

The secrets of Ravensbarrow have been buried far too long. Now they're waking up . . .
AND THEY'RE HUNGRY.

Starting at a new school is hard enough for an anxious kid like Teddy. But Ravensbarrow Elementary seems extra terrible. First, there are the zombielike kids and teachers, with their vacant stares and strange, echoey voices. Then there are the hamsters. So. Many. Hamsters. With their scrabbly claws and beady eyes and . . . wait.

Can those hamsters
...talk?

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TEDDY vs. the FUZZY DOOM

Hallett
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Secrets of Ravensbarrow

TEDDY vs. the FUZZY DOOM



Braden Hallett

"Delightful . . . readers will be swept away."
—TIM PROBERT, author of the Lightfall series



New school

Dark forest
of endless
dooooooom

Downtown

My house

Secrets of
Ravensbarrow

TEDDY vs. the FUZZY DOOM

Braden Hallett

Read at your
own risk, filthy
ape-pups!

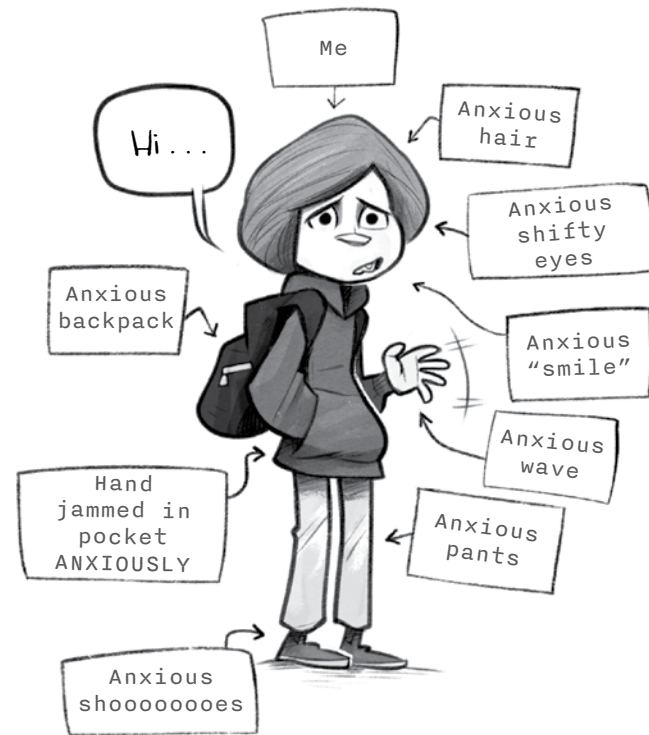


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Hi. I'm Teddy.

That's right. Teddy. I'm an anxious kid.



Seriously anxious.

This is me,
too . . .

How anxious? Well, the “I bite my nails” kind of anxious.

That doesn't help, Teddy. Explain it better.

Okay, you know that feeling like you're at the very top of a roller coaster and you're JUST about to go over the edge . . . and you KNOW that the ride's gonna break and you're gonna plummet to your doooooom?

That feeling like you're about to go on stage and you know, you KNOW, that you've forgotten all your lines?

Or like that time you did something really, REALLY stupid in front of your classmates and it was the kind of thing that's gonna follow you all the way from elementary school to middle school and then to high school and then into your first job and noone's-
evergonnaletyouliveitdownfortherest . . .

of your
LIFE!

I'm kinda mean
to myself.



Uuuuuugh . . .
I can't believe
I did that . . .
On stage.

We're getting
off-track here,
Teddy.

Sorry. Mom calls them tangents.

Anyways, I'm an anxious person. I feel like that all the time. I don't like it either. Sorry.

Stop apologizing, Teddy!

So you know just as well as me that when my family had to move from our home in Kamloops (dry, dusty, and oh so nice and warm) to Ravensbarrow (way up north and ALWAYS RAINING) I was gonna have a hard time.

