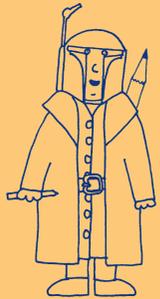
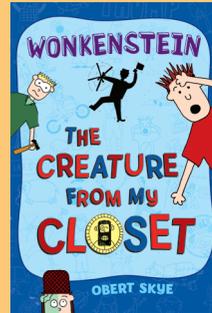


Just when Rob's life seems back to normal, another weird creature turns up!

The new creature that emerges from Rob's closet is a tiny, smelly combination of Harry Potter and Chewbacca from *Star Wars*. Weirder than Wonkenstein? For sure! Rob's eccentric family and friends are already messing up his life. The last thing he needs is Potterwookiee to complicate things further. But his new charge turns out to have some tricks up his sleeve—and maybe even some magic. Can Potterwookiee save the day? Or can he at least save Rob from a cooking contest catastrophe? Join Rob and the new creature from his closet in their hilarious dealings with girls, bullies, books, and more.



**OBERT SKYE** is the author of *Wonkenstein*, the first book in The Creature from My Closet series, which was named a Bank Street College Best Book of the Year. He lives with his family in Idaho. [abituneven.com](http://abituneven.com)



THIS IS EMBARRASSING.

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SKYE

POTTERWOOKIEE

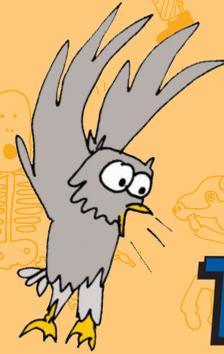


THE CREATURE FROM MY CLOSET

BOOK 2

HENRY HOLT

POTTERWOOKIEE

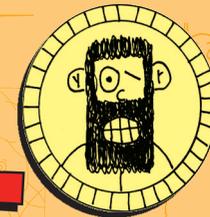


THE

CREATURE

FROM MY

CLOSET



OBERT SKYE



STAB-IN-THE-DARK

# CHAPTER 1

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## PROBLEMS

My name is Robert Columbo Burnside, and I have a problem. There, I said it. Although I really should have said, "My name is Robert Columbo Burnside, and I have a lot of problems." For starters, I'm not completely sure how to begin this book.



My sister, Libby, is another problem. She's constantly obnoxious and usually staring at herself in the mirror.



I'm also bothered by my younger brother, Kevin. We call him Tuffin because when I was little I couldn't pronounce his name right so I said Tuffin. The problem with him is that my mom insists on telling everyone the story about his name. Two days ago, when our new neighbor came over to borrow some sugar, my mom went out of her way to embarrass me.

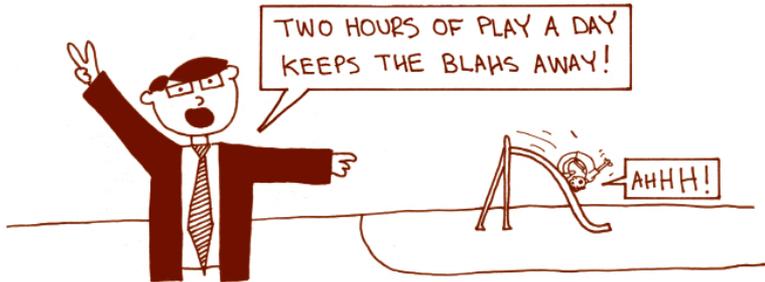


I think that's why parents were created, to embarrass us. Not that I don't like my mom and dad, but they're still a problem. I mean my mom calls me Ribert, and if she's not humiliating me, she's sleeping.

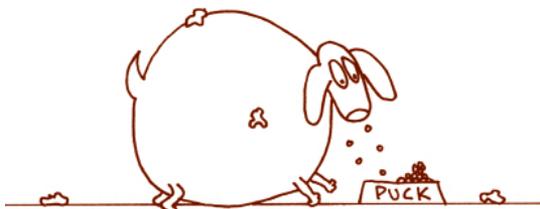


And my dad's a problem because he's constantly happy, even when things seem bad. He sells playground

