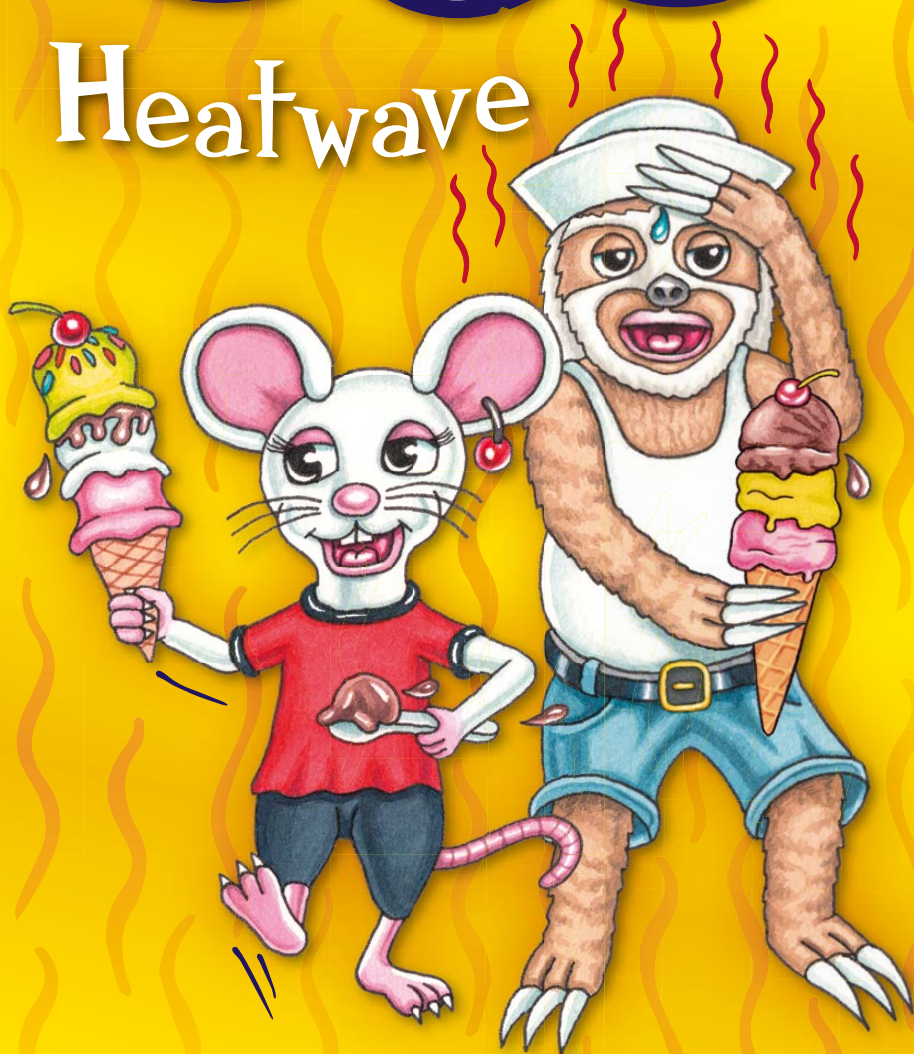


SOS

Heatwave



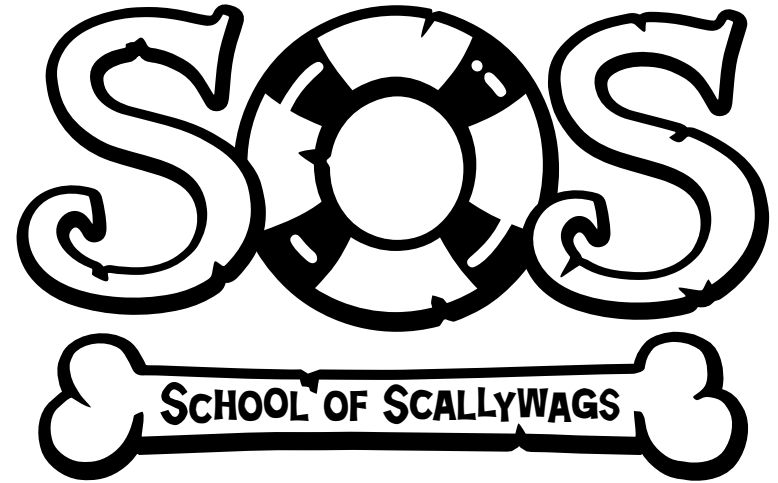
Cameron Stelzer

Welcome to the
School of Scallywags,
a boarding school for
young pirates.

At SOS, students live
at school during the
term and go home for
the holidays.

Each night is one big
