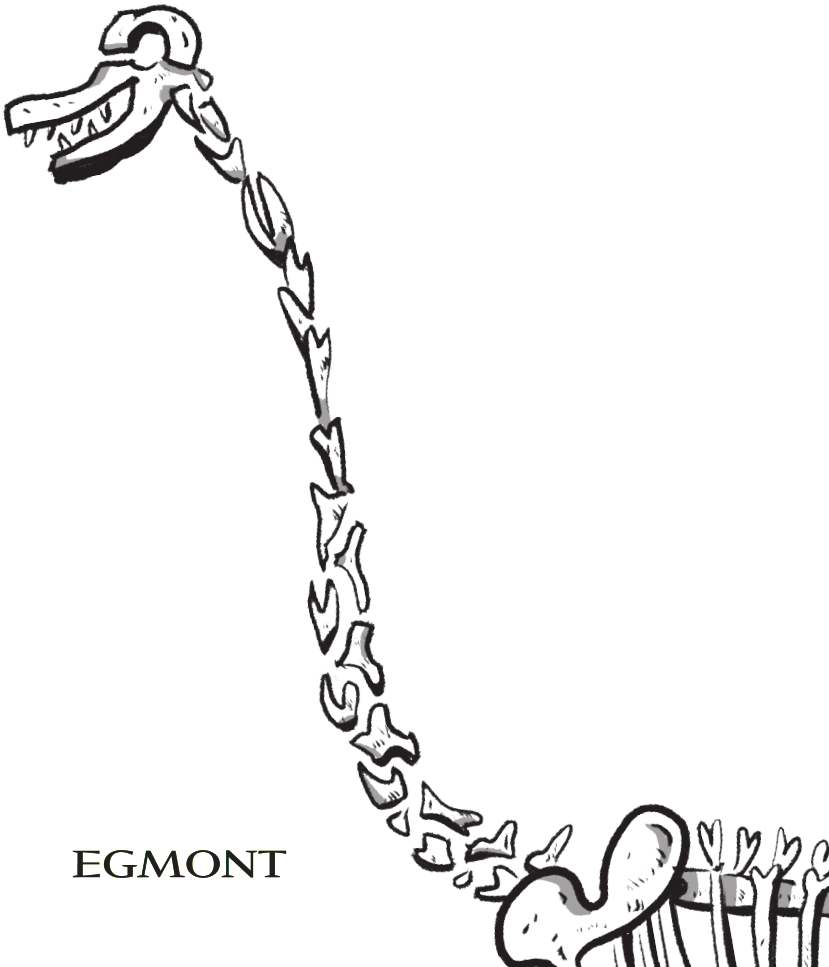
# SAM WU is NOT afraid of ZOMBIES



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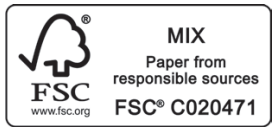
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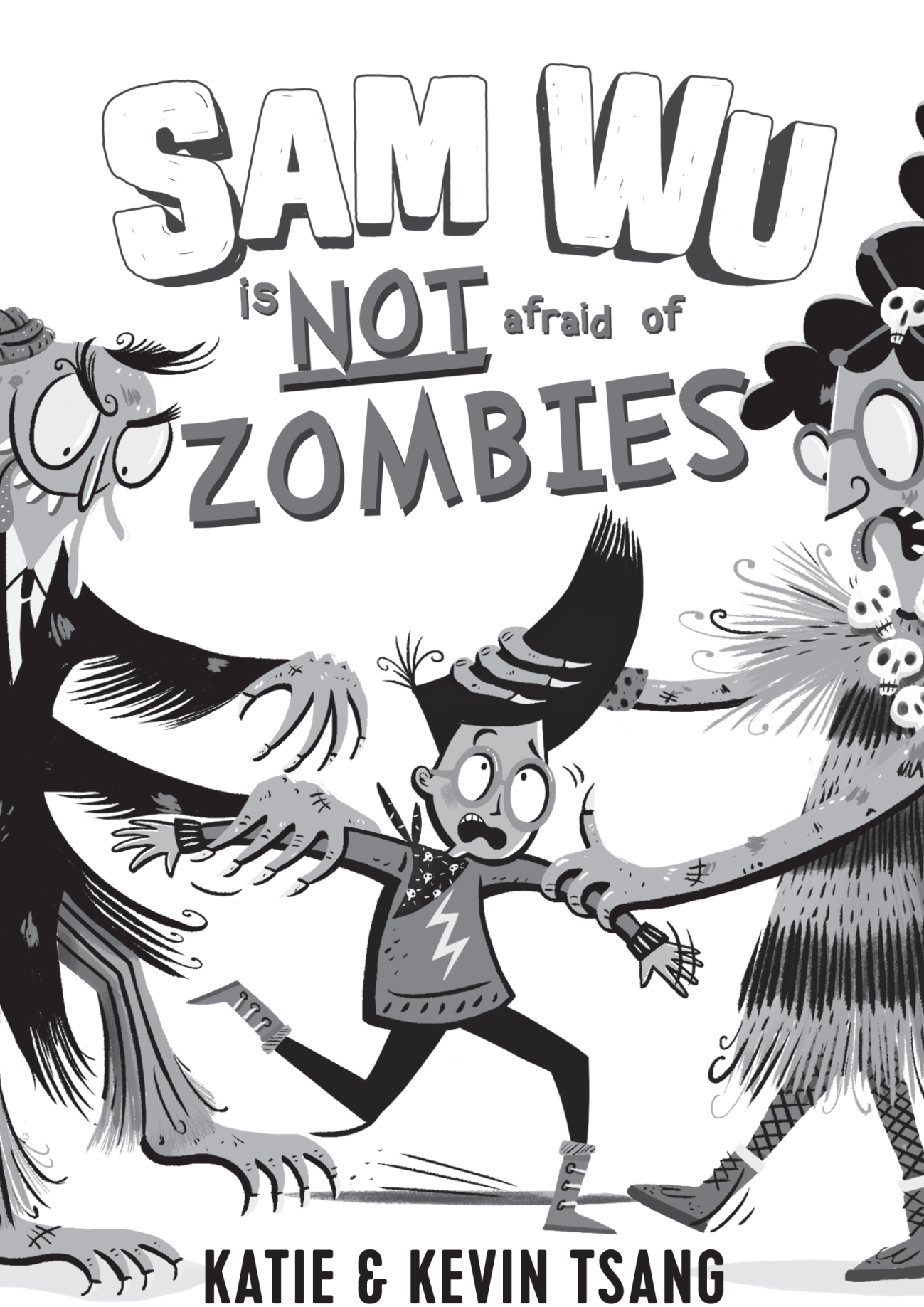
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# SAM WU is NOT afraid of ZOMBIES



KATIE & KEVIN TSANG
Illustrated by Nathan Reed

FOR OUR DAUGHTER, EVIE

-Katie & Kevin Tsang

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# CHAPTER 1

