

Santa Claus:  
***SUPER SPY***



**The Case of the  
Wisconsin Werewolf**

by Ryan Jacobson

Illustrated by Shane Nitzsche



LAKE 7 CREATIVE  
Mora, Minnesota

*For all of my Santa Claus: Super Spy fans. Thank you for your support!*

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## Super Spy Secret Code

1 = A	10 = J	19 = S
2 = B	11 = K	20 = T
3 = C	12 = L	21 = U
4 = D	13 = M	22 = V
5 = E	14 = N	23 = W
6 = F	15 = O	24 = X
7 = G	16 = P	25 = Y
8 = H	17 = Q	26 = Z
9 = I	18 = R	

**Can you solve this secret  
message from Santa Claus?**

The first letter is filled in for you.

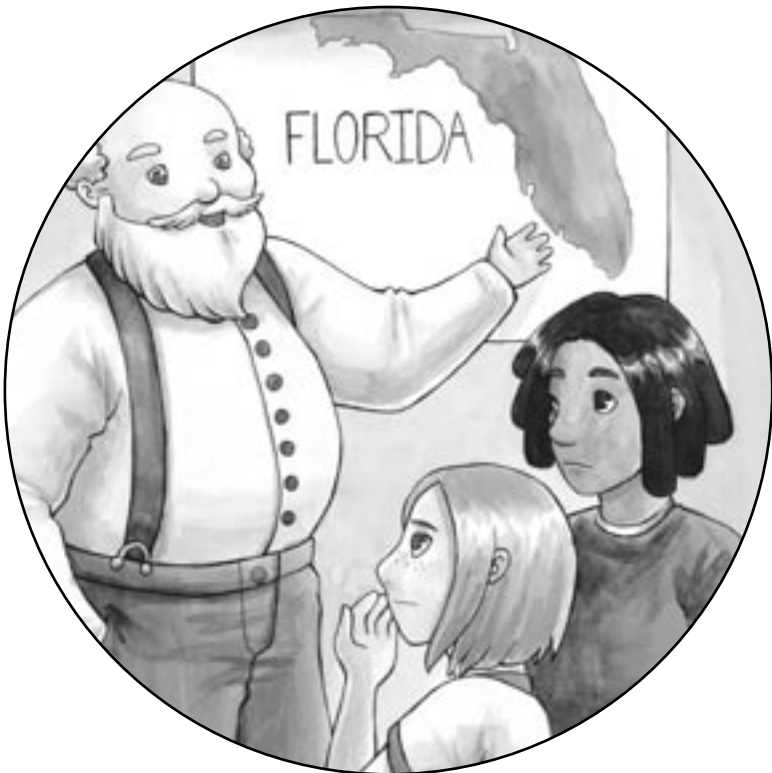
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## What Is a Super Spy?

Santa Claus has a secret. He's a Super Spy. He chooses boys and girls across the country. Together they protect the world from danger, using their Super Spy watches and gadget belts.

Now Santa and his top agents, Paul Jenkins and Emily Swanson, visit the state of Wisconsin to capture a werewolf.



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# 1

## The Bully

“There’s no such thing as Santa Claus,” Bobby Leonard sneered. He stood at the edge of the playground sand.

Emily Swanson jumped off her swing. She put her hands on her hips and shouted, “There is so!” She didn’t know why the fourth-grader liked teasing her. But he sure knew how to make her mad.

Bobby laughed. “Really? How can you be sure?”

The nine-year-old girl bit her lip. She wanted to tell him that she was a Super Spy, but she was not allowed. It was top secret. Even Emily’s parents didn’t know.

“I just am,” she answered.

“No, you’re not. You can’t be. He isn’t real.”

“Bobby,” said Emily, “leave me alone.”

The bully made fists with his hands. “What are you going to do about it?”

The Super Spy knew what she wanted to do. She’d love to use a spy gadget on him. Something like the Trouble Bubble would capture Bobby in a gummy, sticky mess. That would teach him not to pick on other kids.

Instead, she turned and walked away.

“He isn’t real!” Bobby shouted once more.

Emily kept moving. She stomped out of the park and across the street. It was time for her Saturday morning karate lesson.

