

Camp Mayhem



By Writing Royalty

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Parameters

Primary Character 1: School Principal

Primary Character 2: Game show contestant

Non - human Character: Koala

Setting: Billabong

Issue: The missing teachers

Random Words

Silver, patch, struggle, clock, prickly

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To the kids in the Royal Children's Hospital,
We want you to know that you are extremely brave and strong
keep fighting; you can do it.

You inspire and motivate us to not give up.
Keep striving, good luck and all the best for the future.

From The Writing Royalty

We would like to thank all the people who put in to make this
opportunity possible for us and for helping us on the day.

Chapter 1

“We are going to be here for a while; we should make the best of it.”

It was dawn when the bus began to trundle along the rocky road. The kids were easily amused by the wheels coordinating together to create movement as they sprinted over the road.

Lucinda, Xander Grammars’ brightest student, peered out the window and watched, as the fauna quickly became a blurred haze as the bus sped up.

Striding towards the front of the bus, the koala held protectively against his hip, was the principal, wearing a sleek, **silver** coloured suit, contrasting oddly with his electric blue hair. The kids, strapped in their seats, straightened their posture as Principal



Hitchburger passed them individually.

At the front of the bus sat a child so short his head only just peaked over the back of his seat. He dragged his gaze to the left, his eyes meeting those of the koala's, startling the poor child. Principal Hitchburger glared down upon the child, signalling for him to move. The child quickly moved seats, muttering "sorry sir," under his breath. The principal sat on the cushioned bus seat, carefully placing his precious koala next to him.

Loud, obnoxious children yelled out in excitement whilst others gritted their teeth and blocked their ears in annoyance. Mrs White stood up, hands on hips to create her own presence. Under her up-turned nose, her lips moved to create scolds. "Keep your mouths shut, you rebellious, ignorant, undisciplined children," she spat angrily.

Mrs White always had a hawkish air about her. She had harsh eyes of the palest blue. Every movement she completed showed her internal frustration that thundered in her stomach like a leather drum being beaten.

The bus itself, was anything but luxury, the seats filthy from thirty years of work. Windows stained with imprints of all sorts, hand prints, nose prints, cheek prints and so on.

At the back of the bus sat Mr Black, his slender frame slouched over his lifestyle magazine. A student burst into laughter, causing Mr Black to rip his gaze away from his text, searching for the source of sound under his glasses. "No screaming," Mr Black declared, with his severely monotone voice. Rolling his eyes, Mr Black returns to the comfort of his magazine.

Seated next to Mr Black was Mr Grey, his chin resting on his knees and a sick bag clutched tightly to his side. "I hate buses," he muttered, fear rolling off his tongue with ease. Mr Grey was the only teacher the kids could easily get the better of. Children

would retort whatever witty comment they could come up with, and Mr Grey could do nothing but shrink away nervously, unable to come up with a witty comeback. His slender and short frame always displayed awkwardness and squeamishness, and his hand gestures were inconsistent. Sometimes he was found with his hands by his sides tightly, and other times his gesturing was over the top and often made others feel uncomfortable.

The bus suddenly faltered in speed causing the students to jerk forwards. Eventually the bus came to a stop, and the students quickly stood up and hurried towards the exit. Children scrambled off the bus, ignorantly pushing each other, and gripping their friends' shirts. Following the students, were the staff, prim and properly placing their feet flat on the ground of the new environment.

Chapter 2

“Welcome to camp, it’s going to be a long week”

Once the rowdy class finally settled down, Mr Black announced in his usual monotone voice, “Here we are kids, Camp Royalty”. The children looked around in unison at the wasteland in which they had found themselves in. The dusty landscape was bare, nothing around except for a rickety old building that the children assumed was the camp cabins and dining hall. Crows were circling around the site and the children’s skin was burning in the blistering hot sun. “Get a move on,” Principal Hitchburger had said, and so the children began to walk sluggishly in the boiling sun towards the mess hall.

The students had filed into the dining hall and sat down to listen to the camp directors talk about the horrible camp that they were going to spend the next five days at. After what seemed like forever, the director told the children to stand up and head over to the cabins, and by cabins, he meant cabin. There was only one cabin and Principal Hitchburger made sure that everyone knew that it was reserved for his koala, Miss Puffy Princess.