## THE TIME HAS COME

My name is **Sam Wu** and I am **NOT** afraid of zombies. Not zombie werewolves, not mummy zombies, or any other kind of zombies.

I'll admit that I had to work my way up to not being afraid of zombies. I don't actually know if there is anything scarier than an undead zombie chasing you and your friends.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.



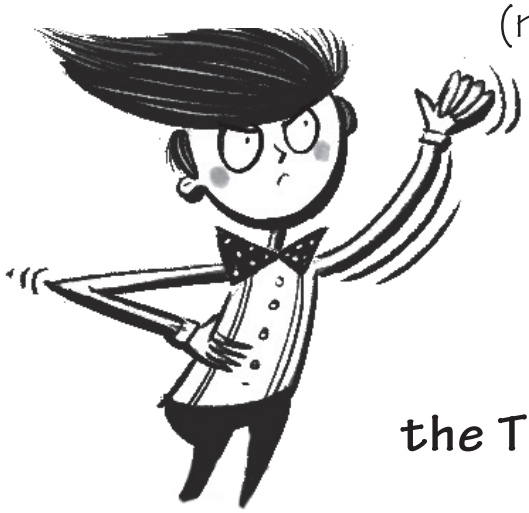

Before I faced the zombies, I'd already come face to face with ghosts, sharks,



the dark, and spiders. And I'd proven again and again, how **NOT** afraid I was.

