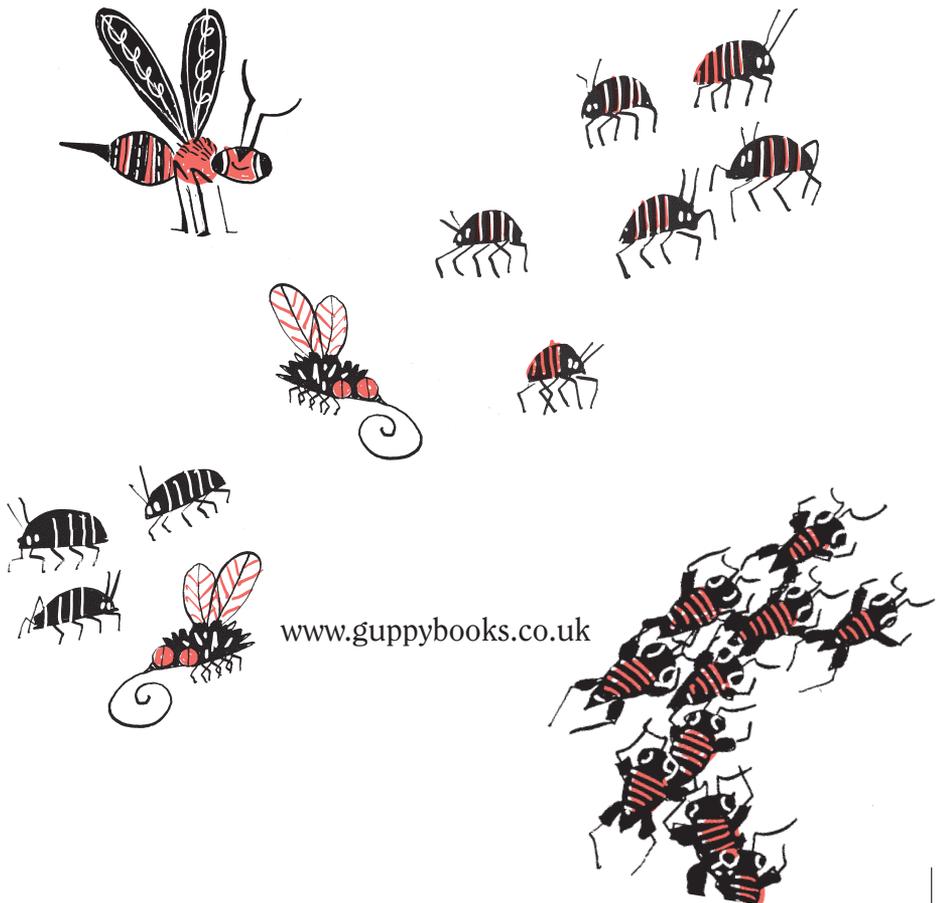




Hullabaloo at Camp Croak!



www.guppybooks.co.uk

*Thank you to my quarantine buddies, near and far.
Brandon, you've brought me so many laughs.
Junli, thank you for never judging my shopping habits.
Also, I adore you.
Chloe, your joy and puppy pictures are life.*

GHOST SCOUTS: Hullabaloo at Camp Croak!
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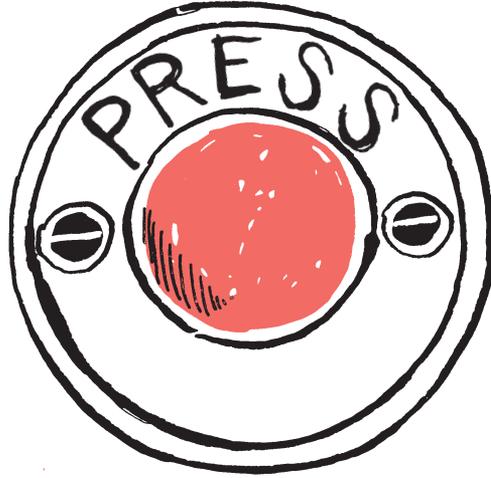


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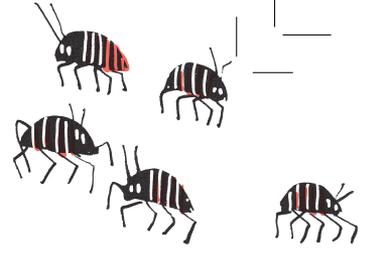
chapter one

A QUICK TIP ABOUT WISHES



If I showed up at your front door, looked you square in the eye and said, “Whatever you do next, don’t think about giant tap dancing lizard unicorns,” we both know,



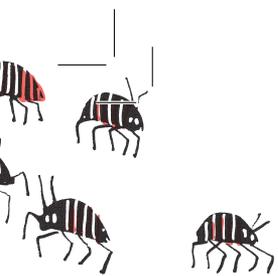


no matter how hard you tried, those Liz-a-corns would shuffleflap across your brain quicker than a Broadway chorus.

So, I'm super-duper aware that when I say, "WISHES ARE DANGEROUS, don't make them," you're automatically gonna try anyways. But I beg of you, with all my little heart: **DO. NOT. DO. IT.**

I know, I know – in movies, good people make good wishes and get good things. Some twinkly fairy spends his time waiting for a wish to be made, so he can dole out unbreakable glass





shoes and kissable amphibians. But
this *ain't* a movie.

Emmy LouLou's Cousin Chouteau
(that's '*Shoe-toe*' for those of y'all
from out of town) used to spit
out wishes like warm
mouthwash. More
than anything, he
wanted to compete in
the Great





Patriotic American
Dog Show. Sad part
was, these stuffy
ol' pageants don't
appreciate the beauty
of a plus-sized pup.
Rude. So he would

wish *every day* that he could magically
lose thirteen kilos.

And then one day, he did.

Cousin Chouteau was minding his
own business, making wishes and
pancakes, when Little Red herself,
the Great Scourge of the North
American werewolf
population,



showed up with a pair of hair clippers.

Now, how much do you think
all that fuzz weighed? That's right.
Thirteen. Kilos.

You see, on a normal unmagical
day, you can squeeze out any kind of
wish you want and things might not
turn out too bad. But if that same wish
lingers on a day buzzing with magic,
and a Wishwind is summoned . . . Well
now, you better hope you chose your
wish words carefully.

I'm only telling all y'all this cause
I didn't know.

None of us did until it was way
too late.

