

# THE VILLIAN OLYMPICS

By Gingerbread





# Write a Book in a Day



## PARAMETERS FORM

### TEAM DETAILS

STATE: NSW

DIVISION: Upper School

SCHOOL/GROUP: Tumut High School (TUMUT)

TEAM NAME: Gingerbread

TEAM ID: 261

### PARAMETERS AND RANDOM WORDS

#### Parameters

Primary character 1 Pirate

Primary character 2 Army general

Non-human character Snake

Setting Park

Issue Sharing a room

#### Random words

Tiptoe

Fresh

Community

Delight

Bruised

### INSTRUCTIONS

- Start at 8am
- Write an original story:
  - based on all **five parameters** (above)
  - including all **five random words** (above), and in bold type
  - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
  - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts!)
  - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every page** counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm.**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- ☐ Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names (how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- ☐ Complete the Declaration
- ☐ Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

# Meet The Authors



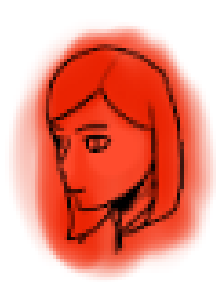
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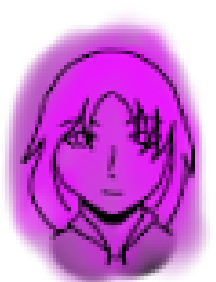
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### Copyright

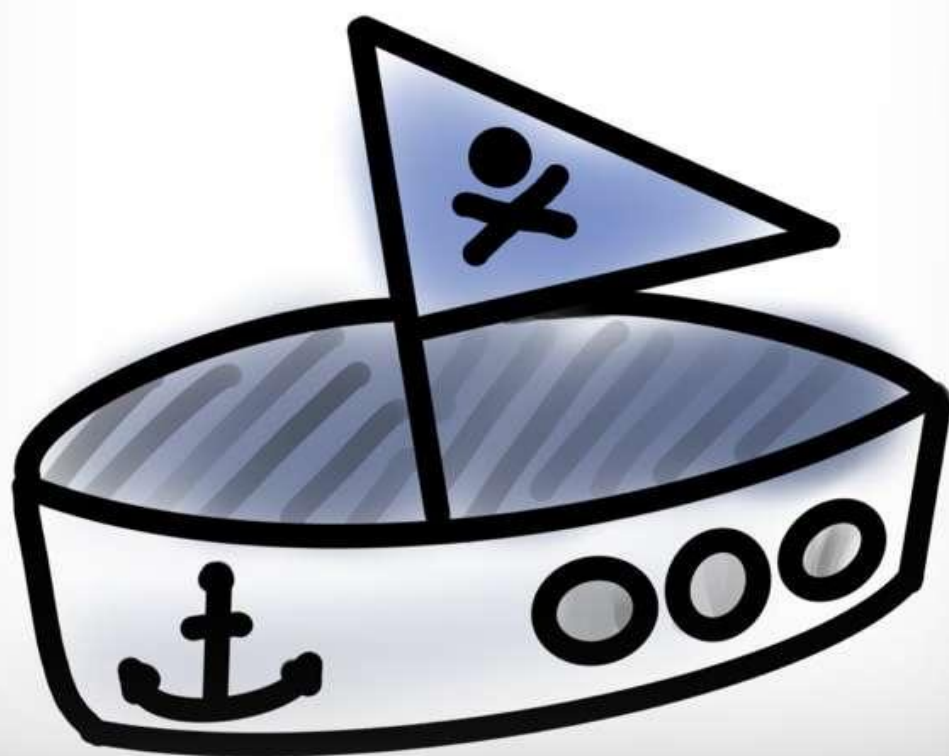
Published by Gingerbread, Tumut High School, Elise Baker, Chelsea Rushton, Tahlia Deacon, Allie Piper, Ashley Watling, Jenna French, Chloe Martin, Jaime Eastlake.  
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# Chapter 1

## Ye Arrival

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Waves splashed up against the park's dock as people gathered around for the sight. A large shadow peaked from beneath the sunrise, sending flocks of birds scattering. "Look, it's Cap'n Dreadful!" The audience yelled, excited for the arrival of the famous villain that everyone was sure would win. A rough voice began to echo from the now obvious ship.

"Avast! I have arrived!" The voice called out. A figure of a man was now in sight. A white long sleeve shirt with a rough, dark brown jacket adorned his body, contrasting with the peg leg replacing his right leg. A brown and black leather hat sat perched on his head, a large red feather sticking out, catching the morning air while murky brown dreadlocks decorated with pieces of treasure and shells fell beside his eyepatch. This was no ordinary man... It was Captain Dreadful!

"Ahoy there mateys! I know ye have been waiting your whole lives to meet the famous Cap'n Dreadful!" He exclaimed as he placed a hand on the mainsail, signalling the ship to stop. Crowds of people backed away as the large ship creaked beside the dock, making way for Captain Dreadful.

