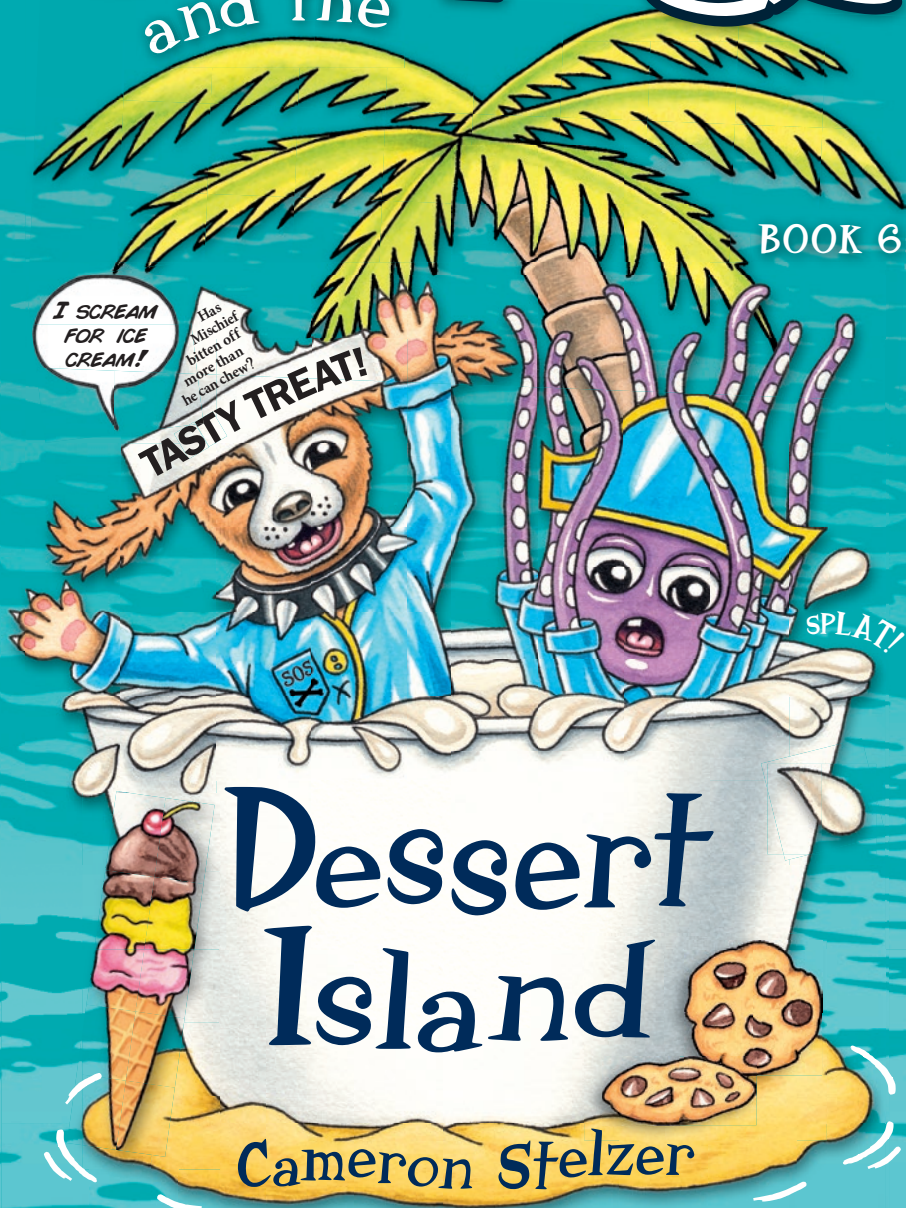


# Scallywags

and the

BOOK 6

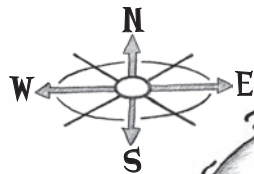


## Dessert Island

Cameron Stelzer



# SHARK TOOTH ISLAND



Port Scoundrel  
(full of scoundrels)

BEWARE!  
The Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

Lousy  
Lighthouse  
Just look at all  
those shipwrecks!