Principal Hitchburger and his ‘pet’ had a strange relationship, because he treated her like she was a human. Miss Puffy Princess wore a tiara and a tutu, sat in a bright pink high chair while eating and a pink booster seat on bus rides. Principal Hitchburger loved his koala with all his heart. He gave her everything she wanted (yet he couldn’t quite understand her). But Miss Puffy Princess didn’t seem to return the love.

Miss Puffy Princess was a strange sort of pet, apart from being a koala, she always seemed angry and slightly devilish. She was never quite happy, no matter how hard Principal Hitchburger tried she was never satisfied. Some of the kids at Xander Grammar would talk about the angry koala that the Principal loved so much. The children spread rumours about why they thought she was so angry but no-one really knew.

As Principal Hitchburger had given the koala the only cabin, the rest of the children and teachers had to sleep in tents outside. The children all ran to grab a different coloured tent and partnered up so they could have “bunkmates” and enjoy the night more. Then they all began to set up the tents. It was a nightmare. Girls were having meltdowns because they were getting dust and dirt all over their clothing. Even worse were the boys who were chasing each other around and spreading more dirt around the site. No-one was more annoyed about the

change of set up than the high maintenance Lucinda Prep. She would not stop yapping about how all of her clothes were going to become “dust – infested” and that she was going to sue the camp for being too dusty. It was typical Lucinda.

Soon after they had finally set up each tent and the children had finished having a muck around they settled down for bed. Some kids were tempted to go to the koala’s cabin to keep warm from the cold outside but thought better of it. So instead they huddled up in their sleeping bags so they wouldn’t freeze.

Chapter 3

“Somebody’s watching, better watch your back”

Beaming morning sunrays streamed through the pin-prick holes in the loose tent flaps as Mrs White gradually started to sit upright in her dirt infested sleeping bag. She started to feel a throbbing headache coming on, and the orchestra of singing kookaburras outside certainly didn’t help her discomfort. As she rested her stick-like arm on the unbearably uncomfortable pillow, she sensed a slight bump in the material that she never noticed before. She fished out a scrap of paper.

Meanwhile, both Mr Grey and Mr Black were facing the same problem. Mr Black shrugged his shoulders in a careless motion. “I mean, it’s just a letter, how tragic could this be?”

“Very tragic!” Mr Grey snapped back at the speed of light. “Did you even read the note? It says ‘I’m watching you’ I have every reason to be flustered,” Mr Grey started to cry a river as Mr Black rolled his eyes and slapped his big, round head with his hand.



“I think not,” Mr Black groaned in his text-book monotone voice.

The collection of insane feelings subsided, shortly after the three adults trudged heavily outside. A **patch** of spikey grass and a tsunami of sizzling heat happily reminded them that they were in Darwin.

Mrs White unravelled her already wrinkled paper and gently adjusted her microscopic spectacles with the aim to make herself look more intelligent.

“Did any of you find letters under your pillow?” she asked quizzically.

“We did,” Mr Grey exclaimed. “Mr Black and I both found one, we don’t know who wrote it.”

“I know who the culprits are,” Mrs White said with a sly smile.

Mr Grey bolted up from his slouched position and even Mr Black listened in inquisitively to what had to be said.

“The children,” she said sharply. “Those troublesome fleas don’t know how to obey and this is evidence to support those facts.”

As the day proceeded, Mrs White was getting more and more confident that the children were the instigators. After finding

three more threatening notes of all over the place she came to the conclusion that a complaint was well over due.

“The way you children have been acting today is my definition of absolutely appalling. You’ve been leaving notes all around the camp as a prank! Don’t the youth of today know how to behave?” Mrs White bellowed explosively to the cluster of baffled children who looked at this woman who had their hairs stand on end. Their blank faces were as white as the moon that hung over the remote campsite every night in the clear, cloudless sky.

None of the children knew what to say. They didn’t know how to put into words that they weren’t the ones to scatter the uncanny notes around camp. Everybody was highly aware that whatever they declared would result in an absolute rampage from Mrs White, so, could they really win?

After indicating that this discussion was practically going nowhere, Mrs White slipped away, and her buckets of confidence were quickly replaced with spades of embarrassment.

