

TRIPWRECKED!

**TEMPEST
TERROR!**

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ROSS MONTGOMERY

With illustrations by Mark Beech

*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!*

I sat up. I really *did* have a crab on my face, and it had just pinched my nose. I had seaweed in my glasses, too, and sand in my mouth. What was going on?



I looked around in amazement. This was no dream. I really *was* lying on a sandy beach. That really *was* the ocean, sparkling in the midday sun in front of me. I could even see a forest of palm trees swaying in the distance. How did I end up here?

Then it all came back to me. The storm, the ferry sinking, Mr Fortune falling in the water, the huge wave heading towards us ...

I couldn't believe it. I was shipwrecked on a desert island! But where were the others?

That's when I saw them, sitting sadly under the palm trees. They all looked soaking wet and miserable. There was Dom and Ruby and Claire and Steve and Rianna ... but that was it. I couldn't see Mr Fortune, or anyone from the other lifeboat. Half the kids from our school trip were missing.

I stood up slowly and went to join the others. Ruby saw me first and pointed. "Everyone – look! Someone's washed up!"

Dom jumped to his feet. "Who is it?"

Steve looked up and muttered, "No one – just Frank."

Everyone groaned, disappointed that it was me. I should have been offended, but to be honest I wasn't even surprised. That's just how things have always been for me at school.

I'm the kind of person who fades into the background – Mr Sensible, quiet and dull.

Then last summer, I got a part in my school's production of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and got bitten by the acting bug.

I thought I'd *hate* being in the spotlight, but the moment I stepped onto the stage I felt full of confidence. I loved being the centre of attention! When I heard that the school drama club was putting on a production of another Shakespeare play called *The Tempest*, I signed up straight away. So long, Mr Sensible!

But the moment I got to rehearsals I felt like I was out of my depth. The rest of the drama club were ten times more confident than me: they had bigger voices and better ideas and were much more used to being in the spotlight. Once they started speaking, I couldn't get a word in.

I was given the smallest part in the play – Francisco, who only says about ten lines – and I spent most of my time on stage hidden behind the others. All my new-found confidence

vanished – I hardly even talked during rehearsals. No wonder no one had even noticed that I was missing.

“Some trip this is,” muttered Ruby, who was always complaining. “We'll never get to the Globe-Trotters International Shakespeare Festival now.”

I gulped. Not making the festival was the least of our worries. We were stranded on a desert island! Without an adult to help us, we were just six kids stuck in the middle of nowhere.

Then I realised – there were only six of us. There should have been seven. Mr Fortune wasn't the only one missing from our life raft.

“Where's Blake?” I asked.

There was a nasty silence, and everyone looked at their feet. I knew what that meant – Blake was missing too.