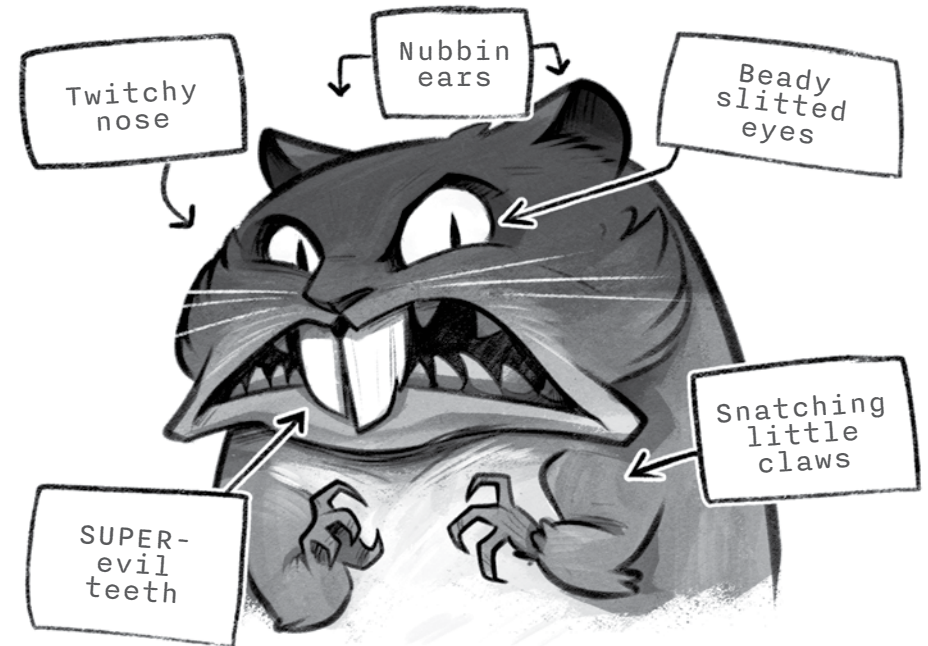
Also, there was that whole thing about evil hamsters trying to take over Ravensbarrow Elementary. I had a hard time with that, too.

Come to think of it, maybe I should just start there.

Yeah. Forget you read that first bit. Let's start with the evil hamsters.

Well, I didn't KNOW that there were evil hamsters when I showed up for my first day at Ravensbarrow Elementary. Gosh, that's a mouthful. I should call it something else. Oh, wait. Hamsters first.

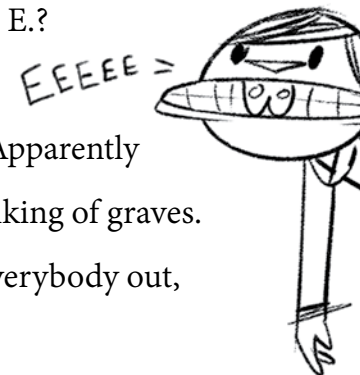
Behold, the ULTRA-EVIL hamster!



Now, the school. Maybe one of those things where you just use the letters? A whatchamacallit . . . ac-ro-nym?

Yeah. An acronym. Something like R. B. E.?

Nah. Too many "E" sounds.



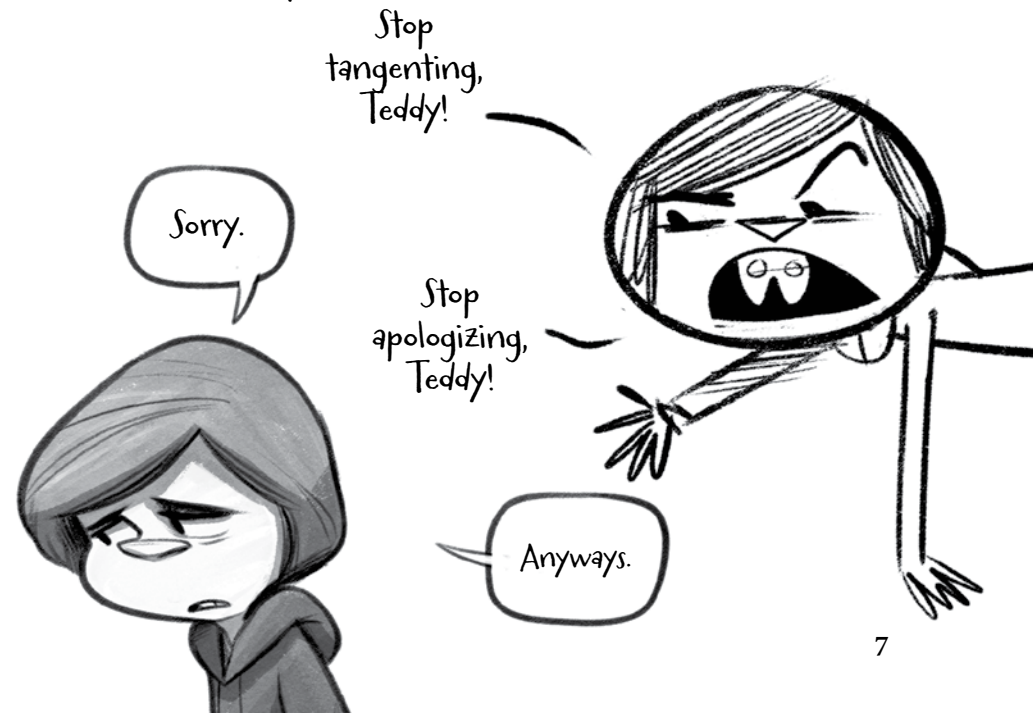
Barrow Elementary? Still not right. Apparently "barrow" means "grave." I don't like thinking of graves. Death freaks me out. I mean, it freaks everybody out, right? It's DEATH.