Mrs White then began to ponder the question in her head, who would have distributed the letters? She ran through a mental note she constructed in her head regarding who she hasn’t talked to yet about this issue. Then a name sprang into her mind, somebody who she never thought would’ve been the driving force behind this scandal. Principal Hitchburger.

As the sun said goodbye, Mrs White started to plot how she would confront Principal Hitchburger and ask him if he was the one writing the notes. Then night fell.

Chapter Four

“A new day...a new adventure”

As the sun rose casting a harsh red light upon the campsite, the teachers began to rouse themselves. The distant echo of a kookaburra's call carried over barren grounds and a gentle breeze ruffled the canvas of the tents. Snatches of whispers could be heard coming from inside them followed by hastily muffled giggles. The students carefully poked their heads out of their tents, dreading the upcoming events of the day. Eventually, the bell rang, alerting the staff and students that it

was time to head to the dining hall. Hastily, the teachers pulled on their clothes and grabbed their things.

Mr Grey stepped out into the light, after yawning he trudged behind the stream of students entering the hall. Halfway there, he was joined by Mr Black. After a murmured greeting, both entered the room and sat at a rickety table. The chairs creaked and groaned under their weight. A bowl of soggy cereal was thrust in front of them. The clatter of cutlery scraping against the glass bowls was deafening. Gingerly, they dipped their spoons into the grey mixture and tasted it. Gagging, both teachers immediately dropped their spoons and pushed the bowls away. After a while, the teachers began to notice the absence of Mrs White. As the minutes ticked by, unease grew among the staff, but none dared to inform the headmaster.



While the students were finishing their breakfast, the teachers rushed from tent to tent, the mounting concern and pressure weighing them down. The children, desperate to cause more mayhem, ran from one teacher to another squealing and whining. Eventually, the teachers gave in and resolved to continue their search later on in the day where they would be free to look without the children distracting them.



Miss Puffy Princess followed the teachers with the eyes of a hawk from her cabin. She watched as their desperation grew more and more urgent, as their frustration grew more and more obvious. The koala's mouth twisted into a smirk as she watched them redouble their efforts to no avail. There was nothing they could do.

* * *

As the sky turned from violet to navy blue, the teachers crept outside into the bitter cold night. The stars glistened from above and the moon cast ominous shadows across the campsite. The wind whipped their faces and whistled in their ears. As they moved together as a tightknit group through the desolate area, their spirits sank to almost nothing. They traipsed into the unwelcoming night with their heads bent against the wind, taking a path around the billabongs, but their efforts were fruitless. As they neared the billabong, they heard desperate sounds emerging from the centre of it. Pushing past the **prickly** bushes, the teachers approached the area cautiously wondering what was there. When they were only a couple of metres away however, they realised it to be Miss Puffy Princess! Astounded, the teachers moved closer only to find that she was stuck in an island at the centre. Together, they waded through the icy cold water towards the koala, however, the water became too deep, they couldn't make it. Desperate to be the one to reunite the koala with his master, Mr Grey felt a sudden outburst of courage and dived into the water swimming towards the island. Following in his example, the other teacher did the same. When they finally reached the island, they realised that Miss Puffy Princess was already climbing a tree to safety. They were stuck, and they had found Mrs White.

Chapter 5

“I always come with surprises”

Meanwhile, as the sunset started disappearing the students were heading to the old broken down hall for some ‘emergency announcement’. As they proceeded ahead they were a bit cautious, recently all of the teachers had disappeared miraculously. As they arrived at the hall all the students realised something was up. The principal was standing in front of the door, without his ‘trusted koala’ and motioned them inside. As they entered the oddly shaped foyer they stopped right in front of the rusted door that led to the hall. Suddenly most of the students were roughly pushed out of the way to reveal a blonde

haired girl. She walked around the principal and dramatically opened the doors to be blinded by the lights. Once their eyes adjusted to the light a stage came into view with pitch black curtains that were closed. All of the students were astonished. They could never imagine that the school would pull off something like this. It was incredible. All of a sudden a low booming voice blasted out.

“Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the one and only Camp Royalty trivia!”



They were all confused about what was happening, all but one, Lucinda Prep who was already behind the pedestal.

