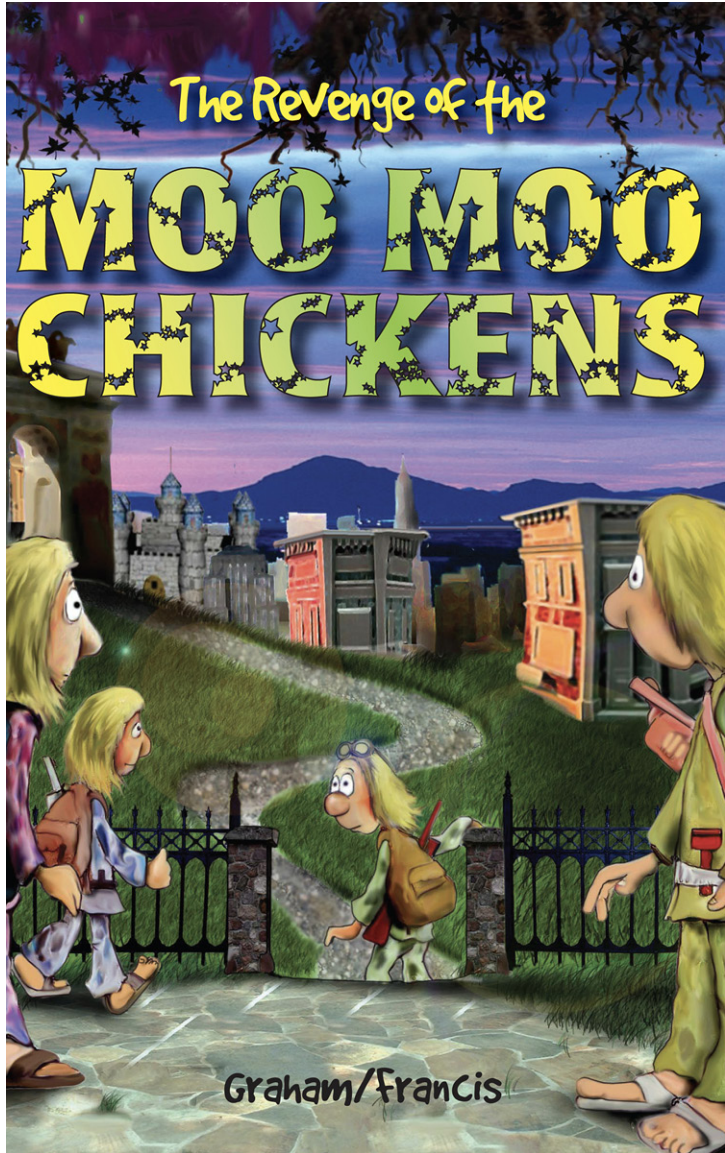


The Revenge of the

MOO MOO CHICKENS



Graham/Francis



Kids 4 Kids Productions
217 Hume Road
Puslinch, ON N0B 2J0

This edition of "The Revenge of the Moo Moo Chickens" was
published in 2011

<http://www.kids4kids.ca>

"Changing the World One Child at a Time"

kids@kids4kids.ca

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Ian Steadman

IN MEMORY OF

Daniel Smith was an incredible young man who had a zest for life. He loved his father and mother and brothers, Ben, Lucas and Cole. Daniel's memory is exemplified in the hearts of all the children who attend Camp Kahuna and who hear the stories of the guardian every year.

Roy Collins was the Camp Supervisor of Camp Kahuna. He was a man that was wise, gentle, helpful and caring. His spirit lives on in the memories of the many people he touched with his kindness.

The Jet Jordanson character was inspired by the life of my friend **David Smyth**, a brave, young man who motivated, called to action and inspired many by his attitude, gentle spirit and his love for his friends and animals. David's message was to educate people about the importance of stem cell research and stem cell donations. It's as easy as a simple swab of your cheek.

Brenda James Howes. Sometimes in life you are fortunate to meet a person with whom you instantly connect. You may not see each other often, but when you reconnect it's as if you just saw one another yesterday. Brenda was a forever friend. She was one of the most loving and caring individuals I have ever had the pleasure of calling friend. The memories I have of Brenda will be cherished forever. Thank you for your love, kindness and friendship.

CHAPTER I

FOREVER CHANGED

I had been wandering for days. It started off as just a regular Sunday afternoon hike, but the hike would turn into an event that would change my life forever.

I had packed my oversized knapsack and headed north for some fresh air and sunshine. It took me a few hours to get out of the suburbs, but when I crossed the county line I was in heaven. There were beautiful, green rolling hills, the sweet smell of wildflowers and the melodious singing of birds flying overhead. As I made my way along the various country roads I noticed a path that looked quite intriguing. It looked as if it would lead me off the road and into the woods, so of course I decided to follow it. As I weaved along the roughly laid path something strange was beginning to happen. I peered into the darkened forest and saw strange looking eyes glaring back at me with a menacing stare. The eyes burned deep into my soul. My mind began to race, as did my feet. I began running for all I was worth, banging into trees and scraping my body with jagged branches that hung like withered arms ready to rip the life

right out of me. I glanced over my shoulder to see if the unknown creature was still chasing me, but when I turned around I ran straight into a big pine tree. The last thing I remember was how disgusting tree bark tasted and that I was covered in tree sap. When I came to, everything looked strange. The sky was gray and there wasn't a sound of life anywhere. I picked myself up and began walking toward the road. When I reached the road, there wasn't a car to be seen in any direction. What happened to me while I lay sleeping?

I walked along the road for a few minutes, but decided to turn back. There was something drawing me back to the path I was just on. As I looked off into the distance, down into a valley, I saw smoke rising above the majestic pines. I couldn't see where it was coming from, but it could only mean one thing... life. I began walking back down the path which turned into a long gravel road. The trees created a lime green canopy above my head, blocking out the gray, dismal sky above. Droplets of rain came crashing to the road, interrupting the rhythm of my feet, which echoed off a few dead trees that surrounded me.

Something deep within me told me that I was here for a reason. Was it destiny? Was there some great power leading me along this foreboding road? The only way I was going to find out was to keep walking.

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I didn't have to walk very far before I saw a modest looking house to the right of me. It looked as if it had been here in these woods for many years. There was something magical about this house. The scent of cedar and pine filled my senses. It was a warm and welcoming place surrounded by beautiful smells of lavender and colorful wildflowers. I was beginning to relax when suddenly a tattered figure pushed his way through the front door of the house and bolted toward me. My body instantly went into shock. My muscles stiffened and a cold sweat spewed from my pores.

The man, who now stood in front of me, stood about six feet, had a medium build and a long, white beard. His magical eyes were green and reflected mischievous intentions. He stood in front of me in silence, but only for a few brief moments. He seemed to be checking me out.



"So, you have finally come. We have been waiting for you for a long time. With your help we can reclaim Camp Kahuna and bring it back to life as it was many years ago," exclaimed the old man.

He must have mistaken me for someone else, as I didn't have any idea what he was talking about or who he was.

"Who are you and where am I?" I asked.

"You are at the gates of the famous Camp Kahuna, a popular retreat for the infamous Eric and the Green Gorilla. It is a place of great beauty, but has been infiltrated by an army of

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Attack Squirrels, Snipes and a band of Raccoons led by the oversized, slightly rotund Tabby... not to mention that every once in a while a Moo Moo Chicken is sighted around camp. This has frightened potential campers from this place. If we don't do something quickly the evil Captain Bologne will shut down Camp Kahuna. He flies overhead every hour checking to see if any campers have laid foot on the property because if they do he bombs them with fully loaded water balloons and rotten eggs. Can you help us?"

"First of all, who are you? Secondly, what did you mean by....You have finally come? Were you expecting me? Thirdly, who exactly is this Captain Bologne and why doesn't he want kids to come to Camp Kahuna?"

"My name is Roy Collins. I am the caretaker of this camp and yes, I have been expecting you. It was written in the book of Finkle that a man of your stature would come on this very day. This man would claim to be lost, but in actual fact he would be found. He would find this day to be the beginning of a new life with a new purpose. You ask who Captain Bologne is? Captain Bologne is an evil, selfish man. He has a face that is etched with time, skin that is withered and creased and dark hair that hangs lifelessly from a skull that entombs a brain designed for evil deeds and horrific acts. The Captain lives just outside the camp property. He wants to buy the camp, but

can't – as long as it is an operational children's summer camp.

A strange sensation came over me. I felt as if my life had a purpose and I was suppose to be here, at this time, at this camp, talking to this man.

Roy started pulling on his beard as if to indicate that he was in deep thought. His eyes began to twinkle and a slightly arched smile began to emerge on his face.

"Before you enter the gates of Camp Kahuna and begin your new life, I have been instructed by my forefathers that you must hear a few of the tales born at Camp Kahuna. Come with me."

Roy and I walked around the side of his house. I could see a firepit with the glow of a scarlet orange fire burning within it. Seated at the fire was an impish looking figure dressed in a brown, tattered cloak. I couldn't see his face, but I could tell by the frame of his body and his posture that he was an elderly man.

"Come closer to me and sit down my young friend. I have stories to tell you that will help you decide if you are the one destined to save Kahuna. Sit close to me so I can see your face," cackled the old man.

I turned around to realize that Roy was gone. He had disappeared in the shadows of the night. I began to tremble as I wasn't sure I was ready for the stories I was about to hear.

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I looked into the hood of the figure that sat by the fire to see nothing except blackness. The cloaked man's voice echoed from his dark hood as he began to tell me the first story of Kahuna.

Chapter 2

FRIEDA FINKLESTEIN GOES SQUIRRELLY

Frieda Finklestein, or Mrs. Finklestein as the kids would call her, was older than dirt and known to be the nastiest fourth grade teacher that had ever walked the halls of Milmac Public School. Her breath was so bad it could peel paint and the



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smell that emanated from her yellow calloused feet was enough to make you vomit. She was a vile and nasty woman who should never have been permitted to work with children.

One July day, Mrs. Finklestein and her crony friends from the senior's wrestling club decided that they would spend part of their summer vacation at the highly acclaimed Camp Kahuna. It was only a few minutes into the country from Finkle so they thought it would be worth a try. It was a week before any kid would be at camp so Mrs. Finklestein and her friends didn't have to contend with any kids screaming or running around in their overly excited, candy filled bodies. They arrived early on a Monday morning all stuffed into an old Volkswagen Bug like sardines in a can. That might explain the smell. When they cascaded out of the Bug the smell that followed was like mothballs in a slough of bile with a few stinky gym socks mixed in. Roy emerged from behind an outhouse with paint brush in hand ready to greet his guests. He was busy painting all the lower areas of the outhouses with glow in the dark paint so that the campers could see what they were doing in the dark.

"Hello ladies, and welcome to Camp Kahuna," Roy said. "My name's Roy and I will be your host for the week so if you need anything just call my name."

"This place is a lot more rustic than I thought it would be," Mrs. Finklestein hissed. "Have you had any problems with wild animals?"

"Just normal camp stuff, you know, like oversized raccoons, attack squirrels, snipes, skunks and vicious tree frogs," Roy replied.

"What do you mean by Attack Squirrels and what in the world is a snipe?" asked Mrs. Finklestein.

"The squirrels seem to have a chip on their shoulders. They think that we are infringing on their territory. They claim that their ancestors roamed this camp hundreds of years ago and they want us off their land. Don't worry though. We haven't seen them around here for a few months. Snipes are mischievous creatures that resemble chipmunks, not the birds that everyone hears of, this creature is just downright ornery. They sneak around camp getting into everything. They are very annoying creatures. They are also very hard to catch. I almost had one last week, but the little devil bit my finger and high-tailed it into the woods before I could recatch it."

Roy took the ladies to their cabins. They weren't too impressed by the rustic environment, but they decided they were up for the experience.

Little did the ladies know, but Chippie the Attack Squirrel and his gang of furry rodents were planning to pull a few surprises on the old ladies,

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hoping that they would hi-tail it out of Kahuna as fast as they came in.

After dinner and a few mud wrestling matches, Mrs. Finklestein decided to call it a night. She put her tighy-whity-nighty on, took her teeth out, put her curlers in and a mud mask on. Just as she switched off the light she heard a noise coming out of the bathroom. She thought it might be Ethel who was known to forget to put down the toilet seat. It wouldn't have been the first time Ethel was submerged in the toilet with her feet high in the air, commenting on how cold the water was this time of year. As Mrs. Finklestein approached the bathroom she realized that the sound she heard was not Ethel. It sounded more like Dorothy after a bean and burrito party. She inched her way up to the bathroom door. It was closed. She inched it open to see a small white cloth swaying in the breeze. She couldn't believe her eyes. The white fabric was moving toward her. From within the white cloth came a voice.

"I am the ghost of Camp Kahuna. If you and your friends don't leave now you will never see the light of day again," shrieked the ghost.

As the ghost moved closer Mrs. Finklestein realized that the ghost was actually a pair of discarded underwear covering some wild animal. She could see its furry legs and bushy tail sticking out from under the underwear. It seemed that something was under the tighy-whities pretending

to be a ghost. Mrs. Finklestein wasn't going to have any part of this charade. She reached behind her and grabbed the cabin's vacuum cleaner.

She turned it on to turbo mode and aimed it directly at the ghost imposter. It didn't have a chance. It instantly got sucked into the vacuum, leaving the underwear hanging onto the end of the vacuum. Mrs. Finklestein began to dance around hysterically.

"I never caught a ghost before," Mrs. Finklestein mused. "Don't mess with me ghost with the most....most dust bunnies!"



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Mrs. Finklestein began dancing around the cabin, laughing as if she was a teen again. She didn't notice that emerging out of the vacuum canister was a slightly frazzled, covered in dust, irate Attack Squirrel. It jumped on Mrs. Finklestein's back and began to wrestle her to the ground. Her wrestling skills were not helping her with this Attack Squirrel. It was so angry that nothing was going to stop it. She was in such shock that she ran out of the cabin in her tighty-whity-nighty, mud mask and she was of course toothless. Roy was just finishing painting his last toilet. He heard all the fuss so he came to see what was going on. As he turned toward Mrs. Finklestein's cabin he saw what looked like the legendary Emolosu. The Emolosu is an animal that wanders Camp Kahuna late at night looking for campers sneaking out after curfew. Roy didn't recognize Mrs. Finklestein and thinking he was looking at an Emolosu, tackled her to the ground, picked her up over his shoulder and hurled her through the outhouse door. She flew through the door and dropped down into the bowels of the outhouse. SPLASH! At least she could see where she was with the newly painted glow-in-the-dark walls.

Chippie the Attack Squirrel couldn't stop laughing. He couldn't believe what he just witnessed. There was no way that Mrs. Finklestein was going to want to stay at Camp Kahuna now.

All of a sudden the outhouse began to shake. A low roar was coming from deep inside it.

"It's going to blow," screamed Roy. "Run for cover!"

Chippie was so busy laughing that he didn't notice what was going on. The sides of the outhouse began to expand. There were high pitched squeals coming from the cracks in the wood. The outhouse was getting bigger and bigger, then...BOOM! There was a thunderous explosion with outhouse debris covering everything and everyone for miles around. Chippie was blown back onto his backside and was covered in toilet paper and filth. When the smoke cleared, there standing amongst the wreckage was Mrs. Finklestein. She was standing on top of what was left of the outhouse with the most vengeful stare I had ever seen. She was looking for a kill.

