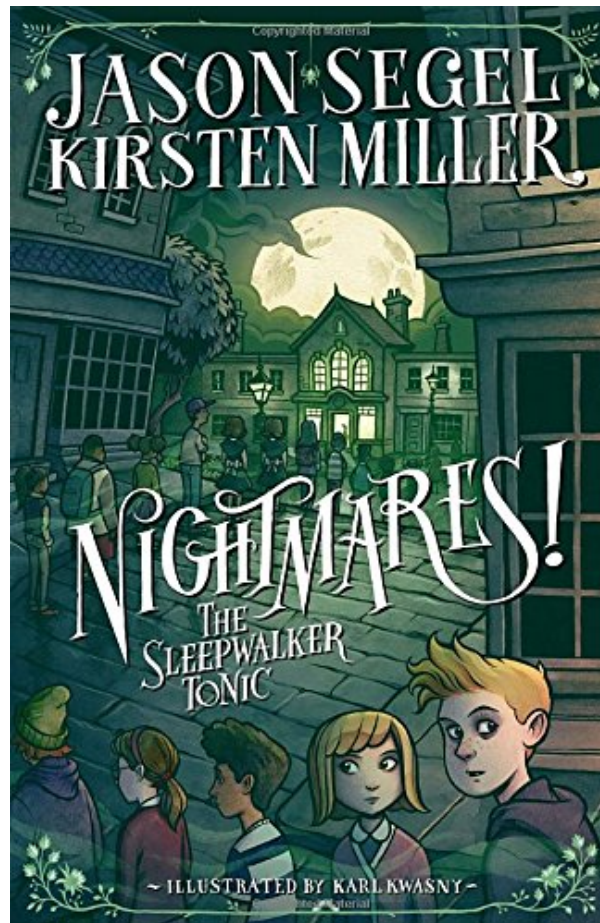
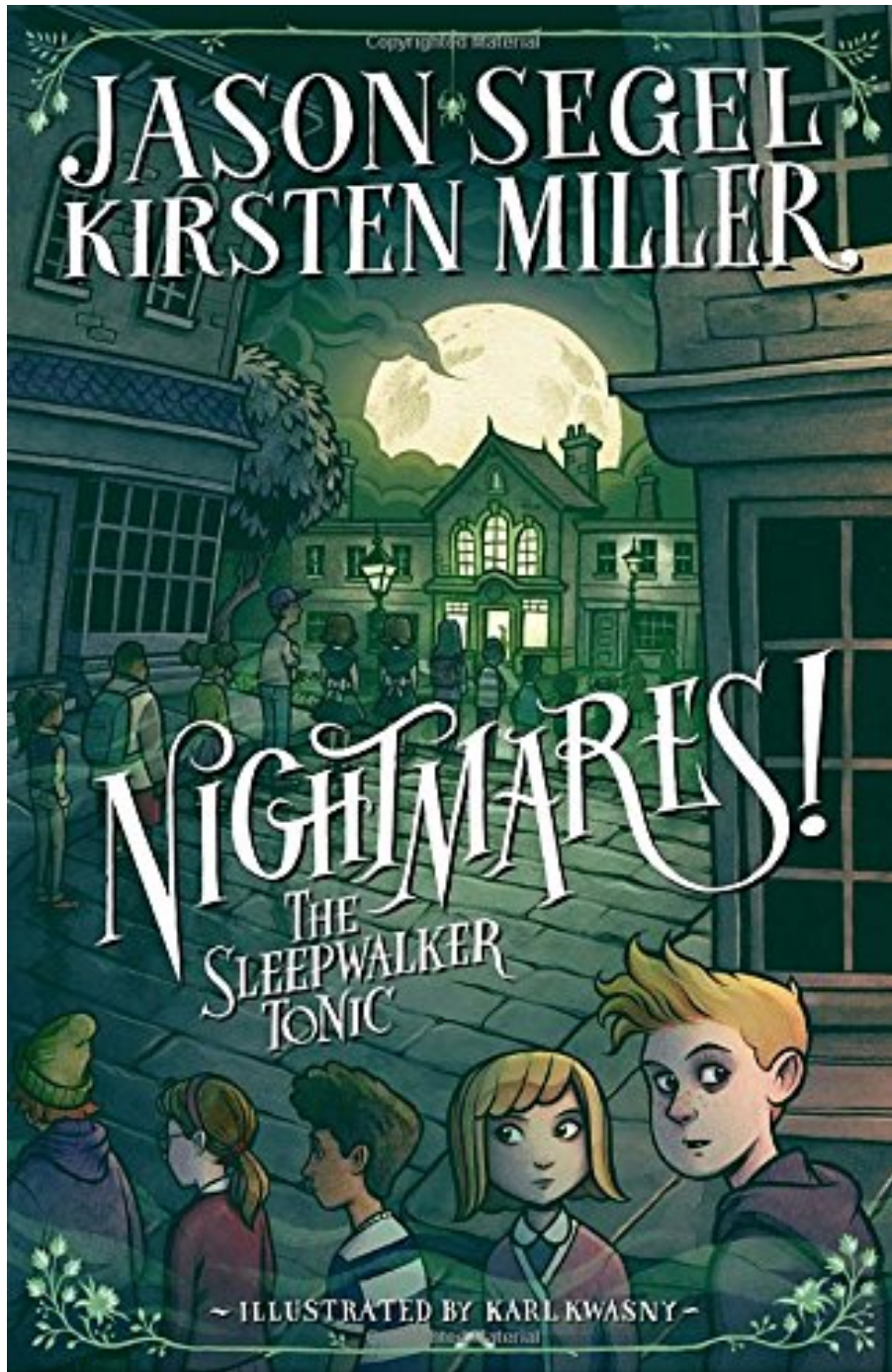