\*\*\*\*\*

The karate studio felt different. It seemed brighter, happier. In fact, it almost made Emily forget how mad she was at Bobby.

She walked through the lobby, and she entered a blue, padded room. She was early, just like always. Yet

no matter how soon she arrived, her instructor always seemed to get there first.

But today, the teacher wasn't present. Someone else was waiting. He was a short, plump man. His long, white beard hung below his chubby, red cheeks.

Emily now understood why she felt so cheerful. She was staring at the leader of the Super Spies: Santa Claus.





## 2

### The Mission

“Santa,” exclaimed Emily. “I can’t believe you’re here.” She rushed toward the jolly old man and leapt into his arms.

He squeezed her tightly. “How are you, Emily?”

“I’ve been better,” she admitted.

“What’s wrong?” said Santa warmly.

“There’s a bully at school. He always picks on me. He says there’s no such thing as Santa Claus.”

The Super Spy leader thought for a moment. Then he asked, “Why does that bother you?”

Emily’s jaw dropped open. “Doesn’t it bother you?”

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” laughed Santa. “No, it doesn’t. In fact, it helps me.”

Emily shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. “I don’t understand.”

“Well, I’m a spy, right?” said Santa.

“Of course,” Emily replied.

“To be good at it, I need to keep my spying a secret.”

The girl nodded.

“The easiest way to keep my secret is for people to think I don’t exist,” said Santa. “Wouldn’t you agree?”

Emily smiled. “Yeah!”

“So don’t get mad if someone says I’m not real. They may not know it, but they’re helping me be a better spy.”

“I would never say it,” declared Emily. “Even if it does help you.”

It was Santa’s turn to smile. “I wouldn’t want you to. But there’s no reason to get angry with those who don’t believe.”

“I won’t get mad,” Emily promised.

“Good,” said Santa. “And as for your bully, try to

be nice to him. Most of the people we don't get along with aren't as bad as we think."

"He seems pretty mean to me."

"Maybe, but if you get to know him, you might change your mind."

Emily scratched her head. "I guess. My mom always says not to judge other people."

"She's right," agreed Santa. "Now, we'd better get going. It's time for another mission. Your partner, Paul, is waiting in my sleigh."

Emily clapped her hands. "Where are we going?"

"To the Badger State," replied Santa Claus. "We're heading for Wisconsin."



### 3

## Leeland Vance

The trip was a quick one. Paul and Emily barely had time to talk with each other. The flying sleigh, pulled by the reindeer Comet, sped over Madison (Wisconsin's capital) in a blur. Three blinks of an eye later, the Super Spies landed in the town of Elkhorn. It was located in the southeast corner of the state.

With a population of about 9,000 people, Elkhorn was fairly small. However, it was packed with beautiful homes, stores and restaurants. It was also surrounded by plenty of open space—trees, fields and lakes. Emily much preferred it to some of the big, busy cities she had visited.

As Santa, Paul and Emily climbed out of the

sleigh, a tall man greeted them. His gray-blond hair shined in the sunlight.

He shook Santa's hand. "It's good to see you, old friend," said the stranger wearing a blue and black costume. He looked like a cross between a man at a wedding and the star of an alien movie.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" exclaimed Santa. "It's nice to see you too." He pointed toward the children. "These are my best Super Spies, Paul and Emily."

"A pleasure to meet you," replied the man.



Next, Santa motioned toward the stranger. “Paul and Emily, this is Leeland Vance. He’s a special agent of the government’s Monster Division.”

Paul gasped. “Monster Division? Cool!”

“Indeed, it is,” said Agent Vance, proudly. “And if you’re Santa’s top spies, you can be in the Monster Division some day, too.”

“That would be awesome,” declared Paul.

Santa laughed his jolly laugh once more. He said, “Now that we’ve gotten to know each other, please tell us how we can help.”

“The children are too young to remember our first werewolf,” said Agent Vance. “It stalked this part of Wisconsin in the late 1980s. It was called the Bray Road Beast.”

Emily shrugged. “I’ve never heard of it.”

“Me neither,” added Paul.

“The Monster Division took care of that problem, but a new werewolf is on the prowl. My Monster Hunter robots have not been able to capture it.”

“You want us to help you get him,” said Santa.

Agent Vance nodded. “I need not tell you the dangers that a werewolf poses. The sooner we catch it, the better.”

