

A Gallery of Wonders

By Brigo Banner



Write a Book in a Day



PARAMETERS FORM

TEAM DETAILS

STATE: NSW
DIVISION: Upper School
SCHOOL/GROUP: Brigidine College Randwick (ST PAULS)
TEAM NAME: Brigo Banner
TEAM ID: 560

PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

Parameters

Primary character 1 Bricklayer
Primary character 2 Stockman
Non-human character Scarecrow
Setting Art gallery
Issue The missing teachers

Random words

pineapple
blue bottle
lifesaver
big brother
family

Authors and illustrators

Copyright

Published by Brigo Banner - Brigidine College Randwick.

All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

Chapter 1

Jonno Jones looked across the courtyard, soaking in the bright Australian sun. Beside him, his brother Davo finished his last slice of **pineapple**, swiped from the refreshments table in the corner, and sighed. "Come on," Jonno punched him lightly in the arm. "Admit it- this is fun"

"Nope," Davo shook his head, ever a man of few words.

His brother, a stockman, who worked on the **family** farm raising cattle, was in town for the week and Jonno had made it his mission to show him the city, which today, meant the art gallery.

He crumpled up his can of lemonade before tossing it in the bin, wiping the sweat from his brow with the hem of his yellow hi-vis vest. "Why do you wear that thing everywhere you go?" Davo eyed him, exasperated.

"Hey!" Jonno pressed a hand to his heart as if wounded. "I'm proud to be a tradie. The best kind of tradie."

Davo rolled his eyes. "Behold, the mighty bricklayer."

They stood from where they sat on the steps and returned into the gallery, where a tour guide gestured to a painting of a woman with a coy smile as if treasuring a secret, her brown hair waving over her shoulders. "This is the Mona Lizo," the guide droned, "A classic example of Australian art at its finest."

"Well, I'll admit, at least this is better than the amusement park," Davo muttered.

"Oh, please," Jonno countered, "the amusement park was fun. You just didn't like it because you were embarrassed to scream on the roller coaster."

"I didn't scream," Davo snapped quickly. "I just... had something stuck in my throat."

"Sure," Jonno needled. Honestly, sometimes he felt as if Davo was *his big brother*, although it was the other way around.

"Well, for your information, I didn't like the amusement park because it was so loud. There were kids everywhere, screaming and running frantically." He shook his head, "I never want to see a large group of kids ever again."

As if he'd summoned them, there was a pounding of footsteps, getting louder and louder, and they turned to find a class of kids staring at them. "Please sir," one of them pleaded, grabbing at Jonno's hand, "Please can you help us."

Another of the kids nodded. "We really, really, *really* need your help."

Jonno patted the kids head comfortingly. "Hey, don't worry," he smiled gently. "We'll help you."

Beside him, Davo blew out a long, laboured sigh.



Chapter 2

Davo

scanned the group of kids.

Three were the ring leaders: a boy with long straight hair, a honey blonde girl and a girl with long, black braids. "The teachers are gone," said the black-haired girl.

"They went poof," the boy mused.

"Okay," Jonno said softly. "Do you have any idea where they might be? What are your names?"

"I'm Ruby. This is Evie and James," the dark-haired girl explained. "What are your names?"

"I'm Jonathan Jones - Jonno for short, and this is my little brother David or Davo."

A kid in the crowd sniggered. "David... Jones?"

"Maybe they went to the bathroom," Jonno suggested.

"They didn't," Evie stated. "They were there one second, the next," she spread her hands to imitate an explosion. "Gone."

"They went poof," James said again.

"Okay, that's an exaggeration," Davo mumbled. "People can't just disappear."

"But they did disappear," Ruby grumbled. "You adults never listen to kids when they tell you things. Look, I'm going to take you to where they vanished and you'll see, they're gone."

The kids led them down the hall and the sound of children yelling assaulted them.

"Yeah, excuse them," Ruby sighed. "This is what happens when you leave ten-year-olds unattended."

When they reached the main room of the art gallery, the sound was so unbearable, Davo was sure he'd have a migraine. Davo grumbled to his **big brother**: "How do we calm them down?"

"Hey! Everyone be quiet!" yelled Jonno. The kids fell silent. "I can't believe that worked!"

