



The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)

By David Lubar

Download now

Read Online →

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar

A boy discovers the answer to one of the great urban mysteries: why are pigeons always pooping in parks? A second-grade class learns why they should always be nice to their math teacher....An ancient predator uses the internet to search out its prey... A young girl and her little brother escape a campfire weenie only to encounter something even more terrifying: a troop of Girl Scouts singing campfire songs.

For this, his third collection of warped and creepy "weenie" tales, critically-acclaimed author and master of the macabre David Lubar traveled deep into the shadowy corners of his mind, looking for new ways to amuse and terrify his readers. And in the tradition of *In the Land of the Lawn Weenies* and *Invasion of the Road Weenies*, he reveals the inspiration behind each of the thirty-five stories at the end of the book.

↓ [Download The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warpe ...pdf](#)

📖 [Read Online The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other War ...pdf](#)

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)

By David Lubar

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar

A boy discovers the answer to one of the great urban mysteries: why are pigeons always pooping in parks? A second-grade class learns why they should always be nice to their math teacher... An ancient predator uses the internet to search out its prey... A young girl and her little brother escape a campfire weenie only to encounter something even more terrifying: a troop of Girl Scouts singing campfire songs.

For this, his third collection of warped and creepy "weenie" tales, critically-acclaimed author and master of the macabre David Lubar traveled deep into the shadowy corners of his mind, looking for new ways to amuse and terrify his readers. And in the tradition of *In the Land of the Lawn Weenies* and *Invasion of the Road Weenies*, he reveals the inspiration behind each of the thirty-five stories at the end of the book.

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar Bibliography

- Rank: #216300 in Books
- Brand: Starscape
- Published on: 2008-08-26
- Released on: 2008-08-26
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: .30" h x .2" w x 5.25" l, .31 pounds
- Binding: Mass Market Paperback
- 208 pages

 [Download The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warpe ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other War ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online *The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)* By David Lubar

Editorial Review

Review

"This book will talk itself right off the shelves, and reluctant readers will devour it." ?*School Library Journal*

"Another cool collection. This would be perfect to read around a campfire--or at any sleepover. They are creepy, but also hilarious." ?*Detroit Free Press*

About the Author

David Lubar created a sensation with his debut novel, *Hidden Talents*, an ALA Best Book for Young Adults. Thousands of kids and educators across the country have voted *Hidden Talents* onto over twenty state lists. David is also the author of *True Talents*, the sequel to *Hidden Talents*; *Flip*, an ALA Best Book for Young Adults and a VOYA Best Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror selection; five short story collections, including *In the Land of the Lawn Weenies*, *Invasion of the Road Weenies*, *The Battle of the Red Hot Pepper Weenies*, and *Attack of the Vampire Weenies*; and the Nathan Abercrombie, Accidental Zombie series. Lubar grew up in Morristown, New Jersey, and he has also lived in New Brunswick, Edison, and Piscataway, NJ, and Sacramento, CA. Besides writing, he has also worked as a video game programmer and designer. He now lives in Nazareth, Pennsylvania.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Curse of the Campfire Weenies

MR. HOOHAA!

I can stare a werewolf in the face and laugh. I can step up to a vampire and shake his cold, undead hand without trembling. No problem. I've sat through every horror movie that's ever come to our town and visited dozens of Halloween haunted houses. Monsters don't even make me twitch. But clowns creep me out big-time.

That usually isn't a problem. I mean, most days, you just aren't going to run into a guy with a round red nose, a huge painted smile, and wild green hair unless you live in a circus town or something. But my little brother's birthday was coming up, and Benji was determined to have a clown.

"That's a waste of money," I told my mom. "I can entertain the kids." How hard could it be to keep a bunch of six-year-olds amused? I could just push my palm against my mouth and make fart sounds. That alone would keep them happy for at least fifteen minutes.

