

**nickelodeon**



**WHO  
GHOST  
THERE?**

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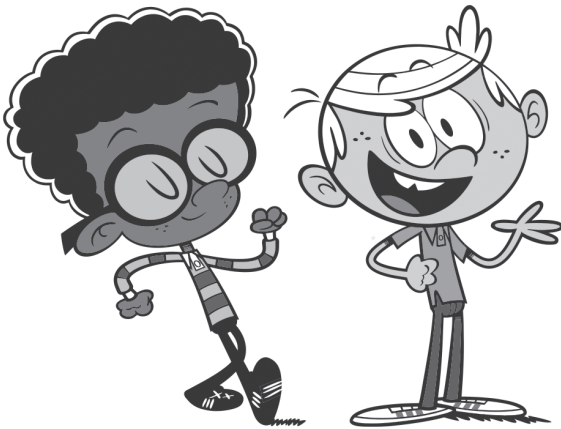
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# THE **LOUD** HOUSE



# **WHO GHOST THERE?**

By Karla Sakas Shropshire





I stared at the clock, willing it to strike three. Thirty more seconds . . . twenty-nine . . . Is it just me, or do all classroom clocks seem to slow down at the end of the day? I glanced over at my best friend, Clyde. His eyes were glued to the clock, too, while his pen trailed off his worksheet and onto his desk. I was about to



point this out when the clock finally struck three and the school bell rang.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, jumping out of my seat.

“Thank you for volunteering to clean out the gerbil cage, Lincoln! Love that enthusiasm,” I heard Mrs. Johnson say. Wait, what? I glanced over to see my teacher standing by the class pet, Chompy. “Looks as if he went through two full water bottles today,” she added.

*Whoops.* Guess I hadn’t exactly been paying attention—but could you blame me? My mind was elsewhere, on my favorite TV show, the *Academy of Really Good Ghost Hunters!*—or as we ghost-hunting cadets called it, *ARGGH!* A brand-new episode was starting in thirty minutes, and Cadets Lincoln and Clyde weren’t going to miss a single second.

Clyde raised his hand. “I’ll help him!” he



said, before turning to me and whispering, “But why do you want to clean Chompy’s cage? Shouldn’t we get to my house so we can watch *ARGGH!?*”

I face-palmed. “Sorry, Clyde. My excitement got the better of me.”



Cleaning the cage turned out to be a two-person job after all. I switched the cedar shavings while Clyde distracted Chompy with food so he wouldn’t sink his little gerbil fangs into our fingers.

“Maybe using baby carrots wasn’t the best idea,” Clyde said, fifteen minutes later, as he watched me wrap a bandage around my hand. “Chompy must have mistaken your thumb for a



carrot.” I looked over at the gerbil, who smirked back from his now-clean cage.

“*Sure* he did. But never mind that—we have a show to catch. Let’s go!” I said, grabbing my backpack and helmet. We darted out the front doors, hopped on our bikes and raced to Clyde’s house. We always watch *ARGGH!* at Clyde’s, not just because his dads make the best snacks, but also because he doesn’t have to share a TV with ten sisters. Unlike me.

I’m Lincoln Loud, and yes, that’s right. I have ten sisters—five older, five younger—which means it’s almost impossible to get the TV to myself at home. Not just the TV, actually, but nearly everything: the last slice of pizza, the good spot on the couch, the few remaining drops of hot water before the shower turns





icy—you get the idea. That’s life in a big family for you. Still, I wouldn’t trade it for anything. As chaotic as our household can get, my sisters are ten awesome and unique people I’m lucky to call family. Most days, anyway.