The kids stared at them. *Great*, Davo thought. "Hey guys, where are your teachers?"

No one answered. "You see," Ruby groaned. "They disappeared."

"Well, where did they go?" Davo asked.

"Maybe they were sucked into the paintings?" Ruby suggested.

Davo laughed. "Yeah and my grandma's the Queen."

"Ooh, I know," said James. "They floated into the sky!"

"James, that's so dumb," Ruby stated.

"Maybe a serial killer hunting adults is slowly picking them off one by one," Evie said darkly.

Everyone stared at her. "What? It's a possibility?"

"Evie," Ruby looked tired. "Just... no."

The room was silenced again. Davo watched Ruby walk towards a painting. She furrowed her brow. "Umm, Mr Jonno, Mr Davo, does this picture look different to you?"

Davo and Jonno walked over. It was a famous piece: 'The Girl with the Opal Earring'. Davo reckoned it looked the same until he looked again. The girl had eyebrows now. "I'm not sure she had eyebrows the last time I looked." James joined them.

"Oh my Goodness, that's Ms Black!"

"I was right!" Ruby said triumphantly. "They are trapped in the paintings!"



Chapter 3

"So the teachers are in the paintings, but which ones? And how will we get them out?" Jonno asked.

"Maybe we should search for paintings with something odd? Or different to how they normally look?" Ruby thought.

"That will take forever! There are hundreds of paintings!" James complained.

Jonno smiled patiently. "Then we should start! We should all split up!" Jonno led the children into the painting room.

"Alright," he stated, "There are a lot of paintings here and we need to find the ones that have something missing or off about them. Everyone check each painting and tell me if you find anything!" All the children ran to the different paintings and started checking before an excited yell sounded from the other side of the room.

"I found something!" Ruby said, a grin splitting her face. She pointed excitedly at the Mona Lizo.

"Good job Ruby!" Jonno praised. "What's weird about it?"

Ruby chuckled. "She looks like Mr Brown."

"Nice work Ruby! Now we just need to find the others." Jonno smiled at her. His smile faded as he noticed a potted plant rocking.

The pot tipped dangerously and he sprinted over, grabbing it at the last second. Evie poked her angry face around from behind it. "What was that for? I was so close!"

"What were you doing, Evie? You could've broken this!"

"It had a chip on the side! I'm sure there's a teacher in there!"

Jonno sighed. "The teachers are in the *paintings*, not the pot plants."

"I was just checking!" She said, her face going red.

"Calm down, Evie. It's alright- Just be more careful next time alright?" Jonno told her.

"Fine..."

"Good. Has anyone else found anything?" The children ran up and showed him another painting they suspected. "Good work everyone! Now we can save the teachers! Let's start with the Lady with the Opal Earring!"



Chapter 4



The group approached the painting of the girl with the opal earring. "So, how do we get in? Is there a passcode or something?" Evie snarled with a hint of sarcasm.

"Don't think so. Our teachers got in by mistake." Ruby replied.

James scanned the textured painting, eyes wandering.

"No touching," Davo warned at James' tempted face.

James hurried along.

"So team! Any ideas?" Jonno grinned.

James' finger reached the woman before his whole body fell into the

deep-coloured painting.

"Well, that's one problem solved!" Ruby grinned.

Jonno, Davo, Ruby and Evie entered the painting one by one. "Why is it....so dark?" Ruby enquired.

"You saw the painting, didn't you? It's pitch black!" Evie protested.

"Guys? I'm scared of the dark!" James wailed.

"How are we supposed to find the teacher if it's so dark?" Jonno questioned, ignoring James' antics.

"I suppose we'll have to find the source of that soft light." Davo yawned. "Can we go, Jonno?"

"Not yet. We have to help the kids." Jonno grinned. "Come on, let's go!"

They followed the dim light, making their way through vast darkness. "You sure Mrs will be here? The dark is getting a little consuming." The terrified James spoke.

"Undoubtedly. We're nearly there kiddo!" Jonno laughed, shoving the boy playfully. James let out a small nervous laugh.

The group found their way to the painting's edge, where a small figure posed peacefully on a timber chair with her opal earring, surrounded by the inside of a house. "There she is..." Ruby spoke.

