

# Darkness Over Spookyville

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*Story version of my -currently- postponed comic. I'll write everything out first...THEN make the comic.*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

*Pitch black shadows...all around. Light shone from nowhere down on the creature in the center of this...abyss like area. It wobbily rose to it's feet, looking around it's surroundings. No floor, yet it could stand upright and walk normally...it was peculiar to say the least.*

*It's eyes, which appeared as if someone melted an emerald and a topaz together and resolidified it with just a space of white for the pupils, stared around the place confusedly. The creature itself was curious looking, if a human were to examine it. Four spikes coming out from it's head, two long hanging down with two short ones resting atop, and two diamonds were at the bottom of either of the longer ones. The skin of the figure was a few shades darker than lavender purple, with green flame like patterns on it's lower arms and legs. The joker like collar and curled ended shoes it wore jingled as the figure walked and looked around, three digit claws reaching out in front of it as if to find a wall.*

*It stopped as something thin, and near-clear shot out from the darkness from one side and caused the figure's arm to snap to it's side, stretched out into the open space and causing the arm's owner to stumble to the side. Quickly three other ones caught both ankles and the free hand. "What the heck?!" the joker-like being yelped, struggling to remove the things, before stopping as a form started gathering in front of him.*

*Piercing, cold blood-red eyes soon glowed through the darkness the rest of it's form hidden by the shadows. Movement was barely registered from the eyes of the trapped purple creature. 'Soon, Jester...very soon you will be like the others...' came a otherworldly tone that echoed in the space, as more creatures began to manifest themselves all around this 'Jester' being.*

*A smirk could barely be seen upon the hellfire eyed shadow before another wire-like thread shot at the purple and green figure's neck-*

Thump.

"Ow...." Came a young male's voice as he made contact with the floor in his room. Disoriented and drowsy, he stood up and rubbed his head, while one eye was open and looking around his blurred surroundings. It was just his room....everything had just been a dream...and he woke up when he fell from the ceiling perch called a bed. One hand reached out onto his desk and grabbed a soft little bag filled with acid and pressed it gently into each of his eyes, to sharpen his vision. After doing so, he placed the thing back and slipped to the window of his little space called a room, spade-ended tail whipping slightly while wings stretched their pops out.

The green and purple figure that climbed out from said window and onto his roof was known as Jester T. Trickster, 16 years old and within his 8th year at the Moonstone Academy. He, like the rest of the creatures in the realm, was a demon. The realm sat beside that of humans, though their structures and residents were not visible, just as this plane's buildings and denizens were not seen to the humans. But,

those who had enough knowledge of what they were to do here, could cross over to the world of the humans...though not visible, they are the reason for bad luck, misfortune and chaos...and ghosts.

This world was the equivalent to Earth's Halloween every single day. Though they had some amount of order to keep their own chaos down, there were very few laws and rules to follow. The sky was always dark blue and starry with two full moons in the night, and crimson red with a small orange-red orb for a sun in the day. Homes looked abandoned, filthy and decaying...the grass was always dead yellow and brown...the only trees here were weeping willows or dead and burnt oaks, and the only plants were Venus Fly-traps and the like.

There was a very interesting thing for this town, Spookyville. All of it's inhabitants were humans at one point in life. When they died, they came here, without memories of their previous being...however, a few were an exception to this, and Jester was among them.

He was always a trouble-making little child way back when, failing classes due to being the class clown...eventually, his luck wore out when he pulled a very serious prank on someone...they held a grudge till they caught Jester alone and, with several friends, killed him. The purple and green demon's lips twisted into a frown at the memory...then...as soon as he was buried....he ended up in Spookyville...in a different form. Of course, on that day, he met a friend that was probably one of the best you could ever have.

He looked across the street and smiled as he looked at the house. Harlequin Callista Laaysha, as her name said, a Harlequin demmon/Ballet Dancer....with a combination of a joker outfit and a ballerina costume...except with a tutu of painted saw-blades. She was a little bit of a show-off when it came to her grades and test results at the Academy...but other than that she was very kind for a demon...most of the time femma-demons were very...mean to put it lightly.

While Jester had drifted into thought and spaced out, he was unaware of the figure that managed her way onto his roof, carrying her schoolbag with her. "Jester...JESTER!" she said, snapping her fingers in front of his face. "Who, wha now?!" The boy snapped into reality again. "Oh...Hi, Harlequin..." he said, bells on his collar clinking as he twisted his head to look at her in her usual gold, red and orange outfit. "Hello Jester...you do know we're supposed to be going to school right now, right?" she indicated the sky was becoming more crimson colored. "Oh crab-apples!" Jester said quickly, bolting onto his feet.

"Hurry up, and calm down...I'll be waiting for you on the ground." The girl giggled at his panic...another tarty slip for him and he'd be getting alot of yelling from the Head of the Academy. She watched as he dove back into his room, and gently hopped off the roof and came to the ground slowly with the help of the bladed skirt that twirled around.

After about 20 seconds of standing on the side-walk, Jester appeared at the doorway. "Bye mom!" he said quickly before closing the door. "Come on, Jester, I'll race you to school. Last one there is a rotten dragle-fox egg!" She was already darting off. "Hey, you cheater!" Jester laughed as he bolted after her.

(End Chapter 1.)

## 2 - Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

Jester and Harlequin finally slowed to a walk as they came onto school grounds, Harlequin gloating about how she won the race by a mere few steps. Jester rolled his eyes and shook his head as he crossed his arms. "Yeah, yeah, so you won by a little bit...big deal..." he was always a little bit of a sore loser, but with Harlequin's bragging, you kinda expected that. The boy's gaze glanced up at the school building.

