



Disney's
**DARKWING
DUCK**
AND THE ROBOT PLANTS



GRADES 2-3

.25



9 780307 114617



Disney's
DARKWING
DUCK

AND THE ROBOT PLANTS

Disney's
**DARKWING
DUCK**
AND THE ROBOT PLANTS

By Barbara Bazaldua
Illustrated by Phil Ortiz and Diana Wakeman



A GOLDEN BOOK • NEW YORK
Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin 53404



Gosalyn, Darkwing Duck's adopted daughter, was upset. The plants she was growing for her school project were dying. She showed them to Darkwing. "I was supposed to find out if playing music helps plants grow," she said. "Just look at them."

The famous secret agent wasn't very happy, either. The music from Gosalyn's stereo was so loud, his ears were ringing! "Your loud music is killing them," Darkwing yelled. "Plants don't like loud music—and neither do I!"



Darkwing put on his cape and hat. "I'm going for a walk," he said. "My poor ears need a little peace and quiet."

"Will you please bring me some new plants?" Gosalyn asked.

"The flower shop is closed now," Darkwing answered, "but I'll order some tomorrow."





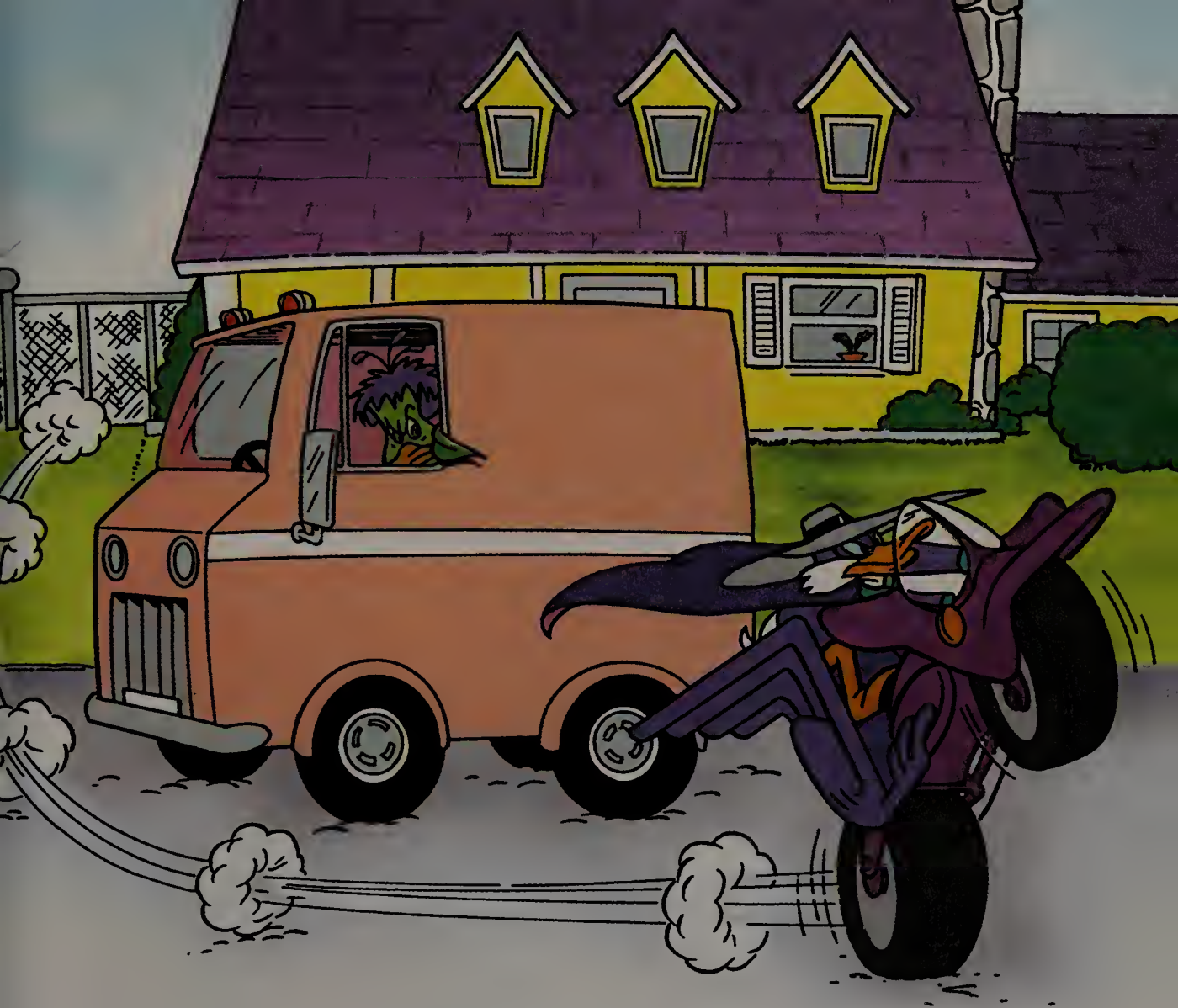
Darkwing didn't notice the strange figure standing outside the open window.