"Arrgh, Blimey! I didn't know the Villain Olympics was to be held in the park, I expected the finest treatment for a Cap'n as good as me." Captain Dreadful complained as he disembarked the *Old Barnacle*. He looked around, smug and enjoying the attention he was getting, wanting even more as he spoke.

"To any other villain wanting to beat me-" He paused. A man in the park had caught his eye.

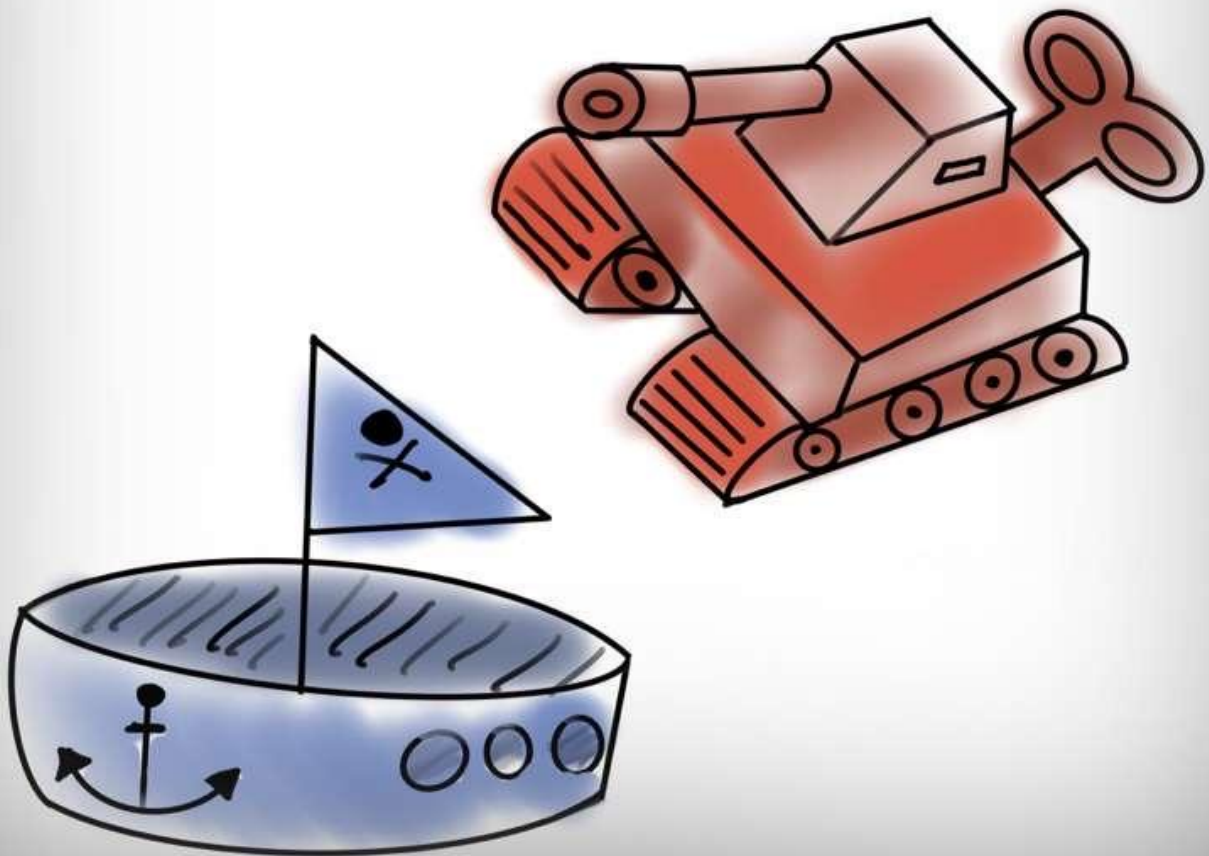
"Arrgh! Not you!" The captain whined, rolling his eyes to publicly show his hatred for this man. It was General Gerry.





# Chapter 2

## Unwanted Roommate



General Gerry strode his way through the crowd of his fellow villains. A confident man, he was known for his courage, but not necessarily his morals, quite similarly to his arch nemesis; Cap'n Dreadful. The two of them had hated each other for years, ever since that fateful day in preschool...

General Gerry unknowingly picked up Cap'n Dreadful's toy pirate ship right as he was about to play with it. Cap'n Dreadful refused to stand for this, and grabbed the closest item and threw it at General Gerry as hard as he could! Little did he know that was General Gerry's favourite toy: his toy tank! This was a conflict that Villains **Community** Daycare just couldn't sort out alone. General Gerry and Cap'n Dreadful were far too engulfed in tearing each other to shreds to realise that both of their toys had gone missing! The two little villains let go of each other and desperately searched around the room for their beloved toys. Accusations flew in every direction. No one knew what was going on. However, just in the distance, a small green and black snake slithered away, with both the toy pirate ship and toy tank and Cap'n Dreadful and General Gerry were forever left sour towards each other with the ideals that the other had stolen their prized possession.