What Chippie didn't realize was Mrs. Finklestein had found a Hyper Diaper in one of the dresser drawers in her cabin. She thought it was a fancy pair of wrestling shorts left behind by one of the last campers. She was so taken by the look of them she decided to try them on. She had just put them on when she heard Chippie in the bathroom pretending to be a ghost.

"I am going to fix you for trying to scare me squirrel!" screamed Mrs. Finklestein. "You are going to be sorry you messed with old Mrs. Finklestein."

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Mrs. Finklestein jumped off what was left of the outhouse and began running toward Chippie. Chippie flew into Mrs. Finklestein's cabin. As soon as Finklestein entered her cabin she realized she was in a pitch black room. She knew that Chippie was up to something, but what?

Chapter 3

ATTACK SQUIRRELS GO NUTS

Mrs. Finklestein moved around the cabin as quietly as she could. She was determined to catch this mischievous Attack Squirrel and teach him not to mess with her ever again. Out of the silence Freida could hear something coming from the washroom. She gingerly stepped toward the washroom door. The sound actually sounded like someone was flushing the toilet. She pushed



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the door open only to see Chippie continuously flushing the toilet as another Attack Squirrel practiced his surfing moves in the toilet. He was balancing himself on Mrs. Finklestein's toothbrush singing a Beach Boyz song.

Mrs. Finklestein didn't realize, that as she focused on Chippie and the surfing squirrel, hundreds of Attack Squirrels were moving into formation, getting ready to make their next move. Mrs. Finklestein picked up the phantom flusher by his tail and hurled him through the open window. As Frieda brought her attention back to Chippie she realized he was gone. Chippie hadn't gone very far though as he was standing directly behind Mrs. Finklestein. With a giant push Chippie thrust old Mrs. Finklestein face first into the toilet. She re-emerged with a face full of toilet water, looking extremely angry. Her face was as red as a radish and her eyes were filled with rage. She turned to see Chippie standing in the bathroom doorway.

"Alright you oversized rat. When I get my hands on you I am going to teach you a lesson you are not going to soon forget!"

Mrs. Finklestein raced out of the washroom, into the cabin and straight out the cabin door after Chippie who was running for his life, or so Frieda thought. Chippie stood in front of the cabin as if to challenge Mrs. Finklestein. Chippie motioned Mrs. Finklestein to look up and as she did she could not believe her eyes. There were

hundreds, if not thousands of Attack Squirrels parachuting down toward her. As their feet hit the ground the attack began. They had mini catapults made from elastics and Popsicle sticks that were flinging acorns, pea shooters made from straws shooting peas and marshmallow cannons firing hard, stale marshmallows at her head. Not even the most powerful Hyper Diaper would save her now. The battle lasted only a few minutes, but by the time it was done, Mrs. Finklestein was covered head to toe with acorn debris, peas and petrified marshmallows.

Mrs. Finklestein's friends were coming up the hill just as the battle finished. As they turned around the corner the Attack Squirrels all disappeared into the surrounding trees and bushes. Mrs. Finklestein stood in front of her friends covered from head to toe with acorns, peas and marshmallows babbling something about a squirrel invasion, a squirrel surfing in the toilet and a Hyper Diaper. Mrs. Finklestein tried to explain what happened, but her friends did not believe a word. They thought she had overdosed on chocolate and was having a sugar overload moment. They decided it would be best to go back to town as they were all a bit shook up by what they saw down by the main building. As they were engaged in their sumo granny wrestling they noticed a strange looking animal staring in at them. It looked like the legendary Moo

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Moo Chicken. It disappeared so fast that they questioned what they saw. They thought their eyes were playing tricks on them. It was enough for them, after seeing Frieda in the state she was in, to pack their bags and head for home. They didn't return to Camp Kahuna for a long time.

Chapter 4

RUMOURS OF A Moo Moo CHICKEN

It didn't take long before the rumours of Moo Moo Chickens living in the woods of Camp Kahuna circulated around the town of Finkle. No kid in their right mind would go to a camp that had Moo Moo Chickens. Moo Moo Chickens were the product of Freud Ian Shlip, an evil principal of Milmac Public School who tried to take over Finkle by creating an army of these things. He disappeared after the Great Battle and hasn't been seen since.

On the outskirts of town lived the Smith boys who always dreamed of battling a Moo Moo Chicken. They had heard all the stories of Freud Ian Shlip and his army of Moo Moo Chickens. They dreamed of the day that they could go head to head with one of these creatures and destroy the Moo Moo Chickens and become heroes of Finkle and all surrounding towns. The majority of Moo Moo Chickens had been destroyed many years ago, but legend has it that it is impossible to totally destroy evil. There is the possibility that a few Moo Moo Chickens survived. Could one of these evil creatures be living at Camp Kahuna?

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RUMOURS OF A Moo Moo CHICKEN

It didn't take long before the rumours of Moo Moo Chickens living in the woods of Camp Kahuna circulated around the town of Finkle. No kid in their right mind would go to a camp that had Moo Moo Chickens. Moo Moo Chickens were the product of Freud Ian Shlip, an evil principal of Milmac Public School who tried to take over Finkle by creating an army of these things. He disappeared after the Great Battle and hasn't been seen since.

On the outskirts of town lived the Smith boys who always dreamed of battling a Moo Moo Chicken. They had heard all the stories of Freud Ian Shlip and his army of Moo Moo Chickens. They dreamed of the day that they could go head to head with one of these creatures and destroy the Moo Moo Chickens and become heroes of Finkle and all surrounding towns. The majority of Moo Moo Chickens had been destroyed many years ago, but legend has it that it is impossible to totally destroy evil. There is the possibility that a few Moo Moo Chickens survived. Could one of these evil creatures be living at Camp Kahuna?

If someone didn't do something quick, no child would ever want to go to camp again.

Ben, Cole, Lucas and Daniel were all up for the challenge. They loved being together and were proud to be each others brother. Lucas and Cole, who are twins, loved adventure. They could talk their older brother Ben and younger brother Daniel into almost anything, especial pranks that involved gum, glue, sling shots, spit balls or deep fried worms. The entire town of Finkle knew of these boys and how they were notorious for their practical jokes. They all had good hearts so the people of Finkle always forgave even the most outlandish prank. Ben, Cole, Lucas and Daniel had been looking forward to going to Camp Kahuna all year and were not about to let an over-stuffed Moo Moo Chicken wreck their fun. All four of the brothers packed their knapsacks with sling shots, potato poopors (a very painful way to meet a potato), fire crackers, whoopee cushions, fast acting itching powder, cellophane and liquid manure, which is the most powerful weapon to use against a Moo Moo Chicken. They wore the latest camouflage clothing, hippie-like sandals and sported the coolest looking hair-does anyone could have and had funky looking shades any eight year old boy would be proud to wear. They were ready to do battle against anything or anyone that came in their way.

They arrived at the gates of Camp Kahuna at 12 noon. The place looked deserted. The door of the Purple Door Cabin was wide open and there was no movement anywhere near the white cabin. The boys could hear the camp flag rustling in the wind and the tree toads singing their familiar songs, but there was no sign of human life anywhere. Old Mrs. Finklestein and her group of cronies had left and Roy was nowhere to be found. They decided to make their way up to their cabin where they could formulate a plan to destroy the Moo Moo Chickens. Just before the boys got to the wooden steps that led up toward their cabin, Lucas noticed the bushes beside the stairway move.

"Look over by the bushes. There is something moving. I think it might a Moo Moo Chicken. Don't worry guys. I'll take care of this problem," whispered Lucas.

Lucas quietly inched his way toward the bushes. He didn't waste any time. He hurled his pint-sized body into the bushes. There was a tremendous struggle. It only lasted a minute, but when Lucas emerged he was covered in burrs from head to toe, had dirt all over his face and had ripped his clothing during the struggle.

"Did you get the Moo Moo Chicken?" asked his brother Daniel.

"There wasn't anything in the bushes," replied Lucas.

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“There wasn’t anything in the bushes,” replied Lucas.

“What were you doing, wrestling with yourself? I told you before that was an annoying habit,” commented Cole.

As Lucas turned around to glance back at the bushes, the boys noticed an unwanted intruder clamped onto Lucas’ back. It was black and furry with a white stripe on its back.

“SKUNK!” yelled the boys.

Ben, Cole and Daniel ran up the stairs that led to their cabin as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving Lucas running around hysterically. They wanted to get as far away from the skunk as possible. Lucas started to run in the opposite



direction toward the zip line. He was attempting to shake free the striped guest without a complimentary stink spray. As Lucas flew under the zip line, Roy, who was testing the zip line, flew passed Lucas, grabbed the skunk from off of his back and flung it high up into the air. As the skunk flew through the air it began squirting out its putrid smell. The smell came raining down on a group of unexpected picnickers followed, of course, by the skunk. The picnickers ran in every direction, trying to out run the skunk. One picnicker ran head first into a bee hive, another ran into a nearby outhouse, and ended up tipping it down a nearby hill. As it cascaded down the hill, the man rolled around in it, being bombarded with toilet paper rolls and everything else that goes with an outhouse. It was a pretty big mess. Luckily the rest of the picnickers were close enough to a small creek that they could all jump in to avoid future sprayings. Roy apologized profusely to the picnickers as Lucas made his escape and ran back to meet his brothers who were already unpacking their bags. Lucas ran into the White Cabin, as it was affectionately known, to reunite with his three brothers.

“It’s about time you got back here. We need to get our stuff unpacked and think of a plan to catch this Moo Moo Chicken. Any of you guys think of a plan yet?” asked Ben.

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"The last place the Moo Moo Chicken was seen was at the main building by Mrs. Finklestein's friends. If we set up in the main building we will be able to see the entire camp. We can bring our marshmallow cannon, peas, sling shots and liquid manure. If we catch the Moo Moo Chicken we can wrap it up in cellophane after pelting it with peas and marshmallows," exclaimed Daniel. "Then we can cover it with manure which will surely destroy it."

"What are we waiting for, let's go!" exclaimed Daniel.

The boys waited and waited, but as the minutes turned to hours and the day turned to night, not a



creature was seen moving anywhere in the camp. Cole ate most of the marshmallows and was about to start on the peas when out of the silence came an unusual noise. The noise sounded as if it was coming from the camp chapel, which was located in the valley near the creek. The camp was blanketed in darkness. The wind began to weave its way through the dormant pine trees that lined the path that led to the chapel. The boys collected their flashlights and brought what was left of the marshmallows and peas with them and began their trek out of the main cabin, down the hill and along the trail that led to the chapel. As they came to the opening of the chapel the trees became very dense, not allowing any trace of light to enter. The boys were banging into trees and falling over rocks as they huddled together, making their way closer to the chapel.

The chapel area was extremely dark. At first the only thing Ben, Lucas, Cole and Daniel could see was the seats that created a semi circle in front of the chapel and the tall stone structure that formed the alter. The trees rustled as the wind blew their limbs back and forth as if to warn intruders of imminent danger. Deep within the silence the boys heard a loud bang, as if something had fallen from one of the branches overhead.

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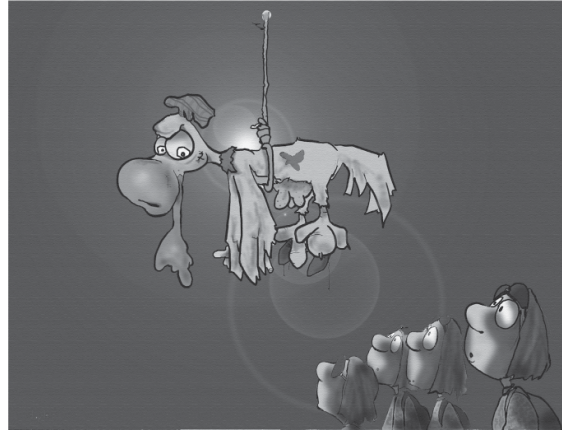
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“It could be a Snipe. They are always lurking around in the darkness, ready to jump out with their fire red eyes and toothless grins. Well, it’s not going to work this time. Bring it on you fuzzy fur balls!” yelled Lucas.

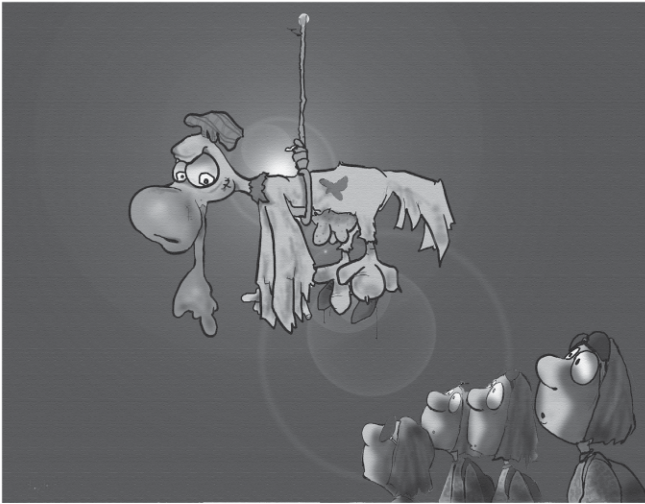
Still, the woods remained quiet as if it were waiting for the right moment to initiate its plan. Breaking the silence for but a moment was the sound of something mechanical. It sounded as if something was rising from the place where maggots and worms live to high above where the brothers were standing. As the boys looked up they couldn’t believe their eyes. It was a hideous Moo Moo Chicken hovering directly above them as if suspended on a gigantic rope. Its eyes that were protruding out of its head were glowing green in the darkness penetrating deep into the souls of the night intruders. They could feel the pure evil of this beast engulfing the chapel with its presence. Its feathers were covered in spots and its throat was covered in blood coloured skin.

“You have come to destroy me, have you?” bellowed the Moo Moo Chicken. “You cannot destroy me as I am but an apparition. I was destroyed in the Great Battle, but the essence of what I am and always will be remains. I am pure evil and will destroy anything and anyone who enters Camp Kahuna, so leave now!”

As Daniel looked at the Moo Moo Chicken dangling in the air he noticed something that drew



his attention away to what looked to be a fine metal wire hanging directly over the beast’s head. Daniel quietly tiptoed around the backside of the alter, not to disturb the Moo Moo Chicken’s rant, only to see a pulley that looked to be suspending the Moo Moo Chicken in the air. What would a real Moo Moo Chicken need with a pulley and a wire? This creature must be an imposter. Without a moment of hesitation Daniel took out his trusty boy-scout knife and began picking away at the wire. It didn’t take long before the wire began to fray. Daniel came out from behind the alter and waved at the Moo Moo Chicken imposter.



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“Hey, cheese breath! How about you come down here and pay me a visit?”

As the Moo Moo Chicken moved back and forth, raising its wings in an attempt to intimidate Daniel, it broke the wire. The Moo Moo Chicken fell flat of its beak and as it did the back part of its disguise ripped straight down the middle. Its beak was badly bent and the spots that were on its feathers were tattered and smeared. This was not a Moo Moo Chicken, but who was it? The fallen figure began to peel away its costume to reveal that it was human. As it pulled off its mask the boys stood motionless in anticipation of the great reveal. Was it Freud Ian Shlip back from the dead or Roy playing a practical joke on the four naïve pranksters?

They could not believe their eyes. There standing in front of them was a man who stood six feet, with long dark hair, a wonky nose and bubble eyes. He exuded evil and his presence was like nothing the boys had seen before.

