



AND



THE UNLUCKY DAY

13

AN ORIGINAL SHORT STORY FROM

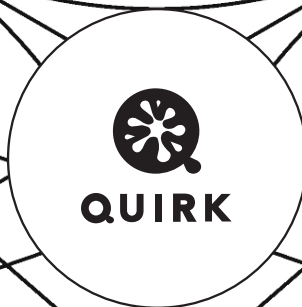
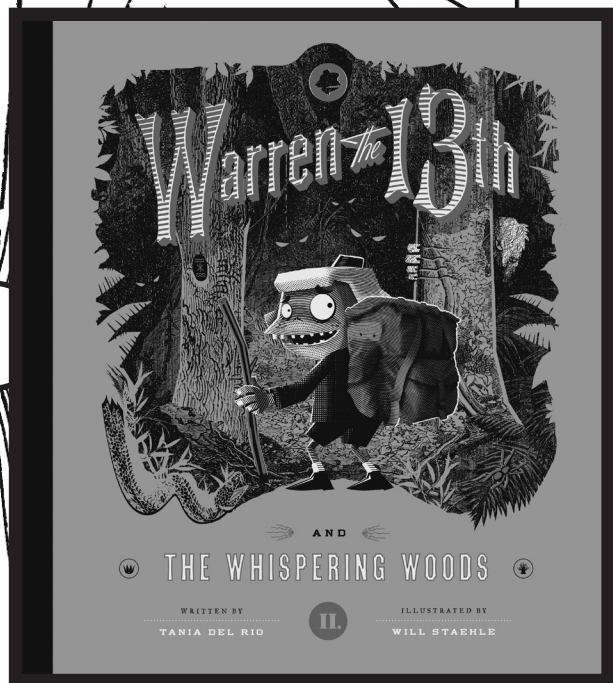
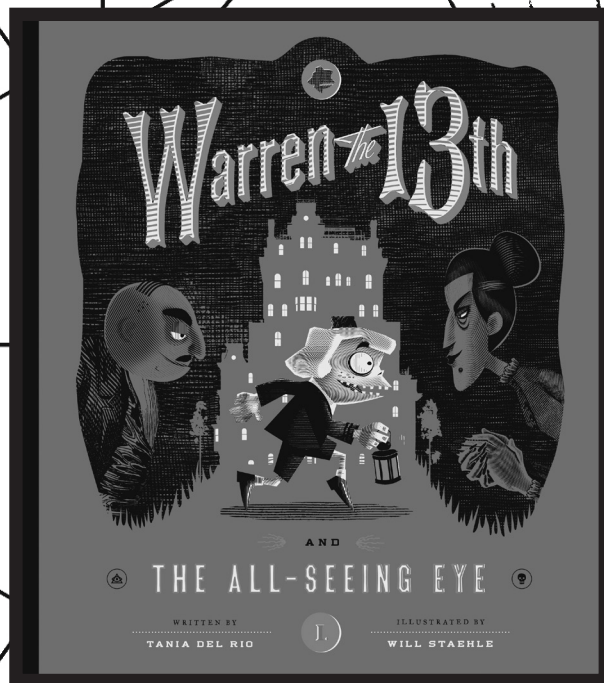
TANIA DEL RIO

READER BEWARE! THIS VOLUME CONTAINS:
PUZZLES! COOKIE DECORATING! AND OTHER UNLUCKY ELEMENTS!

INSPIRED BY THE

WARREN THE 13TH

SERIES



WARREN THE 13TH'S UNLUCKY DAY



arren the 13th liked routine. After all, routine is very important when you're the twelve-year-old manager of a world-famous hotel.

He woke up at 6:00 a.m. sharp every day. Even on cold, dark, dreary days in the middle of January. However, on this particular morning, Warren's alarm failed to go off and he overslept by nearly two hours. Horrified, Warren leaped out of bed and seized the alarm clock on his bedside table. The bell and hammer were frozen solid. Only then did he realize how cold his attic room was. He held his hand over a nearby vent to find that no heat was coming through. Outside, a bitter wind howled and pushed through the cracks in the walls. Snow piled thick on the windowpane, obscuring the wintry scenery beyond. Warren shivered, his breath spooling out in a cloud of vapor. "What rotten luck!" he exclaimed. "The boiler must be broken."

