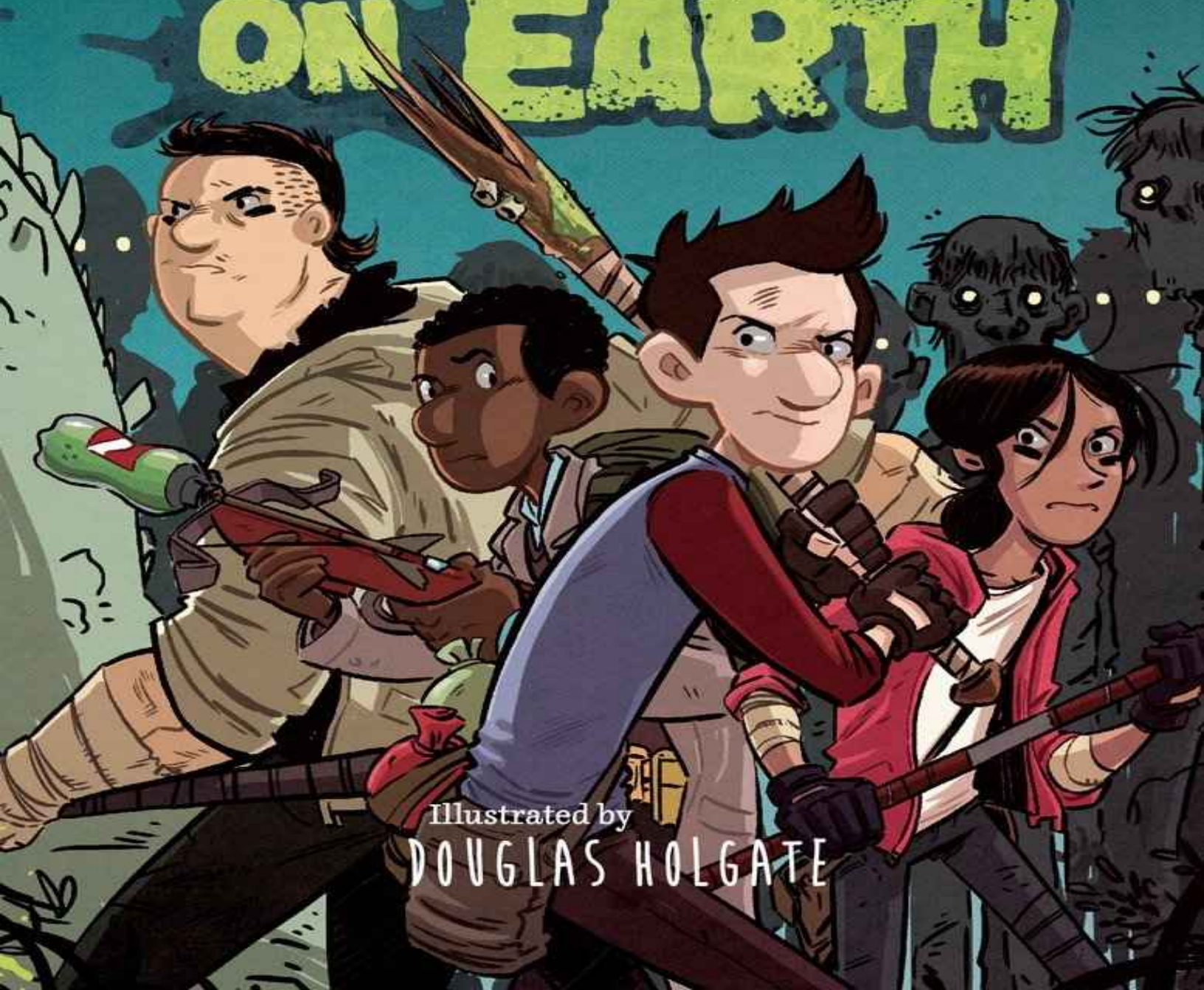


MAX BRALLIER Author of  
*Galactic Hot Dogs*

# THE LAST KIDS ON EARTH



Illustrated by  
DOUGLAS HOLGATE

MAX BRALLIER & DOUGLAS HOLGATE

# THE LAST KIDS ON EARTH





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To Alyse, for support, advice, direction, and love and love and love. You're my cutie.

