



**OUR  
TEACHER is  
A VAMPIRE  
AND OTHER  
(NOT) TRUE STORIES**

BY Mary amato

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HOLIDAY HOUSE / NEW YORK



TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22

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Greetings, Fellow Classmates,

Our teacher has a huge, frightening secret. I am going to write the story about it in this blank book, and everybody in this class can read it! But first you all have to promise not to tell anybody else. Read the oath below and sign it. At recess, we can each add a drop of our blood to seal the deal.

Suspensefully yours,

Alexander H. Gory, Jr.

P.S. Pass it on, but wait until Mrs. Penrose is not looking.

# OATH

\* \* \*

I agree that this is a Top Secret Book for Mrs. Penrose's Class Only. Whatever Alexander H. Gory, Jr., tells me I hereby promise to guard with my life and never tell a soul. Signed (with a drop of blood) on this Tuesday, October 22nd, at Delite Elementary School in Delite, Minnesota.

Sign here \_\_\_\_\_

Blood here \_\_\_\_\_

To Alexander:

1. You are asking us to keep a secret, but sometimes secrets can be bad or even dangerous.
2. I will not pass this book on.
3. We should be listening to Mrs. Penrose's lesson on similes and metaphors. My attention is drawn to her like a magnet.

Sincerely,  
Omar

P.S. Just tell me what's going on at recess.

P.P.S. Isn't this the book you got for your birthday to fill up? I like how the pages are perfectly clean and blank. It feels like a real book, not like a notebook.

Fellow Classmates,

This cannot wait until recess. This is a matter of life and death.

Suspensefully yours,  
Alexander H. Gory, Jr.

P.S. Pass it on!

P.P.S. Yes, this was a birthday present. I've been saving it for something big, and this is huge!

Hey,

I saw this on <sup>Omar's</sup> ~~Omar's~~ desk and grabbed it. I'm  
hooked. I promise. But making us wait <sup>till</sup> ~~til~~ recess  
is mean. Tell the secret <sup>right</sup> ~~rite~~ now, Alexander. If <sup>it's</sup> ~~its~~  
as good as you say, I'll pass the book on.

—Carly

Greetings, Carly,

Like I said, the secret is huge. Okay, okay, I'll tell you. Mrs. Penrose is a vampire! You'll never guess who her victim is going to be . . . our librarian, Ms. Yang. I think we'll be the first students to have a vampire for a teacher. My idea is to write the whole story as it happens in this book.

Excitedly yours,  
Alexander H. Gory, Jr.

Hey Alexander,

Wow! This is <sup>really</sup> ~~rifty~~ big news. If we write this <sup>million</sup> ~~millyon~~ story, we could sell it for a ~~millyon~~ million dollars. You could do it yourself. But think about it. With our help, you could do it faster AND it would be more fun AND we would make enough money for everybody to have a lot. I can see this as a movie. You need me!

Later,  
Carly

Greetings, Carly,

I like your enthusiasm. Okay. Whoever in the class wants to help write the story can help.

— Alexander H. Gory, Jr.

P.S. Pass it on . . . or else!

Sup, Dudes?

Carly passed me Alexander's book. I'm in. Totally cool idea about the story. Carly's right. We could make big bucks. I'll put in the funny stuff. Alexander can draw the pictures.

By the way, if I were a vampire, I'd pick a nice chubby chap for my victim. Ms. Yang is too skinny. Skinny people like her don't have as much blood as chubby chaps. It's basically like the difference between getting a small soda or getting a Big Gulp. Sluuuurp!

Smell ya later,  
*Nick the Slick*

Disgusting, Nick. What's your proof, Alexander? Last month you said there was a ghost in the library and there wasn't one.

—Kristen

P.S. I saw a blank book like this at the bookstore and wanted it, but I didn't have any money. Thank you for letting us write in it, Alexander. I'm sort of nervous and excited about how real it is.

P.P.S. You wrote "Pass it on . . . or else." Or else what?

Greetings,

I have all the evidence this time in black and white. When Mrs. Penrose was helping Buzz in the back of the room, I went up to her desk to get a tissue. I saw her journal open and I couldn't help reading the page.

Meet me under the pine tree by the old merry-go-round at recess. I'll tell you exactly what I read.

Breathlessly,

Alexander H. Gory, Jr.

P.S. Pass it on or else I will come back as an angry ghost and haunt you after I die for the rest of your life.



To Alexander:

1. I can't believe you read Mrs. Penrose's journal. A journal is a private thing. That is completely against the rules.
2. Please stop doing criminal-type things.
3. Mrs. Penrose is way too nice to be a vampire, even if vampires did exist. She is the best teacher I've ever had.
4. A teacher would never bite a librarian, because that is definitely against the rules.
5. I am not passing this book. I do not want to get in trouble. I really wish I didn't sit next to you.

Sincerely,

Omar

P.S. I had to correct the mistakes in Carly's writing because it bothers me to see mistakes.