Unlike the haunted house like homes, the school looked nothing of the sort. It was a magnificent structure of white marble and crystals that grew ever rapidly around it. The building glowed with the light that emitted from within the crystals and bounced off the marble, presenting a faint rainbow like glow. The part Jester always liked to look at, that was part of the building, was the clock tower, made of pure blood-crystals, which were ruby red and glowed brighter than the rest. Within the center was the face of a clock, carved from the same gems, as were the hands of it and the numbers for it.

Moonstone Academy for Future Troublemakers, probably one of the most stunning buildings among the rest, the duo agreed as they entered it. "So, what's first on today's exciting schedule?" Jester asked as he pulled out a sheet from his bag. "The creatures and monsters of this realm..." Jester sighed. "Greeeeaat." he murmured sarcastically. "At least I'll be able to get some sleep." "Bad dream again?" Harlequin inquired as they headed to their class. "Yeah...same one with the weird shadow guy with red eyes and thread..cable thingies.." Jester yawned slightly.

"You should really talk to the Guidance councilor about that.." The female told him. "Like I've said a bazillion times. I'll only go there when I'm A. Completely insane...or B. Forced in there and strung up by the ceiling by my thumbs." The purple demon replied. He hated the councilor with a passion...he would rather be killed then go for help. "I'm just saying...you've had that dream or similar alot lately...and you're losing sleep because of it." The gold, orange and red figure muttered before they entered the classroom.

"Hello, sir." They both greeted in unison. "Good morning, Jester and Harlequin. Go ahead and take your seats." A quiet serpentine voice told them. The two bowed their heads and took to their seats. "Hello class. This will be my first year teaching...this year, we will learn about the creatures and..rather nasty monsters that inhabit our realm of existence. I am Draco Aleete Tanis, or Mr. Draco for short." The class stared as a snake slipped into full view in front of the chalk board. It was tall in it's height, taller than Jester by about a foot and a half, it's body (from what could be seen) was covered in purple and black scales with a silver underbelly, and all ending in a spiked tail. Most of it's form was concealed in blue and black silk-like robes, with two large wings coming out from the sleeves, that had 5 clawed, decently long fingers on the top joints. One hand went and fixed the glasses on it's snout before it grabbed a book on the desk.

"Open your books to page 54 and we'll talk about the types of zombies that wander the grounds of this realm." The flipping of the books were heard before silence as they listened to the serpent start teaching. Of course, Jester wasn't paying attention as he was soon out like a light and sleeping again. Harlequin

glanced over at him, and poked him a few times. 'Jester...? Jester?! Wake up!' she hissed in a harsh whisper, though with no effect. She shook her head and sighed, giving up and returning to focus on the lesson.

*Instead of the pure black abyss, Jester was in the middle of a deserted Spookyville. He stepped quietly, looking around. "Hello?" he asked, looking through windows and alleyways...nothing. He came to his friend's home and knocked on the door. Upon no answer, entered anyways and looked around. "Hello? Harlequin? Harlequin's Mom?" he called, repeated thunks heard upstairs. Cautiously he made his way up the stairs and into the hall, the noises growing louder as he came to his friend's room. He knocked on the door, and heard no response. "Erm...Harlequin...?" he questioned, before opening the door.*

*She was sitting on her bed, back to him, and tossing the ball on the floor, which bounced against the wall and returned to her. "Harlequin...where is everyone...?" Jester asked her, and received no response. "Harley?" he stepped into the room and came closer. "Why are you not answering...?" No answer still. He was finally at the edge of the bed that kept him from seeing her face. "Harlequin?" this time, when the ball returned to her hand, she didn't toss it. When a purple three digit hand came onto her shoulder, it popped..then was dropped onto the floor. "Why did you-" Jester retracted his hand quickly when she tried to bite it. "What the hell is wrong with you?!" Jester meeped as he looked at her...white eyes with little swirls in them, a insane and fanged grin upon her blood-splattered face. You could barely see the threads that hung off her ankles, wrists and neck that disappeared into nowhere after a foot.*

*She managed to grab him and throw him out the window, and, if it weren't for the fact he had wings, probably would've killed him. This creature, who was Harlequin at one point, climbed out of the window and wall-walked onto the rooftop, hissing as some sort of communication....and Jester's jaw dropped....millions of creatures, all the residents of the town, slipping out from buildings and into the street below him. The sky grew clouded and dark, and those damn wires came out of nowhere and looped around Jester's wings multiple times, tugged backwards slightly as the owner of them appeared behind the purple and green figure. 'You see all of those...? Those were your family, friends...now...they are my puppets....puppet zombies...and now, you have the honor of becoming one of them.' it laughed maniacally as it tugged the wires and their controllers fully and harshly to the point the two appendages they were wrapped around were ripped off, making Jester scream agonizedly while he started plummeting to the ground below. That laughter...the laughter echoed as he was caught by the crowd below and-*

"BRAIN-EATING PUPPET ZOMBEHS!" Jester exclaimed as he awoke suddenly, earning stares from everyone, including the teacher. "Correct. Continuing on...." Draco said as that was the correct answer to his question, making Jester blink. Harlequin looked at him and whispered, a hint of jealousy in her tone. 'How the hell did you know that?!' 'I didn't know that! I guess I blurted out something from my dream and it was right...' Jester replied, rubbed his head with a small chuckle.

Eventually, the class ended and Jester and Harlequin came into the hall once more. "So...what's next?" Harlequin questioned. "Uh...P.E." "Great...." It was the female's turn to be sarcastic. "It's just a test, nothing too bad." "Too bad? Do you even know how they do the tests?!" "Apparently not..." Jester sweatdropped.

"You're going to be in for a surprise...." The girl said in the dreaded sing-song voice as they headed outside for their test. "Is it really that bad?" he asked, a little afraid.

