

BABY SITTERS
LITTLE SISTER®

Karen's Ghost

ANN M. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HEATHER BURNS

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For Paula

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CHAPTER 1

Kristy, do I really have to go to sleep now?" I asked my big sister.

"Yes, you do. It's already past your bedtime."

I sighed. Kristy is one of my favorite people in the whole wide world. But she is thirteen. And when she says to do something, you have to do it. Besides, Kristy was my baby-sitter that night. And you have to listen to baby-sitters, just like you have to listen to teachers and mommies and daddies and grandparents and policemen.

"One more story?" I begged.

Kristy shook her head. "You already had one more story. And before that you had three stories."

“Yeah,” I said, smiling. “And all of them were about Halloween.”

“Are you going to be able to sleep tonight?” Kristy asked me.

“Sure,” I replied. “Witches and ghosts don’t scare me.” (That was easy to say when the light was on and Kristy was sitting next to me.)

“All right,” said Kristy. She sounded a little uncertain. “Under the covers, then. I hope you have good dreams tonight.”

Kristy stood up, and I slid under my covers. I scrunched up my pillow.

“Don’t forget to turn on my night-light,” I said.

Kristy switched on my special light from Disney World. Then she kissed me good night, turned off my lamp, and headed for the door.

“Leave the door open a crack!” I called.

“Okay.” Kristy left my room.

I was alone.

I looked around. I was glad the night-light was on and the door was open.

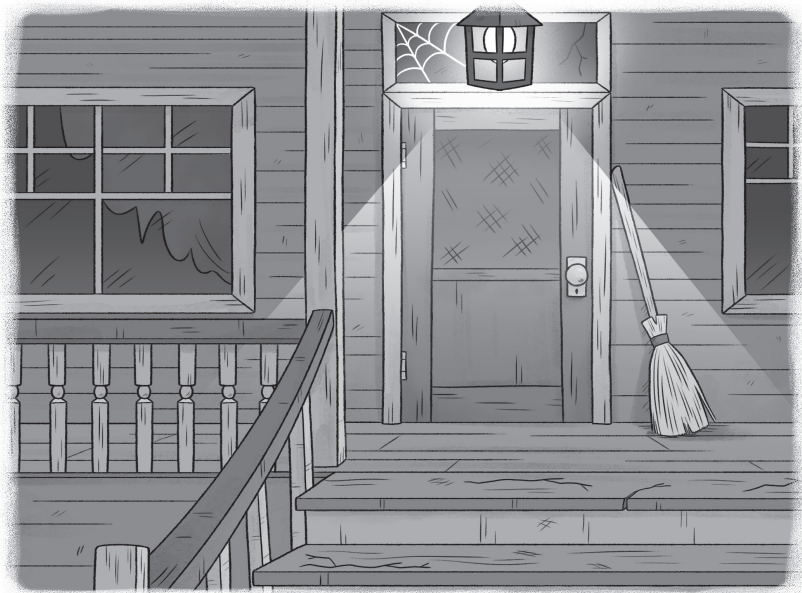
Halloween was coming. That was why I wanted to hear all the Halloween stories. I just love Halloween. I love ghosts and witches, too. But I will tell you something. They *do* scare me a little bit. But that is only because a real witch lives next door. And a ghost lives upstairs and haunts his room on the third floor of our house. He haunts the attic, too.

The witch is named Morbidda Destiny. Well, that's what *I* call her. It's her witch name. Most people call her Mrs. Porter, but they don't know anything. Morbidda Destiny holds witch meetings at her house. At night, she flies around on a broomstick. (Adults do not believe this.)

I sat up and looked out my window. Morbidda Destiny's broomstick was leaning next to her front door. I could see it by the porch light. I guessed she wasn't going to go out haunting that night.

I lay down again. I listened.

CRREEEAK. What was that? Was it Ben Brewer?



I felt *gigundo* scared. Ben Brewer is the ghost in my house. I am not sure if he ever drifts below the third floor. What if he does? What if he was in my room *right then . . .* watching me?

“Go away, Ben Brewer,” I whispered. “You can’t scare me.”

CRREEEAK.

“Honest,” I said. “You can’t scare me.” But my voice was shaking.

I sat up and checked out the window again.

Morbidda Destiny's porch light was off! Was her broom still there? Was she out haunting?

I almost called for Kristy. Then I remembered that I had told her that witches and ghosts don't scare me.

I tried to think about other things. First I thought about Kristy. She is actually my *step*-sister. That's because my daddy married her mommy. See, I have two families. . . .