

The background is a repeating pattern of white, stylized waves on a black background. The waves are represented by simple, curved lines. Interspersed among the waves are several white shark fins, some pointing upwards and some downwards, creating a rhythmic, oceanic pattern.

Licence to Rock



Chapter One

Well, hey there!

I'm Finley - super normal shark kid by day, totally famous **rockstar** by night.



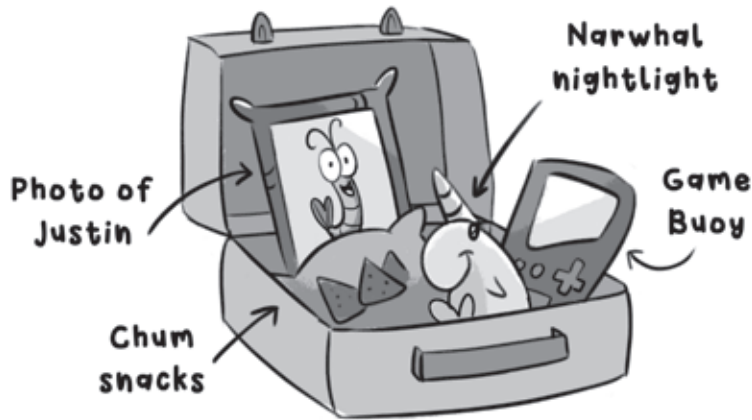
This is my band, **JAWSOME**.
The other three members are my
best friends Hunter, Gilleon and
Gnash.



But then, you probably already
know all this, right? Everyone's
heard of **JAWSOME**. We're
as famous as the **Statue of
Flipperty**. And **Buckingfin
Palace**. And even the **Offal
Tower**.



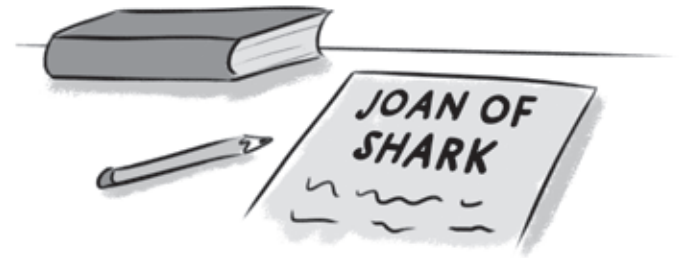
Today we're heading off to **Euro-Fishin!** It's all the way across the ocean in **Shell-bania.** I've already packed my suitcase.



And said good-bye to our pet prawn, Justin.



I've even made a head start on my history homework.



Right now, Mum and Dad are driving me to the submarine port. We'll be taking Jawsome's **private sub** to Shell-bania. I'm nervous and excited when we get to the sub port. International concerts are so much fun! Even though we'll be competing against bands from other oceans,

we also get to stay up late and party with shell-ebrities like **Swim Shady** and **Mer-tallica**. There will be TV interviews and selfies with fans, and there's always ...

SO MUCH FOOD!

I tug my big hat down around my sunglasses as we make our way through the terminal. If anyone recognises me, it would create a **riot!** Hugo, our band manager, is waiting for us by the gift shop. Today he's pretending to be our teacher.



Gilleon and Hunter are already there, gleefully clutching their suitcases.



‘Bye, Mum! Bye, Dad!’ I kiss my parents on their cheeks and scoot over to Hugo.

Mum and Dad swim off, waving back at me one last time. We tour so often, they don’t even cry at the sub port anymore.

Hugo takes my suitcase. Hunter, Gill and I hover around, chatting excitedly about the competition. Everything from our performance to our costumes are totes **OUT OF THIS WORLD!**

Hugo keeps glancing at his watch. The minutes tick by.

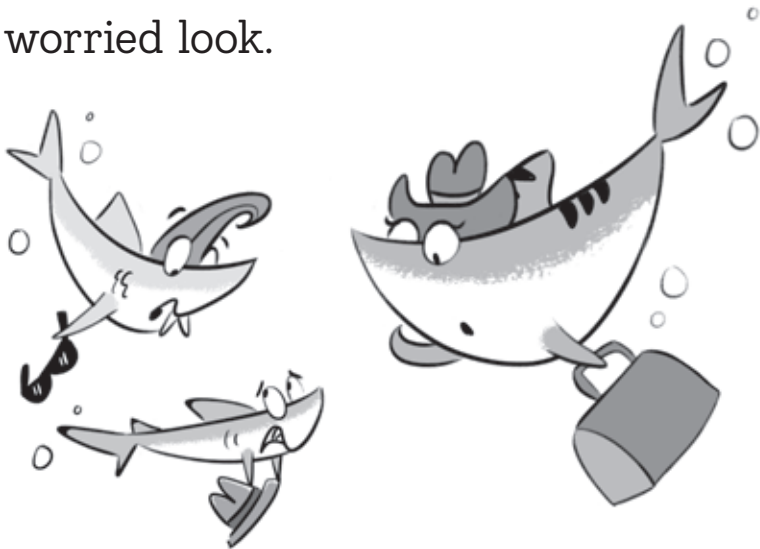
Then a whole hour.



Hugo scratches his chin. 'I better call Gnash's parents,' he says. He pulls out his shell-phone and swims to a quiet corner, careful to keep an eye on us.

After a few minutes, he comes back. His eyes are wide and his flippers are shaking. 'Kids, I have some **bad news**,' he says.

Hunter, Gilleon and I swap a worried look.



'Did Gnash get lost?' asks Hunter.
'Or stuck in the shower again?' asks Gill.



I gasp. 'Is he sick? I tried to tell him not to eat the sandpit at school.'

'Worse,' says Hugo. 'I just spoke to Mr and Mrs Pointer. Gnarly Gnelson is

OFFICIALLY MISSING!