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*Bonus  
Chapter*

*Lola*  
**UNWRAPPED**

**#WRECK THE HALLS**

*An Omnibus Book from Scholastic Australia*



# Bonus Chapter

#TheKingOfBoxingHamPalace

‘Wow,’ I gasp, my eyes wide in amazement. ‘This is the most incredible thing we’ve ever made.’ I’m standing outside looking at the very impressive cardboard kingdom that’s sitting majestically in my backyard. And we’re calling it ... Boxingham Palace!

Today, me and my best friends, Vee and Mitch, collected all the empty Christmas present boxes from the whole street and spent the day



## *Lola In New York*

building this masterpiece. It's the world's coolest castle made entirely out of cardboard boxes. At three storeys high, it has a working drawbridge *and* a moat filled with blue jelly. Of course, I scored some awesome **footage** of the building process for my vlog, too.

*Note to self:* Consider a future in construction, it seems easy and I'm a natural.

'We've outdone ourselves this time, guys. Guys?' I look around and **scratch** my head. Where did they go? This palace is so big they could be anywhere inside it.

That's when I hear Vee shout, 'Yes, I win round **one!** Eat my cardboard crumbs, Malley!'

I follow the voices through the **maze** of cardboard walls to find Vee and Mitch having a boxing match. They've got boxes on their heads that look like helmets, and boxes on their hands for boxing gloves,

## #FirstClassTicketToAdventure

and they're in a **boxing ring** made completely out of boxes.

'No time to box,' I tell them. 'We have a cardboard **kingdom** to rule!'

'Sorry, but it *is* Boxing Day after all, Lola,' says Mitch with a punch of his fists.

After a few more rounds, we're back in the sun standing on the grass outside Boxingham Palace **admiring our handiwork.**



'I can't believe how enormous this thing is!' says Mitch.

'Told you this was the best and *only* way to spend Boxing Day,' adds Vee, scooping jelly from the moat straight into her mouth.

'Lola!' Mum's voice trails out of the house. 'You kids better not be making a mess out there! You know your grandparents are coming for dinner

## Lola In New York

and I want everything to be neat and tidy!



‘Us? Mess?’ asks Mitch. ‘Never.’ He gives an overenthusiastic wave of his hand.



‘I can’t believe you’d think we would do such a thing, Mum,’ I reply. There was nothing about our cardboard palace that was messy.

Just then, my cat, Stampy, enters the backyard, practising his royal wave as if he’s greeting thousands of people. We just found out yesterday that he’s actually a royal cat from the Whiskerton family. In fact, the long-lost heir to the throne of North Meowington. Stampy is the whole reason we decided to build this palace—to prepare him for his visit to North Meowington to meet his royal family. And boy, does he look the part of a king! Well, as close to a king as you could get using items from our house.



He has a red towel tied around his neck like a royal



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robe and a **toilet brush** in his hand like a sceptre. He's just missing one thing ...

I grab a spare cardboard box and run into the kitchen where I carefully cut out a crown. The pointy parts on top of a crown always make **royal** people look **super-important**, so I'm sure to add lots of those.



A few moments later, I bolt back outside and place the crown gently on Stampy's head.

Mitch bows and says, 'Your royal highness, may I **present** to you, your very own throne.'

I can hardly believe what I'm seeing. Right in front of me is a big, **ornate throne**, carved from boxes in such detail it must have taken hours. 'Whoa, Mitch, how did you do that so **quickly**? I was only inside for, like, two minutes.'

'I have my ways. I also built us some cardboard cannons and a **secret dungeon**.'

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‘Impressive,’ I nod.

‘All hail, King Stampy of Boxingham Palace,’ says Vee as my cat takes his seat on the throne.

This lovely moment is interrupted by a very loud, ‘LOLAAAA!’ My little brother, Ryan, pops his head out of an upstairs window. ‘What have you done with my *sea monkeys* that I got for Christmas?’ He comes stomping down the stairs and into the backyard. ‘Give them to me now!’

‘Why would I steal your sea monkeys when I have Stampy, the most perfect pet of all?’ I point to my cat who is waving his toilet brush around, demanding that Mitch fetch him a *tuna sandwich*. ‘Just admit you’ve lost them.’

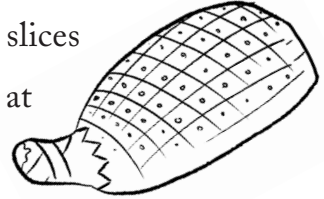
‘Never!’ he slams his palm into his fist. ‘That’s it. I declare war!’

