

# LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio  
Bonilla



Camping Help!

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# LUCAS KENT & GRETA ROUGE

Rocio  
Bonilla

Auxili, campament!



LA TIRA  
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#4



# 1

## I'M GRETA

My name is Greta Rouge.

About that surname...you could say it's a long story. To sum it up: my great-grandma was Little Red Riding Hood. I'm sure you've heard of her. She left us a family legacy that is handed down carefully from generation to generation: the recipe for the most delicious biscuits you've ever tasted. Well, that and the huge velvet curtains in the dining room. In my house it always looks like Christmas, with all that red.

I have an older sister who is going through a wild adolescence. And I say *wild* because Barbara goes from *chill mode* to *mad mode* in the blink of an eye and when you least expect it. She is a volcano in continuous eruption.



And she has her own dictionary of strange words that surely even she can't understand. She was never this weird before, I swear.



My mum says that stage of life is unavoidable, but, honestly, if I ever become like that, please someone let me know.

Lucas has become my best friend. He arrived half-way through the year when his family moved into the house on the hill. They live with his great-great-grandfather, Eudald, who is the last in a long line of vampires. That's why Lucas and his little sister have those fangs that stick out. And speaking of sisters, Lucas and I argue over who is more annoying, Lita, his one, or Barbera, mine, although I think mine wins hands down.



Frederic is out third musketeer. We go together to school and everywhere. We couldn't be more different from one another, but we get on really well.







bollyng  
Dark side

## 2 CAMP

After the science fair that Emili, our teacher, organised in autumn, the months had gone flying by and, almost without realising it, summer was before us. There was only one thing better than the holidays: the end-of-year camping trip! A week surrounded by nature, with lots of awesome activities... It was time for my favourite part of the school year!

Everyone at school was excited. Everyone...except Lucas. The day he heard the word C A M P I N G, his face fell immediately, as if he'd eaten raw garlic. I had never seen him so quiet or downcast. He seemed mad at the world. And the worst thing was, when we tried to talk



about it, he became more and more nervous until, eventually, he had an asthma attack. Lucas' mum had told



me he hadn't used his inhaler since they moved here. No doubt about it, there was something we didn't know.

Frederic and I didn't know what to do. We were so incredibly worried about him that we decided to talk to Grandad Eudald, to see if between the three of us we could come up with a way to cheer him up a bit.

Grandad had just come back from one of his trips with Paquita, who was Amadeu and Rita Thumb's grandma, so we were able to resume our Friday evening film sessions.

'What if we have a *Star Wars* marathon this weekend to cheer Lucas up?'

'What a great idea, Frederic!' I exclaimed.

'With buttercream roses, he loves those!' he added.



‘Yes, millions of roses!’ I exclaimed.

‘Forget it... It won’t do any good...’  
murmured a voice behind us.

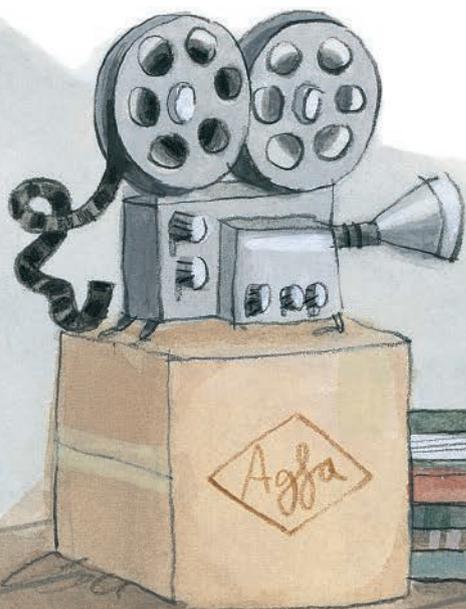
It was Lucas with his head lowered as he came in. He flopped down onto grandad’s armchair, sighing as if he weighed a tonne.





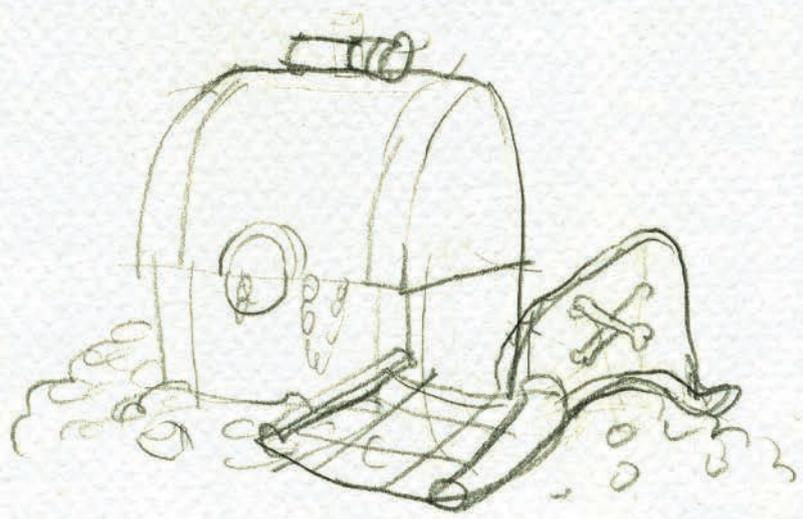






CLAPPERBOARD		
SCENE	TAKE	ROLL
DATE		





### 3

## PIRATES

We sat on the rug, as usual, and Lucas' grandad fired up the projector. The film was called *The Goonies* and it was about the adventures of a group of friends who lived in a town where their houses were about to be knocked down.

Then, hidden away in the attic, they discovered an old pirate treasure map and decided to follow it to find the booty and, therefore, not have to leave

their town. To get to the treasure they had to deal with a host of traps, secret tunnels and a family of criminals who



had escaped from prison. All very dangerous, but at the same time, very exciting!



Poor Frederic almost fainted when Sloth appeared, who was a character with an egg-shaped head and almost no teeth, the poor guy. A few days later he admitted to us that he'd had nightmares all week. Knowing Frederic, I wasn't at all surprised.



'Grandad, what has pirate treasure got to do with the camping trip?' protested Lucas, rather unconvinced, when the film was over.

'Absolutely nothing.'

'So... why did you show it to us? Because the main character has asthma like me?'

Suddenly, I had a lightbulb moment and I thought I understood why Grandpa had chosen that film. He spotted my smile and he knew I'd guessed it. He winked at me and then became serious again.



'Lucas, you'll understand when the time comes,' he said very solemnly. 'Go on the camp and trust me. When you get back, you'll tell me all about it.'

Then he looked at the clock, turned and ran towards the door.

'I'm off, I have an appointment at the hairdresser's!' he shouted from the corridor.

Ah, yes, if I hadn't mentioned it: Grandma Paquita, as she had lost her job, had decided to open a hairdresser's where, as well as washing and pleating the never-ending locks of the three Rapunzel sisters, she would probably end up delousing Frederic when he got back from camp, because there wasn't a year he didn't get off the bus covered

in lice, from his tail to his ears. Just imagine, poor kid, with all that hair...

As for Grandad, meanwhile, who hadn't a hair to comb, Paquita tidied up his eyebrows.



