

There was only one way into the castle – through a huge, heavy wooden door. When Jack pushed, it creaked loudly.



“Nice going, Spy Guy,” muttered Wanda. “That was loud enough to wake the dead.”

“Yes, it was!” said a chilling voice.

Chapter 3

A lot at stake

“Welcome to my lair, I mean, home,” said the vampire. “I am Jar-Wob. Pleased to eat you, I mean, meet you.”

The vampire was tall and thin with long green hair and teeth like piano keys.

Instead of hands she had claws. When she smiled it was like watching a hedgehog cross a motorway.

