

JEFF SZPIRGLAS

COUNTDOWN TO DANGER

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ENDING!



TUNNEL OF TERROR

Scholastic Canada Ltd.
Toronto New York London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires



For Danielle, Ruby and Léo

Scholastic Canada Ltd.
604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada

Scholastic Inc.
557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, USA

Scholastic Australia Pty Limited
PO Box 579, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia

Scholastic New Zealand Limited
Private Bag 94407, Botany, Manukau 2163, New Zealand

Scholastic Children's Books
1 London Bridge, London SE1 9BG, UK

www.scholastic.ca

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Title: Tunnel of terror / Jeff Szpirglas.

Names: Szpirglas, Jeff, author.

Series: Heath, Jack, 1986– Countdown to danger.

Description: Series statement: Countdown to danger: choose your own ending!

Identifiers: Canadiana (print) 20220483736 | Canadiana (ebook) 20230157645 | ISBN 9781443198868 (softcover) | ISBN 9781443198875 (EPUB)

Subjects: LCSH: Plot-your-own stories. | LCGFT: Choose-your-own stories.

Classification: LCC PS8637.Z65 T86 2023 | DDC jC813/.6—dc23

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

Stock photos © Getty Images and Shutterstock.com.

Copyright © 2023 by Jeff Szpirglas.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher, Scholastic Canada Ltd., 604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada. In the case of photocopying or other reprographic copying, a licence must be obtained from Access Copyright (Canadian Copyright Licensing Agency).

www.accesscopyright.ca or 1-800-893-5777.

6 5 4 3 2 1 Printed in Canada 114 23 24 25 26 27



10:11

You can see there are two ways out of the colosseum: one is the small opening you came in through. That's no good. The other is a MUCH LARGER opening at the far end. What do they store in *there*?

Around you, the rats keep cheering. The noise is thunderous, but at least they're not mutant guinea pigs, because that squeaking would be intolerable.

As you step gingerly towards the larger opening, you hear a loud grumble coming from within.

"Oh, great," you say, tightening your grip on the stick.

Then you feel the ground shake. *BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.*

You see the loose earth of the colosseum floor vibrate and shake. What is this place, Jurassic Park?

And now that you're staring at the ground, you also see splotches of dried red blood scattered throughout the arena.

Rodent cheers erupt into rodent roars as the hulking form of a MASSIVE ALLIGATOR lumbers out of the opening and into the colosseum.

"You gotta be kidding me." You groan.

You're basically in the sewers, and what do all of



those urban legends tell about? Giant alligators. It figures.

Getting into combat stance, you stand knees bent, stick out, and watch as the alligator comes your way. It's easily the size of a school bus.

If it's a mutant like the rats are, maybe it talks. Maybe you can reason with it. It's worth a shot. "Hey, alligator. Any chance we can talk this out like two reasonable organisms?"

The alligator opens its massive jaws.

"Oh, good." You smile. "I was hoping we could sort this out."

Then it SNAPS THEM SHUT.

It opens its mouth and ROARS. You get a whiff of its REEKING BREATH.

"Not the conversationalist," you mutter. "Okay, then we're going to have to do this FIGHTING STYLE."

You look at the stick in your hand. Those rats did not make this a fair fight. But you've got a human brain. That's going to have to be your edge here, because the alligator is getting closer and looking hungry for HUMAN FLESH!

Gripping the stick tightly, you realize you've got two choices.

If you wedge the stick between the alligator's jaws, turn to page 104.

If you throw the stick in hopes of distracting the reptile, turn to page 135.



01:48

You look at the rat knowingly. “You’d better apologize for building that drill,” you start.

The rat ignores you. “It’s not our fault. The humans have ravaged the surface of the planet. They have polluted it beyond repair. They even dig deep to extract its riches. Both of our worlds are at risk, if we do not stop them, which is why we will use the drill to purge the planet of them!”

An uneasy silence fills the underworld. You hear whispers as the axolotls speak to one another in hushed tones.

Oh, drat. This isn’t going the way you planned at all.

You scowl at the rat. “You dirty rat,” you say.

“SILENCE!” the axolotl leader blurts. It looks at you angrily, although it’s hard to register any kind of emotion out of those wide, unblinking axolotl eyes. “IS THIS TRUE?”

You gulp. The rat wasn’t lying. But you don’t have time to explain everything to the axolotls.

“Of course it’s true,” the rat says. “I’ll even SHOW you what we’re doing if you help me.”

But the axolotl just stares at you, waiting.

You keep your lips sealed.



“Speak, Overworlder,” the axolotl urges you.

Maybe you should say something. But what?

Your heart races as you think of where to even start, but that just stretches your silence even further.

“See?” the rat barks, pointing at you. “This Overworlder has run out of excuses. It’s nothing but a planet-spoiling blight that we can stamp out together—”

This rat is driving you up the wall.

“Enough!” the head axolotl snarls. It waves a webbed hand, and before you know it, both you AND the rat are whisked into the air, away from the subterranean world, and back into the darkness of the chasm from which you came.

You notice a light coming from the tunnel and smile. They’re sending you back home!

Only . . .

Only the light is fiery red.

And it’s hot.

REALLY HOT.

And as you round a corner, you see it. A MASSIVE BALL of frothing liquid.

Geysers of fire and magma burst out of it. It’s the molten core of the Earth, hot as a sun, and you’re headed straight for it.

“NOOOOO!” you scream, covering your face with



your hands, as if they can protect you from the HEAT OF A MILLION VOLCANOES ABOUT TO ERUPT IN YOUR FACE.

Too bad the last thing you notice is the smell of barbecued rat.

THE END.

To try again, go back to page 110.

