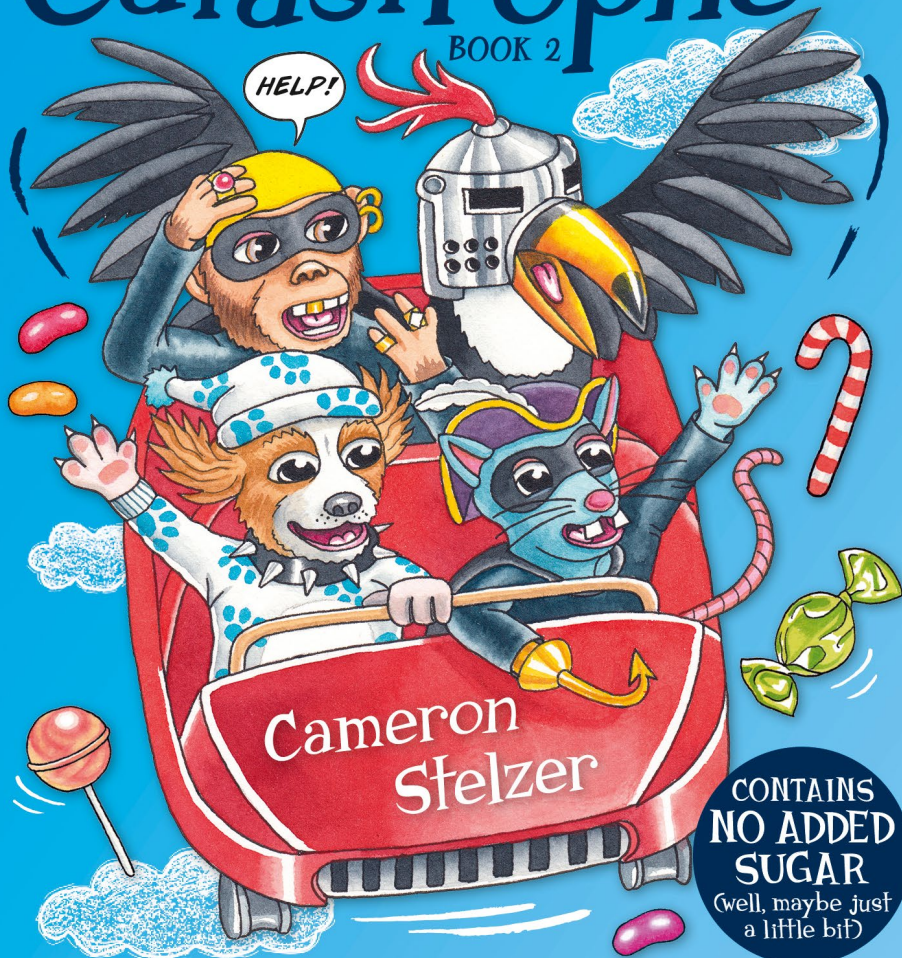


Scallywags

and
the

Candy Catastrophe

BOOK 2



CONTAINS
NO ADDED
SUGAR

(well, maybe just
a little bit)



Oh, gather 'round, you cheery folk
Oh, cast your eyes on me.
For I possess the greatest treat
That ever you will see.

'What can it be?' I hear you say.
'What is this wondrous thing?'
A fine and scrumptious candy
with a grand surprise within ...



BENNY BANANA PEEL

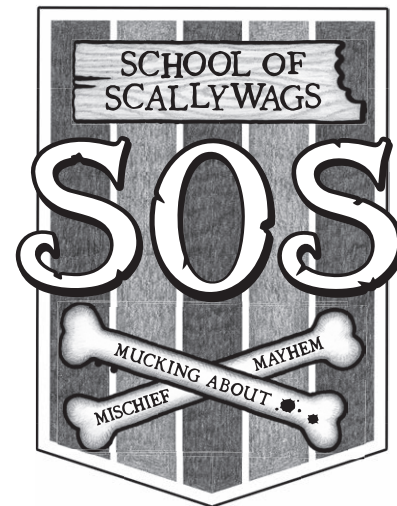
The Sea Shanty Gangster Rapper



Scallywags

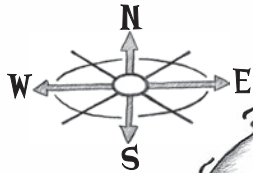
and the Candy
Catastrophe

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!