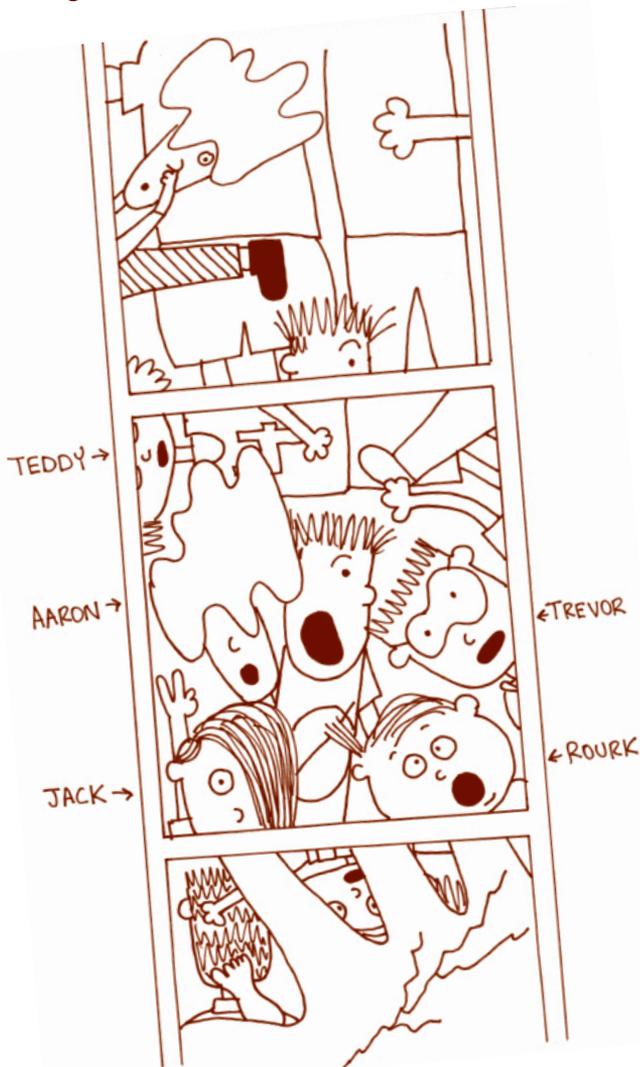
equipment to schools and cities, and he always wears a suit and tie. He loves his job.



My pets are sort of a problem. I have a fat dog named Puck, who whines and eats a lot, and a parrot named Fred. Fred escaped from his cage years ago, and we couldn't catch him. Now he just spends his days flying around the house and pooping on everything.



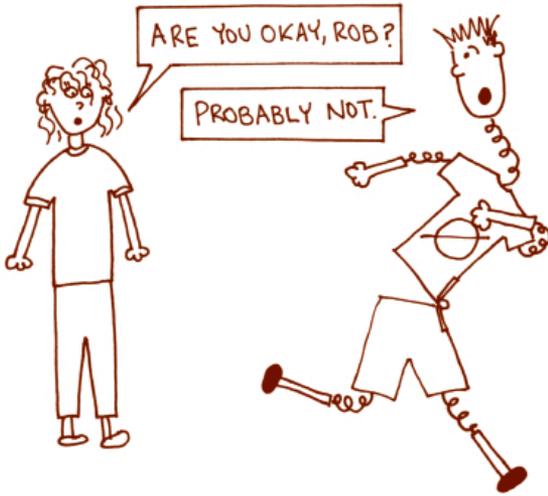
My friends are definitely a problem. For example, just last week we accidentally broke the photo booth at the mall, and my dad had to pay two hundred dollars to get it fixed.



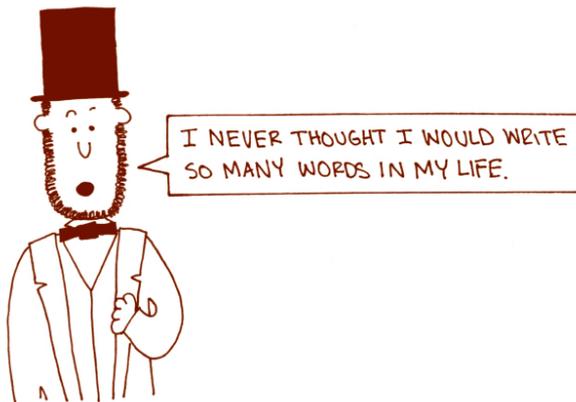
I guess you're not supposed to have more than three people in the booth at a time. Now my dad has me cleaning things that don't need cleaning just to pay him back.



My neighbor Janae is a problem. Okay, she isn't really a problem, but her not being interested in me kind of is. We're on much better terms since the dramatic poetry contest. Still, whenever I see her, I feel like every joint in my body stops working, and I come unhinged.



I think one of my biggest problems is that I have to keep writing stuff down. It's not something I would normally do. I mean, to be completely honest . . .