sleepover with their
friends!

Each new day is an
adventure waiting to
happen ...



Heatwave

Excerpt

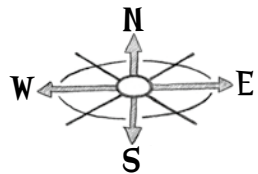
Written and illustrated by
Cameron Stelzer

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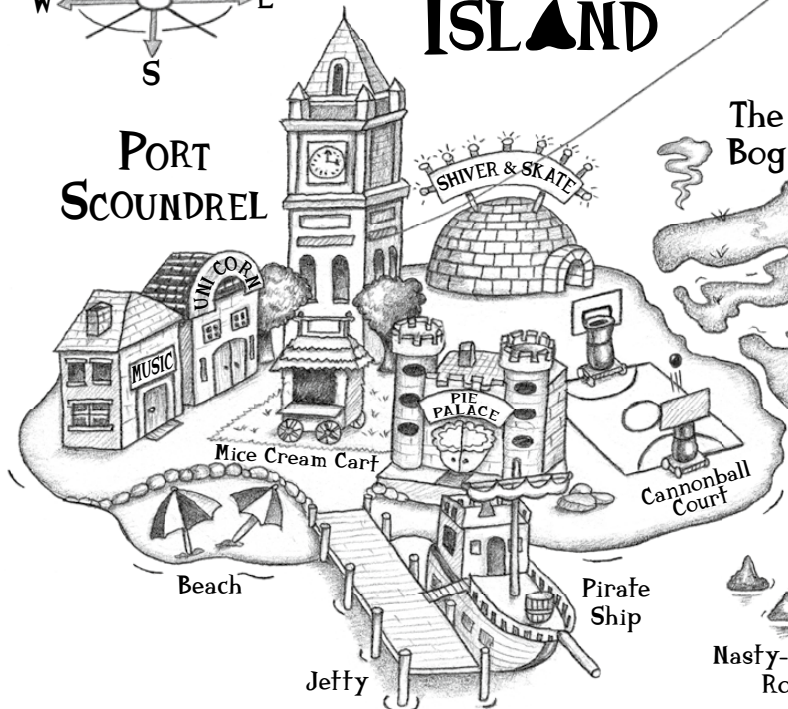


