

The Out-of-this-World Adventures of ~~Timmy~~ Hunter
Tim

THE MIRROR OF DOOM

SNEAK PREVIEW!



BAILEY BAXTER

Illustrated by LaSablonnière

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The Out-of-this-World Adventures of ~~Timmy~~ Hunter

THE MIRROR OF DOOM

Written by Bailey Baxter
Illustrated by LaSablonnière

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Special thanks to Grace and Caleb Blanchard, Harrison Best,
and all the readers of earlier versions of this novel.
Without your interest and encouragement, *The Mirror of Doom*
would have stayed trapped in my overly active imagination.

And a big shout out to Hannah Krieger, editor extraordinaire,
who helped make this book the best it could be.

PROLOGUE

I felt like a complete loser.

My brother and sister could have been killed because of me - not to mention a dude named Gavril. He's a prince, but you wouldn't have heard of him.

Because of my stupidity, I put them all in danger. And where did I end up? Captured by an evil queen and locked in the top room of a stone tower like one of those dumb fairytale princesses.

It was humiliating.

To make matters worse, it was dark in the tower - so dark I couldn't even see my hand in front of my face. And drafty. Wolves were howling outside.

And I was probably going to die in the morning.

So how did a twelve-year-old kid from Connecticut get himself into such a mess?

It all started with my sister's diary...

Grandma's House



3rd floor is "off limits"

Creepy Uncle Edgar

Lulu

football

My "cool" brother, Ron... on the phone with some girl...

My sister, Kat, writing in her stupid diary again

Me and some of my awesome action figures!

(This is one of my best drawings, it took me like 3 hours to do)

Chapter 1

MY ITCHY FINGERS

It really was Kat's fault.

None of this would have happened if she didn't leave her diary laying on the coffee table in our Grandma's living room.

I mean... come on! How was I supposed to resist getting enough dirt on my bossy, fifteen-year-old sister to torment her for the rest of her life?

I'm only human, you know.

Besides, it was the perfect set-up. Mom was working the late shift at the grocery store. Grandma was at her quilting club. (It meets every Monday night.) Weird Uncle Edgar was hiding as usual on the third floor. And my brother and sister were watching a football game in the "TV room."

There was no one there to stop me.

I quickly glanced around - just to make sure I really was

alone - and slipped the diary into the pocket of my cargo shorts.

Mission accomplished.

I headed toward the doorway, feeling quite proud of myself, and ran smack into Kat.

My heart stopped.

"Watch where you're going, Timmy," she said, pushing by me with a toss of her long, dark hair.

My heart started up again and began pounding in my ears. I braced myself for the worst. She was going to kill me. Dead. And it was going to hurt.

But then I remembered. She didn't know I had her diary. I took a deep breath. I was safe. I just had to act casual - and innocent.

"I thought you were watching the game," I said, leaning (casually) against the door frame.

"I was. But I came to get my-" Kat stopped and stiffened as she looked at the empty spot on the coffee table. Her head slowly swiveled toward me.

"Timmy..."

Uh-oh!

I started backing out of the room. "Can't talk now. I have to let the dog out."

"Give me back my diary!"

Kat lunged for me, but I dodged her outstretched arm and took off down the hallway with a screech of my Nikes.

"Get back here, you little runt!"

I darted through the dining room and startled Grandma's poodle Lulu into one of her yapping fits. I jumped over the dog and made for the front stairs, scrambling up them two at a time. Pausing to catch my breath on the second floor landing, I turned to see Kat standing at the bottom of the stairs.

How did she do that so fast?

"Timmy, I want my diary back. Now!"

Not a chance.

I whipped around, flew up the next set of stairs and screeched to a stop on the third floor.

The *forbidden* third floor.

When our mom moved us into Grandma's old Victorian house, we were told that we were not allowed up there - under any circumstances.

I looked around, wondering what the big deal was. It certainly wasn't a place I'd want to hang out. The hallway was long, gloomy, and full of dark shadows. The wallpaper was peeling, cobwebs were dangling, and faded photographs of long-dead relatives hung crooked on the walls.

