Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

Spook School: Horror from the Deep

written by

Pete Johnson

illustrated by

Tom Percival

published by

STRIPES PUBLISHING

An imprint of Magi Publications

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.



For my nephew Harry, who is
an expert on octopuses ~ PJ

For Ethan, you're too young to read just yet,
but still, this one's for you! ~ TP



STRIPES PUBLISHING
An imprint of Magi Publications
1 The Coda Centre, 189 Munster Road,
London SW6 6AW

A paperback original
First published in Great Britain in 2010

Text copyright © Pete Johnson, 2010
Illustrations copyright © Tom Percival, 2010

ISBN: 978-1-84715-121-6

The right of Pete Johnson and Tom Percival to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work respectively has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

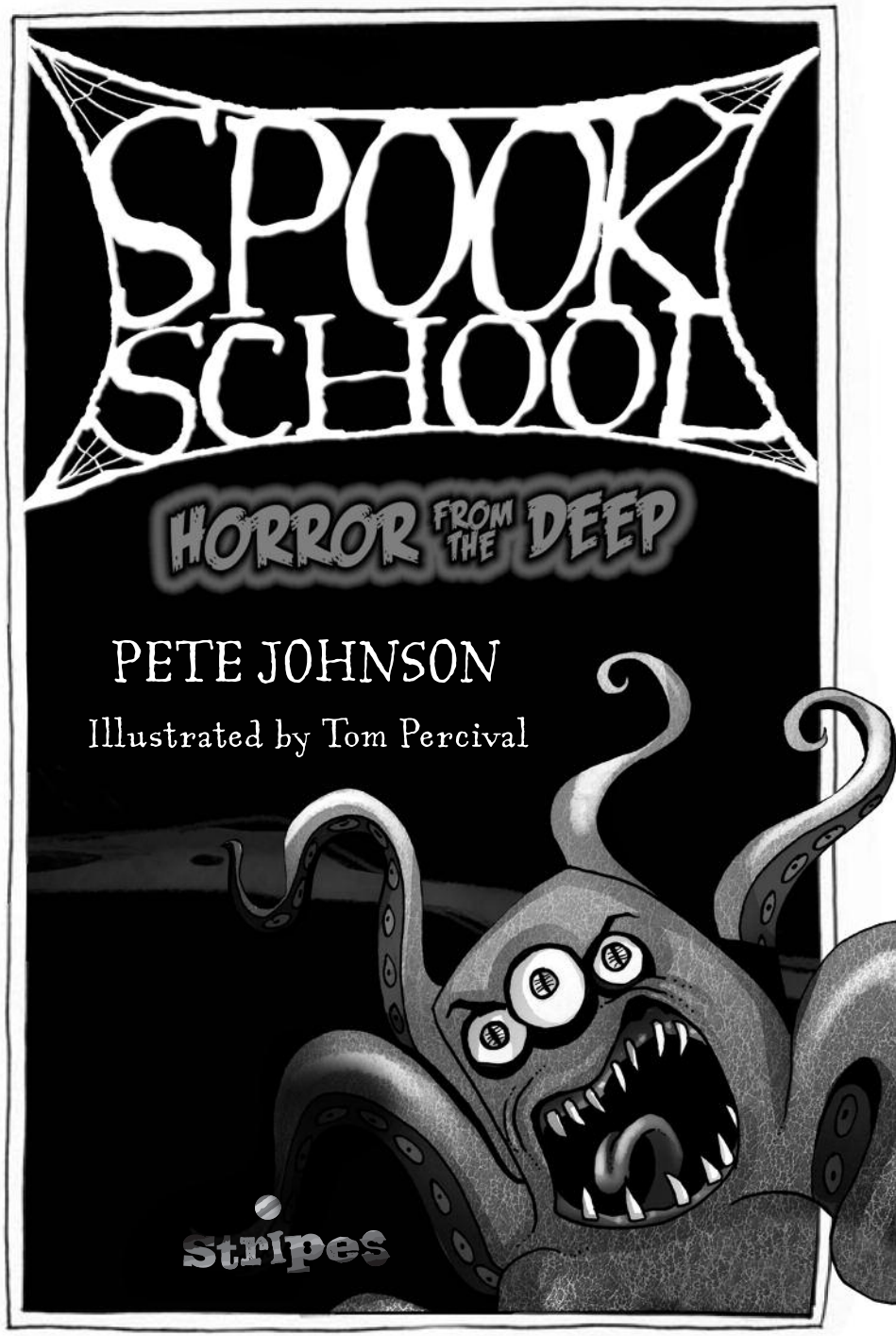
All rights reserved.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition, including this condition, being imposed upon the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound in the UK.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Collect all the
Spook School titles:

