

R. L. STINE'S GHOSTS OF FEAR STREET®

NIGHTY
NIGHTMARES . . .

WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING
IN MY GRAVE?



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GHOSTS OF FEAR STREET®

江苏工业学院图书馆
WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING
IN MY GRAVE? 章



Believe me, it isn't easy walking to school with your nose stuck in a book. In two blocks I had already tripped over a curb and bumped into a mailbox.

But I had to finish *Power Kids!*

"The sooner you read it, the sooner you'll be free from terror forever," the cover claimed. And if you know Shadyside, you know why I *needed* to finish the book—fast.

In regular towns you worry about regular things.

In Shadyside you worry about ghosts.

At least I do.

I'm scared of the ghost who wants to play hide-and-seek with kids in the Fear Street woods. I've never seen it myself. But I know people who have.

I'm scared of the burned-out Fear Street mansion. Ghosts have lived there for years and years. At least that's what my friends in school tell me.

And I have nightmares about Fear Street. It's the creepiest street in town—maybe in the whole world. Kevin, my fifteen-year-old brother, says the ghosts that haunt Fear Street are really evil. And horrible things will happen if they catch you.

I think Kevin is really evil. He loves trying to scare me.

But he won't be able to—not after I finish *Power Kids!* Nothing will scare me then. The book guarantees it—or I get my money back.

The kids in my class are going to be pretty upset. They love scaring me, too. Especially on Halloween—which is this Friday, only five days away.

Last Halloween they convinced me that a ghost salesman ran the shoe section in Dalby's Department Store. So I wore high-tops with huge holes in them all winter long. My toes froze.

Sometimes I imagine my friends keeping score. Whoever comes up with the story that scares me the most wins.

I hate it! But I'm almost a Power Kid now. So they'll have to find a new game this Halloween.

"Hey, Zack!" someone yelled.

I didn't bother to glance up from my book. It was Chris Hassler—one of my friends from school.

Chris and I are really different. Chris is short and chubby. He has bright red, curly hair and lots of freckles. Chris is usually laughing—or seems as if he's about to.

I do not look as if I'm about to burst out laughing. Big surprise, right? My grandmother says I have "very serious" eyes, like all the men in the Pepper family.

I have straight brown hair and I'm much taller than Chris. In fact, I'm the tallest kid in the fifth grade.

"Hey, Zack, wait up!" Chris called.

I kept my eyes glued to *Power Kids!* and walked faster.

Chris grabbed my arm as I hurried by his front gate. "Didn't you hear me?" he asked.

"Of course I heard you." I jerked my arm away. "I was trying to ignore you."

I crammed *Power Kids!* into my book bag as fast as I could. Chris would laugh his guts out if he spotted it.

"What are you hiding in there?" Chris demanded.

"Something my grandmother gave me for my birthday last week," I said.

"Your grandmother didn't give you any book! She gave you those polka-dot socks. I was at your party. Remember?"

"How could I forget?"

Chris grinned. "Come on. The snake I gave you was a cool present. I can't help it if you thought it was real. And you screamed your head off."

I reached into my backpack and pulled out the slimy rubber snake. "Well, it could have been real!" I shook it in his face.

Chris slapped the snake away. "If you hate it so much, how come you're carrying it around?"

"So I never forget how everyone laughed when I threw the box across the room," I explained. "Every time I see that snake, it will remind me not to let anyone scare me. Ever. Especially you." I returned the rubber snake to my backpack.

"Aw, come on, Zack," Chris whined. "Can't you take one little joke?"

"It's not one little joke," I insisted. "It's a lot of big jokes. Only they're not funny. They're mean!"

"It's not like I *tried* to be mean." Chris sounded hurt.

"Yeah, right." I snorted. "You thought I *wanted* to make a fool of myself at my own party."

"I'm sorry, Zack," he said quietly. "You're my best friend. And I really need to talk to you about something. Something serious."

"What?" I asked.

Chris slowly walked back toward his front door, his head down. He sat on the steps. I followed him.

"It's about a dog," Chris began. He talked so low I could hardly hear him. "I'm really worried about it."

"You're worried about a dog?" I said.