Electric Eels

The Bog

Muddy  
Puddle  
Swim  
School

Craggy  
Cliffs

Bunny Burrows  
(how cute)

ANGER  
SHARKS

Sky Ship

SOS

Flying Fox  
whooooo...

Not-so-  
welcome  
Entrance

SEA SHANTY  
THEATRE

Cannon  
Range

Training  
Anchor

The Dog  
House  
for Very  
Naughty  
Students

Ye Olde  
Back Door

Oooh!  
Scary Cave

The Howling Queen (HQ)

More Nasty-looking Rocks

Books by Cameron Stelzer

*Sallywags and the Troublesome Treasure*  
*Sallywags and the Candy Catastrophe*  
*Sallywags and the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster*  
*Sallywags and the Stormy Secret*  
*Sallywags and the Wham Kabam Gran*  
*Sallywags and the Dessert Island*

*Pie Rats: The Forgotten Map*  
*Pie Rats: The King's Key*  
*Pie Rats: The Island of Destiny*  
*Pie Rats: The Trophy of Champions*  
*Pie Rats: Child of the Cloud*  
*Pie Rats: The Golden Anchor*

*How to Sketch Sallywags*  
*How to Create Pie Rats*  
*How to Draw Dragons*  
*How to Create Cool Characters*

*The Stroogle*  
*The Stroogle's New Home*  
*The Stroogle Warms Winter*  
*The Stroogle Sails the Seven Seas*  
*The Stroogle and the Golden Dragon*  
*The Stroogle in Space*

# *Sallywags* and the **Dessert Island**

BOOK 6  
EXCERPT



Written and illustrated by  
**Cameron Stelzer**

DAYDREAM  
PRESS



*For Jasmine and Miriam,  
lovers of ice cream and  
occasional mischief-makers.*

A big sticky thumbs-up to the Scallywags team:  
proofreaders, editors and test readers.  
Your suggestions are always appreciated –  
even the really gross ice-cream flavours!

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There's an island out there,  
with sweet-smelling air.  
Some say that it's  
one of a kind.

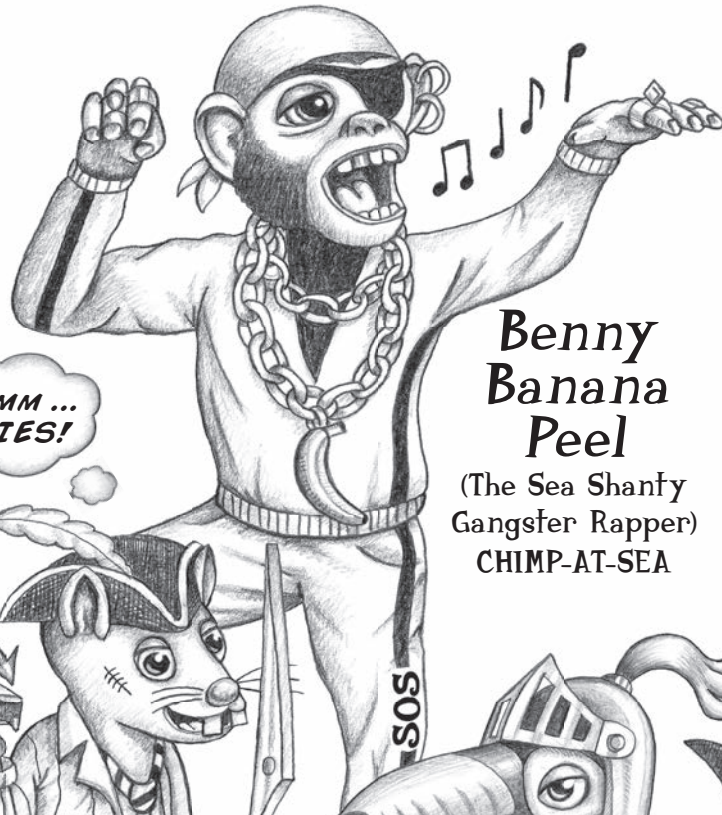


It has ice creams galore,  
and treats to adore.  
And the best choc chip  
cookies you'll find!