‘You don’t want to mess with us,’ I reply.



## #FirstClassTicketToAdventure

‘Oh, yes I do.’ Ryan races back into the house and rummages around in the kitchen before re-emerging at the upstairs window. ‘Prepare to feel the wrath of **Ry-mania!**’ Then he begins throwing slices of leftover **honeysuckle ham** right at our palace.



‘What are you doing, dweeb?!’

‘Just putting the “ham” in BoxingHAM Palace,’ he cackles, hurling more ham at us.

I’m not too worried at first. I mean, how much damage could an eight-year-old boy and some honeysuckle ham do? But then ...

**SPLAT! SPLOT! SQUELCH!**

**Fudgesticks.** It’s ruining our castle.

‘AHHH!’ Mitch screams. ‘I’ve been hit!’

‘Take cover!’ I shout.

We quickly pull up the **drawbridge** to our palace

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and hide inside. Who knew ham could be so lethal?

‘He has to run out of ham eventually,’ says Vee.

‘No, he won’t! Mitch brought over a whole **trolley** full yesterday!’ I reply. ‘Our defences are down. What can we use to fight back? We have to think outside the box,’ I say, stepping outside the box palace and almost falling into the jelly moat. Aha!



‘The jelly!’ I shout.

*Note to self:* Jelly is not only the ultimate tasty treat, but also the kingdom’s greatest weapon.

‘Load the **cannons!**’ orders Mitch.

We stuff as much jelly as we can into the cannons. Thank gumballs Mitch decided to build them. Then we fire the sticky substance towards the window. Blue globs are flying everywhere, **smooshing** and **splattering** all over the house.

‘AHHHH!’ Ryan shouts as he gets a face full of jelly.

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‘You’ll pay for this!’

Vee is firing her **jelly cannon** from the tallest tower of the palace, but then a storm of ham hits it hard. The whole tower starts **wobbling** like crazy.

‘Vee, get out of there!’ I scream.

‘I’ll never make it out alive!’ she cries.

‘You can do it!’

In a dramatic display of her **courage**, Vee leaps from the tower just in time and crash-dives into the jelly moat, bouncing up and down as she lands.

But then everything goes silent. The war is over, there’s no more ham, and I don’t even know who won.

We survey the damage. There are **globbs** of blue jelly spattered all over the back of the house and slices of ham from one end of the yard to the other.

If Mum sees this, we are **so busted!** Vee doesn’t seem too worried though, she’s busy making herself a

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ham-wich, aka a sandwich made of two pieces of ham with a jelly filling.

Then, out of nowhere, it gets really windy... and loud. Is it a cyclone? Is it Stampy's high-powered hair dryer? No, it's a helicopter right over our backyard! As it nears the ground, the wind generated by the propeller is so powerful that it blows all the boxes out of the yard, along with all the jelly and every slice of ham. Not a single trace of Boxingham Palace, or the war we had with Ryan, remains. It's all gone, just like that.



The helicopter touches down and I can see the words *Whiskerton Air* written on the side of it.

Oh my gobstopper!

A man dressed in a black suit jumps out and strolls over to us. He says, 'I'm here to pick up Sir Stamps-a-lot McFluff Face for his visit to North Meowington.'

## #MeetLola

He's holding out a red velvet robe, a golden sceptre and a fancy **bejewelled crown** with lots of points to Stampy, who graciously accepts the gifts. He then follows the man, turning back slightly to give us a little nose twitch which means, 'See you soon.'



And then they **fly off** in the helicopter.

After they've gone, Mum steps into the backyard and her eyebrows shoot up. 'I know what you kids have been up to.'



'You do?' I gulp.



'Mhmm.' She nods, then gives us the **biggest** smile. 'You cleaned the backyard for me. This place looks **amazing!**'

Phew! 'Oh, it was nothing, Mum. It practically cleaned itself.'

'Well, after all that **hard work** I think you kids deserve a snack. Who wants a ham sandwich?'

## *Lola Online*

We all lock eyes and wince at the mention of ham.

‘Okay, how about some *ice-cream?*’ Mum asks.

‘We’re in!’

Just as we’re about to walk inside, we hear Ryan yell from upstairs, ‘Never mind. I *found* my sea monkeys under my bed!’

I roll my eyes. ‘Brothers.’