Santa put his hands on the children’s shoulders. “All right, Super Spies, we have a job to do.”



## 4

### The Trap

The plan was simple. After sunset, Agent Vance would lead his robots through the forest outside town. He would force the werewolf toward the Super Spies. Santa, Paul and Emily would wait in hiding. When the werewolf came, they would trap it with their Trouble Bubble bubble gum.

It was a good idea. Emily hoped it would work.

She sat quietly behind a tall, plump tree. Paul was beside her, and Santa was hiding in the bushes a few feet away. No one said a word.

*Werewolves probably have super hearing, thought Emily. It's best not to make a noise. In fact, I probably shouldn't move.*

She asked herself what else she knew about werewolves. They were scary monsters, for one. Half wolf and half person, they were strong and fast. They weren't afraid of anything, except for silver.

She touched her necklace. It was the only piece of silver she had. Hopefully, she wouldn't need it. Their Trouble Bubbles should be enough to trap the beast.

Emily heard shouting in the distance.

“There it is. Over there!”

She looked at Paul. Then she glanced toward Santa. The Super Spy leader silently nodded. His signal meant it was time.

Emily reached into her gadget belt and pulled out a stick of gum. It didn't look like anything special, but it was one of the best gadgets she had.

She stuck the gum into her mouth, and she softly began to chew.

*Thud, thud, thud, thud.*

The sound of running feet (or paws) became clear. Emily gazed into the thick forest, but she could only

see the shapes of trees in the moonlight. She began to worry that the plan might not work. What if Agent Vance couldn't lead the werewolf to them?

Suddenly, she spied a blur of motion. At first, she thought it was her imagination. But it kept coming, growing clearer.

It ran on all fours. Its yellow eyes and sharp teeth glimmered. Its pointed ears and long snout were outlined against the moonlight.

It looked like a wolf—only much, much bigger.

Emily chewed harder. She heard Paul and Santa do the same. A moment before the werewolf passed between Santa and the children, the three of them started to blow.



## **5**

### **Bubble Trouble**

The werewolf stopped. It sniffed the air three times. Then, almost too quickly for Emily to see, it lunged in Santa's direction.

The girl followed it toward her leader, hoping to catch the monster in her trap. But she stepped too close to the jolly old man.

The werewolf leapt into the air and flipped away. The move reminded Emily of the ninja films her dad liked to watch. Santa was not as quick. The Trouble Bubble hit him with its full force. It knocked Santa to the ground, capturing him in a gummy, sticky mess.

Not a moment too soon, Agent Vance and his Monster Hunters arrived.



“There it is. Zap it,” Agent Vance ordered.

His Monster Hunters fired their beams, but the creature skillfully dodged them. It leapt from tree to tree, more like a monkey than a wolf.

Emily had to admit it. The werewolf was amazing.

One of the lasers struck a nearby tree. It echoed with a loud clap. The small, narrow tree teetered for a moment. Then it began to fall.

To Emily’s horror, she saw that the tree was leaning toward Santa. “Look out,” she screamed.

It didn't do any good. The Super Spy leader was stuck. He couldn't move. The tree crashed down on top of him.

Emily barely noticed the werewolf slip away. She raced with Paul toward their injured leader.

Agent Vance joined them beside the unconscious Super Spy. "My Monster Hunters will get him to a hospital," he said. "There's nothing we can do for him out here."

Emily looked at the gray-haired man. "Yes, there is," she told him. "We can catch that werewolf."



## 6

### Where's the Wolf?

Emily raced through the forest, following Paul. She was worried about Santa, but she couldn't think about that now. She had a monster to catch.

She scanned the trees, hoping to glimpse the dangerous werewolf. A twig snapped in the bushes to her right. Emily stopped. She crouched low to the ground, and she held her breath. She didn't make a sound as she waited.

*Snap.*

There it was again. Something was hiding behind those shrubs.

Emily glanced toward Paul, but he wasn't there. He must not have heard the noise, so he probably kept

running. The girl shuddered as she realized she was alone. But she wouldn't let Santa Claus and Agent Vance down. She was going to catch the monster, even if she had to do it by herself.

Emily clutched her silver necklace, and she crept toward the bushes. One step. Two steps. Three steps. Closer and closer.