If Uncle Edgar lived up there like my grandma said he did, he was even weirder than I thought.

Hesitantly, I started down the "Hall of Terror." (Trust me, that was the perfect name for it.) I peeked into several of the rooms as I passed - and became totally convinced that Grandma had hired the Addams family to decorate.

Everything looked so old, broken and creepy. And there was no sign of Uncle Edgar anywhere, which made me nervous. I had only seen the guy once or twice since we moved in, but he's not someone you want popping out at you in a dark, spooky place.

Or anywhere, for that matter.

The hallway ended at a closed door. I hesitated, staring at it. Its glass doorknob sparkled in the dim light, inviting me to turn it.

"Timmy!"

I spun around to face my arch-enemy. Batman had the Joker. Spiderman had Venom.

And I had Kat.

She was standing at the top of the stairs. Her arms were crossed, and she was scowling. I didn't have to be an expert at reading body language to know she was totally ticked off.

"Where is it, Timmy?"

"Where's what?" I shoved my hands into my pockets and tried

to look innocent. I felt the familiar hard case of my Sony PlayStation in one pocket, and its presence was somehow comforting. In the other pocket, of course, was...

"My diary!" Kat shouted again, her nostrils flaring. I had never seen her so mad, but I wasn't going to be scared into giving up my prize that easily.

"What makes you think I have your stupid diary?"

Kat turned and yelled down the stairs: "Ron, get up here."

Uh-oh. Our brother Ron was sixteen - and the star quarterback of his high school football team. He regularly bench-pressed more than my weight - with his pinky finger. If Ron sided with Kat like he usually did, he would be bench-pressing *me* next.

Ron appeared at the top of the stairs in two seconds flat - and he wasn't even breathing hard. "Make it quick, Kat," he said. "The game's tied, and I don't want to miss anything."

"Timmy took my diary, and I want it back."

Ron's eyebrows shot up, and he looked slightly impressed.

"Really? Wow, the kid has more guts than I thought."

Kat's hands flew to her hips. "Ron!"

"Take it easy. I'm on it."

Ron started down the hallway toward me. "Timmy, give Kat her diary back, or I'll take it from you myself."

He would, too. But I wasn't about to give him the chance.

I turned and threw myself against that mysterious closed door, giving the glass knob a big twist. It opened suddenly, and I found myself stumbling forward into a dark room. Quickly regaining my balance, I shoved the door closed. It took a bit of fumbling in the darkness, but I found the key and quickly turned it.

Locked. And just in time, too.

The doorknob jiggled.

"Timmy, open this door," Ron said.

"Nope."

Ron's fist slammed into the other side of the door with a loud bang. "Open the door, runt!"

"Go away. I've got some reading to do."

"Timmy!" Kat practically screamed my name through the door. "If you even open my diary, I will kill you. Do you understand?"

Oh, I understood all right. But come on! Kat's diary was usually guarded more closely than Fort Knox. This could be my ONLY opportunity to see what's inside. I'd be crazy NOT to read it!

I slid the little book out of my pocket and stretched out my other hand to feel for a light switch - and froze, my heart pounding. I heard a noise. It sounded like a footstep.

And it seemed to come from *inside* the room.

"Timmy, open this door!"

"Kat, just shut up for a minute!"

Surprisingly, she listened. I strained my ears, hoping and praying I was wrong about that footstep. Nope, there it was again - and this time it was *closer*.

There was someone else in the room!

Dropping the diary, I frantically groped for the doorknob with both hands. "Help! Get me out of here!"

I heard Ron sigh. "Timmy, stop fooling around and just open the door."

"I'm trying!"

I found the doorknob and gave it a twist.

"The doorknob won't turn! Why won't it turn?"

Then it came to me.

I had locked the door!

I had locked myself into a strange, dark room with a crazed killer - or worse!

Stupid! Stupid! STUPID!

"Timmy, enough of your games. Open this door now!"

"Kat, I'm trying!"

Sliding my suddenly clammy hands over the door, I desperately felt for the key. Floorboards creaked eerily behind me again and again as someone - or something - crept closer.