# Excitement at Delite Elementary School

Written by Kristin

At recess, Alexander got me, Omar, Nick, Carly, Jazmine, Tee and Isabella. We all hurried down to the old merry-go-round by the pine tree. The only people from our class who didn't come were Buzz and Harrison. Buzz was too busy playing soccer on the blacktop, and nobody asked Harrison because he's always reading.

The sky was as gray as old metal, and all the trees looked dark and drippy from the morning rain. We sat on the merry-go-round, facing in, because the ground was too wet to sit on.

Alexander held the book out, open to his Oath page. "This is going to be a secret book. Promise not to tell and sign here with a drop of your blood."

"Knock it off, Alexander," I said. "We're not signing anything in blood."

"No blood. No way," Isabella said.

"I promise not to tell," Jazmine said. "Does everybody else promise?"

We did—even Omar, who's afraid of trouble. Alexander was too excited to argue. He took a breath and raised his eyebrows to look dramatic. Then he said in his

usual spooky voice, "Our favorite teacher needs the blood of humans to survive. She's a vampire. I saw the proof in her journal."

"The one she keeps on her desk?" Tee asked. "That's her private journal."

"That's what I said," Omar added.

"It was open and he couldn't help seeing it!" Carly said. "Let's move on. We've got a vampire here, people!"

Alexander leaned in. "Here's what she wrote: 'I don't know how much longer I can keep this a secret. No ordinary food tastes good to me anymore.'"

"That doesn't prove anything," I said.

"There's more," Alexander said. "She wrote that she's craving only one thing and said it's the one thing that has always repulsed her. And—"

"What does 'repulse' mean?" Jazmine asked.

Omar spoke up. "Things that repulse you are horrible things that make you sick to your stomach such as drinking human blood—"

"Exactly!" Alexander said.

"And breaking school rules," Omar added, and shot a look at Alexander.

Alexander kept going. "Then she said that she's growing weak and she can't hold out much longer. 'Poor Nou,' she wrote, 'but what else can I do?'"

"Who's Nou?" Jazmine asked.

“Ms. Yang! Our librarian!” Alexander thinks everyone on the planet should know our librarian’s first name. “If you guys would stop interrupting me, you’d understand how it all fits together. Number one, she has a secret. Two, she doesn’t like ordinary food.” He counted off with his fingers. “Three, she’s craving something that repulses her, like human blood. Four, she’s growing weak. Five, she feels sorry for Ms. Yang—”

“Why would Mrs. Penrose feel sorry for her?” Tee asked. “They’re friends.”

“Because she’s going to sink her fangs into her,” Carly said.

“Exactly! Thank you, Carly,” Alexander said.

Everybody started talking at the same time, which was creating a muddle of ideas. This was hard, especially for Omar, who doesn’t like muddles. We didn’t even notice that Nick had disappeared. Suddenly, Nick jumped out from behind the pine tree and lunged at Isabella. He had his teeth stuck out like vampire fangs and said, “Mwa-ha-ha! I want to drink your blood!”

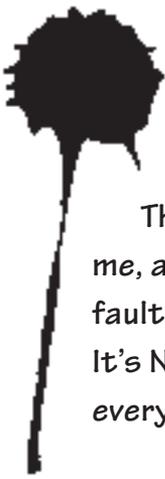
Isabella started screaming and running, and that didn’t help either.

Whew! My fingers just got a lot of exercise. Recess is over. Got to go. It’s crazy around here.

To the Whole Class:

1. We have more than one problem.
2. I am making a graphic organizer to help us. At recess tomorrow, please fill it out. I think Harrison and Buzz should fill it out, too, because we are all in this together.

Sincerely,  
Omar



This is not my fault! Isabella bumped into me, and the book fell in the mud. It isn't her fault either, because Nick was chasing her. It's Nick's fault! Nick needs to apologize to everybody for messing up the book.

## Nick's Apology Poem

Add rain to dirt  
And you get muddy.  
Smear it on the page!  
Who thinks it's cruddy?  
Only one big fuddy-duddy.

Nick, your poem was not an apology. I don't like mud either. Let's all be more careful! This is a very nice book! :)

—Jasmine

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23

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**Name:** Is Mrs. Penrose a vampire?  
(yes or no)

**Omar:** No

**Alexander:** Without a shadow of a doubt

**Carly:** Let's all say she is.

**Nick:** **Absolutely**

**Tee:** I don't think so. But if she got turned into one I feel bad for her because I'm sure she doesn't want to be one.

**Kristin:** Would need more proof.

**Jasmine:** If she is, we'll cure her.

**Isabella:** <sup>are</sup> No. Vampires ~~is~~ bad people.

**Buzz:** **Stop bothering me.**  
**I'm in the middle of a game.**

Should we keep writing about it in this *secret book*?  
(yes or no)

No

Yes

Yes! \$\$\$\$\$\$Cha-ching!

**Abso-dabbo-lutely**

Yes, because I want to be a writer,  
only I never have ideas.