She felt her heart pump harder. Her hands began to shake. The forest was dark, yet Emily did not stop. She reached the edge of the shrubs. The monster was just on the other side. Emily could hear it breathing.

The young Super Spy took off her necklace and wrapped it around her hand. It was her best weapon against the creature. She took a deep breath, calmed her nerves and bent her knees.

“One. Two. Three,” she whispered, and then she sprang into the bushes.

Her arms wrapped around the large monster, and her face dug into its thick, black fur. “I've got you,” exclaimed Emily.

She pressed her silver necklace against the beast's hairy back. She expected to hear the werewolf squeal in pain and fall to the ground in surrender.

It didn't.

The monster bucked her off its back and swatted Emily's head with its big paw.

Emily dropped to the ground. Her head was woozy. The whole world seemed to be spinning too fast.

*I don't understand,* she thought. *Why didn't the necklace work?*

She got her answer when the creature rose onto its back legs. It grew taller and taller—too big to be a werewolf.

The beast stepped toward Emily and bared its razor-sharp teeth. It growled and roared, ready to make a meal of her.

Emily's head began to feel dizzier, but she knew that she had made a mistake. She hadn't attacked the werewolf. She had leapt onto a large, angry bear.

The girl tried to stand, but her legs felt like rubber bands. She tumbled back to the ground. The color began to fade around her. The stars went out. The moon stopped shining.

The last thing Emily glimpsed was the shadowy figure of the werewolf. It was in the trees, swinging away from her. It was going to escape.

With that thought, the young Super Spy slipped into a deep sleep.





## 7

### Saved

Emily's eyes slowly opened. Her head ached, but at least she was alive. She expected to find herself alone in the forest. To her surprise, she wasn't alone. And she wasn't in the forest.

"Emily, you're awake," exclaimed Paul. He squeezed her hand. "Are you okay? We've been worried about you."

Emily nodded as she noticed the room's bright lights and white walls. A second later, she realized that she was lying in a soft, comfortable bed. "Where am I?" the Super Spy asked.

"You're in a hospital," said Paul. "Don't worry. You're safe."

Emily breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank goodness. I thought that bear was going to eat me.”

Paul quickly covered his mouth, but Emily could hear him laughing.

“What’s so funny?” she asked.

Her best friend couldn’t keep it from her. “You must have hit your head pretty hard. There wasn’t any bear. We were after a werewolf. Remember?”

“Of course, I remember,” said Emily. “The werewolf got away, and a bear attacked me. Or, to tell the truth, I attacked it.”

Paul stopped laughing. Emily could guess that he didn’t think it was funny anymore.

The boy shook his head. “No, you must be mixed up. Like I said, there was no bear. It was the werewolf that attacked you.”

Now Emily shook her head. “It was the bear,” she protested. “I’m sure of it. I even saw the werewolf getting away.”

Paul touched Emily’s arm and stared into her eyes.

He had never looked so serious before. “When the Monster Hunters and I found you, you were lying on the ground. We didn’t see any bear, but the werewolf was there. He was standing right over you.”

“Are you sure it was the werewolf?” Emily asked.

Paul smiled and said, “Yes, I’m positive. That’s where we finally caught that monster.”

\*\*\*\*\*

When Emily was alone again, she thought about what Paul had told her. It didn’t make sense. She had seen the werewolf escaping. It would have gotten away, but it must have come back. Why?

There was only one reason Emily could think of, but it was a reason that confused her. The werewolf was a monster. Monsters were evil. Evil monsters did bad, cruel things.

*So why, Emily asked herself, did the werewolf decide to save my life?*



## 8

### Hospital Visits

No matter how hard she tried, Emily couldn't figure it out. The werewolf had helped her. And in doing so, it allowed itself to get captured. Emily couldn't imagine an evil monster doing anything so brave.

It was a puzzle, and Emily needed help with it. Lucky for her, she knew just whom to ask. She walked to the door at the end of the long hospital hallway, and she peeked into the room.

“Can I come in?” she said.

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” replied the jolly old man, lying on his hospital bed. “Yes, Emily, come right in.”

