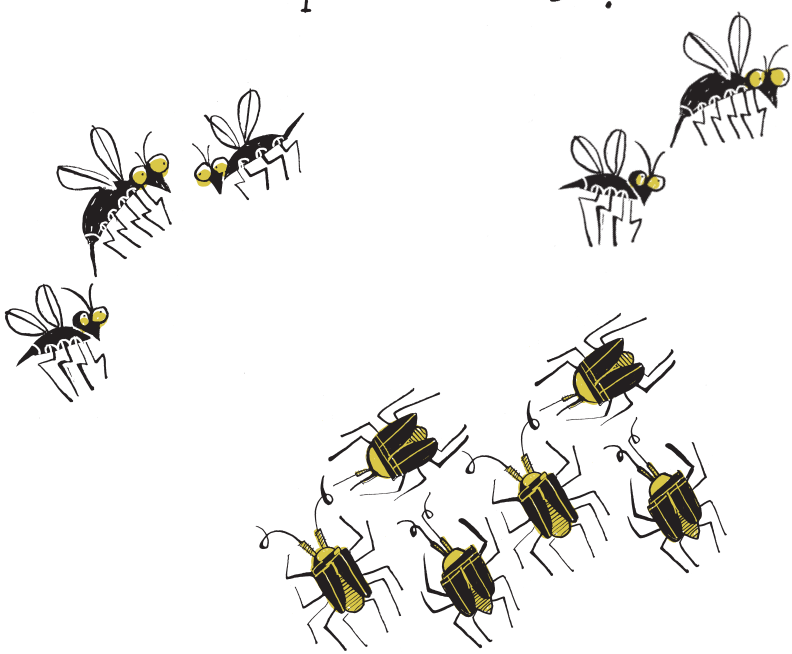
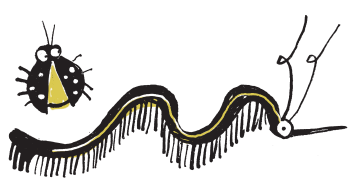


Welcome to Camp Croak!



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GHOST SCOUTS

Welcome to Camp Croak!

taylor dolan



GUPPY BOOKS

Mom, thank you for being the "YAY" to my "BOO". I wish more folks were as genuinely kind as you are, it would be a much better world. Dad, thank you for thinking Ghost Scouts was a good idea even when it wasn't. And for getting us a dog, even though you have allergies. You are lovely. Ness, thank you for bringing so much joy and laughter to everything you do, and for teaching me with true patience. Bella, thank you for changing my life and taking on this zany story. And Pam, thank you for being you. I can't wait to read the next beautiful, creepy book you make.

GHOST SCOUTS: WELCOME TO CAMP CROAK!
is a GUPPY BOOK

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For my sissy, Lexie.
I was going to name the main character Lemon,
but my editor thought it sounded a little
too weird. So, I stole your name instead.







chapter one

THE SKELETON IN MY CLOSET

If you're getting ready to read this book – even after looking at the title and the real weird cover drawings – then you just *might* be ready for the truth.

Grams says I have to stress the word *might*, as I have seen a fair few





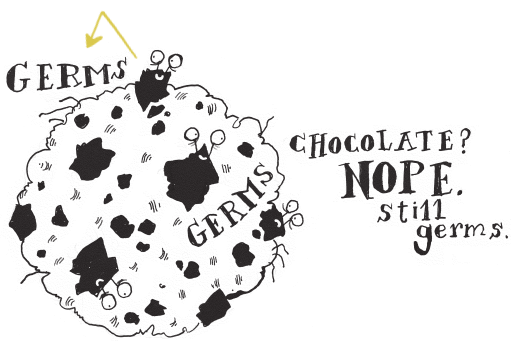
folks pick up my book, panic, and run away flapping like headless chickens.

