

EVAN JACOBS

EMOJI OF DOOM



WHITE LIGHTNING BOOKS®

BEHIND THE MASK

BREAK AND ENTER

EMOJI OF DOOM

GRAND SLAM

IGGY

ON THE RUN

QWIK CUTTER

REBEL

SCRATCH N' SNITCH

SUMMER CAMP

THE UNDERDOGS

UNDER THE STAIRS



Copyright © 2017 by Saddleback Educational Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, scanning, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher. SADDLEBACK EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING and any associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Saddleback Educational Publishing.

ISBN-13: 978-1-68021-354-6

eBook: 978-1-63078-778-3

Printed in Malaysia

22 21 20 19 18 2 3 4 5 6



CHAPTER 1



Dyre High School. It was lunchtime. Travis Parker was sitting with his girlfriend, Sonya Vasquez. Next to Sonya was her best friend, Carla O’Neill. Travis’s best friend, Erik Pitram, was there too.

“You can talk about anything except Walk the Moon!” Travis laughed. He hated that band.

“*Shut up and dance with me!*” Erik sang with a grin. He stood up. Then he waved his hands in the air.

“Please stop!” Travis pleaded.

“*This woman is my destiny ...*” Sonya crooned. She finished the line Erik had started. She wrapped her arms around Carla as she sang.

Walk the Moon’s big hit was “Shut Up and Dance.” If Travis heard it again, he would scream.

Erik ran a hand through his thick black hair. He kept it shaved down on the sides. It looked like he had a mohawk. The boy certainly liked to keep himself in style. This year he was all about wearing light blue denim. He sat back down at the table.

Travis pulled up his hoodie. It said “Dyre Varsity Basketball” across the chest. He’d been on the varsity team since sophomore year. He was one of the team’s best players.

“Are you hiding?” Carla laughed.

Carla and Sonya liked to dress alike. They wore yoga pants and T-shirts. Sonya let her dark brown hair hang down her back. Carla always pulled her long black hair into a ponytail.

Sonya, Erik, and Carla were all in theater.

That fall they were in the play *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

“Yeah, I’m hiding.” Travis pulled on the strings of his hoodie. The hood tightened against his head. He pretended to scan the other tables, looking for his fans. “You guys are going to ruin my rep.”

“You’re such a dork,” Sonya said. She threw a piece of bread at him.

It bounced off his shoulder. Travis picked it up and ate it.

He was always hungry. The chicken sandwich and fries were not enough. Sonya and Carla ate pizza. Erik never ate lunch at school. He never seemed to eat. Ever.

“Like you have a rep to ruin,” Carla said.

“We’re classing you up, fool!” Erik said.

“Not if you’re singing that song,” Travis said.

“Don’t make me sing it again.” Erik moved like he was going to stand up.

“No! Please!” Travis put his hands together. It looked like he was praying.

They all laughed. The foursome always had a good time together. Erik and Carla flirted. A lot. But they were only good friends.

Travis took out his phone. He started scrolling through his emails. He had been thinking about colleges. There were so many questions. Could he get a scholarship? That was the main question. His family wasn't rich. They weren't poor either.

UCLA was his number one. Travis knew it was expensive. USC was another pick, and even pricier.

Travis had sent each admissions office a letter. In it he wrote about why he wanted to go to college. He'd included some YouTube links of his basketball games. The clips showed him scoring. Travis was known to hustle. The videos showed that too.

Had any of the colleges responded to his emails?

“You checking for that emoji?” Erik laughed.

“Stop!” Carla said. She reached over to Erik. Then she covered his mouth with her hand. He moved it away.

“Girl, your skin feels good.”

Carla rolled her eyes.

“What emoji?” Travis asked. He didn’t look up from his phone.

“You guys don’t know about this?” Erik looked at them. “The emoji email is a chain letter. Like the old paper letters. You know, the ones your parents used to get.”

“Letters?” Carla said. “Who sends letters? That’s so eighties!”

“You won’t be saying that if you get one,” Erik went on. “This thing is bad. Like really bad. If you get one, you have to send it to three people in twenty-four hours. If you don’t, you’ll be cursed. You will have bad luck.”

Travis looked up. “For how long?” he asked.

“I don’t know. How long do curses last?” Erik

had their attention now. “Also, supposedly you can’t see who sent you the emoji. It’s set up that way.”

“You’re such a liar,” Travis said. He looked back down at his phone.

“Okay, but if you get one—”

“You’ll be the first person I send it to,” Travis said.

“Remember when you told us the school was haunted? This is totally bogus, Erik,” Sonya said.

“Or that other time?” Carla said. “Our new English teacher didn’t come back after winter break. You told everyone she’d died.”

“I thought she did,” Erik said matter-of-factly. “And have either of you ever been here late at night? I have. It’s scary!”

The bell sounded. Lunch was over.

Erik and Carla walked off into the mass of students.

Sonya walked up to Travis. “Call me after practice,” she said.

“Always,” Travis said.

They kissed. Travis and Sonya smiled at each other. Then they went their separate ways.