

Kid Spaceship and the Marshmallow Planet



Kid woke up suddenly to flashing red lights and the sound of an alarm blaring through the ship.

“Alert. Alert. Alert. Alert,” said a voice as soon as his eyes opened.

Still groggy, he blinked into the crimson glow of the spaceship’s bedroom. Without wasting a second, he threw off his blanket, leapt out of bed, and sprinted down the corridor toward the command center.

“Spaceship, what’s going on?” he asked, sliding into the captain’s chair.

“I am detecting one of Rex’s clone ships ahead,” the ship’s voice replied calmly. “It

appears to be on a collision course with us.”

Kid turned his head toward the front viewscreen. There it was—a massive ship barreling toward them. It had the unmistakable look of a Tyrannosaurus Rex head carved into its nosecone. Classic Rex.

Gripping the control stick just in time, Kid yanked it hard to the left. The ship jerked out of the way, narrowly avoiding disaster.

“We are receiving a signal,” Spaceship said. “Would you like to hear it?”

“Uh, yeah. Obviously,” Kid replied.

A voice crackled over the radio. “Well, fancy meeting you here,” it said.

“Rex?” Kid groaned. “Really? I’ve been looking all over for you!”

“I’ve been bored,” Rex’s voice continued. “Prepare for battle.”

As if on cue, the enemy ship began to open up—dozens of hatches along its sides hissed apart, releasing an army of smaller robotic ships into the void.

“Oh man, let’s just get out of here,” Kid said, throwing his weight forward and pressing the throttle to maximum. The ship surged ahead, weaving through the stars in a sweeping arc away from Rex’s forces.



Unfortunately, the smaller ships were fast, and they stayed in pursuit.

“Where exactly are we, anyway?” Kid asked, keeping an eye on the radar.

“I was exploring this solar system,” Spaceship answered. “I detected a very unusual planet—one composed primarily of sentient marshmallows.”

“Wait, living, thinking marshmallows?” Kid asked, eyebrows raised. “Haven’t we seen something like that before?”

“No time to check the databanks now,” Spaceship responded. “Asteroid belt ahead.”

Kid gritted his teeth and focused. Chunks of rock the size of houses floated in every direction. With quick

reflexes, he flew through the maze of spinning asteroids, dodging left, right, up, and down. At one point, he even pulled a perfect loop-the-loop to avoid an oncoming boulder.

Behind him, Rex’s robotic ships followed relentlessly. A few were clipped or shattered by stray asteroids, but most of them made it through.

Up ahead, a bright blue-and-green planet hovered in the distance.

“Looks like Earth,” Kid said. “Maybe we can hide down there.”

He pushed the ship harder, diving into the atmosphere. The robotic ships followed.

“Oh no,” Kid said. “Spaceship, I think we’re going to have to do something about this. Activate defense mode. Now.”

“Understood,” said Spaceship.

The ship shimmered as a large energy shield wrapped around it. Panels on the hull opened, revealing rows of hidden laser turrets. On the main screen, a red X lit up, and a second joystick extended from the console—laser controls.

Kid put one hand on the new joystick, the other on the ship’s flight stick, and spun the ship back toward the enemy.



The lasers lit up the sky. One by one, the smaller enemy ships exploded into bursts of smoke and sparks.

Then—a sudden jolt. The entire ship lurched sideways.

“Damage,” Spaceship reported.
“Shields breached.”

“They hit us!” Kid shouted.

He yanked the stick backward. The ship flipped in a perfect backflip and locked sights on the attacker. Kid pressed the red button on top of the joystick. A laser beam shot forward, striking the robotic ship and blowing it to pieces.

A voice returned to the radio.

“Aw man! Do you know how much those things cost? Ugh. Whatever, kid. I’m outta here.”

Rex’s voice faded. All of the robotic ships retreated, flying back into the mouth of the massive Rex-head ship, which turned and blasted off into space.

Kid stared at the empty sky. “Weird. He doesn’t usually give up that easily.”