Little did I know this was all to prepare me for my greatest challenge yet.

Because not only are zombies the **SCARIEST** thing I've ever faced (not that I'm afraid of them) but on top of everything, I had to work together with my greatest nemesis.



**Ralph Philip Zinkerman the Third.**

Ralph was the reason I had to prove I was brave in the first place. He was the one who started calling me Scaredy Cat Sam when the incident that will *never be spoken of again*[1] happened at

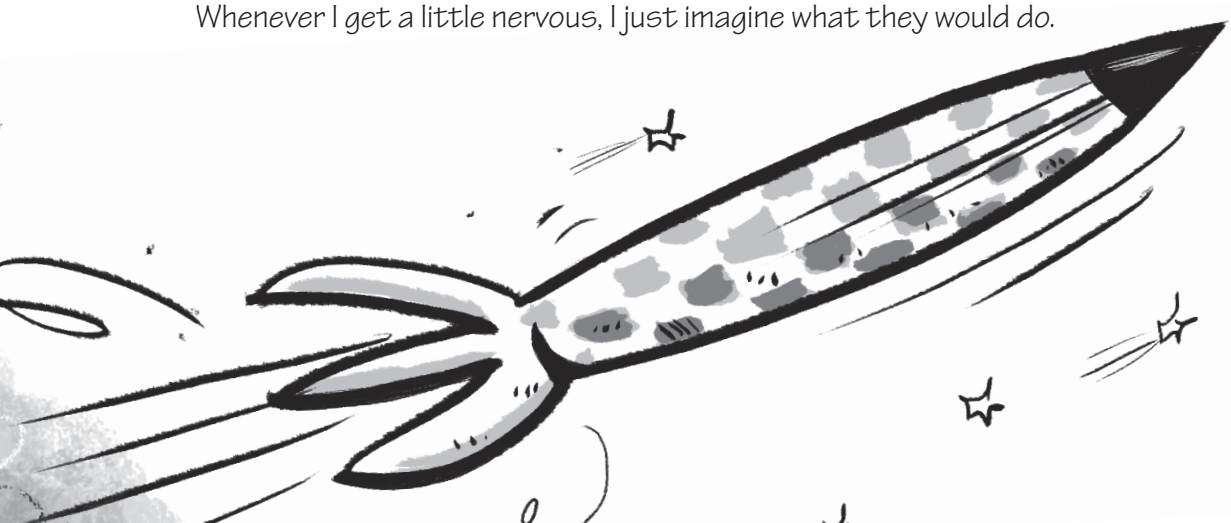
[1] All you need to know about that is it involved an Astro Blast simulator, the Ghost King, and me being very brave despite a pair of slightly wet pants.

the Space Museum.

But then after the *incident*, Ralph and I had to work together to face the dark, and Ralph even became a part of my very own SPACE BLASTERS crew[2]. But that didn't make us best buddies or anything like that. It's a little confusing when your nemesis suddenly becomes part of your team. Or when they suddenly need your