**BENNY BANANA PEEL**  
*The Sea Shanty Gangster Rapper*

# Meef the Heroes



**Benny  
Banana  
Peel**

(The Sea Shanty  
Gangster Rapper)  
CHIMP-AT-SEA



**Mischief  
McScruff**

SEA DOG



**Felicity 'Flick'  
Foulweather**

CAT FISH



**Hook Hand  
Horace**

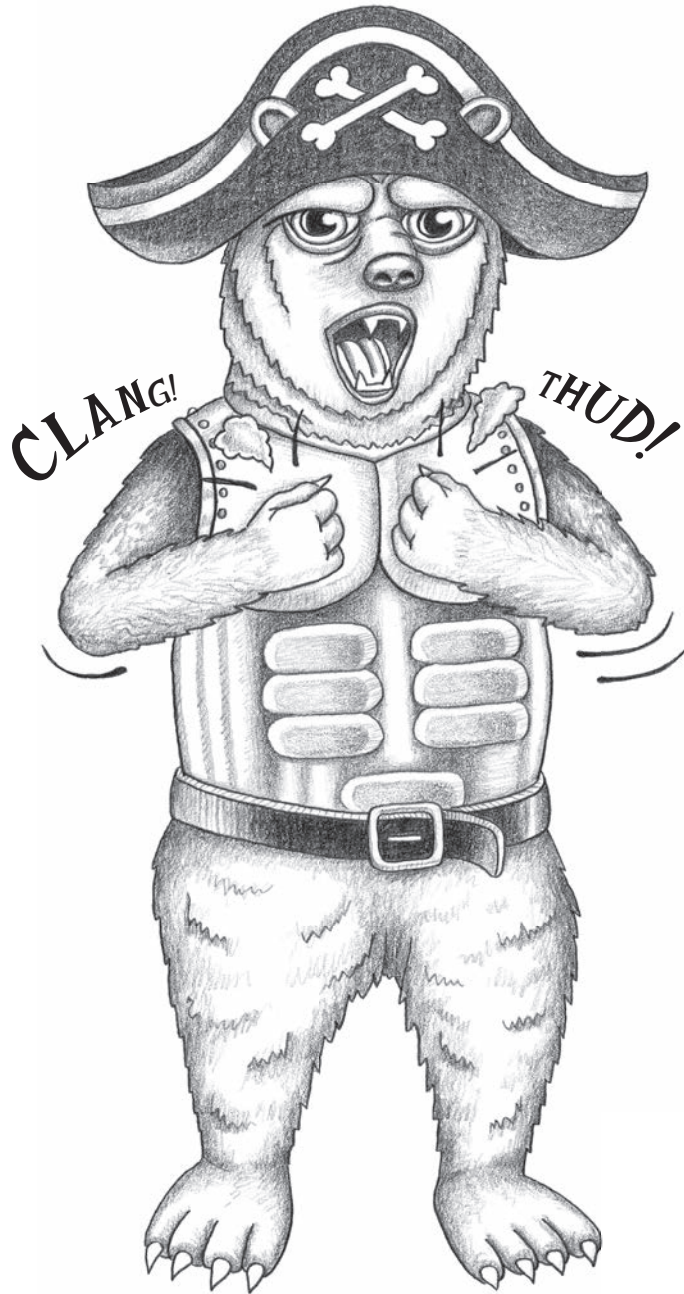
PIE RAT



**Sir Squawk-a-lot**

GUARDIAN OF THE GANGPLANK