"It's much, much worse."

## 3 - Chapter 3

### Chapter 3

Jester stared at the large pit outside that held their test....filled with crystals that jutted out miles above the ground. He turned his attention to the teacher, whom was a light-weighted female succubus, on what to do. The near human looking creature looked at her class, her four wings keeping her off of the ground and at a hover. She, though appeared more humanoid than her class or others with the exception of other succubi, she had demonic traits, such as beautiful crystal horns, claws, fangs and a snake-like tail. She dusted off her crimson and black robes before she spoke. "I am Miss Today, class, is your Mid-term test. Now, we have usually not done these tests with everyone, but most of you are slacking off and we need to make sure if you're learning something or not. So, we will be pairing each of you up and you will race across this course, and whoever wins, passes."

Someone behind Jester rose their hand. "Ms. Nyx?" "Yes, Mrizzard?" The succubus asked the boy, a draconic figure that was just a bit taller than the purple and green demon. His yellow eyes looked up at the female, his three small horns glimmering. "What are we supposed to do in this test?"

"You are to get from one side of the pit to the other, using any means except flying, teleportation or gliding. Most routes will be dead ends and you will have to back up and find a different way across. The only uses of getting from side to side permitted are claws, fangs, tentacles or similar, feet and tails. If your opponent falls, then do not go after them. Of course, they will die...but only the strongest demons can go on. Understand?" Ms. Nyx glanced at the class, who all nodded hesitantly. "Good, now, pairs are.." she started reading them off from her clipboard and watching as that pair did the test, and the last pair was. "Jester and Harlequin." Both of the demons looked at each other...that was not good....one would pass and one would fail. "Now, try your hardest you two." The humanoid told the two as they were placed at the very edge of the starting side. "Ready...Begin!" They immediately shot off into the crystals, Jester resorting to climbing and bolting quickly between the crystals, while Harlequin managed to gracefully jump upon the tips of the large pointed gems. She called down to Jester, who was slipping slightly while he tried to find a crevice or imperfection upon the crystal he was on to latch onto. "Be careful! Falling is a long way down-" she was cut off as the ground began to shake and caused several of the large pointed objects in the course to completely shatter....hers was one of them. Her scream was what made the Amethyst and Emerald colored creature look over quickly at her, before eyes went wide.

He looked at the finish line, then down at her. Winning was not worth it to lose a friend. He breathed in deeply before his claws detached from the crystal and he twisted back so he fell upside-down, and at the last possible second, kicked off from the gem and shot after the girl that was falling. He reached out as he neared her. 'Come on...come on..!' He thought as he managed to slip under her, wings spread out and flapping to keep him afloat. "Got ya!" he sighed in relief as he caught her unconscious form. Black and green appendages on his back moved furiously to send him bolting up into the air, and after dodging some pieces of the glass-like crystal while small pieces ripped, scratched and lodged themselves into the green and purple demon, he landed on the ground. He wobbled slightly, and looked at Ms. Nyx. "Nurse, please." he said, before proceeding to put Harlequin down and fall onto the ground himself, exhausted and slipping into unconsciousness.

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Green-yellow eyes opened dizzily and scanned the area around him. "I told you he'd be alright." A older female's voice said. As everything came into focus, the first thing Jester noted was he had a dull ache everywhere, and was covered in several bandages that concealed wounds. The next thing he noticed was he was in the Nurses' office, and Harlequin was sitting beside him while a blue and black colored Fey zipped around the room. "You were really stupid." he heard his friend say, showing a frustration, before smiling. "But if you weren't, I guess I wouldn't be alive. Thank you for saving me!" she happily giggled before hugging Jester. "Ow..ow,ow...ow ow.." "Sorry.." she rubbed her head after she released him. "You took quite alot of cuts there, young man." he heard the older female told him, her wings fluttering as she stood in front of him. "Well, I wasn't expecting a crystal just to shatter like a glass when a Opera singer hits a high note, Miss Nerina." Out of all the people in Spookyville, Miss Nerina was probably the least scariest. She was a fairy, one of the sea and darkness, and one that was just a few inches shorter than he was. Her skin was the color of Earth's oceans, her hair short and like a raven's feathers, and her body adorned with black and light blue robes, like the rest of the teachers or workers here.

"You make a good point." Miss Nerina told him, before looking at the door. "The Head of the Academy wishes to speak with you about the incident in today's test...Do not keep him waiting, please."she told him, her curled antennae and ears twitching. "Yes ma'am..." He said, hopping off the bed. "Good luck..." he heard Harlequin whisper. He nodded and then slipped out into the hallway, making his way to a certain stairway.

Soon, he stared at the curved path of stairs ascending into the clock-tower. With a sigh, he started making his way up, step after step....

He eventually made it, crawling and gasping for air. "Nice to see you made it.." Came a montone and elderly male voice. Jester rose to full upright stance quickly. "Hello, sir....I heard you wished to speak to me about something?" He questioned. "Indeed. Sit down." The purple and green figure did as told and sat in the chair in front of the desk. The Head of the Academy, Salem, was an ancient demon that survived thousands and thousands of years. He grey with dull pupiless white eyes, his head adorned in a crown of spikes, his body mostly lizard-like except for his cloven feet and spaded tail. Long, taloned fingers came onto his desk as he rose to stand. "I have heard of the incident today...and we found something very...interesting upon inspecting the area." "What it is, sir?" Jester asked.

"A thin piece of wire, sharp enough to cut through crystal easily within a matter of moments." As soon as the younger demon saw it, he gasped. "I've seen that before!" "Where?" "In my dreams...there's this creature that uses these...he's tall, wears a black cloak that covers his body, two ram horns and glowing red eyes..." A look of seriousness came to the elder's face. "Then it's true...The Puppeteer has returned."