It was Bushroot, the evil scientist who looked like a plant. Bushroot wanted to get his leafy hands on Darkwing's famous gas gun. The gun could shoot laughing gas, tear gas, hiccup gas, and forgetful gas. Bushroot had disguised himself as a rosebush so he could spy on Darkwing and find a way to steal the gun. He had been listening to Gosalyn and Darkwing. Now he had an idea.

Bushroot's roots tingled with excitement as he hurried to his science laboratory.

He laughed as he gathered wires and tubes, knobs and dials and went to work. "Once the gas gun is mine, I'll be able to pull off wonderful crimes!" he exclaimed.





The next day Bushroot parked a delivery van on Darkwing's street. He peered out of the van window, watching and waiting for Darkwing to leave.

At last Darkwing came out. "Remember to order my new plants today, please," Gosalyn called after him. Darkwing jumped on his motorcycle and rode away.

Bushroot waited until Darkwing was gone. Then he got out of the truck and opened its back doors.

He put on a long white coat and a big white hat. The hat said "Flower Power Shop" on it. They would hide his leafy head and legs so Gosalyn wouldn't know who he was.





Then Bushroot carried two big, strange plants to Darkwing's door.

The plants had long, stringy vines. They had flowers shaped like ears of corn. But they weren't real plants at all. They were robot plants that Bushroot had made. He called them plantoids. Inside their vines were tiny radio wires. Small microphones were hidden in their corn-cob-shaped flowers.

Puffing and panting, Bushroot put the plantoids on the porch. Then he rang the doorbell.

When Gosalyn answered, Bushroot ducked behind the plants. She couldn't get a good look at him.





“Plants from Darkwing Duck,” Bushroot muttered through the leaves and vines.

“Wow, that was quick!” said Gosalyn. “What keen plants,” she exclaimed. “I’ve never seen anything like them!”

“And you never will again,” Bushroot mumbled. He couldn’t help giggling a little. “Be sure to take good care of them,” he said as he scurried down the walk.



Gosalyn took the plants inside and shut the door. Bushroot hid behind a tree. From there he could tell the robot plants what to do.

Bushroot took off his delivery hat and put on a headset. He took a small red box from his coat pocket and pushed a button.

“With my radio control, I can make my robot plantoids do anything!” he said to himself.

Gosalyn tugged and pulled the plantoids into the den. They were so heavy, she could barely lift them onto the windowsill.

“I’ll show Dad that I can take care of plants,” she said as she gave the plantoids water. Then she opened the window so they could have fresh air. After that, she went to her bedroom to play her stereo.



When Gosalyn left, the plantoids began to move. Outside, Bushroot turned a dial and—*CREAK*—the plantoids grew long, skinny fingers on their vines. He turned other knobs and—*POP*—dark root feet popped from the bottoms of their pots. He pulled a lever and the plantoids climbed slowly down from the windowsill.





First the plantoids looked in the den for Darkwing's gas gun. They pulled books from the bookshelves. They tipped over the chairs and sofas.

Next they took everything out of the closet: bats, balls, skates, mittens, earmuffs. But they didn't find the gas gun.



The plantoids went into the kitchen. One of them climbed into the sink and poked its long, skinny fingers down the drain.

The other plantoid took pots and pans, dishes and cups from the cupboards. It pulled cans and jars, sacks and bottles from the pantry. It poured cereal out of the cereal boxes and looked inside the empty boxes.



