

Written by
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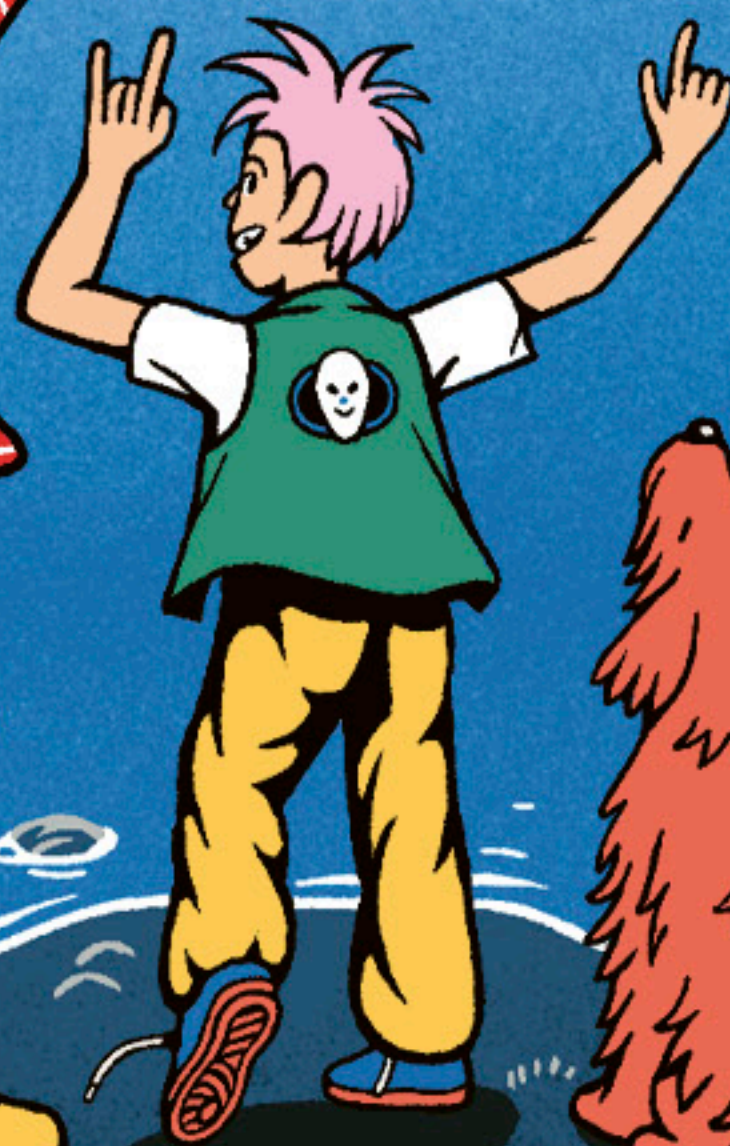