Warren was ready to scurry out of his cold room to investigate but he stopped short. He was still in his striped pajamas. He must continue the rest of his morning routine or else the entire day would get off on the wrong track. He began doing his morning calisthenics. He stretched, hopped, and moved his body until warmth returned to his bones.

Next, he got dressed in his suit and brushed his golden curls [of which he was quite proud], then brushed his chattering teeth [of which he was less proud.] His toadlike face grimaced back through the tiny mirror hanging above his nearly frozen washbasin.

Finally, Warren pulled out his red pen to mark the day on his calendar, which hung on the wall amid his many sketches and drawings that he enjoyed making in his [rather limited] free time. The pen's ink flowed sluggishly, and Warren struggled to check off the day's date—January 13—with a large "X." Without warning, the pen's tip exploded, leaving an ugly crimson ink blotch all over his calendar. It looked rather gruesome, indeed.

"What rotten luck," Warren said again as he dropped the pen into the waste bin. "That was my favorite pen." Frowning, he glanced back at the calendar, and something tickled the back of his mind.

Am I forgetting something important? he wondered. His beloved radio program, "Flights of Fancy: Tall Tales of Our Feathered Friends," wouldn't be on until the next morning, and his weekly lessons with his tutor, Mr. Friggs, weren't until Monday. Today was only Friday.

Warren felt a stab of dread. "Oh, no . . ."

It wasn't just *any* Friday. It was *Friday the 13th!*

"The most unlucky day of the year!" Warren gasped. He fought back the urge to panic. "No. I mustn't allow this to disturb my routine."

Warren was already terribly late to assisting Chef Bunion with

what was left of the breakfast service. Now that the hotel was enjoying a resurgence of guests, there was a lot more work to be done during mealtimes. But even that would have to wait until he could figure out what was wrong with the boiler.

As Warren hurried down to the basement, a loose floorboard snapped and caused him to tumble down four flights of stairs. "Ow—ow—ow—OW!" Warren knew every inch of his hotel, and it was rare for him to overlook a loose board like that. *It's because it's Friday the 13th!* he thought.

A limping Warren entered the boiler room. Usually it was a frightfully noisy room, alive with hissing and clanking as heat pumped through pipes to the rest of the hotel, but this morning it was as cold and silent as a tomb. Warren opened the hatch on the large drum-shaped boiler and peered inside. Darkness peered back.

"See anything?" said a voice behind him.

"WAAH!" Warren jumped and banged his head on the hatch. A large welt formed instantly amid his curls.

Rubbing his head, he spun around. He let out a sigh of relief. The voice belonged to his best friend, Petula. Not only did she look like a ghost, but she had the uncanny ability to disappear and reappear as silently as a phantom. She was wrapped in a fluffy white bathrobe and her pale eyes had dark half-moons beneath them. "Today has been horrendous, and it's only just begun!" she said. "Don't even get me started on the spider situation."

"Uh . . . the spider situation?"

"Oh! Looks like the pilot light is out." Petula peeked into the hatch. "That explains the subzero temperatures."

Warren reached into his pocket. "Good thing I always carry a box of matches," he said.

But when he slid open the lid, the box was empty. Only a lone moth fluttered out.

"Bad luck follows on Friday the 13th," Petula said gravely. "Here, I've been working on a little something that might help."

She reached into the hatch and a tiny flame sparked from her finger. Warren held his breath, half expecting the boiler to explode. Instead, the pipes clanged noisily as the machine roared to life.

"Well, that's the first thing to go right today," Warren said. "It's good to have a witch as a friend."

"Well, even my powers aren't enough to prevent bad luck," Petula said. "If only there was a way to break the Friday the 13th curse."