"So, what now?" questioned Evie.

"Miss? Helloooo?" James sang, waving his hand in front of her eyes. Mrs White refrained from blinking.

"I think she's in shock. We'll have to bring her with us while we figure out how to get out of here." Davo crouched before her.

"How are we supposed to do that, smart stuff? She's not even blinking!" A frustrated Evie spoke out with crossed arms.

"Was the lady in the painting here before Mrs Black was sucked in?" Jonno enquired.

"Well... yeah?" Ruby responded.

"Well, I bet your bottom dollar she's still here." He grinned.

James quivered as they continued through the dark void. "Maybe I should stay with the teacher...." He shivered.

"What? You a chicken?" Evie snarled. James let out a small nod.

Jonno chuckled at their antics. "It may be a good idea to keep her company."

James breathed a small sigh of relief.

The remainder of the team began their journey. "It's getting dark, does anyone have a flashlight?" Ruby quivered.

"I'm afraid not. Jonno?" Davo responded.

"No, sorry..." He answered. "Does anyone recall anything particular in the woman's features?" Jonno started, "Any colours we could look out for?"

"I think any colour besides black would help, genius," Evie remarked.

Davo nodded in agreement. "Keep your eyes out, I suppose." Jonno sighed. The light drifted further away, sending a surging shiver down Ruby's spine. Jonno stopped in his tracks, his eyes glued ahead. "Jonno, are you alright?" Davo stopped.

Under long blonde bangs shone eyes the colour of an Autumn leaf, and below, a nose so freckled that brown splotches overlapped like Autumn leaves after a windstorm. The small figure faced a vanity, wrapping her hair under a deep blue headscarf.

"Ma'am?" Jonno walked over to the woman.

"What. Is. He. Doing?" Evie whisper-shouted.

"I have no idea..." Ruby sighed.

"I believe you're the lady of this house?" He started.

"How does he know this nerdy artsy stuff?" Evie hissed to Davo.

"I positively have no idea."

"Yes sir, that is the case. Why are you asking?" The woman responded.

"Your husband sent me to get you." Jonno tried, rubbing his neck awkwardly.

"Is that so? And what did he ask of me?" She pressed.

"Didn't say. It just sounded *really* important." Jonno said, fumbling with his words.

The lady finished adjusting her headscarf and followed Jonno back to the group. He mouthed a celebratory 'told ya' to Davo before returning to his role.

They returned to a shivering James next to the teacher, her dull eyes turned to watch the team approach. "Do we just switch them over?" Davo whispered to Jonno.

"I guess. I hadn't really thought that far."

"Where is he? If it's important I must see to it straight away." The woman said and scanned her surroundings.

"Well, he said he'll meet you here. Why don't you take a seat, and wait for him to come." Jonno said as he rubbed the cleft of his chin.

"It's occupied." She replied quickly.

"I shouldn't see that as a problem," Jonno laughed nervously "Kids, would you help the teacher off the chair?"

The trio hoisted the woman off the chair. "See? Wait here, and we'll get going."

The woman hesitated before sitting down. A gasp escaped the teacher's mouth as she was made free to move.

"Wait! You can't leave! We I have to see what the master wants!" The woman cried.

Without warning, Evie grabbed a frying pan from the kitchen. "Stay back! We're getting out of here." She snarled at the confused lady. "Let's go!"

The pan lit up before them.

"What is happening?" Evie wailed.

In the blink of an eye, they were outside the painting.

Chapter 5

The group caught their breath as they arrived back in the art gallery.

"We're okay! Thank goodness. We could've been stuck in there forever," Evie breathed a sigh of relief.

"I say we keep observing the paintings, look for the other teachers," Jonno exclaimed, overjoyed by their adventures. The group wandered around the gallery, scanning the artworks and looking for any small detail changed from the original artwork.

"Jonno! I think I found Ms Black!" Ruby hollered at the top of her lungs. The cohort sped over to the painting. The artwork consisted of a woman holding a crocodile in her arms.

"I don't see anything unusual about it, Ruby," James mumbled.

"Look closer! In her hair, it's Ms Black's! I'm good at this! Right Davo?" Ruby squealed, elbowing Davo playfully. Davo's body jolted at the sudden contact.