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

Bunny Burrows
(how cute)

ANGER
SHARKS

Craggy
Cliffs

Oooh!
Scary Cave

More Nasty-looking Rocks

The Howling Queen (HQ)

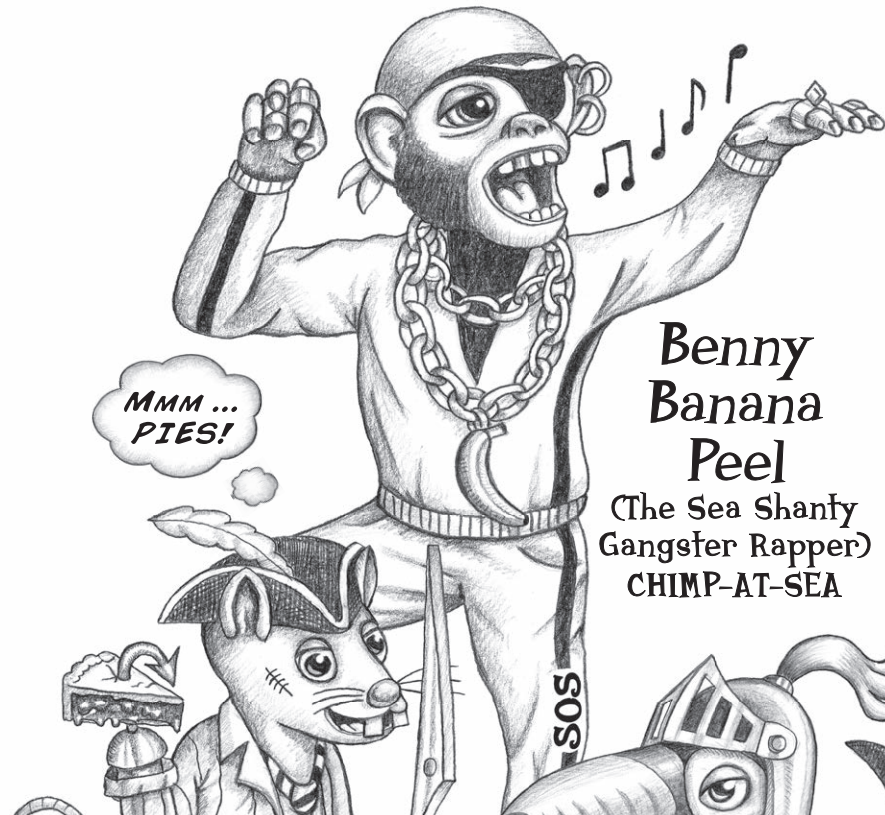


Nasty-
looking
Rocks



Gangplank

Meet the Heroes



**Benny
Banana
Peel**
(The Sea Shanty
Gangster Rapper)
CHIMP-AT-SEA



**Hook Hand
Horace**
PIE RAT



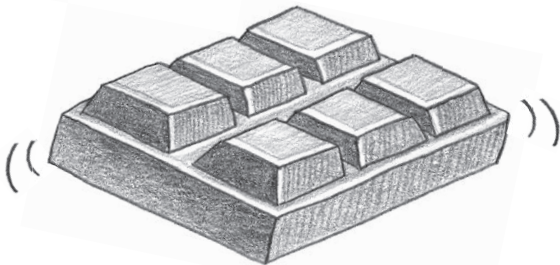
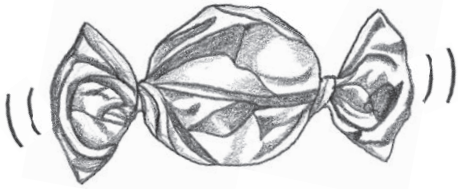
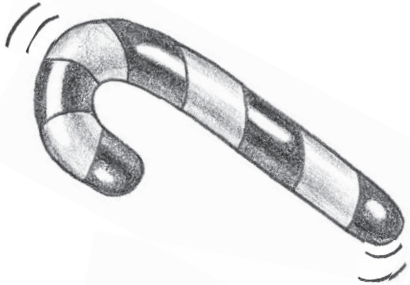
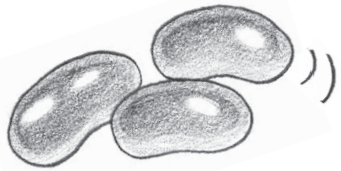
Sir Squawk-a-lot
GUARDIAN OF THE GANGPLANK