“Who are you?” yelled Ben.

“You have not heard of me yet, but one day every knee will bow to me as I am destined to be the next ruler of Finkle. I must first prove I am worthy by dominating this camp they call Kahuna. It will be the place where I train my followers so they too can relish evil deeds and the acquisition of money, wealth and power. I must send out the message that no one of Finkle blood will be



permitted to ever lay their foot on this soil again. This place is now the beginning of my kingdom.”

“What is your name?” demanded Cole.



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"I am Captain Bologne. I am the only descendant of Freud Ian Shlip and I plan to carry on his plan to take over Finkle," he cackled.

Daniel stood directly in front of Captain Bologne. He was not afraid of anything. He was the most courageous boy Finkle had ever seen. He looked into the eyes of the Captain and said, "We have heard of you and know of your plan to stop kids from coming to this camp. My brothers and I will fight you to the end because there is no way you will ever shut down Kahuna or take over the town of Finkle."

As Daniel was talking he was secretly loading his marshmallow cannon with what was left of the marshmallows and peas. Without a second of hesitation Daniel began to fire everything he had at the Bologne. Ben, Lucas and Cole followed Daniel's lead. They began to roll balls of manure and started to fling the dung at their enemy's face. Before long Captain Bologne was covered in peas, marshmallows and manure. Suddenly, there was a high pitched squeal and a flash of light. Captain Bologne was gone.

"This is probably one of his tricks," Lucas shouted.

The boys looked around the chapel to see if they could figure out where Captain Bologne had gone. No one just disappears into thin air.

"Yeah, check this out boys. I think I found something," said Ben.

Behind the alter lay a large wooden hatch with a wrought iron handle and a rusty bolt that barely kept it shut. The words, "Trespassers will pay if they dare enter," were etched into the decaying wood of the hatch.

"Captain Bologne must have disappeared through this hatch. We need to follow him and stop his evil plan of preventing campers from coming to Camp Kahuna," Lucas exclaimed.

"This door must lead to Captain Bologne's house. Is anyone ready for a bit of fun?" mused Daniel. "There is no way we are going to allow Captain Bologne to destroy the fun kids have when they come to Camp Kahuna. It's the greatest place on earth. We must follow the evil Captain!"

The four brave brothers lowered themselves down through the hatch one at a time. They climbed down a rickety, wooden ladder which ended at a dirt floor. They stood at least 50 feet below ground level in a tunnel that was lit by long wooden torches. As they gingerly moved along the tunnel's path they could see drawings on the wall that looked as if a story was being told of a great battle between good and evil. As the story unfolded along the tunnel walls it seemed to end at a picture of a boy looking over Camp Kahuna, looking victorious as if he had won a battle and was now the guardian of the camp. Beside this picture was a hideous picture that looked strikingly like Captain Bologne standing in the same pose.

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Were these two possible outcomes to the same battle? Was it a battle that had already occurred or was this battle still to happen? As the boys looked closer at the picture they noticed that the boy etched on the wall looked a lot like one of them. The boy's brown hair had golden highlights, his clothes were weaved with the coolest threads and on his feet he wore sandals that were worn out from the many battles he had already won. All three sets of eyes glanced in the same direction, the direction of the brother that could soon be the guardian of Camp Kahuna.

Chapter 5

THE TUNNEL

"It's not me. It couldn't be? The hair is not as wavy as mine and my eyes are not that close together, and that uni-brow, who in their right mind would leave their brow looking like that," exclaimed Daniel.

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All four trudged on through the dimly lit tunnels wondering where they were going and what they were being led to. They walked for about twenty minutes weaving through a mishmash of tunnels with dead ends in every direction. Finally there was something different in front of them that wasn't a tunnel or a dead end. It sounded like an underground river. Lucas ran ahead of his three brothers to investigate. Suddenly, there was a blood curdling scream. It sounded as if Lucas had fallen down a large crevasse or some hideous creature had got its talons into him. That would be a little melodramatic. It was probably Lucas goofing around, trying to scare his brothers. Ben, Cole and Daniel came running up to where the tunnel seemed to end. It looked as if the bridge that joined the two cave walls had broken in two with one half decimated in the river and the other half still hanging onto the adjacent cave wall. There hanging on to a root that was conveniently sticking out of the brownish-red clay that covered the cave walls was Lucas dangling over the fast moving river, trying to swing himself over to the precariously hung bridge.

"Don't be a fool!" Daniel yelled. "Wait till we think of a way of pulling you up!"

"If I wait for you guys to think of something I maybe floating down this angry river, heading for who knows where," screamed Lucas.



Lucas swung once, then twice and finally three times and let go of the root that was sustaining his life in an attempt to land on the intact bridge that would take him to the other side. Getting his brothers over with him would be his next impossible feat. Lucas sailed over and grasped onto the bridge, but as his hand grabbed onto the rotted board the wood beneath his fingers gave way. Lucas could not hold on and fell backwards toward the raging river. As Lucas fell silently into the river he turned as if to say it would be okay. Almost instantly Lucas disappeared into the waters below. The dark swirling waters swallowed him,



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pulling him down into the abyss of its underwater world.

Ben, Cole and Daniel stood motionless, staring at the river below. Without any hesitation Daniel jumped into the river. There was no way the river was going to take one of his brothers without a fight. As Daniel hit the water, the air from his tiny lungs was ripped from his body as the cold cascaded over his thin pale frame. It didn't matter as Daniel only had one thing on his mind and that was to save his brother. Daniel could not see anything as the water was as dark as coal, so he had to rely on his sense of touch. Thrusting his hands forward Daniel grabbed onto something that felt as if it didn't belong in this lonely, dark world. He grabbed onto the mysterious object and pulled for all he was worth. This would be Daniel's only chance at saving his brother. If this mysterious object proved not to be Lucas, the reality would be that his brother would be lost forever. With every pull forward the object seemed to thrust itself deeper into the abyss. It seemed as if some unknown force was determined to rip the object away from Daniel. He pulled with all his might, finally pulling the object to the surface. To everyone's relief it was Lucas. Daniel's determination saved his brother's life. Daniel pulled Lucas' body to the side of the cave where there was a small landing which they could use to rest their weary bodies. Both boys were spitting out

the water they had ingested and gasped for air as they attempted to get their lungs working again.

"Thanks Daniel, you saved my life," sputtered Lucas. "It would have been nice if the material you grabbed was not my boxers as you gave me the biggest wedgie I have ever had, but I am thankful to be alive."

"You're my brother," responded Daniel. "There was no way I was going to let this river take you."

Suddenly, from behind a rock that lay perched a few feet above Daniel and Lucas came the voices of Ben and Cole followed by their faces which poked out from behind the same rock.

"While you guys were floating around in the river both Ben and I found a rustic wooden staircase that led us to another tunnel. It looks like this is the tunnel that will lead to Captain Bologne's house," said Ben.

"How do you know?" replied Daniel.

"There is a sign posted on the cave wall that says... 40 feet to Captain Bologne's house," replied Ben.

Daniel and Lucas pulled themselves up the cave wall, crawling toward the rock where both Ben and Cole stood.

The brothers rested for a few minutes before they began to walk down the tunnel that was to lead them to Captain Bologne's house. They weren't sure what they were going to meet along this tunnel, but they were determined to stop

the water they had ingested and gasped for air as they attempted to get their lungs working again.

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the Captain's evil plan. As they walked along the dimly lit tunnel they avoided stepping on the skeletonized bodies of adventurers that had gone before them. A couple of the bodies were dressed in what looked like pirate gear, with ratty old pirate hats and rusty swords perched by their sides, probably used for fighting off enemies that now only existed for the dead. One of the bodies had a look on its face that Cole could not erase from his mind. It looked to Cole like a warning of sorts. Were the boys walking toward a trap? Were they looking at a reflection of their own fate? The brothers walked through a tunnel that

weaved its way through roots of hundred year old trees. There were moments where all four boys had to take turns pushing themselves through the tightly twisted root systems that made it almost impossible to continue. At one point Lucas was stuck between two tightly twisted roots.

"I told you that you need to stop eating so many cupcakes," teased Cole.

It took all three brothers with their combined strength to pull Lucas free from his tight squeeze. Daniel grabbed Lucas' boxers and gave him an ultimate wedgie before freeing him. Lucas winced with a little pain, but was grateful to his brothers for his freedom. This was his punishment for getting stuck in the first place.

"Is that a door ahead of us?" asked Lucas.

"Actually there are two doors," replied Daniel.

The four boys stood in front of two doors that were withered with age and rotted from top to bottom by the dampness of the tunnel. One door had what looked like fingernail scratch marks on it, as if something or someone was begging to enter. Did this unknown adventurer choose the wrong door? Was there a wrong and a right choice?

"Which door should we choose?" Lucas asked.

"What happens if we pick the wrong door and a vicious Bewilder Beast jumps out at us and eats Cole?"

"There's not enough meat on Cole for a beast to bother," replied Ben.

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Ben had been particularly quiet during this entire adventure. It was as if he knew that a life changing event was imminent.

"Listen, we have a fifty, fifty chance of making the right choice. The scratch marks are only on one door. Maybe this dead adventurer wanted to leave a message for the next person who came upon these doors. Maybe the claw marks indicate the correct choice," said Ben.

The three brothers agreed with Ben. This had to be the correct door, but what if Captain Bologne purposely scratched up the door to mislead the brothers. Could this be a trap?

Daniel had an idea. He collected his brother's belts and attached them together using the laces from the dead man's boots. Daniel grabbed a few items from the dead pirate that they had seen early in case they needed them. He tied the belts to the handle of the door. This would allow him to stand twelve feet away from the door when opening it. If any animal raced out to attack him he would have enough time to jump onto the adjacent ledge where he would be safe from any vicious beast. Cole, Lucas and Daniel jumped onto the ledge as Ben positioned himself to pull the door open. The belts were attached and the boys were prepared for whatever Captain Bologne conjured up.

"Okay boys, here goes nothing," Ben announced.

With all his strength, Ben pulled open the door, only to reveal a tall wooden staircase that spiralled in an upward direction. The room that surrounded the staircase was an extension of the cave the boys were in. The walls were covered in decaying vegetation that had a pungent smell, enough to make you vomit if you were unlucky enough to inhale too long. The staircase was old and decrepit. It didn't look like it would hold the weight of the dust it was covered with, let alone four young brothers.

Ben wasn't convinced that the room that lay in front of them was safe. It all seemed too easy. Lucas, Cole and Daniel were all ready to enter the room, but were stopped by Ben.

"Hold on boys. Before you enter I want to try something. Ben picked up a few rocks that lay around his feet and tossed them through the doorway. As the rocks flew passed the entrance a large machete cut through the air just past the door. The force of the machete passing in front of the doorway was so strong that the brothers could feel the air from the room being pushed back into their faces. Daniel, Lucas and Cole looked at Ben and in unison mouthed a thank you. Ben somehow knew that there was a trap just past the door frame. If it wasn't for Ben, his brothers would have been sliced in two.

The boys gingerly entered the room, watching out for other traps or possible dangers. There in

With all his strength, Ben pulled open the door, only to reveal a tall wooden staircase that spiralled in an upward direction. The room that surrounded the staircase was an extension of the cave the boys were in. The walls were covered in decaying vegetation that had a pungent smell, enough to make you vomit if you were unlucky enough to inhale too long. The staircase was old and decrepit. It didn't look like it would hold the weight of the dust it was covered with, let alone four young brothers.

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"Hold on boys. Before you enter I want to try something. Ben picked up a few rocks that lay around his feet and tossed them through the doorway. As the rocks flew passed the entrance a large machete cut though the air just past the door. The force of the machete passing in front of the doorway was so strong that the brothers could feel the air from the room being pushed back into their faces. Daniel, Lucas and Cole looked at Ben and in unison mouthed a thank you. Ben somehow knew that there was a trap just past the door frame. If it wasn't for Ben, his brothers would have been sliced in two.

The boys gingerly entered the room, watching out for other traps or possible dangers. There in



front of them was a monstrous staircase that led up to a trap door. The staircase didn't look as if it could hold the weight of all the boys. They decided to attack the staircase one at a time so they could open the trap door and see what was on the other side.

Chapter 6

SAVED AGAIN

The four brothers crept up the weathered staircase, one at a time, looking in the direction of the trap door, wondering what adventure lay on the other side. As they reached the top step, the creaking sound turned to cracking. It was coming from under their feet. They realized the staircase that held their frail bodies above a hundred foot crevasse was starting to collapse. Daniel pushed the trap door to open it, but it was stuck.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Daniel. "There was something not quite right about this staircase. We are now trapped and are about to fall to our deaths!"

"Stop being so dramatic," yelled Ben. "If we calm down and think we can make it out of this predicament."

From somewhere within the darkness came an unexpected voice. It was a voice that sounded as if it belonged to a young, confident boy.

"Hey, you guys need a little help?"

Sticking out of the side of the cave, between two oversized rocks was the head of a young boy. His hair and eyes were brown and his face had a

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“Hey, you guys need a little help?”

Sticking out of the side of the cave, between two oversized rocks was the head of a young boy. His hair and eyes were brown and his face had a

delightful expression of hope and life. The brothers all stared at this boy as if they were caught in a dream, but persistently his voice entered their ears again, but this time with a commanding tone.

“Are you guys hard of hearing? If you don’t start moving your bottoms in my direction you will find yourselves on the cave floor below. You need to jump in my direction now!” yelled the boy.

The splintering of the wood beneath their feet gave them the courage to trust the stranger. They grabbed onto each others arms and in unison jumped. As they did the entire staircase collapsed under their feet. They landed on the ledge where the boy sat. He motioned for them to follow him. As the Smith boys followed behind the stranger they watched as he wheeled his body up a ramp and into what looked like another tunnel.

They stood in the dimly lit tunnel staring at the boy who was responsible for saving their lives. His spirit was filled with joy and they could tell he was up for any adventure life would spring on him. Instead of standing in front of the brothers, he sat in a metallic chair, dressed casually in a shirt and khaki shorts as he awaited for his next adventure to begin.

“My name is Ian Steadman. I have been a Kahuna camper for years. I came up from Finkle today to do a little spying on Captain Bologne. Over the last few years at camp I watched him build his house. I knew he wanted to be close by

so he could keep an eye on what went on at camp and scare us campers. I thought I would explore his house to figure out what he was up to. I knew he wasn’t here as I saw him fly away in his plane. I had been exploring the different rooms when I heard you guys screaming. I found this trap door last time I snuck into Bologne’s house. Good thing I heard you or you would have fallen to your death. You’re not the first people I have saved you know. Who are you guys?”

“My name is Ben and these are my brothers, Cole, Lucas and Daniel. We also are campers at Camp Kahuna and stumbled upon Captain Bologne at Kahuna trying to scare kids away by dressing up like a Moo Moo Chicken. We followed him through a secret tunnel, which led us to this staircase and more tunnels. This place is like a maze. He must have got into his plane and took off as soon as he got back to this place.”

“Come with me, I will show you what I found,” said Ian. “I think you may find it to be really interesting.”

He led the brothers into a dark, musty room that was filled with worn, dusty books that lined each wall from floor to ceiling. There must have been thousands and thousands of books that looked as if they had been imprisoned in this room for hundreds of years.

“What is this place?” asked Daniel.

