

WELCOME TO THE HALL OF HORRORS

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE SCREAM

This old castle can't be found on the map of HorrorLand Park. This is a hidden place for very special visitors. A place for kids who have stories to tell. Frightening stories, of course.

I am the Story-Keeper. Here in the darkest, most private corner of HorrorLand, I keep the doors to the Hall of Horrors open.

Look out! Don't step on the Welcome Matt. Matt doesn't like to be stepped on. He'll give you a really nasty welcome.

Come into the Unliving Room. Have a seat in that harmchair. Don't worry about the green glop oozing down the back. It only *looks* as if it's alive.

Kids bring their stories to the Hall of Horrors. I am the Listener. And I am the Keeper of their tales.

We have a visitor today. That boy sitting in the library, with the cell phone gripped so tightly in his hand. His name is Jack Harmon.

Jack is twelve. Why does he look so pale and tense? Something has freaked him out. He seems eager to tell us about it.

“What is your story about, Jack?”

“It’s about a cell phone.”

“Is it about a call you received on the phone?”

Jack shakes his head. “No. I didn’t receive any calls. But the voice . . . the voice — it was there anyway!”

“Well, go ahead. You’d better start at the beginning. Tell us about the phone. Tell us your story.”

Jack stares at the phone in his hand. “Are you sure you want to hear about it? It’s totally weird and scary.”

Go ahead, Jack. Tell your story. Don’t be afraid. There’s Always Room for One More Scream in the Hall Of Horrors. . . .