

FRIGHT TIME

3 Spine-tingling Tales
for Young Readers

- COME TO THE FEAR
- TRAPPED!
- TIME FOR TERROR



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COME TO THE FEAR

by Roy Nemerson

1

Mom, did the mail come yet?" I called out, as I scrambled down the stairs.

"Calvin, it's only eleven in the morning," Mom replied. I came into the kitchen, where Mom was making out her shopping list for things to buy at the supermarket.

"It better come soon," I said. "It's been almost two weeks!" I was talking about the "Detecto-Master" private eye disguise kit I had ordered through the mail. Detecto-Master was my favorite TV character, and I'd been checking the mail every day since I'd mailed in the order,

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waiting for it to arrive.

"It'll come, dear, don't worry," Mom said, in her reassuring-mom way. "Meanwhile, you should be thinking about your job. The fair starts today."

Mom was talking about the Springville Summer Fair. Every summer in mid-July for one week my hometown of Springville hosts a big fair down by the meadowlands area, just outside of town. Parents and their kids come from all over the county to play games, go on the rides, enter contests, eat lots of food, and have a good time.

My job was junior guide. I was supposed to walk around, help people with general information, directions, that sort of stuff. I got paid five dollars a day and got to wear a uniform—blue shirt with white pants.

The money I would earn as a guide would pay for my Detecto-Master kit. I glanced at the kitchen wall clock. Almost 11:15.

"I don't have to be at the fair 'til one o'clock," I said. "Maybe the mailman will come by then. Maybe he's on his way now. I'll go check!"

"Calvin, I hope you'll be this enthusiastic about your homework when school starts," Mom said with a smile. School? This was still July.

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School could wait. I raced out of the kitchen, into the hall, and in moments was out the front door and out on our driveway.

Mr. Forbes, our local mailman, was stuffing mail into the Lang family's box. The Langs lived three houses down the street from us. They were pretty nice people, even counting their eleven-year-old daughter, Zoe, whose favorite things in the world were painting, drawing and talking too much. Especially to me.

"Morning, Calvin," he said. "I wonder what you could be looking for."

"Oh, just wondering if you had anything special in your mailbag with my name on it," I replied. Mr. Forbes knew about the Detecto-Master kit. I'd been asking him about it nearly every day now.

"Couldn't you maybe just check real fast and see if my Dectecto-Master kit came yet?" I pleaded. "It shouldn't take long."

Mr. Forbes frowned and scratched his head. "Detecto-Master? Hmmm, let me see," he said. He began looking into his blue mailbag. "Would it be about this size?" And he pulled a large package out of his bag and held it up. The label had my name and address on it. And it was from De-

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tecto-Master Games, Inc.

"That's it!" I yelled. "It came! Thanks, Mr. Forbes!"

I didn't even wait to get home to open it. I ripped the covering off right there and pulled out the kit. It was so cool. A big color photo of Detecto-Master himself was on the top. He was in one disguise, and the box showed all the others from false beards, mustaches, noses, plastic teeth and eyebrows, to neat looking hats, bow ties, eye glasses and even an eye monocle. All of them were in the kit, with instructions how to use them for investigating a case.

"Okay, I'll handle this, you fellas can go now," I said, in my best Detecto-Master voice, pretending I was on a case.

"Not this time, Detecto-Master. You're a dead man," came a sudden voice behind me!

2

I turned around. Zoe Lang had come out of her house and was standing right next to me. She was biting her lip, about to crack up.

"Are you supposed to be a detective? You look