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“It’s Captain Bologne’s library. Each book you see has stories from the past, present and future, documenting every Finkle adventure, every Finkle fact and everything that has happened or is still to occur. From the knowledge taken from these books we can learn things that will lead Finkle either to victory or to destruction. Captain Bologne must be reading these books to find out things about the people of Finkle so he can use the information against them or trick them into following his evil ways.”

“Maybe we should destroy these books. That way Bologne will never gain the knowledge he seeks!” exclaimed Lucas.

“No, the knowledge that is found within these books, if used by the right person, can be used for

great good. What we need to do is read through some of these books to find the knowledge we will need to stop the Captain. I know there are a lot of books here, but maybe there are some stories more important than others. We need a way of finding out what books will lead us to the answers we need.

Daniel pulled an old tattered book off a shelf that grabbed his attention. There was something magical and ominous about this book. It had a worn brown cover secured by a leather strap that entombed the words within its binding. The words of the front cover looked as if they were etched into the cover with a jagged knife edge that was smeared with the congealed blood of an adversary. Daniel gently opened the book to see ancient writing from days long ago on pages that were yellow and brittle. As the boys gazed at the words on the pages that seemed to dance around the room, the air seemed to get colder. The windows began to frost over and their breath began cutting the air like a razor through cheese.

“Leave it to Daniel to find the only book that comes with its own refrigerator,” exclaimed Ben.

“Actually, I think Daniel has found the first book we need to read,” replied Ian.

“How do you know it’s the first book we need to read?” asked Ben.

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All five boys looked at the binding of the book and noticed the words etched into the binding: *Fantastical, Foreboding Tales of Finkle, Book One.*

The boys realized that if there was a book one, there must be other books in the series. They looked around the room to find two more books that matched the book Cole held in his hand. They needed to read the stories in these books to understand what they needed to do to stop Captain Bologne. They sat each book gently on the table and sat together on the cold wooden floor. They carefully opened the first book and began the first story that would hopefully lead to an understanding of what they were destined to do.

BOOK ONE

RED BUTTON

It was a sunny, Monday afternoon. School had just finished for the day and all the kids at Milmac Public School were bracing themselves for a week of tests, bad cafeteria food and class detentions. As Josh and I walked home we didn't talk much. We were mentally detoxifying ourselves from Mrs. Finklestein's boring math lesson. The air was warm as it blew through the green and yellow leaves that danced against the summer sky. It was going to be a good afternoon.

In the distance I could hear Mr. Katugallo's weird turkey dog barking hysterically at something it saw move across the lawn. I remember hearing that wacko dog bark for four hours at a wrapper of an Old Harold bar that was blowing back and forth in Mr. Katugallo's yard. This dog almost had a heart attack when the wrapper doubled back and slapped its sticky contents on its nose. The reason I called it a turkey dog by the way, is because when it barks it sounds more like a gobbler than a barker.

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As Josh and I started to walk by an open field our attention was no longer focused on Tunis the turkey dog but on a monstrous machine that flexed its perfectly yellow body against a shimmering afternoon sun. I could not believe my eyes. There in the field, only feet away was the most beautiful site an eight year old boy could imagine. It was a brand new, yellow, glistening bulldozer. Best of all it was shiny. I loved shiny things. I grabbed Josh by his collar and dragged him across the field toward the bright, shiny, metallic monster.

We stood beside the right tread of the bulldozer trying to decide whether we dared to



jump onto the seat, just to feel for a moment, what it would be like to drive a beast of this size.

We looked at each other for a moment and without saying a word knew what we had to do. In unison we jumped onto the tread and then onto the seat of the biggest bulldozer you could ever imagine.

After pretending to run over Brutus and Billy and Nicki Ninedoors and the bullies of Finkle, and after pretending to flatten Milmac Public School, or at least the part with old Mrs. Finklestein in it, I looked down and noticed something strange. It was a large, shiny, red button.

"Hey Josh, what do you think that red button is for?" I asked.

"I don't know what it's for, but red buttons are bad."

"Red buttons aren't bad and this red button is shiny. You know how I love shiny things!"

My desire to touch the bright, shiny red button was overwhelming. I needed to see what would happen if I pressed the red button.

"Josh, I need to take my finger and press the red shiny button!"

"Don't take your finger and touch the red, shiny button. Red buttons are bad!"

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I decided to do the inevitable. I looked at Josh, looked at my finger, then looked at the red button. I raised my finger and touched the red, shiny button. To both our amazement, the bulldozer started. The sound of the engine shook us to the bones. We jumped so high that we jumped right out of our shorts. As we ran to our houses, Josh took the opportunity to give me one of his life, barely digestible, lessons.

"I told you not to touch! Red button! I told you red buttons are bad! Now we are going to die at the hands or in this case, the treads, of a yellow mechanical monster. I told you not to touch the red button!"



I ran into my house and slammed the door behind me. I slid to the window only to see Josh running down the street screaming, "Red button, red button, I told him not to touch the red button." I think with a statement like that Josh will have a lot of explaining to do.

I glanced down the street, expecting to see the yellow bulldozer rolling toward my house, crushing everything in its path. There was nothing coming except old Mrs. Crumpledirt, who was attempting to park her beat up Cruiser for the fifteenth time.

I got tired of staring down the road for the arrival of the yellow monster so I decided to go to bed. It didn't take me long before I was dreaming of being chased down the street by the yellow bulldozer. Its teeth were razor sharp and its treads were covered with spikes, attempting to crush me into dust. The bulldozer totalled my school, terrorized my teachers, and flattened my friends. It started down the road to my house in search of its final victim - me! Just as it was about to flatten my skinny frame, I woke up in a cold sweat. I started screaming the words red button, red button! Both my mom and dad came running into my bedroom to see what was the matter. Before my parents had a chance to say

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anything I looked down and noticed that I could no longer see my bellybutton. I was hysterical. All I could do was point at the area where I last saw my bellybutton and scream red button!

My dad looked annoyed and asked me, "Did you pull your pyjamas up too high again?"

I slowly pulled my pyjama bottoms down a few inches, only to reveal my long, lost bellybutton.

"Oops a daisy, there it is," I whimpered.

Ever since that day I have had a fear of red buttons. A couple of weeks ago I was in the local Finkle office supply store. The only thing I remember was that I was standing at the checkout, preparing to pay for some paper and pens. I looked down and saw a red button. The cashier pressed it and I heard it talk. I swear it said, "That's just easy." That was the last thing I remember. I was sighted running down Fairview Street yelling, "Red button! Talking red button!"

Chapter 7

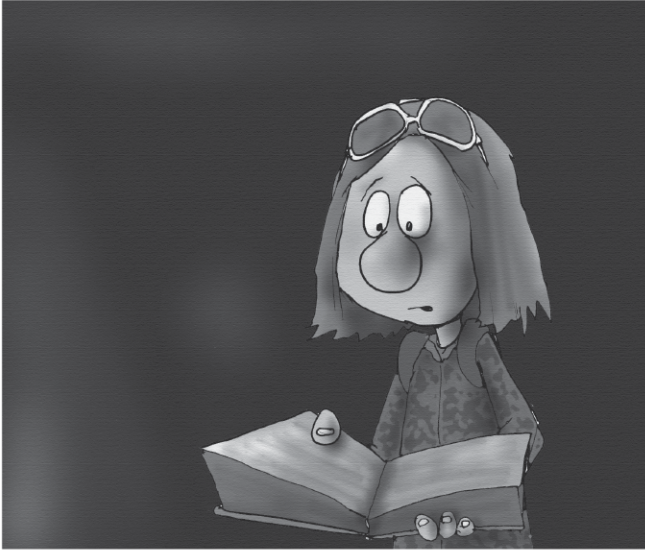
BULLDOZERS AND RED BUTTONS, WHAT?



"What does a story about a bulldozer and a fear of red buttons have to do with Captain Bologne and his plan to take over Finkle?"

Chapter 7

BULLDOZERS AND RED BUTTONS, WHAT?



“What does a story about a bulldozer and a fear of red buttons have to do with Captain Bologne and his plan to take over Finkle?”

demanded Cole, "and who was the guy with the fear of red buttons? The story never says."

"I don't know, but maybe if we read a few more stories we can figure out how they will help us stop Captain Bologne. Maybe each story holds a clue?" replied Ian.

"Check out this story guys. It sounds pretty scary. It's called Creepy Creek. By the look of the pictures and this map it looks as if the story takes place pretty close to here," exclaimed Daniel.

All the boys stared at Daniel with anticipation, preparing to hear the second story from another tattered, brown book.

BOOK TWO

CREEPY CREEK

It was a long day. I had been at camp all week and was making my way home along a familiar, dark, deserted road. My eyes were heavy. I felt as if I could sleep for a week. Suddenly, from the quietness of night came a loud screech. I saw something jump onto the road, pulling its monstrous frame toward me. Adrenaline shot through my veins. I was wide awake now, fighting to control my Jeep. I weaved around what looked to be a large, savage creature, but lost control of my vehicle. I drove straight into a post that marked a desolate pathway.

I crawled out of the carnage that was once my Jeep and stood facing the direction where I saw the creature. The road in every direction was black. The trees covered the sky, preventing light from entering this natural tomb. As I gazed into the darkness of the forest I could see the eyes of the night staring back at me, enticing me, daring me to enter their domain of darkness. I tried my cell phone, but it was dead. I needed

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to get to a landline and fast. I could feel my head getting heavy and knew that I needed to get to a hospital. As I gazed into the forest, I could see a light flickering between the summer leaves. As I stared at the light, I could make out a frame of what looked to be a house. I knew I had to get to that house, but wasn't sure if I would make it. I didn't want to collapse in the forest and be found days later by local hunters. I mustered up all the courage and strength that I had and started walking toward the house. The thorns on the bushes ripped through my flesh, and the mosquitoes feasted on my blood, but my determination pushed me further into the forest. Five minutes into my hike I came to an old, rickety bridge. There were boards missing and the boards that were present didn't look to have the strength to carry my weight. Below the bridge was the fastest moving creek I had ever seen. The signs that were posted named the water as Creepy Creek.

I had heard of this creek. The rocks beneath the fast moving water were so sharp that they could cut through an elephant's hide. There would be no chance of surviving if you were unlucky to fall in. If the water didn't pull you into its abyss,



the rocks would certainly slice through you. I mustered up my courage and ran for all I was worth. I could feel the boards crack under my feet. Wood cracked and fell from under my feet as I ran across the bridge. When I got to the other side all I could do was stand motionless, attempting to regain my composure. I looked up to see a small cabin with a single light shining from an upstairs window, creating shadows that pulled and weaved their forms across the front yard of the house. It looked as if there was someone sitting by the upstairs window. I waved and jumped around yelling, screaming at the inanimate silhouette, but received no response. I gingerly walked up toward



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the front door of the house to find it was partially open. I pushed the rotted door open and edged myself into the house. I expected something or someone to jump out at me, but instead was greeted by a room filled with old furniture, covered with old dirty linen. There was a smell of something rotting, but hopefully it was a smell that was dormant and harmless.

I continued to move my way from room to room. There were pictures on the walls of past owners. Their faces stared through me as if to analyze the reason why I was in their home. I decided to go upstairs. I wanted to see the room that housed the light that I saw while I was outside in the darkness. As I moved through the upper hallway the smell from downstairs seemed to be getting stronger as I inched my way to the front room. I continued to call out to the mysterious figure I saw when I was outside, but still heard nothing. I came to the door of the bedroom. My heart was pounding in my chest. My hand grabbed hold of the door handle and began to turn. I pushed open the door to see a bed prepared for a night's sleep, but covered in dust. Spiders ran across the sheets, prohibiting anyone from resting their weary frame upon their kingdom. In

front of the window I could see a swivel chair with a tattered dressing gown sleeve hanging over its side. The lamp that lit the room was beside the still figure.

Why wasn't this person responding to my calls? Why was he sitting alone by the window staring into the night? I walked up to the chair that was before me. I put my hands on the back of the chair and swivelled it toward me so I could see who was staring into the nothing.

I turned the chair quickly and there in front of me sat the remains of what looked to be an elderly



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man with a strange looking body. The top of his body looked human, but the lower half looked as if it was the body of a Moo Moo Chicken. I noticed that there was something sticking out of his pocket. I reached toward the decaying corpse, barely being able to grab the paper because of the smell. I pulled the paper from his shirt only to realize it was a photo of this unknown corpse and a young boy. As I looked closer at the picture, comparing it to the body that lay in front of me, I realized that this figure was Freud Ian Shlip. It looked as if he attempted to increase his powers after the Great Battle and whatever he ingested got the best of him, sucking out the life that may have still remained. The boy in the photo looked familiar. He looked like a younger version of someone I had met before.

Suddenly, a cold sweat travelled across my body. My heart was pounding so hard that I thought it was going to burst out of my chest. The boy in the photo was a younger Captain Bologne. Shlip must have been his father.

Shlip disappeared after the Great Battle. It was said that it is impossible to totally destroy evil. Shlip must have been hiding here in this house,

trying to recoup his powers. Now it all makes sense. Shlip must have ingested the green magical dust from Finkle Mountain. The dust must have been poison to humans. Shlip actually died at his own hands.

Captain Bologne must have discovered his father's body at some point and realized that it was up to him now to continue his father's plan. He bought a house on the outskirts of Finkle near Camp Kahuna so he could keep watch over the campers. He knew that at Kahuna, children learn how to become leaders. This maddened Bologne. The Captain has been scaring kids at this camp for years now, pressuring them to join him in his mission to stop the good that goes on at Kahuna and take over Finkle. Bologne is taking over from where Shlip has left off. He must be stopped.

I have to get this information back to the townfolk of Finkle, so that they can stop Bologne from scaring the campers at Kahuna and brainwashing them into thinking what he is doing is good.

My nose started filling up with that pungent smell I had smelled earlier. It was really strong this time. As I stared in the direction of Shlip's body I sensed someone or something staring at

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My nose started filling up with that pungent smell I had smelled earlier. It was really strong this time. As I stared in the direction of Shlip's body I sensed someone or something staring at



me from behind. I could hear grunts, gurgles and the sound of something big breathing behind me. I quickly turned only to see a hideous looking creature standing in the doorway. It filled the door frame with its rotund body, which was covered in a combination of fur and feathers. Its face resembled a mutilated Moo Moo Chicken. The strangest sight was the udders that lay limp under the creature's chest. Was this a creation of Shlip? Maybe Shlip died at the hands of his own monster? The combination of my car accident, seeing Shlip's dead body and this creature was

too much for me. I felt my head become heavy and my legs fall out from under me.

Before I knew it I found myself in the basement. This creature must have dragged me down the stairs and threw me into the basement to do who knows what to me. After all, it couldn't let me leave as it knew I would tell the townsfolk of Finkle of its existence and they would certainly want to destroy it.

I could see it across from me, hunched over eating something. Maybe I could sneak by it as it seemed too busy eating to even notice me. As I moved closer I could see the object that this Moo Moo Chicken was devouring. I almost threw up. As I stared at its mammoth form I saw that it was eating a Bunion Burger from Paul Bunyan's Burger Emporium. Not only was it eating a greasy burger, but it also had a side of fries, two green pickles and a shake. Never had I seen such a sight. Burger bits were cascading out of its mouth with french fries being eaten by the dozen. It was tossing the green pickles up in the air and catching them on its upper lip. It was a sight that would lead the strongest boy into a void of madness and destruction. I made it to the stairs, thinking that I made it by Shlip's monster. I turned around one

too much for me. I felt my head become heavy and my legs fall out from under me.