"That's it! I just remembered something."

"What?"

"In the journal that my forefather Warren the 2nd wrote, there's a passage where he describes all the bad things that happened to him one Friday the 13th. If I recall, he says there's only one way to beat the curse."

"What is it?" Petula asked.

"I can't remember," said, "Let's go look. It might be the only thing that stops this day from being a complete disaster."

Petula drew a portal and they stepped through, emerging into Warren's attic room. He hurried to his bed and retrieved the ancient journal from under his pillow. Petula waited anxiously as he flipped to the appropriate page. "Let's see here . . . yes, here we go. He writes about waking up with a terrible headache, and then his tea going cold, and an awful afternoon thunderstorm, and leaky shoes . . ."

"Get to the part where he offers a solution!" Petula said impatiently.

"Okay, okay. Here it is. He writes, 'There is but one way to combat the dastardly curse of Friday the 13th. If you wish to know it, turn forward.'"

Warren flipped to the next page and frowned as he read the contents aloud. "'Saturday the 14th. Ahhh, I'm so relieved I figured out a way to break the curse! Things are going much better now. My supper came out without a hitch and my latest invention worked even better than I anticipated once I looked at it with fresh eyes. It only goes to show, perception is everything——'"

"It's just a new entry for the following day," Petula interrupted. "I don't get it."

"Maybe the message is hidden somewhere between the lines." Warren squinted and turned the book every which way. But he didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

Suddenly, the hotel's many clocks tolled, announcing the nine o'clock hour.

"I'm late!" Warren cried. He was so distracted by the journal, he had almost forgotten about breakfast service. "The journal will have to wait. I have a routine I must keep!"

"Friday the 13th doesn't care about routines," Petula muttered, but she followed Warren to the dining hall just the same.

Cutlery clinked and guests murmured as they ate around the long dining table that spanned the length of the room. Warren smiled. Things appeared to be going much more smoothly than he expected.

"There you are, m'boy!" Chef Bunion said as he entered the room. Balanced upon his bearlike palms was a platter towering with a four-foot-tall stack of pancakes. "You won't believe what happened earlier——"

Suddenly, Chef Bunion tripped and crashed forward, and the pancakes slid off the plate. They made a sloppy *PAT-PAT-PAT* sound as they rained to the floor, oozing melted butter and sticky syrup everywhere. Warren was shocked at Chef Bunion's clumsiness. The man usually displayed more acrobatic dexterity than anyone——he could dice potatoes and flip an omelet at the same time without breaking a sweat. "Today is cursed!" Chef wailed as he pounded his meaty fists on the floor. "First I burnt the soufflé and now the pancakes are ruined too!" Sketchy, Warren's cephalopodan pet and resident kitchen assistant, slithered to Chef's side and whistled in alarm. It wagged a tentacle at its boss in a rather accusatory manner.

"He didn't mean to, Sketchy," Warren said as he stooped to clean up the mess. "Are you okay, Chef?"

"No I'm not okay!" Chef cried. "It's Friday the 13th!"

"Don't worry, Chef. I'm working on a solution to the curse. It's hidden here in my jour——"

But Warren's thoughts were interrupted as his uncle Rupert burst into the room, his hair leaving a trail of sparks and smoke. "HELP! My hair!" Rupert wailed. "It's on FIRE!"

With a yelp, Warren grabbed the nearest pitcher of orange juice and splashed it over his uncle's face. Rupert slipped, and in an effort to save himself he grabbed at the tablecloth. As he fell to the floor, he yanked the entire breakfast service with him. Guests cried out in alarm as their meals sailed off the edge of the dining table. The sound of crashing plates was deafening.

Warren blinked in horror at the destruction around him.

"RUINED!" Chef cried as he fled the room. "EVERYTHING IS RUINED!"

Sketchy let out a sorrowful whistle and began using its many tentacles to scoop up the broken shards and messy food.

"Mmm, orange juice!" Rupert said, licking his lips.

"Why on earth was your hair on fire?" Warren asked.