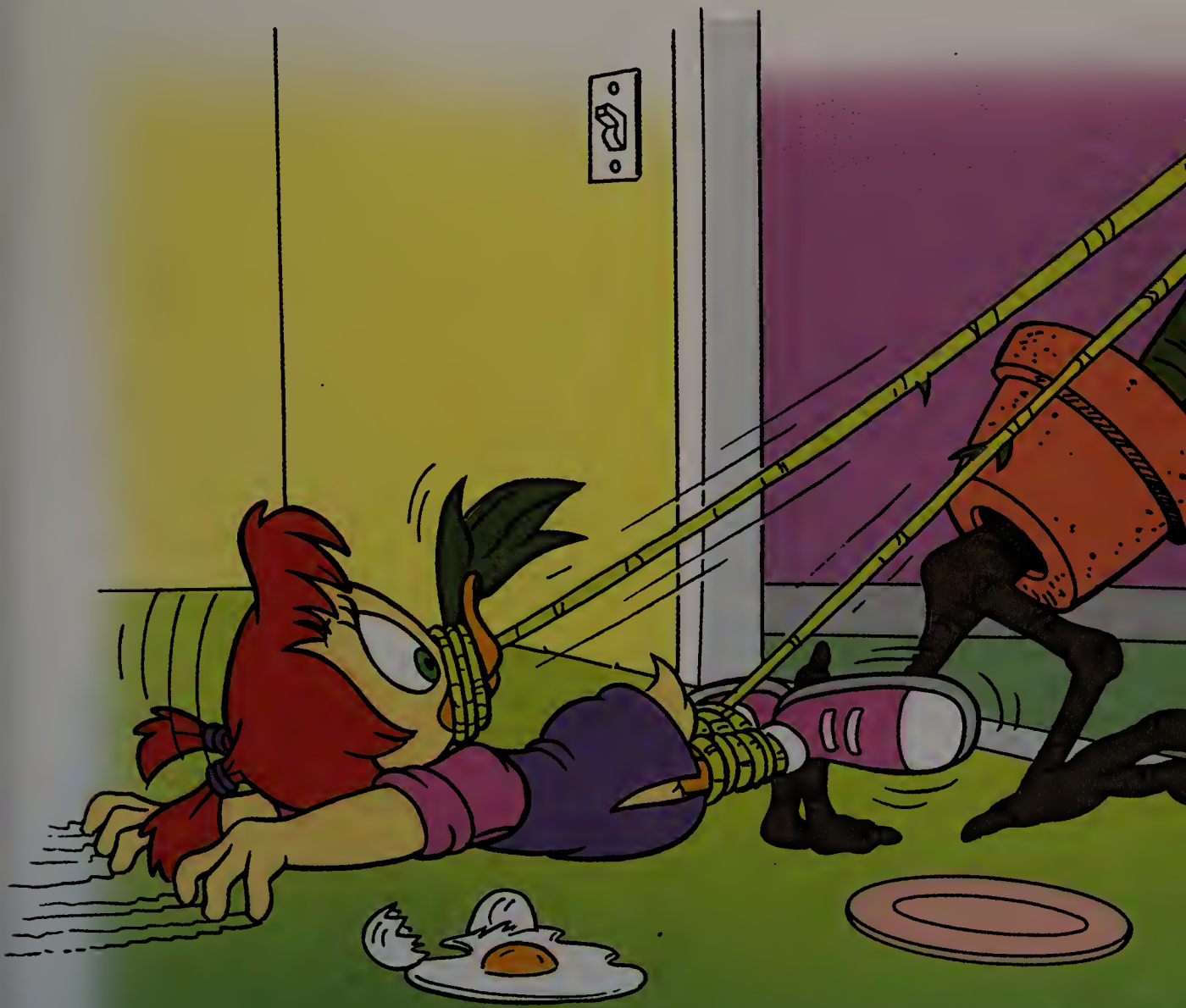


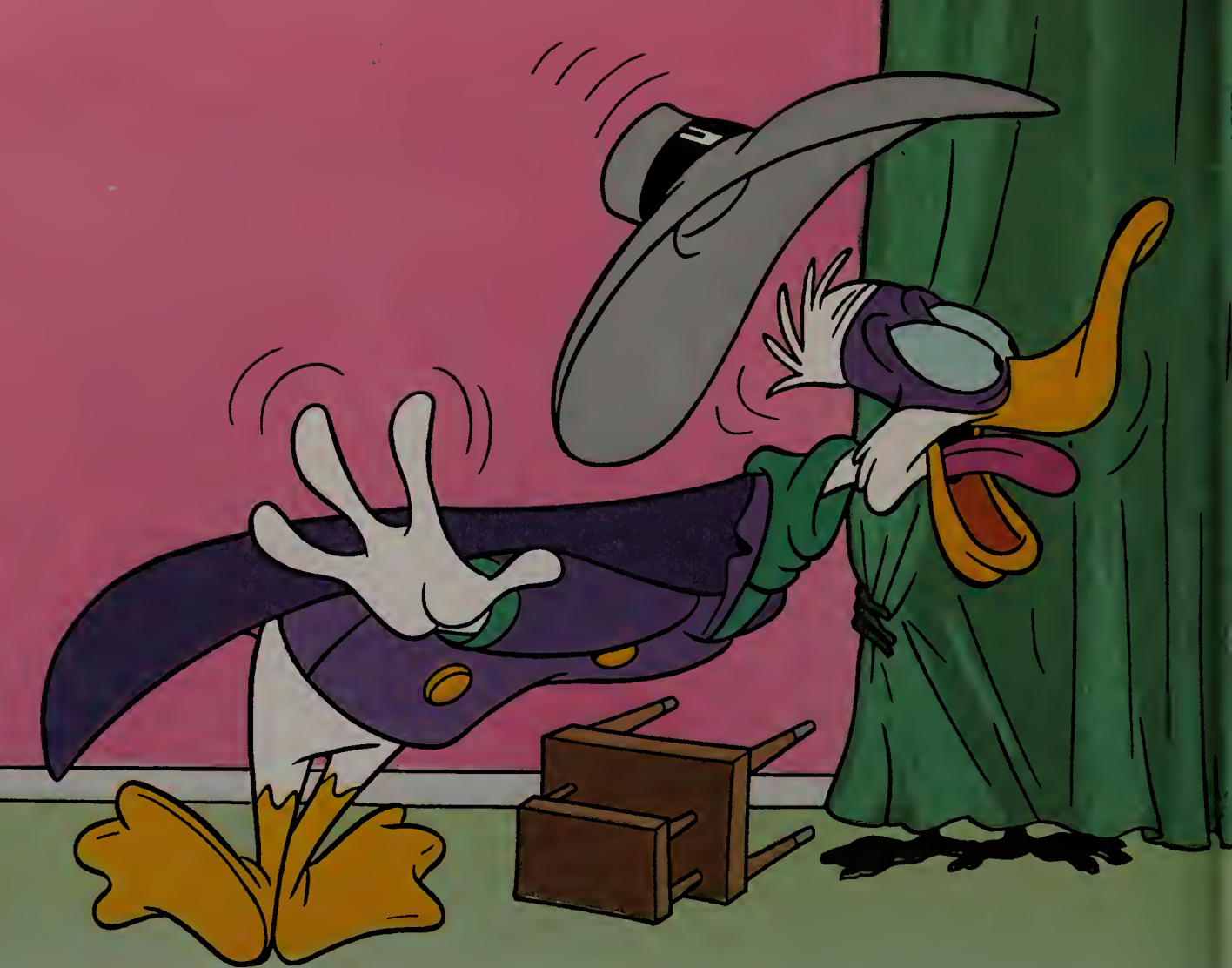
Gosalyn came into the kitchen to get a snack. “What’s going on?” she yelled when she saw the plantoids and the mess.

Bushroot heard her through his headphones. Quickly he pushed a button and told the plantoids to get Gosalyn out of the house.

The plantoids came toward Gosalyn. She tried to run, but the first plantoid shot out a vine and wrapped it around her feet. It wrapped another vine around her mouth and began to drag her out of the kitchen.

Gosalyn kicked and fought, but the plantoid was too big for her. It dragged her out the door and slowly across the lawn.





Just then Darkwing came home. The other plantoid heard him and hid behind a curtain.

“I ordered you two new plants, Gosalyn,” Darkwing called out. Then Darkwing saw the mess all over the house. His feathers stood on end!

“Something funny is going on here,” he thought. He called to Gosalyn again. “Where is she?” Darkwing wondered.

Darkwing stood in the middle of the den. As he was wondering what to do next, the plantoid tiptoed from behind the curtain. It started sneaking up on him. Closer and closer it came.

Looking for the gas gun, the plantoid stretched out long, viny fingers toward Darkwing's pockets.





Darkwing heard a noise and turned. The plantoid froze and tried to look like an ordinary plant. Darkwing frowned as he stared at it.

“Where did this strange plant come from?” Darkwing asked himself. “And why is it standing in the middle of the floor?” He picked up the plantoid and put it on the windowsill. Then he looked outside.

He blinked and rubbed his eyes. Maybe he was seeing things.

But no—there was another plant just like the one on the windowsill. And it was dragging Gosalyn across the yard.

Darkwing raced for the door.