NIGHTMARES! THE SLEEPWALKER TONIC BY JASON SEGEL, KIRSTEN MILLER



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This publication *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller is anticipated to be one of the most effective vendor book that will certainly make you feel completely satisfied to purchase and review it for completed. As recognized could usual, every book will have certain points that will certainly make a person interested so much. Even it originates from the writer, type, content, and even the author. Nonetheless, lots of people likewise take guide *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller based upon the motif as well as title that make them impressed in. and right here, this *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller is very recommended for you since it has interesting title as well as theme to check out.

Review

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About the Author

Jason Segel used to have nightmares just like Charlie, and just like Charlie, he's learned that the things we're most afraid of are the things that can make us strong...if we're brave enough to face them. Jason likes acting, writing, making music, and hanging out with his friends. Sometimes he writes movies. Sometimes he writes

songs for movies. Sometimes he stars in those movies and sings those songs. You might know him from *The Muppets* and *Despicable Me*. Your parents might know him from other stuff. *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* is his second novel and the sequel to *Nightmares!*

Kirsten Miller grew up in a small town just like Cypress Creek, minus the purple mansion. She lives and writes in New York City. Kirsten is the author of the acclaimed *Kiki Strike* books, the *Eternal Ones* series, and *How to Lead a Life of Crime*. *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* is the second novel she's written with Jason Segel. You can visit her at kirstenmillerbooks.com.

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CHAPTER ONE

The Zombie from Orville Falls

“Hey, Charlie, I had the craziest dream last night,” Alfie Bluenthal said. “Want me to tell you about it?”

Ordinarily, Charlie Laird would have answered with a firm No! Over the past few months, he'd listened to a hundred of Alfie's dreams. They usually starred Albert Einstein, Neil deGrasse Tyson, or the local weatherwoman, and they seemed to go on forever. If they'd been nightmares, Charlie would have happily tuned in. Nightmares were his specialty, and he considered himself an expert on the subject. As far as Charlie was concerned, there was nothing more boring than someone else's good dreams. And kale. Good dreams and kale.

But Charlie happened to be in a generous mood. It was the first hot day of summer vacation, and he and Alfie were lounging on a bench outside the Cypress Creek ice cream shop. A triple-decker cone with scoops of rum raisin, mint chocolate chip, and bubble gum ice cream was slowly making its way into Charlie's belly. He had an hour to kill before he was due back at his summer job, and he couldn't have felt more content.

“Why not,” he told Alfie. “Let's hear it.”

As Alfie began to talk, Charlie sat back against the bench and let his gaze drift over the roof of the hardware store across the street--and up to the strange purple mansion that stood on a hill overlooking the town. Workmen on ladders had just finished painting the house, covering the dingy grape color with a fresh coat of lilac. At the top of the mansion, an octagonal tower rose into the sky. One of the tower's windows was open, and a kite in the shape of a pterodactyl was riding the breeze outside. The hand that held its string belonged to Charlie's little brother, Jack. The weird purple mansion was their home.

As Charlie listened to Alfie chattering away, he made a game of licking each drip of ice cream just before it reached the edge of his cone, and let Alfie's dream pass in one ear and out the other. A few random phrases managed to lodge themselves in his brain: cumulonimbus, El Niño, heat wave, high-pressure zone.

Just as Charlie popped the last bit of cone into his mouth, Alfie's dream finally reached its end.

“So what do you suppose it means?” Alfie asked.

“Same thing as every other dream you've had in the past three months,” Charlie replied, still crunching on the cone. “It means you've got a crush on the weatherwoman from the Channel Four news.”

“She’s a meteorologist,” Alfie corrected him, clearly offended that his epic dream had been reduced to a single sentence. “And she has a name, you know.”

“Stormy Skies is not a real name,” Charlie informed his friend.

“How can you say that?” Alfie pouted. Love had turned his once-impressive brain to mush. “Are you trying to tell me Stormy just made it up? I’d like to hear you say that to Mr. and Mrs. Skies!”

Charlie was searching for a way to break the truth gently, when his attention was drawn across the street by the slam of a car door. An odd-looking man had emerged from a beaten-up black SUV. Smoke was billowing from under the hood, and several of its windows were shattered. The man who’d emerged was tall, with messy dark hair. He might have passed for an average suburban dad in his polo shirt and jeans, but something was clearly wrong with the guy. He was shuffling down the sidewalk, his head bent so far to the side that it appeared to be resting on one of his shoulders. As his feet slid forward, the soles of his Crocs barely left the ground. And though Charlie was sitting too far away to tell for sure, he would have sworn that the man’s eyes were shut.

Charlie nudged Alfie and pointed. “Check it out. What’s your diagnosis?”

Alfie adjusted his chunky black glasses and examined the man across the street. “Hmmm. Let’s see. Rigid limbs. Shambling gait. Shocking lack of personal hygiene. And a pretty painful-looking crick in the neck. All things considered, I’d say there’s a good chance he’s the walking dead.”