Chris peered left, then right. To see if anyone was listening. Then he whispered, "This isn't a regular dog. It's a ghost dog."

"A ghost dog!" I glared at Chris. "I know what you're trying to—"

"I'm not kidding this time," Chris interrupted. "I'm not. And I'm really scared."

Remember the snake, Zack, I told myself. Remember the snake. But then I noticed Chris's hands. They were trembling. Now I felt bad for being suspicious. "Okay," I said. "Tell me about it."

"Well, about a week ago we started hearing a dog howling in the middle of the night. We

searched for it. But we never found it. Then last night, my dad . . .” Chris hesitated.

“What?” I demanded.

“Last night my dad ~~was~~ taking the garbage out. And the ghost dog lunged for him.” Chris swallowed hard.

“Why do you think it’s a *ghost* dog?” I asked.

Chris inhaled deeply. “Dad used the garbage can lid to shield himself—but the dog jumped right through it.

Now my hands began to tremble.

“Wh-what does the ghost dog look like?” I stammered.

“It’s pure white, with a big black spot on one side,” Chris replied.

“Dad’s sure the dog will be back tonight. And I’m really afraid.”

Chris had barely finished his sentence when we heard it.

Howling.

I jerked my head up—and there it was. Coming right at me. A white dog. With a big black spot on its side.

The ghost dog!

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The ghost dog growled. A mean growl. Then he leaped on top of me and knocked me down. The back of my head hit the top step with a thud.

A drop of the dog's hot saliva dripped down my neck.

I squeezed my eyes shut. I'm dead meat. Dead meat.

"Here, boy!" Chris yelled.

My eyes shot wide open. Chris stood over me, hugging the ghost dog.

"Gotcha!" he cried. "This is my cousin's dog. We're keeping him while my cousin's on vacation!"

I jumped up and grabbed my backpack off the porch. I couldn't think of anything rotten enough to call Chris Hassler. So I spun around and left.

"Zack!" Chris yelled. "You're not really mad, are you?"

I slammed the gate behind me. That's it, I ordered myself. No more falling for stupid ghost stories. Not from Chris. Not from my brother, Kevin. Not from anybody.

I hurried down the street. I noticed jack-o'-lanterns on some porches. And the big oak tree near the corner of Hawthorne Street had little strips of white sheets blowing from its branches.

This Halloween nothing is going to scare me. Nothing.

Chris raced after me. "How long are you going to hold a grudge this time?" he asked, panting.

"Go away," I snapped.

We turned the corner and I spotted the back of my best friend, Marcy Novi. She was headed toward school. Marcy sits in front of me in Miss Prescott's class. Which explains why I'm so good at recognizing her from the back.

I trotted up to her. Chris followed.

"Hi, guys," Marcy said. "Zack, what happened to your jacket?" She pointed to my sleeve.

I stared down. A jagged tear ran from my wrist to my elbow.

"Zack saved my life this morning," Chris answered before I could say anything. "He's a hero."

"Really?" Marcy asked, all excited.

"Yep," Chris said. "Zack rescued me from a ghost dog."

Marcy shook her head. "Another dumb joke, huh? And you fell for it, Zack?"

I shrugged.

Marcy doesn't make fun of people. That's one of the reasons she's my best friend. She's a good listener, too. I can really talk to her when something is bugging me.

The three of us hurried up the block and into school. As we reached Miss Prescott's class, the door flew open. Debbie Steinfeld burst into the hallway. Debbie's the shortest girl in the class. She tries to make up for it by having the biggest hair.

"Aren't you supposed to be going in the other direction?" Marcy asked. "The bell is about to ring."

Debbie shook her head. Her hair whipped my face. "We have a substitute teacher today. She wants new chalk from the supply closet."

"What happened to Miss Prescott?" I asked.

"I don't know," Debbie answered. "Sick, I guess."

Chris grinned. "A substitute. Cool. Let's all drop our books on the floor at nine-thirty. And then—"

"No way," I interrupted.

"But that's what substitutes are for," Chris said. "Don't be such a dweeb."

"Me? A dweeb? Do you think I'm a dweeb, Marcy?" I asked.