“OK, it looks like we have a...lucky contestant! I am going to ask you a series of questions about your teachers!” the voice boomed out bluntly. This made Lucinda puzzled. ‘Why would he ask about the teachers specifically?’ Lucinda wondered.

“The rules are simple you get a question right and you get a teacher back.”

Everyone including Principal Hitchburger groaned. Lucinda started clapping excitedly.

“First question. What is Mrs White’s favourite outfit?” he asked.

“Her black designer outfit.” Lucinda had a **struggle** to get that out.

“Incorrect. Next question, what is Principal Hitchburgers’ favourite food?” he asked daringly

“Umm...guacamole?” Lucinda responded trying to sound confident but failing miserably.

“Correct! Next question- “He was cut off by Lucinda.

“Wait a minute, don’t we get one of the teachers back?” she asked demandingly.

“I didn’t say anything about that. What are you talking about? Well since you got one right we will move on to the next activity!” he announced

“No, I swore that you said that we get a teacher back if I get a question right, right everyone?” Lucinda asked as she looked behind her to see her peers furiously shaking their heads at her.

This isn’t right, Lucinda thought as she observed the next activity carefully. The blinding lights surrounding her went pitch black and the flashing lights started going off like it was a rave. She started to walk over to the raving lights, then it hit her. He had no intention give back the teachers.

“Little game show contestant girl, hello? Are you going to go to the next activity?” he asked impatiently. The game show host was getting annoyed while the other students and Principal Hitchburger were beyond confused on what she was doing.

“Are you alright Lucinda?” one of her class mates asked.

Lucinda was starting to get furious at the game show host then marched towards her fellow students who stood there in shock. She forcefully pushed them out of the way and marched out of the building. As she was marching she could feel the eyes of her peers burning in her back. She marched to her tent and tied up the entrance, barricading herself inside.

Chapter 6

“The change in direction, hope it’s for the better”

Lucinda was shaking so hysterically that she couldn’t slide her bobby pins perfectly under her bun to keep it round like the donuts from ‘The Posh Paris Patisserie’ her father owned. This was making her frustrated and impatient, so she decided to not put up with perfection anymore. She decided right then and there, sitting with her elegant legs crossed on her portable fluffy chair that the new trend was imperfection. Lucinda threw her gold bobby pins on the floor dramatically. She undid her bun angrily and quickly twisted a messy plait together with approximately nine hairs out of place. Then scrambled over to



her Louis Vuitton suitcase and grabbed her Prada detective clothes and held them up in the air proudly and yelled “I knew this day would come!”.

Then she suddenly remembered she didn't have enough time to find her beloved teachers. She could hear her fancy **clock** that was blue tacked onto her portable four posted bed ticking which made her panic even more. She slid into her designer detective clothes and stepped out of her tent majestically. But had a nagging feeling that she had forgotten something important. She was thinking so hard of what that special something could be but her mind went blank. Then stepped back into her neat and tidy tent looking frantically inside it, ran over to her suitcase and tipped everything out of it aggressively. She saw something that stood out. It was the well-known Prada logo which was in a limited edition sparkly version. Then reached out and grabbed it while dropping the suitcase onto the piles of designer clothes.

“Oh my poshness!” she gasped excitedly. It was her detective bag with all of the supplies she needed for an urgent investigation. There was a solid gold magnifying glass, binoculars, GPS, a power bank, the Leica S camera (the most expensive camera in the entire world), a million dollars (just in case of an emergency), a notepad, a pen and water. She stepped out of her tent once again and faced the reality. She would have to scavenge through the dangerous and messy bush with burnt ashy gum trees contaminating the humid air with the essence of smoke which would affect her breathing for life. Before she had to face the bush, she brainstormed everything she could think of that could be associated with this tragedy onto her notepad with her pen. Once she had everything figured out, she braced herself for the adventure ahead that could possibly lead to her tragic death. She entered the bushland. She could hear the irritating buzz of blow flies that were hanging around her and the hiss of the disgusting

bugs that were probably ready to pounce onto her smooth skin and ruin it with bites and some sort of disease. She took a sip from her drink bottle and peered through her binoculars to see if there were any sight of her prized teachers. But she could see nothing but dried up bush and dusty red dirt.