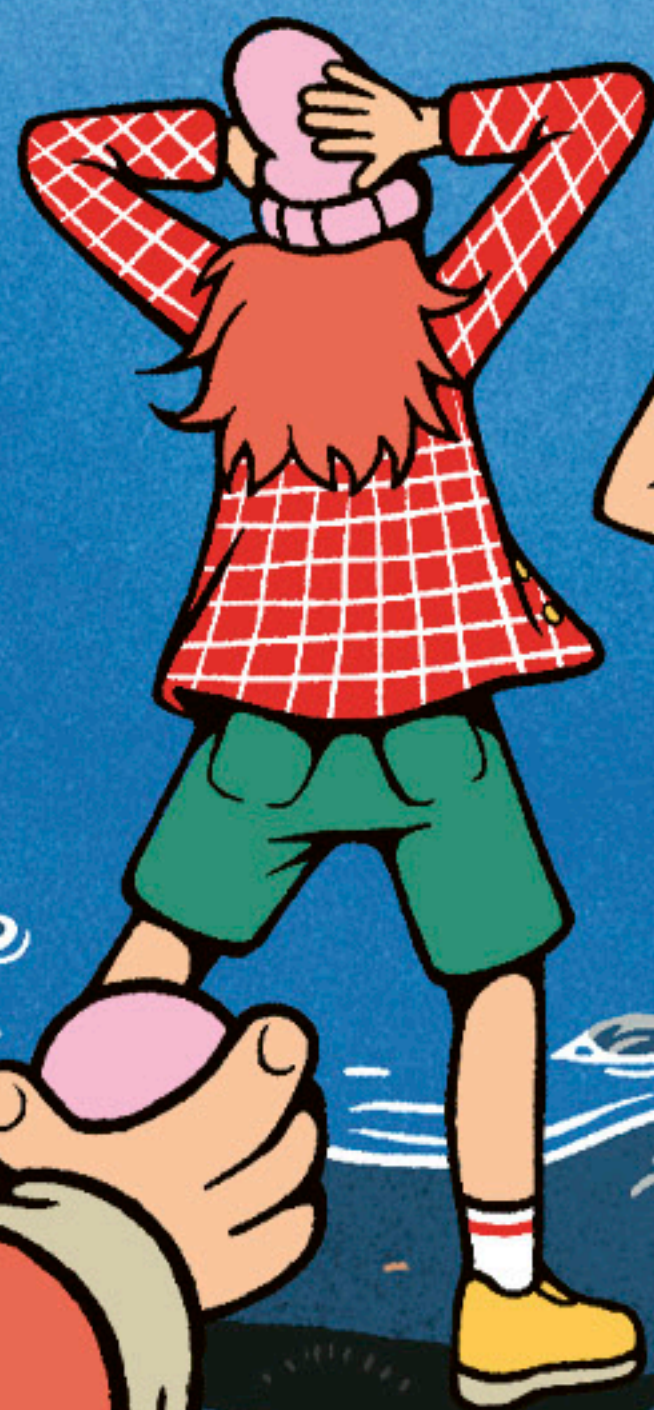
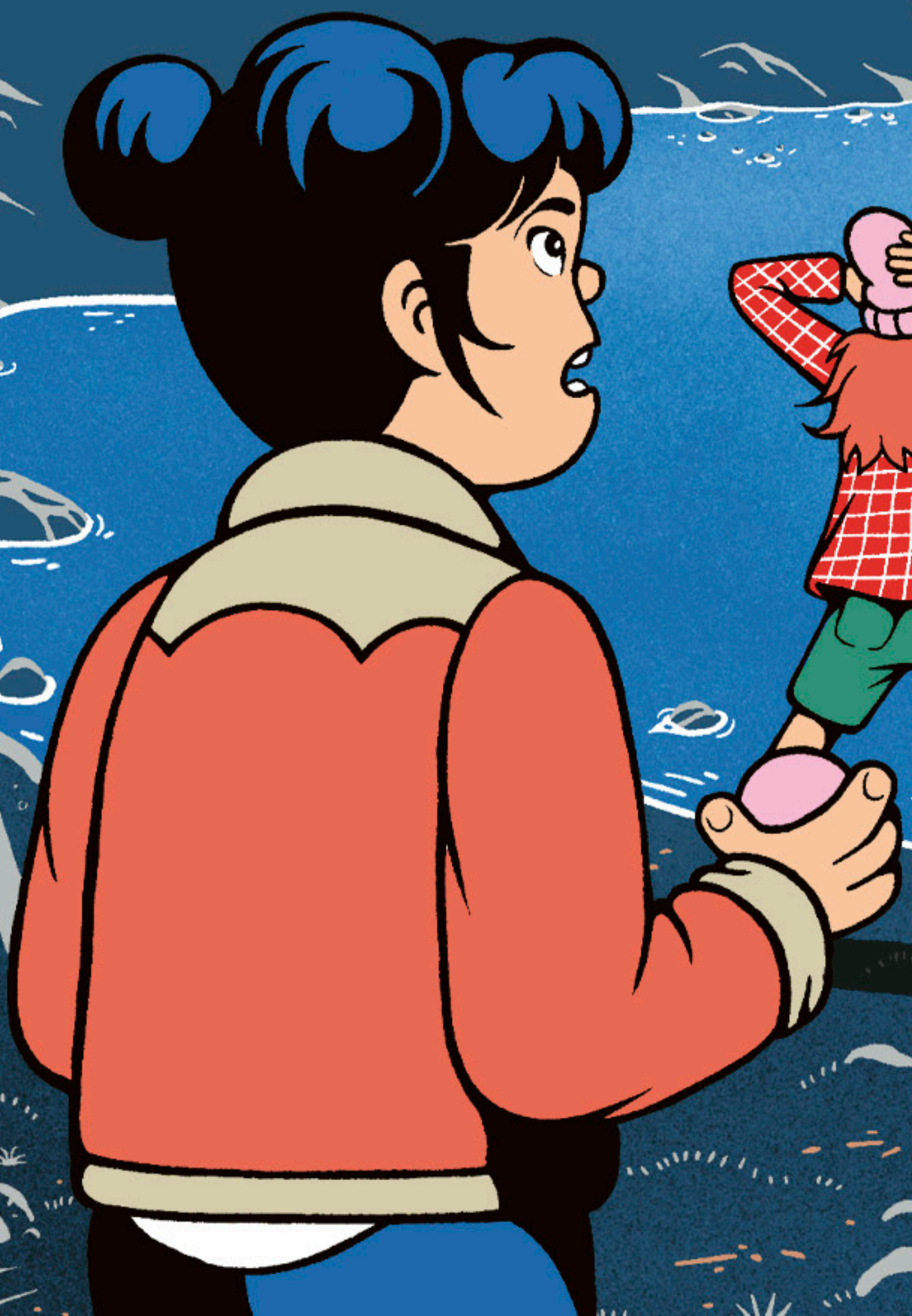
Illustrated by
Stephen Maurice-Graham