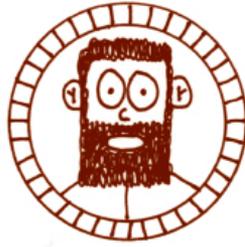


It's also sort of a bummer that I'm not even getting a grade for all these words. It's like I'm

doing an extra-credit project for no reason. Still, I know I have to document what is happening to me, because someday the world will need to know about the very *biggest* problem of all, MY CLOSET.



My closet used to be normal. It didn't have a door, and I used to sit inside of it and play with my homemade science lab. Then my dad found an old door at a garage sale. I think there's a good chance it's the heaviest door in the world—my arms get sore just opening it. It also has a gold doorknob with a small bearded man I call Beardy engraved on it.

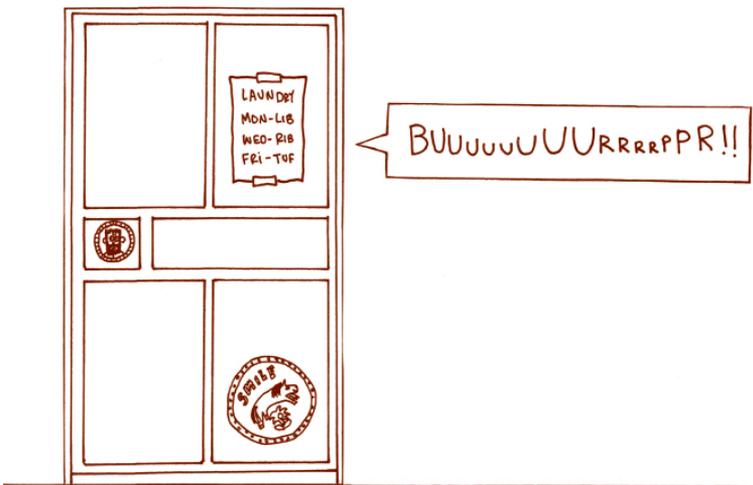


I'm not sure I like Beardy; he's always looking at me weird. Once when I was gazing out my window and accidentally staring at Janae riding her bike with her friends, Beardy gave me a really smug look.



These days, however, Beardy's not the oddest thing about my closet. The oddest thing began a short

while ago when my mom forced me to clean my room. To make the job easier, I just shoved everything into my closet and shut the door. The new stuff mixed with the old lab supplies and the many books my mom was always giving me to read. A short while later my closet began to make disturbing noises.



When my best friend, Trevor, and I tried to figure out what was happening, we couldn't get the door open. We tried to bust it down and pound off the knob, but nothing worked. Finally it popped open on its

own, and there was Wonkenstein, a small, half Willy Wonka, half Frankenstein creature that caused me a lot of grief but also made things pretty exciting.



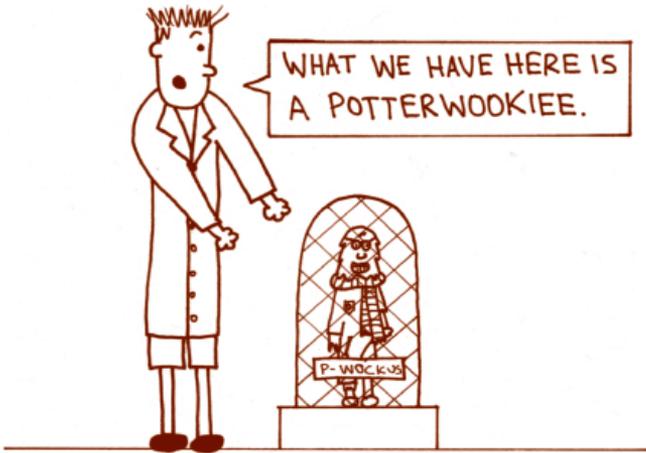
As soon as Wonk came out, my closet locked up. I tried everything to get it open, but Beardy kept it shut tight. I'm not positive what happens in there. My best guess is that all the lab supplies and all the books have begun to mingle. I think science chemicals are dripping down into the books and bringing mixed-up characters to life. I call it the Drip Theory.

Trevor calls it . . .



As soon as Wonk helped me solve my problem, he went back into the closet and disappeared. The only thing he left behind was his small cane, which I now keep on my dresser.

I thought that would be the end of the oddness, but soon after he left, my closet opened and I was visited by a new thing. Bits of him were hairy and fuzzy like Chewbacca the Wookiee from *Star Wars*. Other parts of him were sort of Harry Potterish. He's a little smaller than Wonkenstein, and he smells like a wet dog. He also showed up wearing a scarf, glasses, and a robe, and he was holding a wand. He has long hair over parts of his body. If I were a scientist I'd say . . .



