DR. MANIAC WILL SEE YOU NOW
#1 REVENGE OF THE LIVING DUMMY
#2 CREEP FROM THE DEEP
#3 MONSTER BLOOD FOR BREAKFAST!
#4 THE SCREAM OF THE HAUNTED MASK
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WELCOME TO HORRORLAND: A SURVIVAL GUIDE
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MOST WANTED

DR. MANIAC WILL SEE YOU NOW

R.L. STINE

SCHOLASTIC INC.
Hello. Come in. Don’t stand on the WELCOME mat. It’s sleeping, and it gets angry when people wake it up.

Actually, I don’t think it’s a WELCOME mat at all. I think it’s a very furry stingray that crawled to shore. Go ahead. Step on it. See what it does.

OUCH. You woke him up — didn’t you? Ooh, that’s a nasty sting. Why don’t you scream a lot and see if that helps get rid of the pain?

While you’re screaming, come on inside. Welcome to the Goosebumps office. I’m R.L. Stine. This is where I write all the books.

Just shove those drooling Gila monsters out of your way. I really should have this place cleaned.

No. Don’t sit there. That’s not a chair. It’s my grandfather. I’ll dust him off so you can see him better. Look. I think he’s smiling. Cute.

I see you’re admiring the WANTED posters on the wall. Those posters show the creepiest,
crawliest, grossest villains of all time. They are the MOST WANTED bad guys from the MOST WANTED Goosebumps books.

That crazy-looking dude in the weird costume with the leopard-skin cape and the yellow-feathered boots? Of course he’s on a WANTED poster. DR. MANIAC is the Most Wanted Maniac on the planet.

What is so evil about him? A boy named Richard Dreezer will tell you the whole story. It’s pretty scary — especially when Richard found himself at the end of the world!

Go ahead. Start the story — if you dare. Dr. Maniac Will See You Now!
Hold on. I can’t start my story yet. I have to sneeze.

CHOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Yes, I sneeze a lot. I can’t help it. I have a lot of allergies.

My name is Richard Dreezer, but the kids at my school call me Richard Sneezer. Funny, huh?

Some kids call me the Faucet because my nose runs all the time. That’s not funny, either.

Having a lot of allergies is a riot—only to people who don’t have a lot of allergies.

I wish that was my only problem. I am also the only kid in the sixth grade with red hair and a face full of freckles. And I’m short and thin and look about eight even though I’m twelve. What can I do about that? Nothing.

Maybe this is why I daydream a lot. I mean, a lot. And maybe this is why comic books are so important to me. I mean, I like to imagine I’m
this big, hulking, powerful superhero-guy, with wavy black hair and rippling muscles. And I can fly and escape to a new world any time I want.

Sometimes I sit in class and daydream about being evil. I call myself the Revenger. And I use my incredible powers to take my revenge on the kids who sneeze at me and mess up my red hair and call me names.

I defeat them all and leave them collapsed in a heap on the classroom floor. And then I take Bree Birnbaum’s hand, and the two of us fly out the window and sail over the town. And we fly to my secret Fortress of Coolness, the source of my amazing powers and my true home.

Yes, I have a crush on Bree Birnbaum. Everyone at Hugh Jackman Middle School knows it. Everyone but Bree, that is.

Today I was daydreaming about my Fortress of Coolness. I keep the Crystals of Many Colors there, and I needed them fast. Each crystal holds a power. I ran through the secret tunnel to the underground vault where they’re hidden. When I reached them, I quickly wrapped my hand around the red crystal —

Whoa. Did someone just call my name?

“Richard? Earth calling Richard Dreezer? Can you hear me?”

Oh, wow. It was Mrs. Callus, my teacher. I guess she had been calling my name for a while. Everyone in the room was staring at me.
I leaned forward on my desk and raised my eyes to her. “Yes?”

Mrs. Callus squinted at me. “Richard? Where were you? Were you on Planet Dreezer again?”

Everyone laughed.

Actually, Mrs. Callus is very nice. She’s young and very cool looking. She doesn’t look old enough to be a teacher. She has short blond hair and a great smile and a diamond stud in her nose. And she wears jeans and rock band T-shirts to school.

“Richard, are you ready to give your book report?” she asked.

A stab of fear ran down my body. I hate getting up in front of the class. I think I’m allergic to it. I felt a big sneeze coming on. I held my breath to fight it back.

“Y-yes,” I stammered.

“What book did you read?” she asked.

“Actually, it was a graphic novel,” I said. “It’s about the zombie apocalypse, but the zombies are the good guys. It’s called War of the Zombie Freakazoids.”

She motioned toward the front of the room. “Come up here and tell us about it.”

My chair made a loud scraping sound as I climbed to my feet. I picked up my two-page book report and started to carry it down the aisle. My hands were suddenly cold and sweaty.

“Mrs. Callus, are we allowed to read comic books for our report?”
That was Marcus Maloney. He’s a pain. He’s always on my case. He’s always on everyone’s case.

Why is he so mean? Maybe because he’s the biggest sixth grader in the world? He’s a little bit bigger than a whale I saw last summer at SeaWorld. Know what he likes to do? He likes to walk up to you and bump you down the hall with his stomach.

“IT — IT’S NOT A COMIC BOOK,” I said. “IT’S A GRAPHIC NOVEL.”

I was almost to the front of the room when my sneeze exploded.

CHOOOOOOOOOOO-EEYY.

I sneezed all over Lateesha Franklin, who sits in the front row. I couldn’t help it. I couldn’t turn away in time. I told you, my sneezes are majorly big.

She screamed and waved her arms in the air. Like she was trying to shield herself.

Too late.

Then she went crazy, wiping off her sweater with both hands. I saw that I totally sprayed her from head to foot.

“Sorry,” I muttered.

I don’t know if she heard me. The others were laughing so loud. Marcus Maloney laughed so loud, he fell off his chair. Nice.

Whoa. I turned my head and sneezed again. A big glob of snot splattered the chalkboard.
Now everyone was in hysterics. I mean, ha-ha. How funny was it?

“People. People . . .” Mrs. Callus jumped to her feet and struggled to quiet everyone. “We’ve talked about this before. It’s not nice to make fun of someone who is allergic —”

That’s when I let go with my loudest, wettest sneeze yet.

*Oh, noooo.*

I totally sprayed Mrs. Callus. It was like a tsunami of snot.

She groaned and spun away. Her hands stabbed at the sides of her T-shirt. I could see glistening wet stuff in her hair.

“S-sorry . . .” I murmured.

When she turned back to me, her expression had changed. Her eyes were wide — with *fury.* She uttered an angry groan. “Richard —” Her voice was ugly, menacing.

I took a step back. *What is she going to do?*

She lurched toward me. And with superhuman strength, she lifted me off the floor . . . swung me high in the air . . . and *heaved* me through the plate glass window.