

Chapter 1 – The Worst Camping Trip Ever (2873)

How did you spend your summer vacation?

I bet you didn't spend it saving your uncle from an evil demon vampire who wanted to plunge the world into eternal darkness!

Sounds great, right?

Guess what? It is.

Well, Uncle Max told me to write down all this stuff, so I am. Because he kept a journal, I gotta start with one too, especially now that I'm a full-time monster hunter!

Okay, let's take it from the top. My name is Elliot Donar, and I am a monster hunter! Just like my uncle before me. You know those stories about monsters in the night that hunt people? The scary guy under your bed that will take your place at breakfast? The ones at the back of your closet that'll steal your skin? All real!

And I hunt them! Okay. We hunt them.

You're welcome!

I'm probably the youngest monster hunter ever, but after this summer, my Uncle Max moved me out of being a hunter's apprentice (which I'm pretty sure is some title he just made up) into a full-blown hunter!

All at the age of eleven!

Here's how it went down!

It all started on what had to be the hottest summer night in June! You know the ones, those nights where the wind hits and it's like it just came from a hot campfire? Yeah, like that, but non-stop! I was sweating buckets through my t-shirt and shorts as I sat and waited in an empty campsite in Mariposa Park.

So Mariposa Park is a campground near where my uncle and I live in Washington State. Our town, Fara (hey, I didn't name it), is near the border with Canada, which Uncle Max says is where all the winter monsters come from.

Anyway, there I was, sitting on the ground in the middle of an empty campsite, waiting and hiding out in the open. That probably sounds weird. I'll back up.