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opening extract from

# **Spook School: Revenge of the Stink Monster**

written by

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# Chapter One

## Finding the Invisible Ghost



“Charlie, you’re shaking.”

“So are you!” I shouted back. “You’re shaking and wobbling like a great big jelly.” Then I added, “We’ve faced some terrifying monsters before – but never an invisible ghost.”

Lewis and I are ghosts too, although we’d much rather be called spooks. And we’re in the Spook Squad which is really cool, as it means we get to fly to

# SPOOK SCHOOL

Earth to solve terrifying, ghostly mysteries.

But we've had exams all week. We've been tested on how quickly we can shape-change into snakes and make giant spiders appear out of the air. There's even been a big flying race.

Tonight was our last and toughest exam of all: tracking down an invisible ghost in just five minutes. The ghost would be hiding somewhere inside our school. And right now Lewis and I were flying around, waiting for the signal to be allowed inside.

Then we heard it: an eerie howl.

"Here we go," I said. "We'll find that invisible ghost all right because we're a great team."



“Oh, we’re the best,” said Lewis, grinning at me.

Normally, our school would be full of spooks, floating up and down the long, dusty corridors as they went off to their lessons. There they would learn really important stuff, like how to fly through doors and how to shape-change. But tonight the school was deserted – except for Lewis and me.

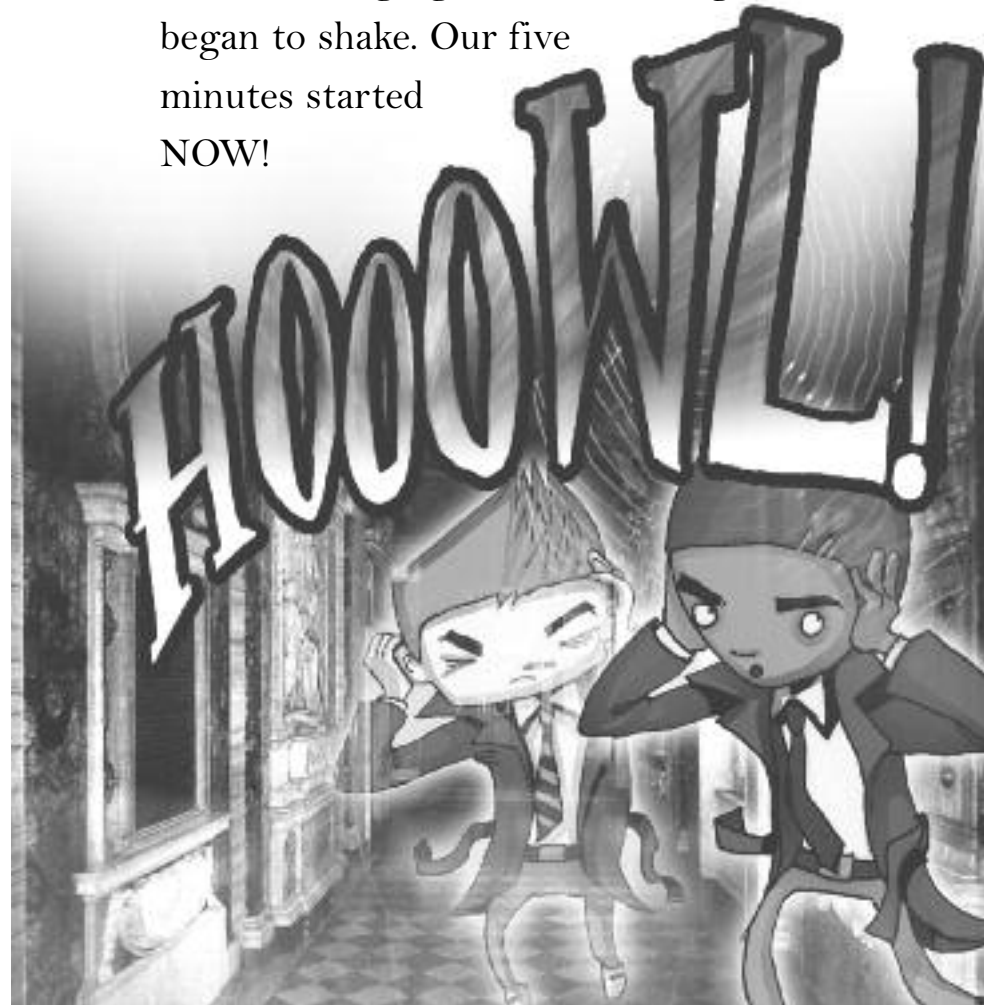
All evening, pairs of spooks had been trying to find this invisible ghost, but so far no one had succeeded. Lewis and I were the last to try.

“The school feels so strange when it’s all quiet and still,” I said.

“But there’s a ghost hiding in here somewhere,” said Lewis. “And we’ve

got to track it down really fast.”

We stood waiting for the signal to start. And then it came: a second howl. Only this one was so loud all the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling began to shake. Our five minutes started NOW!



“Right,” said Lewis. “I’ll try the classrooms on the right; you check the ones on the left. Howl if you see anything. And good luck.”

“We don’t need luck,” I cried, “because we’ve got talent.”

I flew wildly round the classrooms. There’s one big clue to finding an invisible ghost. The air where the ghost is hiding turns much, much colder. So I just had to find a patch of freezing air. That shouldn’t be too hard, should it?

I flew faster and faster round the eerily quiet classrooms. Come on, where was that icy air? But try as I might, I just couldn’t find it. Maybe Lewis had. I listened hard for his howl.

