

Scallywags

and the

Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

BOOK 3



Cameron Stelzer

Books by Cameron Stelzer

The Scallywags series:

Scallywags and the Troublesome Treasure

Scallywags and the Candy Catastrophe

Scallywags and the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

Scallywags and the Stormy Secret

The Pie Rats series:

The Forgotten Map

The King's Key

The Island of Destiny

The Trophy of Champions

Child of the Cloud

The Golden Anchor

Drawing books:

How to Sketch Scallywags

How to Create Pie Rats

How to Draw Dragons

How to Create Cool Characters

The Stroogle series:

The Stroogle

The Stroogle's New Home

The Stroogle Warms Winter

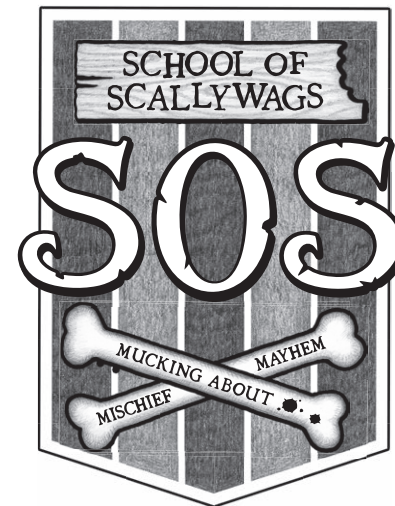
The Stroogle Sails the Seven Seas

The Stroogle and the Golden Dragon

The Stroogle in Space

Scallywags and the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

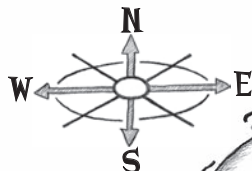
BOOK 3
EXCERPT



Written and Illustrated by
Cameron Stelzer

DAYDREAM
PRESS

SHARK TOOTH ISLAND



Port Scoundrel
(full of scoundrels)

BEWARE!
The Hungry Harry Sea Monster

Lousy
Lighthouse
Just look at all
those shipwrecks!

Electric Eels

The Bog

Muddy
Puddle
Swim
School

Flying Fox
whreeeeeeee...

Not-so-
welcome
Entrance

SEA SHANTY
THEATRE

Sky Ship

SOS

Cannon
Range

Training
Anchor

The Dog
House
for Very
Naughty
Students

Ye Olde
Back Door

Oooh!
Scary Cave

Craggy
Cliffs

Bunny Burrows
(how cute)

DANGER
SHARKS

More Nasty-looking Rocks

The Howling Queen (HQ)

Gangplank

For Vaughn
Don't get scared! What you think is
the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster is
probably just an older brother. One of
them is HUNGRY (though the other is
not particularly HAIRY).

A huge thanks to Team Stelzer, Team Glover and
all the students and teachers I worked with in
2017 and 2018. Your input has created a funnier,
crazier story! C.S.

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♪ It's hungry and it's hairy,
and positively scary.
It pays to be quite wary
on any moonlit night.

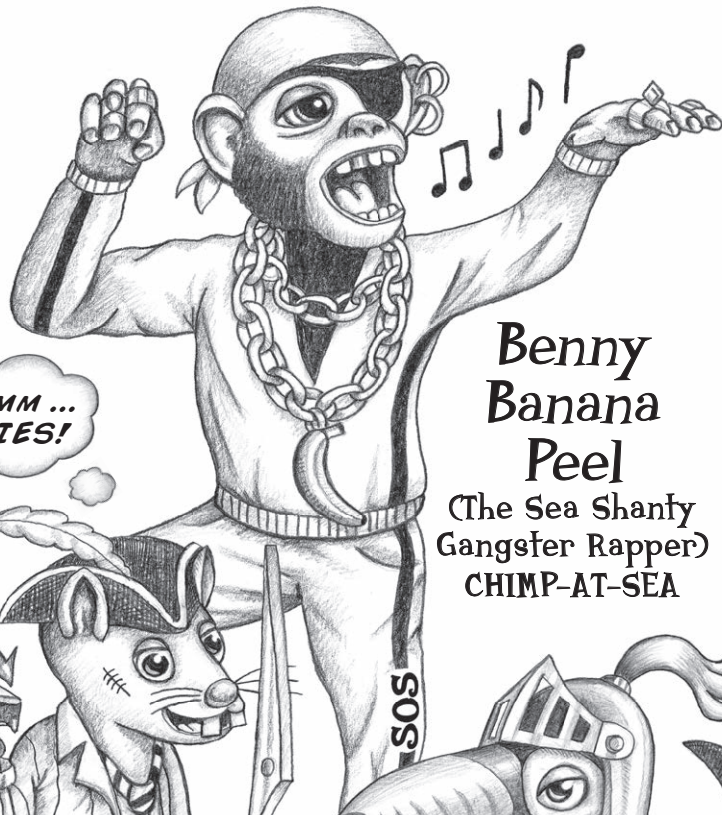
Beware the hungry monster.
I swear it's no imposter!
And mind it does not chomp ya,
or give you one big fright!