THE INCIDENT AT

CAMP
UFO

EST:
1973

NO:
1



COVER NOT
FINAL



Pawan glanced around at the dark forest, the glistening lake and the far-off mountains... "Right, done that. What now?"

"Um..." said Daz, scanning his list. "How about ghost stories? Anybody know any?" Nobody did.

"Come on!" Val whined. "Something scary HAS to have happened here. A masked local with a murderous vendetta against camp kids? Mutant blood-sucking leeches? A tragic dodgeball accident?"

Daz thought for a moment. "Well, there is OLD JIM. He's this weird old timer who's lived alone in the woods for... well, longer than anyone can remember. He's just always there. Lurking. Sometimes you see him on the lake in a boat, cackling like this." Daz pulled a face like a cat that was about to be sick and produced a deep hacking cough.



Frankie, Val and Xinyi tensed. Even Pawan looked momentarily less sulky. "Go on..." prompted Frankie after quite a bit of silence. "Well... that's it really," Daz admitted. "So that's your ghost story, is it?" said Val "An old bloke lives in the wood, has a cough and boats around a bit?" "Well, yeah," Daz mumbled, defensively. "I mean, he is quite weird..."

ACH!
ACH!
ACH!
ACH!

The gang froze as a deep, hacking cough echoed across the valley. On the lake, a rusty old boat quietly chugged into view with a hooded old man hunched over the wheel.



The Early Birds watched in silence as the boat disappeared out of view. "I mean... he's not that scary..?" said Frankie. "Yeah," Val agreed, rather uncharacteristically. "He can't help being old and coughing." "Forget it!" huffed Daz, giving up all pretence of 'inspiring young people' for the day. "I'm going to bed. Put the fire out before you leave and be careful of the... uh... water." He waved vaguely towards the lake before scuttling off in the direction of the hut.

"C-can he do that?" asked Xinyi. The others turned to her, surprised. This was the first thing they remembered Xinyi saying since they arrived. "He is a TERRIBLE camp counsellor!" she added.

Then suddenly, she screamed.

AAAH!!!

Out of the dark wood, a furry figure with teeth and claws rampaged toward the gang.



Getting to know U(FO)!

Name: Poppy Age: Unknown
Pronouns: She/Her/Good Girl
Favourite Food: Ball
Favourite thing in the World: Ball
What's in your pocket mouth right now?: Ball
If you were a biscuit what biscuit would you be: Dog biscuit



"It's a DOG!" exclaimed Xinyi, bundling over to the furry creature before the others could even register the transformation of their quiet campmate to a doggy fangirl. "Who's a good boy! Who's a good...No! She's a girl! On her collar it says Poppy! Helloo Poppy!" Poppy's tail thumped in reply. She LOVED when people knew her name.

"Where did she come from?" frowned Frankie.

"I don't know," Pawan shrugged. "Maybe she's the camp dog?"

Xinyi excitedly grabbed the ball Poppy had dropped. "Do you want your ball, Poppy? Okay, go fetch!" She launched the ball as far as she could, to which Poppy sprang up in response, skilfully turning herself over mid-air to catch it.



SPOILER ALERT: THIS WAS NOT AS INTERESTING AS IT WAS GOING TO GET.

INCIDENT INCOMING

LOOK AT THAT STAR.
IT'S MOVING!



THEN IT'S NOT A STAR, DUH.
IT'S A PLANE, OR A SATELLITE.



DOES IT... DOES IT LOOK LIKE IT'S
GETTING BIGGER? OR... CLOSER?



OH MY GOSH ITS FALLING THIS WAY!
IT'S FALLING THIS WAY!!

