

Scallywags

and the



Troublesome Treasure

BOOK 1

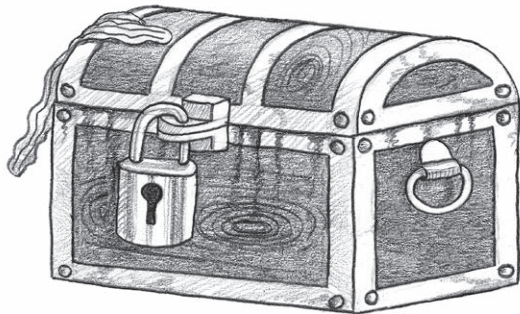


Cameron Stelzer

♪ Heave ho!
Don't be slow.
The wind's in the sails
so it's off we go.

Sail east.
Sail west.
Searching the oceans ♪
for the captain's chest!

BENNY BANANA PEEL
The Sea Shanty Gangster Rapper

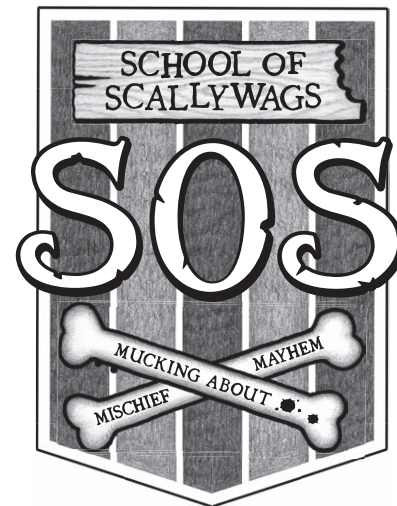


Scallywags

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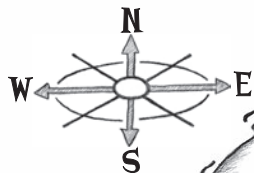
Troublesome Treasure

EXCERPT



Written and Illustrated by
Cameron Stelzer

SHARK TOOTH ISLAND



Port Scoundrel
(full of scoundrels)

BEWARE!
The Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

Lousy
Lighthouse
Just look at all
those shipwrecks!

The Bog

Electric Eels

Muddy
Puddle
Swim
School

Craggy
Cliffs

Bunny Burrows
(how cute)

ANGER
SHARKS

More Nasty-looking Rocks

The Howling Queen (HQ)

Sky Ship

SOS

Flying Fox
whreeeeeeee...

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

Meet 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

MMM ...
PIES!

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The Beginning of the End

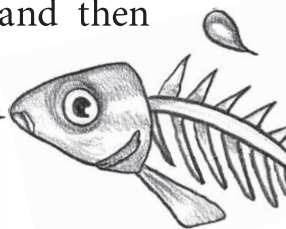
Some stories start at the **BEGINNING**.

Some stories start at the **END**.

This story starts with a bucket of seafood stew being tipped over my head.

It's a **DISGUSTING** introduction, I admit, and I wouldn't be surprised if you abandon this adventure before I describe how **icky, sticky, fishy** stew splashed over my school blazer and then oozed into my trousers.

HEY, FISH
HAVE FEELINGS,
TOO!



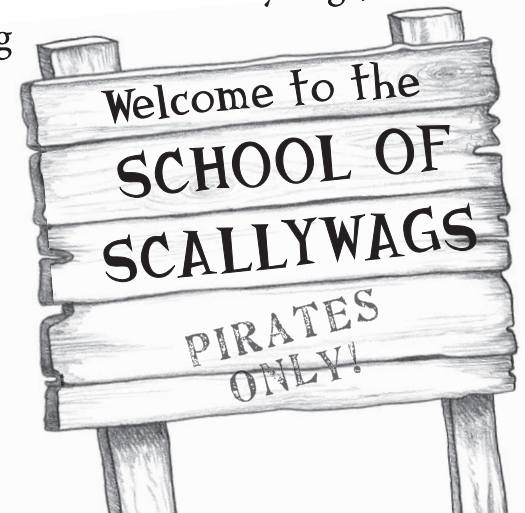


And you would definitely think twice about reading any further when I mention how a monstrous squid eye rolled down my chin and came to rest in my top pocket, where it lay in a puddle of oily, **BLACK** squid ink and stared up at me like a cyclops.

And you might even report this book to the hygiene police when I say there are still squid tentacles dangling from my head, slowly filling the detention room with a **REPULSIVE, ROTTEN** stench!