"Oh, that? Well, I was painting some notes on the lobby wall, and I got a little too close to the fireplace . . . Did you know that paint is quite flammable?"

"*Why* were you painting on the wall?" Warren cried.

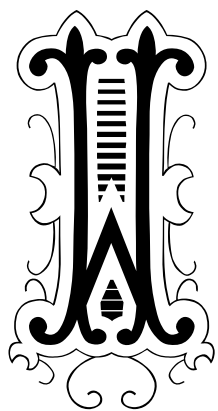
"Well, I couldn't find my notebook!"

"How I wish this day was over," Warren sighed, shaking his head.

And that's when he realized the secret to ending the curse of Friday the 13th.

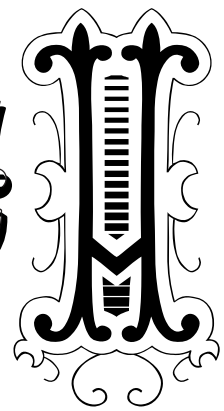
"That's it!" he exclaimed. "We all need to 'turn forward'! Everyone, grab a clock and set the time to midnight. As the manager of this hotel, I declare that this will be the start of an extra-long Saturday the 14th!" The guests cheered and hurried off to find one of the many clocks scattered about the hotel.

"How is that going to work?" Petula asked dubiously. "It's still daylight out, and you want to say it's midnight? It will throw your schedule completely out of sorts." "If there's one thing I've learned from my forefathers, it's that breaking from routine can sometimes be a good thing," Warren replied. "Besides, perception is everything. As long as we all join together in agreeing that it's now the 14th, we'll be immune to the curse!" There was a loud *CRASH* in the adjoining room and the resounding gong of a clock's bell. Warren rolled up his sleeves and placed a bowl over his head as he headed off to investigate. "Though a little head protection can't hurt . . . Just in case!"

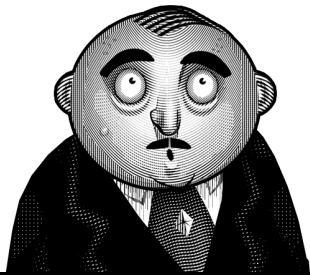


THE WARREN HOTEL'S

WORD SEARCH



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N I G H T I N G E A R N O W H
C I 2 F A R M 7 C A P
W D O U R E D



FIND:



~~WARREN~~, 13, EYE, HOTEL, MYSTERY, DANGER, PERFUME, PALEFACE, SKETCHY, QUIRK



MR. Friggs's RIDDLES

Mr. Friggs has collected many riddles over his long life, and he's collected some of his favorites below. Good luck!