The girl smiled as she entered. She sat in a chair

beside her injured leader. *He looks fine*, she thought, *except the top of his head is bandaged.*

“How are you feeling, Santa?” asked Emily.

“Oh, I’m all right. I have a headache, and it hurts to open my eyes. But I can spare a few minutes.”

“Thanks, Santa. I won’t stay long. I just want to ask a question.”

Santa nodded. “What can I help you with?”

“Well, I was wondering,” said Emily. She leaned forward. “How do we know the werewolf is evil?”

Santa was silent for a moment, thinking about the question. At last, he answered. “I heard it attacked you. But if you’re asking me this, you must not believe it.”

“You’re right,” agreed Emily. “I don’t.”

“In that case, I will first say that the werewolf is probably not evil. However, it is dangerous.”

Emily began to protest, but Santa stopped her with a wave of his hand. “Agent Vance is my friend and leader of the Monster Division,” he continued. “If anyone would know, he would.”

“But what if he’s wrong?” said Emily.

Santa sighed and rubbed his eyes. Emily could tell that the pain was starting to bother him.

He answered, “Monsters—and especially werewolves—are bad. The whole world knows it. That’s just the way it is.”

Emily didn’t agree. She wanted to say so, but Santa wasn’t feeling well. She had already stayed too long. She smiled once more and said, “Thank you, Santa.” And with that, she left him to his rest.

*How do we really know werewolves are bad?* she thought, as she walked back to her room. *And how do we know Agent Vance didn’t make a mistake?*

She opened the door and stepped inside. “We don’t,” she said aloud, answering her own question.

*Thud!*

The door behind her slammed shut. Emily spun around in surprise. Then she gasped.

She couldn’t believe her eyes. She was staring at three visitors—three monsters!

A vampire.

A mummy.

And a Frankenstein.





## 9

### The Truth

Emily stared at her unexpected guests. They were the strangest looking monsters she had ever seen. (Not that she had met a lot of monsters before.)

The vampire was dressed in black and red. His outfit looked like something Emily's karate teacher would wear. To top it off, two swords were strapped to his back.

The Frankenstein monster towered beside the vampire. The huge creature had to bend down just to fit inside the room. He held a big, wooden club. He wore a karate outfit too, except his was mostly green.

The smallest of the three was a mummy. Emily could tell from her long, red hair that she was a girl.

She wore a gadget belt similar to a Super Spy's.

“Who are you?” Emily exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”

It was the vampire who spoke. “You’ve made a terrible mistake. We’ve come to help you fix it.”

“A mistake?” replied Emily. “What mistake?”

The vampire smiled, revealing his sharp fangs. “From the guilty look on your face, I’d say you already know.”

“He means,” added the mummy, “you helped capture our friend, the werewolf.”

“He attacked me,” Emily protested.

“I doubt that,” said the mummy. “Wolf is one of the good guys. We all are. We’re the Monster Ninjas.”

*I was right,* thought Emily. *The werewolf is a hero. He came back to save me.* Yet at the same time, Emily wondered if the monsters might be lying.

“So the werewolf isn’t dangerous,” she replied.

“Are you saying Agent Vance made a mistake?”

“No,” the vampire corrected. “Agent Vance didn’t make a mistake. He caught who he wanted to catch.”

Emily shook her head. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“Sure it does,” said the vampire. “You see, Agent Vance is *not* one of the good guys.”



# 10

## Super Spying

The Monster Ninjas left as quickly as they had arrived. Emily guessed she would see them again soon. But for now, she had to find out if they were telling the truth.

She stepped to the closet and opened the door. She grabbed her gadget belt and tightened it around her waist. Emily had some spying to do, and she was going to need help.

\*\*\*\*\*

“They’re lying,” said Paul. “I don’t believe it.”

“They might be,” replied Emily. “But we should check it out.”

Paul wasn’t convinced.

However, he followed his partner out of the hospital. They hopped into Santa's sleigh and zipped into the sky. In an instant, they arrived in front of a large brick warehouse. It was surrounded by hundreds of metallic blue robots. Agent Vance was using the place as his headquarters.

"He sure isn't keeping his base a secret," noted Paul. "There are Monster Hunters everywhere."

As the Super Spies stepped closer to the building, they were swarmed by a dozen robots.

"Halt," said one of them. "State your business."