LAIR OF THE MOTHMAN

Curse of the Rat-beast

Chapter One
On the Ghost Train

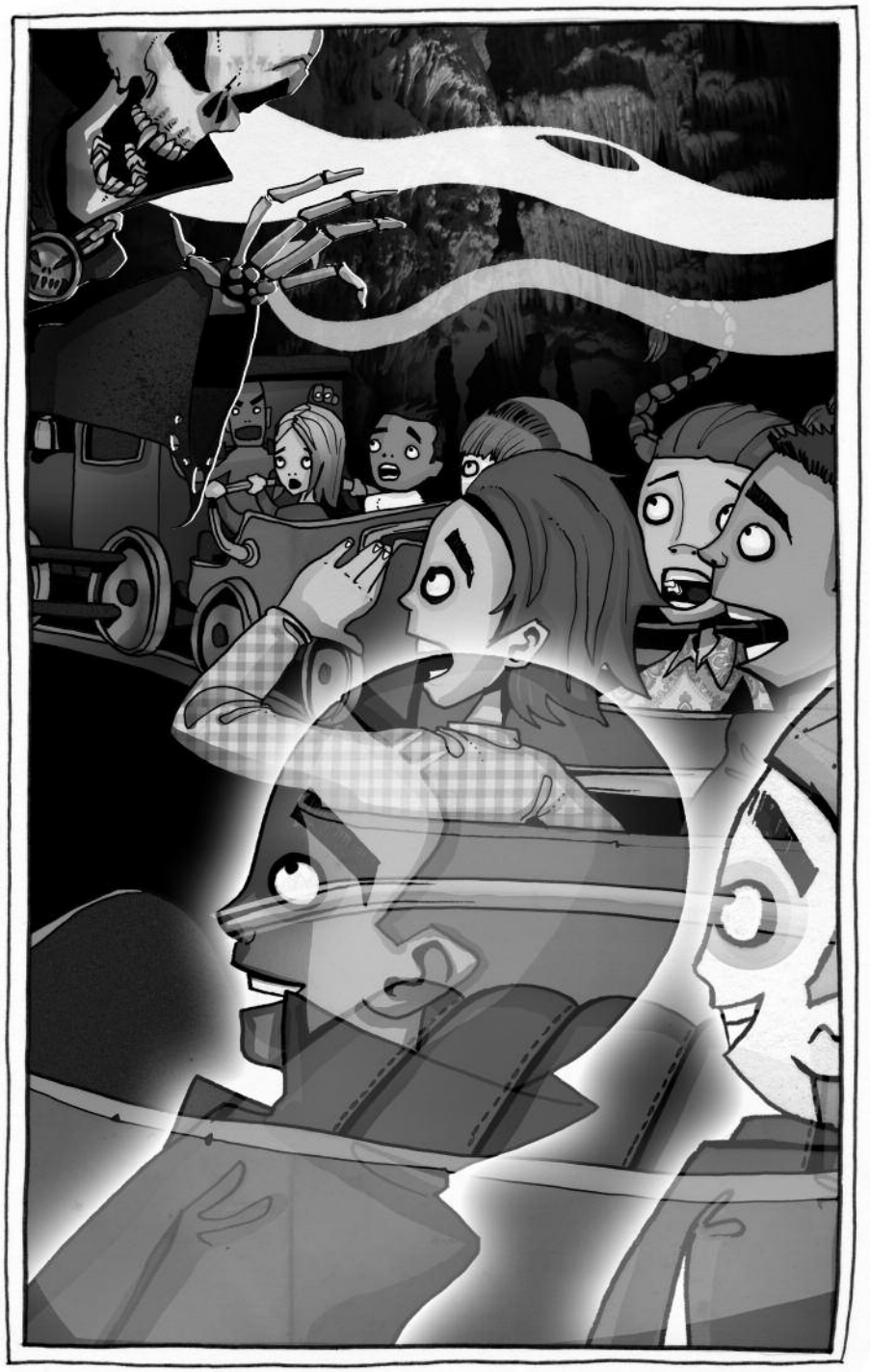


Flying out of the coffin came a skeleton.