"No, please no," I whispered. I had seen enough commercials for horror movies to know that bad things happen to kids who wander into dark places.

Really bad.

And I wasn't ready to die yet, thank you very much.

Suddenly, a light flicked on.

I clung to the door and flung my arm up to shield my head from the oncoming blow.

Uncle Edgar



Chapter 2

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE CREEPY KIND

It didn't come.

After a few long moments, I began to feel ridiculous. I slowly lowered my arm and turned around. What I saw was shocking.

I was looking at room so messy it would have given my mom a heart attack. The drawn curtains were crooked, the bed was unmade and piled high with dirty clothes and used dishes, and the floor was covered with wobbly stacks of books and papers. An empty cage that might have once been home to a gerbil or guinea pig sat in the only chair.

It was so different than the first two floors of my grandma's house - where she daily tackled invisible specks of dust with the help of a battered feather duster and a wheezy old vacuum cleaner. It didn't look like Grandma had visited this room with her trusty cleaning tools... ever.

Then I saw the man.

He was standing by an old-fashioned floor lamp, stroking his

goatee, and staring at me. He had piercing, coal-black eyes and bushy eyebrows that resembled two large, furry caterpillars.

"Uncle Edgar!"

My mother's only brother frowned at me. "What do you think you're doing in here?"

"Uh, sorry. I didn't realize... I mean... is this your room?"

"Of course it is. What else could it be?"

"Then why was it so dark in here? You could keep some lights on, you know. You scared me half to death."

Uncle Edgar came toward me, reminding me of a cheetah stalking a defenseless antelope.

And guess who the antelope was.

"You are supposed to stay off the third floor," he said.

"Yeah, I know. But my sister and brother chased me up here."

Ron chose that moment to pound on the door again. "Timmy, open up!"

"Or I'm telling Mom, Timmy," Kat said. "And you'll be grounded. Did you hear me? Grounded!"

I cocked my thumb toward the commotion. "See?"

A gleam came into Uncle Edgar's eyes. "Does your grandmother know you're here?"

"Of course she does, remember? She invited us to live here when Erick disappeared. Mom couldn't afford the rent on our

house any more without the money he made with his carpenter business."

(Erick is our step-dad. He had vanished without a word two months ago.)

"That's not what I meant, you idiot!"

With a glance at the door, where a lot of noise was still coming from Ron and Kat, Uncle Edgar drew in close to me. Uncomfortably close.

"Does your grandmother know you're on my floor? In my room?"

He smelled like a combination of Fritos and lavender. I quickly shuffled back and found myself against the door again.

"Uh, no. She's at her quilting club."

Uncle Edgar took another step forward. "And your mother? Where might she be?"

"At work."

He leaned in closer, his nose almost touching mine. "So no one knows you're in here, besides those two noisy people outside the door?"

"Uh, I guess not," I said, trying to answer while holding my breath.

To my relief, Uncle Edgar stepped back. He stared at me, stroking his goatee. "Really? That's very interesting."

Kat jiggled the doorknob. "Timmy, come out here now! I want

my diary back!"

"Her diary?" Uncle Edgar's eyes shot to my hands and, when he saw they were empty, traveled to the floor. There was no mistaking the look on his face when he spotted Kat's most prized possession just laying there.

"No! Don't..."

But I was too late. Before those two tiny words were even out of my mouth, Uncle Edgar had pounced on the diary like a monkey on a cupcake.

I grabbed for it. "Hey, give it back!"

Stepping quickly away from me, Uncle Edgar examined the diary's cover in the light. "So you're running from your sister. I can see why."

"Look, it's not what you think. I was bored, so I took it. But I didn't mean any harm."

Those furry eyebrows went up again. "I'll bet she means you some harm."

I couldn't help but glance toward the door where the pounding and shouting continued. "Yeah, no kidding. Can I have the diary back, please? Kat is mad enough."

"Not until I show you something."

Uncle Edgar grabbed my wrist and started pulling me across the room.