## Running Late ... Again

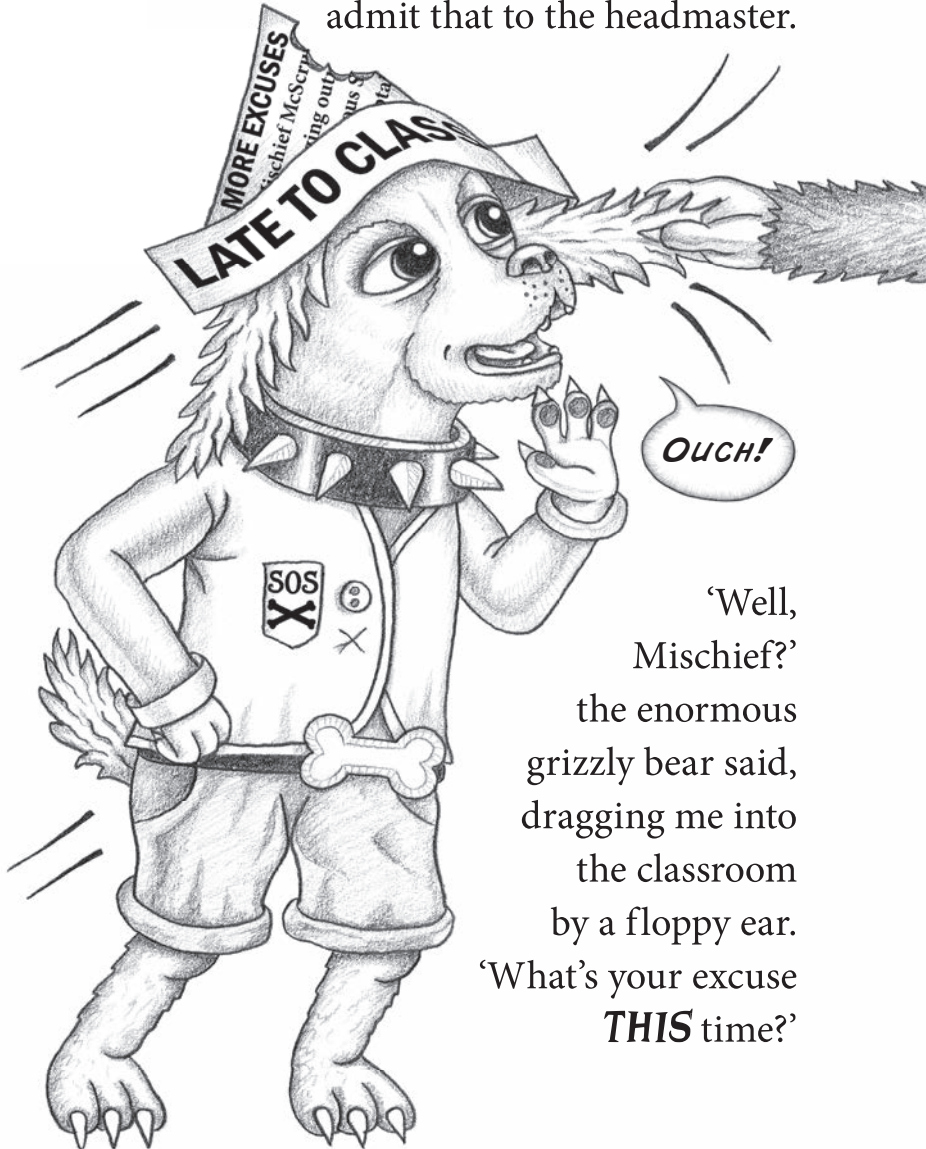


The headmaster's words exploded through the doorway like a cannon with extra gunpowder: **LOUD** and **POWERFUL**.

He thumped his iron breastplate with his monstrous paws and roared, "This is the *fourth* time you've been late for class this week, McScruff. And it's only Tuesday!"



