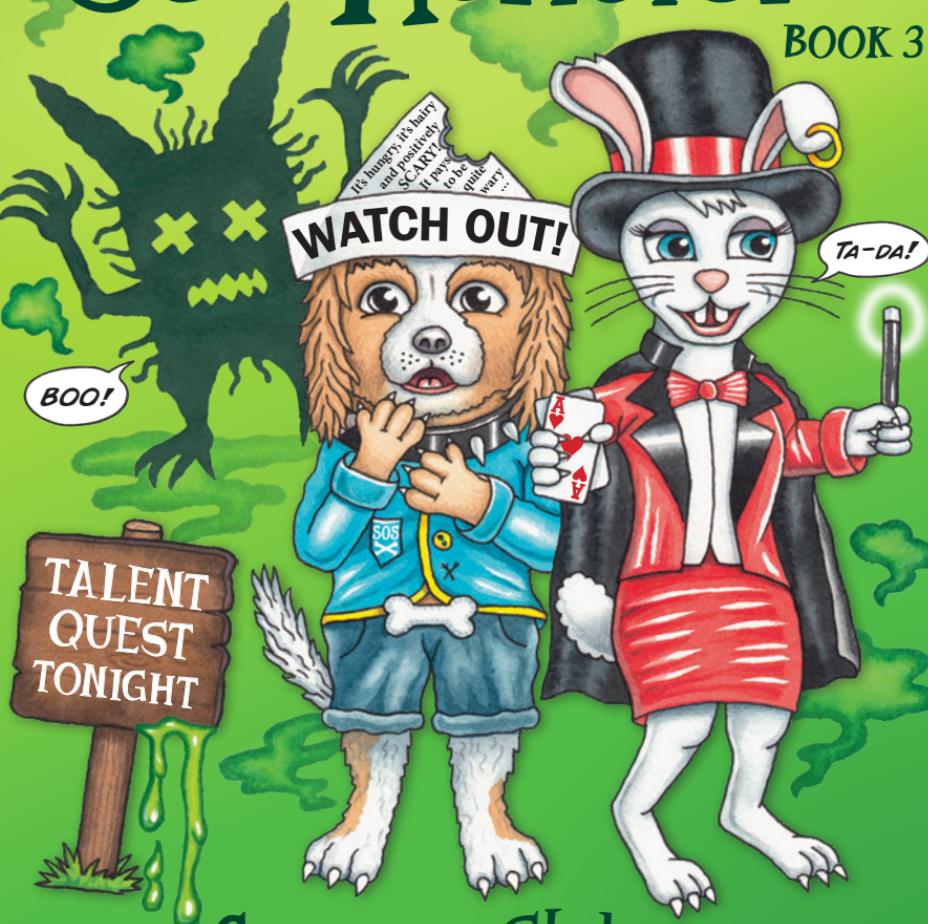


# Scallywags and the Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

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:

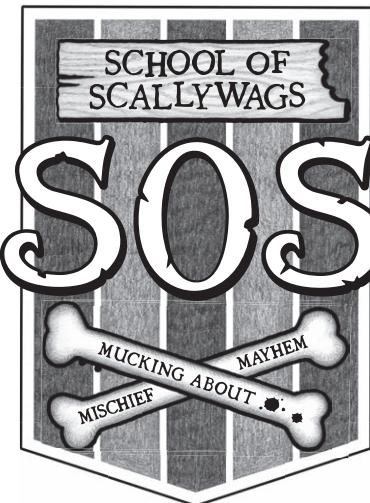
- How to Sketch Scallywags*
- How to Create Pie Rats*
- How to Draw Dragons*
- How to Create Cool Characters*

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

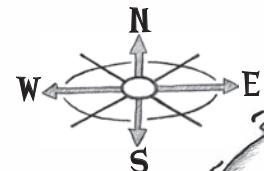
BOOK 3  
EXCERPT



Written and Illustrated by  
**Cameron Stelzer**

DAYDREAM  
PRESS

# SHARK TOOTH ISLAND



Port Scoundrel  
(full of scoundrels)

Lousy  
Lighthouse  
Just look at all  
those shipwrecks!

BEWARE!  
The Hungry Hairy Sea Monster

The Bog

Electric Eels

Muddy  
Puddle  
Swim  
School

Flying Fox  
wheeeeeee..

