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Opening extract from

Clash of the Worlds 3
House of Secrets

Written by

Chris Columbus, Ned Vizzini and Chris Rylander

Published by

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CLASH OF THE WORLDS

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House of Secrets

House of Secrets: Battle of the Beasts

House of Secrets: Clash of the Worlds

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HOUSE OF SECRETS

CLASH OF THE WORLDS

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HarperCollins *Children's Books*

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For Ned

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Brendan Walker knew this story wasn't going to have a happy ending.

He stood on the beach near his home on Sea Cliff Avenue with his sisters, Cordelia and Eleanor, and stared out at the San Francisco Bay. Not at the whole bay, but rather at the exact spot in the water where they had just seen their friend, a colossus named Fat Jagger, standing a few moments ago.

Cars were stopped on the Golden Gate Bridge. Several people peered over the edge, likely wondering if they had really just seen a massive, fifty-storey tall, overweight version of Mick Jagger in the middle of the San Francisco Bay, howling at the moon.

But it simply couldn't have been possible. Fat Jagger wasn't *real*, at least not in the same way that he and his sisters were. He was just a character in an old novel by Denver Kristoff. Or so Brendan had thought. Then again,

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the Walker children had witnessed enough "impossible" things in the past few months to convince them that literally *anything* was possible.

Most kids would probably run away screaming if they saw a huge colossus wearing a loincloth rise up out of the ocean. Or at the very least, call 911. They certainly wouldn't try to lure the massive giant even closer. But the three Walker children were definitely not like most kids. At least, not any more. Not since they had moved into Kristoff House and found themselves thrown into the magical world of his books – engaged in a seemingly endless battle with the evil Wind Witch, frost beasts, Nazi cyborgs, bloodthirsty pirates, and a variety of other horrors from the depths of the author's imagination.

"Well, now what?" Brendan asked. "We could call my English teacher, Ms Krumbsly, to lure him out. She's still single and almost as big as Fat Jagger. They might make a cute couple?"

His younger sister, Eleanor, slapped his arm. "Bren!" she scolded. "Fat Jagger's our *friend*! You should be nicer to him; he did save our lives a couple of times. Ms Krumbsly is way too mean – I wouldn't even wish her on my worst enemies."

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