“Shall we check out the marshmallow planet now?” asked Spaceship.

“Oh yeah,” Kid said, sitting back in the pilot’s seat. “We probably should.”

The ship descended gently through fluffy white clouds until the surface of the planet came into view.

Kid pressed his face up close to the viewscreen. “Whoa,” he whispered.

Below stretched an endless forest of strange trees—tall, twisty trunks that shimmered like chocolate under the sun, topped with green leaves and puffy white blobs that looked an awful lot like marshmallows.

“Spaceship... are those actual marshmallows?”

“Analyzing now... Yes. The trees appear to be made of a chocolate-like compound. The white formations on their branches are marshmallows. Edible ones.”

Kid's mouth opened slightly. "This might be the best planet ever."



Most of the land was covered in the chocolate-marshmallow forest, but ahead there was a clearing—a tiny village nestled in a circular grove. The buildings looked like log cabins, only built from chocolate tree trunks. Between each log was a layer of sticky white marshmallow, clearly used as glue.

As they hovered overhead, Spaceship zoomed in and displayed the ground on the main screen.

"Whoa," Kid said again, eyes wide. "Marshmallow people."

Sure enough, the streets below were filled with creatures that looked just like oversized

marshmallows with arms, legs, and little cartoonish faces. Some wore tiny hats. Others carried shopping bags or baskets of goods. They walked and talked just like people on Earth—going about their marshmallow day without a care in the world.

But suddenly, that peaceful scene shattered.

One panicked marshmallow ran into the town square, waving his arms and shouting. He pointed furiously toward the sky.

Kid leaned forward. "Did they see us?"

But Spaceship shook its head. "No, they're not pointing at us. They're pointing... over there."

Kid followed the direction. His heart dropped.

A dark, thick cloud of smoke billowed up from the forest on the horizon.

"Oh no," Kid muttered. "Spaceship... I'm afraid to ask, but what caused that fire?"

"I believe the source is falling debris from our recent battle with Rex's clone ship," Spaceship answered.



Kid groaned. “That’s exactly what I was afraid you’d say.”

“Unfortunately,” Spaceship continued, “the vegetation on this planet is extremely flammable. The fire is spreading rapidly—toward this village and others in the area.”

Kid pulled the ship higher to get a better view.

Below, smoke poured from more than one location. The fires weren’t isolated—they were multiplying. Some were already huge, licking through the forest like hungry beasts. Others were just starting.

“Oh man,” Kid whispered. “There are villages all through that

forest. If we don’t stop this, they’re going to turn into puddles of melted marshmallow and chocolate.”

He sat up straighter, determination in his eyes.

“Okay, Spaceship. First priority: rescue. Do we still have drones and robots?”

“Yes,” Spaceship replied. “I recommend deploying them in squads to evacuate villagers in danger and transport them back to the ship.”

“Do it.”

Around him, the ship glowed as walls expanded and panels slid open. A massive cargo bay appeared at the back of the command center, filled with rows of standby rescue drones.

The back hatch opened wide, and the little bots zoomed into the sky—each equipped with floating stretchers, nets, and retrieval gear.

Kid jogged back to the command center and stared at the viewscreen, watching the robots split into teams and dive toward different marshmallow villages scattered across the burning landscape.

“Alright, Spaceship,” Kid said. “Let’s put out some fires. Standard procedure. Let’s try water.”



“Understood. We will need to drop a hose into a nearby lake.”

Kid steered toward a sparkling blue lake ringed with chocolate trees.

“Deploying water collection device now,” Spaceship announced.

From the underside of the ship, a thick hose launched downward like a harpoon. It pierced the surface of the lake and latched onto the floor below with a triple-pronged anchor.

With a rumble, the ship’s hull transformed again. The old laser ports folded away, replaced with gleaming water cannons.

The familiar aiming joystick popped out again.

“Water transfer initiated,” Spaceship said.