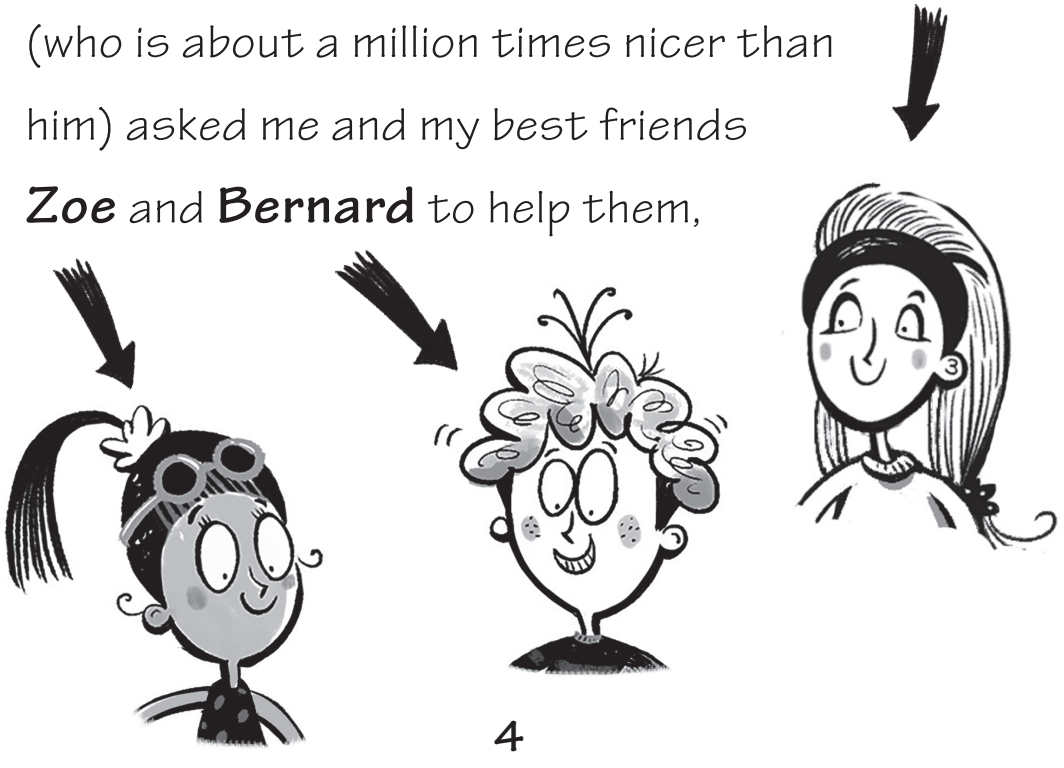

[2] SPACE BLASTERS is the greatest show in the entire universe! It's about **Spaceman Jack** and **Captain Jane** and all the adventures they have on their spaceship TUBS, which stands for The Universe's Best Spaceship. Whenever I get a little nervous, I just imagine what they would do.