"It's nice you want to help, Andrew," my mom said. "But Benji has his heart set on a clown. And I found this ad in the paper." She held up the local weekly. There was a small ad that just read: "Mr. HooHaa! The perfect clown for parties."

"Looks kind of cheesy," I said.

But Mom wouldn't listen. She made the call and booked Mr. HooHaa! for Benji's party.

"You don't need me, then, right?" I asked after she'd hung up.

"Of course I'll need you," she said.

"But ..."

"And Benji will want you there."

So, two weeks later, I found myself filling bowls with potato chips, lining up plastic cups, and helping Mom

string streamers and balloons in the living room.

About fifteen minutes after the brats--I mean guests--arrived, I glanced out the window just as a van pulled up to the curb. The van was white, with a big smile painted on the side. Above the smile was the name "Mr. HooHaa!"

"Everything's set," I said to Mom. "Can I go hang out with my friends now?"

"You can't leave," she said. "You'll miss the clown."

That's my plan.

The doorbell rang.

"Would you get that?" she asked.

I tried to think of an excuse. The bell rang again.

One of the kids screamed as he spilled half a cup of purple juice on his shirt. Two other kids dumped their juice on him. Mom dashed over, then glanced back at me and said, "Get the door, please." She turned to the kids and said, "The clown is here."

As shouts of "Yay!" filled the air, I headed for the door. I really didn't want to open it, but I guess I had no choice. *It won't be that bad*, I told myself. I was wrong. He was standing on the porch. A clown. A creepy, spooky, shivery clown, who smelled like medicine and mildew. I couldn't pick out any one part of him that, by itself, was scary, but the sight of him still made me shudder.

I opened the door wider and stepped aside, so I could stay as far away from him as possible. He walked in, pointed a squeeze horn at me, and honked it a couple times. *Wonka-wonka*.

"This way," I said, heading for the living room.

He rushed past me, leaped into the room, and shouted, "Hey, boys and girls, it's HooHaa! time!" Even his voice made me cringe.

I wasn't alone. Half the kids started crying. One tried to crawl under the couch, and another curled into such a tight ball, I was afraid he'd disappear. The clown ignored them and started pulling this really long handkerchief out of his sleeve. Then he honked his horn and fell down. Mom ran around, soothing freaked-out tykes. Benji seemed okay, so I slunk from the room, shivering all the way down to my bones and back up to my clammy flesh.

This is so stupid, I told myself. It was ridiculous to be afraid of some guy with a painted face and big shoes. I stepped outside to get away from the laughs and cries.

"Grow up," I muttered, hating myself for acting like one of Benji's friends. I stared at the van. Even with the clown smile painted on its side, it wasn't scary. I liked cars and trucks. I understood how they worked and how they were made. I wandered over and looked inside. The backseats had been removed. There was a table there, with a mirror on it. I guess he did his makeup in the van.

I looked back at the house. Then I looked in the van again and stared at the mirror. Maybe there was a way to get over my fear.

I remembered last year, when Benji had been scared by the vacuum cleaner. I could have told him to stop acting like a baby, but I knew that wouldn't help. Instead, I'd unplugged the vacuum, opened it up, and showed him how it worked. Knowledge beats fear, every time.

I went back inside and waited. Mom had only hired Mr. HooHaa! for an hour. Right after he left and I'd heard the van door close, I slipped back outside. I snuck over to the window, hoping he'd take off his makeup before he drove away.

It was that simple. If I saw him go from clown to man, maybe that would get rid of my fear. I peeked inside. Yes. He was sitting at the table. I watched him reach up and pull off the rubber nose.

I let out a gasp as his real nose unrolled. It was thin and long, like a tiny flattened elephant's trunk that dangled just past his chin. He stripped off his wig, revealing a brain covered by a transparent membrane webbed with tiny veins. Then he reached toward his mouth. As he peeled off the huge red lips, I realized they weren't painted on. They were plastic. They'd concealed a gumless cluster of long brown teeth that jutted from his jaw like stalactites. He pulled off the gloves. His fingers seemed boneless, like bloated worms. As he leaned over to remove his shoes, I was thankful I couldn't see what was really at the end of his legs.