**Mischief
McScruff**
SEA DOG



**Felicity 'Flick'
Foulweather**
CAT FISH



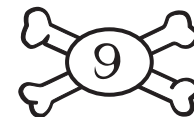
Gumballs and Cannonballs

I'm guessing you like candy, right?

Creamy chocolate bars, **luscious** lollipops, **yummy** gummies, and sugary sweets that **WHIZZ** and **FIZZ** and **POP!** in your mouth.

And what about cake?

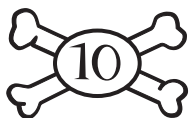
Who can resist a big,



FAT slice of birthday cake, smothered in rainbow-coloured icing, and topped with a few drips of candle wax?



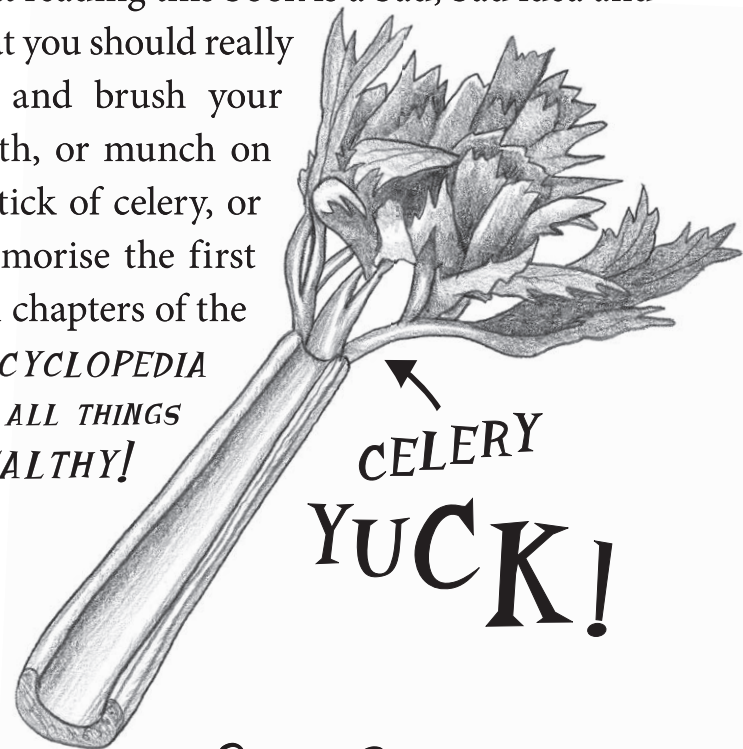
Well, if you're into all things sweet and delicious, you should definitely stick around to hear my little tale. It's a story of how candy once saved my life.



I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. Candy **DID** once save my life.

And no, I'm not talking about a pretty poodle named *Candy*. I mean the real deal: sugary treats and mountains of scrumptious cakes.

Right now, there's probably a voice in your head (most likely your Mum's) telling you that reading this book is a bad, bad idea and that you should really go and brush your teeth, or munch on a stick of celery, or memorise the first ten chapters of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ALL THINGS HEALTHY!*



But if dear Mum thinks I'm about to fill your head with images of marshmallow unicorns, cotton candy clouds and chocolate raindrops splashing over gingerbread houses, then she's wrong.

