

“Not cool, Alphonse!” Dennis the vampire said. But the drool, dripping down his oversize fangs, made it sound like, “Nosh shool, Salfonshe!”



“Speak it, don’t leak it, bat boy,” Alphonse said. He gave the Scream Team athletes a long look and laughed. “Wow, you’re all even bigger losers than I remembered. We’re going to crush you tonight, and then we’ll win the Deadcathlon intra-*ghoul*-ral meet next week!” As he strutted over to his own team, he called back, “Be sure to ask your coaches about the Conundrum Cup C-U-R-S-E!”

For some reason, Alphonse spelled this last word. But Karl didn’t really notice. His ears had perked

up at *the Deadcathlon*. One of the biggest meets of the season, it took place over two nights with nine different events.

“We’ll see you there!” Karl yelled after Alphonse. “The Deadcathlon is for the best teams and we’re one of them! We’ll get invited!” But a quick look around at his teammates, who were warming up for tonight’s meet, didn’t fill Karl with confidence. Eric the blob was stuck bouncing between two hurdles like a Ping-Pong ball. Maxwell the mummy dangled from the high-jump bar like a giant yo-yo.

And on the far side of the track, Patsy the zombie was acting nutty as she practiced her sprints. She was lightning fast, but whenever she got close to the finish line, she backed off like it was electrified.

“You have to cross the finish line!” Karl shouted. “Come on, Patsy, you can do it!”

“I know . . . I can do anything!” the zombie called back, but for once she didn’t sound sure of herself. She still wouldn’t cross the line.