Soon she came across with a forest of large gum trees with rambunctious kookaburras and parrots flying across tree to tree wildly.

Chapter 7

“Cat’s out of the bag”

Lucinda was trying so hard not to get her detective outfit dirty as she travelled through the pokey branches of the gum trees. Then out of nowhere, Lucinda heard rustling leaves and large heavy footsteps coming from an island, Lucinda decided to swim over. She followed the sound until she reached the island. The sound she followed was just a possum who led her to the billabong. Lost and alone, she felt something touch her head and make her jump in surprise. Terrified, Lucinda ran towards the other side of the billabong.

As Lucinda reached the other side, she spotted movement and saw familiar faces. It was the teachers. Lucinda burst with

excitement and ran to the water's edge of the billabong only to find her teachers in a state of panic. Lucinda quickly helped them back to shore by swimming towards the island and towing them back one by one.

They finally reached the camp where the principal was with the koala in his arms looking relieved but surprised at the same time. He put Miss Puffy Princess down, slowly walked over to the delusional teachers, and stared at them utterly confused.

He had no clue what to do so he just sent them onto the bus confused like everyone else. Lucinda was standing behind Principal Hitchburger thinking that she deserved an award for her bravery but the principal turned around, saying, "If you think you deserve an award, think again." Instead he gave a pat to his koala, Miss Puffy Princess for no reason what so ever. Lucinda's face was filled with anger, smoke coming from ears and she looked like she was about to explode. Instead, she kept her temper in and stormed onto the bus and sat straight in Miss Puffy Princess's chair not worrying about the consequences. Principal Hitchburger's face went white to pink to infuriating red. He sat Miss Puffy Princess on the ground and stormed angrily over to Lucinda, his face filled with rage to tell her to move seats.

Principal Hitchburger had gotten on the bus; grabbed Lucinda's shoulder, lifted her up and sat her down on the very last seat of the bus. She struggled to break free but couldn't so she just gave up and just accepted she had done something wrong. That stupid koala had ruined her reputation.

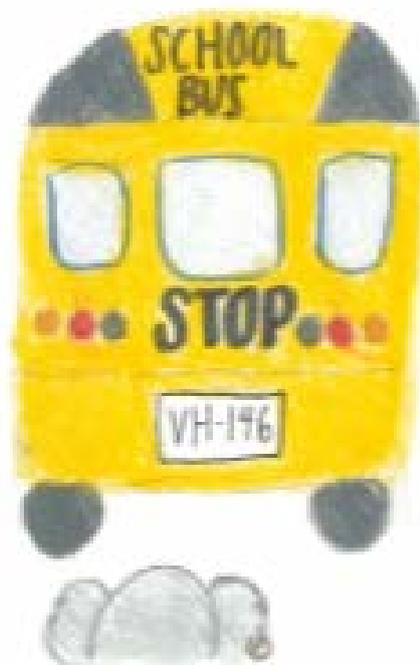
After all that had happened the bus driver had shut the door and was ready to leave not giving Principal Hitchburger a chance to get his fuzzy princess. So everyone buckled their old, rusty seatbelts and the bus began to move. Everyone was very tired from the trip especially the principal; he had fallen asleep.

Everyone jumped for joy as their bus ride ended. As the children stepped out of the disgusting, old bus they heard an outrageous scream. He was in tears and screaming continuously as he had forgotten his most prized possession. Miss Puffy Princess. This meltdown continued for hours.

However, that is all, if no one guessed it was none other than the mischievous little koala herself, Miss Puffy Princess who had been the instigator of the missing teachers scandal.

Therefore, in the end, Mr Hitchburger ended up jobless for his sadness for his loss of Miss Puffy Princess and Lucinda learnt not to be a total snob, sassy, teacher's pet. Moreover, all the teachers ended up lost in their minds not knowing who they were or why they were there.

In the end, we will never know what happened to Miss Puffy Princess or what will become of her.



When a koala with split personalities, a principal who hates his job and a self-absorbed high maintenance 12-year-old girl are put together on school camp, who knows what sort of mysteries are going to unfold.

“A beautifully written novel, it captivates the reader from the start.” - Bernadette Kean

“Simply amazing” - Serena Smith

“A truly astounding novel” - John Johnson