So, if you hear a whistling,
or feel your whiskers bristling,
then don't be rash by risking
your safety.

Run! Take flight!

BENNY BANANA PEEL
The Sea Shanty Gangster Rapper

Meet the Heroes



**Benny
Banana
Peel**

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



**Hook Hand
Horace**
PIE RAT



Sir Squawk-a-lot
GUARDIAN OF THE GANGPLANK



**Mischief
McScruff**
SEA DOG



**Felicity 'Flick'
Foulweather**
CAT FISH

Chomper O'Many
CHOMPING CROC

Meet the Villains

S.O.S.
WE'RE
THE
BEST!



Wendi
Whiptongue
HECKLING
HYENA

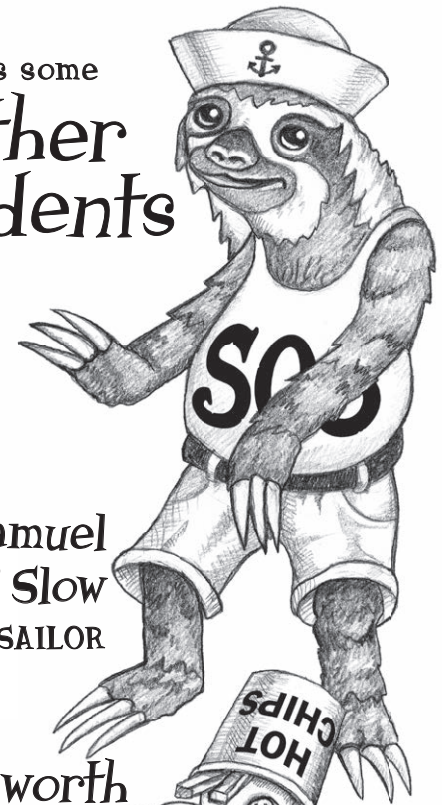


Deluchio da Silva
WILD WOLF

Plus some
Other
Students



Samuel
So 'n' Slow
SLEEPY SAILOR



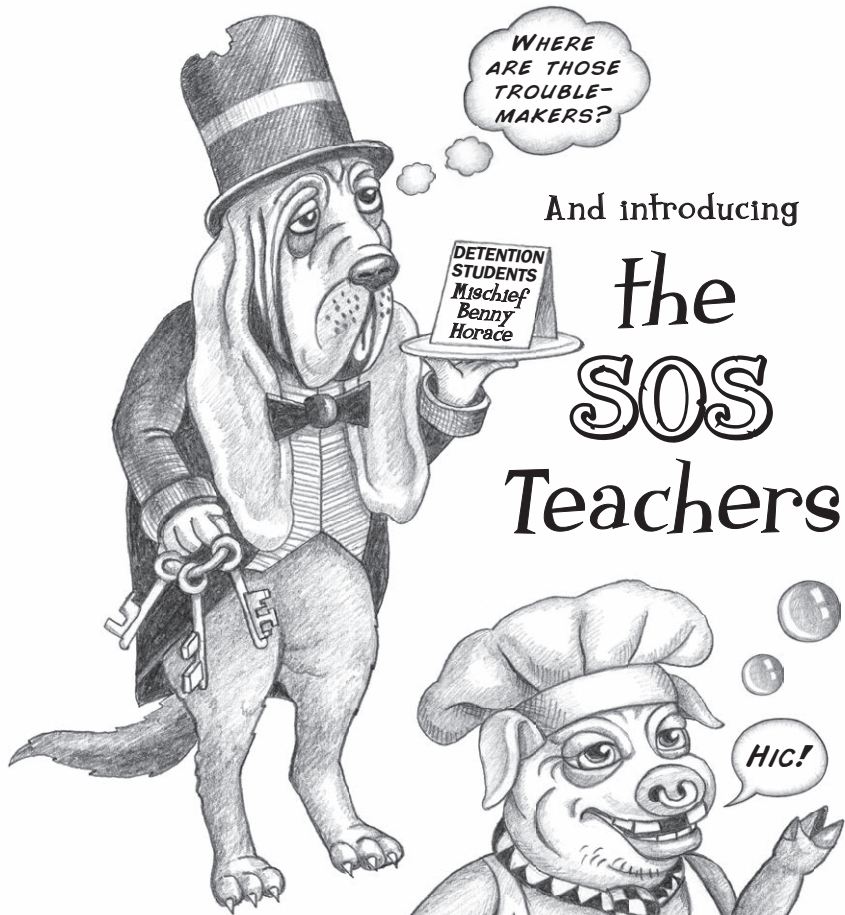
Nora
Nibblesworth
BUNNY BUCCANEER



Owen Undersea PIRATE (because he's got 8 legs)



The
BIG
Chipper
SALTY SEAGULL



Old Fetch
BUTLER

**Professor
Porkchop**
SCIENCE TEACHER
and CHEF



And introducing
**the
SOS
Teachers**



Legs Lorraine
(Former International Swimwear Model)
SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

**Headmaster
von Ironheart**
HEADMASTER (obviously)



**Mrs
Nibblesworth**
HISTORY TEACHER

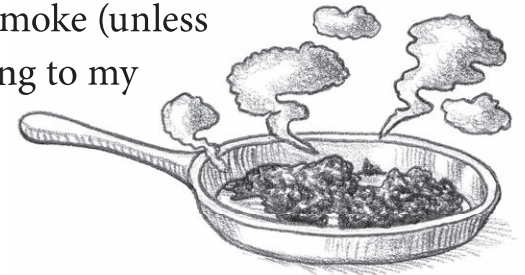