Truth be told, it was the *fifth* time I'd been late for class. But I wasn't going to admit that to the headmaster.



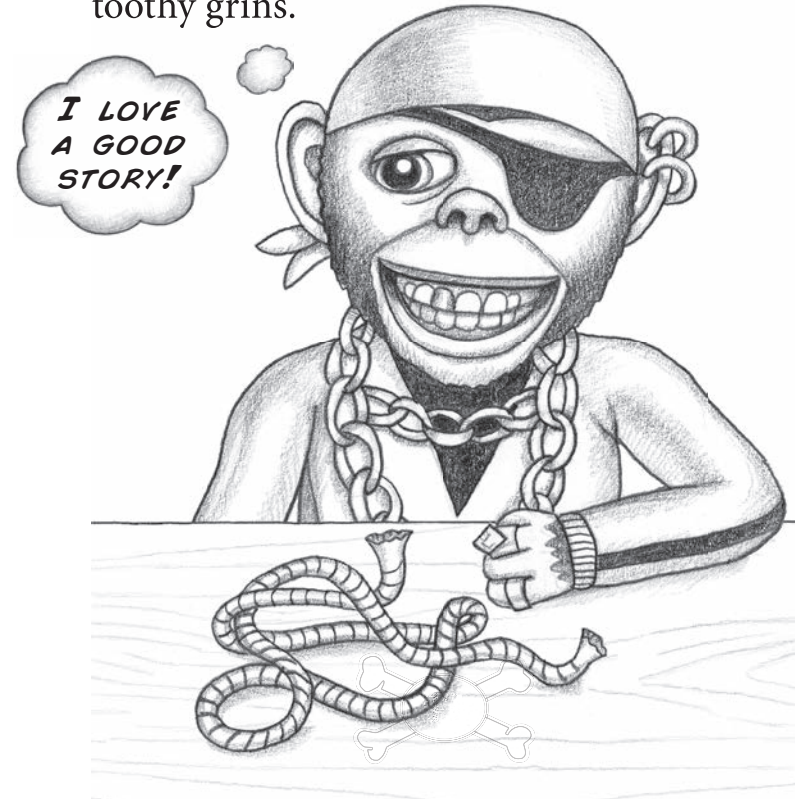
‘Well, Mischief?’  
the enormous grizzly bear said, dragging me into the classroom by a floppy ear.  
‘What’s your excuse **THIS** time?’

‘Err, i-it’s a long story, sir,’ I stammered.

‘Then get started,’ he demanded. ‘And make it snappy! The entire class is waiting.’

I looked around the room and felt a sudden rush of *panic*. Eleven pairs of eyes were staring at me. Make that ten-and-a-half pairs of eyes. Benny Banana Peel was wearing his fake eyepatch.

The cheeky chimp lowered the rope he was untangling and flashed me one of his toothy grins.



It was good to have at least one friendly face in the audience.

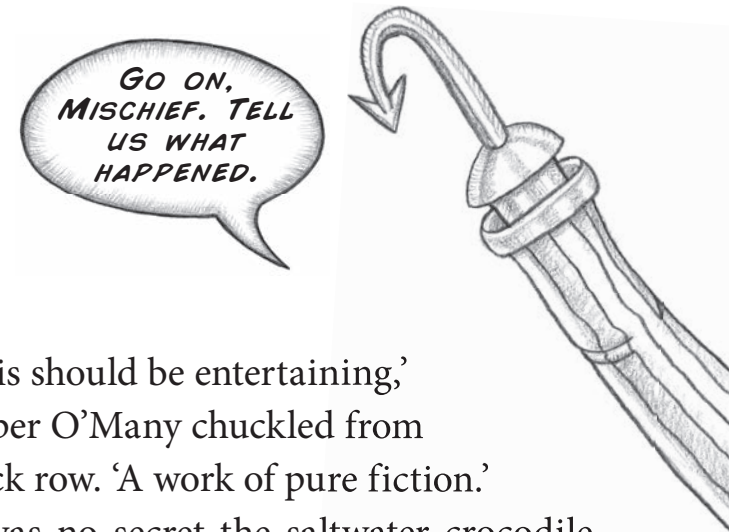
Dozing on the desk next to Benny, Felicity 'Flick' Foulweather opened a sleepy eyelid.