"Aaarrggghhh! General!" Cap'n Dreadful's voice boomed across the park, causing all the villains to freeze in their tracks.

"Ah, Cap'n Dreadful, I knew I'd be seeing you here," General Gerry retaliated, "I have been eagerly awaiting another Villain Olympics so that I could yet again come out victorious."

"You may have won last time, but I remind you that many times before I have taken the victory." Cap'n Dreadful piped back.

The two stared each other down. Today would be the decider. Their final Villain Olympics. After all these years of back and forth, this year, they would have their answer and see who was the ultimate Villain Olympian. The two walked towards registration, still wary of each other's presence.

"Hello Cap'n. General. Good to see you both," the receptionist smiled, passing them a sheet of paper each, "This is the accommodation arrangements for this year, we were a little held back by a shortage of rooms but we figured we could work things out and get on with the games as usual."

Snatching the paper from the receptionist's hand, the two of them quickly read through their papers.

"NO!" they both screamed in unison.

"No way!" General Gerry cried.

"That's never gonna happen." the Captain yelled.

"I *refuse* to room with that imbecil!" General Gerry shouted

"Fine! Let's make this a little fun, eh? Raise the stakes?" Cap'n Dreadful's tone changed.

"What are you thinking?"

"Whoever wins the games, gets the room. The loser sleeps out here in the park."



“Deal.” The General stuck his hand out to shake the Captain's hand, before realising what he was doing and pulling it away with a look of disgust on his face.

“Oi! I washed them last Wednesday! They're clean, you landlubber!”

The General's face returned to its disgusted look as their squabble continued.



# Chapter 3

## The Games Begin

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BANG! Their petty argument was cut short by the sound of fireworks above them. BANG! BANG! Fireworks shot up and lit the sky with sparkles of reds and blues and greens. Cap'n Dreadful and General Gerry forgot what they were arguing about and followed the other forty eight villains as they walked towards the stage after the fireworks finished.

"Welcome to the 100th Quadrennial Villain Olympics!" A voice boomed as fire shot up from the sides of the stage.

The crowd cheered and whistled and a villain wheeled themselves onto the stage for everyone to see. It was Otoktay, the most famous and loved villain olympian of all time! Villains screamed from the crowd at the sight of her. General Gerry even saw someone in the crowd faint. Otoktay ruled the seas back in her day, she sank giant ships and stole their treasures. Even the greatest pirates feared her but after losing a tentacle she decided it was time to retire. Now she was sitting in a wheelchair on a stage in a park, hosting the 100th villain olympics.

"This year," she yelled "only the best villains are competing!"

The crowd started to scream and cheer once more. Captain Dreadful looked around and scoffed.

"This year's competition looks pathetic!" He spat "Aaargh this is going to be easy."

General Gerry ignored Captain Dreadful for once. Villains from all around the world are competing. Pirates, thieves, bank robbers and super villains.

"Alright, Alright" yelled Otoktay.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and listened to what she had to say.

"Before we start the first game I will explain this year's rules. There are no rules!"

Everyone looked around in shock and disbelief.

"In fact, things such as sabotage and cheating are encouraged. We want this years games to be as villainous and interesting as possible"

General Gerry and Captain Dreadful looked at each other. Millions of ideas whirled through their heads. They were determined to beat one another.

"Oh it is over for you already Cap'n!" yelled General Gerry

"Ye have no idea what yer in for matey!" Captain Dreadful said with a smirk on his face "This is me year."

"Alright," Otoktay boomed from the stage. "Now that we are all here and we all know the rules, it's time to start the first game!"

# Chapter 4

## Caught By The Croc

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The villains were led to the edge of the park next to where the *Old Barnacle* was parked. Three judges sat at a table looking out on the water. No, they were looking out at an obstacle course. Ropes, steps and planks were suspended over the water swaying in the wind. Otoktay went over to sit with the judges.

“As you can see,” she said “ The first game will be an obstacle course, but not just any obstacle course. This one is hanging over crocodile infested waters!”

Cap’n Dreadful and General Gerry pushed through the crowd to see for themselves.

“You will start on land behind the red line. Whoever makes it to the end without falling into the water moves onto the next round.”

Not many people were still listening but were trying to get close enough to the edge of the water to see the crocodiles snapping underneath the suspended ropes.

“Aaaargh,” Cap’n Dreadful laughed in the General’s face “No one is going to beat me!”

General Gerry didn’t have anything to say this time. He was still thinking about the crocodiles in the waters.

“Everyone behind the red line!” yelled Otoktay

Villains scrambled to get to the front of the line.

“READY, SET, START!” she screamed.

Villains ran as fast as they could towards the course, people tripped and fell over each other in a mad race to get to the ropes. The first to reach the course was Tempus (a villain who could control fire) who swung their way through the first part of the course effortlessly.