It's not all fish gizzards and slime, I might add. But before we get to the funny bits, I should probably explain how I came to be in this sticky situation.

I attended the School of Scallywags, a bizarre boarding school where I was learning to be a pirate.



I'm not sure how much actual learning took place at the School of Scallywags. But to be fair, it was still my first day, and being stuck in the detention room, covered in the contents of a large cooking pot, had seriously dampened my spirits (as well as my new uniform).



The day had started off dry enough. I had stepped off the overnight ferry at Port Scoundrel with a small bag of belongings and a belly full of butterflies. My tail was wagging happily behind me, and I gazed **excitedly** across Shark Tooth Island to the School of Scallywags rising majestically out of the morning mist.

The school was built at the top of a steep hill and, at first glance, I mistook it for an amusement park. It was like nothing I had ever seen.

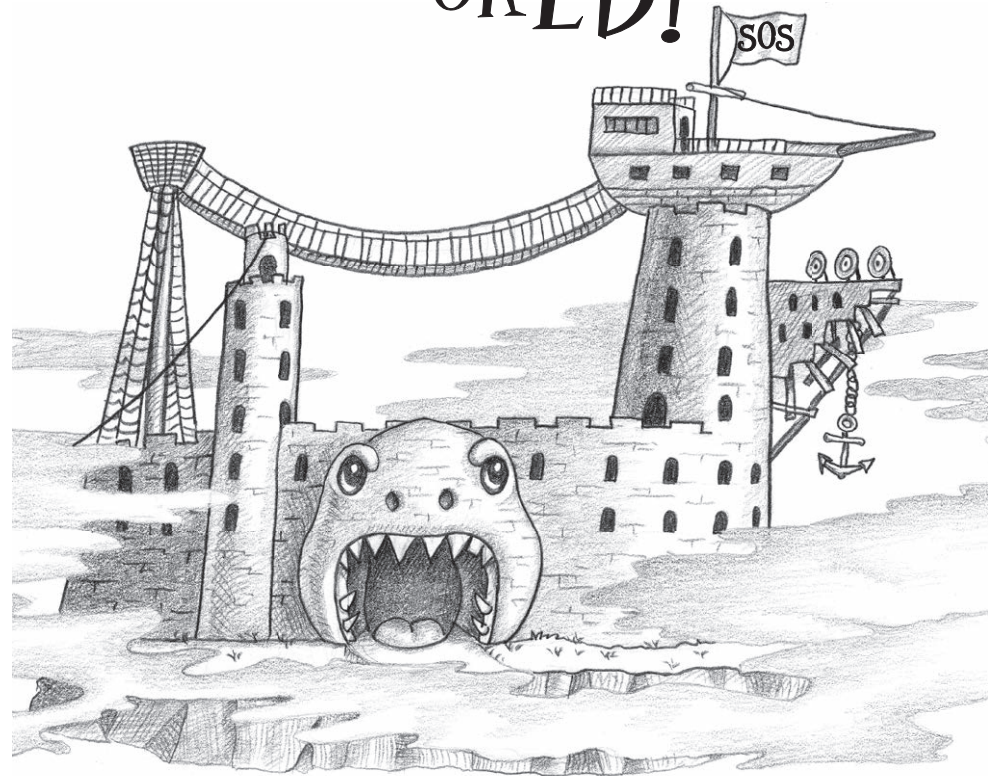
The not-so-welcome entranceway was an enormous stone shark head, complete with white marble teeth and a red-carpet tongue.



Good luck convincing celebrities to walk down that red carpet, I thought.

Beyond the entranceway was a tall medieval tower. And at the very top of the tower sat a life-sized pirate ship.

It was **OUT OF THIS WORLD!**



A rickety swing bridge connected the ship to a colossal crow's-nest on the opposite side of the school.

But the most amazing part of the scenery was the high-altitude cannon firing range jutting out from the school. Supported by wooden beams, it hung suspended over the ocean. A thick metal chain dropped through the floor. It was attached to an enormous anchor, which swung in the wind like a pendulum.

I stared at my new home in pure wonder.

'BONE-FLAVOURED DOG BISCUITS!' I exclaimed. 'IT'S A PIRATE'S PLAYGROUND!'

'If you say so, my lad,' said a voice behind me.