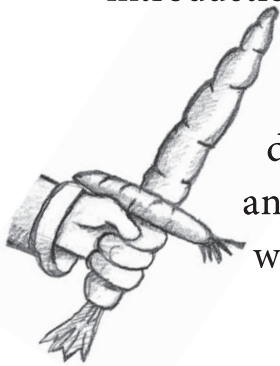
Although, to be fair, there **is** an awful lot of sugar in this story, not to mention a few artificial colours and flavours, guaranteed to send any child completely **BONKERS**.

Sorry, Mum.

But hey, things could be worse. This could be a story about mouldy cabbages and limp lettuce leaves. And who wants to read about rotten salad vegetables? Oh wait, I've just given away the plot for my next book ...

Perhaps I should skip the rest of the introduction and cut straight to the story.

It all started on a windy Wednesday. Wednesday was PE day at the School of Scallywags, and the most dangerous day of the week. It wasn't uncommon to see a



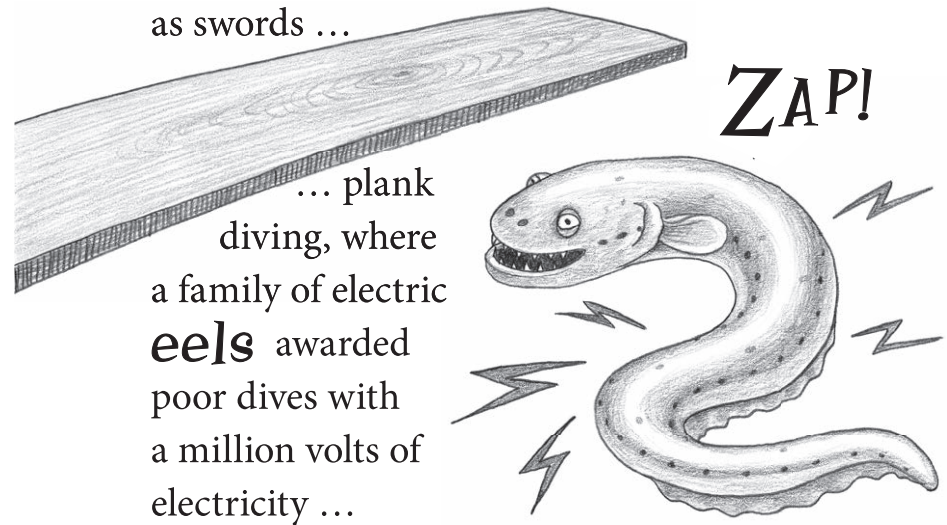
student in the sickbay with a missing finger or third-degree burns.

At most schools, *PE* stood for *Physical Education*. But at the School of Scallywags, *PE* stood for *Pirates are Extreme*.

Or as our headmaster liked to say, **'PIRATES ARRRR EXTREME!'**

In a nutshell, Wednesday was the day when budding pirates pushed themselves to the limit in a variety of extreme sports.

Typical activities included: paw-to-paw combat, where pointy vegetables were used as swords ...

