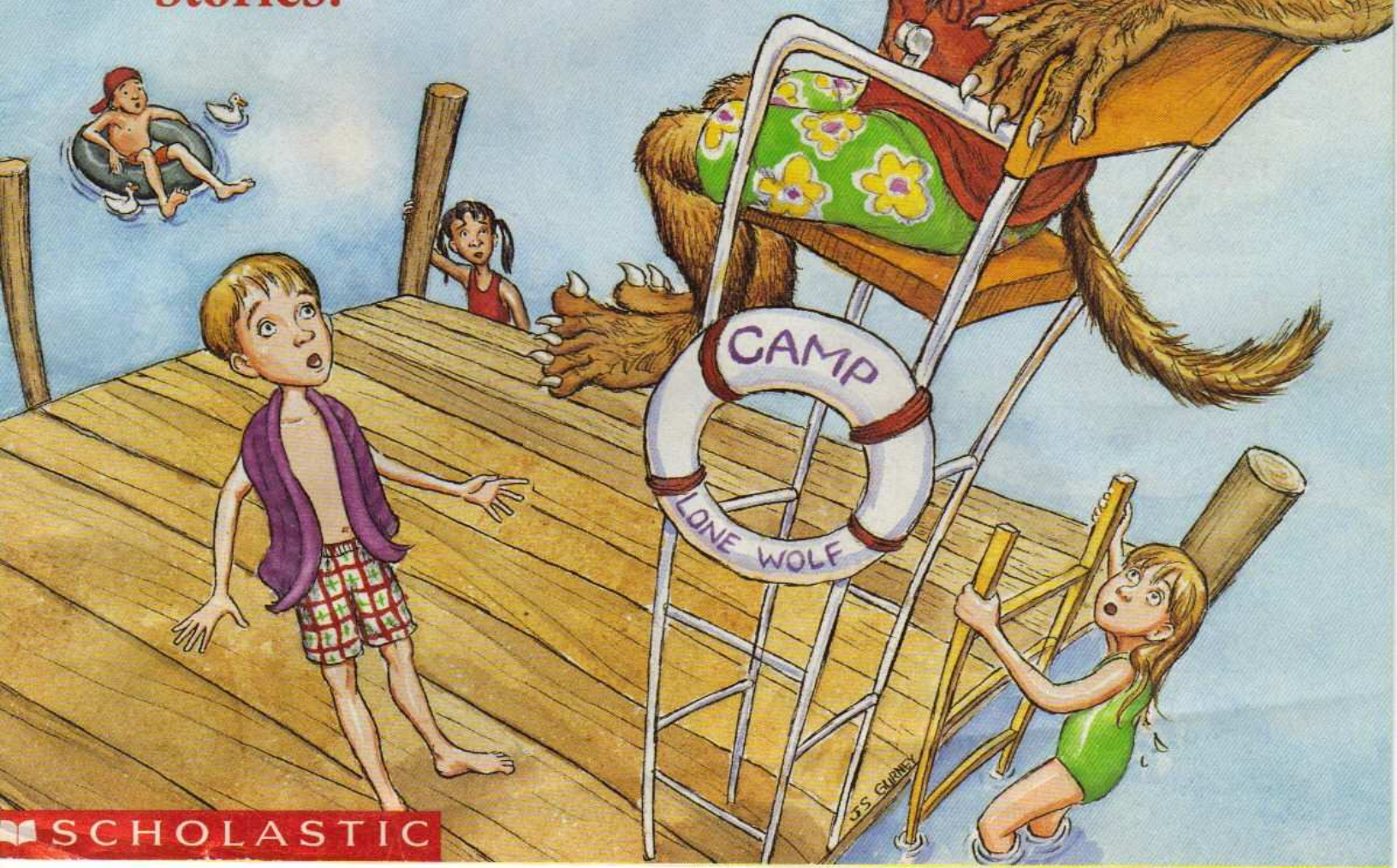


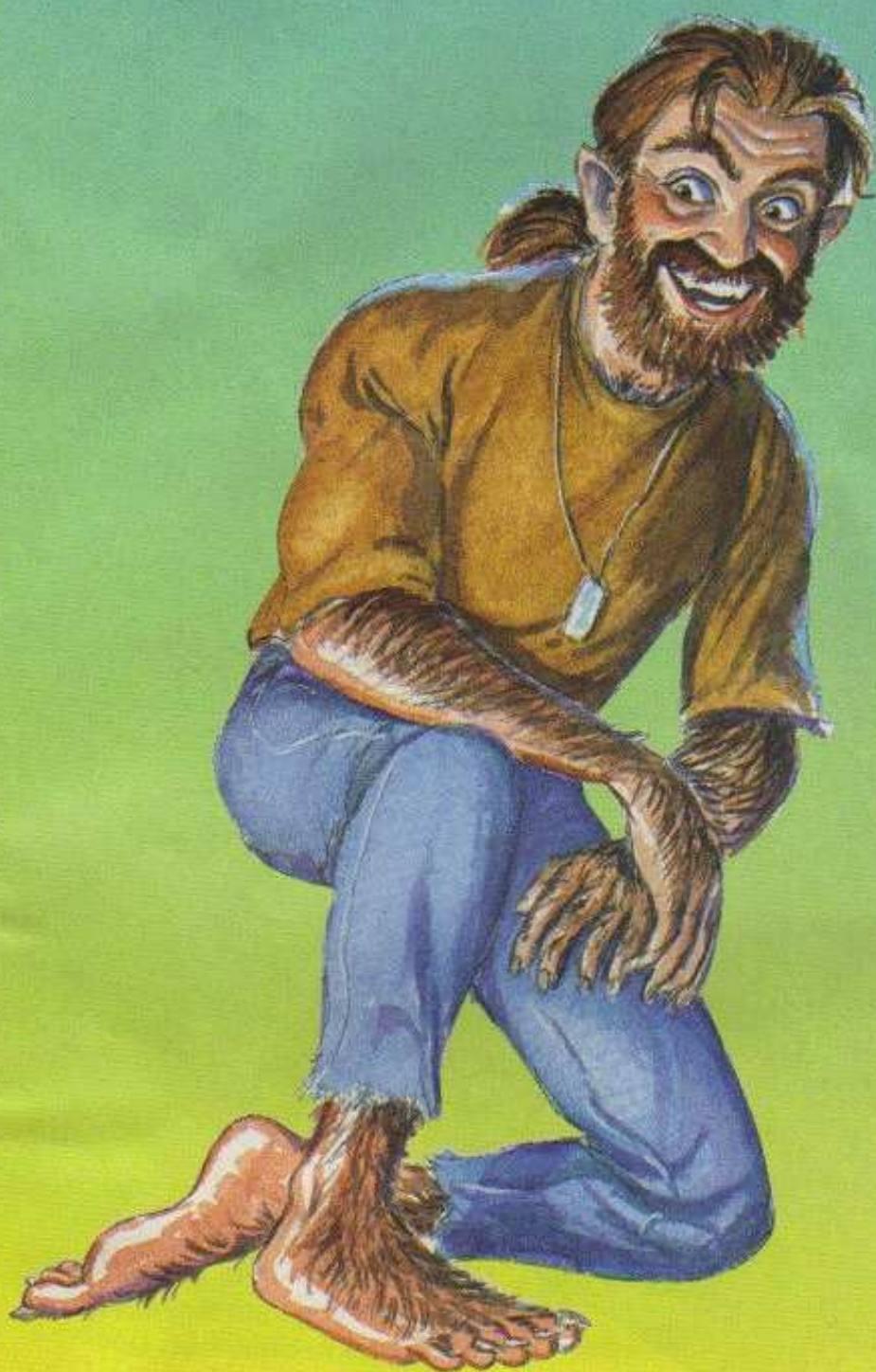
THE BAILEY SCHOOL KIDS MAGAZINE™

WHAT'S INSIDE:
The Real Scoop
on Werewolves!
Campfire Ghost
Stories!





THE BAILEY SCHOOL KIDS GET THE REAL SCOOP ON **WEREWOLVES!**



There's something strange about Mr. Jenkins, the head counselor at Camp Lone Wolf. For one thing, Mr. Jenkins is hairy—he has more hair than a wolf in winter! He never wears shoes, no matter how cold it gets. And a lot of times he growls instead of talks. Could Mr. Jenkins be a werewolf?

It's up to the Bailey School Kids to find out. And once they've done their search, they'll gather around the campfire. Not to tell ghost stories, but to trade facts about werewolves!

