

Goosebumps
**HOUSE OF
SHIVERS**

ONE NIGHT AT CAMP BIGFOOT

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GODZILLA EATING HELLO KITTY

May-Lin squinted at my drawing of the Loch Ness monster. She always tilts her head to one side when she's thinking about something.

“Like it?” I asked.

She nodded. “Sure. It's good, Harper.” She turned her gaze on me. “But what's with you and monsters?”

“Well . . .”

She laughed. “Know the first drawing you ever showed me? It was four years ago, back in third grade. And it was Godzilla eating Hello Kitty.”

We both laughed.

“I remember that drawing,” I said. “I used to draw Hello Kitty with fangs.”

“That's not normal,” May-Lin said.

I was sitting at my desk, and May-Lin was standing beside me. She reached over my shoulder and picked up a few more of my drawings. I drew them all with red and

black markers. Some of them were just quick sketches. And some were more finished.

“Mr. Gilroy at school says I could get an art scholarship to the museum’s Young Adult Program,” I told her. Mr. Gilroy is the middle school art teacher. “But he says I have to draw other things to show the museum.”

May-Lin gazed at my Loch Ness Monster sketch. “You mean like flowers, or people, or cars, or something a normal person would draw?”

I nodded. “But I don’t think I can.”

She squinted at me. “Is there a law that says you can only draw monsters?”

“I guess I’m obsessed,” I said.

She rolled her eyes. “I guess.”

“I’ve been doing research on lake monsters,” I said. “Did you know that Nessie isn’t the only one?”

“Nessie? Harper, you have a nickname for the Loch Ness Monster?”

“Everyone calls her that,” I said. “But Wikipedia says there are lake monsters all over the world. Did you know that?”

“I never thought about it,” May-Lin replied. “You know they’re all made-up, right? They’re not real?”

“People took photos of them,” I said. I slid my laptop closer. “Want me to show you?”

May-Lin took a step back from the desk. “Harper, you know you can’t believe photos, don’t you? You know they can be totally fake. They use Photoshop or AI or whatever. You can’t believe anything you see in a photo.”

I heard a car door slam outside. My parents returning home. They work together in the little bakeshop they own and always come home together.

They’re so cute. They see each other twenty-four hours a day, and they’re still nice to one another. Amazing, right?

May-Lin put a hand on my shoulder. “I have an idea. Why don’t you draw *me*?”

“I can’t,” I said. “You’re not a monster.”

She laughed. “Thanks a bunch. Is that supposed to be a compliment?”

I thought about it. “Maybe I could draw you with fangs and slime oozing from your mouth.”

She headed to the bedroom door and waved. “Good-bye. I’m out of here. See you tomorrow.”

I jumped up. “Wait,” I said. “Don’t you want to see what my parents brought home? They bring doughnuts or cupcakes or sweet rolls from the shop every night.”

May-Lin started to answer. But she stopped when she heard the loud *thud* from inside my closet. Her eyes went wide. “What was that?”

We both heard a rattling sound, like hangers falling to the floor.

“Don’t worry about it,” I told her. “There’s a monster in my closet.”

Her mouth dropped open. “What?”

“A monster in the closet,” I said. “Don’t open the closet door.”

She crossed to the closet and grabbed the doorknob. “What’s *really* going on?”

“I’m not joking,” I said. “If you open the door, the monster will jump out at you.”

May-Lin paused for a moment with her hand on the knob. Then she pulled open the closet door.

And a roaring, fur-covered monster leaped out and knocked her to the floor.