Before I knew it I found myself in the basement. This creature must have dragged me down the stairs and threw me into the basement to do who knows what to me. After all, it couldn't let me leave as it knew I would tell the townsfolk of Finkle of its existence and they would certainly want to destroy it.

I could see it across from me, hunched over eating something. Maybe I could sneak by it as it seemed too busy eating to even notice me. As I moved closer I could see the object that this Moo Moo Chicken was devouring. I almost threw up. As I stared at its mammoth form I saw that it was eating a Bunion Burger from Paul Bunyan's Burger Emporium. Not only was it eating a greasy burger, but it also had a side of fries, two green pickles and a shake. Never had I seen such a sight. Burger bits were cascading out of its mouth with french fries being eaten by the dozen. It was tossing the green pickles up in the air and catching them on its upper lip. It was a sight that would lead the strongest boy into a void of madness and destruction. I made it to the stairs, thinking that I made it by Shlip's monster. I turned around one

more time to see where it was. I stared straight into the face of this menace. I screamed like a big sissy. The funny thing was that so did the creature. I began to run for all I was worth. I could feel the Moo Moo Chicken catching up with me. I had to make it to the bridge. The creature was only inches away as I could feel it breathing on my neck. I sailed over the bridge, barely touching the boards with my feet. As the creature's blubberous body touched the bridge, the boards crumbled under its feet. The creature fell into Creepy Creek, disappearing into the dark, fast moving river below. I wasn't about to go back to see if the creature was alright. I kept on running toward the road, where I was picked up by a passing motorist who took me to Campbellville.

The next day I managed to convince the local police department to come with me to the house to prove that my story was true. When we got to the bridge they could see that it was destroyed. The policemen were only in the house a short moment, before they ran out hysterically mumbling something about half eaten Bunion Burgers and a soggy french fry.

We never did find the body of the Moo Moo Chicken, but people say that on certain evenings

in the summer months, if you listen as the wind whips around your ears, you can hear the sounds of a creature munching on something and the words, "pass the ketchup," echoing in the breeze.

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Chapter 8

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN

Daniel closed the book and stared into the darkness of the room. Nothing moved. They were too busy trying to digest the fact that Bologne was Shlip's son.

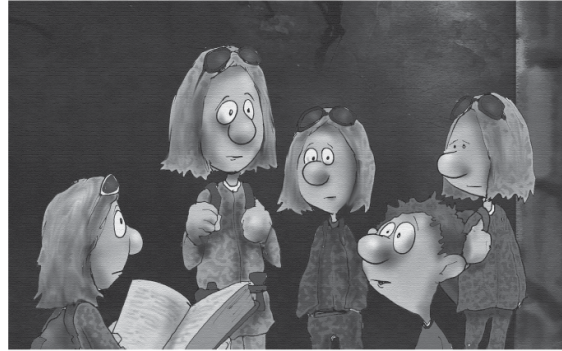
"That was a really freaky story. Do you guys think that the creature Shlip created was destroyed? Maybe his son, Captain Bologne found it and is preparing to set it free on Camp Kahuna!" exclaimed Cole.

"No one will ever come back to Kahuna if that happens," murmured Ian.

"That creature must have been destroyed that day," replied Ben. "Captain Bologne would have set it free at camp months ago if it was still under his charge."

"The part of the stories that intrigue me is, who is this guy who is afraid of red buttons and has had the adventure told in the last story? He sounds like someone we have all met or at least heard about," wondered Daniel.

Lucus, Ben, Cole and Ian nodded in agreement. The character in the stories seemed all too familiar.



"Let's read one more story. Maybe it will give us a clue as to who this character is," said Daniel.

Daniel opened the book one last time, revealing the title of the next story.



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BOOK THREE

THE HYPER DIAPER

It seemed like a normal Monday morning. There were sounds of children playing in Finkle Park, dodging the angry Pickety Poo Poo birds as they rummaged through the garbage for their morning meal. The sun was beaming through my window warming my face with its amber summer glow. It usually takes me a while to get myself out of bed and ready for school, but today I felt as if something magical was going to happen. I was eager to start my day as I just knew there was going to be an adventure waiting for me. Maybe I would rescue Mrs. Finklestein from a Kimono Dragon or Bobby Bubblebutt from a bully? Whatever it was, I knew it was going to be fun.

I could hear my mom getting breakfast ready. The smell of bacon entering my room enticed me to hurry. I grabbed my shirt and socks that lay on my floor, but couldn't find my underwear. There was a pair conveniently hidden under my bed, but I think that pair was at least a month old. A week old was OK, but a month? I don't think so! Even I

have standards. I looked everywhere, but still, no underwear.

"Hey Mom," I yelled. "I have no clean underwear!"

It didn't take long before my mom came running into my room. She was holding some sort of undergarment, but from where I was standing it could have been an old washcloth. At least it didn't look like anything I would want to wear. It actually looked worse than the Speedo my mom made me wear last summer. It was humiliating!

"Your Dad and I know how you like to wear the same pair of underwear for at least a week at a time. Between the holes, smells and stiffness we knew we had to do something. So, yesterday I bought some revolutionary fabric and spent the night knitting you a very special pair of undies. They are practical because they are self cleaning and stylish because they are pink and have lovely pictures of fairies sewn on them. The fairies give them a magical power."

"Are you crazy? I can't wear a pair of pink fairy underwear. I will be the laughing stock of Finkle and do you really expect me to believe that pictures of fairies are actually going to give the underwear special powers?"

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"Well actually, the truth is that the material was on sale, but they will be better than what's lying under your bed."

From out in the hall my dad appeared at my door, peering in to check on what all the commotion was about.

"I hope you are thanking your mom for this beautiful pair of underwear she knitted. She went to a lot of trouble making them for you."

"Thanks a lot mom. I'm sure the other boys at school will just love them."

So there I stood, in my room, staring at my destiny. I would soon be known as the boy with the pink fairy underwear. It would start with gossiping, then with the taunts, followed by the gratuitous wedgie. My life was over.

I finished dressing and started my way downstairs, hoping that no one would find out that I was wearing a pair of pink fairy underwear. My friend, Chris Kabooby, was waiting for me outside. As soon as he saw me he knew something was wrong.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Kabooby. "You look as if you swallowed a cat."

"Today is going to be the worst day of my life. If I tell you what's bothering me, you promise you won't tell anyone?"

"I promise. You know I can keep a secret."

"I didn't have any clean underwear so my mother knitted me a pair of pink, fairy underwear. If anyone finds out I am wearing these things I will become the laughing stock of Finkle."

Kabooby burst into a fit of laughter.

"I can't believe you are actually wearing a pair of pink undies, especially today of all days. Milmac Public School is having their big track meet, which means that you will have to get changed into your shorts, which also means that every boy in that change room is going to find out about your fairy tighty whity dilemma."

This would be the moment when I realized if I didn't think of something fast, every kid at Milmac School was going to brand me the Pink Tighty Whity Guy. I needed to think of a plan and quick. As I walked to school, Kabooby and I always threw rocks into Finkle Pond to see who could shoot the farthest. I picked up a small rock and tossed it into the pond, but this time the rock sailed across the pond and hit a tree on the other side. I had never shot a rock that far before. I picked up a

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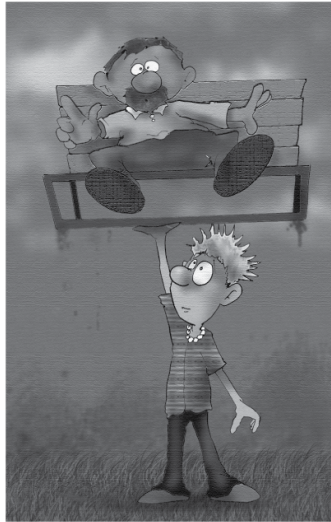
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larger rock and tossed it toward Finkle Pond. It sailed across the pond so fast that there was fire and smoke coming off the back end. I ran over to a park bench where Mr. Crumpuley was sitting and picked him and the bench up with one hand. I felt as strong as an ox. Where did this super strength come from?

"The only thing different about you today," exclaimed Kabooby, "is that you are wearing that



pair of underwear your mother knitted you. It must possess some special power."

"My mom did say she used a special material to knit this pair of underwear. Maybe they are like Eric Crunchurlunch's Hyper Diaper. I will be the strongest, most powerful kid in Finkle. I still need to figure out how I am going to get changed into my gym clothes without the bullies seeing my pink fairy underwear. They may give me power, but they still look really girly. I know what I will do. As soon as the school bell goes I will fly down the hallway and get into the gym locker room before the rest of the class. I will change so quickly that no one will know about my underwear."

So there I was sitting in class, staring at the clock in anticipation of it ringing. I could feel sweat rolling down my face. If I didn't get into the change room before the bullies I would be branded the Pink Fairy Freak.

R-I-N-N-N-G

I bolted out of my chair and was the first student out the door. I dodged teachers in the hall, sailed through the principal's legs and bounced off a few unsuspecting grade eights. I needed to get to the change room first. I threw open the change room door and cascaded down

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the stairs. I think my feet may have landed on only two stairs. I slid into the locker area, flipped off my running shoes, ripped off my shirt and pulled off my jeans. I was just about to pull my gym shorts over my pink fairy underwear when Bobby McGunski and his band of fools entered the change room.

"Hey guys, check out what this boy's wearing. He has his sister's underwear on."

Bobby immediately had me in position to give me one of his super wedgies. Without thinking I pushed Bobby away. The force that was now running through me catapulted Bobby across the change room and head first into a toilet.

Bobby pulled his head out from the toilet and screamed, "Who forgot to flush?"

I ran up the stairs and got in line for the race. The Finkle track meet always started with a race through the Forest of Enzar. The trick was to avoid any of those pesky Pathetic Pant People, Pickety Poo Poo birds and Snipes.

Bobby emerged from the locker room, picking bits of toilet paper out of his ears and off his shoes. Onlookers from the crowd commented on the pignant smell that arose from Bobby's

clothes, but that wasn't anything new as Bobby always smelled a little funny.

"I am going to get you for dunking my head in the toilet You Pink Fairy Underwear Freak!"

Everyone got ready for the race to start. I made sure I was as far away from Bobby as possible. I knew I would be able to out run him as he was grossly overweight and wore clothes that were three times too big for him.

"On your mark. ...get set. ...go!"

I was off like a rocket. I left everyone in my dust. I was running so fast that I was passing bikes, cars and buses. Within seconds I must have been a few miles ahead of everyone. As I entered the Forest of Enzar I started to feel very hot. The pink fairy underwear was making me extremely hot. I decided that I had time for a swim so I took my pants, shirt, socks and shoes off, leaving my fairy underwear on as it looked like a bathing suit anyways. The water was cold and refreshing. Runners started to run by, but I knew it wouldn't take me long to catch up with them. I didn't exactly want to come out of the water in my underwear. If I did come out of the water in my undies all you would hear would be blood curdling screams and girls running in every direction. I

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thought I would wait until the last runner ran by before I put my clothes on. After about thirty minutes I decided it was safe to come out of the water. As I was drying off, who comes around the corner, Bobby McGunsky. I immediately jumped back into the pond, but it was too late. Bobby had already spotted me.

"Hey, aren't you that kid that plunged my head into the toilet?"

"It was an accident. I didn't know my own strength."

"Well, I got an accident for you. I am going to take your shoes, shirt, socks and pants. Have a nice walk back to the school in your tighty whities."

I couldn't believe it. I was now stranded in the pond with nothing on except the pink fairy underwear. Now what was I suppose to do? Just when I thought my life couldn't get any worse I began to get a tightening feeling. My underwear was shrinking, and shrinking and shrinking. I had to get it off before I died a cruel and humiliating death. I can see the headlines now: **Boy killed by his own underwear.** I managed to get it off. By the time it stopped shrinking it was only big enough to fit around my thumb.

So, there I was, naked as a jay bird, floating around in Finkle Pond wondering how I was going to get home. I had visions of me walking down the road with nothing on except a smile when old Mrs. Finklestein would drive by in her jalopy of a car. She would look over and think to herself, oh look, a naked boy, followed by a scream and her driving off the road and into a tree. I can't do that to old Mrs. Finklestein. So, I waited until it was dark. I grabbed a few leaves to cover my nakedness and moved quickly from tree to tree, making sure there were no gawkers. I finally made it to my street. There wasn't a sign of life anywhere so I dropped my foliage and made a dash for my house. Just as I was about to turn into my driveway who comes around the corner, but Mrs. Finklestein. I smash right into her. She went butt surfing one way and I went the other. Without thinking, I ran up to her to see if she was alright. I pull her up off the ground as she fished around for her glasses.

"I think I just got hit by a bus," exclaimed Mrs. Finklestein. "Thank you for helping me naked boy. **NAKED BOY?"**

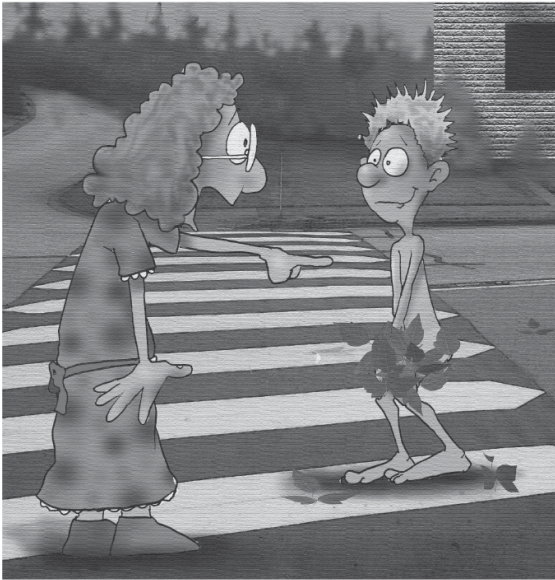
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after school for two weeks and not have access to television or my video games. I needed to get back at Bobby for what he had done and I knew exactly how to do it. In two weeks there was going to be a mouse race at Tiger Gleason's barn. Every kid in Finkle would be there racing their mice, including Bobby. If I could train my mouse and



beat Bobby's mouse, Bobby would be so ticked off because he hates to lose. This would be a great way to teach Bobby not to fool with S.G.

For two weeks, every day after school I trained my mouse. By the time the day of the race arrived my mouse was in the best shape it had ever been in. I placed my mouse in a shoe box, got on my bike and peddled over to Tiger Gleason's barn. The place was packed. The barn was bursting at the seams. Tiger Gleason instructed all contestants to line up their mice and prepare for the race to start. The excitement in the air was intense. Every kid in the place was hoping that Bobby's mouse would lose. Tiger raised his starting pistol over his head. On your mark, get ready, go! And with a bang the mice were off. The crowd went crazy. It didn't take long until only two mice were left competing for first prize. It was Bobby's mouse and mine. They were head to head as they were coming to the finish line. Then it happened. The most miraculous sight I could have imagined. My mouse started pulling ahead. It looked as if there was smoke and fire coming from its backside. Bobby's mouse was getting lost in the smoke. My mouse flew over the finish line. The crowd went nuts. Kids were lifting me over the crowd with my mouse in

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hand. I looked over toward Bobby and all I could see was Bobby storming out of the barn, leaving his poor mouse behind. I was eventually led to where Tiger Gleason stood. He had a smile on his face that stretched from ear to ear. He handed me my trophy and looked into the audience to announce the new winner of the Finkle mouse race.