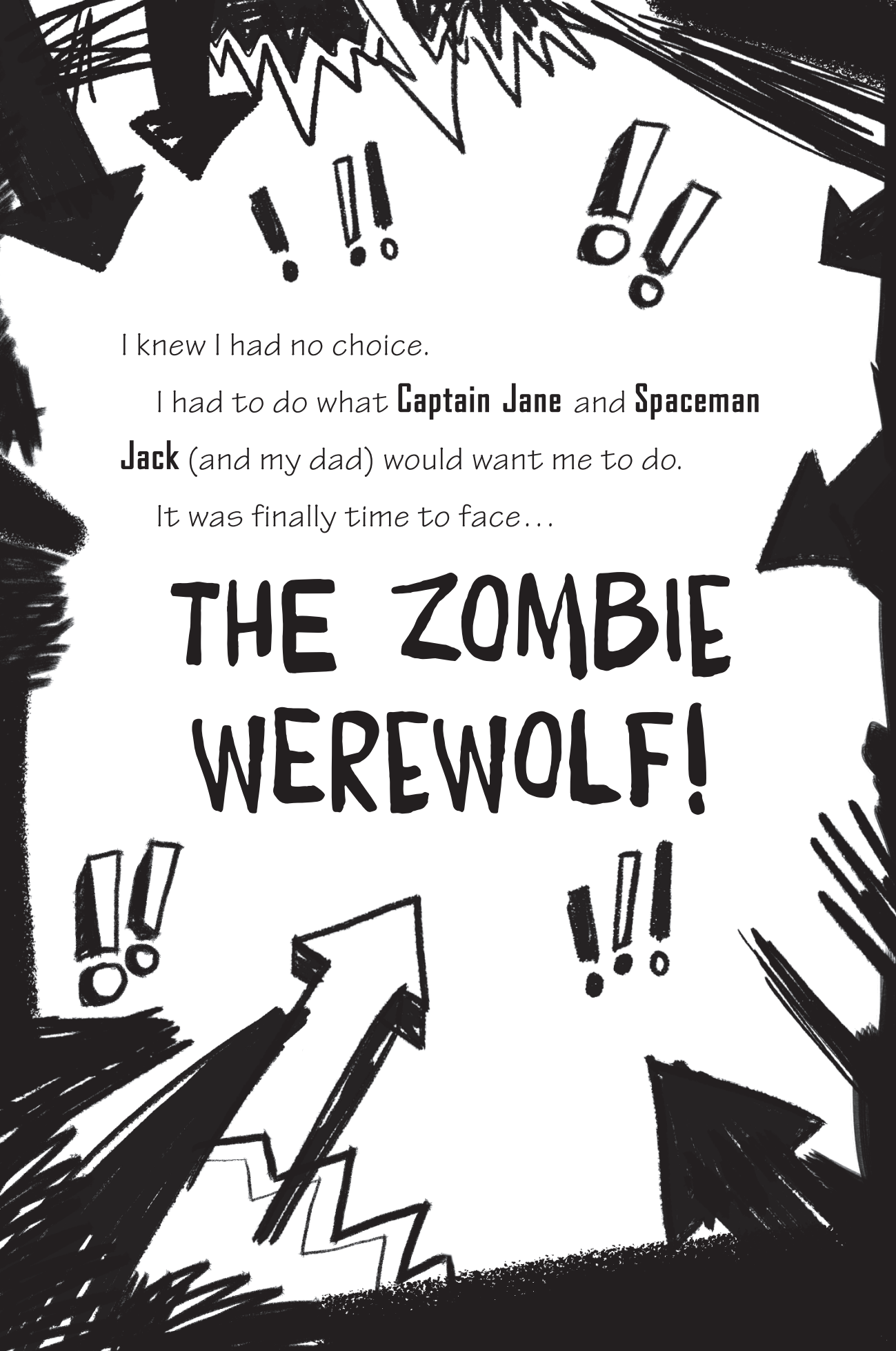


help with something. But as **Captain Jane** from SPACE BLASTERS always says, you never know who might turn out to be an ally in a time of need.

I think that is also what my dad means when he says it's important to 'be the bigger person'. He doesn't actually mean be **BIGGER**, which is what I thought when he first told me that.

So when Ralph and his twin sister **Regina** (who is about a million times nicer than him) asked me and my best friends **Zoe** and **Bernard** to help them,




I knew I had no choice.
I had to do what Captain Jane and Spaceman Jack (and my dad) would want me to do.
It was finally time to face…
THE ZOMBIE WEREWOLF!





# CHAPTER 2

## CONFESSIONS IN THE CRAFT CORNER

It all started when I noticed that Ralph and Regina kept falling asleep in class.