I. *The more you have of it,
the less you see. What is it?*

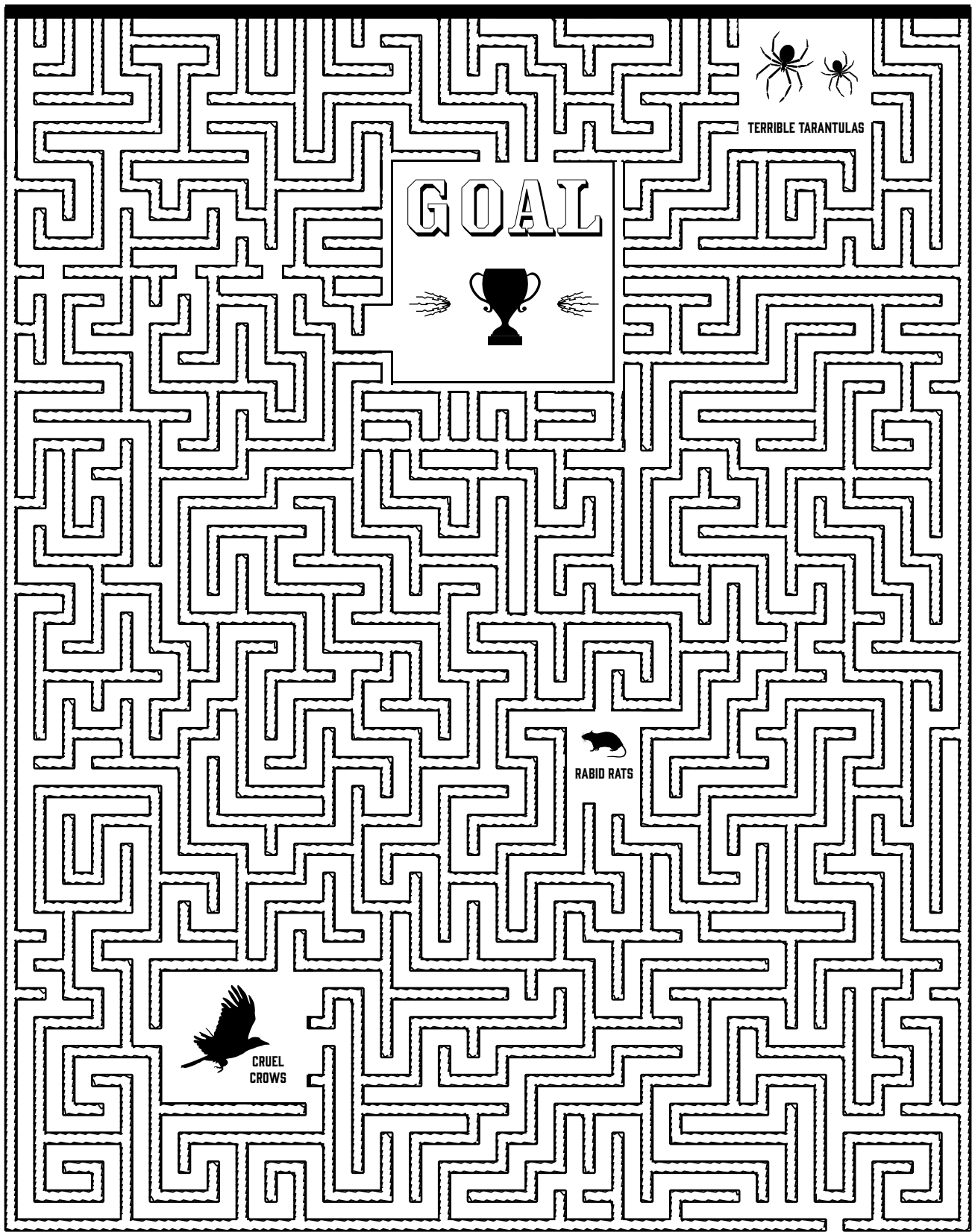
ANSWER:

II. *What has a neck and no head,
two arms but no hands?*

ANSWER:

III. *What building has
the most stories?*

ANSWER:



