

Goosebumps
SLAPPYWORLD

FRIIIGHT NIGHT

R.L. STINE

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Let's say you were an ant, and you lived with your ant family in a little dirt hole under someone's porch. Then one day, someone dug up the dirt hole and carried it in a truck a few hundred miles and dropped it in the middle of the world's biggest ant farm.

How would you feel?

Well, you probably can't answer that question—unless you're an ant. I'm trying to describe how I feel, having moved from Little Hills Village, New Hampshire, to Great Newton, Massachusetts. I don't mean that Little Hills Village is a dirt hole. It's just tiny compared to Great Newton, see.

I'm Kelly Crosby. I'm twelve. And you can probably tell that I'm a little messed up by my family's move. In the middle of the school year. To a town where I don't have a single friend or even know anyone.

I was in the back seat of our car, on my way to my first day of school, and I started to text my friend Charlene Morse back home. But I decided I had too much to say, so I called her instead.

“Charlene, if I was an ant, I’d say, ‘Someone, please step on me!’” I groaned.

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, “I hate ants. Why are you talking about ants?”

“Because I feel like one,” I said. “And because there were ants in the kitchen when we moved in. Mom put down so many ant traps, you can’t walk barefoot in there.”

“Well, stop talking about them,” she said. “What’s new?”

“Huh? What’s new? *Everything* is new,” I replied.

“Kelly, you don’t sound happy,” Charlene said.

“Is an ant happy in the ocean?” I exclaimed.

She sighed. “Kelly, I’m going to hang up now. If you say the word *ant* one more time . . .”

“We have mosquitoes, too,” I said. “I-I guess I miss Little Hills Village. Tell me what’s up. What’s going on there?”

“You know what’s going on here,” she replied. “Nothing. It’s so boring here—”

“I like boring,” I said.

“Okay, Kelly. I’ll tell you the big news. Two dogs got into a dogfight on the lower school playground last Friday. That’s the big news.”

“Who won?” I asked.

We both laughed.

I think Charlene and I are good friends because we have the same sense of humor. We make the same jokes, and we both laugh at the same things.

But then she turned serious. “Listen to me. You’re so lucky. You’ll love Adams Prep. A big school will be so much more exciting.”

“Who likes exciting?” I said.

“Stop it,” she snapped. “I’m totally jealous of you, Kelly. New kids. A big new school. Just think. You can be a new person with a new personality.”

“Huh?” I replied. “What’s wrong with my old personality?”

“I didn’t know you *had* one!” she joked.

Or maybe it was a joke.

“Did you buy new clothes for the new school?” Charlene asked. “Did you throw away that *Puppy Pals* T-shirt?”

“You’re not funny,” I said. “You know I wore that shirt ironically.”

“I hope you burned that other shirt you thought was such a riot.”

“Which one?” I asked. “The one that said *Don’t Read This Shirt?* Everyone laughed at that T-shirt.”

“Those were sympathy laughs,” Charlene said. “Let’s be honest. You were kind of a wimp here. Now you have a chance to try a bold new personality. How lucky to be able to start over!”

Mom pulled the car to the curb. I gazed out at the tall, redbrick Adams Prep school building. Groups of kids were hurrying to the wide front entrance.

The school was huge.

“Gotta go,” I told Charlene. “We’re here.”

“Good luck,” she said.

“Does an ant need good luck in a forest?” I said.

Mom turned around and squinted at me. “Stop talking about ants.”