Cap’n Dreadful wasn’t too far behind, he was gaining on Tempus pretty quickly. Using the ropes to swing himself forward to the next part of the course. *I’m not losing this!* He thought. *I’m going to finish first.*

In the middle of the group, the General was trying his hardest to keep up with everyone. All he could hear were people screaming as they fell into the water all around him and the snaps of the crocodiles. Suddenly someone behind him slipped and grabbed onto the back of his shirt in a desperate attempt to keep themselves from losing the race. The General lost his balance and fell to his knees. He clung to the bridge as it rocked side to side.

“Let go!” General Gerry yelled “You’re only going to make us both lose”

“I can’t,” the person said.

But the person’s hand was slipping. Suddenly the General felt lighter and realised that the person had let go but there was no time to waste, he had to get going. He climbed through it as fast as he could.

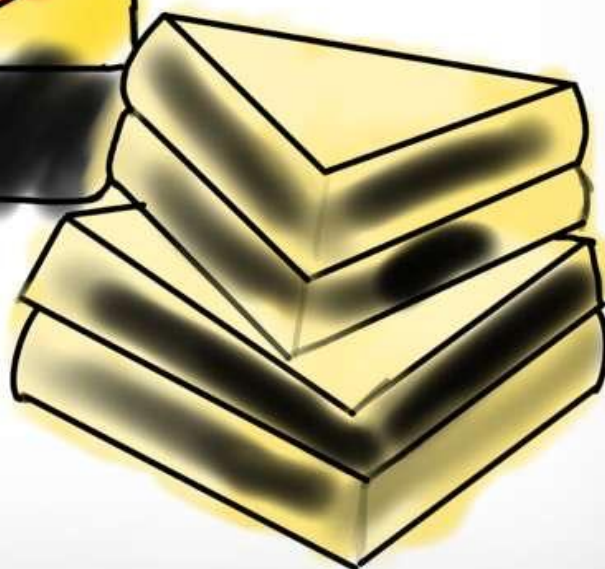
Ahead Tempus and Cap’n Dreadful had already crossed the finish line at the same time. Only a few people that had started the race hadn’t finished. General Gerry was one of the last ones to finish but at least he could still move on to the next round.



# Chapter 5

## The Sanga Scramble

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Ready to win this time, both General Gerry and Cap'n Dreadful were at the table ready to go. They were to try and make as many Vegemite sanga's as possible in a minute. A whole table stretched out housing all of the many participants had all the equipment needed to make the perfect vegemite sandwiches. General Gerry and Cap'n Dreadful are seated 4 seats away from each other and are preparing their strategies.

"Go Cap'n Dreadful!" Someone in the audience yells. "Yeah Cap'n you can do it!" The audience continues. As the timer is wound up, Cap'n Dreadful waves to his fans. "Yo-Ho-Ho me mateys." He responded by glancing over at General Gerry to make sure he knows about all of his adoring fans.

Otoktay begins to speak. "Remember, you only have 1 minute, so make as many vegemite sandwiches as you can but make sure they are properly made, they could be disqualified if they aren't up to our standards. When I say go, go!" Otoktay pauses, allowing everyone to fully process what she said and with that she began the competition. "GO!"

Cap'n Dreadful begins slapping on chunks of butter and vegemite, not paying attention to the ratios or the fact that they looked nothing like vegemite sandwiches. General Gerry took a neater approach, putting butter on 5 pieces of bread at a time, then adding the top that had vegemite spread on it. The time was nearly up and they had both made at least 15 vegemite sandwiches.

Otoktay began the countdown. "3, 2, 1. STOP!"

With that, everyone stopped, looking around at their opponents but Cap'n Dreadful and General Gerry's eyes didn't leave each other's stack of sandwiches.

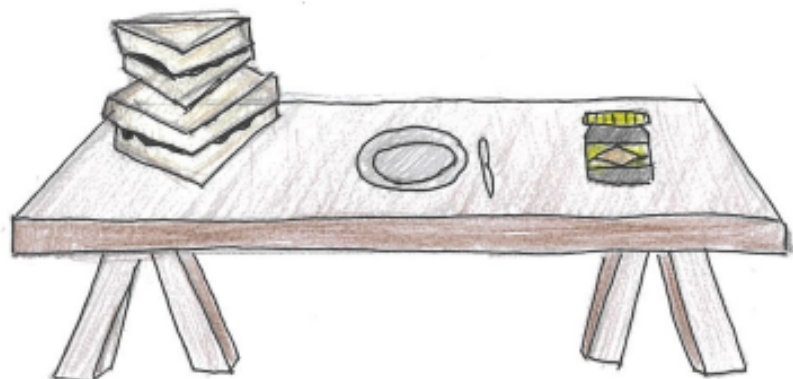
The judge went along disqualifying most of Cap'n Dreadful's sandwiches as they either had no butter, no vegemite, too much of something or sometimes even no bread! The slow and steady pace of General Gerry worked well in allowing neater sandwiches. By the end of it they both had 34 sandwiches that actually counted. They had tied... again.