And another thing . . . This book is sort of a love letter to a group of great friends: Mikey, Mouth, Data, and Chunk. Roberta, Teeny, Samantha, and Chrissy. Angus and Troy. Gordy Lachance and Chris Chambers. Scotty Smalls and Benny the Jet. Corey, Haley, and Jimmy. Thanks, friends—and thanks to all who made you.

—M.B.

To Allyson and Angus, may we never have to enact zombie plague survival plan alpha or beta, but know that if we do I wouldn't want to spend the apocalypse with anyone else.

—D.H.

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# chapter one

That's me.

Not the giant monster.

*Beneath* the giant monster. The kid on his back, with the splintered bat. The handsome kid, about to get eaten.

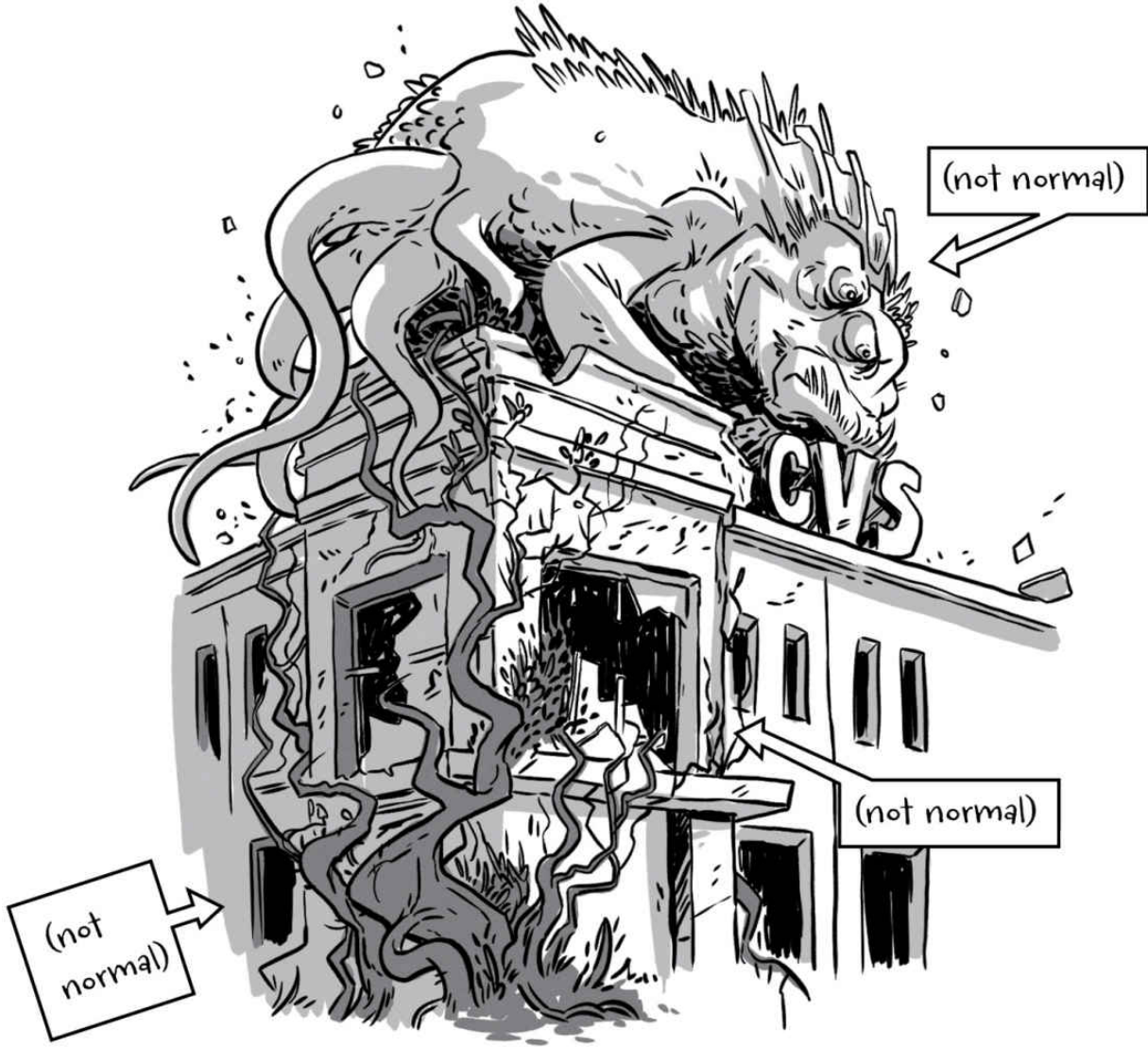
Forty-two days ago, I was regular Jack Sullivan: thirteen years old, living an uneventful life in the uninteresting town of Wakefield. I was totally *not* a hero, totally *not* a tough guy, totally *not* fighting giant monsters.