WHAT HOWIE LEARNED:



A werewolf is a person who can turn into a wolf. Werewolves usually make their transformations by the light of a full moon.

According to legend, werewolves were once kept as pets — by vampires, not by people. (Who else would want to have a pet that was super hairy, had pointed teeth and long, sharp claws, and changed from human to wolf at the very sight of a full moon!) Legends of werewolves began centuries ago in the mountains of Transylvania, Romania, the same place the legends of vampires began.

The stories may have begun when actual hunters dressed like wolves. Hundreds of years ago, many hunters were afraid of wolves. They often would

dress in wolf skins and do ritual dances by the light of a full moon. The hunters hoped the dances would keep the wolves, and any other evil spirits, away.

WHAT LIZA LEARNED:



Werewolves are different than other wolves.

According to the old stories, werewolves have more strength and speed than wolves. And unlike wolves, who rarely hunt humans, werewolves find humans especially tasty.



Movie werewolves are based on Transylvanian legends of men who became wolves.



Is this a real werewolf? No! It's actor David Naughton in werewolf makeup!

WHAT EDDIE LEARNED:



No matter how thirsty you are, don't ever drink water that's collected in a wolf's paw print. Never sleep outside in the light of a full moon. And for goodness sake, stay out of a werewolf's way. If he bites you, you're in trouble. If you do any of those things, you could wind up being a werewolf yourself!

WHAT MELODY LEARNED:



If a werewolf is injured in its wolf form, it will have the same injury when it returns to human form. There's only one way to kill a werewolf—with a single shot from a silver bullet. Of course, you may not want to kill a werewolf. Legend has it that when a werewolf dies, it comes back to life...as a vampire!

CAMPFIRE GHOST STORIES

Mr. Jenkins may not want to get too close to a campfire, but he loves telling stories around one. Here are two of his favorites!

THE BLOODY TOE

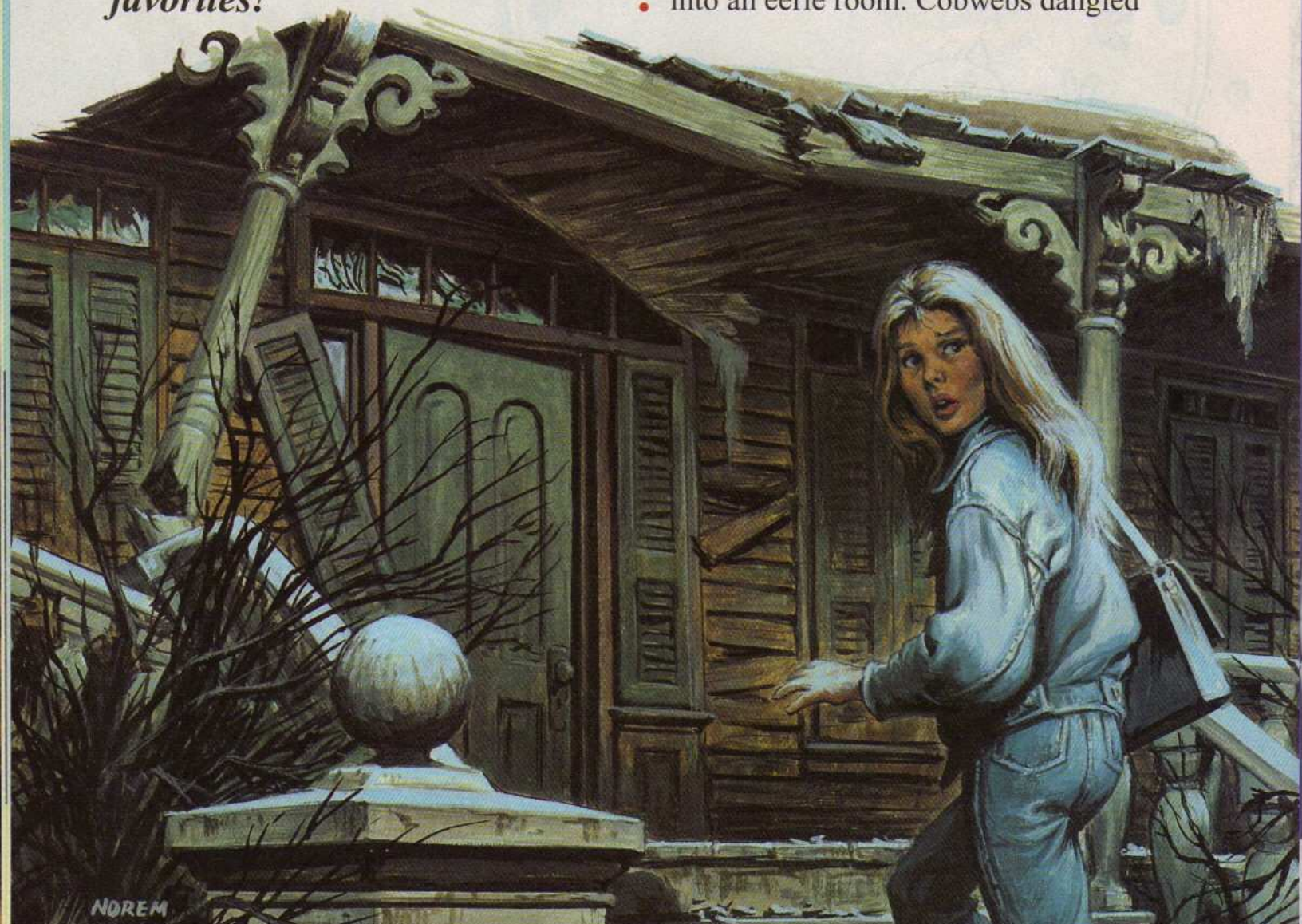
One dark night, a girl was walking past a creepy old house. Suddenly she heard a voice. "Help me. Heeellpppp mmmmmeeeee," the voice cried out. "I have a bloody toe."