Ladies and gentlemen, Finkle's new mouse race champion. The first mouse to win with his own fairy underwear?"

You see, when you are smart, you can always outthink a bully.

Chapter 9

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN'S IDENTITY REVEALED

"The character in this book seems so familiar. Don't you guys think it sounds like someone we've met before?" asked Cole.

"I think I have figured out what these stories are trying to tell us. It's not anything about the story. It's the character in the story we need to focus on. And I know who this person is. The character in the story is referred to as SG. These stories or adventures are events in the life of Scott Graham. He was the guy who helped get rid of the evil Freud Ian Shlip."

"Maybe its Scott who is destined to save us from the evil plan of Captain Bologne?" wondered Daniel.

"Ben, what's that in your pocket?" asked Cole.

"I found it in one of the books I was looking through. I think it's a map."

"A map, a map of what?" asked Ian.

"I'm not sure. I haven't had a chance to look at it yet."

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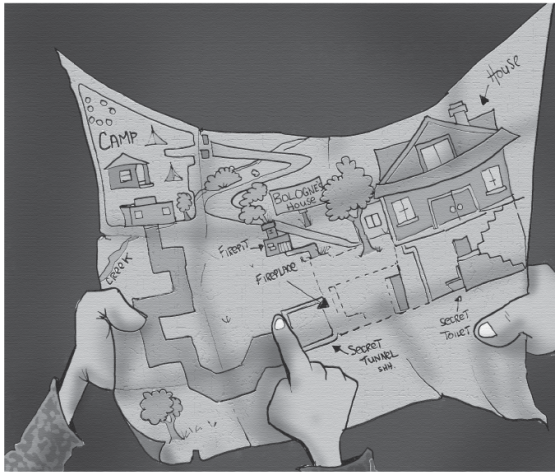
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"I found it in one of the books I was looking through. I think it's a map."

"A map, a map of what?" asked Ian.

"I'm not sure. I haven't had a chance to look at it yet."

Ben carefully opened the yellowed tattered map. As he gazed upon the diagram he realized it was a map of Captain Bologne's house. It showed a secret tunnel that weaved its way from the house, down to the building that is at the front of the camp. This must have been the way Bologne would appear and disappear in his Moo Moo Chicken outfit scaring off all the campers at Kahuna. The boys looked at each other and realized what they had to do. They had to follow the tunnels to see if it revealed anything that



would help them destroy Bologne and stop his plan of shutting down Kahuna.

The map showed that the secret entrance to the tunnel was somewhere in the very room they were standing in. Daniel noticed that beside the fireplace was an unusual looking sword. It looked as if it belonged to the Civil War era. It didn't seem to fit the look of the room. Daniel pulled the sword toward him and as he did the entire fireplace moved from left to right revealing a cobweb riddled tunnel. Who knew what kind of traps lay ahead, but the boys had no choice. They had to stop Captain Bologne from destroying Camp Kahuna.

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Chapter 10

BOLOGNE'S SECRET TUNNEL

Ben, Cole, Lucas and Daniel started to descend into the dimly lit tunnel. As they began their descent they soon realized that Ian wouldn't be able to follow as he was restricted to his wheelchair.

"Don't worry about me," said Ian. "I am the most independent person you will ever meet. I can do everything you guys can do, just differently. I am going to get myself out of this creepy house and make my way back to camp. I will keep an eye on Bologne and warn you somehow if I see him coming your way. I will see you guys back at Kahuna."

Ian wheeled off and was gone in a flash. He had the strength of the strongest man, but his strength came from within.

As the Smith boys walked through the dark, musty tunnel they could feel the ache of the cold inch its way through their bodies. Feelings of dread were pulsating through their minds as they realized that the tunnels they were exploring housed the dark deeds of Captain Bologne. How often did he slink through these tunnels with

his evil plans of destroying Kahuna? How many times did his mutilated mind bounce thoughts off the surrounding walls? The only thing the Smith brothers knew for sure was that Bologne had to be stopped or Kahuna would be lost forever. Finally, after what seemed like hours, the boys came to a rickety old ladder that seemed to lead up to a weathered and decaying trap door. One by one the Smiths climbed, hoping that their destination was not going to turn into another trap. They gingerly pushed open the trap door. They dragged their bodies into what looked to be a basement of a house. As they stood in the basement gathering their bearings they could hear voices coming from outside. As quietly as they could, they walked up the old staircase, hoping that the creaking staircase would not alert the people that were outside of their presence.

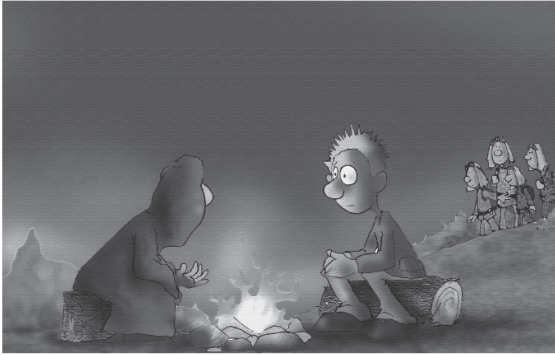
They quietly walked across the living room and peered out the window to see who the voices belonged to. At first, all they could see were two silhouettes sitting around a campfire. As they looked closer at one of the figures they realized that only one man could have hair like the silhouette they were looking at. It had to be Scott Graham. But who was the cloaked figure?

As soon as Daniel realized one of the figures was Scott Graham he bolted out of the house and was standing in front of Scott. Daniel's brothers immediately followed.

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Scott and the cloaked figure were initially startled by the abrupt intrusion, but when Scott realized it was four young boys he assumed they must be local kids.

"Who are you boys and what are you doing here at Camp Kahuna?" asked Scott. "Don't you know about Captain Bologne and the recent Moo Moo Chicken sightings?"

"That's why we are here," replied Ben. "We want to help get rid of the Moo Moo Chickens and banish Bologne forever. We have just recently realized that you are supposed to be part of this too."

"Why are you sitting around this fire and who is the person in the cloak?" asked Cole.

"I decided to go on a hike. I found myself drawn down the road to this camp where I met this gentleman who thought it to be important to tell me stories about Kahuna. He seems to also believe that I am part of the plan to rid Kahuna of Bologne and the Moo Moo Chickens. I have even heard stories about your recent adventures."

"Wow, this guy must be able to see into the past, present and future," exclaimed Cole. "I think he has magically brought our adventure with yours."

Scott realized that he didn't know the name of the mysterious man. He was so enthralled with his stories that he didn't think to ask for a name. Scott and the Smith boys turned to look at the man that now stood in front of them. He slowly walked toward them reaching up toward his head. He slowly pulled down his hood, revealing an impish looking man with eyes that were as green as the greenest emerald and skin that cracked when he smiled and a look that would challenge any man to look within himself to find change.

Scott and the Smiths could not believe their eyes. They immediately realized who the man was. It was Poopy Patinski. Poopy had not been seen after the last great battle that ended Shlip's reign. It was rumoured that he had gone into the Finkle Mountains to study to be a great wizard. It was said that he would return when Finkle was faced

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with another evil force. Bologne must be the evil force that was prophesized.

“As you have gathered, I am Poopy Patinski. I have returned from the Finkle Mountains to encourage and guide you in your next adventure. You have all been selected to rid Kahuna of Moo Moo Chickens forever. The ruler of this new breed of Moo Moo Chickens is Captain Bologne, son of Freud Ian Shlip. He has vowed to take vengeance on all those who were responsible for or supported the demise of his father. The Moo Moo Chickens that Bologne has created will be unstoppable if Bologne is able to complete the final stage of this evil creation. He has created a magical potion that, if ingested by the Moo Moo Chickens, will make them unstoppable. Nothing will destroy them. The one ingredient Bologne still needs to add to his concoction is the green magical dust that is found in the Finkle Mountain. He already has the dust; he needs to be stopped before he can mix it into his potion.”

From behind the house the Smith boys and their new found friends could hear a squeaking sound. The sound seemed to be coming closer. Cascading down the hill was Ian flying down the back hill faster than any wheelchair should travel. He was moving so fast that the nuts and bolts were flying off his chair in every direction. Ian flew by his onlookers and tumbled into the creek. The Smith boys ran over to the creek to pull Ian out.

“What in the world is the big hurry?” asked Daniel.

“As I was coming back from Captain Bologne's house I saw him heading back toward his house. He was muttering something about how he finally had the green dust, which was the last ingredient for his magic elixir. He is on his way to inject the Moo Moo Chickens. We need to get to his house before he does,” exclaimed Ian.

“I knew we hadn't seen the last of the effects of Freud Ian Shlip's plan,” exclaimed Scott. Shlip wanted to infect the good people of Finkle with his evil. He was obviously training his son, Captain Bologne, so that if something did happen to him, his evil plan would still be put into place. Captain Bologne must be avenging his dad's demise by trying to take over Kahuna, so that he would have a home base. From this home base he would attempt to control the lands around the camp, which would include Finkle. We need to stop Bologne before he can mix the green magical dust with his concoction and inject it into the Moo Moo Chickens!”

“There is only one substance that can take the magical power away from the green dust and that is pickle juice. Pickle juice contains a chemical element that will neutralize the dust so it will be useless to Bologne,” stated Poopy. “You must travel to the other side of camp and find the cottage that is surrounded by pickle trees. In this

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house you will find a man who is a descendant of the Gorgoran Mountain Giants. He loves pickles and drinks pickle juice by the gallons. He might help you, if by chance, you meet him on a good day. But, if he is cranky, he is as likely to cellophane you to a tree or put you in a tent and joyously whack the sides of it and you for sheer entertainment. Good luck.”

“What’s his name?” asked Daniel.

“His name is Chris Kabooby.”

“CHRIS KABOUBY!” yelled the Smith boys.

“Isn’t he the guy that helped you destroy Shlip?”

“Yes, he is the man that helped Eric, the Green Gorilla, your friend Scott here, and myself, destroy Shlip. That was many years ago. Kabooby has become a bit of a recluse since then and has not been interested in doing anything with anyone. I think he misses the days that were filled with adventure and practical jokes. I remember one summer afternoon, Chris was enjoying himself sliding down a huge blow up slide. He thought it may be more advantageous to bounce down the slide on his bottom. He crawled to the top of the slide and jumped up as high as he could. When his bountiful bottom hit the slide every seam in his shorts burst. When he finally crashed to the bottom of the slide, in a less than graceful fashion, his shorts looked more like a dysfunctional mini skirt. This of course happened at the same time as old Mrs. Finklestein was walking her dog in a

nearby field. When she got home all she could blurt out was...Big man, hairy beast, full moon, help me mama. No one knew what she was babbling about and dismissed her ramblings as just another one of her episodes. She was never the same after that and that was the moment she began to turn into a crabby old beast. It’s too bad, as she use to be a sweet old woman.”

“I have an idea,” Ian announced. “How about the Smith boys go stop Bologne, I will go with Scott and see if Kabooby will help us with his pickle juice and bring it to the Smiths if and when I get it. Poopy, you stay here with Roy at Kahuna in case Captain Bologne comes back. You can use your magic to at least slow him down.”

“How are we going to get back to Bologne’s house before he does. He obviously has a head start on us if Ian saw him heading in that direction just moments ago,” asked Ben.

Poopy pointed his finger in the direction of the upper hill. A light began crawling through the hills that lined the hill before them. In the distance they could see a small cement structure. It looked like an old, unused outhouse. It had obscure writing on its sides.

“You must go to this building and decipher the writing on its walls. If you can do this, you will find your way to where you want to go, and have a chance of stopping Captain Bologne before he reaches the Moo Moo Chickens. These evil

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creatures are dormant now, but if they are injected with the green dust they will transform into the most hideous Moo Moo Chickens these lands have ever seen. Hurry, your time is slowly running out.”

And with those words there was a blinding light and Poopy was gone. Standing in the shadows of the trees were the Smith boys, Ian and Scott.

Ian and Scott waved good bye to the Smith boys and bolted in the direction of where they thought Chris Kabooby's house was. The Smith boys started their climb up the hill that led them to the most unusual outhouse they had ever seen.

The outhouse had an old, decaying wooden door attached to gray dismal cement blocks that look as if they had been laid centuries ago. They could see unusual letters and words spray painted on the blocks, but were not able to decipher their meaning as they looked as if they belonged to some ancient civilization.

“How in the world are we going to figure out what these words mean? If they are the key to us getting to Bologne's house before he does, we might be out of luck!” exclaimed Ben.

“Maybe we don't need to figure out what these words mean. Do you smell anything?” asked Cole.

“It wasn't me this time,” replied Daniel, “I think it was Lucas.”

“That's not what I mean. There isn't any smell. Wouldn't an old outhouse like this stink? Hey Ben, give me your flashlight for a second.”

Cole took Ben's flashlight and pointed down into the hole of the outhouse. As the boys gazed into the hole they saw something metallic. They weren't sure what it was, but it was something that didn't belong at the bottom of an outhouse. Lucas was in the mood for a little adventure so he grabbed the rope that was tucked in the bottom of his knapsack and began to lower himself into the hole.

As Lucas got closer to the bottom he was able to shed light on his surroundings. He found himself surrounded by a huge cavern, with stalagmites and embedded fossils lining the ceiling and walls of the room.

“I think I found what was deflecting the sunlight. There is a coal car and tracks down here! I think we have found an old mine shaft. Come on down here so we can all check it out!”

Within minutes all the Smith boys stood together in an underground chamber that didn't look as if it had seen the light of day for years. There were rusty old shovels lining numerous tunnels, abandoned books, mining hats and an old tattered map that had laid in silence awaiting the boys who were destined to have it.

Daniel gingerly picked up the map, hoping that it would show them a quick way into Bologne's house. As Daniel stared at the map he realized that his flashlight was slowly losing its power. Instantly, the cavern went black. The darkness

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swallowed up any hope of the boys stopping Bologne. Ben stumbled forward knocking into a rusty old coal car and as he did, the front headlights came on. The Smith boys didn't waste any time. They dragged their small framed bodies into the car and pushed the lever forward that was holding the car in its place. They instantly began their descent into the bowels of a long forgotten coal shaft. They didn't bother looking at the map as they didn't have time. They relied on their instinct. They had no idea where they were going, but knew they were travelling deeper into the underground layers that lay beneath Camp Kahuna.

They weaved through numerous caves, picking up speed as they descended into the lowest levels



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of the cave. The squeals and bangs that emanated off the rusty coal car echoed off the wet, black walls that were etched with pictures drawn by people who longed to tell their story so it would never be forgotten. As the Smith boys raced past the pictures they noticed words etched underneath the pictures that were repeated on every wall.

The boy who will be guardian....The boy who will be guardian.

Who was this boy and who or what was he the guardian of? Questions started to form in the minds of the Smith boys. Were they part of some plan? Was one of them the boy that would be guardian? Never had they ever thought they would be part of such an incredible adventure. As they stared at the cave walls it was getting harder and harder to read the words for a clue to their destiny as the coal car started to pick up speed. They whipped around the corners of each turn on two wheels. They were displacing their weight to one side of the car, so as not to flip over, but it wouldn't be long before they plummeted to their death if they didn't slow the car down.