"Hey! What's the big idea? Let me go!"

I tried to break free, but the crazy old coot was a lot stronger than he looked. He and Ron should arm wrestle. Uncle Edgar would probably win.

It only took a couple of seconds to reach the opposite side of the room, but it felt like years. Uncle Edgar stopped in front of a tall object shrouded in a sheet and finally dropped my arm.

"Ta da!" he said, gesturing widely.

Now that I was free, I wanted nothing more than to put some distance between Uncle Edgar and myself - even if it meant facing Kat. But I couldn't help but be curious.

"What is it?"

With a gleam in his dark eyes, Uncle Edgar gave the sheet a tug. It slid off to reveal a full-length mirror.

I normally wasn't interested in mirrors. In fact, Kat had told me many times that it would do me good to look into one once in a while. But this mirror was really something.

It had a fancy golden frame that was covered with carved pictures of trees, animals and mythical creatures I'd only read about in books.

And I had seen it before.

"Hey, that's Erick's mirror!"

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Uncle Edgar said. "It's a genuine antique, dating back to the 1700s. Maybe even earlier. Rumor has it that it belonged to the Grimm family."

"Yeah, well it doesn't any more. It belongs to my step-dad. What are you doing with it?"

Uncle Edgar ignored my question. "Look into the mirror, boy. What do you see?"

"But it's not yours. You need to give it back--"

"Look into the mirror!"

Reluctantly, I obeyed, expecting to see a scrawny twelve-year-old boy with dark, naturally spiky hair (thanks to a headful of cowlicks) and skinny white legs.

That's what I always saw - which is the reason why I stayed away from mirrors. But this time was different.

"I'm not there! I have no reflection!"

"That's right."

I looked at Uncle Edgar. "How did you make my reflection disappear? Are you a magician or something?"

Uncle Edgar reached out and stroked the mirror gently with his hand. He was looking at it the same way Ron looks at pretty girls.

Ick! The guy definitely had a few screws loose.

"I didn't do anything, dear boy," Uncle Edgar said. "This

mirror just happens to be a doorway into another world."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah, sure it is. And the carpet we're standing on flies!"

"Don't be ridiculous." Uncle Edgar moved behind me and put his hands on my shoulders. It was a fatherly gesture, but it felt all wrong coming from him.

"Just look into the mirror again," he said. "You would expect to see this room, right? But it's not there."

I hated to admit it, but Uncle Edgar was right. The bedroom wasn't reflected in the mirror at all. In its place, I saw rough stone walls, a plain wooden bench, and part of an old tapestry hanging on the wall.

"Well, it does look like a different room. But that doesn't prove anything."

"Then look here." Uncle Edgar pointed to the words carved into the mirror's frame. They began at the bottom left corner and ran throughout the other designs on the frame like a road winds through mountains. He began to read:

*"When the moon from the sky doth flee
The door in the glass shalt open to thee.
A new world beckons, but thou shalt learn
That without courage thou shalt not return."*

I frowned. "I don't get it."

Uncle Edgar threw his hands up. "How can you be so stupid? Don't they teach you anything in school? This isn't exactly rocket science, my boy."

"Well, no, but--"

Uncle Edgar went smoothly on, as if I hadn't said a word: "It's as clear as day. The poem says that when the moon disappears from the sky, the door in the mirror is open."

"Okay..."

"And when does the moon disappear from the sky?"

He waited expectantly for my answer.

"In the morning?"

Uncle Edgar looked like he wanted to smack me. "No! When it's a new moon! Like we have right now."

"Oh." I shook my head. "I don't know..."

"Still not convinced, boy? Maybe this will make you a believer." Uncle Edgar flicked his wrist and something flew from his hand. It gave off a soft blaze of light as it made contact with the mirror, and then it disappeared.

"Wow!" I drew close to the mirror to look. Sure enough, a small book was now laying on the previously empty floor. The words on its cover said *My Diary*.

My Diary?!

I felt all the blood drain from my face.

"You... look what you..." I sputtered. "Look what you've done! You threw my sister's diary into another world!"