FARM ISLAND



SHARK TOOTH ISLAND

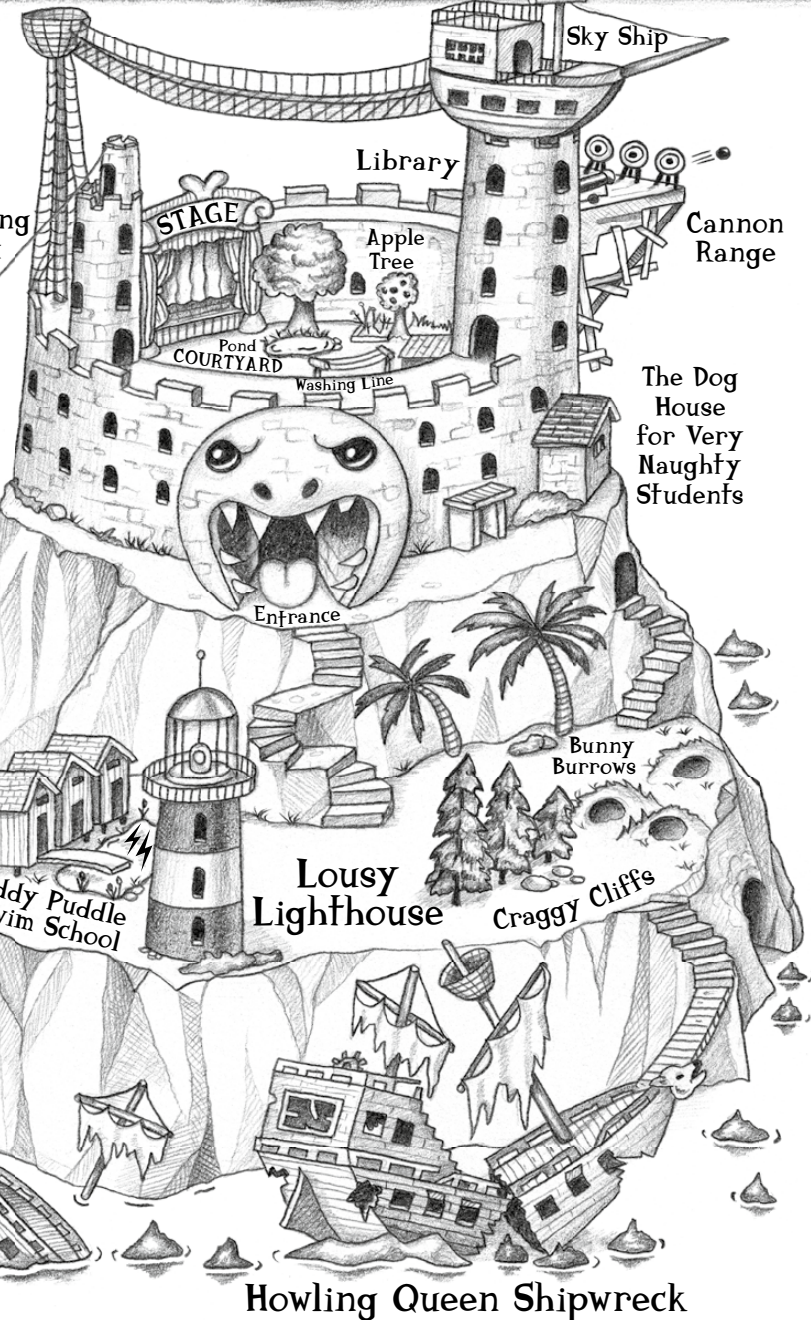
PORT SCOUNDREL



The Bog

Nasty-looking Rocks

Flying Fox

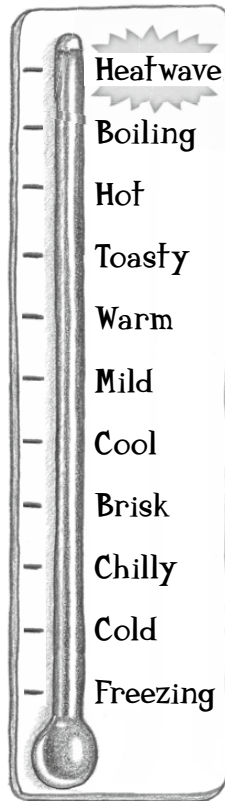


The Dog House for Very Naughty Students

Lousy Lighthouse

Craggy Cliffs

Howling Queen Shipwreck



Summer Scorcher

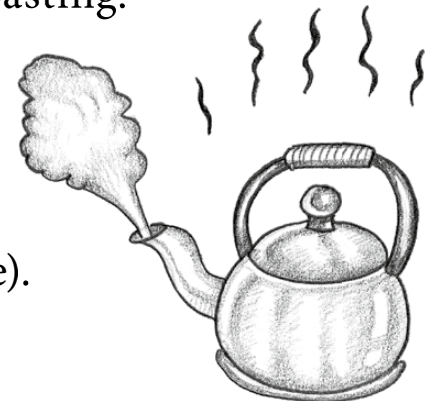
HOT! HOT! HOT!