The Smith boys realized that in approximately 500 feet the track was gone. It must have collapsed under an avalanche. The bits of wood and metal were bent and missing and thrown over the cavern floor. There was an open space where the track once was, that would surely lead the boys to their demise. There wasn't any time to think. The boys

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held on to each other as they sailed over the last bit of track. They plummeted quickly into the abyss of the cave and were hurled out of the coal car. As they fell into the darkness they held on to each other. They knew that if this was the end to their adventure they would end it together.

Their free falling expedition came to an abrupt end. They simultaneously hit a cold, underwater river that was so frigid that it instantly took the boys' breath away. They were initially in shock as their bodies were thrust from one side of the cave wall to the other. They were being swept deeper into the darkest regions of this cavern. Their screams and yells followed them as they made their way to a slower part of the stream. As they tried to recover from their journey they slowly focused on their surroundings. They started to realize they were now in an underground village. They pulled themselves up onto the banks of the river and began gazing at their surroundings. There was a sweet smell in the air which was making Lucas and Cole a little hyper. Daniel was the first brother to stand on the street that was beside the river. Ben, Lucas and Cole made their way to the road to stand and stare in awe at the most beautiful ruined city they had ever seen. A village that lay under Camp Kahuna.

Chapter II

THE ONCE GREAT VILLAGE

The Smith boys stood motionless covered in a rich, thick substance, which was covering every inch of their pint sized bodies.

"What is this stuff?" exclaimed Ben. "It seems to have a sweet smell of cocoa."

Ben cautiously dragged his finger across his chest and slowly raised his hand to his mouth so he could taste the mysterious substance.

"I don't believe it. We are covered in chocolate!"

Lucas, Cole and Daniel followed Ben's lead and began devouring their chocolate coating. As they did they refocused their attention on their surroundings. They simultaneously realized that they were standing in the once famous city of Fingloria. It was the underground city that Freud Ian Shlip created from the confiscated chocolate that he took from the students of Milmac Public School. Fingloria was where Shlip created his Sumo Baby army, but was stopped by the Goobanizer, Poopy Patinski and Kimono Dragon. This city has been abandoned for years. It makes sense that this place is located under Camp

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Kahuna. Bologne probably knew about it because of Shlip and used it for his evil deeds.

The boys began slowly walking down the cobblestone street that lay before them. They passed buildings that were run down, with boarded up windows and crumbling structure. There wasn't much light so the boys made sure they stayed close to each other.

They didn't need to go far before they heard a noise that would make any boy's blood freeze and heart stop beating. It sounded as if it was coming from a building that looked as if it might have been a prison, but for who, or what?

There were claw marks on the front wooden door that seemed to be partially open. It looked as if something had been trying to get in. They looked like the markings they had seen earlier. There was a large dark spot in front of the doorway that looked as if it might be blood. Maybe it wasn't a creature that was trying to get in, but an unlucky sole who tried to get in before being destroyed by a relentless Moo Moo Chicken. The boys felt as if they were being watched. They felt they too needed to get off the street or they may face the same fate as the unknown stranger.

The boys pushed the door open that was in front of them. They slowly walked in and as soon as the last of the Smith boys passed through the entrance, the door behind them slammed shut and was locked from the outside. Their eyes gradually

adjusted to the darkness of the room and when they did, they found themselves face to face with a small group of Mouchilian Moo Moo Chickens and seated on a metallic, cold chair was Captain Bologne.

"Did you boys really think you could stop me from taking over Camp Kahuna and ruling the Fantastic Town of Finkle?" cackled Bologne. "My father, Freud Ian Shlip, taught me that if by chance he was ever destroyed, it would be I, Borus Eugene Bologne, who would rule over Finkle. He knew it was our family's destiny. When his plan was destroyed he exiled himself to a house located beside Creepy Creek. He tried to turn himself into an unstoppable creature, but soon realized that the elixir he created from the magical green dust found in Finkle Mountain would not empower him, but destroy him. He transferred what power he had to me, making me the most powerful sorcerer that has ever lived in or around Finkle. Just take a look at what I have created."

Captain Bologne turned around and pressed a bright red button. Slowly the wall that he was standing in front of began to rise. The dark room filled with a bright green hue. As the Smith boys stared through the opening they began to feel sicker than they had ever felt before. There in front of them were hundreds, if not thousands of Moo Moo Chickens standing at attention, awaiting

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orders from their leader to search and destroy every Finklite they met.

“These Moo Moo Chickens are not weak replicas of my father’s creatures. They will soon be injected with the magic green dust of Finkle Mountain and when they are, there will be nothing that will stop them, not even your Poopy Patinski and his Kimono Dragon. Take these boys to the dungeon!”

The Mouchilian Moo Moo Chickens grabbed the Smith boys by the scruff of their necks and pushed them toward an old, dilapidated staircase. It was old and rusted with its paint scratched off by the feeble attempts of other prisoners who were also flung into this cold, damp and dark cell, a waiting spot before being banished into the tunnels of the subterranean city of Loar. Every citizen of Finkle knew of this city as it was talked

about for years around the dinner tables and campfires of Finkle. It was a place where legends were born. Loar was a legendary city that was built by a charismatic character by the name of Jet Jordanson. He ruled a group of people who were descendants of great wizards. Their mission in life was to only rise and be with the Surface People if their magic could be used for good. Most of their days were spent living peacefully amongst each other honing their magic and developing their skills as leaders.

The city of Loar has been deserted for years, as was Fingloria, as it too was infected by the evil Shlip. He seduced many of these wizards, promising them great wealth and power. Once these wizards joined his dark side Shlip soon realized that the wizards weren’t able to use their magic for evil so he imprisoned them in the Dark Tunnels, where they lived their remaining days. Shlip knew that if he created separation amongst the wizards he could weaken their collective power and not be stopped. The wizards that stayed in Loar under the leadership of Jet eventually moved from the tunnels of Loar to other locations. No one ever found out where they moved to, and it is assumed that they must have all died as there were never any attempts to stop Shlip in Fingloria.

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dark and damp. Goondog bugs were scurrying around the floor as Speagle Spiders busied themselves making webs overhead. The smell of the Mouchilian Moo Moo Chickens still filled the room. The smell was so strong that it took a few minutes before the boys could take a full breath.

"I really don't want to be sent down into the tunnels of Loar," announced Daniel. "Legends say that the tunnels are filled with the ghosts of the disappointed wizards. It has been said that they all went crazy, not being able to live with Shlip's victory. If we end up in the tunnel we will end up crazy too. We need to get out of here and now!"

The Smith boys huddled together attempting to keep warm. The cell was dark, cold and damp. Water droplets formed on the rock walls, slithering toward the mud floor below. The boys felt helpless and abandoned. How in the world would they ever be able to get out of this mess? They saw their future as inhabitants of the tunnels of Loar, fighting off wicked wizards that could do nothing except express their evil with taunts that would inflict both emotional and physical pain. It was something they didn't want to think too much about.

The dead silence was interrupted by what sounded like something coming up through the dirt floor. It sounded as if someone or something was digging up through the floor. There was an animal called a Molian Rat that was thought to

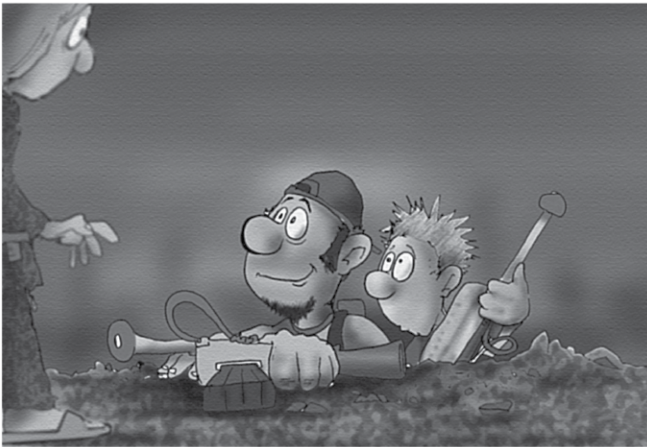
live under the town of Finkle. There weren't many seen, however when they were seen they would attack their victims from under the ground leaving no traces behind.

Daniel was ready to kick the Molian Rat in the head when it entered into their cell. The digging sound was getting louder. Daniel and his brothers were ready to kick this creature into orbit when, to their surprise, a familiar head popped through the ground. It was Chris Kabooby, followed by Scott Graham. On their backs they both had the biggest squirters the boys had ever seen. One squirt from one of those squirters and you would be blasted into oblivion.



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“Hey guys, we thought you may be in need of a little help destroying Bologne and his Moo Moo Chickens,” whispered Kabooby. “We followed your trail which led us to Fingloria. While we tried to figure out what we needed to do we overheard a Moo Moo Chicken talking about how Bologne just captured the Smith boys and how he would be able to inject the Moo Moo Chickens with the magical green dust making his army unstoppable. The one problem with his plan is that he doesn’t know we have come locked and loaded. These squirters are not filled with water. They are filled with pickle juice, the only substance that can neutralize the green dust making it totally useless. If we can soak all of Bologne’s green dust we will stop him from destroying Finkle and capturing Kahuna. Look what else we have.”

Scott pulled four water blasters out of the tunnel, one for each of the Smiths.

“Put these on boys,” exclaimed Scott. “We have business to take care of.”

The Smith boys descended into the darkness of the newly dug tunnel. It was an extremely tight fit. The boys crawled through the tunnels with their squirt guns, which took up most of the remaining space. They were in head to bottom formation trudging through the tunnel with the hope they could get to the green dust before Captain Bologne. The tunnels quickly filled with the smells of four young boys, a man built bigger than most

and, of course, Scott, who is older than dirt. The tunnel was so dark that neither the boys, Kabooby or Scott could see anything. They were hoping that the direction they were heading was correct. Suddenly, there was a rumbling. It seemed to be coming from the direction of Chris Kabooby. It smelled like fibre muffins.

“Chris, what is that awful smell?” screamed Daniel.

“Would you believe I squished a stink bug?” asked Chris.

“My eyes are watering and I can barely breathe. Let’s move quicker and get away from the Kabooby stinkathon!”

They crawled as fast as they could. There was another rumbling, but this time it wasn’t Kabooby’s stomach. The tunnel was about to collapse.

The rumbling was deafening. Rocks and dirt began to fill the tunnel. If the Smith boys, Scott and Kabooby didn’t think of a plan quickly they would be buried alive. The floor beneath the group collapsed, thrusting them into an underground stream. The current was extremely strong, whipping each of them from side to side, banging them off the jagged rocks that pierced their skin and hacked at their bones. They were doing everything they could to hang on to each other and keep their heads above water. This underground stream was determined to take them to a destination that was miles beneath the earth’s

and, of course, Scott, who is older than dirt. The tunnel was so dark that neither the boys, Kabooby or Scott could see anything. They were hoping that the direction they were heading was correct. Suddenly, there was a rumbling. It seemed to be coming from the direction of Chris Kabooby. It smelled like fibre muffins.

“Chris, what is that awful smell?” screamed Daniel.

“Would you believe I squished a stink bug?” asked Chris.

“My eyes are watering and I can barely breathe. Let’s move quicker and get away from the Kabooby stinkathon!”

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surface. After what seemed like an eternity, the current eased its pull, gently pushing the group to shore. They lay on the stream's edge attempting to regain their strength and regulate their breathing. They finally rose to their feet, with their super squirts still attached to their backs, gazing at a sight that was like nothing they had seen before.

Chapter 12

THE CITY OF LOAR



The sight that lay before the boys was magnificent. There were buildings made from pure gold, with rubies, sapphires and diamonds accenting the doorways and frames of the windows. The roads were made with vivid, pastel colors of lime green, yellow and red, and the canopy that covered the city was a magnificent

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blue. Flowers accented the laneways infusing the air with beautiful, sweet smells of rose, lavender and mint. The boys, Kabooby and Scott discovered the long talked about city of Loar, a place that is rumored to be inhabited by the ghosts of wizards and by a man by the name of Jet Jordanson. No one knew if this was legend or truth but the boys were soon to find out.

"This is not what I imagined the city of Loar to look like," gasped Ben. "It's magnificent!"

"I was getting a little tired of tunnels, caves, secret rooms and coal cars, but to see this, it was all worth it," declared Daniel.

Out of the silence came a noise that sounded like an army of thousands marching, their footsteps getting louder, becoming almost deafening. The metallic clinking of their armour and the shuffling of their weapons sounded as if they were marching toward battle. Riding in front of what sounded like a menacing army was a figure dressed in a ragged uniform, tattered from battles that must have already been fought. He looked wise beyond his years, with an impish grin and a twinkle in his eye that reflected his gentle spirit. He emanated a love for both people and animals. On his shoulder sat a small Snipe, a mischievous, nervous creature that was calmed by this magnificent young man. The figure yelled for his soldiers to stop and immediately dismounted

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his horse and walked toward the Smith boys, Scott and Kabooby.

"I am Jet Jordanson. We have been awaiting your arrival. It was prophesized by the wizards that a Daniel Smith, his brothers, Ben, Lucas and Cole and friends Scott and Kabooby would join us to defeat the not so great Captain Bologne. We have all prepared ourselves for a battle to end all battles."

Jet turned around and faced his army. With his hands raised, Jet commanded his army to turn around and reveal their weapons. The Smith boys, Scott and Kabooby could not believe their eyes. Every soldier was equipped with a Super Soaker Pickle Juice Squirter.

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“The wizards that live here in the tunnels have been watching you for years,” said Jet. It was prophesized that you would eventually discover a way of destroying Captain Bologne’s Moo Moo Chicken army. Once you discovered that pickle juice would neutralize the effect of the green dust and prevent Bologne from empowering his army, we secured hundreds of Super Squirters and gallons of pickle juice so we could also be part of his demise. We must bring his reign to an end.”

The boys, Scott and Kabooby realized that they were about to be part of an historic moment. The day Captain Bologne would be destroyed.

Chapter 13

BACK IN FINGLORIA

Captain Bologne was at the final stage of preparing the magical green dust, combining it with a disgusting combination of bile and mucus so that it could be poured into syringes and be injected into the army of Moo Moo Chickens. The room that housed Bologne’s army was filled with electricity. The magic dust filled the air filling everyone in the cave with a false sense of confidence and power. Bologne hadn’t realized that Kabooby, Scott, Jet and his army had crawled up through the tunnels and were now in Fingloria.

“I am now ready to inject my army with a powerful elixir that will make them unstoppable and me the most powerful ruler of Finkle,” cackled Bologne.

Bologne pulled his bony withered finger out of his brown and tattered frock and placed it on a red button that would change the condition of the world forever. He began to press the button, but stopped suddenly as if he realized that a strong smell had entered the room. It was making it hard for him to breath. His eyes began to water, preventing him from seeing that the room was

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now filled with hundreds of Jet's soldiers, the Smith boys, Scott and Kabooby with squirt guns filled with pickle juice. Before Bologne could even open his mouth, the army, under Jet's command, began firing pickle juice at Bologne and his Moo Moo Chicken army. The Moo Moo Chickens were secured in position with wire and steel and were unable to move. As the pickle juice hit them they began to dissolve. A sea of mucus began to fill the floor of the cave.

The pull of the mucus was even too strong for Captain Bologne. He was being dragged toward the drain. Daniel pried open the drain lid so Bologne would be dragged down the drain to his defeat.

The current pulled Bologne into the drain. This battle was too easy. Bologne didn't even put up a fight. He and his army were gone, sucked into eternity by the Smiths and friends. There was a moment of silence followed by a rumbling beneath the cave's floor. Thrusting from the drain was all the mucus being regurgitated. Even the earth could not stomach Bologne.

