



GRAVE MISTAKE

JEFF GOTTESFELD



MEET THE



Sam

Age: 12

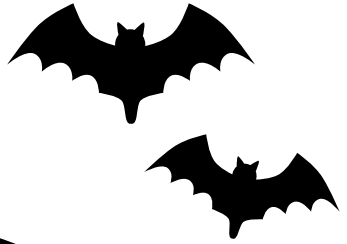
Special Skill: thinks quickly and clearly
when under pressure

Favorite Way to Have Fun: hanging out
with Logan

Future Goal: to be a psychiatrist

Best Quality: makes wise decisions

CHARACTERS



Logan

Age: 11 (almost 12)

Favorite Class: gym/P.E.

Secret Wish: to be friends for life with Sam

Future Goal: to play the lead role in a
horror movie

Best Quality: knows how to have fun

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NO FEAR

“Come on.” Logan Finn pulled on Sam Luken’s arm. “Let’s go. It’s just a graveyard. Dead people can’t hurt you. They’re *dead*.”



← Dead men
tell no tales!

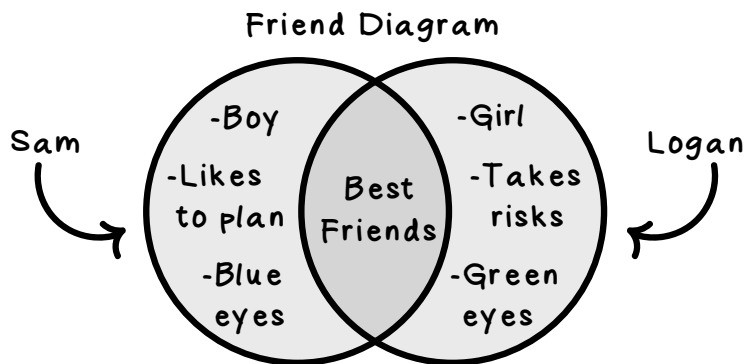
Sam shook his head. “Nope. Not into it.”

He and Logan were best friends. But they were opposites too.



Sam was a boy, and Logan was a girl. Logan was fearless. She did what she wanted. The risk didn't matter. That usually made it more fun for her.

Sam was very careful. He tried not to take risks. Instead, he prepared for everything. Knowing he was safe gave him comfort. Playing in a graveyard sounded strange to him. It did not seem like fun.



“Well, I *am* into it.” Logan took four steps back. The graveyard had an old stone wall. Sometimes they liked to sit on top of



it. She took a running jump and landed on the wall. It was like what a cat could do.

Sam got on the wall too. It wasn't high. He just climbed onto it. Then he sat next to Logan.

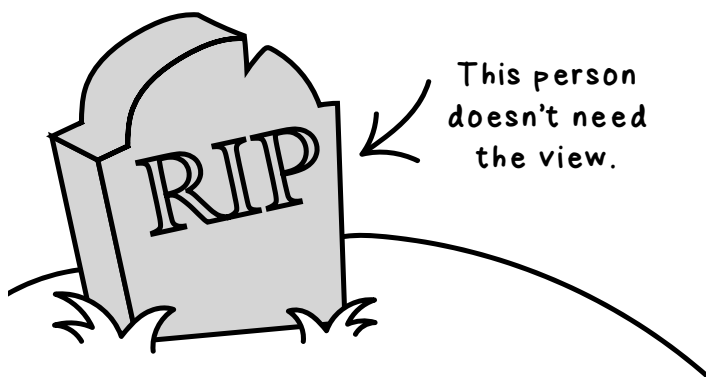
The old graveyard was at the top of a big hill. It no longer had burials. Everyone used the town's new graveyard. An even newer Biggers wholesale store was next to it. Sam found that funny. *If only the dead could shop*, he thought. *They'd be ready.*



Logan and Sam gazed down the hill. They could see their whole town. It was a

dull place. Nothing much happened there. That was why it had been a big deal when Biggers came. Slowly, the town was growing.

Sam wondered how long the wall would stay. He figured the graveyard would be gone soon. The view at the top of the hill was too nice. Someone would want to build houses there.

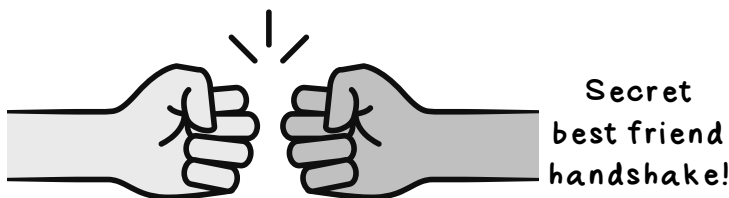


“What are you thinking?” Logan asked. “Don’t lie to me.”

Sam grinned. *That’s such a Logan thing to say.*



He liked Logan for her courage and red hair. Logan liked Sam for his good sense and blue eyes.



The two of them had been friends since first grade. Now they were in sixth.

Sam stared down the hill. “I’m thinking of a lot of stuff.”

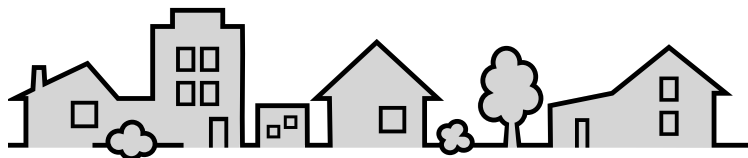
Logan sounded bothered. “Not helpful. Like what?”

“I just know all this will be gone soon.”

“Yeah. For sure. One day, everything may blow up. Poof!” Logan clapped her hands once. Then she spread her arms open wide.

“No.” Sam tilted his head. He thought Logan was funny. “I mean everything up

here will be gone. This hilltop view is too good. Someone will want houses here.”



“Exactly.” Logan jumped off the wall. She landed in the graveyard. “If we’re ever going to have fun here, we’d better do it now. Come on.”

Quickly, she ran off. Sam watched her from the wall.

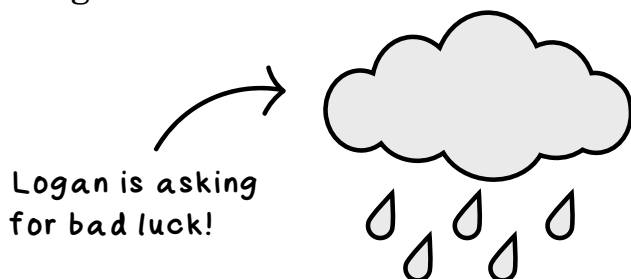
He looked at the graveyard below. Some graves had headstones. Others didn’t. Sam thought about what he saw. *It’s not that big. I guess dead people don’t take up much space.*

Logan danced and shouted. “Woohoo! Hey! Dead people! Check me out! I’m alive!”

Sam didn’t like that. Graveyards were



supposed to be quiet. He'd heard it was bad luck to walk on a grave too. Now Logan was dancing on them.



Still, Sam could see the fun in it. *No one ever comes here. What if spirits of the dead are real? They might be glad to see kids having fun.*

“Sam, come on!” Logan called.

Oh well. He jumped off the wall. Then he chased Logan. They shouted joyfully and ran across the graves.

GRAVE MISTAKE

Some people like
ghosts and graveyards,
but I'm not sure I do.




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