Otoktay begins to announce the winner. "And the winner with 122 Vegemite sandwiches is Heath!" The General and Captain slowly turned their heads in shock. Who could possibly make 122 vegemite sandwiches? As they caught vision of the slippery snake known as Heath, they saw the tower he had created of perfectly shaped and portioned vegemite sandwiches.

"How'd that scallywag even make any? He has no hands!" Cap'n Dreadful cried out, defeated.

Otoktay began to wheel away from the villains.

"This way to the next game"



# Chapter 6

## Don't Wake Tilly



“And our third game of the day...” Otoktay sung, trailing off for dramatic effect.  
“Don’t... Wake... Tilly!”

“Your aim is to make your way through the obstacles up to Tilly the kangaroo, retrieve a bell from behind her and bring it back. But be careful, because Tilly’s a light sleeper and wakes up grumpy.”

Muttering broke loose. Some villains began strategising while others stretched for the task ahead.

“I think it’ll be better to **tiptoe** slowly through the obstacles,” Mercado mumbled.

“The faster the better I say! Tilly can’t catch you if you’re quick enough” Romero whispered back. Those two were an unstoppable duo.

They were tough competition.

The competitors all made their way over to a strip of bushland with a fenced off obstacle course and prepared for the game.

“Avast Ye! I’ll challenge this lil Tilly lass first. Make sharkbait of ye all.” Cap’n Dreadful proclaimed.

“Not so fast! I will go first! I need to show the youngin’s how it’s done.” General Gerry argued.

Francesca barged her way through the both of them and stepped up to the starting line of the daunting course.

“Aarrggh ye wench!” Cap’n Dreadful cried.

“Where’s Tilly?” Francesca asked, glancing around.

“At the end of the course, just up behind that tree” Otoktay pointed to a tall gum tree.

“Where- oh... oh my...” A twinge of fear sparked in Francesca’s voice as she laid her eyes on the massively muscular kangaroo sleeping behind a gum tree. Tilly was a bulky, 8 ft tall beast who, even while asleep, could intimidate any villain.

“Ready. Set. GO!” Otoktay yelled.

Francesca began her run, jumping over hurdles and avoiding landing on chip packets. She sped up, determined to bring that bell back. Focused so much on Tilly who was now only a metre ahead of her, she misstepped and landed fair on a squeaky dog toy. The sound ripped through the air, making Tilly twitch. Everyone went still. Francesca’s shaky breath could be heard from the starting line. Slowly, Tilly fell back asleep and Francesca reached up behind her and grabbed the bell. The crowd watched in awe and she slowly walked through the course and safely made it to the next event.

“Up next is General Gerry” Otoktay called out.

He walked over to the starting line, and prepared himself for the obstacle course.

“Ready. Set. GO!”

The General sprinted down the first part of the course, avoiding the leaves and whoopee-cushions. He elegantly jumped over the hurdles and down beside Tilly, where he sneakily picked up the bell and snuck back through the rest of the course with flawless execution.

"With ease." he whispered to Cap'n Dreadful.

"You're up Cap'n," Otoktay announced.

"Ready! Set! GO!"

Starting slow, the Captain crawled under the hurdles, leaves crunching under his feet making Tilly stir. He continued along the course, stepping on nearly every dog toy or twig he could. Tilly began to roll around, slowly waking up.

"Blimey! I need to be more careful" he muttered.

And as if on cue, Tilly leapt up and spun around, staring right at the Cap'n and snorting in fury.

"Shiver me timbers!" Dreadful cried as he bolted around some hurdles and away from Tilly. Tilly bounded over, determined. The Captain ran in circles avoiding the kangaroo's fists. He leapt up in the air to dodge a punch and dived for the bell.

"Me booty!" he exclaimed, grabbing it and dashing back to the starting line and out of the fence.

"I did it!"

A round of shocked clapping sounded for the pirate.