"The Puppeteer? Who's that?"

"He is an ancient creature, as old or older than I, that roamed the land. He was seen as you described him...damn near wiped out our race and the human's as well. He used mystical wires and an unknown form of magic to control and take over either species, be it mortal or demon, and change them into a



form of Puppet zombies. Only an exceptionally strong demon can release the bounds of the zombies or stop him. But, he is...was dead. Stabbed, shot, burned and buried...he shouldn't have come back."

The older figure stopped and looked at Jester. "And it seems, due to the dreams, he has come for you."

(End Chapter 3)

## 4 - Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

After the talk with the Head of the Academy, Jester had been excused from his classes to look for an answer as to why this 'Puppeteer' demon wanted to hunt him down instead of everyone else. He looked within the library, one of the largest indoor areas of the school, containing millenniums worth of books and family history. So there Jester sat, looking through a large book of his own family history.

Though all of his family were humans at one time, they were still all related when they crossed over into this realm, as the Trickster family. Emerald and Gold eyes looked at each picture and read each piece of text, sipping his bottle of bug juice Harlequin managed to sneak in for him from the cafeteria. "Any luck yet?" The gold, red and orange clad demon asked. "No...I'm going back century after century and still nothing that involved The Puppeteer." The purple and green creature answered, rubbing his head achedly.

"Go back to the farthest page of the book. The Puppeteer was as old or even older than Salem, the head of Moonstone Academy, who's been around for a bazillion years." The girl pulled the pages till hitting the back, and they both scanned the wall of text. "This is the relative that stopped The Puppeteer and supposedly killed him....Jack of Blades." Harlequin said with a grin as they looked at the drawn picture. It looked near exactly like Jester, except slightly older and armed with two curved swords with saw-tooth edges.

"So that's why he's after you! Your ancestor killed him....and it's just taken forever for him to resurrect himself and he wants revenge! God, it's so simple." Harlequin smiled. "But I haven't done anything to him!" "According to this, you have. He wants to kill you, so he can end the Trickster bloodline and get his vengeance...and take over both of the world with brain-eating puppet ZOMBIEEEEES!" Harlequin exclaimed, earning a 'WTF?!' stare from her friend. "Sorry, prone to overdramaticness." she apologized.

Jester sighed, rubbing his eyes. "Great, so I have a magical psycho who wants to kill me and take over the world..." He pushed the large book off the table, though meaning to just slide it to the side. Harlequin watched as it tumbled to the floor, and she picked it up from it's spine, before hearing a smaller 'thump'. She looked down to find a small book at her feet, and after setting the larger item down on the table, she picked it up and looked at it. "What's this?" she asked Jester, handing it over for him to look at it. It was a leather-back book with silver shapes of a diamond, a three leaf clover, a spade and a heart. A lock was upon it, a strap on side part of it, the book with the other and keeping it sealed.

Jester looked over it before he looked at the keyhole of the lock. "It needs a key." "Well it didn't come with a key." the girl replied. "Hmm..." he placed a claw in the opening and a few flickers of flame were seen before the digit was removed, the lock clicked off and the book was open. "It's Jack's journal." he said as he scanned the bottom of the entries at the signature of their writer. "Cool, I wanna read." Harlequin stood behind him and read over his shoulder as he skipped to a random entry.

*I am within the confines of my home, threatened by the prescence of decaying flesh that lingers within the air. Each day, that wretched creature of hell grows stronger, and he gains more damned undead. I can't kill them...they were my friends, my family...Mannekin managed to escape and hide in here, though ill and dying...she has managed to stay strong for me. She speaks of an ancient song that can snap the puppet zombies into their normal selves...I have told her repeatedly that she cannot perform this in her current condition, but she does not listen to me. Though she tells me she could take care of the puppets, I will have to take care of The Puppeteer.*

*Bless my blades as, with God as my witness, I slay the foul demon that threatens to destroy kin and mortal and restore peace and order among the realms. To my relatives, if I should happen to succeed, I pray safety for you...as the Puppeteer will one day return for a child of a future generation, maybe a year from now, or maybe centuries from now.*

*For Friend, Fiend, Mortal and the Divine.*

*~Jack 'Of Blades' Trickster~*

"Wow...did you notice how religious he seemed to be?" Jester questioned. "Yeah...wait, wait, hold the phone! Mannekin?! That's my ancestor! No wonder I was the one that he aimed for in that damn crystal incident! My ancestor helped your ancestor fight him!" Harlequin was just amazed. "That explains everything! But where is he going to get zombies?" Almost, as if on cue, the nurse stumbled into the library, panting heavily. "Oh thank god you two are alright!"

"What do you mean?!" They both asked in unison. "All the...rest of the student body..just...DISAPPEARED!" Miss Nerina exclaimed exhaustedly. "How could they have done that?!" "I dunno! Teleportation? Magic?! All I know is they're GONE!"

Harlequin and Jester looked at each other, frowns on their faces. "The Puppeteer."

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***Meanwhile.....***  
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"Sir, all students have been successfully zombified. What now, oh most evil Puppeteer?" Came the voice of a child, none other than Mrizzard as he bowed his head and looked up at the person he spoke to.

*'Prepare to release them onto the town. Make sure not to get bitten by them, however...make sure each thread is secured and then...open the gates.'* Hissed a chilling, whisper of a voice that seemed to be everywhere, yet originated from one creature...one cloaked creature of shadows with eyes that matched the blood-crystals, and glowed just as bright. "Yes, most villainous one. Right away." Mrizzard bowed his head once more before running off down the hallway and into a large open chamber.