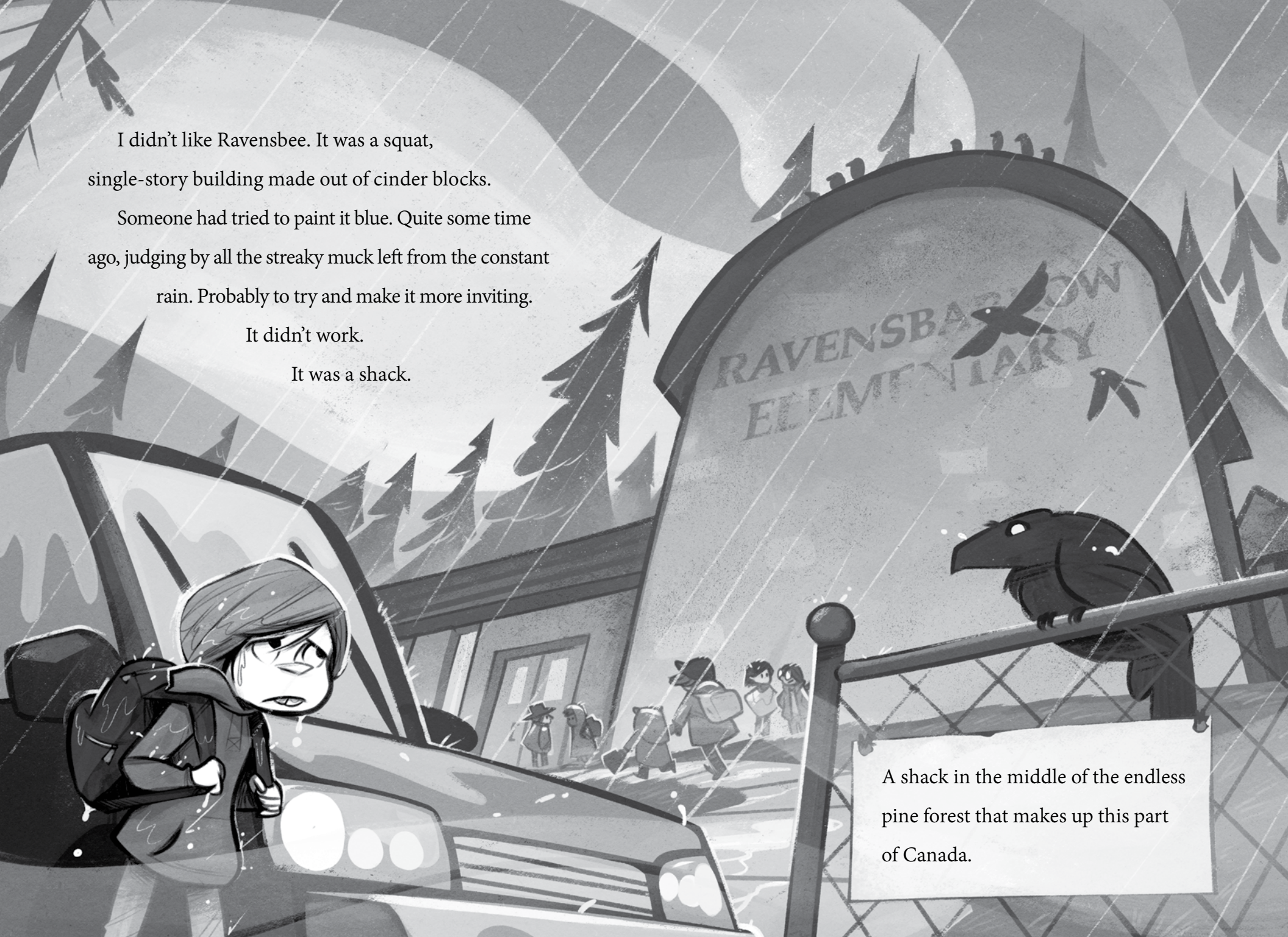
Maybe something shorter but with less barrow.
Ravens-Bee Elementary? Maybe just Ravensbee.



