

'Great work, team,' I say. 'Making do with what you have is what camping's all about! Okay, now all we need to do is chop some wood and make a fire. Can you give me the axe, Terry?'



'Axe?' says Terry.

'You did pack it, didn't you?'

'Um ... no ... you didn't tell me to.'

'Yes, I did,' I say. 'I specifically asked if you'd packed the axe.'

'Oh!' says Terry, striking his forehead. 'I thought you said, "Have you *acked the pax*?"'

'Of course you did,' I sigh.

'Did you really say that?' asks Wanda.

'No!' I shout. 'Because there's no such thing as a *pax*!'



'Yes there is,' says Terry, producing an axe. 'I have one right here.'



‘He did indeed,’ says the scarecrow. ‘He *double-died*.’

‘But that would make him the ghost of a ghost!’ I say. ‘Is that even possible?’

‘Not only possible,’ says the scarecrow, ‘but that’s exactly what happened. And then it got even worse.’

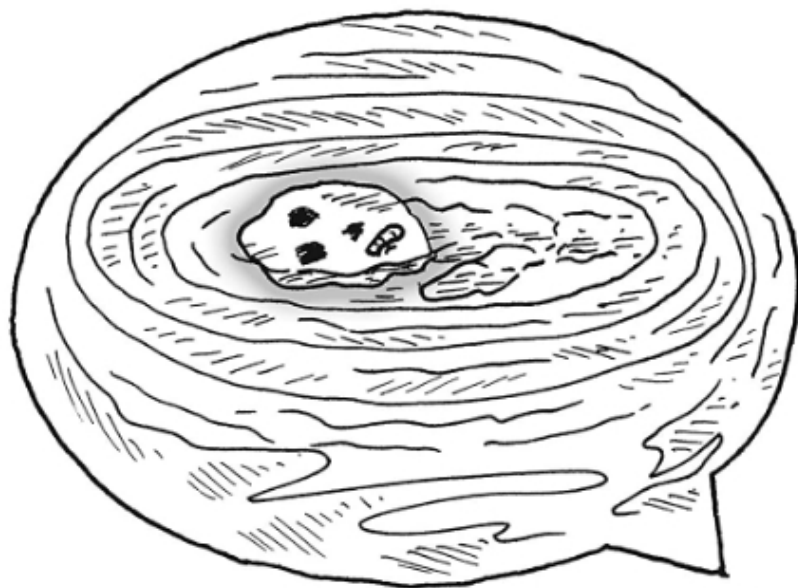


‘Worse?’ says Terry. ‘How?’

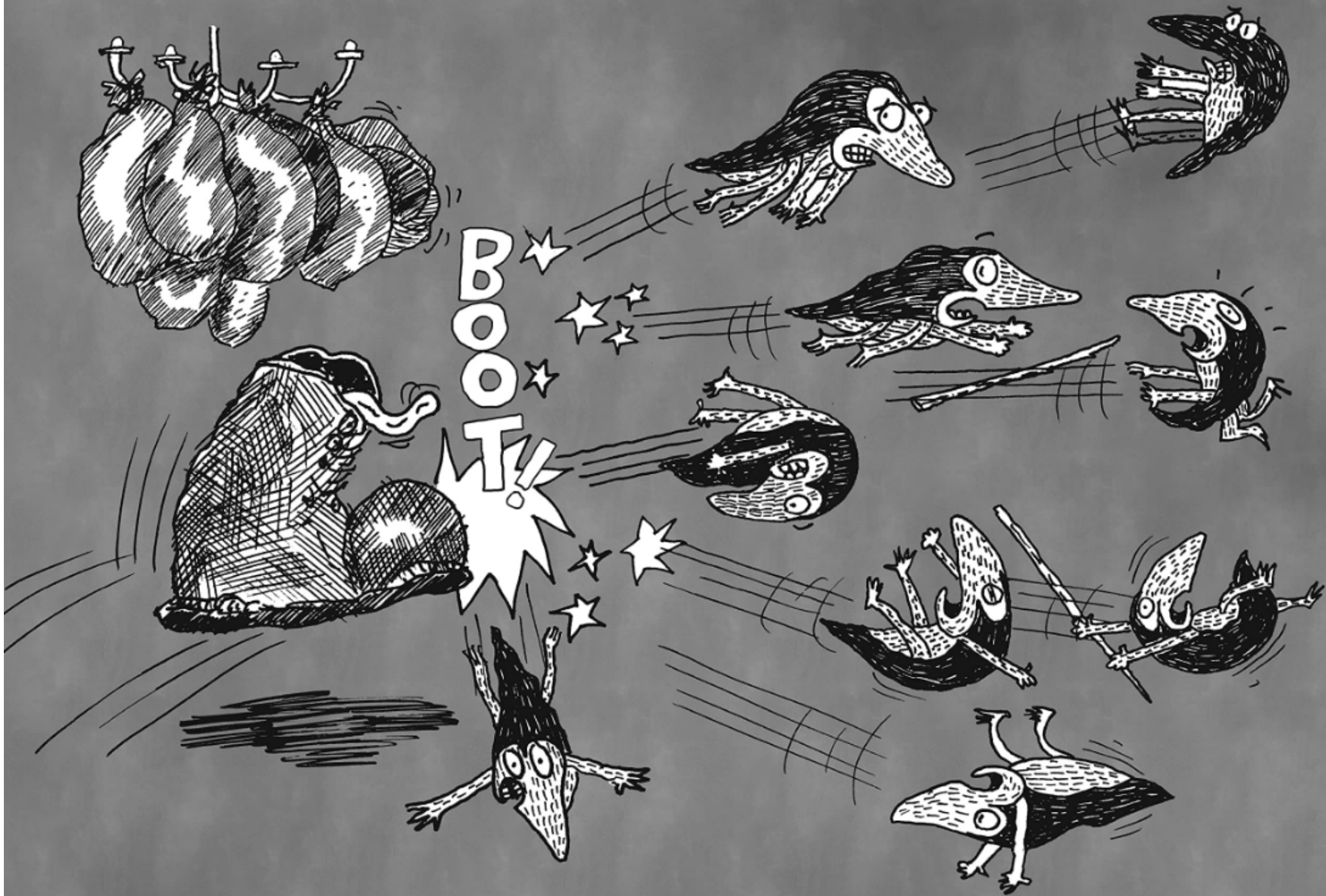
‘Because,’ says the scarecrow, ‘then the ghost of Fred’s ghost was blown into a river—a big wet one—and drowned ... *drowned to death!*’

