

Scarecrow in the Graveyard by P. Strigley (250 pages)

When your dad is a drunken reaper who's been falling down on the job, literally, horrible things are bound to happen, and most of them have been happening to me—things like waking up in bed with a zombie. And things like being possessed by a slimy black cloud of renegade evil that can turn even a nice girl into a psycho slasher.

I'm Elvis Black, and yes, I am a girl. In addition to being a reaper, my dad is the world's biggest Elvis Presley fan, hence my name.

Reapers beget reapers, so I am a reaper-in-training, and it's starting to look like my dad's drinking is going to be the death of me, unless I can capture the evil that was birthed into the world during a botched reap, and lock it back into the bones of its body where it belongs—before it goes on a major killing spree and slaughters everyone in the vicinity—including the gorgeous guy next door.