



# A BAD FEELING

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Sam Graves poured baking soda into the volcano.

“Watch out!” he said.

“Get back!” Antonio cried.

“It’s going to blow!” Lucy exclaimed.

But there was no reason to watch out or get back. Sam’s experiment had failed miserably. Nothing blew. The volcano just sat there. Sam and his best friends, Antonio and Lucy, were studying rocks and geology in Ms. Grinker’s third-grade class.

It was Monday morning, and nothing was going right for Sam. He sighed. “I stink at building baking soda volcanoes.”



Ms. Grinker flicked the light switch off and on. “Class, it is time to talk about the school science fair,” she said as all of the students returned to their seats. “Each student who completes a project will earn a ribbon. The fair will be held next Friday evening. You have almost two weeks to prepare.”

The students chattered back and forth about what projects they might do. “Ooh, I can’t wait!” Antonio said to his friends. “I’m going to do a project on snowflakes or frost. Winter is my favorite. *And* I’m pretty good at science now.”

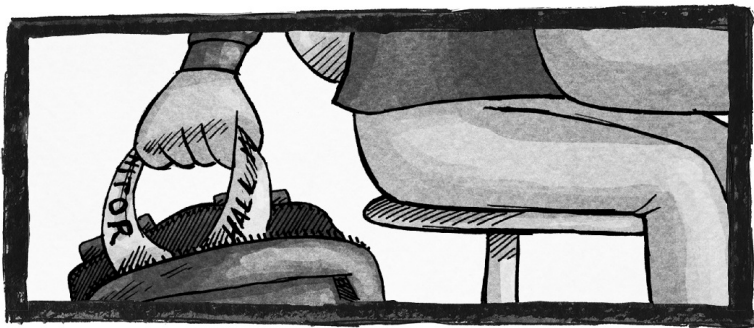
Lucy crossed her arms. “You battle *one* mad scientist and all of a sudden you think you’re a science *expert*.”

Orson Eerie was the mad scientist who Sam, Antonio, and Lucy had battled. He was also the architect who designed Eerie Elementary more than a hundred years ago. Orson Eerie found a way to live forever: He *became* the school. Eerie Elementary was a monster . . .



Antonio turned to Sam. “What project are you going to do?”

Just then, Sam reached into his backpack. He clutched the bright orange sash he wore whenever he was on hall monitor duty.



At first, Sam had not wanted to be Eerie Elementary's hall monitor. But, it turned out, Sam's job was much more than walking the halls. At Eerie Elementary, the hall monitor was *different*. That's because Eerie Elementary was different. Orson Eerie *was* the school — and the school was alive! It was a living, breathing thing that *fed* on students. Sam Graves, the hall monitor, was the protector of the students. Lucy and Antonio were assistant hall monitors. The three friends worked hard to keep everyone safe.

Sam clutched his hall monitor sash because he had a twisted and tangled feeling in his gut.

“Sam?” Antonio said.

“What’s wrong?” Lucy asked.

As hall monitor, Sam could sense things that the other students couldn’t. He could *feel* when something was wrong. And right now, Sam had that feeling.

Sam looked at his friends, and whispered, “Any second, *something* bad is going to happen. I just know it.”

