

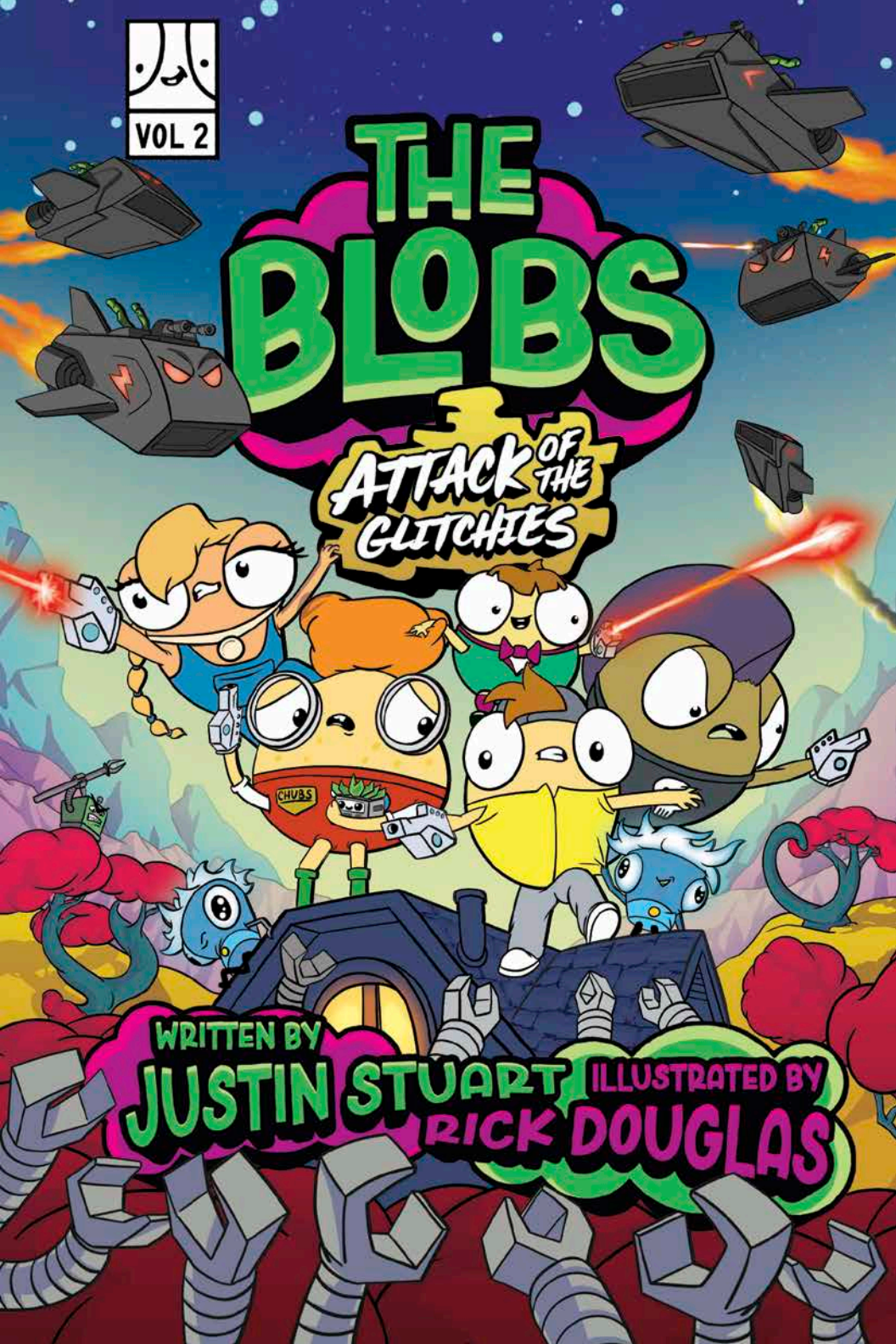


VOL 2

# THE BLOBS

## ATTACK OF THE GLITCHIES

WRITTEN BY  
**JUSTIN STUART** ILLUSTRATED BY  
**TRICK DOUGLAS**





# THE BLOBS

## ATTACK OF THE CLITCHIES

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**150** YEARS STRONG  
DAVID COOK

THE BLOBS VOL. 2: ATTACK OF THE GLITCHIES

Published by David C Cook  
4050 Lee Vance Drive  
Colorado Springs, CO 80918 U.S.A.

