

# MONSTER HOUSE™

## Chapter 1 *Do you want to die?*

It was the afternoon before Halloween\*.

A little girl was on her bike in Oak Street in Mayville. She went happily between the trees and the lovely gardens. But then her bike went onto a front lawn and she stopped.

There was a strange sound and she looked up. The lawn was in front of a big old house. There were two windows over the front door. The windows looked down at her angrily.

There was a loud shout and an old man came out of the house. It was Mr. Nebbercracker. 'Get off my lawn!' he shouted, 'Do you want to die?'



\* Halloween is on 31st October. Children wear special clothes and ask for treats.

The little girl was frightened and she ran away. Mr. Nebbercracker walked across the lawn and took the bike. 'And don't come back!'

'These children!' he said. 'They never listen.' The sound came again. It was louder and then it stopped. Mr. Nebbercracker went into his house and closed the door.



DJ Walters lived opposite Mr. Nebbercracker's house. DJ saw everything and wrote about it in his book. There was a lot of writing in the book. Today he wrote: '30th October. N. took bike.'

'DJ!' his mom called.

'I'm coming!' DJ looked at the pictures on the walls of his bedroom. They were photos of Mr. Nebbercracker's house.

'DJ!' she called again.

DJ ran out of his house. His mom and dad were in the car. 'Mom!' said DJ. 'He took a bike again!'



'DJ,' she said. 'You can't stay in your room for hours to watch an old man.'

'But there's something wrong with that house!'

'We're going,' said his dad. 'Zee is coming soon. She's staying with you tonight.'

'We love you,' called his mom, and they drove away.

Then a boy with a ball came across the street. It was Chowder, DJ's best friend.



'It's Halloween soon,' said Chowder. 'What are you going to wear?'

'I'm not going trick-or-treating this year,' said DJ.

'But we always do.'

'We're too old now.'

Chowder tried to throw his ball into the basket on the wall. He turned and looked at DJ.

'Be careful!' shouted DJ. Chowder turned back and the ball hit him.

'Aghhh!' Chowder put his hand on his nose.

'Are you OK?' asked DJ. Then he saw the ball. 'Oh no!' It was on Mr. Nebbercracker's nice lawn.



'You're older, DJ. You get it,' said Chowder.

'No!' said DJ.

'But it was expensive!'

'Maybe Mr. Nebbercracker is sleeping,' DJ looked at the house. 'OK.' He put one foot on the lawn. The ball was

close. He ran to it.

Suddenly the door opened and Mr. Nebbercracker came out. 'You!'



DJ moved quickly. His shoe pulled out a bit of the lawn. 'I'm sorry,' cried DJ. He wanted to run, but Mr. Nebbercracker held his shirt.

'Do you want to die?' shouted Mr. Nebbercracker.

'No. I love life!'

Mr. Nebbercracker pulled DJ's shirt. 'This is my house,' he shouted. 'Stay away!' The old man's face was very red and his eyes went big. Suddenly he fell on top of DJ on the lawn. The old man didn't move.

'Uh-oh,' said Chowder.

Then there was a cold wind, and the door closed loudly.