‘The ghost *drowned?*’ says Wanda.

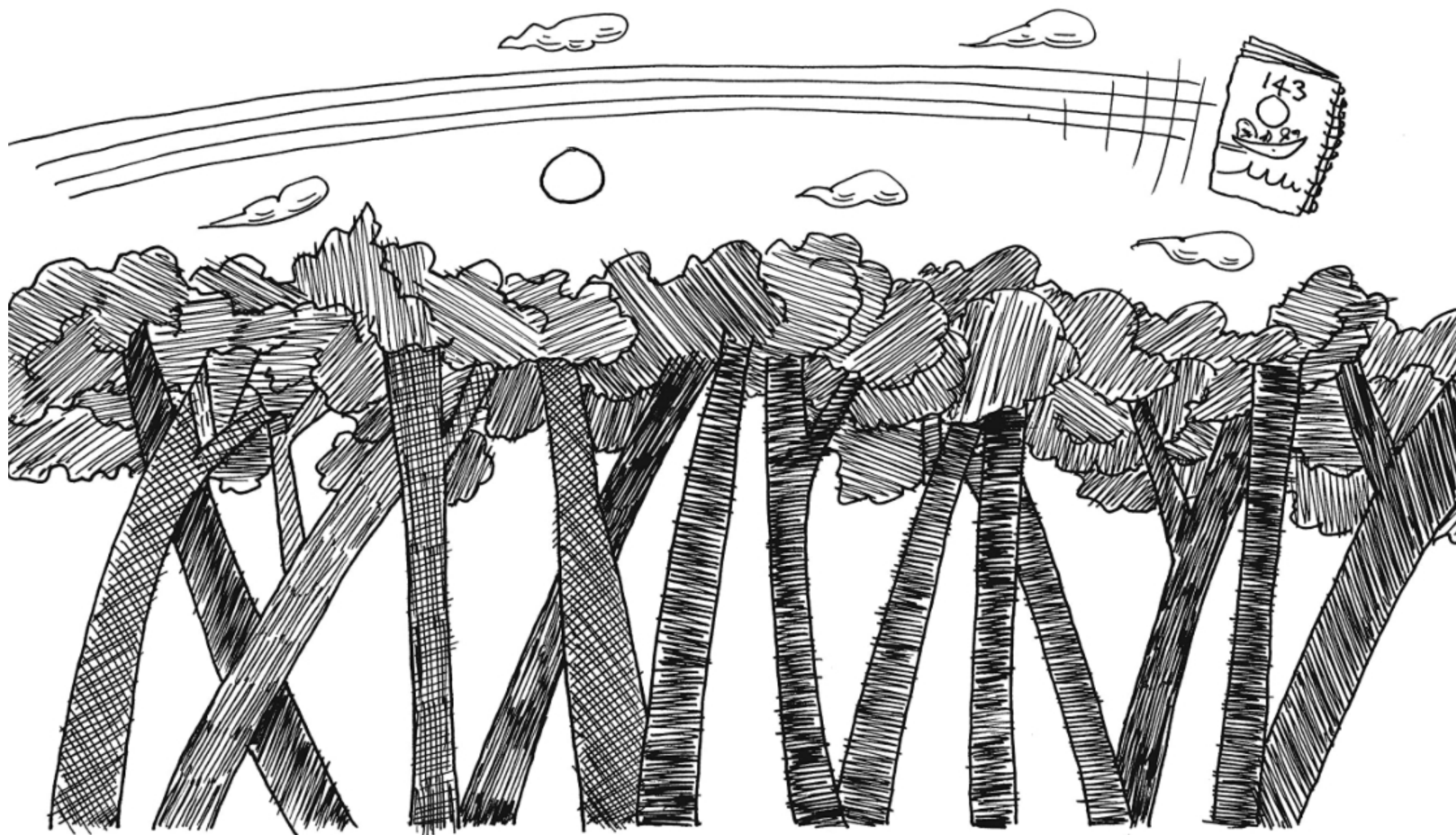
‘I’m afraid so,’ says the scarecrow. ‘Ghosts can do a lot of things, but they can’t swim. Fred the ghost of a ghost became the ghost of a ghost ... of a *ghost!* And then—’



‘Okay, thanks, Scarecrow,’ I say, stepping in before the ghost of a ghost of a ghost story can become any scarier, or any more confusing. ‘I think that’s enough spooky stories for one evening. It’s probably time we all went to bed.’



across the forest ...



over the city ...