I ducked down as he got up from his seat. A moment later, the van started and Mr. HooHaa! pulled away from the curb. As the van made a left turn at the end of the block, I saw the driver's window roll down. A horn stuck out, clutched in those wormlike fingers. He squeezed a short double honk into the air, then drove out of sight.

I stood there for a long time, trying to convince myself I'd been mistaken or fooled in some way. I wanted to believe I hadn't really seen the things I'd just witnessed. But it was all real. Beneath his makeup, this clown was far worse than anything I could have imagined.

I sighed and headed inside. As soon as I stepped through the doorway, Benji ran up to me and hugged my leg. "I don't think I like clowns anymore," he said. "They're sort of scary."

"You got that right." I picked him up and carried him on my shoulders back to the party. "No more clowns." "But I'm a big boy," he said. "Big boys don't get scared."

"Sure we do." I lifted him off my shoulders and deposited him in the midst of his cake-stuffed, sugar-cranked friends. "We just learn to hide it."

I was more afraid of clowns than ever. But I guess, in a way, that wasn't such a bad thing. Until today, I had been afraid of them for no reason. Now, it was no longer a silly fear. I wonder whether that will make it any easier to hide.

Copyright © 2007 by David Lubar

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Eleanor Landa:

This book untitled *The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)* to be one of several books which best seller in this year, here is because when you read this e-book you can get a lot of benefit on it. You will easily to buy this kind of book in the book retail store or you can order it through online. The publisher of the book sells the e-book too. It makes you quicker to read this book, as you can read this book in your Smart phone. So there is no reason for your requirements to past this publication from your list.

Frances Hayes:

Reading can called brain hangout, why? Because if you find yourself reading a book particularly book entitled *The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)* your head will drift away trough every dimension, wandering in each and every aspect that maybe unknown for but surely might be your mind friends. Imaging every single word written in a e-book then become one application form conclusion and explanation that will maybe you never get before. The *The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories)* giving you one more experience more than blown away your head but also giving you useful data for your better life with this era. So now let us show you the relaxing pattern is your body and mind will probably be pleased when you are finished studying it, like winning a. Do you want to try this extraordinary wasting spare time activity?

Kathryn Botello:

Do you have something that that suits you such as book? The reserve lovers usually prefer to decide on book like comic, brief story and the biggest the first is novel. Now, why not hoping *The Curse of the Campfire*

Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) that give your enjoyment preference will be satisfied by means of reading this book. Reading behavior all over the world can be said as the method for people to know world far better than how they react to the world. It can't be stated constantly that reading habit only for the geeky individual but for all of you who wants to always be success person. So , for all of you who want to start examining as your good habit, you can pick The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) become your starter.

Wilma Hogan:

This The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) is completely new way for you who has fascination to look for some information mainly because it relief your hunger of information. Getting deeper you upon it getting knowledge more you know or perhaps you who still having small amount of digest in reading this The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) can be the light food in your case because the information inside this kind of book is easy to get through anyone. These books create itself in the form that is certainly reachable by anyone, yep I mean in the e-book type. People who think that in book form make them feel sleepy even dizzy this publication is the answer. So you cannot find any in reading a e-book especially this one. You can find actually looking for. It should be here for a person. So , don't miss it! Just read this e-book kind for your better life along with knowledge.

**Download and Read Online The Curse of the Campfire Weenies:
And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David
Lubar #WJH7L3S0OE4**

Read The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar for online ebook

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar books to read online.

Online The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar ebook PDF download

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar Doc

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar Mobipocket

The Curse of the Campfire Weenies: And Other Warped and Creepy Tales (Weenies Stories) By David Lubar EPub