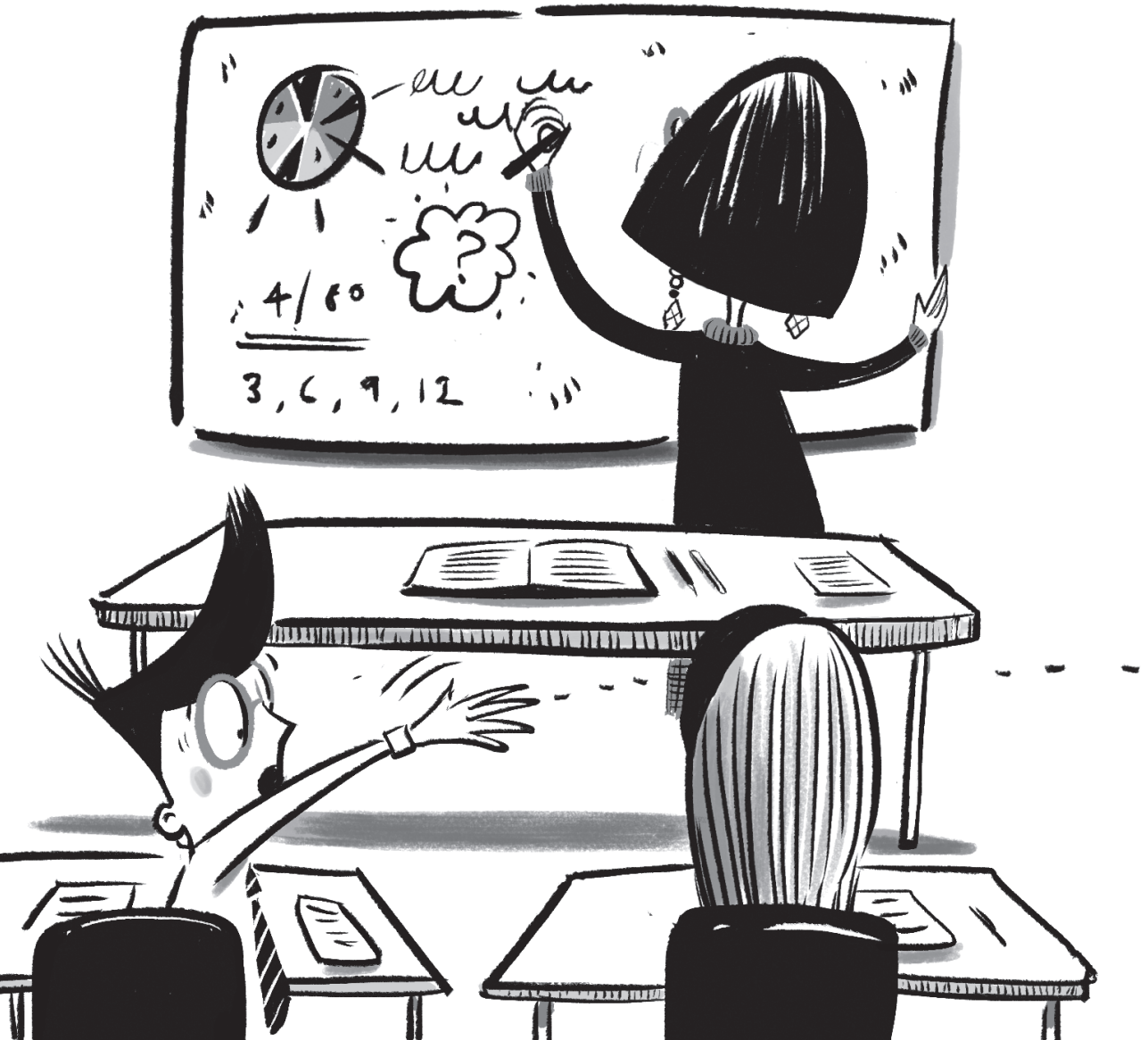
Ralph might be my nemesis, but I didn't want Regina to get in trouble, so I threw a balled-up piece of paper at her head to wake her up. It just bounced off her, and she kept sleeping.

"Regina!" I whispered as loud as I dared. Nothing. Ralph drooled a little bit next to her.

"Regina!" I tried again. No response.

When our teacher Ms Winkleworth turned back to the board, I threw an eraser at Regina.

Unfortunately, I don't have great aim. The eraser hit Ralph instead.



"Ow!" he said, jolting awake and rubbing the back of his head. Regina must have heard him, because she woke up too, blinking sleepily. Ralph looked around and saw me staring straight at him. Then he threw the eraser back, *way* harder than I had.

"Ow!" I said, as the eraser hit me in the nose.

"What is going on?" said Ms Winkleworth, who had turned around just in time to see the eraser bounce off my nose. "Ralph, are you throwing things?"

"Sam Wu threw his eraser at me first!" said Ralph.

Sam, is that true?" said Ms Winkleworth.



I wanted to explain that it was because Ralph and Regina had been sleeping and I was trying to help, but I didn't want to be a tattler (even though Ralph had just told on me). So I tried to be the bigger person and just shrugged. "It was an accident," I said. "It just . . . flew out of my hands. Like magic."

"Maybe it was a ghost!" said Bernard, who always has my back. He is one of my best friends and is the smartest person I know. He's basically a walking dictionary.

"*Exactly*," I said, giving Ms Winkleworth my most serious face.

Ms Winkleworth sighed. "Sam, erasers don't just fly out of people's hands," she said. Then she went and wrote both of our names on the board and circled them. "You two will

both have to stay inside today at break and help tidy the craft corner."

"That's not fair," Ralph whined. "Sam Wu started it."

"Well, next time you should both think twice about throwing erasers in class," said Ms Winkleworth.