Since I'm not a scientist, I decided to just call him something shorter—Hairy. He was friendly and interesting right from the start.



He's also my biggest problem at the moment. And as I was riding my bike to the library to do some research on him, I had a bad feeling that things were going to get worse before they got better. Hairy wiggled in my backpack. I thought about my dad and what he always says whenever he has a problem . . .



If it's true, I think I'm about to become one of the stickiest kids around.

## CHAPTER 2



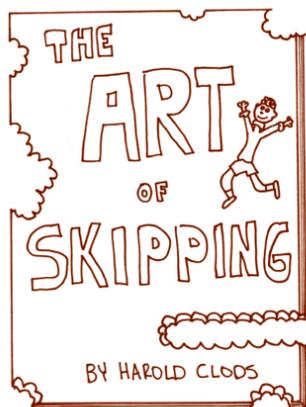
# STICKY FIRST STEP

I felt pretty good about heading to the library with Hairy. After all, libraries are famous for helping people.



As soon as we got to the library, I checked out the first volume of Harry Potter: *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. It was harder to choose a Star Wars book because there were so many. So I just picked the one based on my favorite movie, book four: *A New Hope*. My plan was to read about Hairy's different personalities, to really get to know the creature. I had seen the Harry Potter and Star Wars movies, but I had never read any of the books.

I found an empty table by the bathrooms and started to read. I was actually enjoying myself when I looked over and noticed that Hairy had crawled out of my backpack. He had also pulled a book off one of the shelves and eaten part of it.



I pushed Hairy down into the backpack just as a librarian appeared out of nowhere. She saw the chewed-up book and screamed.



I wanted to tell her that Hairy ate the book, but I didn't want to freak her out, so I took the blame.



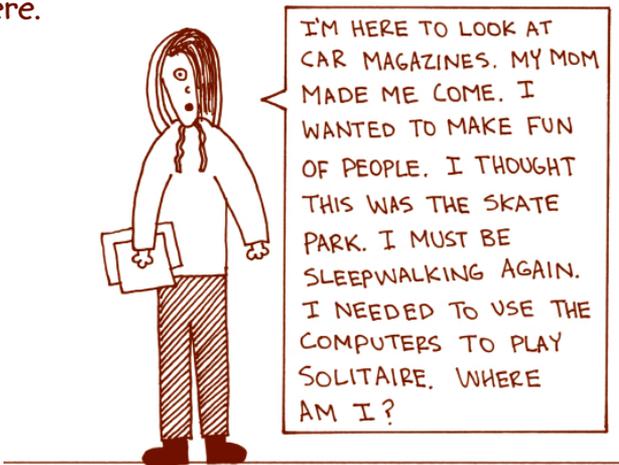
For some reason, the librarian was still freaked out. She agreed to let me off the hook if I paid an eight-dollar fine. I looked in my pockets.



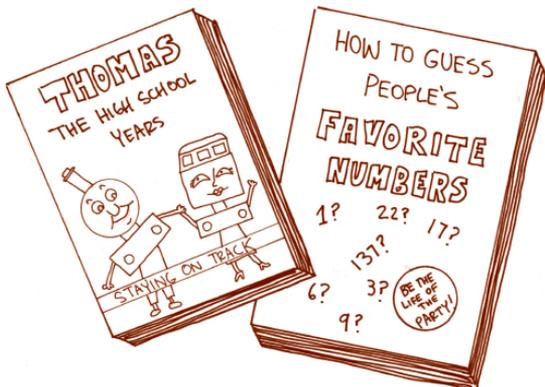
I didn't have anywhere near that much money, so the librarian made me shelve books to work off my debt. It wouldn't have been too bad, except Hairy smelled and people kept looking at me like I was the stinky one.