Integrity Music Limited, a Division of David C Cook  
Brighton, East Sussex BN1 2RE, England

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Library of Congress Control Number 2025944210  
ISBN 978-0-8307-9026-5  
eISBN 978-0-8307-9027-2

© 2026 Blobverse Media LLC  
Published in association with The Bindery  
Agency, [www.TheBinderyAgency.com](http://www.TheBinderyAgency.com).

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Printed in the United States of America  
First Edition 2026

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

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# IMPENDING DOOM

A giant fist slammed on the desk, making the holographic screens flicker.

“WHERE ARE THE DOOMSICLES?!”

King Neptune’s voice boomed through his chamber like a thunderclap, rattling the walls. On the screen, Lord Zord and the Glitchies flinched, stumbling back in terror.

“W-Well ...” Lord Zord stammered, struggling to keep his composure. “It’s ... a long story, Your Majesty. But we captured these ... actually, we don’t know what they are. But anyway, they landed on our planet, and—”



“And what?” King Neptune’s eyes burned with fury. “Spit it out already. I have a M.E.G.A. meeting to get to.”

“Ooooh. A mega meeting? That sounds big,” one of the Glitchies murmured.

“Mutant Enforcers of Galactic Authority, you ignorant fool! Now tell me what happened to the invaders!”

“They escaped ... with three of the doomsicles.”

The room fell deathly silent. Lord Zord’s circuits buzzed nervously as he awaited the king’s wrath.

King Neptune leaned in closer to the screen, his glowing eyes piercing through the static.

“That’s a problem, isn’t it?” he hissed, his voice dangerously low. “WHERE are these ... creatures ... heading?”

Lord Zord fumbled with his controls, trying to pull up data as his robotic claw shook. “We’re tracking them now, sir. Believe me, we *will* get the doomsicles back.”

King Neptune’s gaze flicked to the holographic map hovering above his desk. Planets, stars, and the potential pathways between them glowed as he zoomed in, scanning routes at lightning speed.

“You’d better, Zord.” His voice dropped into a growl. “Because if you don’t ... I’ll be coming for *you*.”

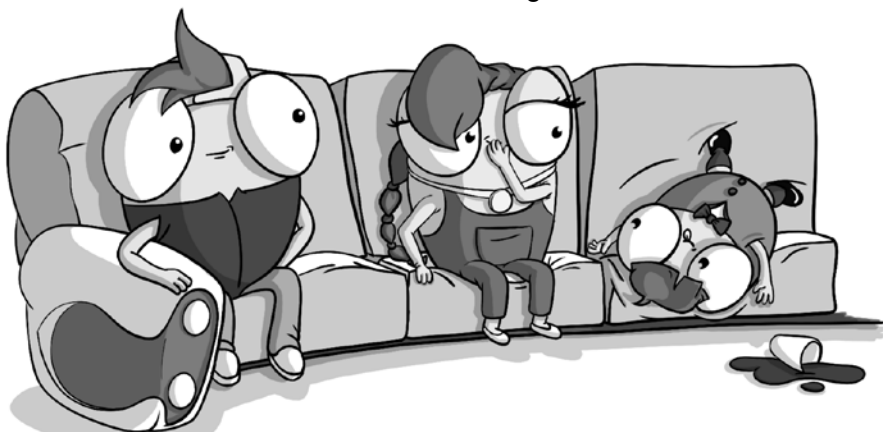
The screen cut to black. Lord Zord sat frozen, surrounded by the flickering lights of the control room, the silence deafening. All the Glitchies stood still, staring at Lord Zord, hoping for direction. Awkwardness filled the room before Lord Zord shouted, “Well, don’t just stand there, you freaks! DO SOMETHING!”

