TRIPWRECKED!

TEMPEST TERROR!

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Barrington Stoke

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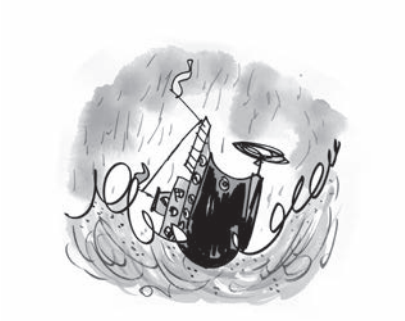
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To all the hardworking teachers and teaching assistants – well done for keeping it together while we navigate this brave new world

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CHAPTER 1

The Storm

CRAAASH!

We held on tight to the tiny life raft as the storm swept around us. Our clothes were soaking and our hair was dripping wet as the waves shook our boat like an angry monster. Through the howling wind and rain, I could just make out our ferry as it sank into the sea. I closed my eyes, gripped the side of the boat and prayed.

Dear God,

It's me, Frank.

I know you're busy, but I think I'm about to drown.

If you could save my life – and the lives of everyone in my drama club too – that would be lovely.

Yours sincerely,

Frank



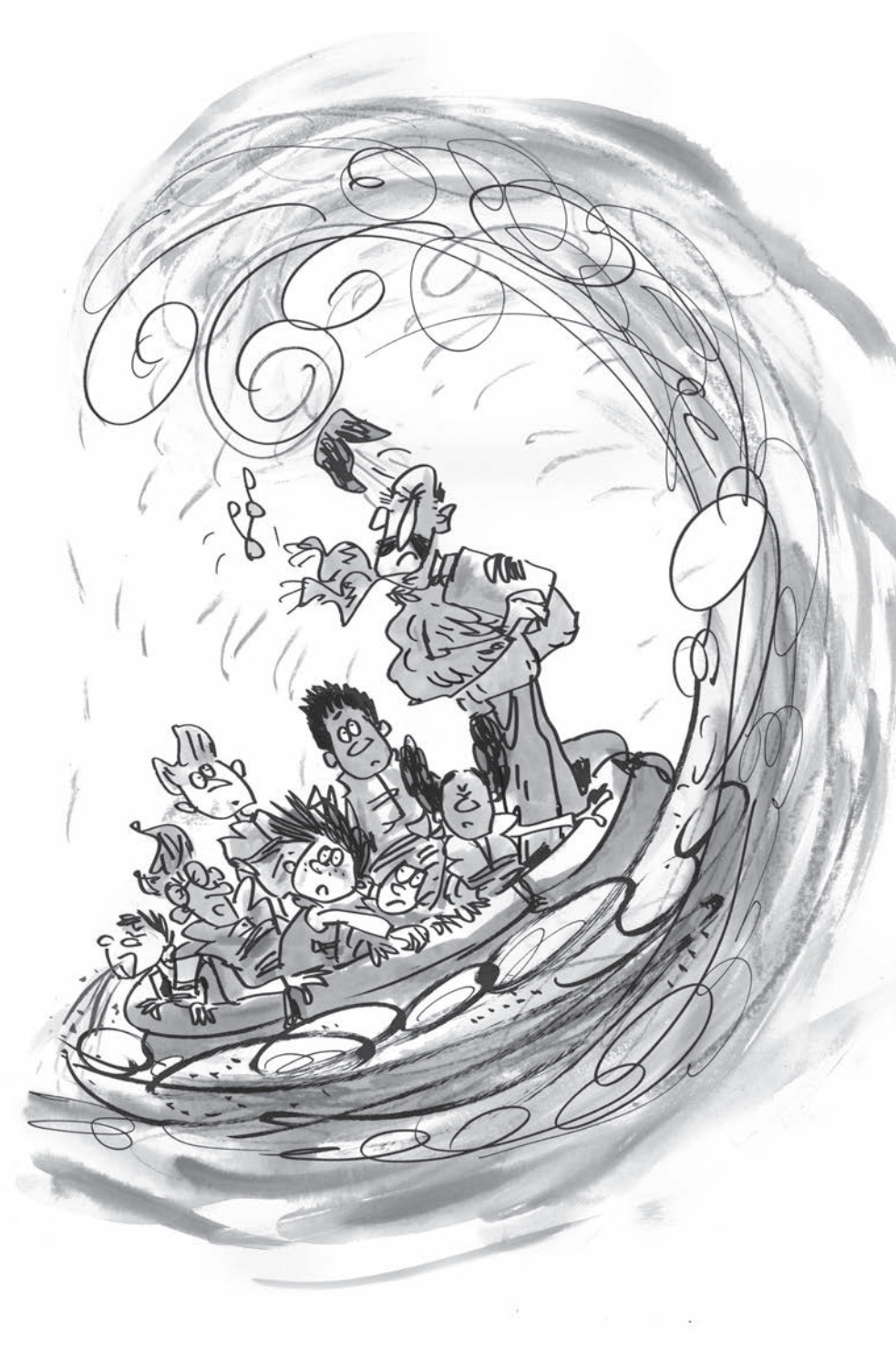
It wasn't supposed to be like this. My drama club were supposed to be heading to a Shakespeare festival in Italy to perform *The Tempest*, the play we'd spent all last term working on. It was supposed to be the trip of a lifetime, but the second we stepped onto the ferry that morning, I knew that something was wrong.

Our headmaster, Mr Fortune, had booked the cheapest tickets he could find. The ferry looked like it was held together with old plasters and chewing gum! How was this heap of junk supposed to get us all the way to Italy?

Well, it didn't. Only an hour after we left the port, a huge storm blew up out of nowhere. It tossed our rickety ship around like an old shoebox and made it capsize in minutes. Everyone had to abandon ship and scramble into life rafts as the storm grew worse and worse around us. Our dream trip had turned into a disaster!

Mr Fortune stood at the front of our life raft waving a clipboard over his head.

"Don't panic, children!" he shouted. "It's just a small hitch! Listen carefully while I check everyone's here – Blake? Dom? Ruby? Claire? Steve? Rianna? Frank?"



One by one, the others shouted, "Here!" My name was last, as always. To be honest, I'm amazed Mr Fortune even remembered me.

"See? Everyone's safe!" said Mr Fortune, trying to sound cheerful. "Your other classmates are on the life raft just behind us. So long as you stay sitting down and keep your life jackets on, you'll all be perfectly—"

"LOOK OUT!" shouted Ruby.

SPLASH!

Before Mr Fortune could finish his sentence, a huge wave swept over the boat and sent him reeling into the water. He hadn't been sitting down *or* wearing his life jacket, of course. Mr Fortune waved his hands above his head for a moment, then another wave sloshed over him and he sank from sight. We all screamed.

"Mr Fortune!" cried Dom. "Come back!"

"You've got my asthma inhaler!" wailed Claire.

Blake pointed at something in the distance. "Er … guys? What *is* that?"

I turned around – and my stomach dropped. Another wave was heading right for us – but this one was the size of a cliff face. There was no way our life raft would survive it.

"HOLD ON, EVERYONE!" screamed Ruby.

I screwed my eyes shut, held on tight as the boat turned upside down … and then there was nothing but darkness.



CHAPTER 2

The Island

I was having the most wonderful dream.

I was lying on a hot sandy beach, with the sun warming my skin and the waves lapping at my toes.

This is the life, I thought.

Then I felt a crab scuttle over my face.

Wow, I thought. *This dream is pretty realistic … OW!*