The girl was frightened. She froze in her spot.

"Help me. Help me," the voice said once again. It was weaker this time.

The girl knew she should run. Get away from there. But something in the shivering voice made her want to help. So, she walked up the crumbling path and past the overgrown weeds to the front door.

Eeeeeee. The door squeaked open into an eerie room. Cobwebs dangled



down to the girl's face. It was so dark she could scarcely see her hands. She turned to run, but before her feet could move, she heard the voice again.

"Help me. Help me."

"Wh-wh-where can I find you?" the girl asked.

"Dooowwwwn in the cellar," cried the voice. "Help me. I have a bloody toe."

Slowly, the girl guided herself down the corridor. The walls were slimy to the touch. She wandered past an old grandfather clock and a broken mirror until she finally discovered the cellar door. She opened the door and climbed down the steep, narrow steps to the cellar. The cold air made her shiver.

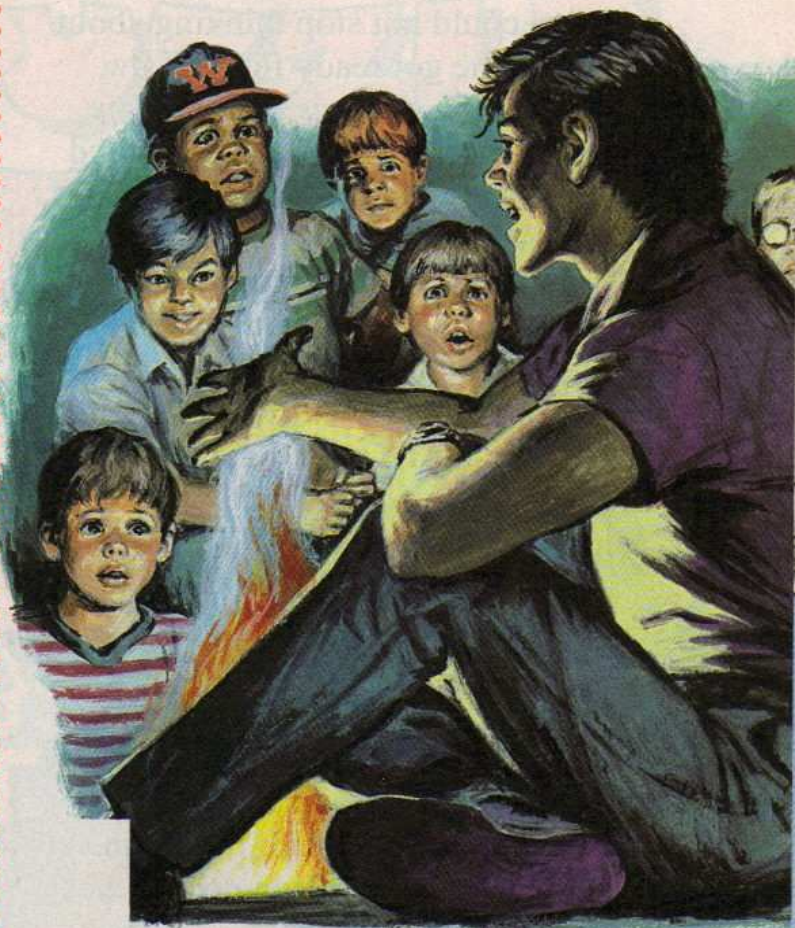
"Help me!" wailed the voice.