Hellfire eyes focused their attention to a orb upon it's three legged hold with metal claws wrapping around it to keep it in place. After a moment, the haze within it cleared to reveal Harlequin and Jester, aiding in the search of the missing children. *'Soon, Jester and Harlequin...soon you shall meet the most*

*unfortunate end to your bloodlines...enjoy life whilst you can...for the damned blood that runs through your veins will be spilt like that of your ancestor's should have!*

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**Back to Jester and Harlequin..**  
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"Hey, Harlequin...do you feel like someone is watching us?" Jester said, looking around cautiously.  
"Yeah...creepy." The girl shuddered before she starting humming the 'Twilight Zone' theme.

## 5 - Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

"So...what are we supposed to do?" Harlequin asked as she sat down in the library after all the school searched by she, Jester and the teachers. "They're not here, I'm exhausted, and we dunno how to defeat The Puppeteer." she stifled a yawn as she looked to the others in the room for an answer. "I'm tired too, but I can't sleep...I have no idea where a million students could've disappeared to...and I have an idea on how to beat The Puppeteer."

"What is this idea of yours, Jester?" Miss Nyx inquired as she took a seat as well. "Well, he was killed once by my ancestor, right? Well, Jack of Blades did it with his blades....I need those swords." "But you have no fighting experience whatsoever with sword weaponry!" Harlequin pointed out. "Well, I hope to god I'm a quick learner, since that's the only chance." He looked out the window. "We'll have to head to the cemetary, though."

A demon never lived forever, save for Salem and the Puppeteer, and they would eventually die and go back to the humans, but their bodies remained here. "Do we really have to?" his friend asked in a uneasy voice. "Do you want to end up as a puppet zombie?" "Good point...okay, I'm coming."

Jester looked up quickly, and was questioned by both of the females. "What is it?" "I think I found the students.." The purple and green figure pointed out the window at the large wave of creatures that moved, limped and wobbled down the street, tackling and attacking all those who were living. "Holy mother of mercy!" his friend gazed at all of them. "How exactly do you expect to get to the graveyard with those...those things out there?!" "Roofs." "Heck no I'm not going to-" "Do you have a better idea?!" The boy snapped, though irritated behavior was not intentional.

Orange-red eyes stared at him in silent shock...before she sighed. "Fine." she muttered, watching as he pushed open the window and pulled himself up to the tiled roof. With a moment of hesitance, Harlequin followed and looked down at the ground below. "Hold down the school, while we're gone, Miss Nyx, if you can." Jester called before he dashed off, the female joker like demon trailing behind him while she watched the large crowd of undead try to break into the school.

Eventually, after about thirty to forty minutes of jumping, climbing, stumbling and near falling, they slipped down the rain-pipe and were at the entrance of the graveyard. "So...where is Jack buried?" would be the obvious question, if not for the large tomb seen upon the hill. "Wow..." was all Harlequin managed to say as she tried to let air return to her lungs from all the work she had been doing today.

As they crawled up the large hill, they both took time to look among the many graves, crypts and tombs. It was an eerie place to be in, especially with the fact there was death and decay in the air...Jester could tell Harlequin did not want to be here by the way she moved and looked around, but she would not leave his side and would manage her way through anything.

Their eyes came to the crystal sarcophagus that they now stood in front of, the name 'Jack of Blades'

carved into it's side. They cautiously edged towards it, and looked at it. "They're inside...come on, help me open it." The boy told his friend, and she gave a nod. They started pushing it open very slowly, since the cover seemed to weigh a ton to them, but when it finally hit the ground, they looked at the remains of the deceased creature.

Jack's body still managed to remain mostly intact, and the sight made Harlequin quickly bolt away from the sarcophagus and, from what Jester heard, get sick. He cringed as he tried to pull one of the swords away, but he heard a whisper....a whisper from a person supposedly dead.

These are the blades of The Moon and The Sun, The Dark and The Light. You may not take these till you prove you are of Trickster blood.

Jester looked at the corpse, blinking a few times before glancing at a dagger that had been placed beside the remains. With a little cringe of disgust, he snatched it and looked at it. 'This better work...' he thought before placing the blade upon the palm of his hand. After a little second of reluctance, he pushed it against his skin slightly and quickly slid it to the side and off of the purple flesh, leaving a small, but bleeding wound in it's place. He dropped the blade quickly and hissed in a small pain that shot from his hand.

He breathed in deeply and squeezed clenched his hand to a fist to try and get some amount of blood to drip down while his hand hovered over the part where the two blades met one another. Green-gold eyes watched as it moved and fell onto the body, before disappearing altogether.

You are indeed part of the Trickster bloodline. You may take my blades. May god watch over you and give you strength.

For Friend, Fiend, Mortal and Divine.

The hand that tightly clasped the handles of the swords creaked and groaned as they released their grip from the weapons and rested by their owner's side. Jester carefully pulled the two blades out and watched as the lid to the sarcophagus lifted up on it's own and pulled itself to hide the body of Jack of Blades once more.

Harlequin had, while Jester was retrieving the blades, recovered and was keeping an eye out for any oncoming opponents. When she looked back at him after hearing the crystal coffin close on it's own, she stared in awe at the cutlass-like blades that he held. The right was a beautiful silver and white crystal blade with saw-tooth edges upon the blade itself and adorned with feathers, though dusty and cob-webbed, that made the appearance that it was the blade of Righteousness, of Light, of Good.

While the other was made of ebony and blood-crystals, same design as the right, except the blade was more curved, and a set of spikes adorned the area where the blade was connected to the handle. The blade of Wickedness, of Dark, of Evil. "They're beautiful...." Harlequin awed, before looking up at Jester. "But...how are you going to be able to fight The Puppeteer with them when you don't know how to use them?"