"Whatever you say" He replied. "I'm assuming we have to do the same as before, so who's first up?"

Silence filled the gallery. You could've heard a pin drop. Everybody stared at Davo, expecting him to go first. Davo sighed and placed his hand on the painting. The rest of the group followed one by one. "It's dark in here as well... don't any artists consider a colourful background?" James whispered,



covering his eyes.

"Something to do with contrast, I guess," Ruby shrugged. "What? Are you scared?" She teased.

"No... I'm just considering all the outcomes possible, and darkness is... a possible danger," James said and crossed his arms. Help! Is anyone there?" A voice called.

"See! The darkness is full of dangers," James grinned. A woman emerged from the darkness in distress. "I'm lost, please help me! I can't find my seat or my crocodile!" She cried."

"She must be from the artwork Ms Black is trapped in!" Jonno explained. "The only problem is we aren't sure where Ms Black is."

"I say we get moving, the sooner we are finished the sooner we can get out of here," Davo mumbled.

The group fumbled through the darkness until they found a light. Ms Black was sitting atop the chair meant for the Woman with the Crocodile. "This must be your stop! Just sit like you usually would and you'll be fine!" Jonno said with a smile.

The Woman with the Crocodile sat down on her chair, causing Ms Black to unfreeze. "Oh my! What just happened!" Ms Black said between breaths.

"Not important right now, we just need to find a special object to transport us back," Ruby exclaimed.

"Special object? I did find a strange chunk of metal while wandering in the darkness and I owe you all for saving me. Take it." The Woman with the Crocodile beamed.

She threw the chunk down and it landed in Jonno's arms. The group was transported back to the gallery. "Let's keep going!"

Chapter 6

"Again?" Muttered Davo.

"Again," Jonno smiled reassuringly.

The canvas rippled over their hands. The smooth, cold oil met their warm skin as they stepped into the freezing water. The heat assaulted their tanned skin and the frigid water soaked their shoes.

Well, we're here... Now, who do we need to find? Davo thought to himself.

"Shouldn't have worn shoes, huh," smirked Davo.

"Oh! Is that her?" Jonno pointed.

As Davo squinted into the distance, a shape took form. What was apparent first was her long red hair, like molten iron in a forge with various pins tangled through it to tame the wild locks. The figure wore soft, jade garments, their light green hue so at odds with her fiery hair. Coupled with her striking blue eyes, she looked like fire and ice; a startling appearance.

Davo and Jonno picked up the pace and ran towards Ms Green.

"... kids... you've got to help me...", she gasped out. "I have to get out of here."

"The... kids." she continued, starting to tear up.

Davo shot Jonno a look that silently communicated "oh god she's crying... what do we do now?"

Davo put his hand on her shoulder in what might have been a reassuring way if it wasn't so painfully awkward, but, miraculously, it worked.

"Stay here with the kids, Jonno, while I go look for the original painting"

"You should try to find the lady in the painting," Jonno told Davo. "Then we can work from there."

Davo traversed the fierce wildness of dunes and rocky hills, trying to find the original painting until finally, he set his eyes on her.

Her red hair and pale robes sparkled in the summer sun, she turned towards him as he started to explain what happened.

"Oh," was all she replied, "There's one- well, three, issues with that. I may have dropped my pearl, sandals, and headband."

"Oh. That is a *major* issue," Davo replied.

"I can help you find them." offered Davo reluctantly.

They travelled across the land trying to find the woman's things. Davo noticed the headband wrapped around a tree. The lady found her sandals in the ocean with a **blue bottle** or two wrapped around them

"Now for the hardest challenge- finding the pearls," Davo sighed warily.

Davo and his companion looked high and low for the pearls but they were nowhere to be found.

"What if we return to my brother and Ms Green to regroup and get more people to help us?" Davo suggested.

"Sure!", the lady replied enthusiastically.

"You need help finding a pearl?" Jonno asked.

"Yes," Davo and the lady replied in unison.

"Oh, a pearl?" Ms Green had a strange look on her face. "I have one right here," "That's great! But why do you look so worried?" asked Davo.

"Well, I can't move from this position and the pearl is clasped in my hands," babbled Ms Green, nervously.

"So can't we just pry it out of your hands?", questioned Davo.