It let out a blood-curdling wail:

Waaaaa!

And for a moment, everyone on the ghost train shivered with fear. Then they clapped and cheered. If only they'd known that stretched out on the back seat were two *real* ghosts.



That's me, Charlie, and my best friend, Lewis. And we'd rather be called spooks, because it's much cooler! We go to Spook School where we have to do lessons every night. But they're not boring lessons. We learn brilliant things, like how to walk through doors and make things appear out of the air.

Lewis and I are also members of Spook Squad, a special group of spooks who come back to Earth to solve very scary, ghostly mysteries. But right now, Lewis and I were back on Earth for a holiday at the seaside. This was our reward for solving the incredible case of the Rat-beast. It was late afternoon when we arrived, and first of all we decided to visit the fair.

Of course, we had to take a ride on the ghost train. It hurtled past all these creepy figures yelling "Wooo!" and "Waaah!" and "Wooo, waaah!". Everyone was having a great spooky time until this boy jumped up and yelled, "This ghost train is rubbish. It's not scary at all!"

One of the children who was sitting with him cried, "Shut up, Andrew. Why have you got to spoil everything?"

But Andrew just shrugged. "I think all ghosts are rubbish. They're not even real."

Talk about rude! I was furious, but I didn't dare say a word. No one could see the two of us, but if we started talking, they'd hear us all right.

Andrew went on and on about how pathetic ghosts were, until the ghost train swayed to a halt and all the passengers clattered off.

"I think it's time we taught him some manners," I whispered to Lewis.

Lewis nodded.

We flew over and hovered just above Andrew's head. His friends had all run off and left him. He called after them but they just ignored him. Instead they queued up to go on the big wheel. Clearly even they were sick and tired of him. And it wasn't hard to see why.

I leaned down and whispered in his ear, "Hey, Stink-face."

Andrew jumped about three metres in the air. "Who said that?" he cried.

"Me," I replied.

Andrew looked all around him. "Where are you?"

"Right here."

Lewis began to giggle.

"But where?" shrieked Andrew. "I can't see anyone. Who's doing this?"

"Me," I said.



"This is such a silly trick," said Andrew. "I suppose you're with the fair."

"Noooo, I'm with the Spook Squad."

Then I decided it was time for Andrew to see me. So I closed my eyes and said, "See me, Andrew" twice. And suddenly I was floating right in front of his face.

I grinned at him. "Hi, how are you doing, Pongy-pants? I'm Charlie."

Andrew's jaw dropped. "You … you … how did you do that?" he spluttered.

"Very easily … I'm a ghost."

Then Lewis started to laugh uncontrollably. Andrew couldn't see him, but he could hear Lewis's gales of laughter all right.

"And who's that?" he cried.

"Oh, that's just my mate Lewis," I said. "He's a ghost too. And we didn't like you calling us rubbish and saying we're not real. As you can see, I'm very real indeed and not rubbish at all. So come on, apologize."

But Andrew just gave a loud shriek, "Aaaaarrrggh", and sped away as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Now, why did he do that?" I muttered. "And anyway, I thought he didn't believe in ghosts." Lewis and I flew right up into the air, laughing.

"Wasn't that brilliant?" I cried.

"Fantastic," agreed Lewis. "It's a shame Andrew totally spoilt the ghost train though."