Bologne stood in the centre of the cave staring directly into the eyes of Daniel Smith. Bologne knew that if he could beat Daniel, the others would be easy to destroy. Daniel was not afraid of Bologne. He had dealt with his share of bullies in his day and saw Bologne as just another bully. Daniel stood tall and looked Bologne in the eyes. He was not going to be intimidated. Captain Bologne's eyes began to glow. It was as if he was filling up with the green magical potion he had concocted for the Moo Moo Chickens. Daniel didn't even flinch. Bologne shot a ball of mucus directly at Daniel. The disgusting slime ball grazed Daniel's cheek, not fazing him in the least. Bologne was determined to hit and destroy his target. Refining his aim, Bologne began shooting one mucus ball after another, each of which missed Daniel by only centimetres. Out of utter frustration, Bologne ran and tried to push Daniel into the drain and as he did Kabooby picked him up and dropped him into the drain and slammed down the lid. Scott noticed that there was a

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peculiar red button on the wall. Above it were the words, 'Super Sonic Suction'. Scott slammed his hand onto the button. Bologne was sucked down the tube and was thrust into the lower levels of Loar. He would now have to answer for all his evil deeds. The ghosts of the wizards would be expecting accountability. Bologne wouldn't be thrown into the beautiful part of Loar, but the darkest tunnels filled with horrible creatures and darkness, darker than the blackest sea.

Ben, Lucas, Cole, Scott and Kabooby could not believe how brave Daniel was.

"Daniel, weren't you afraid of losing to Bologne?" asked Ben.

"After seeing that drawing in the cave with a boy destined to victory, I knew I was safe. I realized that boy was me. I can't explain how I knew, but I knew. I was destined to save you guys and protect Kahuna forever."

From the darkest part of the cave came Jet. He stood in front of the Smiths and friends to announce what Daniel already knew.

Chapter 14

DESTINED FOR GREATNESS

"For years, it has been prophesized that a young boy named Daniel Smith would come to us with his brothers and friends to exile Captain Bologne to the lower tunnels of Loar and become the guardian of Camp Kahuna. It is also known that he must decide himself, make a free choice, whether he wants to take on this responsibility. If he does, he must stay at Camp Kahuna forever, and never leave. If he should leave, the power he had to protect the camp will be relinquished. Will you Daniel Smith become the guardian of Camp Kahuna and protect us from evil plots and plans of people like Captain Bologne?" asked Jet.

"Will my brothers be able to visit me at Kahuna?" asked Daniel.

"They can visit Camp Kahuna, but will not be able to see you as you will become a wizard that will live under the camp in the city of Loar. You will learn magic that is a thousand years old from the wisest wizards. You will be able to help many people, but with this knowledge comes the sacrifice of not seeing your brothers for a while. They will always be able to feel your presence.

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You will one day be united, but not until you learn what you need to learn so you can help others.”

Daniel knew that he was destined for this. He would miss his brothers, but wanted the opportunity to protect Camp Kahuna and become its guardian. Daniel hugged his brothers and turned toward Jet. He took Jet's hand and in a flash of light they were gone.

“I am going to miss Daniel, but I know that his role as guardian of Camp Kahuna will make Kahuna the safest and happiest summer camp for all the kids who attend. We will see him again, but not for a while.”

The Smith boys, Kabooby and Scott returned to Kahuna and told Poopy what had happened. That night, around a huge bonfire everyone who was anyone was at a party that would go down in Finkle history as the biggest celebration that ever was. Bobby Bubblebutt was talking about his adventures from the Forest of Enzar, Tommy Tiddlystink was telling Giant jokes and Poopy was entertaining everyone with incredible magic. It was a perfect night.

Chapter 15

CAMP KAHUNA - THE STORIES

As years went by, Camp Kahuna became a great place to stay for the summer months. Chris Kabooby became the camp director under the direction of Scott Graham. Poopy Patinski spent his days practicing his magic and living in one of the small camp cottages. Over the years, many campers evolved into leaders. They used their skills to help other campers become future leaders of Finkle and surrounding towns.

THE Moo Moo CHICKEN INCIDENT

Along with any camp, come crazy camp stories. One story that goes down as being pretty funny was the time a counselor by the name of Chris Bielby decided to dress up like a Moo Moo Chicken and play a cat and mouse game with the campers. He was sighted by campers throughout the week, but never caught. He always positioned himself far enough away from the children so they wouldn't catch him. On the last day of camp, Chris decided to run behind a juggler, who was in the process of entertaining the campers and their parents. He stood behind the juggler and waved

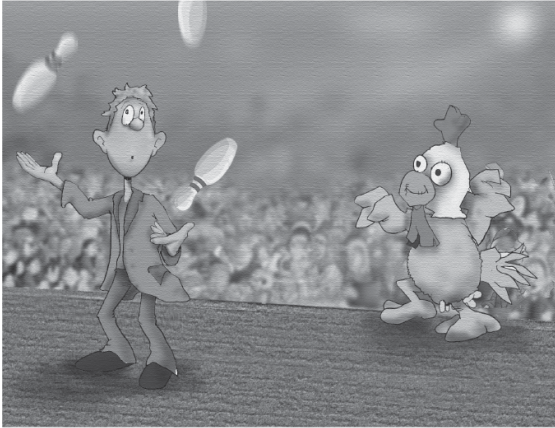
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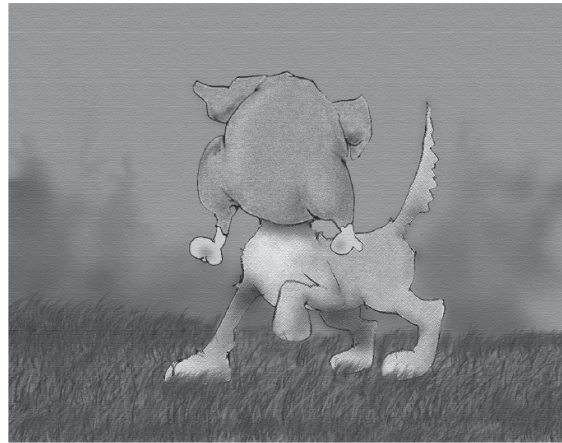


at all one hundred campers, not expecting any retaliation. Well he was wrong. The entire camp got up onto their feet and began running after the sighted Moo Moo Chicken. He didn't have a chance. He was tackled to the ground and plucked of every feather and skinned of his costume. Chris learned that day that it wasn't a good idea to mess with Kahuna campers.

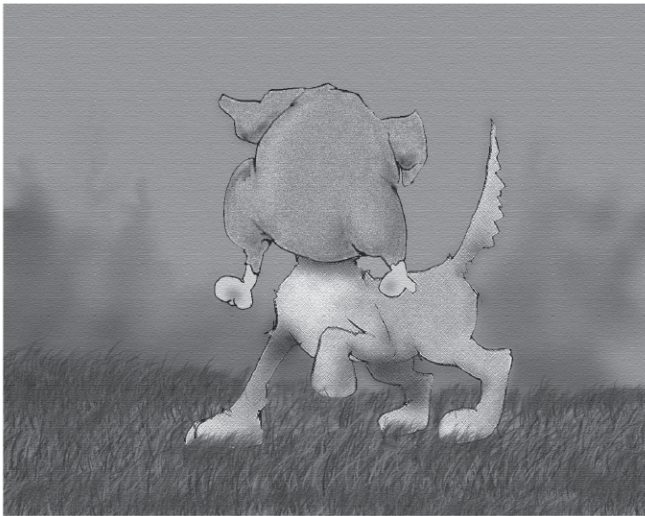
CAPTURE THE TURKEY

Another funny incident was when Scott decided to use turkeys that he bought at the local supermarket instead of flags for a game of Capture

the Flag. Prior to the game starting, Scott covered the birds with olive oil. Within seconds of the game starting, a boy nick named Liam Bunney grabbed hold of one of the turkeys. He put too much pressure on it as he carried it under his arm. It popped from under his arm and sailed across the camp field. Mrs. Finklestein, who was walking her dog, got a big surprise as the headless turkey flew over head. The turkey landed right on top of her dog. It ran around the camp with a turkey on its head for at least an hour. Frieda Finklestein chased him, doing everything in her power to debird her hysterical dog. It was quite a sight.



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TABBY THE RACCOON

The only animals you will see a lot of at Camp Kahuna are raccoons, Attack Squirrels and Snipes. There is one raccoon in particular, that you will remember if you see him. His name is Tabby. I remember the night when Scott was coming out of the Purple Door Cabin after a cabin inspection and came upon Tabby as he was crawling out of an apple tree. Tabby took one look at Scott, made a snide remark about his hair and began pitching apples at him. This sent Scott running into the main cabin for cover. Tabby terrorized campers, destroyed bags of garbage and thought he ruled Kahuna.

One morning, Tabby decided that instead of climbing the apple tree, for a change would climb a nearby hydro pole. Tabby was very chubby so to climb this high was a challenge. With a few grunts and groans, Tabby eventually made it to the top of the pole. Scott came out of his cabin and noticed the slightly rotund raccoon at the top of the hydro pole. This was Scott's chance to give Tabby a bit of his own medicine. Scott began pelting Tabby with green crab apples. In an attempt to escape Scott's wrath, Tabby tried to grab hold of a hydro wire that was above him and shimmy to a nearby pole. Little did Tabby know that the wire he was about to grab was highly charged with electricity. As soon as he touched the wire with his greasy paws there

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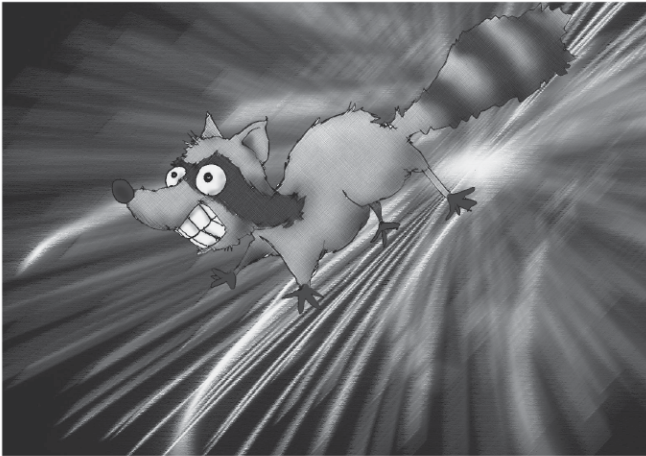


was a huge explosion, a bright flash of light and a squealing noise. He received an electric charge that sent him rocketing into orbit. Scott watched Tabby sail up into the air about a hundred feet and move quickly across the camp. It looked as if he was going to come down in the creek. Scott raced to the water's edge only to see Mrs. Finklestein fishing. She didn't notice Tabby fly into the water. She did notice something on the end of her fishing line.

"It's the big one," exclaimed Finklestein. "I think it's a Finkle Barracuda or maybe a Stream Shark!"

Mrs. Finklestein pulled as hard as she could. She pulled so hard Tabby, who was what she

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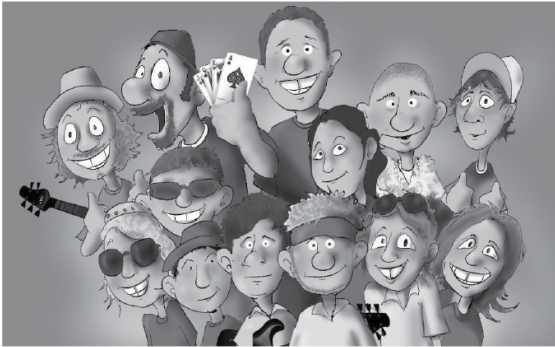
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actually caught, flew out of the water and right onto Mrs. Finklestein's face. She ran around the camp for about an hour not knowing what actually was attached to her. Poor Mrs. Finklestein. She always seemed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Tabby still lurks around the camp, but doesn't move as fast after his life challenging experience.

There are many more stories of the adventures that both counsellors and campers have had at Camp Kahuna, stories that are continually told around summer campfires. Daniel's presence is always a part of Camp Kahuna. The Smith boys return every summer to enjoy a week of camp and anticipate the day when they will be reunited with their brother Daniel once again.



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AUTHOR

SCOTT GRAHAM



Scott began telling stories long before he became an author. He loves telling stories, but never thought of becoming an author. When Scott was young he found it difficult to read and write. Scott has a learning disability. Initially, Scott thought that having a disability meant that he would always struggle with reading. He soon realized he was wrong. It came down to doing amazing things with the gifts he was given. Yes, Scott sees having a learning disability as a gift,

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not an obstacle. It just meant that he learns in a different manner. When he figured out how he needed to learn he began excelling at reading, writing and telling stories. His imagination was like no other. He began creating creatures like Moo Moo Chickens and Pickety Poo Poo birds and characters like Bobby Bubblebutt and Poopy Patinski. Who would have ever thought he would become a bestselling author.

Scott also has a passion for working with children and teaching leadership strategies to school age kids. He has produced a DVD entitled, "Moo Moo Chickens," recorded a CD of his songs, written four children's books and a book for parents on how to encourage leadership skills in children.

Scott Graham is looking for someone to help him get his materials to children across the world. His goal is also to have a children's television show that would be geared to school age children. If you can help Scott to accomplish these goals please contact Scott at kids@kids4kids.ca

ILLUSTRATOR

CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS



Christopher Francis was born in Brisbane, Australia, on June 21, 1974. At the age of 19 he was accepted into the Animation program at Sheridan College where he completed four years of animation and media arts. Chris also graduated with a degree in Sociology from McMaster University. Following a two year adventure overseas working with children, Christopher completed a Bachelor of Education at York University. He is now teaching junior level students in Burlington, Ontario.

Christopher recently completed and illustrated his first two books, *Solving Damian Dermite* and *Respecting Mr. Ravi*. He is currently working on the third story in the series. Chris has also created three primary levelled books called *How to Sneak your Monster into School*, *Mr. Pancake Turkey* and *Mr. Pancake Turkey's First Christmas*.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO:

A special thank you to my summer camp leaders who make Kids 4 Kids day camps, Heroes Academy and Camp Kahuna incredible camp experiences for children. Your dedication and love for children is evident in the little things you do each day during the summer. Your efforts are noticed and appreciated. I am grateful for having the opportunity of being a small part of your life. I love and respect all of you and will cherish every memory we have created together, forever.

Thank you to:

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Matthew Browne	Robert Warren
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Michael Poydenko	Brandon Hazineh
Travis Mighton	Stephen Hazineh
Joey McNamara	Natalie Hazineh
Alexandra LeBlanc	Sonam Upadhyay
Alistair Boulby	Connor Parkin
Matthew Boubly	Brennan Parkin

Brent Parker	Shelby Firlit
Brett Roblin	Shannon Turcott
Carver Manuel Smith	Steve Collison
Chelsea Griffin	Paul Hudson
Chris Monroe	Jason Laskis
Ryan Creary	Matthew Shaubel
Danielle Gallant	Todd Norris
Eli Boam	Makenzie Smith
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Russell Phillips	Graham Wright
Jeff Butt	Jack Hadlow
Justin Thackray	Natalie Hudson
Kohan Hunt	Chris Bielby
Torey Hunt	Ben Baljet
Michael Joukov	Cheryl Arneson
David Smyth	Emily Brunt
Matthew Chau	Katie Batrie
Reise Harrison	Susan Sheridan
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