"Well... maybe but I can't move and if the pearl is considered part of me then you can't move it," explained Ms Green

"Well, there's no harm in trying, right?"

Davo and Jonno continued to pry at Ms Green's pearl but it wouldn't budge.

"Let me try," the lady said softly.

She stepped close to Ms Green and easily pulled the pearl from her hand. Suddenly Ms Green jerked back and the lady started to freeze up. "What's happening to me!?", the lady yelled.

Finally, the lady froze up and Ms Green could move again.

The sky darkened and falling from it for the third time was a large chunk of what seemed to be tin.

"Oh... Again... Why all this tin?" Davo was confused. He sighed. "Let's just go."

Davo picked up the piece of tin.

The canvas shifted under everyone's touch and the thick rough material scratched their hands. Suddenly they were met with the cold marble floor, where the final painting was waiting for them.



Chapter 7

The children and adults stepped into the painting of the Mona Lizo. When they crash-landed into a mountain, Mr Brown was nowhere in sight.

"I think he's this way." Ruby pointed to a dusty desert with a tiny figure on it. "Let's go."

"No!" James yelled. "He's obviously on the mountains because we landed here."

Everyone agreed, apart from a protesting Ruby, so they set off to find their teacher. After about thirty minutes of touring the mountain, Jonno admitted that Ruby had probably been right about the desert.

They set off to find Mr Brown. On the way, they found Mona Lizo, the real one. She agreed to go with them, wanting her chair back. After another half hour of hiking, they reached the teacher. He was sitting in a chair with a worried expression on his face. "Hi, guys. What are you doing here?"

"Rescuing you!" Evie yelled.

"I can't move." Mr Brown replied.

"Don't worry," Jonno reassured the teacher. "When I hold up this can to your hand, we will be teleported out of the painting."

"Ok." Mr Brown's tone relaxed. Jonno touched the empty can of beans to Mr Brown's skin and, in a blinding flash of light, the group exited the portrait.

At the museum, the other teachers and students were waiting for them and the painting they had just left was back to its original state. "Thanks for rescuing me, guys." Mr Brown hugged the three students. "I really thought I was going to be stuck there forever."

"No problem." Ruby beamed at him. "But you still look like Mona Lizo..."

Mr Brown frowned, then removed his wig.

Finally, they had all of the teachers back.



Chapter 8

Davo simply couldn't believe that he'd jumped into a painting - let alone four. The whole event seemed so unreal, but he knew the group had sunk into deep trouble. Even though they'd collected all of the tin pieces, broken, scattered throughout the paintings, he felt unease tugging at his back. What were they supposed to do with the metallic fragments? All he knew was that they were probably important.

Davo turned to gaze at their motley band, his forehead creased. All four teachers seemed unharmed but shaken. Mrs White clutched her hands, and Mr Brown seemed to sway in shock. Ms Black was holding up, a determined light sparked in her eyes, while Mrs Green warily paced beside her. Davo couldn't have imagined what they had been through and the panic from suddenly landing into the paintings. He feared that the children had been so alarmed that they would never want to visit another art gallery ever again.

A hand hovered at his shoulder before gently resting there. His older brother, Jonno, had continuously calmed the children and teachers through each painting they'd been sucked into despite their dire situation.

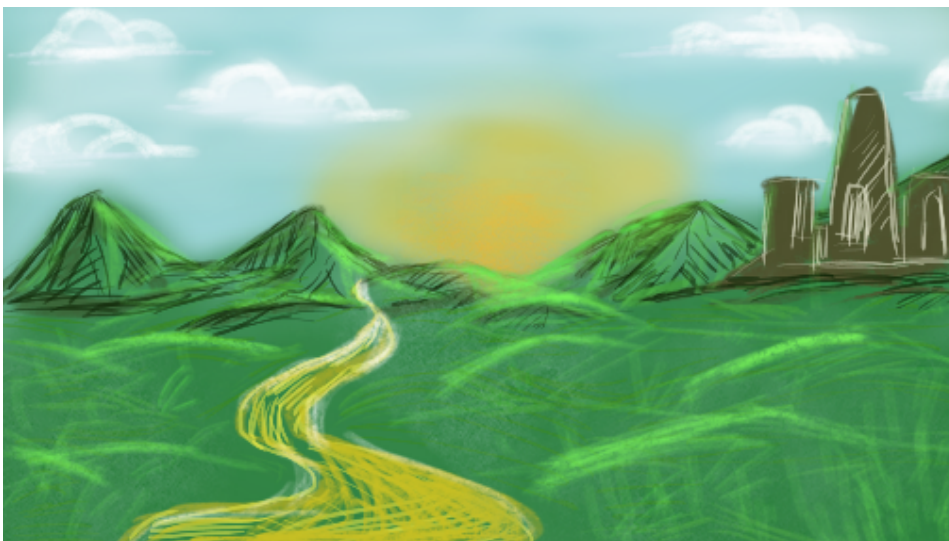
"How did we get ourselves into this chaos?" Davo's shoulders slumped, his eyes following the three children plodding in front of them. Beside him, Jonno huffed and slowly smiled.