Not-so-  
welcome  
Entrance

SEA SHANTY  
THEATRE

SOS

Cannon  
Range

Training  
Anchor

The Dog  
House  
for Very  
Naughty  
Students

Ye Olde  
Back Door

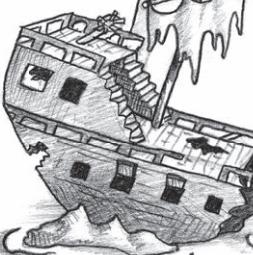
Bunny Burrows  
(how cute)

DANGER  
SHARKS

Craggy  
Cliffs

Oooh!  
Scary Cave

Gangplank



The Howling Queen (HQ)

More Nasty-looking Rocks

*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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Illustrations are graphite pencil on paper

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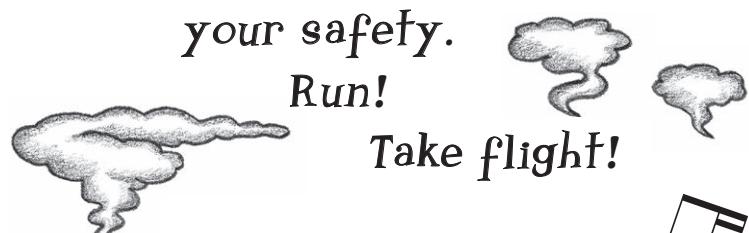
A catalogue record for this book is available from the National Library of Australia



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

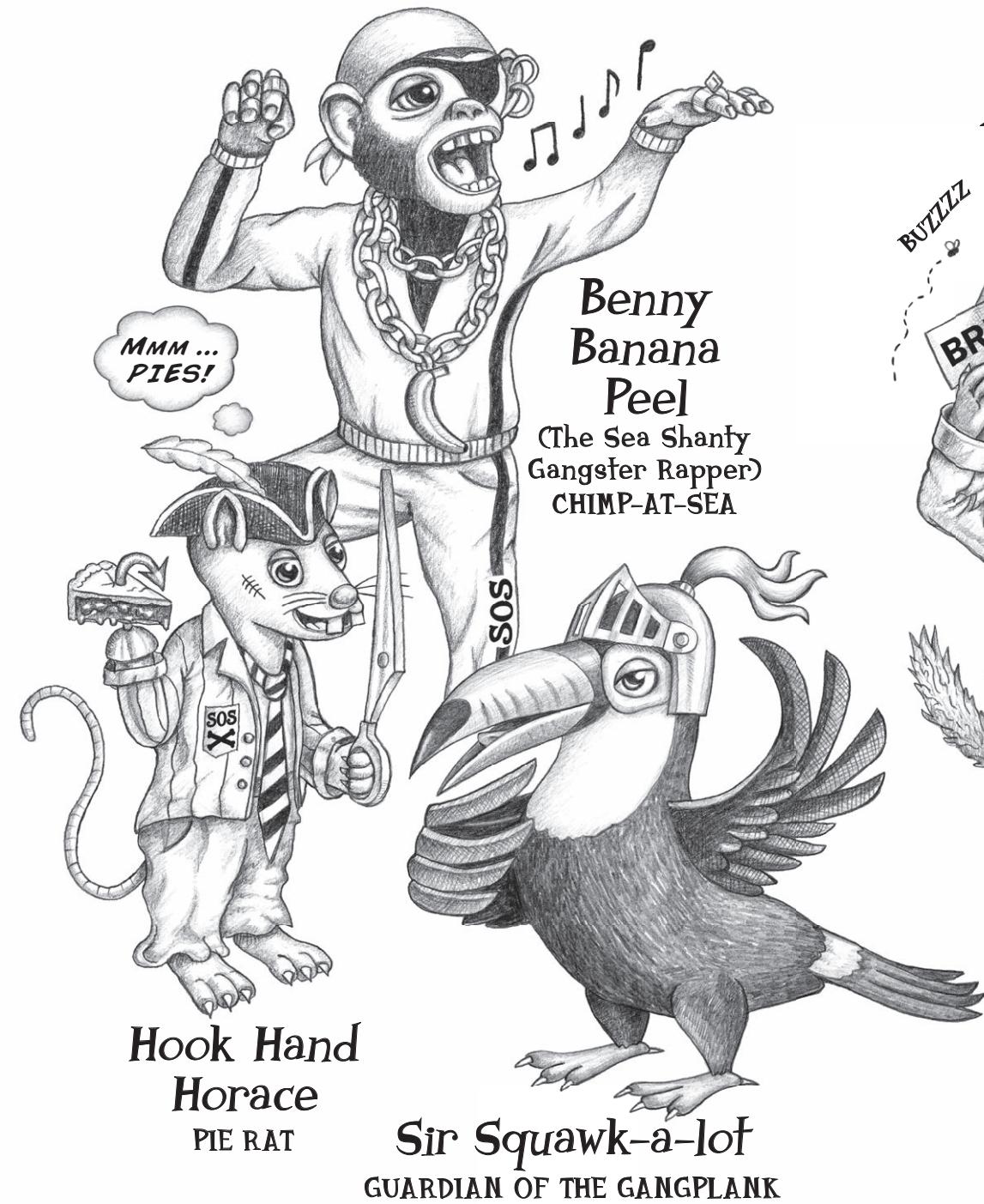
Beware the hungry monster.  
I swear it's no imposter!  
And mind it does not chomp ya,  
or give you one big fright!