Charlie sat bolt upright on the edge of the bench. It had been months since he’d felt such a jolt of excitement. “You think that guy might be a zombie?”

Alfie cackled and licked his cone. “I’m joking. How could he be a zombie? The portal to the Netherworld is closed.” As soon as Alfie said it, the smile slid off his face, and he slowly turned to Charlie. “It is still closed, isn’t it?” he almost whispered.

“Of course it is,” Charlie assured him. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

That answer wasn’t good enough for either of them. Both boys went silent as their gazes turned to the house on the hill.

The purple mansion where Charlie lived wasn’t like the other houses in Cypress Creek. While the rest of the village was as cute as a pack of puppies, the mansion looked more like an enormous dragon perched on top of a rock. It had claimed its hill before Cypress Creek had been founded, and its occupants had been watching over the town ever since.

A man named Silas DeChant had built the mansion, and Charlie’s stepmother, Charlotte, was Silas’s great-great-granddaughter. For the past one hundred and fifty years, some member of the DeChant family had been in residence at the mansion. It was the family’s duty to protect the world from the house’s terrible secret.

That secret could be found in the small, eight-sided room at the top of the mansion’s tower. The special few who knew about the secret called it the portal. It was a door between the Waking World and the land of nightmares. Fortunately, not many people had ever heard of it. Most humans only visited the Netherworld

when they fell asleep, and the terrifying creatures that dwelled there were supposed to stay there.

But the portal had been opened by accident twice in the past. Nightmares had snuck into Cypress Creek, and unspeakable things had come close to happening. If the portal ever opened again and Nightmares entered the Waking World, it would be up to the portal's protectors to round up the creatures and get them back to the other side. For almost two centuries, a single person had always held the job. Now, for the first time, the portal had three guardians living in the purple mansion. Charlie Laird was one of them.

Back on the bench outside the ice cream shop, Charlie and Alfie watched as the zombielike man slammed through the door of the hardware store across the street.

"I should find out what's going on," Charlie said, his heart racing.

"I'm coming with you." Alfie stuffed the rest of his cone into his mouth and tossed his napkin into the trash.

They made it to the store's plate-glass window in time to see the man slap a bill on the counter and then lurch toward the door, his arms laden with cans of paint.

"Hey, mister, don't forget your change!" the clerk called as the door swung open. The man shuffled out to the sidewalk, showing no sign that he'd heard.

Now the strange man was headed in the boys' direction. As the guy got closer, Charlie could see that his eyes were open--just barely. But there wasn't much life behind them. A thin stream of drool was trickling from a corner of his mouth. It fed the giant wet splotch that was growing on the front of his shirt, above a small insignia sewn onto his left shirt pocket. The logo looked like a flaming soccer ball.

Charlie and Alfie scuttled behind a parked car and ducked just seconds before the man passed by. A terrible odor trailed in the man's wake, and Charlie covered his face with his hand. Dead or alive, the guy hadn't bathed in a while.

Once the man had passed, Charlie let his breath out. "Did you get a look at the logo on his shirt?" Charlie whispered to Alfie. "I'm pretty sure I've seen it somewhere before."

Alfie squinted. "I can barely see anything. My eyes are still watering from the smell, and now my glasses are all fogged up. That man was .??. pungent. Any idea where you might have seen the logo?"

"Nope," Charlie admitted. He stepped out from behind the car. "It looks like we're just going to have to ask the guy where he's from."

"No way!" Alfie yelled as he wiped his glasses. "I'm not going to talk to that man!"

Charlie raised an eyebrow. "What's the problem, Blumenthal?" he asked. "You scared?"

The word scared had a magical effect on Alfie. It lifted him up and straightened out his spine. "Yes, I am," he replied without a hint of embarrassment. "Are you?"

"Terrified," Charlie confirmed. "And that's why we have to do it."

“I guess you’re right.” Alfie sighed, deflating. Their travels in the Netherworld had taught them a lot. The most important lesson, though, was to never run from a Nightmare creature. To make one go away, you had to face what scared you. If you tried to escape, the Nightmare would just feed off your fear. Soon it would start showing up in your dreams every night.

“Good,” Charlie said. “‘Cause I don’t think we want that guy paying us a visit after dark. Now hurry up, or we’ll miss him.” The man had almost reached his car.

“Excuse me!” Alfie called. “Sir!”

“Hey, you with the paint!” Charlie shouted. There was no time to be polite. The man grunted loudly in response but didn’t turn around.

Charlie shot Alfie a worried look. It wasn’t a good sign. Along with shuffling and drooling, grunting was classic zombie behavior.

“Can we interest you in a nice, juicy brain?” Alfie yelled.

“Mmmrump?” The man’s head swiveled toward the boys while his legs kept walking. Suddenly he jerked to a stop and dropped the cans. Blue paint flew everywhere as the man’s knees buckled and he fell to the ground in a lifeless heap. A red gash was already forming across his forehead. He’d walked straight into a lamppost.

“Quick, call 911!” Charlie told Alfie as he ran toward the fallen man. When Charlie reached him, he dropped to his knees, took off the button-up he was wearing over his Hazel’s Herbarium work T-shirt, and prepared to press it against the man’s wound. But the expression on the man’s face made Charlie pause. Despite the blood, the guy looked strangely peaceful. He lay there with his eyes closed and a pleasant smile on his lips, as if he were enjoying a good night’s sleep.