But before Darkwing reached the door, the plantoid in the window shot out a long, sticky vine and wrapped it around Darkwing's feet.

"Ooph!" Darkwing exclaimed as he fell to the floor with a loud thud.





Before he could get up, the plantoid jumped from the sill and landed on Darkwing's stomach. It began poking its fingers through his cape pockets looking for the gas gun.

"Get off me, you weed!" Darkwing shouted. Suddenly the plantoid pulled the gas gun from Darkwing's cape pocket and jumped up, holding it high.



A green light flashed on Bushroot's red box. A bell dinged. It was the signal Bushroot had been waiting for. The plantoid had the gas gun!

Bushroot clapped his hands. "Good plantoid. Wonderful plantoid!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Bring the gun to nice Uncle Bushroot. NOW!" He pushed a button to make the plantoid obey.



The plantoid started for the door. But Darkwing wasn't a secret agent for nothing.

Somehow he had to get his gas gun back. Then he had to get outside to help Gosalyn. He headed the plantoid off at the door and began chasing it around and around the den.





Darkwing saw his hat lying on the floor. It had fallen off during the struggle.

Snatching it, Darkwing jumped over a chair and jammed the hat over the top of the plantoid.

The plantoid paused for a moment. Darkwing lunged and grabbed one end of his gas gun.

But the plantoid wouldn't let go. Waving its vines in the air, it hung on to the gas gun and began feeling its way to the door.

Darkwing pulled. The plantoid pulled back. Darkwing tugged. The plantoid tugged harder.

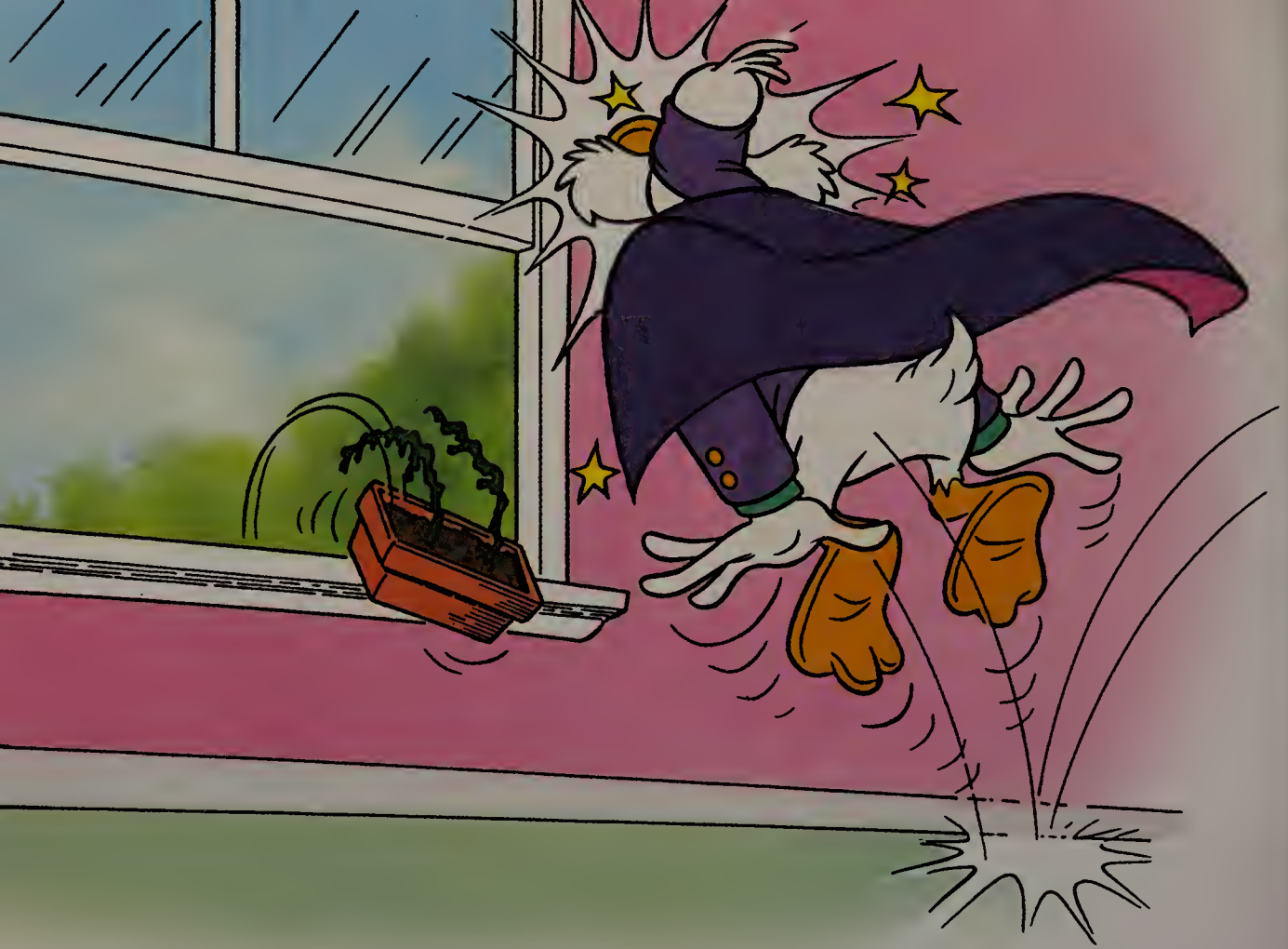
Slowly but surely, it dragged Darkwing toward the door.