Mischief's Got No Talent

I'm not what you'd call a *talented* kind of dog. Sure, I can fetch a stick and sniff out a buried bone. But when it comes to talent that's worthy of applause, I missed out big time.

I can't bark in tune.

I can't make things disappear in a **PUFF** of smoke (unless you're referring to my cooking).





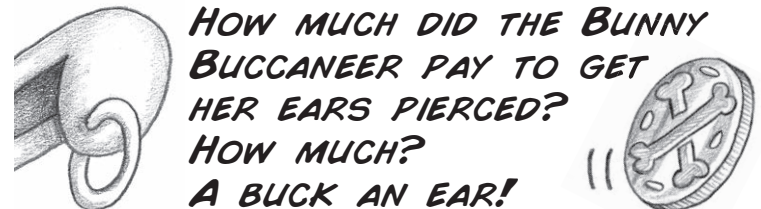
And when it comes to acting, I'm about as wooden as a tree.

Worst of all, my doggy dancing, which I thought was rather **COOL**, has been described as **dodgy dancing**.

I can't juggle dog biscuits while balancing a half-chewed ball on my nose.

I can't chase my tail in a circle without collapsing in a dizzy heap on the ground.

And I only know one pirate joke:



On second thoughts, I can't even take credit for that joke. The school captain, Nora Nibblesworth, shared it with me while she was promoting the upcoming talent quest.

If one student at the School of Scallywags had a **BUCKETLOAD** of talent, it was Nora Nibblesworth.



Nora had a reputation for being the top of everything –

top speller,
top knotter,
top sailor,
top hopper.

The list goes on
and on
and on ...