"AAAAHHHHHHHH!" Just then, the girl let out a loud, piercing scream. A bloody toe was floating near the ground. Slowly, the bloody toe drifted upward to the girl's face.

"I am the ghost of the bloody toe," the voice told her.

"Wh-wh-what do you want from me?" stammered the frightened girl.

"Could you please give me a Band-Aid?" the voice asked.



GREENIE

"Once there was a terrible man who lived near a summer camp. Everyone in the camp hated him. And so he wandered off to live in the forest and spend the rest of his days alone. Years past and the man became a terrible beast. He ate nothing but leaves—so many leaves that his skin turned green. Everyone called him Greenie the monster. And the only time Greenie ever came out of the forest was at midnight."

Brian listened to his counselor tell the story of Greenie. Ordinarily, Brian liked ghost stories—even though he didn't believe in ghosts or monsters or things like that. But this story scared him a little. Especially when the leaves rustled.



Brian could not stop thinking about Greenie as he got ready for bed. *Aw, there's no such thing as monsters*, he assured himself. But when he crawled into bed that night, he had a hard time falling asleep. The cabin door kept opening and slamming shut. Tree branches slapped against the outside of the cabin. And there was that howling wind. *What if there really is a Greenie?* he wondered. And with that thought on his mind, Brian finally drifted off to sleep.

Ahhhhhh! Brian woke to a loud scream. Immediately, he glanced at his watch. It was midnight.

Brian looked down at the floor. Green leaves were scattered everywhere. And then he heard loud, thunderous footsteps near the front of the cabin. Brian didn't know what to do. But he knew he had to do something! Slowly he tiptoed toward the front of the cabin. He looked through the screen door, but he didn't see anything. *Hmmmm*. He poked his head out the door. Still nothing. So Brian poked his head out a little further...

And there he was—a huge green monster with big, beady eyes! GREENIE!

Greenie lunged for Brian. Brian dashed out the door, past the monster, and out onto the grass. Then he started running as fast as he could.

Greenie followed right behind.

Brian ran all over camp. He ran past the cabins, the mess hall, and the soccer fields. But Greenie kept getting closer.

What does he want with me? Brian thought as he ran past the lake and into the woods. He darted in and out from behind the trees, hoping to lose the monster. But no matter which way Brian turned, the monster was close behind. There was nowhere for him to go.

And so, Brian headed back to his cabin. If he could just get inside and bolt the door...

Just then, a long, thin, bony green hand reached out and touched Brian's shoulder. Brian turned around and came face to face with *Greenie*.

The monster smiled. He'd waited so many years for this. Finally, Greenie opened his mouth and screamed...

"Tag! You're it!"



THE BAILEY SCHOOL KIDS PUZZLE ADVENTURES

HAS EDDIE'S DEAD UNCLE JASPER COME BACK TO HAUNT BAILEY CITY? NOT EVEN THE BAILEY SCHOOL KIDS KNOW FOR SURE. ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN, THOUGH. TRYING THESE PUZZLE PAGES IS SURE TO BOO-ST YOUR FUN!

A GHOST IN THE HOUSE

IN GHOSTS DON'T EAT POTATO CHIPS, HOWIE THINKS THERE IS A GHOST LIVING IN EDDIE'S AUNT MATHILDA'S HOUSE. WHERE DOES THE GHOST LIVE? TO FIND OUT, FIRST UNSCRAMBLE THE UNDERLINED WORDS. THEN WRITE THE CIRCLED LETTERS IN THE SPACES BELOW.

MELODY THINKS DOODLEGUM KESAHS _____ _____
ARE THE BEST IN TOWN.