Darkwing gave one more yank on the gun. His fingers slipped, and he hit the trigger. Purple hiccup gas sprayed into Darkwing's face.

"HICCUP!" Darkwing dropped the gun. "HICCUP! HICCUP! HICCUP!" Huge hiccups shook him from head to toe.



“HICCUP!” Darkwing’s hiccups were so strong, they bounced him across the room. The plantoid headed out the door, and Darkwing couldn’t catch it.

Still hiccuping, Darkwing bumped into furniture and crashed against walls. He knocked against the windowsill and hit Gosalyn’s dying plants, which were still there.

With a thump, they fell from the sill and landed on Darkwing’s foot!

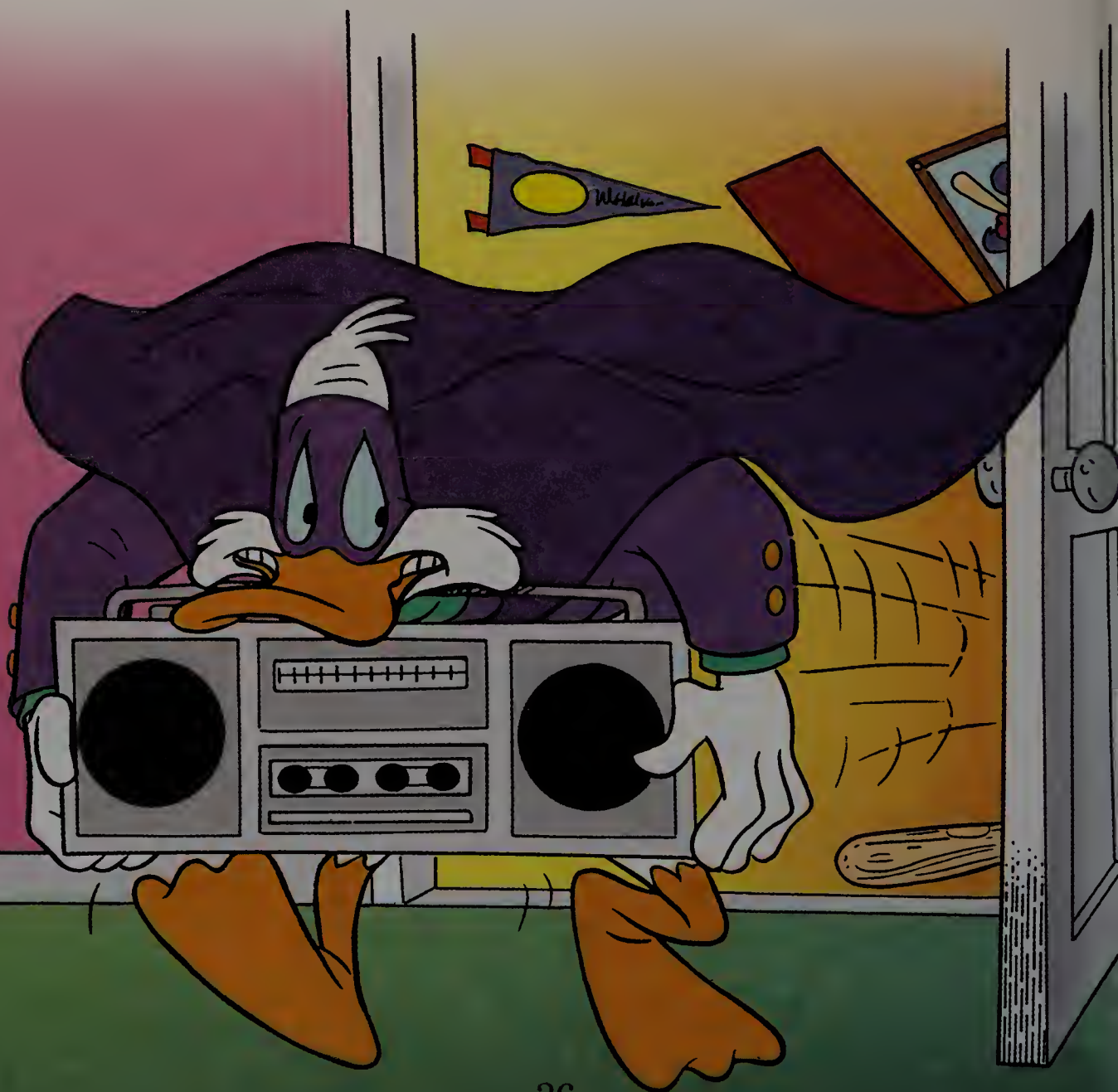
“EEEEEEow!” Darkwing howled in pain. He grabbed his throbbing foot with one hand and hopped up and down. He yelled so loudly, the hiccups stopped.