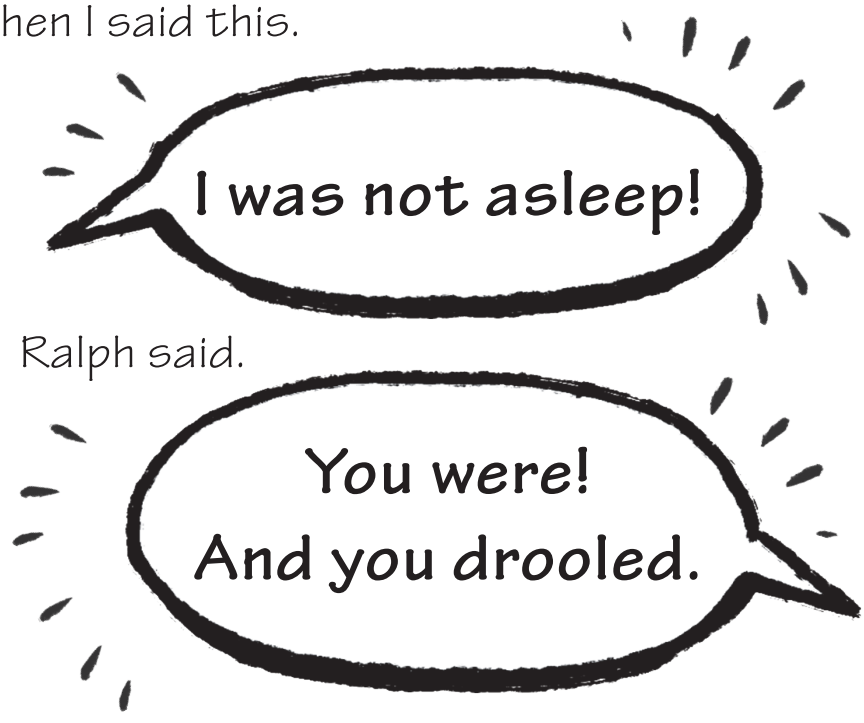


And that was how I found myself in the craft corner with my nemesis, Ralph Zinkerman the Third.

"You should do the tidying," he said when Ms Winkleworth was at her desk going through some papers. "This is your fault!"

"I was trying to help you!" I spluttered. "Well, I was trying to help Regina, but you were asleep too! I could have told on you, you know.

But I didn't." I held my head a little higher when I said this.




"I do **NOT** drool," Ralph said with a snort. He is the master of snorts.

"You did," I said. Then I frowned. "Why are you both so tired?"

Ralph sighed and sat down. "None of your business," he said as he held back a yawn. "And I'm not tired."

"I'm just trying to help," I said.

"Why?" said Ralph suspiciously.

I had to think about that one. It was true, Ralph was my nemesis. He *always* made fun of me in front of everyone and he called me names like Scaredy Cat Sam and Sam Wu-ser (which he thinks is funny because he makes my last name sound like loser).

But even if Ralph wasn't always my friend, Regina was. And I had a feeling that whatever was bothering Ralph would be bothering her too. Plus, I'd learned from SPACE BLASTERS that sometimes being a good Captain is checking in on all of your crew, even the ones you don't like as much.

"Because we're in the same crew," I said.

Ralph snorted (like I said, he is the master

of snorts) and rolled his eyes. "That was one camping trip in the woods," he said. "And don't think it means we're best friends or anything now. Because we're not."

"Suit yourself," I said, and turned to organize some paint brushes. I tried to whistle too, to show how much I wasn't bothered, but I don't know how to whistle, so instead I kind of just blew air out of my mouth and hooted a bit.

"Why are you making train noises?" Ralph said. "You are so weird."

"I'm just whistling," I said. "Minding my own business."

Ralph scowled. "Fine! I'll tell you. Regina will probably tell you anyway. She's convinced that you and your friends are the only ones who can help us. I don't know why."

"Really?" I said, standing up a little straighter. It was nice to feel appreciated.

Ralph paused and then looked around to make sure nobody could hear him. "Do you remember what Regina said is trapped in our basement?"

I gulped. Ralph couldn't be talking about what I thought he was talking about . . . could he?

"You don't mean . . . " I couldn't even say it.



Ralph nodded solemnly.

"It's louder than ever. We can't sleep at night because we're worried it's going to get out."

I gulped again.

"And eat us," he added, in case it wasn't clear. "We don't know what to do."

"Well," I said, trying to show how brave I was even though I was starting to sweat, "the first thing we need to do is to get everyone in our crew back together if we're going to face . . . **THE ZOMBIE WEREWOLF**."