But look at me now. Battling a gargantuan beast on the roof of the local CVS.

Life is crazy like that.



Right now, the *whole world* is crazy like that. Check the shattered windows. Check the wild vines crawling up the side of the building. All of these things are not normal.

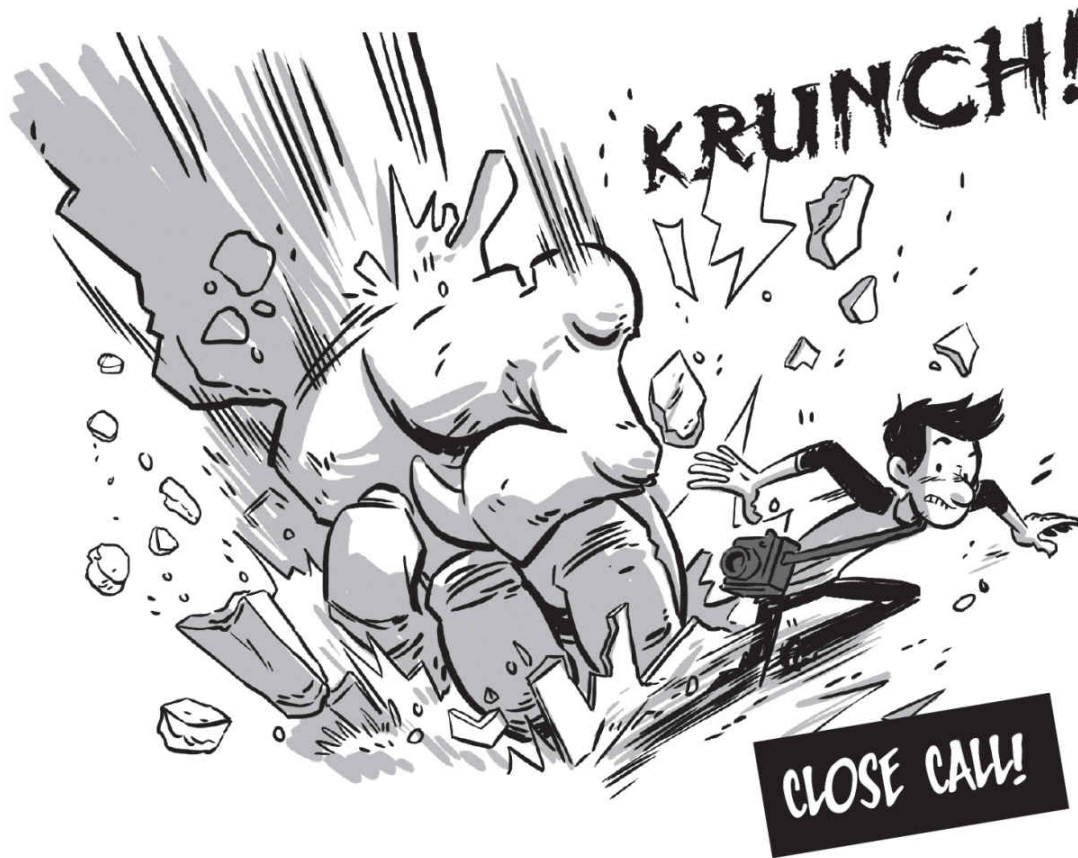


And me? I haven't been normal, well, ever. I've always been *different*. See, I'm an orphan—I bounced all over the country, different homes, different families, before landing in this little town of Wakefield in December.

But all that moving, it makes you tough: it makes you cool, it makes you confident, it makes you good with the girls—it makes you JACK SULLIVAN.

Oh crud!

# INCOMING MONSTER FIST!!!



Yikes.

Almost got a monster fist to the skull there.

I'm at CVS because I need an eyeglass repair kit—those little tool sets that dads buy for when their glasses break. I know, that's a lame thing to need. But I have a walkie and that walkie is busted and to fix that walkie, I need a really really *really* tiny screwdriver and the only place to get a really really *really* tiny screwdriver is in an **eyeglass repair kit**.

This was supposed to be a quick, easy trip to CVS. But one thing I've learned about life after the Monster Apocalypse: **nothing's quick** and **nothing's easy**.