The classrooms are sizzling.

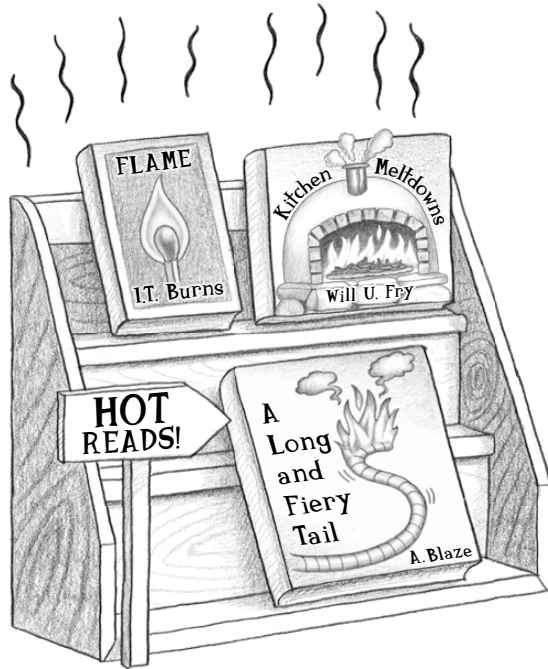
The playground is scorching.

Students are roasting.

The staffroom
is boiling (and
not just the
water in the kettle).



It is even hot in the library.

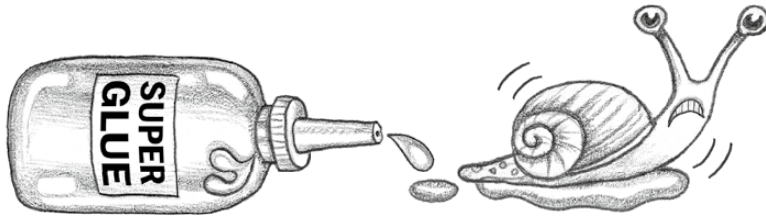


Put it all together and what do you have? A *heatwave!*

Hot days make Samuel So 'n' Slow even sleepier than usual. And the sleepier he is, the slower he goes.



Today the sleepy sloth is even slower than a snail stuck in superglue!

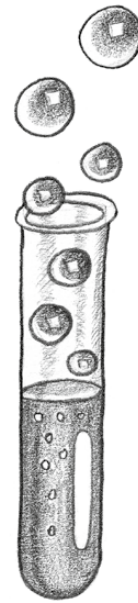
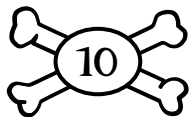


If only there were a puff of sea breeze or a cooling shower of rain, thinks Samuel.

But no, the School of Scallywags is hotter than a volcano on the sun.

It is too hot for spelling. And far too hot for maths. It is even too hot to paint pirate flags in the art room.

And don't ask Samuel about science.



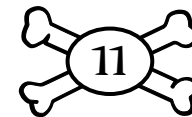
He **slept** through the entire lesson! **zzzzzz**

The one good thing about a heatwave is that the students have been given the afternoon off.

Headmaster von Ironheart stands at the end of the corridor and hurries the Scallywags out.

'GO ON, get a move on,' he grumbles. 'Find a place to keep cool and read a good book.'

'Does that mean I can read a library book underwater?' asks Owen Undersea, a little purple octopus. 'I love reading to dolphins.'