"I have no idea whatsoever."

"Well, you better either learn fast or try to keep up, because of them!" Harlequin pointed quickly at the gate that was now flooding with the undead of all of the school, save for Salem, and a quite a few of the people of Spookyville. "Aw, hell no I'm not gonna go against all of those! RETREAT!" Jester exclaimed, bolting off in the opposite way of the crowd, the girl following beside him. "So..where...do we..go?!" Harlequin panted exhaustedly. "Just follow me! We must go to...the clubhouse!"

"You mean the clubhouse we have used since 4th grade?" the girl questioned. "The exact same...at least it's not in the city! Now keep moving or else they'll get us." Jester replied, looking over his shoulder quickly.

"I hope it hasn't fallen apart."

## 6 - Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

The creak of the door opening came to their ears as they entered the small, long forgotten building. It was large enough for them to enter without hitting their heads on the ceiling, and was in a decent condition even though nobody had taken care of it in a loooooong time.

It only had four rooms. Kitchen, bathroom, main room and a miscellaneous room, but they didn't really need any more. Harlequin looked at the couch, dusty and a little worn, but better than nothing. She sat upon it and looked at her friend. "So now what?" "We'll wait a little longer and make sure none of those zombies follow...and then I guess I'll start trying to figure out how to fight with these." he looked at the blades before sitting down on the floor, glancing out the window.

"Didn't you have a book around here that was for the basics on fighting with a sword? I remember you got it for your birthday in the third grade and left it here." "You remember alot." "Yes, yes I do." the girl giggled before watching as he started to look for said book. After about 5-10 minutes of looking and digging through junk, he managed to pull out the book. "All I need is something to practice on..." Jester trailed off and looked at the girl, who sat up quickly. "Heck no...Nope, I'm not going to be...a...dummy for..you.." Harlequin's resistance to the idea lessened as Jester's eyes became glossy and big like a puppy's. "[Awww...alright...just](#) don't try to kill me please....after you read that book and I'll get my conjuring and healing books, we'll start..."

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3 hours later...  
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"Okay, book's read." Jester told the slumbering girl on the couch. She opened one eye tiredly. "Is it time to wake up already?" she yawned before rising onto her feet and stretching out her sleep. "No zombies?" "Nope." "Alrighty, I suppose we can head out and start then."

They exited the shelter and looked out into the dark night sky. After managing to light the candle-bowls they had used for the night when children, Jester interestedly watched as Harlequin managed to conjure up her own weapon of choice. "Out of all the things, you chose a metal staff?" he questioned. "It's more than just a staff, Jester." the girl replied calmly, twirling it before stopping it and holding it with both hands. The staff was mostly silver with major detailing upon it, mostly of vines and serpents. On the bottom were several deadly spikes, and on the top was a prism orb.

"Well, are you going to stand around or do are you going to do something?" She asked after a moment, and immediately she was earned a response as the clash of crystal-metal contacted the silver staff. Harlequin twisted the thin weapon around and gave Jester no reaction time as she sent him back into a tree. "You have to be better than that, Jester. I'm not going to go easy on you, because the Puppeteer won't." she told him as he managed himself back on his feet and shook his head slightly.



He tried and tried again, all resulting in either tumbling into a tree or onto the ground, or getting mildly electrocuted from the orb atop the staff. Harlequin yawned, before blocking another attack, only to find the contact of blades removed and, after a moment, the points against her back. "Good, Jester..." she smiled as the tips of the blades were pulled away. Over and over, he became better and better, learning remarkably quick about agility, attack and defense. Soon they were sitting back in the house, candles outside extinguished. "You were amazing out there, Jester." he heard her say as she healed both of their scratches. "I'm not that good.." the boy mumbled modestly, rubbed the back of his head.

"Oh stop being so modest." She laughed and ruffled his spikes playfully. She calmed down with a slight grin still on her face. "You know, you should try to sleep...you never know what's gonna happen tomorrow." "Yeah..." Jester reluctantly answered, and gazed at her. "Don't worry, I can hold down the fort while you're asleep. Any undead that come around are gonna get bug zapped." Jester chuckled at her reply, and nodded. "Alright, Harlequin. You win. I'll get some rest."

He felt her embrace him tightly, making a slightly darker tone of purple appear on his cheeks before she replied. "Goodnight, then." she looked up at him and started laughing.

"Jester, are you blushing because of my little hug?"

"Of course not!"

## 7 - Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

*Lights gently hovered in the air, moving slowly in a circle around the purple and green demon as he rose up from the ground, blades in his hands' grasp. 'So you finally managed to retrieve the blades of the Sun and Moon....they will not do you much good, Jester T. Trickster. I have captured all of the life in this realm except for you and your beloved friend, Harlequin....Before I go onto the realm of the Mortals, I wish to fight you first. I want to kill you upon the very land your ancestor slayed me..you may have noticed it, but Harlequin is fighting a losing battle.'*

*'What do you mean?' Jester hissed. 'I mean she is struck with the same illness I gave Mannekin...did you not notice how she's been trying to sleep non-stop? How she was slowing down with her fighting? It's a disease that, unless I am slaughtered...will eat the creature that is it's host from the inside out..' The Puppeteer laughed ever so coldly, before a fanged smile came onto his face. 'Tis a fragile emotion, love...if something were to happen to the one of interest...then the lover would surely be at a loss..am I correct?'*

*Green-gold eyes watched the shadow figure melted to liquid and resolidified behind the demon boy. 'I could spare Miss Harlequin...if you give me something in return...'*

Eyes snapped open and looked around...no ghost like orbs...no Puppeteer...but also...there was his missing friend. "Harlequin?"