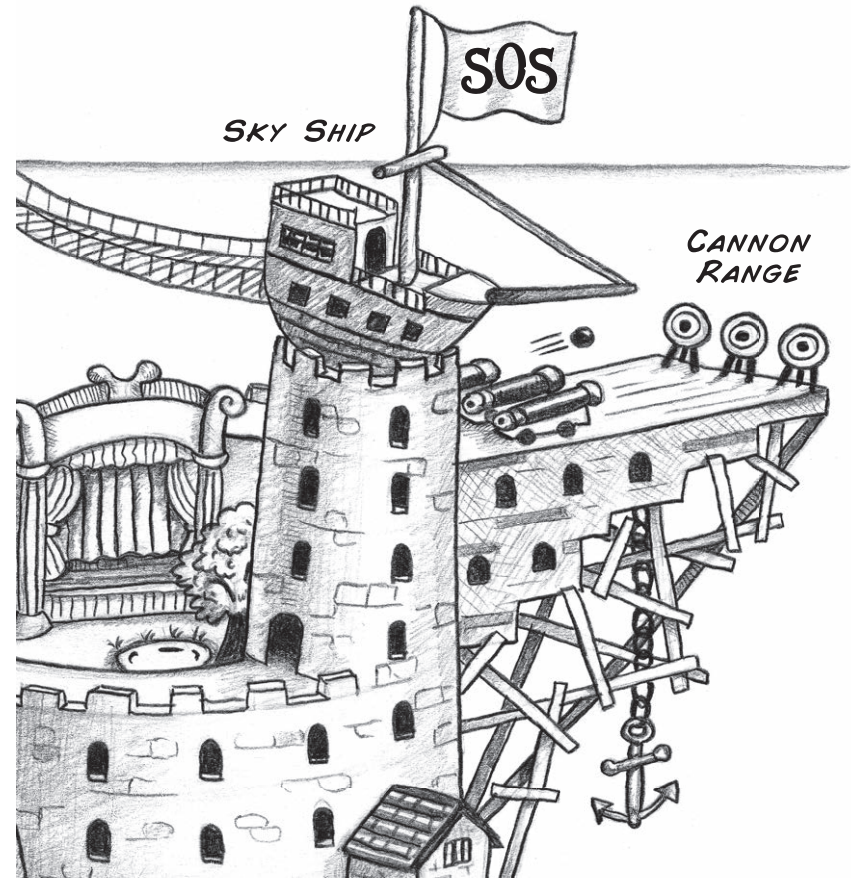
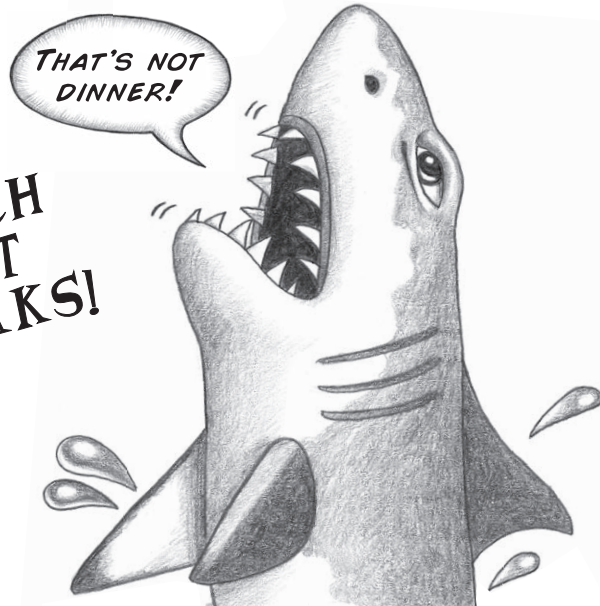


... Death Ball, a variation of football involving a very **HARD** ball and even **HARDER** tackling ...

... and everyone's favourite, cannon firing.

The cannon firing range was an **ENORMOUS** wooden structure jutting out from the school's tallest tower. A row of targets lined the far end of the range, safely away from the headmaster's beloved Sky Ship. Any stray shots simply flew past the targets, before dropping hundreds of feet to the ocean below.

**WATCH
OUT
SHARKS!**



The Sky Ship was a single-masted pirate ship perched on the top of the tower. It was also the residence of Headmaster von Ironheart. From the ship's deck, the ferocious grizzly bear could oversee the entire School of Scallywags.

SOS's biggest loudmouths, Benny Banana Peel and Hook Hand Horace, had once discussed the idea of fastening the ship to an enormous hot air balloon and sending the headmaster on a **PERMANENT** vacation to the opposite side of the world.

Unfortunately, the hardware shop was not due to receive its shipment of enormous hot air balloons any time soon.

Their back-up plan involved a cyclone and three thousand expertly trained storks.

I think they are still waiting on the hot air balloon.

Horace was a remarkably good shot with a cannon, having already served on a Pie Rat ship before being sent back to school for rehabilitation after a Cat Fish bit off his paw.

His new hook hand was proving



a challenge, however, especially when it came to fuse lighting.