Alfie squatted beside Charlie. “An ambulance is on the way,” he said. Then he noticed the man’s odd expression. “Wow, somebody really needed a nap.” Alfie took off his backpack and began searching for tools. “Now that he’s out, let’s have a look at our specimen.”

“The guy may be a zombie, but that doesn’t make him a science experiment,” Charlie cautioned his friend. “You’re not allowed to dissect him, Alfie.”

“You can’t dissect a person until he’s dead.” Alfie had fished a small flashlight out of his backpack. “I’m pretty sure this guy is still alive, so technically it would be vivisection. But don’t worry--no cutting.” He pried open one of the man’s eyelids and shined the flashlight’s beam into his eye. “Yep, pupillary reflex is good. Brain stem is working just fine.”

Charlie used his free hand to pluck the wallet out of the man’s pocket and pass it to his friend. “Thanks, Dr. Bluenthal. Now see if you can find some ID while I search the rest of him.”

Alfie riffled through the man’s bulging wallet and pulled out a blue-and-yellow card. “This guy really needs to organize his stuff. What the heck is Blockbuster Video?” After a few more attempts, he finally located a driver’s license. “Says here the guy’s name is Winston Lindsay. He’s forty-four. An organ donor. Lives at twenty-seven Newcomb Street in Orville Falls.”

“Orville Falls?” Charlie repeated incredulously. Orville Falls was a cute little town nestled in the mountains. It was about half an hour’s drive from Cypress Creek, though Charlie rarely visited. “He came all the way here to buy paint? Don’t they have a hardware store in Orville Falls?”

“Actually, they have two,” Alfie said.

Charlie looked at Alfie. Sometimes Charlie wondered if the kid really did know everything.

Alfie sighed. “Remember the summer my parents sent me to that horrible camp in Orville Falls? The counselors locked me up and forced me to do crafts. I had to sneak out just to borrow books from the library.”

“How could I forget,” Charlie said, grinning at the memory of the gifts Alfie had presented to his friends at the end of the ordeal. “I still have that macramé owl you made for me.”

They heard the wail of a siren in the distance. Within seconds, it had grown to a deafening pitch as an ambulance screeched to a stop on Main Street and two EMTs in crisp blue uniforms leaped from the back.

“Afternoon,” said one in a booming voice fit for a superhero. “You the two kids who called this in?”

“Uh-huh,” grunted Alfie. For a moment, it seemed like all he could do was stare up at the EMT in awe. Then Charlie nudged him, and the science spilled out. “The subject is unconscious, but his pupillary reflex indicates--”

A second EMT pushed past Alfie and squatted beside Winston Lindsay. “Nice work stopping the bleeding,” she praised Charlie as she examined the man’s wound. “You boys in the Scouts or something?”

“No, ma’am,” said Charlie. He rarely used the word ma’am, but this was one of the few adults who actually seemed to warrant it.

Charlie saw Alfie’s spine stiffen. “I’m not a Boy Scout, but I do consider myself something of an amateur doctor,” Alfie said proudly. “I’ve studied all the major texts, and--”

“That’s great, little buddy,” the first EMT interrupted. Then he began to unload the stretcher while his partner examined the patient.

“Pupillary reflex appears to be fine,” the partner announced. “But looks like this dude’s going to be out for a while. We need to get him in ASAP.”

Alfie turned to Charlie and rolled his eyes. Charlie could imagine how annoyed his friend felt. It was hard enough being twelve years old; most adults barely listened to a word you said. Being a twelve-year-old genius had to be particularly frustrating.

The EMTs hoisted Winston Lindsay onto the stretcher, strapped him down, and loaded him into the back of the ambulance. Charlie and Alfie began to climb in after him.

“Fraid not, little men,” said one of the EMTs, pushing them away. “Only family members get to ride in the back.”

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Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic is the sequel to the hilariously scary New York Times bestselling novel Nightmares! by multitalented actor Jason Segel and bestselling author Kirsten Miller. You thought the nightmares were over? You better keep the lights on!

Charlie Laird has a dream life.

- 1) He has a weirdo stepmom who runs an herbarium.
- 2) He lives in a purple mansion with a portal to the Netherworld.
- 3) Since they escaped from the Netherworld, he and his best friends have been sleeping like babies.

But Charlie can't shake the feeling that something strange is afoot. Charlotte's herbarium used to be one of the busiest stores in Cypress Creek. Now her loyal following is heading to Orville Falls for their herbal potions.

Weirder, though, Orville Falls is suddenly filled with . . . zombies? At least, they sure look like the walking dead. Rumor has it that no one's sleeping in Orville Falls. And Charlie knows what that means.

Things are getting freaky again.

Praise for the Nightmares! Series

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CHAPTER ONE

The Zombie from Orville Falls

“Hey, Charlie, I had the craziest dream last night,” Alfie Bluenthal said. “Want me to tell you about it?”

Ordinarily, Charlie Laird would have answered with a firm No! Over the past few months, he’d listened to a hundred of Alfie’s dreams. They usually starred Albert Einstein, Neil deGrasse Tyson, or the local weatherwoman, and they seemed to go on forever. If they’d been nightmares, Charlie would have happily tuned in. Nightmares were his specialty, and he considered himself an expert on the subject. As far as Charlie was concerned, there was nothing more boring than someone else’s good dreams. And kale. Good dreams and kale.