No response.

He looked around, and saw no trace of the girl...except for a trail of blood that left out the door and continued on. Jester snatched the two blades, that were left behind from the attack for some reason, and started following the line of blood.

Doing so led him to the Theater of Spookyville...or at least, it was at one point. Now, however, there was darkness and unholiness that seemed to surround it, spikes grew up from the ground, vines crept up the walls, bodies of those who could not be turned into Puppet-zombies were either impaled on the smaller spikes or hung from the trees. Jester cringed before making his way into the building, continuing to follow the trail till winding up in the main room. A large stage at the opposite end, and rows upon rows of seats on either side, filled with active puppet zombies.

There, upon the stage, was Harlequin, tied to the stage by the same wire The Puppeteer used and wincing in an unknown source of pain. "Harlequin!" he said quickly, attempting to run and get onto the stage but the puddle of shadows that moved onto the stage floor stopped him in his tracks. It lifted up and began to take form into the creature known too well as The Puppeteer. The head of the creature was pure black except for it's hellfire eyes and the marble like ram horns that adorned it's skull. A cloak of crimson and dark grey concealed the rest of it's body, save for the serpent tail and the skinless bone-wings.

*'So you are the 'Jester' that has dared to try and stop me....'* The figure chuckled, before looking at Harlequin. *'But you'd have to make a choice...Do you want victory, or your friend to live? Because I don't think she has very long.'* he added as Harlequin gave a pained cry. "Let her go!" Jester snapped quickly, his worried gaze upon the girl then switching to look at the shadow.

*'What shall you give for her?'* The dark creature replied. Jester looked at the agony upon the girl's face, and his eyes closed.

*Clatter.*

The two magnificent blades sat beside him as he fell to his kneed in submission. "I give my soul...you can use me as a zombie...a emotionless servant...whatever your command is...just release her, cure her from the illness you have given her and do not kill her." he said, his eyes half-open, his head tilted to look at the floor and his voice breaking with the feeling of sadness.

*'A deal is a deal, I suppose. As you wish.'* One of The Puppeteer's two-clawed hands slipped out from the robe and slipped down before retreating into the cloak once again. A second afterwards, the wires that held Harlequin captive were split in half, allowing her to fall to the floor, her illness gone. As she rose her head to look up at her friend, she watched in horror as The Puppeteer's wires, wrapped around his ankles and wrists, pulling him up above the ground. Another wire slipped around his neck, and the last was blue and glowing. It shot immediately into the chest of Jester without leaving a wound, and slipped out carrying a small orb.

As soon as that left the creature's body, his eyes faded to pupiless white and his coloring twisted to grey, black and white. "Jester!" Harlequin exclaimed as the creature was placed onto the ground and looked towards The Puppeteer for further instructions.

*'Jester, first order I want you to carry out. Kill Harlequin.'*

## 8 - Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

"Don't do it! You said you wouldn't hurt me!" Harlequin snapped at The Puppeteer. *'You are correct. The deal states that I cannot hurt you..but he can. Now, kill her, Jester.'*

"Yes, Master." Jester said in a lifeless voice as he twisted his head to look at Harlequin, and a wicked grin came to his face as the swords rose back into his hands and he disappeared, returning into visibility behind the girl, attempting to slice through her but finding her suddenly gone. He looked up to find her in the air, suspended by her saw-blades. "Come down." he told her. "No." "Now." "No." The neutral colored creature's eyes narrowed before a roar escaped him, bringing flames that dared to burn Harlequin. "Ship, ship, SHIP INNA BOTTLE!" the girl yelled before she fell onto the floor, just missing the fire thrown at her.

"Now hold still. This'll only hurt for a few hours." Jester snickered as he approached her, now lightly misting eyes upon her as his grip on the blades tightened. 'If I only knew that song Mannekin sung! I could snap him out of it. Think, Harlequin, think of what it could be!'

As he shot at her, she reached into a shirt pocket and pulled out a small bottle, aiming it at Jester. As soon as he was close enough, she sprayed it and he stopped dead in his tracks. He stood there for a moment, before dropping the blades and rubbing his eyes. "My eyes! THEY BUUURRRRRNN!" he screamed, rubbing them furiously. "Sorry Jester! You left me no choice but to use the pepper spray!" She watched as he fell onto the ground while trying desperately to stop the burning in his eyes. *'How could my servant be stopped by something such as Pepper spray?!'* The Puppeteer hissed.

'Okay...moment to think....moment to think...um...umm....ah hah!' The girl thought, smirking. "Hey Puppeteer! Guess what I remembered? It's a certain little song-" *'No, damn it all!'* "Yes, the exact song that can turn your zombies back!"

The girl 'ahemed' before she started singing the melody.

'Come to me, children, and follow my way, into the world of darkness and magic. With all my power, I'll show you the way, to all your dreams, hopes and emotions...'

Copies of herself, her personality, her shadows, her emotions, started appearing around the theater and strengthening the song's power as they started joining in.

'Time to awaken from his evil spell, to embrace your soul once again. With all my magic, I'll return them to you, to give back your dreams, hopes and emotions.'

They started singing just the song and no words itself, and that was when the orbs started to be pulled away from the shadow creature and to their rightful owners. The first one to be returned was Jester's. "Who...wha..." He rubbed his head before shaking it slightly. "Why do my eyes hurt?" He looked over at

the many versions of Harlequin as the last of the souls were returned and they silenced. "Long story. Just kick The Puppeteer's backside and We'll tell you later." They all said. "Wow..." Jester looked at all of them before he picked up the blades and let his eyes fall upon the Puppeteer.