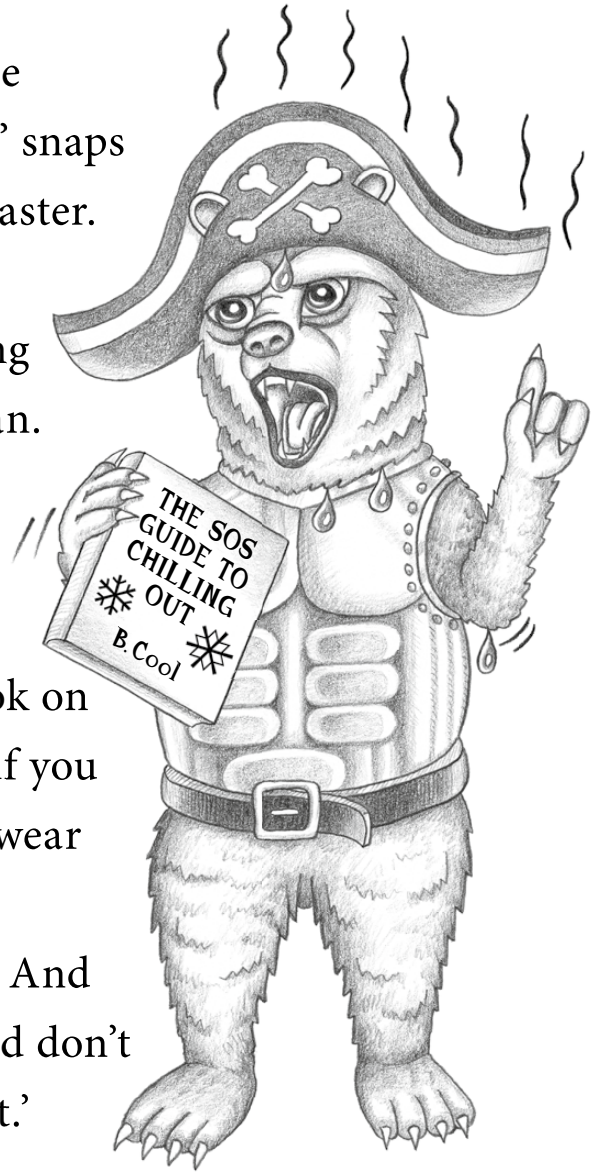


‘Sounds ... wonderful,’ says
Samuel in his slow, dreamy voice.

‘Dolphins ... are so
... friendly.’