It was my first day at my new school, Ravensbee (yeah, I like Ravensbee a lot better!). My mom had grown up here. She'd gone to Ravensbee. I had cousins who went here, too, but they were out of town this week. I was all alone.

I stepped out of my dad's car and slammed the door behind me. It was raining. A lot. All the other kids were wearing heavy-duty rain gear and I was already soaked to the bone in my cotton hoodie. I thought rain gear would make me look nerdy (more nerdy, I guess). Real smart, Teddy.





I didn't like Ravensbee. It was a squat,
single-story building made out of cinder blocks.

Someone had tried to paint it blue. Quite some time
ago, judging by all the streaky muck left from the constant
rain. Probably to try and make it more inviting.

It didn't work.

It was a shack.

A shack in the middle of the endless
pine forest that makes up this part
of Canada.

“So you’ve got everything you need, Teddy? Not missing anything?” Dad had rolled down the window, but not much. If he’d rolled it all the way down, the car would have filled up in seconds from all the rain.

Geez, I hate rain . . .

“Yeah, Dad, I’ve got everything.”

“Pencils?”

“Yeah.”

“Paper?”

“Yeah.”

“Polybarometric oscillating thumb-whacker?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. You kept forgetting about it in Kamloops.”

Dad’s a weird guy.

Dad started to roll up the window. “All right, Teddy! Have a great day! I gotta get to work.”

That feeling in the pit of my stomach flared and I



grabbed the window before it closed.

“Dad, wait!”

Dad kept glancing at the clock. “What’s up?”

“I . . . Well . . .” Oh, geez . . . Dad had to get to work.

If he was late on his first day, he’d get fired. If he got fired, we’d lose our house! We’d be homeless! We’d be stuck on the streets in this awful, wet, dim place filled with nothing but pine trees, rotting leaves, and ugly cinder block shacks that they called elementary schools! What would we eat? We’d have to eat my cat! I like my cat!



“Teddy?” Dad raised an eyebrow and bit his lower lip. He only did that when he was worried. Now my dad was anxious!

“Sorry, Dad. No, I’ll be fine. I think. I hope.”

Dad kept biting his lip. He looked really worried now! I wasn’t helping. I should say something weird. Dad likes weird things.

I rustled my hood a little, spraying raindrops everywhere. “I mean, what if all the kids are part of some dark secret conspiracy aimed at removing the brains of all the adults in order to power a supercomputer?”

Dad smiled. He likes jokes like that. He likes to run with them. He rubbed at his chin and looked me in the eye, all super-serious. “I wouldn’t worry about it. Kids around here aren’t into evil science, Teddy. Besides, adult brains aren’t good for supercomputers. All we’re good for is meat and skin.”

“What would kids use human skin for?” I forced a laugh. I knew this was all just a joke, but the thought of someone hunting my dad to use him for leather started

to worm its way into my mind.

Dad shrugged. “Shoes? I wonder if my unicorn tattoo would be a good thing or a bad thing for cannibalistic child-cobblers . . .”

“You have a tattoo?!”

Dad did a double take at the clock. “I gotta go, Teddy! I love you! Have a good day! Make good choices!” He drove off, leaving me alone.

In the rain.

“I hate the rain.”