HEDGE MAZE

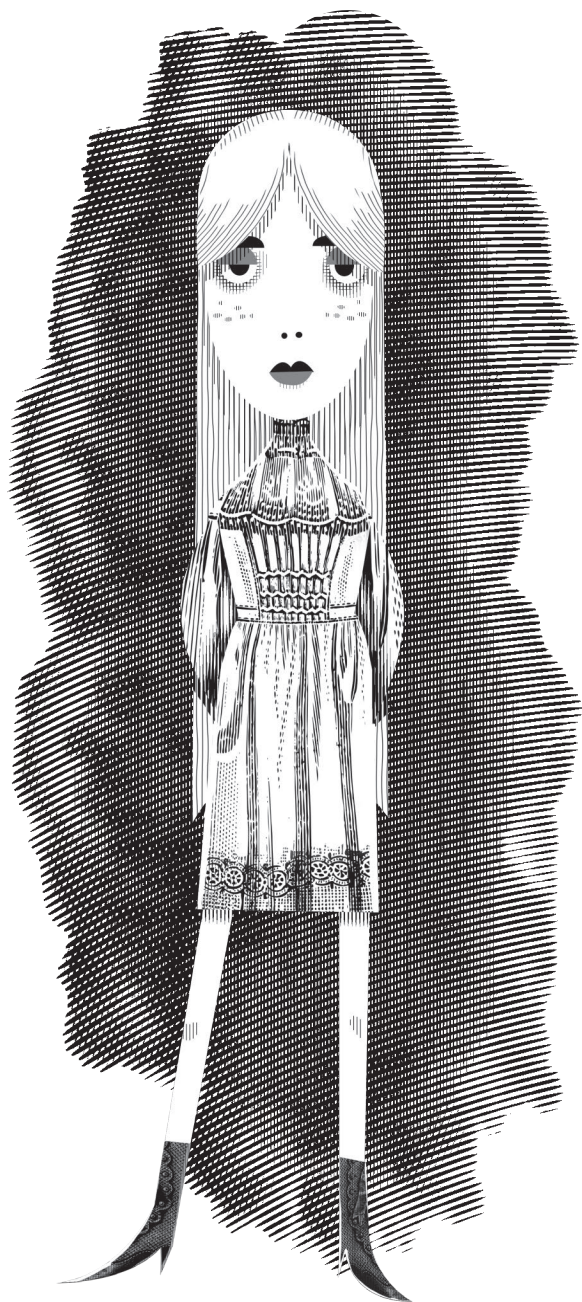
Help Warren find his way to
the center of the hedge maze,
and avoid hazards! Good luck!



START

WORD SCRAMBLE

Unscramble the phrase below to reveal a secret about Petula's mysterious mother!



EEWBAR!

AMICG

NURS

NI

HET

MAYFIL

LEDBOOILN

FROM CHEF BUNION'S KITCHEN: ALL-SEEING EYE COOKIES

Nothing is better than Chef Bunion's famous pudding cookies, but these old-fashioned sugar cookies are a close second. They are soft, fluffy, and easy to bake [with the supervision of a helpful adult, of course!] and are decorated with the eerie All-Seeing Eye from Warren's first adventure.

YIELD: 2 DOZEN COOKIES

INGREDIENTS:

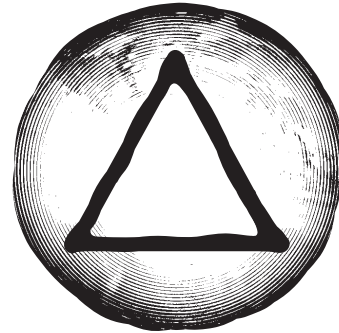
3 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon kosher salt
1 cup unsalted butter, room temperature
1 3/4 cups granulated sugar
1/4 cup light brown sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
Red or black cookie decorating icing, to decorate

INSTRUCTIONS:

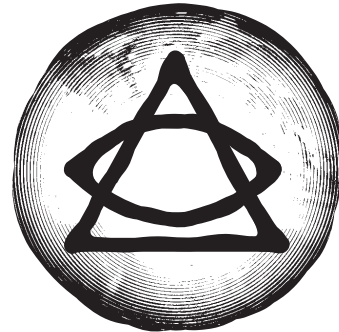
1. Preheat oven to 325°F. Line two cookie sheets with parchment paper. Set aside.
2. In a big bowl, sift the flour, baking soda, and salt. Whisk gently to combine. Set the bowl aside.
3. In another bowl, combine the butter and sugars. Using an electric mixer, cream ingredients for several minutes, until they look light and fluffy. Add the eggs and vanilla and mix just until combined. Reduce the mixer speed and add the flour mixture to the butter mixture little by little, about a third at a time. After each addition, mix until no more white flour is visible, stopping the mixer to scrape down the sides of the bowl if needed.
4. Cover dough in plastic wrap and freeze or refrigerate until chilled and firm. About 20 minutes in the freezer or 45 minutes in the fridge should do it.
5. Remove the dough and, working quickly, break off small piece and roll them into 1-inch balls. [Try not to dawdle over it—the goal is to keep the dough chilly.] Place them on the prepared cookie sheets spaced about 2 inches apart, and then press each ball with your palm to slightly flatten them. [For dome-shaped cookies, flatten less. For thinner cookies, flatten more.]
6. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes, or until cookies start to browning around the edges. Let them cool for a minute or two on the cookie sheet before transferring them to a rack to cool completely before decorating.