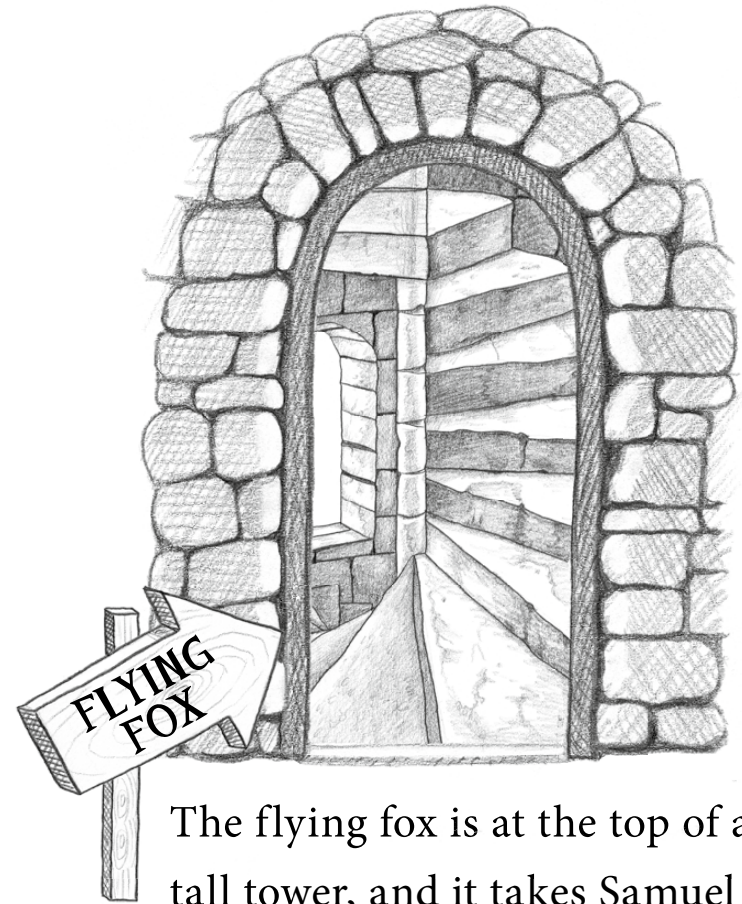


‘Don’t be
ridiculous,’ snaps
the headmaster.
‘Books
don’t belong
in the ocean.
They
belong on
dry land.
Read a book on
the beach if you
must. But wear
plenty of
sunscreen. And
a shirt. And don’t
forget a hat.’

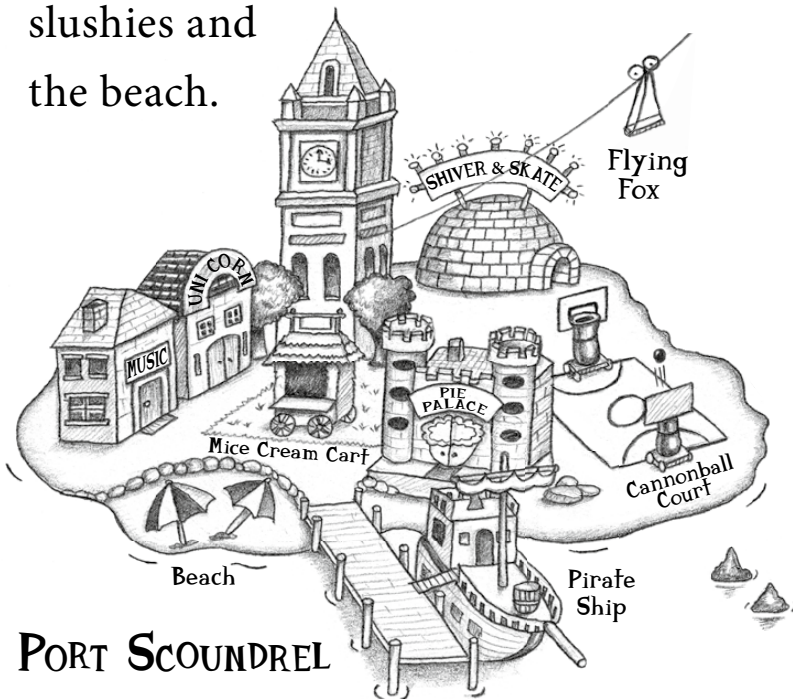


The grizzly bear wipes the sweat off his brow. 'But for goodness sake, do not wear an iron breastplate. It feels like an **OVEN** in this thing!'

Samuel follows the other students towards the flying fox. It is the quickest way to reach Port Scoundrel where there are shady trees, ice-cold slushies and the beach.



The flying fox is at the top of a tall tower, and it takes Samuel a long time to climb the spiral stairs. The quicker students **RUSH** past him, chatting about the weather and their plans to cool down.





‘I can’t wait to buy an ice cream from the town square,’ pants Deluchio da Silva. The handsome grey wolf is usually the **coolest** student at school, but even Deluchio is struggling with the heat. ‘I wish it would snow. Wolves love snow. And we love ice cream ...’

Deluchio’s voice fades away as he hurries up the stairs, leaving Samuel to walk at his own special pace.

Slow and steady, thinks Samuel.
No need to rush and trip on a stair.

As he looks down for uneven steps, Samuel spots a pirate hat lying in the shadows.

*It's Owen Undersea's hat, he
thinks, picking it up. He must have
dropped it in the rush up the stairs.
The poor little octopus will sizzle like
a sausage without it.*