Darkwing looked at Gosalyn’s dying plants. Suddenly he had an idea. He knew how to stop the plantoid.



As fast as he could limp, Darkwing hurried into Gosalyn's room. "That girl needs to clean up this place," he muttered. "It's impossible to find anything in here!"

A few minutes later, he hurried back out, carrying her stereo.





Darkwing had no time to worry about anything now except saving Gosalyn and getting his gas gun back from the plantoid.

He dove into the pile of junk by the closet door. Frantically, he pawed through coats, scarves, mittens, skates, and skis, tossing things this way and that.

“Found them!” Darkwing jumped up, holding a pair of red and a pair of green earmuffs.

“Now, let’s get dangerous!” With a loud laugh, Darkwing dashed for the door, swinging the earmuffs and stereo as he ran.





“Hang on, Gosalyn, I’m coming to save you,” Darkwing called as he ran outside.

The plantoid with the gas gun had nearly reached Gosalyn. Gosalyn had her arms around a small tree and was holding on tight while the other plantoid tugged at her feet. “I am hanging on,” she shouted, “but hurry!”



Racing over to Gosalyn, Darkwing shoved one pair of earmuffs on her head and pulled the other pair on himself. “Dad, I’m not cold!” Gosalyn shouted. “What are you doing?”

Darkwing turned on the stereo.

“Dad, this is no time for a party!” Gosalyn screamed as both plantoids pulled at her feet.

But Darkwing didn't answer. Instead, he shoved himself between Gosalyn and the plantoids. He held the stereo as close as he could to their heads.

Then he turned up the sound to "super blast!"





The plantoids let go of Gosalyn's feet. The plantoid with the gas gun dropped it. They both began to shake and shiver, tremble and twitch.

Darkwing turned the stereo up to "super-duper blast." The plantoids' root feet curled. Their leaves turned stiff, and brown.

“TWANG!” Springs, wires, tubes, and dials popped out from their vines. “THUNK,” their flower microphones fell off.

Darkwing picked up the gas gun.



Behind the tree, Bushroot was shaking all over. His knees knocked. His twigs twanged. His head spun. His eyes whirled and his ears rang. His leaves were loose and his roots rattled from the loud music.





Soon nothing was left of the plantoids but some dried vines in the pots and a pile of tubes, dials, and wires under Darkwing's hat.