I spun around to see an old bloodhound in a butler's uniform, standing on the wharf. He had a wrinkly, droopy face and extremely long ears, which almost reached his waist.



‘Oh, hello,’ I barked in surprise, nearly losing my newspaper hat, which was a common occurrence on windy days.

‘My apologies for startling you, young sir,’ the bloodhound continued in his slow, plodding voice. ‘But I’ve been sent to fetch the new inmates.’

I looked at him blankly. ‘Huh?’

‘Inmates,’ he repeated. ‘Freshies, pimple-faced pipsqueaks, nose-picking newbies, bed-wetting babies, wet-eared wannabes, first year failures ...’

‘Oh, you mean the *new students*,’ I said, finally understanding.

‘Aye, that’s what I said,’ he grunted. ‘Are you one of them, or not?’

‘Oh, yes,’ I said, extending my right paw in greeting. ‘The name’s Mischief McScruff.’

The butler glanced down at my paw but made no attempt to shake it.

The old dog must think I have fleas, I said to myself.



Truth be told, he was probably right. I’d spent most of the journey scratching and, with fur as messy as mine, I was well in the running for –

drum roll please ...

FLEABAG OF THE YEAR!



‘I’m Old Fetch,’ the bloodhound said stiffly, ‘Headmaster von Ironheart’s personal butler. I’m reluctantly obliged to make your acquaintance.’ He attempted to bow, but his aging back seized up and he ended up waddling in a circle like a duck, before I managed to straighten him up again.

‘Get your filthy, **FLEA-RIDDEN** mitts off me!’ he barked.

‘Sorry, sir,’ I said, stepping away. ‘Just trying to help, sir.’



I listened for several seconds as a loud **CRREEEEEEAAKING** sound echoed from his back. His spine sounded worse than the floorboards of an abandoned house.

‘Will you be all right to walk back to school?’ I asked.

‘No,’ he groaned. ‘But no one ever walks back to the School of Scallywags.’

‘Why not?’ I asked. ‘Walking is great exercise, especially for dogs with back issues.’

He looked at me like I had fleas, worms and an extremely low IQ all rolled into one.

‘The **BOG** is why not,’ he replied.

‘What’s the *Bog*?’ I asked.

‘The Bog is a place where no one walks,’ he muttered.

‘Err, all right,’ I said. ‘And is there a reason why no one walks there?’

‘Yes,’ he said simply.

‘And that reason would be ...’ I prompted.

He let out a groan of frustration. ‘No one walks through the Bog because they would

sink. They would sink into sticky, squelchy mud and they would never be seen again!’



‘Oh,’ I gulped. ‘That’s an excellent reason.’

‘Aye,’ he said with cold eyes. ‘But that’s not all. The Bog is home to the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster, a strange, beastly creature that wanders the island on moonlit nights in search of its next meal.’ He leaned in closer and whispered, ‘Some even say it appears on the *misty* mornings ...’

I glanced warily in the direction of the Bog. The place was shrouded in a ghostly blanket of mist.

‘That’s t-t-two reasons not to w-w-walk,’ I stammered. ‘So how *else* can we get to school?’

Old Fetch raised a gnarled paw into the air. ‘We fly!’