"Because we always get into trouble, wherever we go."

He nudged Davo, and strode forward, calling to James, Ruby and Evie. Their final destination was a painting at the far end of the art gallery, bordered between an ancient symbolized tapestry, and a sketch of a horse atop a cliff. Shadowed by the haze of the late afternoon, the group surrounded the painting, halting before its frame. Davo immediately noticed something was wrong.

In the corner, a castle slouched atop the darkened hills, its fractured walls crumbling. A cracked road spewed out from the distance, jutting among the blackened trees. Their spindly arms erupted from their bodies in pointed fingers, clawing at the sky. The whole scene was

ghastly, but it was the figure in the painting which stood out. A darkened head sat atop rags and straw, its arms were flung out, frozen in the buffeting gale tearing through the starless night. It was a scarecrow.



Davo turned to the others. They would have to enter the frame and fall into a world of evil and terror. To face the villain who had captured humans and held immense power. Trepidation shot through him; he missed his paddocks and cows. Moments on the **family** farm seemed so simple and lighthearted. Davo realised that, for the first time, he was afraid. Before his heart had the chance to jump out of his chest, a voice halted his thoughts.

“Let’s do this.”

His head swung down and was met with the gazes of Ruby, Evie and James. Their hands were clenched but each of their eyes shone with determination.

Chapter 9

Jonno nodded. They were right. The only way they would prevent other people from the cages of paintings was to defeat their captor. He stepped forward and knelt in front of the children.

"We need all of the pieces of the metal we've collected from the past paintings." He glanced up at Davo, a newfound strength lighting within him.

"I think I know what to do."

Inside the painting, the world was full of darkness. The ebony sky stretched as far as the group could see and the wind chilled them to the bone. In front of them stood the scarecrow, and all around them a voice boomed:

"Why have you come here?"

The ground seemed to shake, and Jonno covered his ears, wincing. Davo stood and yelled: "We've come here to stop you from capturing teachers!" The wind howled and the scarecrow suddenly moved, its straw hands placed in anger.

"Wait." Jonno held his hands up, hoping he wouldn't be turned into part of the painting himself. "We know what you've been through." He yelled.

"I think I understand why you've captured these people."



Jonno felt the wind die down, and he bravely continued.

"Are you all by yourself here?"

The scarecrow opened its mouth, stopped- and then sagged. Jonno was shocked. The scarecrow was about to cry.

"I don't know anymore," he wept. "I- I'm so sorry, I just wanted company."

Evie stepped forward: "Why don't you have anyone here?" She asked.

"I was painted without my friends, I simply don't have anyone to talk to, we were supposed to be Patchy, Patches and Greg. Now I'm *just* Patchy," replied the scarecrow.

Jonno gasped, turned and grabbed the metal pieces. He tentatively held up one of the fragments and began to smile.

"You've got a lot of power. Would you have enough to make a friend?" The scarecrow's eyes widened and he straightened in awe.

"Yes!" Together, the group stacked each piece they had found onto the ground, tin and lead sparking as the scarecrow waved his straw hands. Out of the pile, he spun a metal figurine, polished and shining.

The creature opened its eyes, turned and blinked. The tin-man looked at the scarecrow and then grinned.