On the screen in front of Lord Zord, the Blob Force rescue pod blasted farther away from Planet Trog and out of his clutches.



Behind the door to the control room, the rescue pod's captain gripped the joysticks, pushing the accelerator to its max. He wasn't about to let his ship get put in danger again.

After a few minutes of cruising, Cadetski and the crew finally relaxed. They had just evaded a whole string of threats: planetary destruction, a crash landing, capture and imprisonment, a battle with those metallic cup things that called themselves Glitchies and their menacing Lord Zord. Finally, it was all over. No threat was in sight.



They were just starting to relax when the captain’s voice blared through the intercom. “Lady and Gentleblobs—”

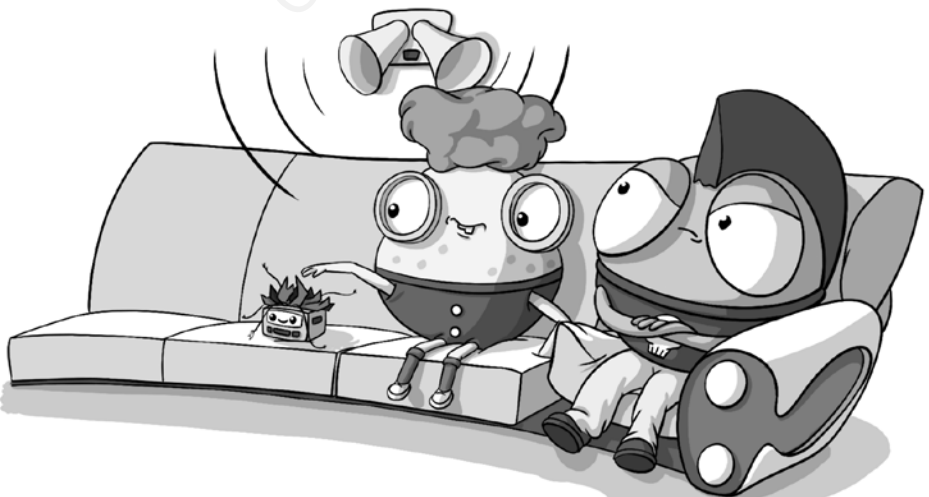
“And Lopster!” Chubs interjected.

“I’m Pilot Mooch, and I’ll be serving you this evening. Please keep your hands and feet and all other body parts inside the cabin. We’ll be arriving at Planet Splotch in approximately ... uh ... not long. The weather on the planet is currently a balmy 83 degrees, with a chance of impending doom.”

The Blobs all looked with alarm at the speaker in the ceiling.

“Kidding! Just lightening the mood.”

Goosebob’s brows lowered, and he emitted a growl.



“Sorry, too soon? Okay, well, seriously, everyone on Planet Splotch is getting settled into their new homes, and I’m sure you’ll enjoy the facilities and well, you know, the fact that you aren’t going to be obliterated by any enormous space rocks in the near future. Each of your families has been informed about your, er, adventure, and anticipates your arrival. Now, relax ... I’m a very good driver.”

“My parents are going to freak when they hear everything,” Cadetski remarked.

“I can’t wait to tell my parents how well my rescue plan worked!” Zilma said while scribbling notes and a diagram in her notebook.

Chubs remained motionless, his eyes glazed over, still in shock. Wilby merely gazed at Zilma in silent adoration.

Goosebob frowned and muttered something under his breath.

“What did you say?” Zilma leaned closer.

Goosebob looked around at everyone. He slumped in his seat. “At least you guys have family. I’ve never met mine.”