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



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

# Meet the Heroes





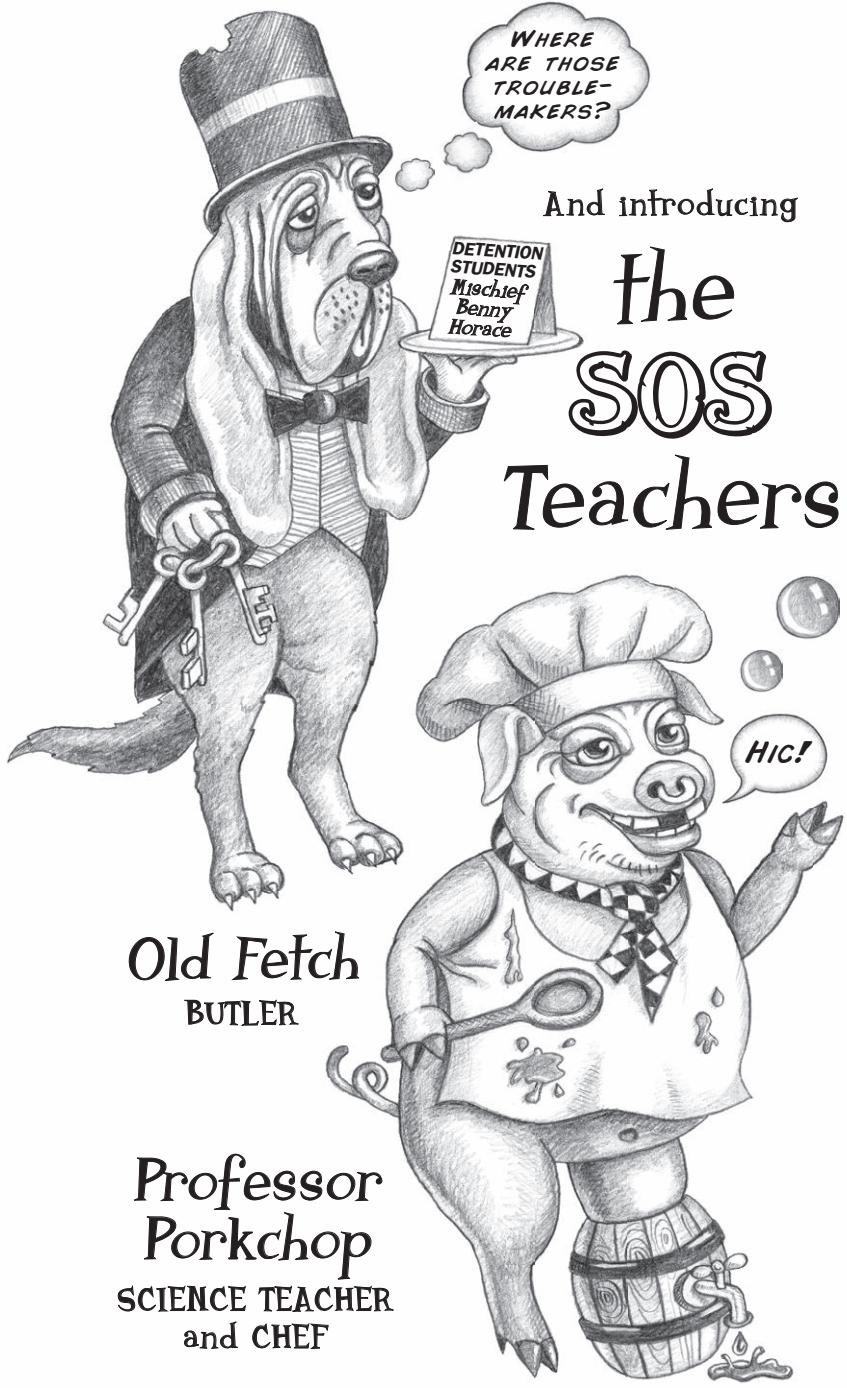
**Chomper O'Many**  
CHOMPING CROC

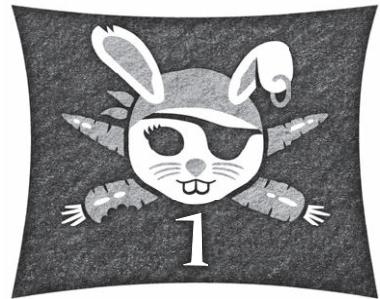
## Meet the Villains



Plus some  
**Other Students**





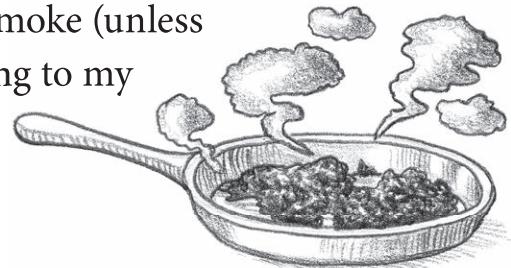


## Mischief's Got No Talent

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).





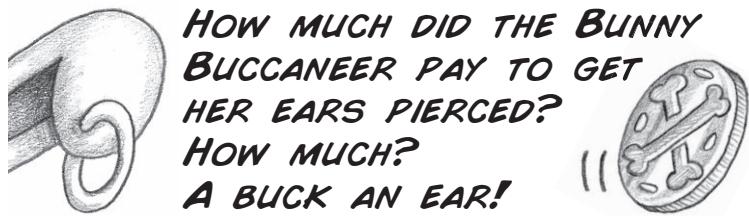
And when it comes to acting, I'm about as wooden as a tree.

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 ...*

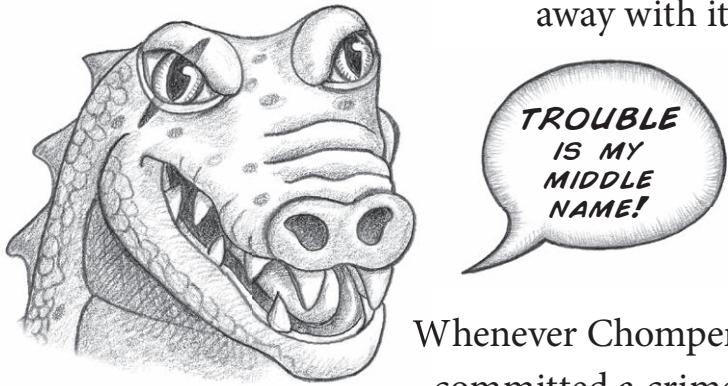
It was hardly surprising that Nora's aunty gave her private tuition lessons after school, while I sat locked up in detention.

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.



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.

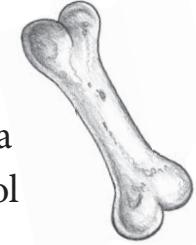
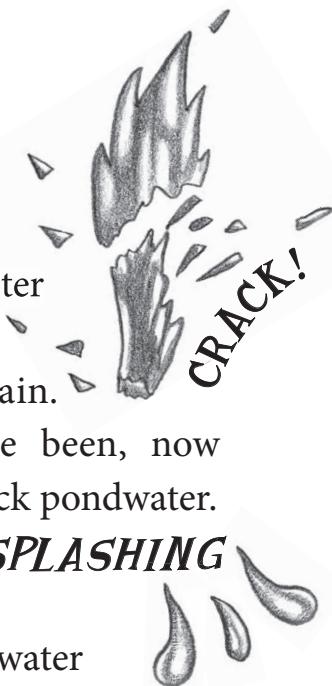
Thanks to an earlier catastrophe which destroyed Blacktail's famous black tail (again not my fault), Headmaster von Ironheart had decided to convert the statue into a fountain.

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.



'Dibble, 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.