"Long time no see, my friend." The two flung themselves into a warm embrace that seemed to light up the horizon. Jonno realised that colour had spread through the ground, blossoms had sprouted from branches, and the hills seemed to breathe new life. An aurora of peaceful tranquillity blanketed the reunited friends, and the group waved as they felt pulled back to their world.

Chapter 10

Jonno looked around, disorientated from jumping in and out of so many paintings. All four teachers were now standing in the gallery with them, pulling themselves together and shaking off the shock of all that had happened. "Thank you ever so much," Ms White told them. "I don't know what we would have done if you hadn't helped us. You're a **lifesaver**."

"Always a pleasure to help, ma'am," he smiled at her.

He turned back to the kids, worried. They'd been through so much today, it must have given them the fright of their lives. They may never recover from the trauma of it all. "Is-is everyone all right?" He asked gently.

Evie looked up at him, trembling slightly, her lower lip quivering. "That. Was. Amazing!" she squealed.

"I know," burst James, "Totally awesome."

"I can't wait to come back next year," Ruby grinned. Her beam faded, turning thoughtful, as she turned towards her two friends. "Do you think Patchy will be okay now that he's not alone anymore?"

"He'll be fine," James reassured her. "He and the Tin-Man will be the best of friends."

"Like us!" Evie chimes in, and the others nodded in agreement.

Leaving the teachers to regain control of the class, the brothers strolled through the gallery and out the front doors, after a heartfelt goodbye in which Jonno had solemnly promised James, Ruby and Evie that he'd stay in touch and see them again soon. "Well," Davo mused, "that was certainly eventful."

"Admit it," Jonno smirked, "that was fun."

"You're not going to stop asking until I say it, are you?"

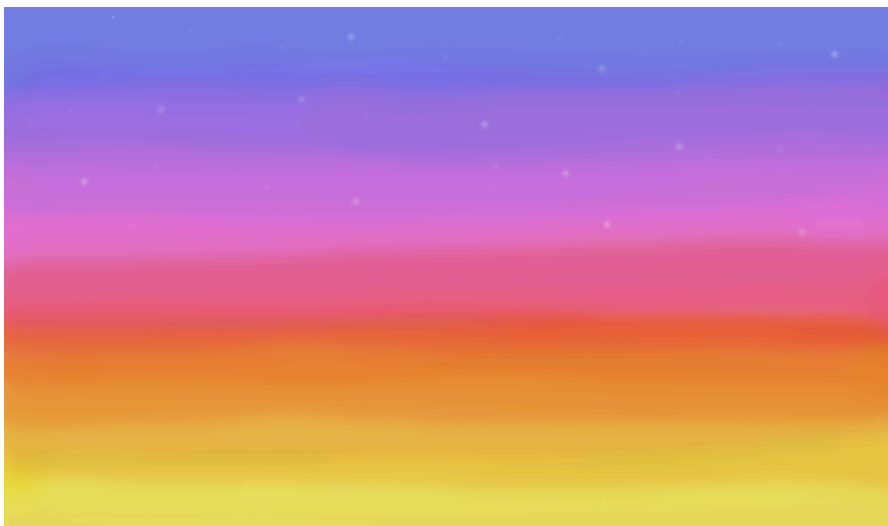
"Nope."

"Fine," Davo sighed, looking down to hide the small smile spreading across his face. "That was fun."

Triumphant, Jonno watched as the slowly setting sun dipped towards the horizon, painting the sky a myriad shades of pink, yellow and purple, the faintly emerging stars twinkling over their heads. "Isn't it just as pretty as a picture?" he smiled.

His brother snorted. "Yeah, well, let's stay in this picture from now on, okay."

"Sure thing," Jonno replied, hauling his brother to his feet. Besides, there was nowhere he'd rather be right now than here, with his brother and he knew that, although Davo would never admit it, he felt the same. "Let's go home."





A field trip gone wrong in a gallery of wonders.

When Jonno Jones dragged his brother Davo to the art gallery, he expected their trip to be relaxing, light and uneventful. He certainly didn't expect a scavenger hunt for a group of missing teachers, led by three headstrong children with personalities far bigger than their tiny frames. But when duty calls, one has to do their part.

Their quest will take them on a journey through worlds, each one more bizarre than the last.

Perfect for children under the age of 15.