TO DECORATE:

1. Using icing, draw a large triangle on the cookie with one corner pointed to the top of the cookie, as shown.



2. Draw an eye shape that overlaps two sides of the triangle, as shown.



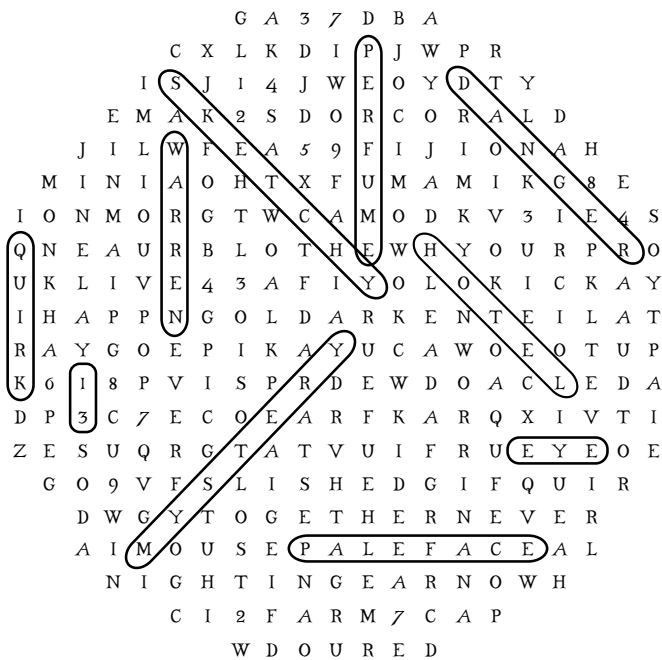
3. Add a extra dot of icing in the middle of the eye [or add a chocolate chip for an extra yummy treat!].



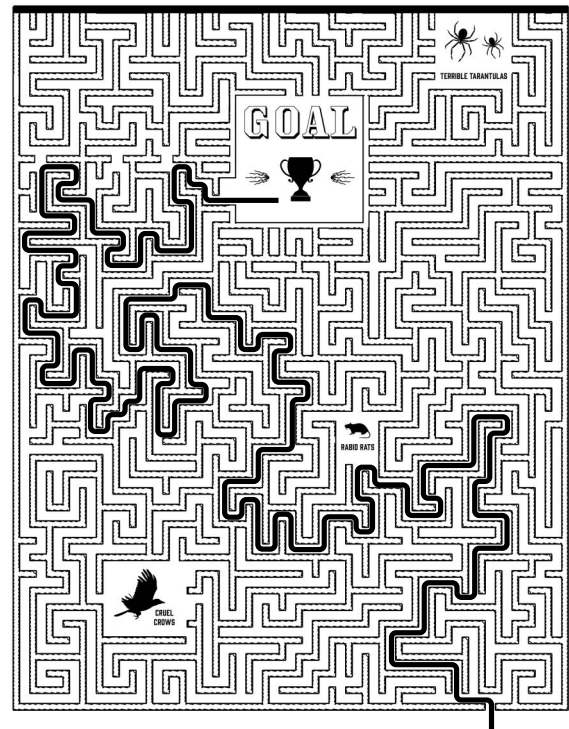
Recipe adapted from *The Cookiepedia: Mixing, Baking, and Reinventing the Classics* by Stacy Adimando [Quirk Books, 2011].

SHHH! ANSWERS!