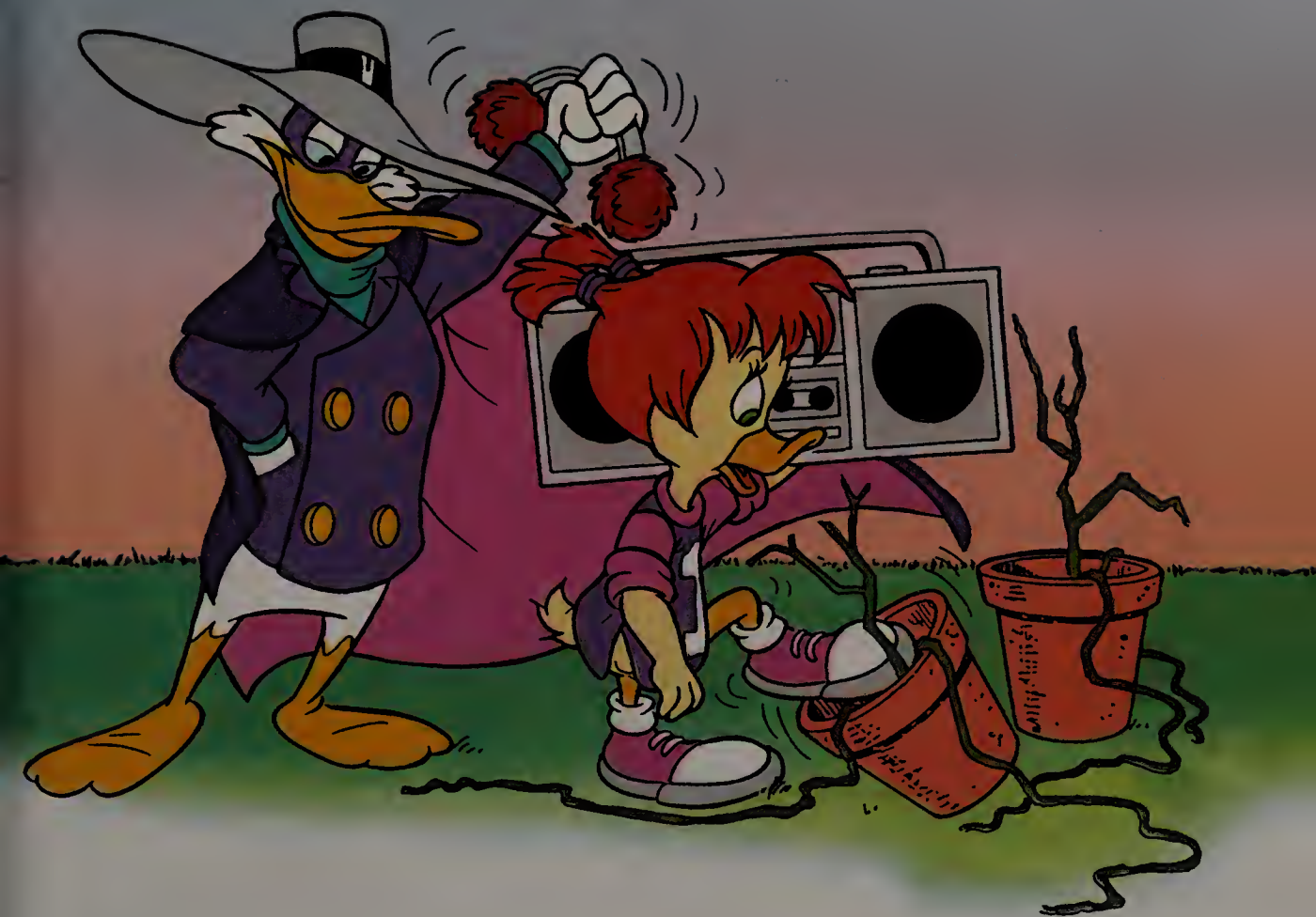
Darkwing turned off the stereo. He and Gosalyn took off their earmuffs and hugged each other.

"Boy, am I glad to see you," Gosalyn said.
"Those were really weird plants!"

“They weren’t plants at all,” Darkwing said.
“They were robots made to look like plants,” he explained. “And there goes the scientist who invented them.” He pointed across the lawn to Bushroot, who was crawling away, whimpering.

“He won’t bother us for a good long while,” Darkwing said.





“I guess I could take what’s left of these plants to school for my project,” said Gosalyn. “And if this is what loud music does, I’m never going to play my stereo too loud again!”

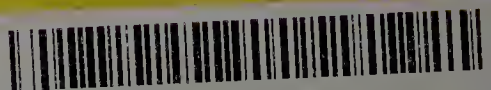
Darkwing smiled. “Well, if you ever forget and turn the sound up too high, I’ll know what to do. I’ll just wear my earmuffs!”

And the two of them headed back to the house, laughing.



Golden Star Readers™ are the top rung on the Golden Reader Program ladder. Designed with the skills of the second- and third-grade child in mind, these books contain high-interest subject matter that will stretch, but not strain, the young reader's newly acquired ability to read alone. Golden Star Readers are a natural third step after the first-level Golden Very Easy Readers™ and second-level Golden Easy Readers®.

In its entirety, the Golden Reader Program will help children sharpen their reading skills as well as instill a lifetime love of books.



9780307114617
2016-03-02 13:40

22