His eyes started to flame green-yellow fire, the emerald colored markings on his body started to follow suite. A wet splat was heard as several new spikes started to grow upon his head and spines came down his back, and elbows. His voice was not his own when he spoke, but someone older, someone that was thought to be dead. "Miss me, Puppet-man?"

'*J-Jack of Blades!*' The Puppeteer stammered. This was not what he was planning. "Is the big scary Puppeteer afraid of me?" He vanished in a vanished in a fiery green inferno before reappearing behind the shadow, blades threatening to cut the throat of the shadow demon. "It's time for your blood to be spilt, and never have the option of coming back, damned fiend of the dark."

'*Hmm, hmm...*' The Puppeteer laughed. '*I will always come back, no matter how many times you kill me. As long as your blood-line continues, I will forever return to slaughter the generations.*' the shadow demon's head twisted around to face Jester/Jack of Blades.

"Time to silence you, wretched creature."

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Main Finish to The Puppeteer (not the ending, this continues for one more chapter.)  
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The head twisted around to it's normal stance as the blades ripped across his neck and pulled away with their owner that backed away from the shadow. The Puppeteer started laughing, laughing as loud and manical as he was able to with the blood that gushed from his neck, and he started coughing violently and gasping for air that never made it to his lungs.

He held his throat, as if hoping it would help heal the wound, though it really made it worse. The claws pulled away to look upon blood-soaked hands, and the demon shook it's head as it tried to gasp for one more breath before it fell onto the theater floor...lifeless. The fire upon the body of the purple and green creature extinguished, and he looked at everyone...

They were all silent, staring in shock...before they quickly started applauding his victory. Jester grinned as he looked at everyone within the seats of the theater, and then down at the body of the Puppeteer...he heard a whisper from the thing as it started melting into the shadow liquid. 'As I said, you can never kill me forever...I will come back Jester...I ALWAYS come back.' That's when the shadow completely vanished out of sight, leaving blood where it was. Jester looked back at the crowd, and slipped off the stage to celebrate with the recovered citizens of Spookyville.

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Alternate Version (This would be the alternate ending, not continuing)  
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Just before the blades managed to cut across the flesh of his neck, they were pulled out of the hands of the purple and green demon. "What on..earth..?" Jester stopped at the agonizing pain that came from

his abdomen. Upon looking down, two blades had been sent into his torso. "I hate...you..." he spat, blood dripping from his mouth. *'I hate you as well. Now shut up and die in agony.'* The Puppeteer told him as he drove the weapons deeper into the other's body before releasing them and turning around. Jester stumbled back, and looked at everyone...he failed them....he failed them all...even Harlequin...The flames extinguished themselves as he gazed at his friend. "I am sorry...." he whispered, before he fell to the floor. *'Buh-bye, Jester.'* The Puppeteer killed him with his wires, leaving a gruesome picture.

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Crimson eyes stared upon his army of zombies that stood before the portal that led to the human realm. "We are ready to begin the invasion, sir." Mrizzard told the taller creature. *'My minions...forward! Time to claim the realm of the PIT-IF-FUL HUUUUMANS!'* The Puppeteer commanded, and forward they went...with only destruction and chaos in mind.

After the minions had entered the portal, including Mrizzard, the demon looked around at the deserted area. *'Au dieu, Spookyville.'* He farewelled before he, too, disappeared into the portal.

Leaving behind the bodies of Harlequin Callista Laaysha, and Jester The Trickster.

## 9 - Chapter 9, the End

### Chapter 9

A pair of green-gold and a pair of red-orange eyes gazed around they were about to enter. A large, elegant and circular chamber that had a glass lens on the center of the ceiling that allowed the sun's rays to shine into only the center of the room in a large circle. A crowd of people sat around this large beam of light, excluding the blood-crystal walkway leading to the light and the doorway, where two figures stood. Salem stepped into the Sun's rays and looked towards the two as everyone silenced. "May the two demons approach." With not a sound, they entered the light and stood in front of the ancient figure.

"Today, we, the people of Spookyville, are gathered to watch this event. Just a week ago, these two did what their ancestors, Mannekin and Jack of Blades, had done centuries ago. They defeated a great evil known as The Puppeteer and prevented the destruction of us, the Fiends, and the Mortals. We are here to congratulate them...and not only do that for them." Salem grinned at the slight confusion that came to their faces.

"Both of you, kneel." He told the purple and green demon, and the orange, red and yellow femma-demon. When they both did as told, Salem's clawed hands touched their heads gently. As his hands began to glow slightly, he spoke. "I, Salem, present you, Jester The Trickster, and Harlequin Callista Laaysha, as Graduates of Moonstone Academy, giving you the ability to visit the Human realm. You may rise now." The large demon's hands were removed from their heads and they rose to their upright stance once again.

"Thank you, Salem, sir." They both said before turning toward the crowd that was now happily applauding them. Jester now had a crescent moon upon his collar made of Moonstone, and with Harlequin it was on the center of her shirt. "Come on, Harlequin. Let's go get prepared to visit the human world." Jester looked over at the girl. "Okay. First home is a rotten Draggel-fox egg." She replied, and before she ran off, kissed him on the cheek before she headed off, waving to everyone behind her.

Jester blushed and chuckled dreamily before running off behind her, claiming she cheated. Salem shook his head and laughed. "Oh, the ways of young love never cease to be amusing." "Indeed." Came the voice of Jack of Blades, who watched as his descendent ran off after the girl, even though he was a mere ghost.

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Crimson eyes watched the two demons and a scowl came onto their owner's face. His voice spoke throughout the abyss of darkness 'I'll come back some day, you damned creatures...Some day, you or your children will face me once again, and next time, I will be victorious!'

(The end, even though the chapter is really short. I thought it would be a nice and simple end.)