"We're here to see Agent Vance," Emily answered. "We're his friends."

Six Monster Hunters led the children inside. Emily felt like a prisoner being taken to jail. As she walked farther into the building, she spied fancy computers and strange machines everywhere.

She glanced at Paul. His mouth was hanging open, and his eyes darted back and forth. He looked like he was having a lot of fun.

Agent Vance peeked out of a room filled with even more computers. “Hello, Super Spies. Welcome.”

“This place is so cool!” Paul exclaimed.

The older man chuckled. “Thank you, Paul. And Emily, I’m glad to see you’re feeling better.”

Emily faked a smile.

“Now,” Agent Vance continued. “What can I do for the two of you?”

“We’re hoping you’ll give us a tour,” Paul replied excitedly.

Agent Vance laughed again. “You’re very eager. I like that.” He glanced at his watch. “I have a few minutes to spare. Come with me.”

\*\*\*\*\*

When the Super Spies got back to the hospital, they hurried to Emily’s room.

“See?” said Paul. “There was nothing strange over there. Those ninjas were lying.”

“Maybe,” Emily admitted. “But I’m not sure yet. Agent Vance didn’t show us everything.”

The Super Spy knew that the man would keep some of his rooms secret. That's why Emily had another plan. During the tour, she snuck a tiny Spy Camera onto Agent Vance's coat.

Now, she reached into her gadget belt and pulled out a little TV. It was so small, it fit inside her hand. She clicked the screen on, and she looked at Paul. "I hope this works," she said.





# 11

## Escape Plan

Emily and Paul watched the secret video for a very long time. (It was boring. Agent Vance mostly just walked around, barking orders at his robots.)

The children were about to take a break when Agent Vance entered a new area. It was a place they had not seen on their tour. It looked like a large hospital room, except the walls were lined with cages. Scientist equipment was scattered everywhere.

As Agent Vance strolled around the room, Emily saw that most of the cages were empty.

Most but not all.

The gray-haired man stopped in front of the cell that held his prisoner.

“Hello, Wolf. I hope you’re enjoying your stay,” he teased.

The werewolf growled. “Why are you keeping me here?”

Agent Vance laughed a villain’s laugh. “I’m building an army of monsters. You will help me take over the world.”

“Never,” snarled the Monster Ninja.

Agent Vance laughed again. “Yes, you will. My doctors shall arrive within the hour. When they’re done fixing your brain, you’ll do whatever I say.”

Watching on her little TV, Emily gasped. She looked at her Super Spy partner. “We have to help him,” she said.

Paul nodded. “Let’s go.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Two Monster Hunters entered the hidden room, where Wolf was kept. But they weren’t really robots. They were Super Spies in disguise.

“These Spy Glasses work great,” Paul whispered.

“Yes,” Emily agreed. “When we put them on, we can look like whatever we imagine.”

“We’d better rescue the werewolf before these batteries run out,” Paul noted. “When that happens, the disguises will fade away.”

They crept through the dark room, toward the monster’s cage. Before they reached him, the creature stuck out his head. “You look like Monster Hunters,” said the werewolf. “But you don’t smell like them.”

“We’re Super Spies,” exclaimed Emily. “We’re here to save you.”

Wolf smiled widely. “That’s good, but you might want to hurry. Agent Vance will be back any minute.”

Paul reached into his belt and pulled out a new gadget. It looked like a tube of toothpaste.

“What’s that?” asked the prisoner.

“It’s called Squeeze Keys. I’ll squirt it into the lock, and it’ll harden into the shape of a key. We’ll use it to open your cage.”

A minute later, the werewolf was free.

“Great job, thanks,” said the monster. “But how are we going to get past the robots outside?”

Emily smiled. “That’s easy.” She handed him a pair of glasses. “We brought extra Spy Glasses. You can look like a Monster Hunter too.”

A familiar, evil laugh suddenly filled the room. “It won’t be as easy as you think, Super Spy,” the nasty voice hissed.

Emily spun toward the speaker. Her stomach tightened, and her legs began to wobble.

Agent Vance stood with fifty Monster Hunters, blocking the only way out. The werewolf and the Super Spies were cornered.



# 12

## Trapped

“Get behind me,” shouted Wolf. He leapt in front of the Super Spies.