'What's all the commotion?' the black cat said with a yawn. 'The last I remember, Nora Nibblesworth was demonstrating the

correct way to tie a double-bow sailor's knot with an extra loop. Hardly exciting stuff.'

'It's Mischief,' Hook Hand Horace blurted. 'He has returned from ... err, wherever he went.' The tiny Pie Rat gestured to me with his golden hook.



'This should be entertaining,' Chomper O'Many chuckled from the back row. 'A work of pure fiction.'

It was no secret the saltwater crocodile delighted in watching me *squirm*. And I was *squirming* more than a worm in a bowl of spicy spaghetti. It didn't help that Chomper had made a nasty-looking hangman's noose out of his coil of



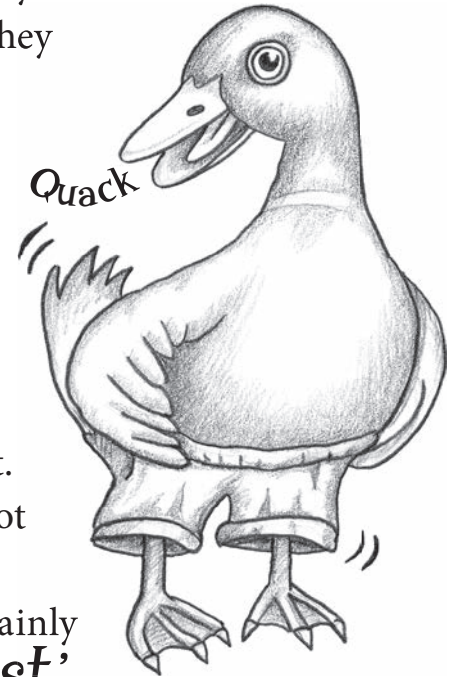
rope and was glaring at me through the neck hole.



I gulped down my fears and commenced my troublesome tale.

‘It all started this morning when I awoke to find my school shorts gone. **KAPOOF!**

‘Just like that they had disappeared. They had transformed into a duck and waddled away. They had turned from a solid into a gas and vanished into thin air. Or something like that. Who knows? I’m not a scientist.’



‘And you’re certainly no **duckologist,**’ Horace chimed in. ‘Whoever heard of a waddling pair of shorts?’

‘I think you mean **ornithologist,**’ Nora Nibblesworth corrected.

‘Whatever, Miss Know-it-all,’ Horace said with a dismissive wave of his hook.



I personally hadn't heard of a *duckologist*, or an *ornithologist*, but I suspected the white rabbit was correct. It was hard to argue with the School of Scallywags captain, especially when Horace **INVENTED** most of his facts.

'Your shorts, McScruff,' the headmaster growled. 'You were telling us about your flea-ridden shorts.'

'Oh yes. So I was,' I said. 'After searching my dorm room for the entire first lesson, I eventually gave up the hunt and borrowed a pair of Horace's shorts. Unfortunately, Horace's *PINT-SIZED* shorts were too small for my doggie behind and they gave me an uncomfortable, um ... **wedgie**. Even worse, the wedgie was so bad it took the entire second lesson to remove.'





‘I think I’ll stick to my own shorts in the future, Horace,’ I muttered. ‘Those things are seriously **PAINFUL**. Anyway, I eventually found my school shorts in a dark corner of the SOS toilets. How they got there is anyone’s guess.’



I shot a quick glance in Chomper’s direction, wondering if the crocodile had something to do with it. I had ruined Chomper’s **EVIL** plans on more than one occasion, and he was constantly looking for ways to get his revenge.



Chomper stared unblinking at me, not giving anything away.