

BAT*napped!*

Sharon Jennings



HIP Junior

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Valentine's Day brings trouble to the Bat Gang. Sam gets tickets to a Leafs game. But Simon would rather go to the school dance – with a girl! And then things get worse. Sam and the girl both get kidnapped!

CHAPTER ONE

Dumped!

My best friend is a weenie.

That's right. You heard me. Simon is a weenie. A reject. A loser. I could go on.

You want to know why? I'll tell you why. You'd better sit down. This isn't pretty.

Last week, my dad scored two tickets – two *platinum* tickets – to the Leafs hockey game for Friday night. Right at center ice. But my dad couldn't go. So he gave the tickets to me. "Take Simon," he said. Well, duh. Simon is my best buddy. So I hopped

the fences to Simon's backyard and ran into the kitchen.

"Simon!" I yelled. "Look what I've got!" And I waved the tickets under his nose.

Simon took one look and said, "Wow! Who you going with?" And I said, "Are you an idiot? You, stupid." That's when he said, "Oh, I can't go. I'm . . . uh . . . er . . . well . . ." And he looked up at the ceiling. And he looked down at the floor. And he looked at the cupboards, the fridge, the stove. He looked like one of those bobble-head dolls.

"What's going on?" I asked, grabbing him by the ears.

So Simon, he got all red, and then he said, "I'm busy, Sam. I'm . . . uh . . . er . . . well . . ."

So I shook his head and said, "What is it?!"

And then he told me, "I'm taking Carla to the school dance. For Valentine's."

I stared at him. "You're kidding, right?"

He shook his head.

"You'd give up Leafs tickets, center ice, for a girl?"

He nodded.

“Are you sick? She’s a *girl*.”

Simon smiled like a moron. “I know she’s a *girl*. I kind of like her.”

“I’m going to barf,” I said.

So now you know. Now you know why Simon is a weenie.

But it got worse. Simon began eating his lunch with Carla. He walked home with Carla. He did his homework with Carla. He watched TV with Carla.

One day I followed them home. I walked behind them all the way, making kissing noises.

Carla turned around and said, “Sam Fletcher! You are *so* immature!”

“*I’m* immature?! I’m not the one wearing that stupid hat.” I pointed to Carla’s head. She had on this pink hat with hearts hanging off it. “Isn’t that right, Simon? Isn’t that a stupid hat?”

“I gave her that hat, Sam,” replied Simon.

Whaaaaat?!

“Yeah,” said Carla. “It’s a Valentine present, so there, moron.”

“Who are you calling a moron?” I demanded. “Come on, Simon. Carla is insulting your best friend! Say something. Tell her off!”

But Simon looked at me and said, “Go home, Sam. I’m busy.”

Whaaaat?

So I stomped off. Then I turned and yelled “*Rusil!*”

Rusil is Bat code for “loser.” Simon and I have been writing and talking in Bat code ever since we were little kids. We called ourselves the Bat Gang. Of course, there are only two members in the Bat Gang, so we’re not much of a gang. But you get the idea.

Anyhow, I threw a snowball at Simon. I swear, I really was aiming for Simon. But I missed. I hit Carla instead, on her hat. She fell down.

Simon helped her up and then took off after me. I didn’t expect him to be so angry. I thought it was kind of funny. Simon grabbed me and punched me and knocked me down. Then he pushed my face into the snow.



“Get lost, jerk!” he yelled. “Hear me, Sam? Leave me alone from now on!”

What a weenie. “Yeah, four eyes, I hear you.”

But it still got worse.

I got home and my dad was on the phone. He gave me a real funny look and I got a real funny feeling. An “uh-oh” kind of feeling.

“Yes, Mrs. Tutti. I understand, Mrs. Tutti. Of course, Mrs. Tutti.”

Uh-oh. Mrs. Tutti is Carla’s mom.

“Of course I’ll speak to Sam, Mrs. Tutti,” my dad went on. “Don’t you worry, Mrs. Tutti. I’ll deal with him.” Another funny look from my dad. I tried to sneak away, but my dad hung up the phone and yelled, “Get back here, Sam!”

“I can explain,” I said. “It was an accident. I meant to hit Simon.” And I told him all about Simon dumping me for a girl.

“A *girl*, Dad. I mean – gross!”

My dad just sighed and rolled his eyes. “Your mother is a *girl*, Sam!”

“No she’s not!” I yelled. Well, I mean she is, but



that's different.

“So here's the deal, Sam,” said my dad. “You have to apologize to Carla. And I have a week to think about giving you those hockey tickets. Or not.”

Whaaaat?!

“No fair!” I yelled. But then I stopped. What was the use?

And it still got worse.

I usually hang out with Simon Friday nights, but he was busy with Carla. So I went downstairs to watch a movie. *Death by Zombies* was on – one of the greatest movies of all time. But my little sister, Ellen, was watching the big-screen TV already.

“Beat it,” I told her.

“Beat it yourself,” she replied. “It’s my turn to watch TV. And I’m watching *Cinderella*.”

So I sat down and watched *Cinderella* with my little sister on a Friday night.

What a weenie!