Grown-ups are the worst for it. The older you are, the more scared you get of *everything*. It's a fact of life. And let me tell you something they don't want us to know. Grown-ups are scared

ALL. THE. TIME.

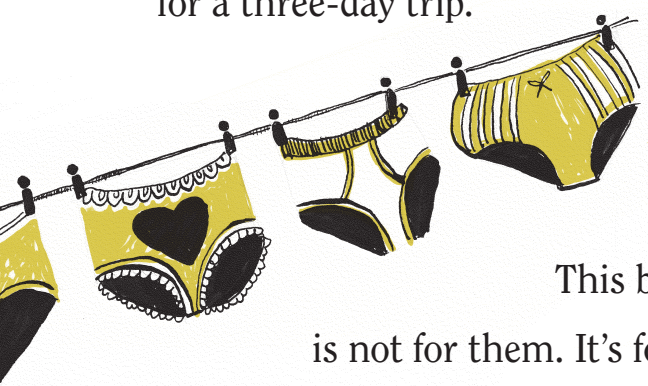
That's why their hair is grey and they get all them face wrinkles. It's all that *scared* drying them up from the inside out, like a prune.

They are terrified the perfectly good chocolate chunk cookie that just fell on the bathroom floor is now full of deadly germs.



Worried that other grown-ups sit around judging them at dinner parties they weren't invited to.

They are even afraid that when they go away for the weekend, they might experience a ‘worst case scenario’. Watch a grown-up next time they are chucking stuff in a suitcase, you’ll see. Nobody needs ten pairs of underwear for a three-day trip.



This book is not for them. It’s for people like YOU. People who might look ordinary from the outside, but have something special burbling up beneath their skin. You don’t have to



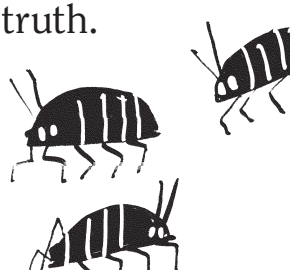
be brave, you just have to *want* to be brave. That's half the battle fought, right there.

So here it is. Take a deep breath, sit down and maybe put on some of that calming music, because it's honest-to-goodness genuine truth time and the things you don't know could probably fill a whole museum.



GHOSTS are REAL.

Same as vampires, chupacabras, radish monsters, sea beasties, swamp Ghosts and Bigfoot. I swear on the life of my Grams and her five fat cats, I am telling you the whole truth.



After all, I should know.

My

best friend

is

A WEREWOLF.

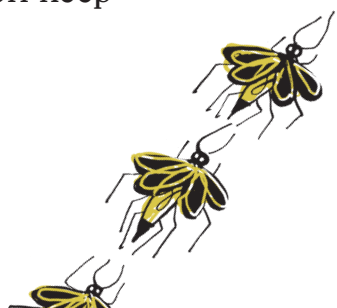




Chapter two

NOT ALL THOSE WHO WANDER ARE LOST, ESPECIALLY IF THEY BROUGHT GPS

My Grams always told me that on those days when the whole world seems a bit more bonkers than normal: look around you and count the facts. Facts help a person keep their feet on the ground.





My name is Lexie. It's short for Alexandra, but don't even think about calling me that. You can also call me the very best number one storyteller in Shreveport, I got me a ribbon to prove it.









My Grams is the best person in the whole wide world. Even if her house smells like cat pee. You might think this is an opinion, but I'm saying it's a fact. So there.



Somehow, something went very wrong this morning.

Maybe it was my fault for reading in the car when I was supposed to be Map Captain. Or maybe it happened when

me and Grams got really into singing Dolly Parton and neither of us noticed the big ol' warning sign. Whoever's fault it was, we definitely took a wrong turn somewhere.



And now, I am standing *here*. All by myself. Having a sneaky suspicion. And that sneaky suspicion is making my face sweat and my stomach feel like it is full of evil butterflies.

I think Grams has dropped me off at the wrong summer camp . . .

