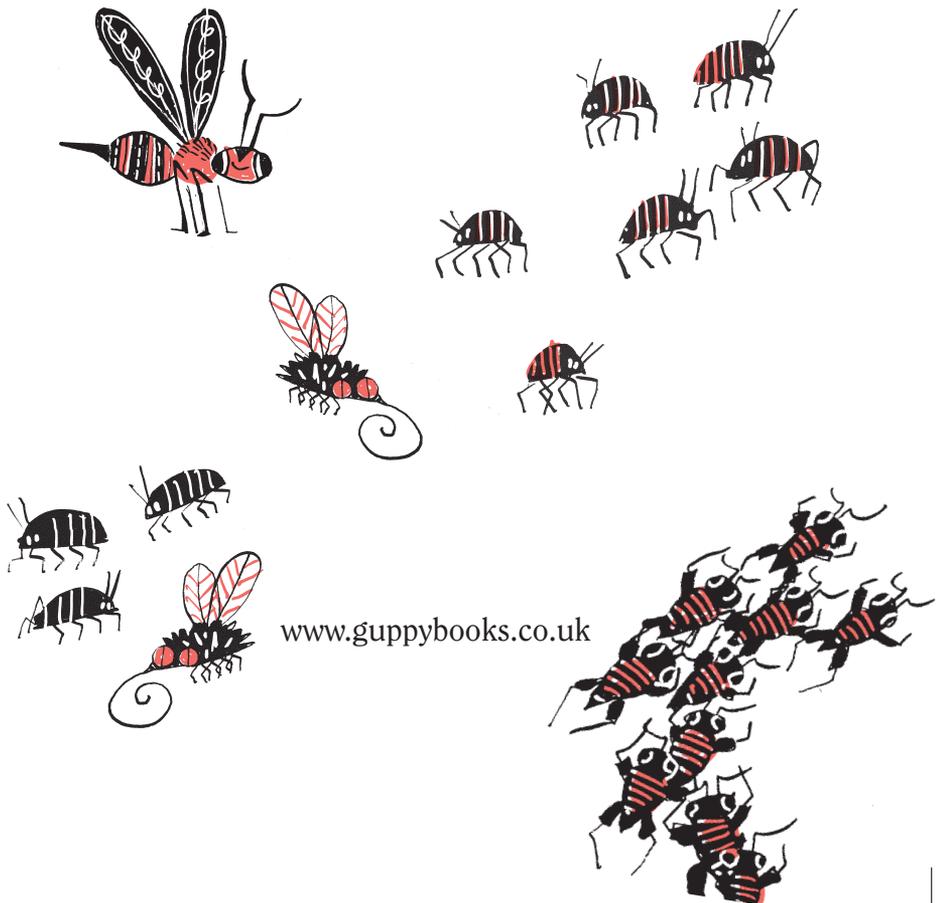




# Hullabaloo at Camp Croak!



[www.guppybooks.co.uk](http://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!  
is a GUPPY BOOK

First published in the UK in 2021 by  
Guppy Books  
Brackenhill  
Cotswold Road  
Oxford OX2 9JG

Text and illustrations © Taylor Dolan, 2021  
Cover and insides designed by Ness Wood

978-1-913101-13-8

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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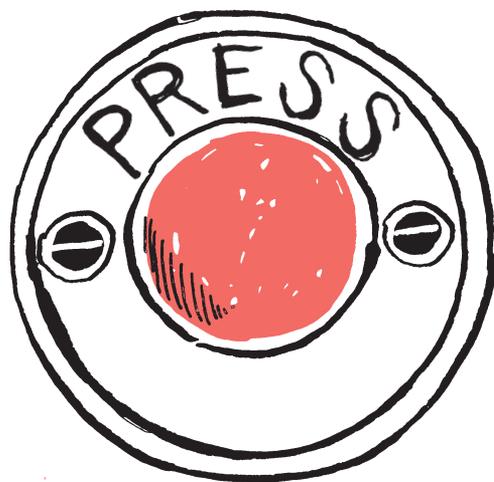


GUPPY PUBLISHING LTD Reg. No. 11565833

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Typeset in 15/26pt ITC Clearface by Falcon Oast Graphic Art Ltd.  
Printed and bound by Grafostil, Slovenia.





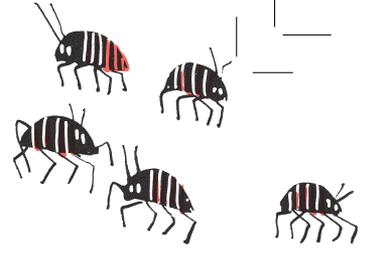
chapter one

## A QUICK TIP ABOUT WISHES



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



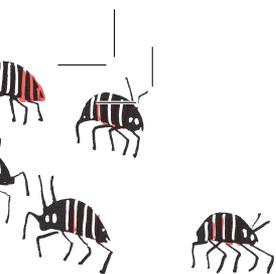


no matter how hard you tried, those Liz-a-corns would shuffleflap across your brain quicker than a Broadway chorus.

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.