Cadetski's smile fell. "Wow, Goosebob. I didn't know that." He thought for a minute. "I have no idea how hard that must be for you, but I do know one thing. You can count on us! After all we just went through ..."

Zilma patted Goosebob on the arm. "I agree. We'll always be here for you!"

Goosebob cleared his throat and gave a small grin to both of them. "Thanks, guys." When he noticed Chubs was still trembling in shock from everything that had just happened, he added, "And Chubs, I'll be honest. I had my doubts when I first saw you dash into our escape pod. But ... you really came through back there. Nice work."

He gave Chubs a hearty pat on the back—maybe too hearty. Chubs flinched. Then his eyes locked on his plantbot, Lopster. He shot up in panic.

"Lopster needs water. NOW. Its cellular hydration levels have critically dropped—severe plasmolysis is already



**WARNING**

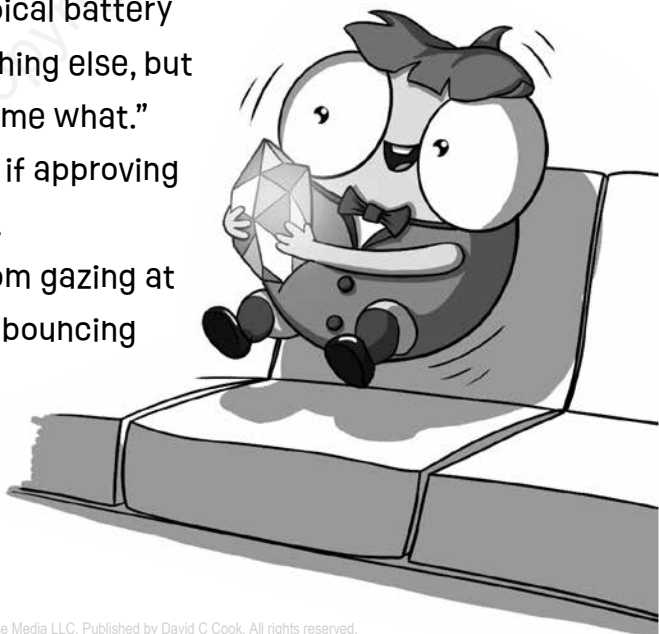
setting in! I need to restore balance before irreversible root damage occurs!”

Chubs launched himself out of his seat with all the grace of an overripe cantaloupe and sprinted to the cabin cooler, flinging the door open in search of water.

Goosebob settled into his seat with a bag of Drak chips from the snack dispenser. “Nice to see nothing’s changed. Chubs still has his plant priorities. Wait a second ... that thing uses water? Isn’t water and electricity a dangerous combo?”

Chubs gave him a small, smug smile. “That’s what I thought, but this thing isn’t powered by electricity or a typical battery source. It’s something else, but Lopster won’t tell me what.” Lopster dinged as if approving of his explanation.

Wilby broke from gazing at Zilma and started bouncing around on his seat. “Can you believe what



just happened?! I mean—what a THRILL!” he yelled, waving a stolen gemstone in the air.

Cadetski’s eyes went wide. “I still don’t understand. In all the chaos, you haven’t told us how you found those doomsicles!”

“Oh, just in some random room that said ‘Lord Zord’s Very Important Office.’” Wilby shrugged like it was no big deal. “Zilma sent me, her *hero*, on a personal mission just for her. And I know it’s wrong to take stuff, but I figured a little souvenir wouldn’t hurt. Besides, those guys seemed like bad dudes. Not the kind of people that should have a box labeled ‘Rule the Galaxy Doomsicles,’ am I right?”

Zilma rubbed her forehead like she was getting a headache. “I did NOT send you on a personal mission just for me, and you are NOT my he—” She froze as his words sunk in. “Wait a minute. We probably need to talk about those things and what we’re going to do with them. I have a bad feeling about anything with the name ‘doomsicle.’”

The words hung in the air as they looked at each other with concern.