But Charlie happened to be in a generous mood. It was the first hot day of summer vacation, and he and Alfie were lounging on a bench outside the Cypress Creek ice cream shop. A triple-decker cone with scoops of rum raisin, mint chocolate chip, and bubble gum ice cream was slowly making its way into Charlie’s belly. He had an hour to kill before he was due back at his summer job, and he couldn’t have felt more content.

“Why not,” he told Alfie. “Let’s hear it.”

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As Charlie listened to Alfie chattering away, he made a game of licking each drip of ice cream just before it reached the edge of his cone, and let Alfie’s dream pass in one ear and out the other. A few random phrases managed to lodge themselves in his brain: cumulonimbus, El Niño, heat wave, high-pressure zone.

Just as Charlie popped the last bit of cone into his mouth, Alfie’s dream finally reached its end.

“So what do you suppose it means?” Alfie asked.

“Same thing as every other dream you’ve had in the past three months,” Charlie replied, still crunching on the cone. “It means you’ve got a crush on the weatherwoman from the Channel Four news.”

“She’s a meteorologist,” Alfie corrected him, clearly offended that his epic dream had been reduced to a single sentence. “And she has a name, you know.”

“Stormy Skies is not a real name,” Charlie informed his friend.

“How can you say that?” Alfie pouted. Love had turned his once-impressive brain to mush. “Are you trying to tell me Stormy just made it up? I’d like to hear you say that to Mr. and Mrs. Skies!”

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Charlie sat bolt upright on the edge of the bench. It had been months since he'd felt such a jolt of excitement. "You think that guy might be a zombie?"

Alfie cackled and licked his cone. "I'm joking. How could he be a zombie? The portal to the Netherworld is closed." As soon as Alfie said it, the smile slid off his face, and he slowly turned to Charlie. "It is still closed, isn't it?" he almost whispered.

"Of course it is," Charlie assured him. "Why wouldn't it be?"

That answer wasn't good enough for either of them. Both boys went silent as their gazes turned to the house on the hill.

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“Nope,” Charlie admitted. He stepped out from behind the car. “It looks like we’re just going to have to ask the guy where he’s from.”

“No way!” Alfie yelled as he wiped his glasses. “I’m not going to talk to that man!”

Charlie raised an eyebrow. “What’s the problem, Bluenthal?” he asked. “You scared?”

The word scared had a magical effect on Alfie. It lifted him up and straightened out his spine. “Yes, I am,” he replied without a hint of embarrassment. “Are you?”

“Terrified,” Charlie confirmed. “And that’s why we have to do it.”

“I guess you’re right.” Alfie sighed, deflating. Their travels in the Netherworld had taught them a lot. The most important lesson, though, was to never run from a Nightmare creature. To make one go away, you had to face what scared you. If you tried to escape, the Nightmare would just feed off your fear. Soon it would start showing up in your dreams every night.

“Good,” Charlie said. “Cause I don’t think we want that guy paying us a visit after dark. Now hurry up, or we’ll miss him.” The man had almost reached his car.

“Excuse me!” Alfie called. “Sir!”

“Hey, you with the paint!” Charlie shouted. There was no time to be polite. The man grunted loudly in response but didn’t turn around.

Charlie shot Alfie a worried look. It wasn't a good sign. Along with shuffling and drooling, grunting was classic zombie behavior.

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"Quick, call 911!" Charlie told Alfie as he ran toward the fallen man. When Charlie reached him, he dropped to his knees, took off the button-up he was wearing over his Hazel's Herbarium work T-shirt, and prepared to press it against the man's wound. But the expression on the man's face made Charlie pause. Despite the blood, the guy looked strangely peaceful. He lay there with his eyes closed and a pleasant smile on his lips, as if he were enjoying a good night's sleep.

Alfie squatted beside Charlie. "An ambulance is on the way," he said. Then he noticed the man's odd expression. "Wow, somebody really needed a nap." Alfie took off his backpack and began searching for tools. "Now that he's out, let's have a look at our specimen."

"The guy may be a zombie, but that doesn't make him a science experiment," Charlie cautioned his friend. "You're not allowed to dissect him, Alfie."

"You can't dissect a person until he's dead." Alfie had fished a small flashlight out of his backpack. "I'm pretty sure this guy is still alive, so technically it would be vivisection. But don't worry--no cutting." He pried open one of the man's eyelids and shined the flashlight's beam into his eye. "Yep, pupillary reflex is good. Brain stem is working just fine."

Charlie used his free hand to pluck the wallet out of the man's pocket and pass it to his friend. "Thanks, Dr. Bluenthal. Now see if you can find some ID while I search the rest of him."

Alfie riffled through the man's bulging wallet and pulled out a blue-and-yellow card. "This guy really needs to organize his stuff. What the heck is Blockbuster Video?" After a few more attempts, he finally located a driver's license. "Says here the guy's name is Winston Lindsay. He's forty-four. An organ donor. Lives at twenty-seven Newcomb Street in Orville Falls."

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"Actually, they have two," Alfie said.

Charlie looked at Alfie. Sometimes Charlie wondered if the kid really did know everything.

Alfie sighed. "Remember the summer my parents sent me to that horrible camp in Orville Falls? The counselors locked me up and forced me to do crafts. I had to sneak out just to borrow books from the library."

"How could I forget," Charlie said, grinning at the memory of the gifts Alfie had presented to his friends at

the end of the ordeal. "I still have that macramé owl you made for me."