WADDLED UP SUISTSE _____
COVERED THE FLOOR OF AUNT MATHILDA'S ROOM.

LIZA THINKS JASPER IS A HSOGT _____ .

AUNT MATHILDA LIKES TO EAT DOUBLE NNIOO _____
DOODLE BURGERS.

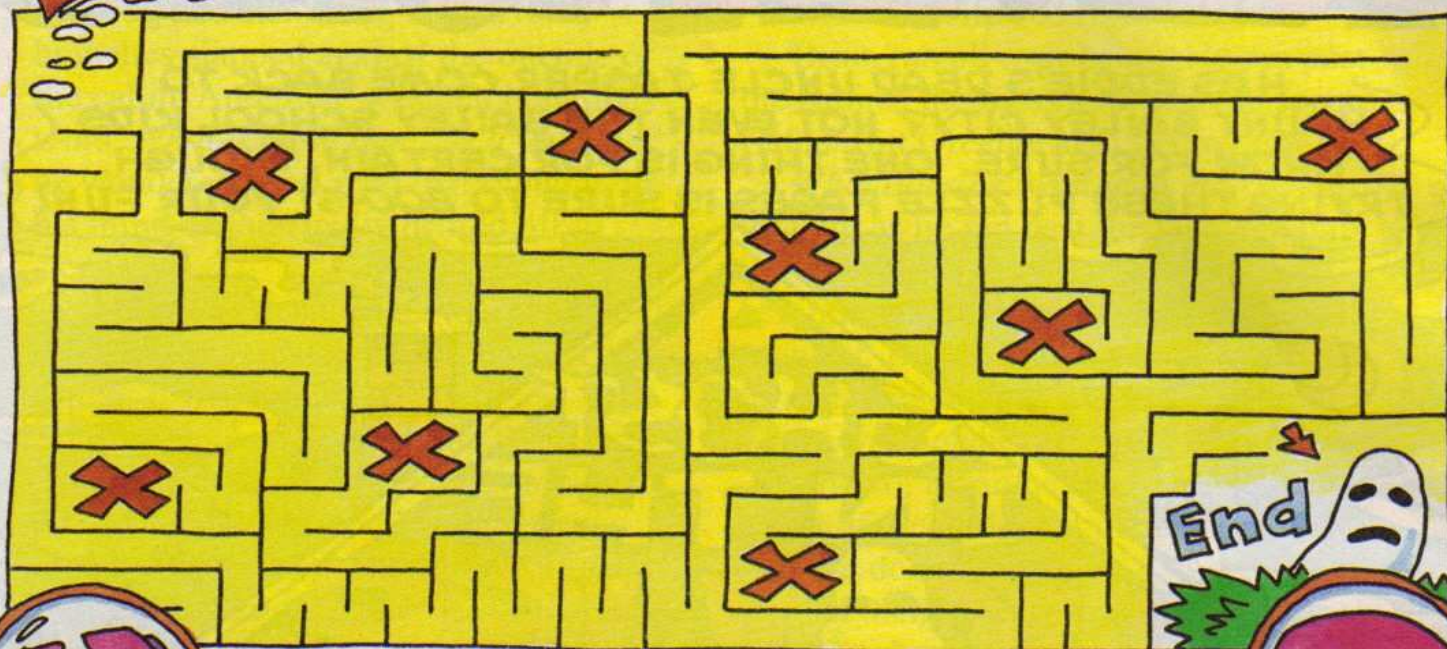
HOWIE LIKES TO EAT LAGICR _____ CHIPS.

THE GHOST LIVES IN THE

A GHOSTLY TRAIL



THE BAILEY SCHOOL KIDS HAVE FOUND A TRAIL OF GARLIC CHIPS. WILL IT LEAD TO THE GHOST? FOLLOW THE MAZE AND FIND OUT!



HAUNTED • HUNT

THERE ARE LOTS OF CREEPY THINGS IN AUNT MATHILDA'S HOUSE. LOOK AT THE PICTURE BELOW AND CIRCLE EVERY WEIRD THING YOU FIND. LOOK FOR: YELLOWED NEWSPAPERS, A CRACKED WINDOW, PEELING PAINT, AN OLD BROKEN CHAIR, AN OLD DISH TOWEL, AN OLD GRAY COIN PURSE, A CRACKED PLATE, AND AN OLD TRUNK.