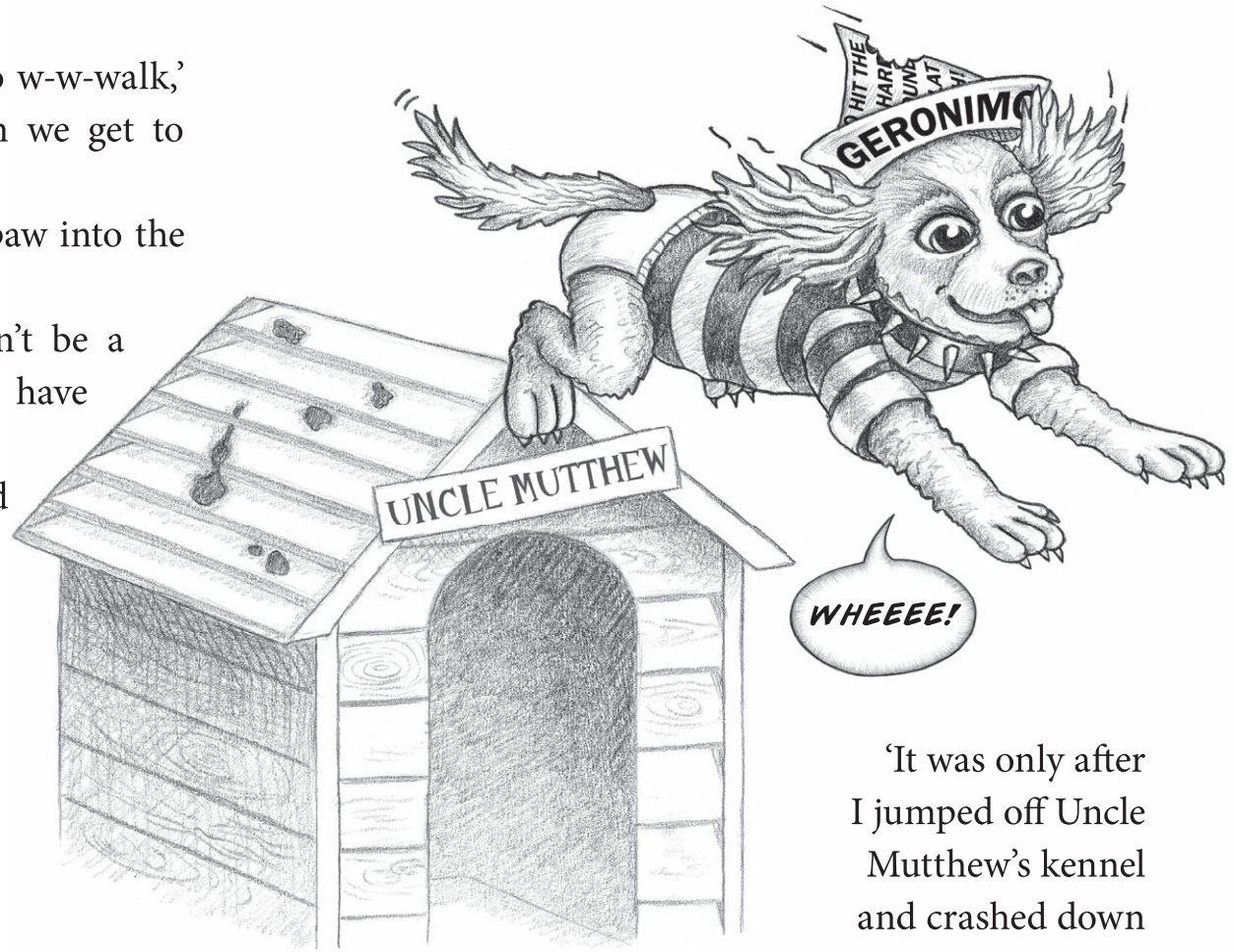
‘FLY?’ I exclaimed. ‘Don’t be a dodo! Dogs can’t fly. We don’t have any wings.’

Old Fetch gave me the kind of look a headmaster’s personal butler gives a new student when he thinks that student is a total and utter nitwit.

‘I am perfectly aware we have no wings,’ he snapped. ‘And I have known it since the day I was born.’

‘You must have been an extremely smart puppy,’ I said. ‘When I was little, I thought my ears were wings.’

I gave them a little flap to illustrate my point.



‘It was only after I jumped off Uncle Mutthew’s kennel and crashed down like a cannonball that I realised they were for listening.’

He gave me another one of his unimpressed looks. ‘Are you quite finished?’

‘Oh, yes, sorry,’ I mumbled. ‘I tend to get

overexcited around strangers.'

'Well, I'm sure we can beat that out of you,' Old Fetch said, deadpan. 'An excited student is a disruptive student, in my opinion.' He gestured to a thick cable, disappearing into the mist. 'Preparations have been made to transport you to school via the flying fox.'

'A flying fox!' I barked in delight. 'Wow! This place **IS** an amusement park.'

Old Fetch looked anything but amused.

'The flying fox is not a toy,' he said sternly. 'It is merely a means of getting from point A to point B without idle ear-flapping.'

'It still sounds like *fun*,' I mumbled to myself.

'Please follow me,' Old Fetch said, hobbling down the wharf. 'The rest of the new inmates have already been winched up to school and are awaiting your arrival.'

'So, I'm the lucky last?' I said, scampering after him.

'Aye, my lad,' he said with a total lack of

enthusiasm. 'And thank Blacktail for that. This year's bunch of nose-picking newbies is the **WORST** I've seen in years.'