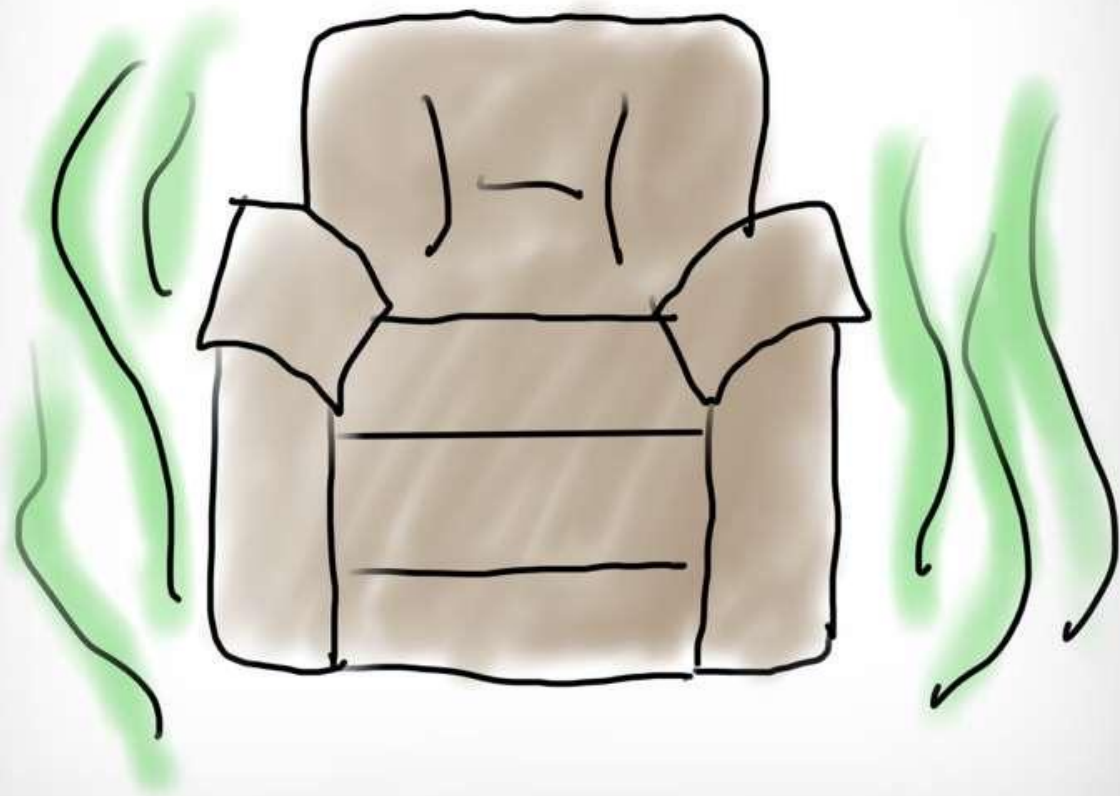
"There'll be an hour-long break before we continue." Otoktay called out, after the applause died down. "We'll all catch up again for the 4th game afterwards"



# Chapter 7

## Intermission Suspicion

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The crowd of villains mingled, plastic cups and sausage sandwiches clutched in their hands. The light flow of chatter and not-so-gentle ribbing from competitors filled the **fresh** air and led to a buzzing atmosphere of excitement. Not for Cap'n Dreadful. He snuck towards the apartments, ready to claim his room for himself.

"Share a room with a General, will I? I don't think so!" He muttered to himself. His many years at sea had given him the experience on how to drive people off the *Old Barnacle*, and he was going to do the same with his flat.

First off, the bag of rotten fish tucked under his coat. He had grown immune to the stench of the ocean after he was cursed by a mermaid witch and lost his sense of smell.

The door was unlocked when he arrived, and he pushed it open. It creaked slightly, leading into the dim room, throwing a hard edged square of light directly onto a cosy leather armchair. He grinned.

Stepping lightly, he crossed the wooden floor and lifted the plush cushion from the seat. Drawing his cutlass, he sliced a line in the bottom side and pried the fabric apart, carefully dumping the rotten fish into the hole he'd created, before settling the cushion back down.

He turned, taking a different path towards the door, when his foot nudged the edge of what he made out to be a tripwire.

He grinned again. So the General had already been here. Well he'd have to try harder than that. He pushed his peg leg clear over the tripwire, directly into the hidden loop of rope on the other side.

He let out a shriek as the loop tightened and he was yanked off his feet, drawn upside down from the roof. He flailed dramatically.

"Thought you could best me, hm? You'll have to be quicker than that." General Gerry chuckled, emerging from behind a door.

There was a loud click, and Cap'n Dreadful crashed to the ground, his peg leg still dangling from the rope on the ceiling.

"Why, I've had it up to here with you!" The Captain bellowed, waving his hand above his head for emphasis.

"Well it's hardly my fault my competitor is nothing more than a blundering thief." The General said coldly, turning away.

Cap'n Dreadful tried to clamber to his foot, smacking his head on his dangling leg and overbalancing with a painful crash.

"Come try again when you're ready." General Gerry finished, stalking out of the room. "And clean up your pathetic trick."



# Chapter 8

## The Last Leg

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"For the second last competition you will be doing a three legged race!" Informed Otoktay.

Groans filled the air. Clearly no one was happy with this announcement. Otoktay ignored them.

"I will call out the partners and you will grab a rope, find your partner and make your way to the starting line."

She started to call out the list.

"Tempus and Doug, Francesca and Sally..."

Until she got to the bottom of the list and called out

"Captain Dreadful and General Gerry."

The Captain and General looked at each other in horror and then back to Otoktay.

"I am not competing with him!" screeched General Gerry

"I can't win with that stupid sea urchin!" squawked Captain Dreadful

"You will do the race together or not do the race at all!" Otoktay countered, glaring at them.

General Gerry snatched up a rope angrily and walked to the starting line. After everyone had gotten themselves ready the race started.

"Yer slowing me down" Spat Cap'n Dreadful.

"I'm slowing YOU down, you're slowing ME down!" replied General Gerry.

They tried to run as fast as they could but not being insync with each other was making it difficult. They tripped multiple times falling on top of each other, over each other and on their faces.