Kid pressed the red button, and huge torrents of water blasted from the ship. He swept the cannons left and right, aiming at the nearest fire.

Steam hissed as the water hit the flames. But instead of dying out, the fire roared even louder.

“Uh, Spaceship?” Kid asked. “Is it just me or is this getting worse?”

“Analyzing... It appears this planet’s water has an unusually high content of sugar and oil.”

Kid’s eyes widened. “Wait—so we’re feeding the fire?”

“That is correct.”

Kid groaned. “Great. Okay, next plan. Freeze rays?”

“Activating freeze rays,” Spaceship replied.

The water cannons folded back into the hull, replaced by glowing blue tubes.

The hose detached, and Kid swooped low, heading for a blaze near one of the more distant villages.



He aimed, held his breath, and fired.

A bright blue beam burst from the ship, washing over the flames. The fire hissed and froze solid in an instant, leaving behind a shimmering wall of ice.

“Yes!” Kid shouted. But as the ship rose and circled back, he saw it happen.

The ice melted. Fast.

In seconds, the fire returned—hotter than ever.

He tried again. And again. Flying low, painting stripes of frozen ground, but nothing held. Every patch melted and reignited.

“Spaceship,” he said. “This isn’t working. And it’s spreading fast. What is that stuff flowing around the fires? Is that lava?”

“That is not lava,” Spaceship replied. “It is molten chocolate and sugar. Extremely flammable. Likely one of the primary causes of fire spread.”

Kid’s jaw clenched. “Okay. We’ve tried water. We’ve tried freezing it. I’m out of ideas.”

“We could try fire,” Spaceship offered.

Kid blinked. “Say what now?”

“Controlled burns are often used to stop wildfires from spreading. I propose we use high-intensity lasers to burn a circle around the fire—vaporizing all fuel in its path. It may be the only way to contain it.”

“You want me to melt the forest to stop it from melting?” Kid asked. “Okay. Sure. Why not? Let’s try it.”

The freeze rays retracted into the ship’s hull, and the familiar hum of the laser systems powered up once more. Panels shifted and locked into place as the heavy-duty laser cannons extended out from either side of the ship.

“For this to work,” Spaceship warned, “you must leave no area untouched. I have calibrated the lasers to instantly vaporize all surrounding forest material. It should be sufficient to create a barrier the fire cannot cross.”



“Got it,” Kid said, gripping the flight controls. “Let’s cut some giant circles.”

He dove the ship low over the first fire—a massive, swirling inferno pushing toward the nearest marshmallow village. With one finger on the red trigger button and eyes locked on the terrain, he lined up the outer edge of the blaze.

He pressed the button.

A thunderous beam of red energy shot downward, scorching a wide swath of forest into blackened ash. Trees exploded into vapor. Chocolate and marshmallow debris turned instantly to smoke.

Kid circled the blaze slowly, carving a

perfect ring of destruction around it.

When he finished the loop, he pulled the ship up and hovered, watching.

The fire raged inside the ring—but didn’t spread beyond it. The molten chocolate slowed as it pooled against the burned-out zone, cooling into a sticky, bubbling mess.

“It’s working!” he shouted.

He didn’t wait. There were more fires—dozens of them. Some large, some small. All dangerous.

He flew from one to the next, laser-trigger at the ready. Over and over, he carved circular firebreaks, sealing in each blaze before it could reach another village.

Some circles were simple. Others were messy and required zigzagging paths to cover every edge. But eventually, every visible fire had been cut off.

Kid sat back in the command chair, finally allowing himself a breath. His eyes drifted to the viewscreen, where a wide shot of the planet showed thick bands of smoke... but no more spreading flames.

That’s when he heard the sound—soft footsteps behind him.

He turned.

A crowd of marshmallow people had gathered in the command center. Dozens of them stood quietly, looking around in awe at the glowing lights and curved walls. Some peeked through windows. Others just stared at Kid.



“Oh,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck. “Uh... hey.”