"Ha! You *do* believe me!"

The pounding on the door grew louder. "Timmy, what's going on in there? I want my diary back!"

"I think you have a problem, young man," Uncle Edgar said.

"Thanks to you! If Kat kills me, it'll be your fault!"

Uncle Edgar held up both hands. "Hey, watch where you're throwing the blame, kid. You shouldn't have taken the diary in the first place."

I sighed. Uncle Edgar had a point - sort of. "What am I going to do?"

"Go after it."

"What? Are you crazy? I can't go to another world."

Uncle Edgar looked down and poked at a pile of books with the toe of his shoe. "Nothing to it."

"So you've done it before?"

"No, but I tossed a guinea pig through the mirror once, and it scurried off just fine."

"What? You threw a guinea pig into another world?"

Uncle Edgar's eyes snapped up. "That's what they're for, aren't they? They're guinea pigs."

"You're crazy! I should report you to the animal rights

people!"

Uncle Edgar draped an arm around my shoulders. "Look, my boy, it's no big deal. Just stay on this side of the mirror and reach through for the diary. It should be perfectly safe."

"Should be?" I shrugged away from his arm. "No way, man!"

But then I heard Kat speaking to Ron in the hallway: "Go grab the key from that other door. Maybe it will open this one."

Uncle Edgar chuckled. "She's coming for you, boy."

"What? Are you saying that other key will open *this* door?"

"Of course it will. That's how it works in these old houses. One key fits all."

I threw up my hands. "That's it. I'm dead."

"Just get the diary back, and then your troubles will be over."

"Are you sure it's safe?"

"Perfectly."

Don't think for one moment that I trusted shifty old Uncle Edgar. But what was I supposed to do? Wait for Kat to burst into the room so I could explain to her that her precious diary was in another world?

No way. My odds of survival were better if I just got the diary back.

Taking a deep breath, I crouched in front of the mirror.

Uncle Edgar was standing right beside me. Too close, again. That guy seriously had no concept of personal space.

"Go ahead," he said. "Reach for it."

Reluctantly, I stretched my arm out toward the mirror. I felt a slight tingling as my hand touched the surface and pushed through. It was so weird to see it on the other side of the glass.

I kept reaching. Soon most of my arm was through the mirror, but I still couldn't touch the diary.

"Keep going," Uncle Edgar said. There was a strange excitement in his voice.

I could hear the key turning in the lock. Kat and Ron would be in the room at any second.

With a sense of desperation, I pressed my shoulder through the mirror. Stretching my arm out as far as it could reach, I could just brush the diary with the tips of my fingers. I almost had it.

And then the worst things imaginable happened all at once.

The door flew open.

Kat yelled my name.

And I went sprawling head first through the mirror.

Pushed! Uncle Edgar pushed me!

I picked myself up off the hard wooden floor and looked

around, stunned.

I was in a large round room with very high ceilings. Sunlight streamed through long, narrow windows, revealing gray stone walls covered with tapestries, a big fireplace stained with soot, and one very plain bench. A tall, fancy mirror stood in the shadows.

The mirror!

I raced over to it - and stopped. A boy with dark spiky hair and skinny legs was staring back at me, fresh scrapes on his bony elbows and knees.

"Oh, no!" I said, sinking down to the floor.

The boy in the mirror did the same.

I reached out a shaky hand and felt the cool, hard surface. It was solid, just like a normal mirror.

There was no way back...



What's waiting for me in this "other" world?
THIS, for starters. And much worse.

But if I say anymore, I'll ruin *EVERYTHING!*

So, here's what you need to do...

Go to [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) and get your very own copy of...

The Mirror of Doom!

It's available in both paperback and Kindle e-book. So [click here](#) to buy it now.

Thanks!

P.S. Be sure to stay in touch with me at [TheMirrorofDoom.com](https://www.TheMirrorofDoom.com). I'll be giving away hints about my next adventure – and complaining about my sister Kat, of course.

Also, "like" author [Bailey Baxter's Facebook page](#) and stay on top of book news and all sorts of other interesting stuff.