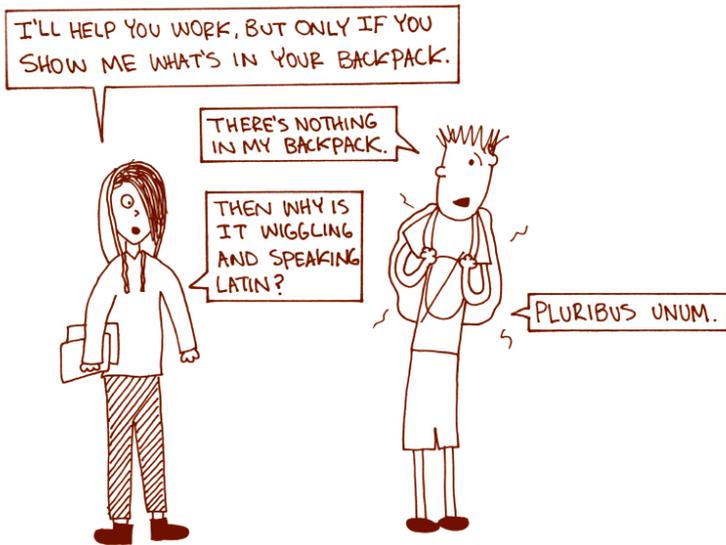
While I was shelving a bunch of books about senior citizen vampires, I ran into my friend Jack. I'll be honest; I never thought I'd see him at the library. Of course before Wonkenstein, I never thought I'd see me at a library. Jack didn't look too happy about being spotted. He started rapidly making excuses for being there.



None of his excuses explained the books he was holding.



I didn't care why he was there, I was just glad to have someone to help me. I stood up and begged him nicely to stay and assist me while I worked off my fine.

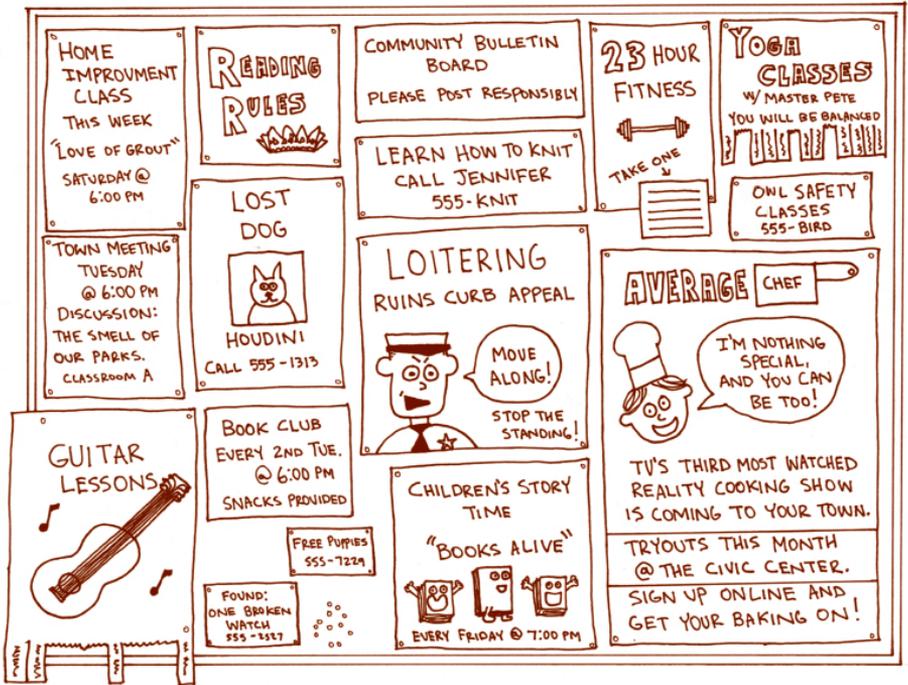


I unzipped the top of my backpack and let Jack take a quick peek inside. He was pretty pleased to see that my closet had cooked up something new. He wanted me to take Hairy out so he could hold him, but there was no way I was going to do that in the library. So Jack offered to help me shelve books if I promised he could see Hairy when we were done.

After half an hour we got a little bored working so we started to straighten the books in a more creative way. It was sort of fun. Then a man wearing a hat and really short shorts told on us and ruined the whole thing.



Nobody arrested us, but the librarian made us go. As we were leaving, we walked past the community bulletin board near the exit. It was covered with announcements and ads from all sorts of local people and events. A poster in the lower right-hand corner caught my eye.



I couldn't believe it—*Average Chef* was one of my favorite shows on TV! It was hosted by a guy named Chad Average. Chad takes two teams of people and makes them race against each other to cook things using only eight average ingredients. One of those eight ingredients is chosen to be the focus of the meal, and the contestants have to make things that go along with it. The goal is to make the average food as interesting as possible. I once saw a man and his

daughter make fish sticks out of pinto beans and dried macaroni. They also made sesame seed tartar sauce.



Now *Average Chef* was coming to my town for tryouts. I had problems, but I thought that if I made it to *Average Chef* and won the competition, Janae and girls everywhere might adore me. And I felt pretty confident that my problems would be less painful if I was adored.