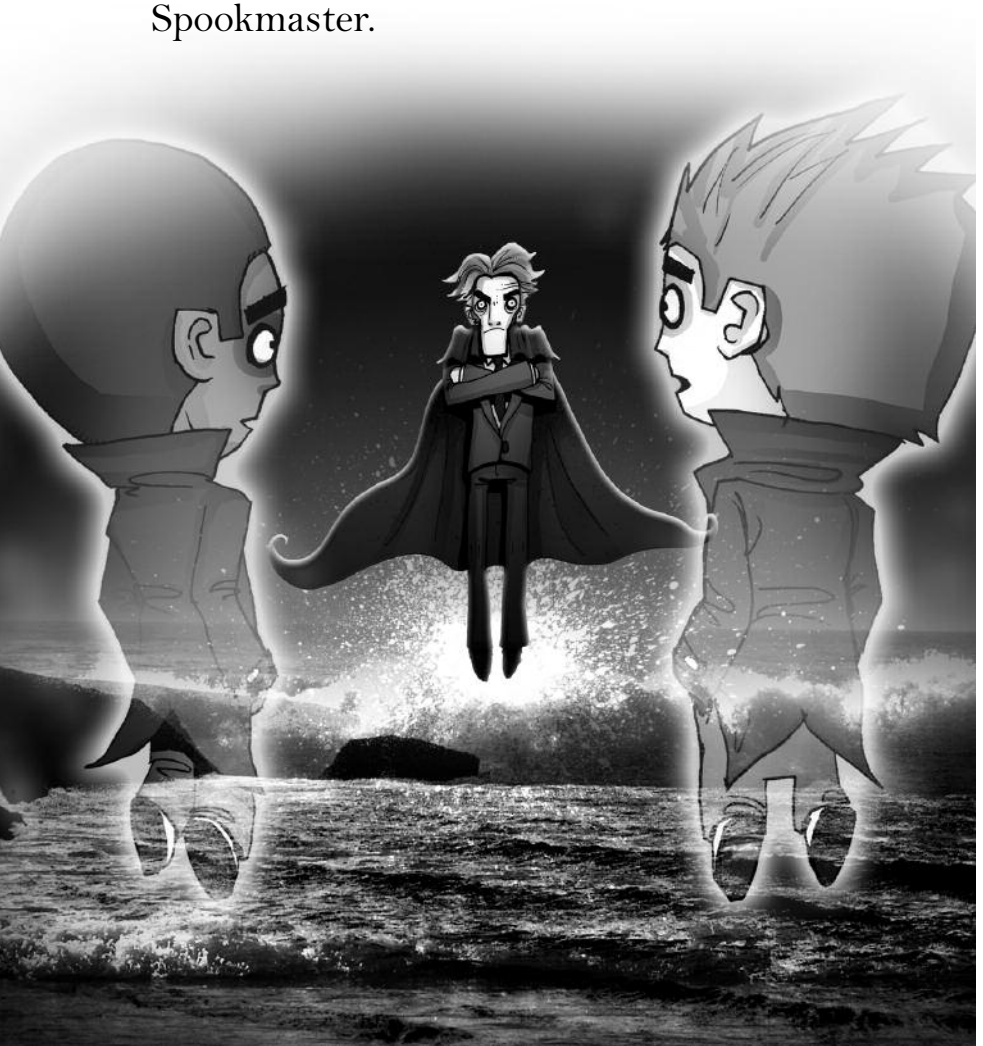
"But we can go back whenever we want," I said. "We're on holiday for two weeks. Come on, let's hit the beach."

A few minutes later we were staring out at the endless sea. Spook School is great, but there's no sea there. And we'd missed it. For a few seconds Lewis and I watched the water as it rose and fell with great gusty sighs. I took a deep sniff. I'd missed the tang of the sea too.

Then we started chasing about on top of the waves. No one could see us, of course. Not even the seagulls, whirling above our heads. It was getting dark now, and normally Lewis and I would be starting lessons at Spook School, but instead we could do whatever we wanted.

"This is going to be a top holiday," began Lewis. "What shall we do n…" He groaned. "Oh no, look."

Hovering above the waves was Spookmaster.



SPOOK SCHOOL

He was the headmaster of our school and very fierce indeed. He loomed in front of us in his large, flapping gown.

"What do you think he wants?" asked Lewis nervously.

"Maybe he'd like us to get him a stick of rock," I said. "Or perhaps he's got a new mystery for us to solve."

"He doesn't look very happy," said Lewis.

We started floating towards him. But he shook his head and pointed at Lewis.

"I think he just wants to see me," gulped Lewis.

"Fine," I said. "I'll wait for you on the beach."

Lewis nodded, and flew off towards Spookmaster as fast as he could.