"Stop falling!" said General Gerry.

They limped their way towards the red finish line **bruised** and covered in dirt.

"Yer makin me fall!"

Everyone seemed to have finished the race easier than the Captain and General, with less injuries as well. The enemies collapsed together right on the finish line, furious.

# Chapter 9

## Cricket Chronicals

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His heart was pounding as he raised the ball to his cheek, his arm furred like a taut spring by his shoulder as he glared at the filthy face of Cap'n Dreadful. The blood roared in his ears, and his eyes narrowed as he pictured the shot play out before him in his head. A perfect spin bowl, bouncing off the pitch and striking the flimsy wicket, sending wooden shrapnel spiralling through the air and claiming the victory for-

"Just bowl already!"

General Gerry paused, and lowered his arm in exasperation as Francesca yelled out to him. The game had gone into a dazed silence, drawn from the boredom of waiting. The General resisted the urge to stomp his foot.

"You can't rush perfection!" He yelled back, and half of the players groaned. With a huff, General Gerry reset his stance, lining up his shot once more. Ahead of him, Cap'n Dreadful glared back with those dead, green eyes, daring him to throw.

With a rush of adrenaline and a loud battle cry, General Gerry whipped his arm around and pelted the ball as hard as he could at his nemesis. Cap'n Dreadful raised the bat, bracing for impact as the projectile hit the pitch and spun...

"Wide! Re-bowl!"

The entire field of villains groaned this time, and three stormed off in frustration, effectively forfeiting the match. The General and the Captain took no notice of them, silently returning to their positions and beginning the five minute preparation to attempt once more.

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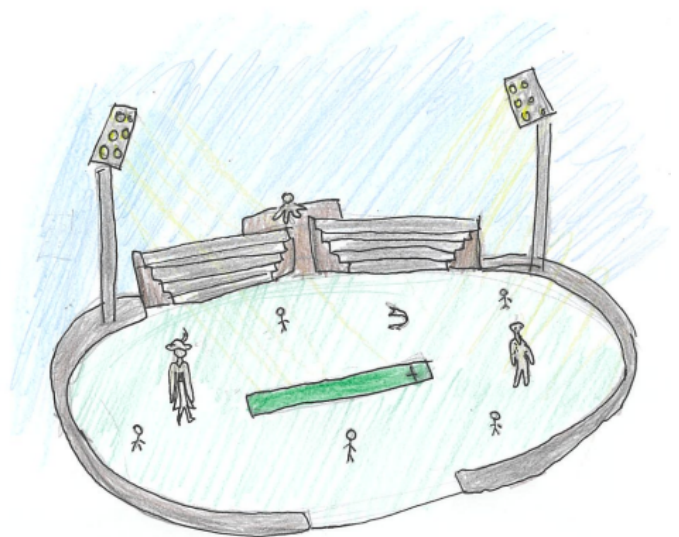
The match lasted four days. Cap'n Dreadful's batting skills could only be matched by General Gerry's, both of them hitting an equal score of 427 runs before they were taken down. No one else even rivalled the score. No one else, that is, until Heath took the bat.

He gently set his Akubra tophat aside, away from the flying dust of the match, and slithered his lean body to lazily wrap around the wooden handle and nod his scaly head at the bowler.

Rumplestiltskin, standing at four-foot-three, having promised his teenage daughter back home he'd bring her a prize, tossed the ball with as much strength as his stumpy arm could muster.

*WHAM!*

The leather ball flew across the grass and into the stands, crashing into the sleeping form of one of the spectators, who jerked awake with an alarmed shout. The Captain and the General stared at the perfect six as Heath slithered in **delight**, but they shook it off. It was just one lucky shot, right?



# Chapter 10

## Unexpected Ending

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Cap'n Dreadful sulked against the mooring bollard, watching the ceremony from a distance. 500 runs. 500! Added to the rest of the point scoring, that put Heath in first place. The 100th Quadrennial Villain Olympics grand trophy went to that...that snake! An appropriate name, he thought scornfully. The Pirate and the General had been so caught up in their own competition they didn't notice Heath slowly creeping up on the points board until he was equal with them. And then, *WHAM!* He'd taken the win. Cap'n Dreadful sighed, looking up at the Jolly Roger hanging limply from the *Old Barnacle's* mast. Even the flag seemed as depressed as he was.

On the other side of the audience, scowling at the crowd congratulating the serpent, General Gerry shook his head in bitter disappointment. He was furious with both himself and the snake for the outcome. Strangely, he discovered he wasn't mad at Cap'n Dreadful, despite how they'd come in at a tie. He craned his neck, looking towards the pirate brooding by the hideous ship he loved so dearly. They'd have to discuss the room situation like adults now. Perhaps a game of artillery-navy-air force would settle it. It was the military version of the children's game rock-paper-scissors. He jumped as he turned back to his tank, lovingly named the *Centurion*, to find himself face to face with the Captain himself. How he'd gotten over the park so quickly with a peg leg was a mystery.