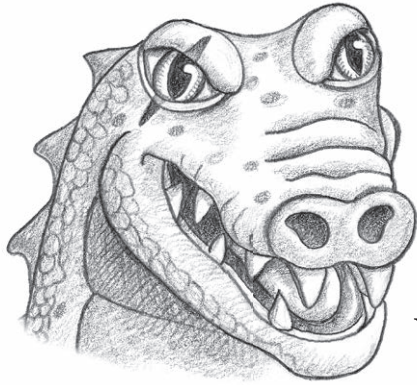


It was hardly surprising that Nora's aunty gave her private tuition lessons after school, while I sat locked up in detention.

I'd lost track of how many times I'd been sent to the Dog House for Very Naughty Students to write out lines or to stare at a spot on the wall.

Believe me, it wasn't that I was a particularly *naughty* student. It was just that I was constantly being blamed for crimes that I didn't commit. The true crook at the School of Scallywags was Chomper O'Many.

Chomper was a saltwater crocodile with a **NASTY** habit of causing trouble, and an even **NASTIER** knack of getting away with it.



*TROUBLE
IS MY
MIDDLE
NAME!*

Whenever Chomper committed a crime (which could happen on a Monday, a Tuesday, a Wednesday during PE, a Thursday afternoon, a Friday morning, a Saturday evening, and even on a Sunday) the headmaster automatically blamed me.

Take my latest detention, for instance. It was simply a case of being in the **wrong** place at the **wrong** time.

It all started when a marble statue of the school's first headmaster, Blacktail the Bold, was erected in the lilypond.



Thanks to an earlier catastrophe which destroyed Blacktail's famous black tail (again not my fault), Headmaster von Ironheart had decided to convert the statue into a fountain.



Where the tail had once been, now squirted a stream of dirty, black pondwater. It rose high into the air before **SPLASHING** down into the lilypond.



From a distance, the jet of water resembled a shaggy wolf's tail. It even swayed back and forth on windy days.

One morning, shortly after the statue had been erected, I was down by the pond, burying a couple of bones in Ye Olde School Garden, as all good Sea Dogs do.



I glanced up from my digging to see that the statue of Blacktail was no longer spraying water out of his **tail**. He was spraying water out of his **nose!**





I'll spare you the juicy details, but I will say that Chomper must have **sneaked** into the SOS toilets during the night, **removed** a rusty metal pipe, **bent** it into the shape of an elephant's trunk, then **attached** it to the front of the statue.

Now I'm not usually one for kindergarten humour, but a ferocious wolf with an elephant's trunk was nothing short of hilarious. Even the headmaster's pet goldfish appeared to be laughing, blowing tiny bubbles to the surface of the water.

What I didn't find funny was that Headmaster von Ironheart chose that very moment to visit the lilypond with a jar of fish food under his arm.

I swear the goldfish began blowing bubbles at **me**.

The headmaster took one look at the statue's new trunk and put **TWO** and **TWO** together.

Unfortunately, he came up with **FIVE**.

It didn't help that I was grinning from ear to ear and covered in red garden soil, which the headmaster immediately mistook for rust.

I hurriedly tossed my bones into the radish patch and hoped I wasn't about to cop a **DOUBLE** detention for vegetable abuse.



'A-HA!' the headmaster exclaimed, grabbing my ear with a monstrous grizzly bear paw. 'I've caught you red-handed this time, Mischief McScruff! The guilt is written all over your face.'

'Oh n-n-no, sir, that's just dog slobber,' I stammered.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my paw, leaving a dirty, wet smear plastered across my face.



‘Dribble, my foot!’ Headmaster von Ironheart snorted. He pointed a finger at my cheek. ‘That’s pondwater right there. You’ve just earnt yourself a **TRIPLE** detention.’

I tried to explain that a pathetic pup with *minuscule* muscles lacked the strength to bend a metal pipe into an elephant’s trunk. And, for a moment, the headmaster seemed to believe me.

Then he tossed me in the Dog House for Very Naughty Students, claiming that I must have hired a team of accomplices to do my dirty work.

And before I knew it, my three friends were hauled into the detention room and the door was **locked** behind us.