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"Afternoon," said one in a booming voice fit for a superhero. "You the two kids who called this in?"

"Uh-huh," grunted Alfie. For a moment, it seemed like all he could do was stare up at the EMT in awe. Then Charlie nudged him, and the science spilled out. "The subject is unconscious, but his pupillary reflex indicates--"

A second EMT pushed past Alfie and squatted beside Winston Lindsay. "Nice work stopping the bleeding," she praised Charlie as she examined the man's wound. "You boys in the Scouts or something?"

"No, ma'am," said Charlie. He rarely used the word ma'am, but this was one of the few adults who actually seemed to warrant it.

Charlie saw Alfie's spine stiffen. "I'm not a Boy Scout, but I do consider myself something of an amateur doctor," Alfie said proudly. "I've studied all the major texts, and--"

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"Pupillary reflex appears to be fine," the partner announced. "But looks like this dude's going to be out for a while. We need to get him in ASAP."

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The EMTs hoisted Winston Lindsay onto the stretcher, strapped him down, and loaded him into the back of the ambulance. Charlie and Alfie began to climb in after him.

"Fraid not, little men," said one of the EMTs, pushing them away. "Only family members get to ride in the back."

Most helpful customer reviews

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful.

A Worthy, Entertaining Sequel

By Pop Bop

This is the second of Jason Segel and Kirsten Miller's "Nightmares!" books. The third, "Nightmares! The Lost Lullaby", should come out in September. The first book wrapped up without a cliffhanger, but did leave open the possibility of further adventures. This one picks up shortly after the events of Book One, and features the same central characters and practically all of the familiar supporting characters. (While there is no cliffhanger as such, the epilogue here does lead directly to the third volume.)

Where the first book was set mostly in the Netherworld and the Dream Realm, this one is set more in the "real" world, since Charlie and his pals have to fight a threat that has appeared in a nearby town. The balance struck among real, dream and nightmare settings adds more variety and range to the tale. As a bonus, Charlie

and his pals all had a lot of baggage, (especially Charlie), as part of the setup for Book One, and if truth be told that baggage weighed down the book a bit. Here, everyone is up and running from the outset, so we have a more upbeat and engaging adventure right from the start.

I particularly like the fact that Charlie has not only some very appealing friends, but also a supportive and important character in the form of his step-mom, and a younger sibling who plays an important role in the story. As you no doubt know, lots of middle grade adventure books have strangely absent or gormless parents, and it's nice to have a strong mom, (especially a step-mom), with a featured role. So too, it's good to have a valued sibling around. Indeed, the growing bond between Charlie and his impetuous younger brother Jack is one of the more satisfying threads in the entire series. (If you have two, or three, sons or grandsons ready for a fantasy adventure series like this one, that aspect of the book makes it especially attractive.) On the other hand, the book also has two strong girl heroes, and Charlie's particularly resourceful and reliable step-mom and dream-mom, so this isn't extremely guy-centric.

This book has the clever, (although maybe a little bit forced and pat), plotting, sharp dialogue, and occasionally deadpan good humor of the first book, and the authors have craft a worthy, well-plotted, and compelling sequel. A nice addition to the series.

(Please note that I found this book while browsing the local library's Kindle books, and downloaded it for free. I have no connection at all to either the author or the publisher of this book.)

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

Definitely better than the first, I really enjoyed this one.

By Vi the Vi3tBabe

Well, this book has restored my faith in the series and in Segel's writing skills. The Sleepwalker Tonic was considerably better than the first book. The story was more engaging and interesting. The characters were more endearing and entertaining. The scare factor, just a tad scarier. I loved it. With Halloween right around the corner, this is the perfect holiday read.

The pacing was SO much better this time around and I loved that we basically jump right into the focus of the book. It just made the book so much more enjoyable that way even though it took me awhile to finish this, it had more to do with the fact that I didn't have time to read, than with the book itself. When I had the book in my hands, I wanted to keep reading.

Charlie and his friends and family have something way more sinister to deal with this time around than just the Netherworld. People in a neighboring town have turned into zombie-like sleepwalkers after taking a mysterious tonic. It was pretty hilarious seeing all the "walkers" (slowly) running around. There was definitely more humor in this book. I loved Charlie's demeanor a lot more in here than in the first book. Amazing what a few good nights' sleep will do for you. There's still some tension with Charlie and his brother, but his relationship with his stepmom, Charlotte, is exceptionally improved and I liked watching them interact together. We don't get as much from Charlie's friends, but they are there, more so towards the end. There were a lot more characters, old and new, this time around, so no one but Charlie gets enough screen time, but I think each character played their part well.

I also liked that we get a good mix of all three worlds – the real world, the Netherworld, and the Dream world. All three exist in a delicate balance and I liked how Segel instilled a bit of truth and thought into an otherwise comical, yet spooky book.

After reading this book, I can safely say that I can't wait for the next book. Although the main issue is

resolved, the ending still leaves a lot of questions left unanswered and an even bigger threat ahead for Charlie and the gang. I'm expecting nothing less than fast-paced action, plenty of humor, and even more weird and wacky Netherworld creatures.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

The Sleepwalker Tonic

By Serenity

A book worth reading at night with the kiddos! I know mine enjoyed them, and it was just a lot of fun. Full of entertaining moments and reasons to laugh.