Cap'n Dreadful glared at him, their faces so close their noses almost touched. "This is your fault, ye mouldy rapscallion!"

Immediately, all of the General's anger for the Captain bubbled back up inside him. "My fault? How is this my fault?!"

"You knew you were going to lose so you conspired against me so we both lost!" Cap'n Dreadful growled, his hand resting on his cutlass's handle, itching to be drawn.

General Gerry saw the movement and braced himself for a fight. Both men's blood was beginning to boil, but they were interrupted by a dramatic hiss.

Heath, his tail still curled possessively around his trophy, had slithered up to them and was watching the exchange with a sly look. They stared at him for a long moment as he reared up and began to hiss.

Cap'n Dreadful looked back at the General. "What's 'e saying?"

General Gerry shrugged, bamboozled. If snakes could scowl, Heath did the closest thing to it.

From seemingly nowhere, Heath whipped out two small wooden figures and tossed them on the grass in front of them; a wooden tank, and a wooden pirate ship. Cap'n Dreadful and General Gerry stared, open mouthed, at the models.

"But you-"

"How is that-?"

"I thought you took that!" They finished in unison, pointing at each other.

The snake released the closest thing he could to a wicked laugh and hissed some more, flicking the end of his tail towards his assistant, E-Strada, who waddled it's way over to him. In its sharp, robotic voice, it began to translate.



“Master Heath comes from a long line of troublemakers. When he saw the two of you playing at the Villain’s Community Daycare, he just knew it would be the first

chance he got at making his father proud. He took your toys, and made you both look like fools.”

Cap’n Dreadful scowled, drawing his cutlass and pointing it at Heath. “Arrrghhh, me hearty! We’ve been bamboozled by a reptile!”

General Gerry slumped, leaning down to pick up his old toy tank. He looked at the pirate. “Stay your blade, Captain. We’re beat this time.”

Cap’n Dreadful looked uneasy. The General did not usually give in without a fight. Instead the soldier smiled at him. “What do you say we put all this behind us? This has been one huge misunderstanding. Heath here has won well and truly. How about we share the dorm, and call it a day?”

The pirate was stunned. He had not expected this change of events and he wasn’t sure how to respond.

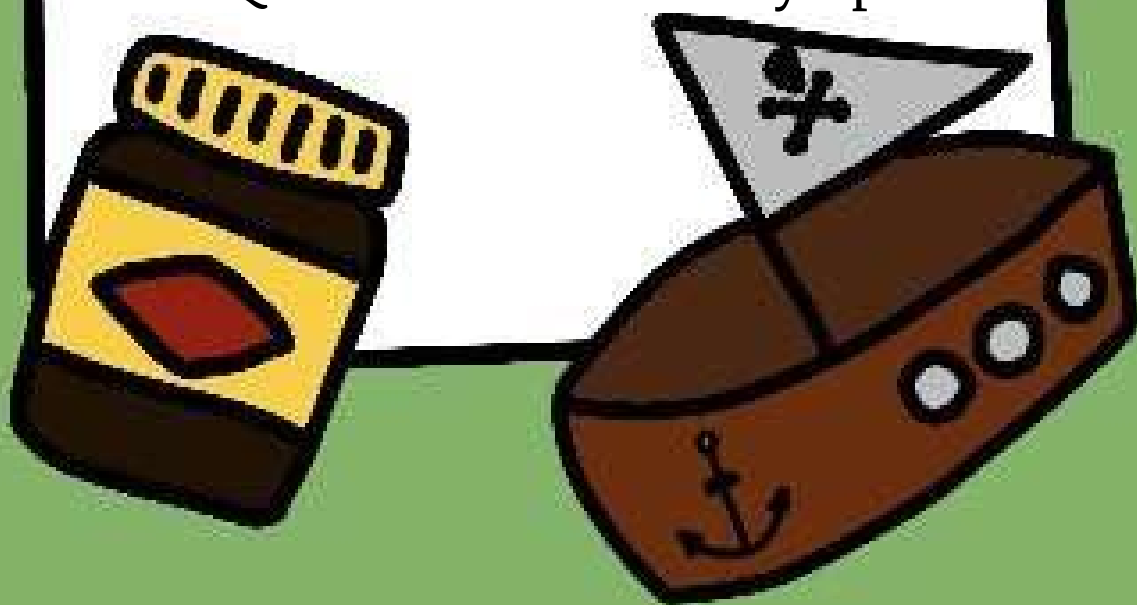
“I....I guess so. I guess that works.”

A bang sounded above them, and they all looked up at the blue and red fireworks exploding in the night sky, signalling the end of the games. Both leaders smiled, holding their childhood toys, watching the night display as the 100th Quadrennial Villain Olympics drew to a close, a new victor crowned.





A crazy competition between the notorious villains Cap'n Dreadful and General Gerry develop while at the Villain Olympics. Will their fighting escalate or will they find similarities? Follow these villains through this story to find who will be crowned the best villain in the 100th Quadrennial Villain Olympics!



**Age recommendation 10-13**