WORD SEARCH



HEDGE MAZE



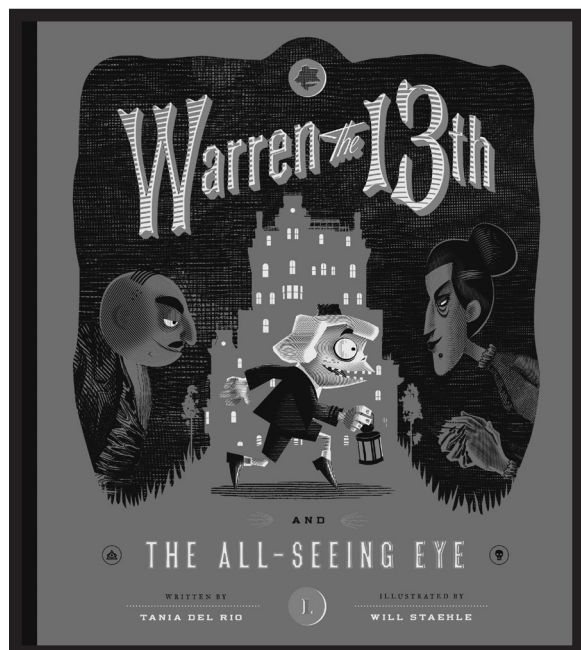
MR. FRIGGS'S RIDDLES

1. *DARKNESS*
2. *A SHIRT, SWEATER or JACKET*
3. *A LIBRARY*

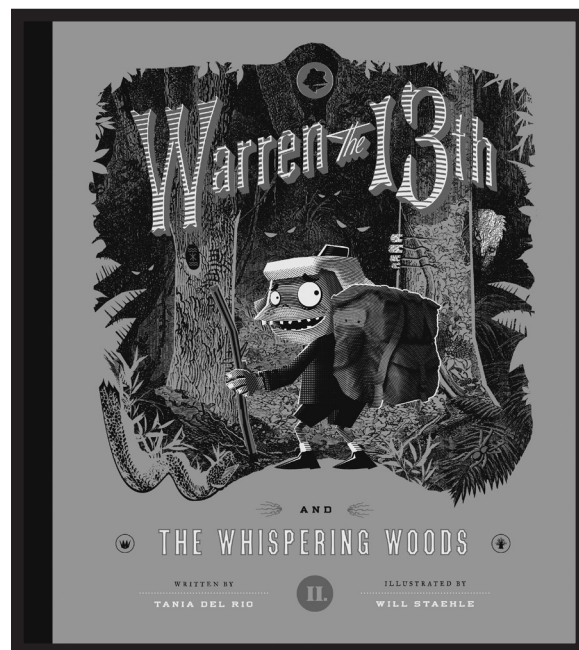
WORD SCRAMBLE

BEWARE!
MAGIC
RUNS
IN
THE
FAMILY
BLOODLINE

Meet WARREN the 13TH,



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MIDDLE GRADE FICTION • AGE RANGE: 8-12 • 7 1/2 X 8 1/2 • 200+ COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS • HARDCOVER • \$16.95 US/\$17.95 CAN

A strange-looking kid with a heart of gold, fastidious orphan Warren has one dream: to restore his family's creepy old hotel to its former glory. But to do that, he has to contend with mysterious visitors, secret codes, hidden maps, weird creatures, and angry witches. Luckily Warren has friends to help him, including a witch-in-training, a circus strongman turned chef, a reclusive professor, and a friendly monster named Sketchy....all depicted in gorgeous illustrations on stunningly designed pages that will pull readers into Warren's fun and spooky world.

WILL STAEHLE is the creator of Warren the 13th, and an award-winning designer and illustrator. He grew up reading comics and working summers at his parents' design firm in Wisconsin. Now based in Seattle, he uses his design and illustration background to create bold covers, stylized posters, quirky websites, and mini-comics to ensure that he gets as little sleep as possible. You can follow him on Twitter @unusualcorp.

TANIA DEL RIO is a professional comic book writer and artist who has spent the past 10 years writing and illustrating, primarily for a young audience. Her clients include Archie Comics, Dark Horse, and Marvel; she is best known for her work writing and drawing the 42-issue run of Sabrina the Teenage Witch. She lives in Los Angeles and you can follow her on Twitter @taniadelrio.



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