



THE
BINDER OF
DOOM
BOA CONSTRUCTOR
by Troy Cummings

 **BRANCHES™** 
SCHOLASTIC INC.

To Penny. I love all the things you draw, sculpt, weave, and glue together. Thanks for the inspiration!

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

Copyright © 2019 by Troy Cummings

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC, BRANCHES, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Cummings, Troy, author.

Title: Boa constructor / by Troy Cummings.

Description: First edition. | New York, NY : Branches/Scholastic Inc., 2019. | Series: The binder of doom ; 2 |

Summary: Something is stealing machine parts from all over Stermont, including a wrecking ball from a local construction site, and Alexander and his fellow monster hunters, Rip, and Nikki, fear that it is building a Stermont-smashing machine - so the friends must use the resources of the summer maker program at the library to stop this monster, and perhaps even solve the mystery of who is leaving monster trading cards where the Super Secret Monster Patrol can find them.

Identifiers: LCCN 2018058516 | ISBN 9781338314700 (hardcover) | ISBN 9781338314694 (pbk.)

Subjects: LCSH: Monsters - Juvenile fiction. | Construction equipment - Juvenile fiction. | Makerspaces in libraries - Juvenile fiction. | Public libraries - Juvenile fiction. | Best friends - Juvenile fiction. | Horror tales. | CVAC: Monsters-Fiction. | Construction equipment - Fiction. | Makerspaces - Fiction. | Libraries - Fiction. | Best friends - Fiction. | Friendship - Fiction. | Horror stories. | LCGFT: Horror fiction.

Classification: LCC PZ7.C91494 Bc 2019 | DDC 813.6 [Fic] - dc23 LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2018058516>

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

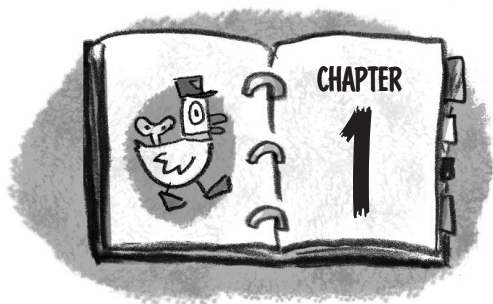
19 20 21 22 23

Printed in China 62

First edition, September 2019

Edited by Katie Carella

Book design by Troy Cummings and Sarah Dvojack



THE HEADLESS DUCK

In the middle of the night, Alexander Bopp heard a strange clicking sound.

He sat up in bed.
CLICKETY-CLICK.

There it is again! he thought.
He held his breath.
Something was moving underneath his bed.

WHIRRR...CLICKETY-CLICK!

Alexander did what most kids would do in this situation: He ducked under his blanket.



But unlike most kids, Alexander wasn't hiding. He was setting a trap.

Alexander was the leader of the Super Secret Monster Patrol, a group of kids sworn to protect Stermont from monsters. Recently, a whole slew of monsters had been unleashed on the town. The S.S.M.P. was going to be busier than ever.

WHIRRRR...GLICKETY-CLICK!

Alexander waited for the thing-under-the-bed to come out.

"GOTCHA!" he shouted. He dove to the floor, slamming his blanket down over the clicky thing.



The thing shook. It clicked. And then it quacked.

Alexander blinked.

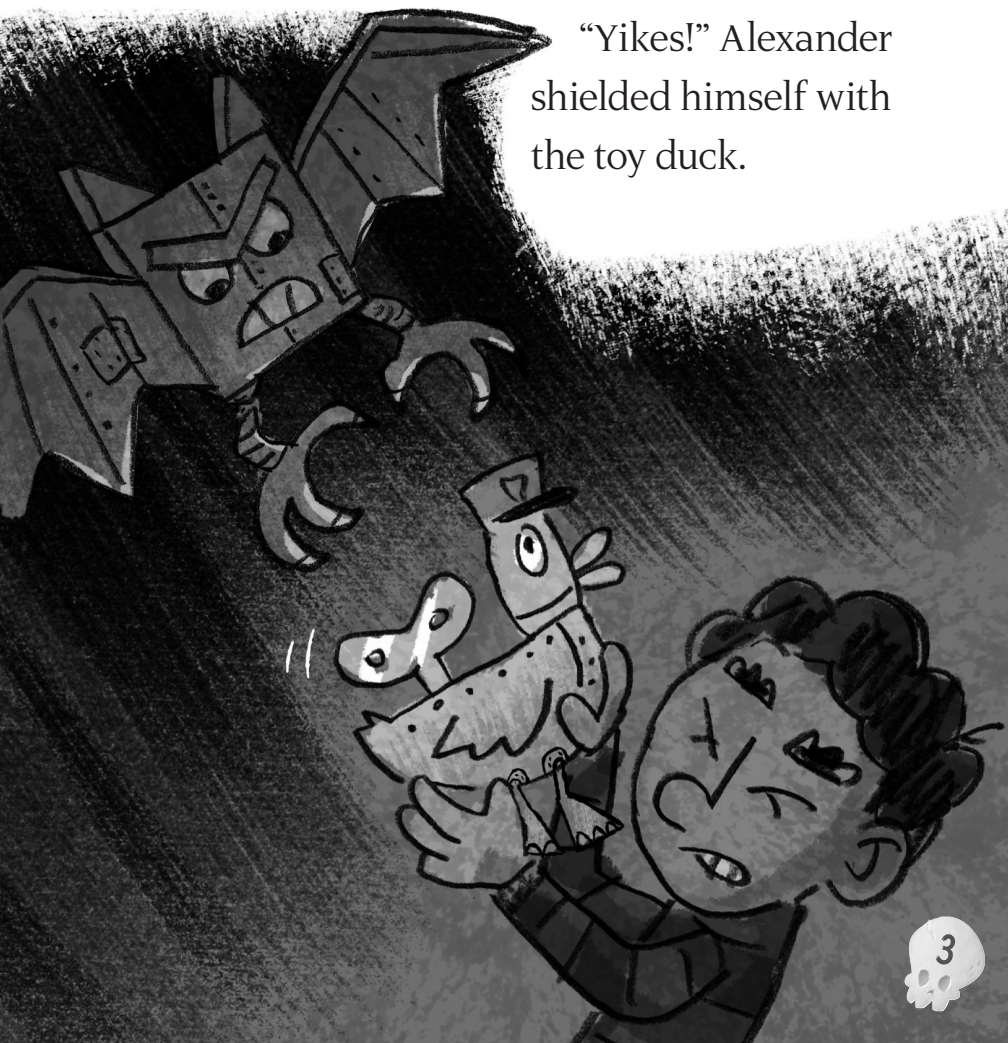


He yanked off the blanket. He'd captured a windup toy duck. It was waddling in circles.

“Captain Duck!” said Alexander. “Who wound you up?”

SCREEE! A flapping bat-like creature swooped down from Alexander’s bookshelf. Its claws were long. And pointy. And headed straight for Alexander’s face.

“Yikes!” Alexander shielded himself with the toy duck.





VRRRRT! The creature's claws spun like a drill, unscrewing the large, yellow windup key from Captain Duck's back.

PLOP! The duck fell apart. Alexander gasped.

The bat-creature flapped out the window and disappeared into the night.

Alexander closed his window, locked it, and climbed back into bed.

The last thing he saw before falling asleep was Captain Duck's head looking up at him from the floor.