One of the marshmallow people stepped forward. He wore what looked like a little melted-chocolate vest and had a smudge of powdered sugar on one cheek.

“Excuse me,” the marshmallow said, blinking politely. “Can you explain why we’re on this flying thing? And... who are you?”

Kid stood up. “Right. So... funny story. That fire? Might’ve been... kind of my fault. But the important part is, I helped stop it. And rescued you. And, uh... yeah.”

He gestured to the screen. “Look—all the fires are contained. Your villages should be safe now.”

The marshmallow man crossed his arms and squinted. “Well. Good job, I guess. Although if you caused it in the first place, I’m not really sure how to feel about all this.”

“Yeah. That’s fair,” Kid said with a sheepish shrug.

“Either way,” the marshmallow said, waving a squishy arm, “can you take us back home?”

Kid smiled. “Absolutely.”

He guided the ship gently down to the surface, visiting each village one by one. The marshmallow people poured out of the cargo bay in groups, waving and thanking the drones as they returned to their sticky log homes.

At the final stop, Kid personally walked the last marshmallow back to his village.

“Sorry again,” he said.

“Eh, don’t worry about it,” the marshmallow replied, brushing a little ash off his shoulder. “We marshmallow people have short memories.”



He paused, then grinned. "Why don't you stay for dinner?"

Kid's stomach growled. "Uh... okay. Sure. Where's dinner?"

"Anywhere you find it!" the marshmallow said, leading him into the forest with a springy bounce.

They wandered beneath the chocolate trees. The marshmallow reached up, snapped off a branch, picked off the green leaves, and bit into one of the fluffy white puffs dangling from the tip.

"Mmm. Perfect," he said. Then he crunched down on the branch itself. "Delicious

chocolate. Want to try?"

Kid looked up at Spaceship hovering above. "Is it safe?"

"Scanning..." Spaceship replied through his wrist communicator. "Aside from the leaves, it is perfectly digestible for humans."

Kid nodded and snapped off a branch. He peeled off the leaves and took a sniff. The scent was rich and sweet—like cocoa and toasted sugar.

He bit into one of the marshmallows. It was soft, warm, and incredibly sweet. The branch itself had the smooth taste of dark chocolate, melting easily on his tongue.

"Whoa," he mumbled. "This is amazing."

They continued walking, until they reached a patch of forest near one of the burned firebreak zones.

"These look different," the marshmallow said, pointing at the trees.

Sure enough, the marshmallows here were slightly golden.



He pulled one off, tossed it into his mouth, and immediately started bouncing up and down. “Oh man! Cooked marshmallows! These are incredible!”

Kid grabbed one and bit in. The outer shell was toasted to perfection, the inside gooey and warm. The chocolate branch beneath it had softened, becoming almost fudge-like.

He took another. And another.

“Okay,” he said through a full mouth, “this might actually make the whole fire thing worth it.”

“Want to stay the night?” the marshmallow offered. “You did save the village. Even if you also nearly

destroyed it.”

Kid smiled. “Thanks. I think?”

He followed the marshmallow back to the village and into a cozy log cabin built entirely from chocolate logs and marshmallow mortar.

Inside, the furniture was just as strange and wonderful—couches made from marshmallows, chocolate-wood tables, and chairs that looked like candy.

The marshmallow led him to a room at the back.

“Here,” he said. “You can sleep here. It’s got memory marshmallows. They shape themselves around your body while you sleep. Super comfy. Also kind of tasty.”

Kid walked over to the bed. It was soft, like a fluffy cloud. He pressed his hands into the marshmallow mattress, and it slowly rose back to its original shape.

“Thanks,” he said, climbing into bed and resting his head on the pillow.

His body sank gently into the mattress. The whole room smelled like sugar and cocoa. With each breath, he felt himself sink deeper—more relaxed, more tired.

Outside, the stars twinkled above the marshmallow village. The fires were out. The people were safe.

And Kid? Kid closed his eyes and smiled, drifting off into a well-earned sleep, already dreaming of the next wild adventure.