeseman's three bright children. "Can't we sleep a little longer? I was having this great dream about pitching a no-hitter in the World Series."

"Big deal," came a voice from across the room. "You always have that dream." The voice belonged to Barton's eight-year-old brother, Crandall, who had a habit of waking up in a very grumpy state regardless of the time.

"Yes, but the dream is always ruined when I suddenly realize that I'm not wearing pants," said Barton. "This is the first time I remembered to wear pants and I'm not even allowed to enjoy it. It's not every day you get to pitch a no-hitter in the World Series with your pants on."

Mr. Cheeseman flipped on the light, an action that resulted in even more groaning.

"One day you will pitch a no-hitter in the World Series for real," said Mr. Cheeseman, always supportive of his children's ambitions. "But not if we don't get out of here ahead of the coats."


*Coats* was the term Mr. Cheeseman used to refer to all spies, corporate hoodlums, and members of hypersecret government agencies that would make the CIA seem very much like a church choir.

"Why won't they leave us alone?" asked Crandall.

Actually, the question was posed by Crandall's sock puppet, which Crandall had named Steve and was never without.

It was a gift from his mother, and Crandall and Steve the sock puppet were virtually inseparable. Ever since she passed away from a mysterious illness, practically no one had seen Crandall's left forearm, not even Crandall himself. It was constantly covered by the snarky sock puppet,

# IN A STORY THAT'S LIKE NO OTHER, YOU WILL MEET:



three attractive, polite,  
relatively odor-free children

a psychic  
hairless dog



secret agents, superspies, and villains



and, of course, a sock  
puppet named Steve

**A** powerful and amazing device needs protecting. It's an invention so great, so out-of-this world, that there are all sorts of evildoers after it. To stay one step ahead of the villains, Mr. Cheeseman and his three children must run from town to town, escape dangerous situations, even change their names. Luckily, though they may not have the names they were born with, they do have their smarts. What they do with those smarts? Well, *that's* a whole nother story. . . .

"If you take yourself very seriously, perhaps this isn't the book for you. But if you're in the mood for a lot of silliness and . . . a really interesting and quirky family, then it's perfect." —Wired.com/Geek Dad