A group of kids are working on saving their town. They do it, by facing their fears. Charlie has dreams, well more like a nightmare for him. They aren't fun to have, no matter what age you're at. Charlie just had a big one. And when he woke up, thought it would be all over. But nope, his dream has come to life.

So Charlie and his friends are about to tackle this real life nightmare. It'll mostly be up to Charlie, since it's his nightmare. After all, who would expect to be living in purple mansion. Having a witch for a step mum and having a real life nightmare. Not exactly normal, but heck it was entertaining all the way to the end.

So in the next book, Charlie is a little calmer. Getting used to how his life is going and just trying to adjust. But you see, things won't ever really be the same anymore. His A book worth reading at night with the kiddos! I know mine enjoyed them, and it was just a lot of fun. Full of entertaining moments and reasons to laugh.

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Yup, its just another mission for Charlie and his friends. They can now relate with the people in Orville. They finally just got back to sleeping better and now they find that the town of Orville is full of people who can't sleep. Uhoh! Another crazy night is in store for the group.

These are great stories to get into. Great for any age, and you'll be entertained at all times.

See all 42 customer reviews...

NIGHTMARES! THE SLEEPWALKER TONIC BY JASON SEGEL, KIRSTEN MILLER PDF

You can locate the web link that we offer in site to download and install Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller By buying the cost effective cost and obtain completed downloading, you have finished to the initial stage to obtain this Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller It will be nothing when having actually acquired this book as well as not do anything. Review it and reveal it! Spend your few time to just read some sheets of page of this book **Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller** to check out. It is soft documents as well as very easy to check out anywhere you are. Enjoy your brand-new habit.

Review

Praise for the Nightmares! Series:

Texas Bluebonnet Nominee

"Charlie Laird, who learns fear will eat you alive if you feed it, makes an impression, and...readers will want to accompany him again."—The New York Times Book Review

"A touching comical saga...about facing things that go bump in the night."—US Weekly

"Coraline meets Monsters, Inc. in this delightfully entertaining offering from actor [Jason] Segel and co-author [Kirsten] Miller."—Publishers Weekly

"Comical antics, cartoonish spot illustrations, and creepy villains make for quite an entertaining read."—Booklist

"Succeeds at scaring and amusing in equal measure . . . Sweet, charming, and imaginative."—Kirkus Reviews

"An engaging and creative story...woven with a generous amount [of] humor."—VOYA

"There's humor and a fairly high ick-factor."—School Library Journal

"Cleverly crafted...This novel presents just the right mix of 'scary and humorous.'"—ILA Literacy Daily

About the Author

Jason Segel used to have nightmares just like Charlie, and just like Charlie, he's learned that the things we're most afraid of are the things that can make us strong...if we're brave enough to face them. Jason likes acting, writing, making music, and hanging out with his friends. Sometimes he writes movies. Sometimes he writes songs for movies. Sometimes he stars in those movies and sings those songs. You might know him from The Muppets and Despicable Me. Your parents might know him from other stuff. Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic is his second novel and the sequel to Nightmares!

Kirsten Miller grew up in a small town just like Cypress Creek, minus the purple mansion. She lives and

writes in New York City. Kirsten is the author of the acclaimed Kiki Strike books, the Eternal Ones series, and *How to Lead a Life of Crime. Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* is the second novel she's written with Jason Segel. You can visit her at kirstenmillerbooks.com.

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CHAPTER ONE

The Zombie from Orville Falls

“Hey, Charlie, I had the craziest dream last night,” Alfie Bluenthal said. “Want me to tell you about it?”

Ordinarily, Charlie Laird would have answered with a firm No! Over the past few months, he'd listened to a hundred of Alfie's dreams. They usually starred Albert Einstein, Neil deGrasse Tyson, or the local weatherwoman, and they seemed to go on forever. If they'd been nightmares, Charlie would have happily tuned in. Nightmares were his specialty, and he considered himself an expert on the subject. As far as Charlie was concerned, there was nothing more boring than someone else's good dreams. And kale. Good dreams and kale.

But Charlie happened to be in a generous mood. It was the first hot day of summer vacation, and he and Alfie were lounging on a bench outside the Cypress Creek ice cream shop. A triple-decker cone with scoops of rum raisin, mint chocolate chip, and bubble gum ice cream was slowly making its way into Charlie's belly. He had an hour to kill before he was due back at his summer job, and he couldn't have felt more content.

“Why not,” he told Alfie. “Let's hear it.”

As Alfie began to talk, Charlie sat back against the bench and let his gaze drift over the roof of the hardware store across the street--and up to the strange purple mansion that stood on a hill overlooking the town. Workmen on ladders had just finished painting the house, covering the dingy grape color with a fresh coat of lilac. At the top of the mansion, an octagonal tower rose into the sky. One of the tower's windows was open, and a kite in the shape of a pterodactyl was riding the breeze outside. The hand that held its string belonged to Charlie's little brother, Jack. The weird purple mansion was their home.

As Charlie listened to Alfie chattering away, he made a game of licking each drip of ice cream just before it reached the edge of his cone, and let Alfie's dream pass in one ear and out the other. A few random phrases managed to lodge themselves in his brain: cumulonimbus, El Niño, heat wave, high-pressure zone.

Just as Charlie popped the last bit of cone into his mouth, Alfie's dream finally reached its end.

“So what do you suppose it means?” Alfie asked.