'ROTTEN PIES TO DODGY HOOK HANDS!' he exclaimed, as the wind blew a flaming match out of his grasp. 'That's the fifteenth match I've wasted this afternoon.'

‘Stop your complaining, Horace,’ Benny Banana Peel retorted in his thick jungle accent. ‘You’ve hit **THREE** bullseyes from three shots. Mischief is yet to hit the target from a **DOZEN** attempts!’



‘Thanks for reminding me,’ I muttered, clutching my newspaper hat tightly to stop it from blowing away in the wind.

‘I’m sure Mischief has other sporting talents,’ Flick suggested with a yawn. ‘Stick retrieval springs to mind ...’

I looked over to where Felicity ‘Flick’ Foulweather was lying on a pile of cannonballs, half asleep. The sky was clear, so the black-furred cat wasn’t suffering from **FOUL WEATHER SYNDROME**, a curious condition that made her extremely grumpy on rainy days.



Benny lounged beside her, draped in gangster bling and pretending the cannonballs were a feather bed.

Flick and Benny rarely participated in PE lessons. Flick preferred to draw and paint in her watercolour sketchbook, and Benny was more interested in rapping about our sporting failures than failing at them himself.



The good-natured chimp did, however, have the occasional encouraging word to say.

‘If running away from bullies were an Olympic event, our dear friend Mischief McScruff would win the gold medal *and* set a new world record,’ he said loudly. ‘You should have seen him escaping from Chomper O’Many when that nasty croc tried to **BITE** off his tail.’

I glanced down at my shaggy tail and winced.

‘Yeah,’ Horace said, dropping yet another match on the ground. ‘It was like watching a cheetah being **SHOT** out of a cannon.’

There was a loud snort from a nearby cannon and I was reminded that we weren’t alone on the cannon firing range.

‘McMess was **HISTORY!**’ growled the gravelly voice of Chomper O’Many, the school’s number-one bully.

I looked up to see the enormous saltwater crocodile glaring at me. He was standing with Wendi Whiptongue, a hyena with an



ear-splitting laugh, and Deluchio da Silva, a grey wolf who was far too handsome for his own good.

'I had the scurvy Sea Dog in my sights until I slipped on a banana peel and collided with a trash can,' Chomper boasted to his friends.

'Whoops,'

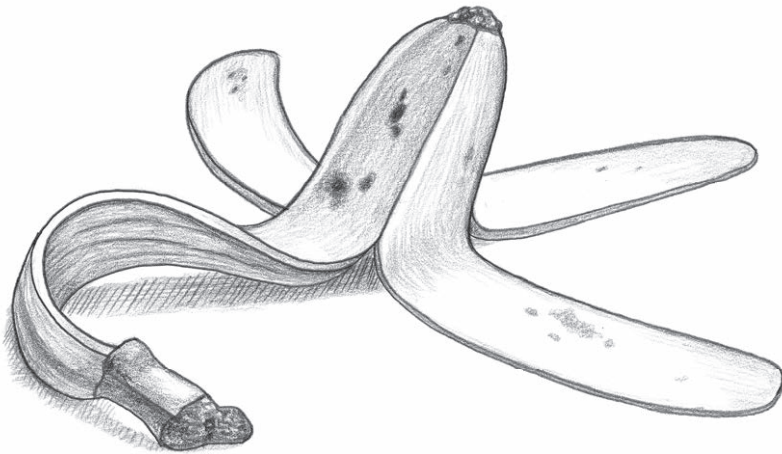
Benny said with a toothy grin. 'I was wondering what had happened to that banana peel.' 'Well, it's lying on the teacher's desk, if you'd like to collect it,' Chomper said with an even **TOOTHIER** grin. 'It looks like someone's gonna cop a

serious detention for littering!’

Suddenly Benny didn’t look quite so comfortable in his cannonball bed.

That was the other thing about Chomper O’Many. He wasn’t just a bully. He was a **SLY** bully. Every crime he committed was twisted around so that someone else took the blame.

And Wednesday’s PE lesson was to be no exception ...



Discover more at:
scallywagsbooks.com.au

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