Agent Vance waved his arm, and his robots charged the heroes.

Wolf sprang into action, moving quickly but smoothly. He almost looked like a dancer, as he dodged and spun. He took down one Monster Hunter after another.

It did little good.

“There are too many of them,” cried Emily. “We need to get out of here!”

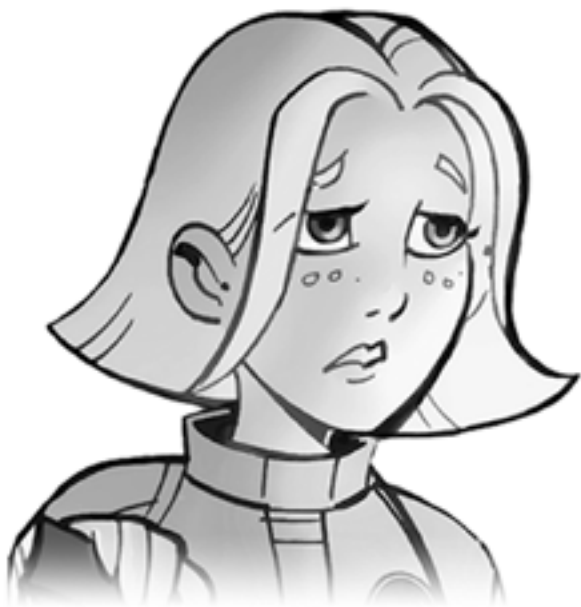
“Yeah, but how?” replied the monster.

Emily reached into her gadget belt and pulled out

two small, wing-like stickers. She looked at Paul and said, “We can slap these Shoe Flies on our shoes. They’ll help us soar over the robots and out of here.”

She remembered using them on her first mission. They had helped her escape from Jack Frost, but they also ran out of energy too soon. She wondered if that might happen again.

Emily shook the thought from her mind. She slapped the stickers onto her sneakers. Paul did the same, and the Super Spies launched themselves into the air.



They flew to Wolf and grabbed his arms. They lifted him off the ground and zipped out the door.

Emily's plan had worked. They were safe, for now.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Shoe Flies' power faded more quickly than Emily expected. *It's because we were carrying Wolf*, she thought. *It probably won't matter, though. We're almost out of the building.*

She glanced backward. No one was coming. She peeked around the corner ahead. She didn't see Agent Vance or his Monster Hunters anywhere.

"This way," she whispered, pointing straight ahead.

They ran into the hallway and hurried toward the exit. They were greeted by a loud, piercing blare and a flashing red light.

*Oh, no*, thought Emily. *We've tripped an alarm.*

Two doors fell from the ceiling, slamming to the ground in front of and behind them. A soft but forceful hiss filled Emily's ears, and she noticed the terrible scent of rotten eggs.

Wolf raised his snout and sniffed the air. “They’re spraying us with sleeping gas!” he exclaimed.

Emily watched as her new friend fell to the floor, snoring. Next, she looked at Paul. He too collapsed with a yawn.

Spinning away from the hiss and covering her nose, Emily started toward the trap door. She dug into her belt for another gadget, but her eyelids began to feel heavy.

She couldn’t think. She couldn’t walk. The room seemed to rock like a boat on the ocean.

Emily fought against it for as long as she could. But at last, she closed her eyes. She was sound asleep, even before her head hit the floor.



# 13

## A Super Disguise

Emily opened her eyes and tried to rub her face. She couldn't. She was lying on a table. Her wrists were cuffed to it. She looked down and saw that her ankles were too. She scanned her surroundings and realized that she was back inside the room with all of the cages. Paul and Wolf were also there, strapped to tables beside her.

“Hello, Emily,” said Agent Vance, stepping into view. Most of his Monster Hunters were gone now, but twelve of them remained.

“Let us go,” the Super Spy demanded.

Agent Vance laughed darkly. “I will, but first I'll make sure you won't remember any of this.”

Emily turned away from the villain and saw her friends beside her. They slowly opened their eyes.

“Now that you’re all awake,” said Agent Vance, “we can get started.” He pointed toward a large machine that hovered above Paul and Emily. Two giant tubes hung from it, dangling just over the Super Spies’ heads. “This machine will suck the memories from your brains,” Agent Vance explained. “You’ll forget everything that’s happened.”

