The Legend of the Headless Hall Monitor



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TCM Teacher Created Materials

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CHAPTER ONE



Bad to the Bones

Nicki Crane tried not to squirm while her friend picked crickets out of her curly hair.

"Don't move," Kell muttered. She crinkled her nose and freed another cricket.

Someone had filled Nicki's locker with the crunchy critters as a prank. Nicki

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knew exactly who that someone was.

"Bram Bones," she grumbled, shaking out her coat. Crickets skittered away in all directions, hiding under Halloween decorations and fallen leaves.

Bram was her only rival for Sleepy Hollow Central School's class president. She expected some friendly competition. But Bram was infamous for taking things too far. He picked on kids with his so-called jokes, but he was the only one laughing.

As the school election drew closer, Bram tried to force Nicki to quit. His tricks grew meaner and more frequent. In fact, he'd already pranked Nicki earlier that day by slipping a stink popper into her backpack. Nicki had walked around for hours smelling farts before she realized that she was the source of the stench.

Her bag still reeked, and now it had crickets jumping out of it!

Bram Bones would pay for this.

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After she and Kell vacated the last of the crickets from her locker, Nicki stomped off to confront Bram.

"Ignore him, Nicki," Kell struggled to keep up with her. "He's not worth it."

Nicki opened her mouth to respond but gasped instead, stopping short at the bulletin board. One of her campaign posters hung alongside the flyers hyping the school's Halloween party that night. But someone had scrawled over Nicki's slogan, "Nicki for Class President!" in permanent marker. Now, the poster read, "STINKY for Class President!"

Nicki scanned the hallway. All of her posters were vandalized in the same way. Her heart galloped—the vandal had demolished hours of work. She wanted to scream and maybe cry a little, too, but mostly scream.

"Hey, Stinkster," Bram sauntered up to them. "I fixed your posters for you. You're welcome."

"Not funny, Bram," Nicki scowled

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at him. "I take this seriously, so why can't you?"

"Hey, if you can't handle the competition, get out of the race," Bram smirked. "Besides, I'm not doing anything illegal."

"Actually…" Kell started to say, but Nicki interrupted.

"I'd be careful if I were you, Bram Bones."

"Please," Bram scoffed, "you're too much of a rules nerd to get revenge."

"It's not me you should worry about."

Bram crossed his arms over his chest, "No one in this school would dare take me on."

"The Headless Hall Monitor could," Nicki smiled in a very unfriendly way.

Bram bust out laughing, "The Headless what? You must be kidding, Stinky!" He dramatically gasped for air, snorting as if it were the funniest joke he'd ever heard. "We're not in kindergarten anymore; no one believes that garbage."

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As Bram pretended to wipe away tears of laughter, Nicki and Kell rolled their eyes.

"If you knew the real story, you would be absolutely terrified," Nicki said.

This time, Bram rolled his eyes. "This is the real story: it's all made up to scare babies…stinky ones, like you!" Bram pretended to wave away an odor, laughing as he sauntered away. Nicki tore down one of the ruined posters and crumpled it into a ball, glaring at Bram as he shoved his way through the crowded halls.

"Come on," Kell reached for a poster, "we'll print a new batch before the Halloween party."

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