Yes, as long as it is a realistic story.

Yes. We could add glitter and those  
nice-smelling scratch stickers  
to make it fun. No more mud!

No. This will make trouble.

**No. Why would anyone want to write  
unless you had to?**

# To Write or Not to Write

by Kristin

It is official! We will keep writing in this book. We had another meeting at recess today. Six people voted yes. Three people voted no. Harrison didn't vote because nobody asked him. I wanted to ask, but Carly said, "He's busy reading. Let's just go, go, go."

We were all sitting on the old merry-go-round again because the ground was still wet.

As soon as the votes came in, Alexander yelped. He started hopping on and off the platform. "We need to write down everything that happens. Let's follow Mrs. Penrose at midnight to catch her in the act."

Carly was in second place for being hyper. "Vampire books sell, especially if we say that a vampire is running loose." She started jumping on the platform, making the rest of us jiggle. "We can also sell garlic necklaces because garlic keeps vampires from biting you. We can make a fortune."

"If we are telling people Mrs. Penrose is a vampire, they will not let her be a teacher," Isabella said.

"Or she'll come after us," Nick said. "We'll all turn into vampires and get capes and grow fangs and scare the kindergartners. Mwa-ha-ha!" He jumped off the

merry-go-round and started spinning us around, which made Isabella scream.

"Knock it off, Nick," I said, but it was kind of funny because Isabella sounds like a flying monkey when she screams.

(No offense, Isabella. You have to admit, it's true.)

"We don't need to say that Mrs. Penrose is a vampire. We could change her name so people who read our book won't know it's her," Alexander said. "Then she wouldn't get fired."

"Perfect," Carly said.

"We can call her Mrs. Pennytoes," Nick said, and laughed.

"Not ghoulish enough," Alexander said.

Omar had been quiet until now. "I voted no because I don't want to get in trouble. But I do like the idea of us all writing a big story together. Why don't we write a novel like Mali Koam's 'The Deep Blue'? That was an excellent book. As long as we do it in our free time, Mrs. Penrose can't get mad at us for that."

"Let's make it about fairies," Jazmine said. "We can make Mrs. Penrose the Queen of the Woodland Fairies."

as if

Alexander let out a big breath. He looked like

he was about to have a hissy fit. "You're missing the point. We're not making up stories here. This is a real thing!" He stomped at the end like an exclamation point. "It's my book and my idea. I'm writing the vampire story by myself. Case closed."

"No takebacks," I reminded him. "You said we can help write the story. You wrote that down in this book. We're all writing one big story together."

"We need Kristin," Carly said. "She's like a reporter. She writes the fastest."

"Okay, okay." Alexander nodded. "But it has to be the vampire story. It's the story of the century, and that's what we voted on anyway." He stared at Omar. "If anybody doesn't want to write with us, that's fine."

Omar looked up at the sky as if the clouds would tell him what to do. "The majority does rule," Omar said. "I can't argue with that. I want to write as long as we don't break rules."

Carly jumped off the merry-go-round and announced: "It's the vampire story, but only at recess or free time. That's a wrap."

(Carly has been saying "that's a wrap" ever since she went to Make-a-Movie Camp, because that's what

the director says when a scene is over)

The bell rang, and we all had to come in for lunch. I just wrote all this with my right hand while eating a peanut butter and bacon sandwich with my left hand. I am adding one thing that I forgot to say.

Carly, I'm sorry but I don't think people will buy garlic necklaces because they will smell bad, but thank you for the compliment about my speedy writing and I do admire your spirit.

Yo Carly,

I disagree with Kristin. Sell garlic shampoo and garlic sandwiches, too. We'll all smell horrible. Ha-ha.

Smell ya later big-time,  
*Nick the Slick*

## WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

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Greetings,

I know Omar is going to get mad, so don't pass this book to him. But there's exciting news that cannot wait until free time or recess tomorrow. After we came back from lunch, Nick told me that he found more proof.

"Go look in her cup!" he said.

I went up to "get a tissue" and saw inside Mrs. Penrose's white cup. It's not filled with water. It's filled with dark red liquid. Blood!

Seriously yours,  
*Alexander H. Gory, Jr.*

P.S. Pass it on or else toads and locusts will fall on your head like rain.

Hey,

I just went up and looked. It is blood!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

great

This will be a ~~grate~~ part of the story.

Later,

Carly

Dear Alexander,

I doubt it's blood. I think we should come up with another story idea to write about. The vampire thing isn't realistic. If Mrs. Penrose ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> a vampire, she'd be sleeping in her coffin during the day. When sunlight touches vampires, they burst into flames. Remember when she took us outside to explore the creek during science last week? It was sunny. There's the proof. You have to look at all the evidence.

—Kristen

P.S. The only thing different I notice about Mrs. Penrose is that she's getting . . . well . . . let's just say she has been sneaking an extra dessert or two at lunchtime, if you know what I mean.