“What about Wolf?” asked Paul. “What will you do with him?”

“My plan has always been the same,” said Agent Vance. “I’m going to turn him into my soldier. He’ll help me conquer the world.”

Emily’s angry grimace turned into a hopeful smile. “Have you heard enough?”

“What do you mean?” asked the villain.

It was Emily’s turn to laugh. “I wasn’t talking to you.” She nodded toward a robot standing just a few steps away. “I was talking to him.”

Agent Vance turned to see a Monster Hunter reach toward its face and pull off a pair of glasses. Then, suddenly, it wasn't a Monster Hunter anymore. It changed into a short, plump man with a thick, white beard and rosy red cheeks.

"Santa Claus," the villain gasped. "How?"

"Paul and Emily asked me to tag along in disguise," the Super Spy leader said with a sigh. "I can hardly believe you are capable of such evil."

"It doesn't matter what you believe," Agent Vance sneered. "You're surrounded by my robots. Alone, even you are no match for them."

Santa put his hands on his hips. "Who said I was alone?"

With that, three more of Agent Vance's robots reached up and removed glasses from their faces.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" boomed Santa. "Leeland, I believe you already know the Monster Ninjas."



# 14

## Rescued

Agent Vance’s mouth dropped open. His twelve robots were now down to eight. The Monster Ninjas were probably as skilled as Wolf. So Emily guessed eight robots would be easy for them to handle.

The Monster Ninjas leapt into action. Three robots were down before Emily could blink.

Agent Vance didn’t wait to see what would happen next. He ordered his last five Monster Hunters to attack, and he slipped into the shadows of the room.

Santa raced to Emily and the other prisoners. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“We’re fine,” replied Emily. “Please, get us off these tables.”

While the Monster Ninjas finished the last of the robots, Santa helped Wolf and the Super Spies get free. By the time Emily was standing, the battle had ended. Pieces of broken robots were scattered everywhere.

“Thanks for rescuing us,” the girl said.

“It was your plan, Emily,” replied Santa. “Thanks to you, Wolf is safe. And now I know the truth about Leeland Vance.”

Paul glanced around the room. “Where did he go?”

Wolf growled. “He’s gone. I can smell that he’s not here.”

“Then we have to find him,” said Emily. “We need to put him in jail.”

The vampire ninja stepped forward. “He’s our problem. Leave Agent Vance to us.”

With that, the Monster Ninjas disappeared out the door, taking the werewolf with them.

“Do you think they’ll catch him?” asked Paul.

Santa stroked his beard thoughtfully. “I believe Leeland and his Monster Hunters will certainly have



their hands full.” He turned toward Emily. “You did well today, and I owe you an apology.”

That’s okay, Santa. You weren’t feeling well,” she said with a smile. “But I’m glad you’re better.”

Santa grinned. “Nothing can keep me away from a good adventure, especially in a great place like the state of Wisconsin.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Back at the playground, Bobby Leonard was at it again. He teased Emily about her hair, her shoes, her clothes—and especially about Santa Claus.

Emily held up her hand to hush him. “Bobby, let me ask you a question.”

The bully crossed his arms and grunted. “What?” He looked ready for a fight.

“I was just wondering,” Emily continued. “Would you like to play kickball with me?”

Bobby jumped back in surprise. His eyes grew wide, and then he looked away. Emily thought that he might be blushing.

The duo stood in silence, neither saying a word.  
At last, Bobby muttered, “Yes, I would.”

Emily beamed a smile at him. “Great, let’s go.”

They walked together, side by side.

“I do believe in Santa, you know,” said Bobby.

Emily looked at him and nodded. “Yes, I know.”  
She reached over and touched his arm, warmed by the  
thought of having a new friend.

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## About the Author



Ryan Jacobson loves to write. He would write all day and all night if he could! In fact, Ryan has been writing stories since he was 16 years old.

Ryan says, “If you want to be a good writer, you should read books and write as often as you can.”

Ryan lives in Mora, Minnesota, with his wife Lora, their adopted son Jonah and their dog Boo. Visit [www.RyanJacobsonOnline.com](http://www.RyanJacobsonOnline.com) for more about the author.