Goosebumps®
MOST WANTED
SON OF SLAPPY

R.L. STINE

SCHOLASTIC INC.
WELCOME. YOU ARE 
MOST WANTED.

Come in. I'm R.L. Stine. Welcome to the Goosebumps office.

Just step around that big hole in the floor. We call that hole The Bottomless Pit. Do you know why?

Because it's a bottomless pit! Ha-ha.

We filled the pit with alligators once. But it didn't work out. The alligators escaped and started swallowing people in the office.

I hate when that happens — don't you?

Yes, that's the laptop I use to write all the Goosebumps books. I know it looks strange. That's because someone's lap is still attached.

Don't touch it. I think it's contagious.

I see you are 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.
I am telling their stories in the Goosebumps: MOST WANTED series.

Yes, that face with the wide, evil grin and the glassy stare belongs to a ventriloquist dummy. His name is Slappy, and he may be the most ghoulish villain in Goosebumps history.

A boy named Jackson Stander can tell you all about him.

Jackson found himself living a double nightmare with Slappy — and the Son of Slappy. To his horror, he quickly learned that two Slappys are NOT better than one!

Go ahead. Read Jackson’s story. Better read it with all the lights on and all the doors locked.

You’ll quickly find out why Slappy is . . . MOST WANTED.
My name is Jackson Stander. I'm twelve, and I know a secret.

You don't have to ask. I'm going to share my secret with you. When I tell you what it is, you might laugh at me.

My sister, Rachel, laughs at me. She rolls her eyes and groans and calls me a goodie-goodie.

But I don't care. Rachel is in trouble all the time, and I'm not. And that's because of my secret, which I'm going to share with you now:

*It's a lot easier to be good than to be bad.*

That's the whole thing. You're probably shaking your head and saying, “What's the big deal? What kind of crazy secret is that?”

It's simple. Let me explain. I try hard to do the right thing all the time. I try to be nice to everyone, and work hard in school, and be cheerful and kind, and help people when I can, and just be a good dude.
This makes Rachel sick. She's always poking her finger down her throat and making gagging sounds whenever I say or do something nice.

Rachel is a real sarcastic kid and a trouble-maker. She likes to argue with her teacher, and she gets into fights with kids in her class. She hates it when the teachers say, “Why can't you be more like your brother, Jackson?”

What does she call me? She calls me Robot. She says I'm some kind of goodie-goodie machine.

You've probably guessed that Rachel and I don't get along that well, even though she's just a year younger than me.

We both look a lot alike, too. We're kind of average height. We have straight brown hair and brown eyes, and we both have freckles on our noses and dimples when we smile.

Rachel hates her dimples and her freckles. She says she hates it that she looks more like Dad than like Mom. Of course, that doesn't make Dad very happy. He calls Rachel “Problem Child.” Mom scolds him every time he says it.

But she is a problem child. Mainly, she's my problem because she's always in my face. And she's always testing me, teasing me. Trying to make me lose it, blow up, get steamed, start to shout or fight.

Rachel's mission in life is to get me in trouble with Mom and Dad. She's always trying to make
me look bad. But she’s so lame. There’s no way she can win.

A few weeks ago, she was doing an art project in her room and spilled red paint on her floor. She went running to Mom and said, “Jackson was messing around with my paint, and look what he did.”

Of course, Mom didn’t believe her for a second. Why would I be messing around with her paint?

Last night before dinner, Rachel was helping Mom carry the food to the table. She tripped over Sparky, our cat, and dropped a platter of chicken — and it went flying all over the floor.

“Jackson tripped me!” Rachel told Mom.

I was standing all the way across the room. How lame was that?

But Rachel keeps trying.

Now, please don’t get me wrong. I’m not perfect. If I told you I’m perfect, that would be obnoxious. Besides, no one is perfect.

I just try to do my best. I really do believe it’s easier to be good than bad.

It’s something I knew from the time I was a tiny kid.

And then something happened.

Something happened, and I turned bad. I turned very bad. No. Let’s tell the truth. I, Jackson Stander, became evil.

And that’s what this story is all about.