"Well, I can't picture you giving a substitute a hard time," Marcy said. "But that doesn't make you a dweeb."

"I bet even Chris will be nice to this sub." Debbie lowered her voice. "She's creepy."

"What do you mean?" I asked. I slid my hand into my backpack and touched the rubber snake. Careful, I told myself.

"I think she's a ghost, Zack," Debbie whispered.

"What's going on?" I demanded. "Is everyone trying to get a head start on Halloween—the official Scare Zack Day? Well, forget it. It's not working."

"But the substitute does look like a ghost," Debbie insisted, her eyes growing wide. "Her skin is so white, you can practically see through it. It's totally weird."

"Then I can't wait to get to class." I pushed past them. "Weird is what I like from now on."

I flung open the door to our classroom.

I choked back a scream.

Our new teacher *was* a ghost.

3



The substitute didn't have a face. Only two dark spots where her eyes should be. And she hovered above the floor.

I glanced around the classroom. Why didn't any of the other kids appear to be scared?

I focused on the substitute again. A veil! She's wearing a veil. That's why I thought she didn't have a face.

And she's not floating. She's wearing a fluffy white skirt that hangs to the floor. And white shoes.

And shiny white gloves. Nothing frightening about that. Strange, yes. Scary, no.

I took a deep breath and crossed the room to my desk. I felt pretty proud of myself. I had managed not to scream. And not to run away. I had remained calm and found the explanation.

Yes! I thought. I am a Power Kid.

I watched the substitute slowly reach up and remove her hat and veil. Her face was very wrinkled. And very pale. It was almost as white as her clothes. And it seemed sort of frozen.

Her scalp showed through her thin white hair. She must be a hundred years old, I thought.

Chris, Marcy, and Debbie entered the room as the bell rang.

"Good morning, boys and girls," the substitute began. "My name is Miss Gaunt. I'll be your teacher until Miss Prescott is feeling better. She's probably going to be out for the entire week. Perhaps in art class we can make a get-well card for her. Now please stand for the Pledge of Allegiance."

As soon as we finished the pledge, Miss Gaunt reached into the top drawer of the desk for Miss Prescott's attendance book.

"Abernathy, Danny," she called in a high, trembly voice.

"Here."

"Here?" she asked as she scanned the room.

"Just here? In my day young boys and girls always addressed their elders by name."

"Here, Miss Gaunt," Danny replied.

"Oh, that's much better, Danny," she said happily.

Miss Gaunt called more names. I noticed that she took the time to say something to each kid after she checked them off in the book.

"Hassler, Christopher."

"Here, Miss Gaunt," Chris called.

"What a good, clear voice you have, Chris," Miss Gaunt commented.

She continued to read out the names. I wonder what she'll say when she gets to me?

"Novi, Marcy."

"Here, Miss Gaunt," Marcy answered.

Miss Gaunt glanced up at Marcy. "What lovely hair you have, my dear."

"Thank you, Miss Gaunt."

"Pepper, Zachariah."

"Here, Miss Gaunt," I said.

"Zachariah. Such a lovely old-fashioned name." She closed her eyes and sighed.

"Everyone calls me Zack, Miss Gaunt," I told her. "Even my mom and dad."

"But you won't mind if I call you Zachariah,

will you?" she asked. "You'll be making an old woman very happy, you know."

I felt my ears turn hot. They always do that when I'm embarrassed.

"Sure," I mumbled.

Chris turned around in his seat, grinning at me. And mouthing one word over and over. I didn't have to be an expert lip-reader to know the word was *dweeb*.

When Miss Gaunt finished calling roll, she strolled up and down the aisles. She seemed to be studying us.

As she walked along the last row, next to the windows, a horrible squeaking sound filled the classroom. It made my teeth ache. What is that noise? I wondered.

I glanced over to the window ledge where Homer sits. Homer is our class hamster. He was running on his treadmill. I'd never seen him move so fast. The metal wheel squeaked louder and louder as he ran faster and faster.

What's wrong with him? I thought. We named Homer after Homer Simpson because he's such a couch potato. Walking to his food dish is his total exercise.

That's probably why the wheel is squeaking so much, I realized. It's never been used.