“Same thing as every other dream you've had in the past three months,” Charlie replied, still crunching on the cone. “It means you've got a crush on the weatherwoman from the Channel Four news.”

“She's a meteorologist,” Alfie corrected him, clearly offended that his epic dream had been reduced to a single sentence. “And she has a name, you know.”

“Stormy Skies is not a real name,” Charlie informed his friend.

“How can you say that?” Alfie pouted. Love had turned his once-impressive brain to mush. “Are you trying to tell me Stormy just made it up? I’d like to hear you say that to Mr. and Mrs. Skies!”

Charlie was searching for a way to break the truth gently, when his attention was drawn across the street by the slam of a car door. An odd-looking man had emerged from a beaten-up black SUV. Smoke was billowing from under the hood, and several of its windows were shattered. The man who’d emerged was tall, with messy dark hair. He might have passed for an average suburban dad in his polo shirt and jeans, but something was clearly wrong with the guy. He was shuffling down the sidewalk, his head bent so far to the side that it appeared to be resting on one of his shoulders. As his feet slid forward, the soles of his Crocs barely left the ground. And though Charlie was sitting too far away to tell for sure, he would have sworn that the man’s eyes were shut.

Charlie nudged Alfie and pointed. “Check it out. What’s your diagnosis?”

Alfie adjusted his chunky black glasses and examined the man across the street. “Hmmm. Let’s see. Rigid limbs. Shambling gait. Shocking lack of personal hygiene. And a pretty painful-looking crick in the neck. All things considered, I’d say there’s a good chance he’s the walking dead.”

Charlie sat bolt upright on the edge of the bench. It had been months since he’d felt such a jolt of excitement. “You think that guy might be a zombie?”

Alfie cackled and licked his cone. “I’m joking. How could he be a zombie? The portal to the Netherworld is closed.” As soon as Alfie said it, the smile slid off his face, and he slowly turned to Charlie. “It is still closed, isn’t it?” he almost whispered.

“Of course it is,” Charlie assured him. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

That answer wasn’t good enough for either of them. Both boys went silent as their gazes turned to the house on the hill.

The purple mansion where Charlie lived wasn’t like the other houses in Cypress Creek. While the rest of the village was as cute as a pack of puppies, the mansion looked more like an enormous dragon perched on top of a rock. It had claimed its hill before Cypress Creek had been founded, and its occupants had been watching over the town ever since.

A man named Silas DeChant had built the mansion, and Charlie’s stepmother, Charlotte, was Silas’s great-great-granddaughter. For the past one hundred and fifty years, some member of the DeChant family had been in residence at the mansion. It was the family’s duty to protect the world from the house’s terrible secret.

That secret could be found in the small, eight-sided room at the top of the mansion’s tower. The special few who knew about the secret called it the portal. It was a door between the Waking World and the land of nightmares. Fortunately, not many people had ever heard of it. Most humans only visited the Netherworld when they fell asleep, and the terrifying creatures that dwelled there were supposed to stay there.

But the portal had been opened by accident twice in the past. Nightmares had snuck into Cypress Creek, and unspeakable things had come close to happening. If the portal ever opened again and Nightmares entered the Waking World, it would be up to the portal’s protectors to round up the creatures and get them back to the

other side. For almost two centuries, a single person had always held the job. Now, for the first time, the portal had three guardians living in the purple mansion. Charlie Laird was one of them.

Back on the bench outside the ice cream shop, Charlie and Alfie watched as the zombielike man slammed through the door of the hardware store across the street.

“I should find out what’s going on,” Charlie said, his heart racing.

“I’m coming with you.” Alfie stuffed the rest of his cone into his mouth and tossed his napkin into the trash.

They made it to the store’s plate-glass window in time to see the man slap a bill on the counter and then lurch toward the door, his arms laden with cans of paint.

“Hey, mister, don’t forget your change!” the clerk called as the door swung open. The man shuffled out to the sidewalk, showing no sign that he’d heard.

Now the strange man was headed in the boys’ direction. As the guy got closer, Charlie could see that his eyes were open--just barely. But there wasn’t much life behind them. A thin stream of drool was trickling from a corner of his mouth. It fed the giant wet splotch that was growing on the front of his shirt, above a small insignia sewn onto his left shirt pocket. The logo looked like a flaming soccer ball.

Charlie and Alfie scuttled behind a parked car and ducked just seconds before the man passed by. A terrible odor trailed in the man’s wake, and Charlie covered his face with his hand. Dead or alive, the guy hadn’t bathed in a while.

Once the man had passed, Charlie let his breath out. “Did you get a look at the logo on his shirt?” Charlie whispered to Alfie. “I’m pretty sure I’ve seen it somewhere before.”

Alfie squinted. “I can barely see anything. My eyes are still watering from the smell, and now my glasses are all fogged up. That man was .??. pungent. Any idea where you might have seen the logo?”

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This publication *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller is anticipated to be one of the most effective vendor book that will certainly make you feel completely satisfied to purchase and review it for completed. As recognized could usual, every book will have certain points that will certainly make a person interested so much. Even it originates from the writer, type, content, and even the author. Nonetheless, lots of people likewise take guide *Nightmares! The Sleepwalker Tonic* By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller based upon the motif as well as title that make them impressed in. and right here, this *Nightmares!*

The Sleepwalker Tonic By Jason Segel, Kirsten Miller is very recommended for you since it has interesting title as well as theme to check out.