Absolutely nothing. And then suddenly I heard it. I set off at top speed. There was Lewis in the corridor, but instead of looking triumphant, he seemed totally dejected.

“I can’t find the ghost anywhere,” he said.

“Neither can I. And we’re running out of time.”

“Thanks for reminding me,” Lewis snapped. Then he added, “So where can it be? We’ve searched every single room.”

“There’s one room we’ve missed,” I said, “Spookmaster’s Chamber of Horrors.” That’s my nickname for Spookmaster’s study.

Spookmaster is head of Spook School.

And he's the scariest headmaster in the whole universe.

"We can't go into Spookmaster's study," said Lewis.

"I don't see why not," I replied. "We were told the ghost could be anywhere in the school." Then I added, "But I'll go on my own if you like, and then I'll be the only one to get told off."

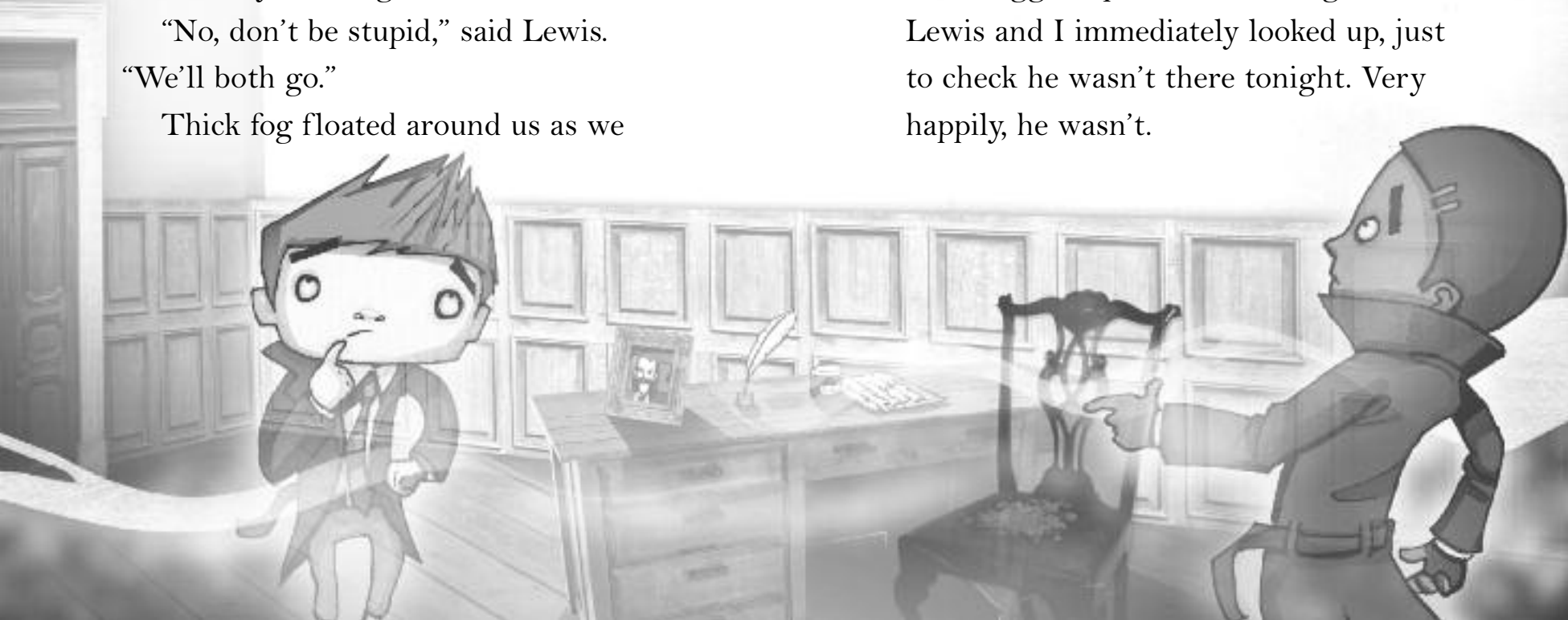
"No, don't be stupid," said Lewis.

"We'll both go."

Thick fog floated around us as we

made our way to Spookmaster's study. We both hesitated.

"In we go," said Lewis, trying to sound confident. We flew through the door. The room was like any head teacher's study – with a huge desk and a large chair. But Spookmaster rarely sat there. He was usually found sitting cross-legged up near the ceiling. Both Lewis and I immediately looked up, just to check he wasn't there tonight. Very happily, he wasn't.



I floated past Spookmaster's desk and stopped in my tracks. "Lewis," I hissed, "the air is really freezing here."

Lewis was across the room like a shot. "So it is," he said, grinning.

We'd found the ghost. Now we just had to trap it.

"Can I do the next bit?" I asked.

"Please?"

"Yeah, all right," Lewis replied a bit reluctantly. "But be quick."

We'd been taught how to do this only last

week. So I'd had very little practice. And I had to get it right.

First, I imagined a large, white star.



Then I said, "Star-shape, show swiftly," which is pretty hard to say when you're as excited as I was.

In a flash, a large, white star appeared just below the ceiling. Then it dropped down to the exact spot where the ghost was hiding.

All at once, the ghost was invisible no longer. A strong, white light now lit up the familiar shape of our very own teacher: Top Ghoul. She smiled at us and said, "Well done, spooks."

Just then a tall figure appeared in the doorway. "Your exam is over!" boomed a familiar voice.

It was Spookmaster.

