

# **red skeleton**

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*a story of MAD EVIL skeleton killing people*

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# 1 - FrEaKy

“There as an old Grandma who swallowed a fly, but there was another thing worrying the grandma!” Said Sam.

“What?” said Jesse, Sam’s little sister “Is this a true Story? You know I hate true stories. They make me cry.” Sam ignored her.

“A Skeleton was worrying her. The skeleton that she knew would come back. It killed her father and mother one night and her brother and sister the night after. It was her skeleton. The one that she got when she was four and loved it so much that it came to life.”

“But why?” said Jesse.

“Because, she wanted it to. Yet, little did she know that it would come back every ten years. It was a curse. A curse that would never go away unless the person that made the curse would take it away.” said Sam.

“Wait! Wait! Who is it?” said Jesse.

“It was Great Grandma Nuclei. She made the curse; she wanted some one to talk to. She was lonely and there was nobody that was there to help her. After the Skeleton gained her trust, he killed her as well. So the curse will never be broken, never, until now.”

“Huh?” said Jesse. “That’s confusing!”

“Well if you stop interrupting then maybe you’ll understand” said Sam.

Jesse ignored him.

“Oh my Gosh, listen. Great Grandma wanted her skeleton to come to life so she had someone to talk to. So it did. But what she didn’t know was that she cursed the skeleton as well. It killed Great, Great Grandma and Grandpa, and it killed out Great Aunt and Great Uncle. In two different nights.” said Sam. “She didn’t know what was going on so she made the skeleton gain her trust. When it did, it killed her. So the curse couldn’t be broken. It can now though because it had been ten years, ten years since great grandma has been killed.”

“Oooh. T-that’s Scary!” said Jesse starting to cry.

“I know.”

## ChApTeR 2

It was a cold and stormy night. Jesse and her older brother Sam were telling spooky stories. The 1st one of the night was Red Skeleton, the story that was true. No one liked to speak of it; they were scared it might come back to life. As a matter of fact, it did one year. In 1969, the Red Skeleton came back, all because someone had reversed the spell. Now, as nobody knows the Red Skeleton will come back to life.

“So, Jesse, do you think it will come back to life?” said Sam.

“Naw,” said Jesse. “I think your lying!”

“I’m not!” yelled Sam. “It’s true! Why do you think that it’s in newspapers and people never speak of it when you ask them questions? Huh?”

Jesse started to cry. The night grew darker in the attic with their candlelight burning out. Both of them started to huddle together listening to the yelling downstairs.

The arguing with their parents has grown over the years. Mainly because of the events that were happening all over again.

Sam started talking over the yells.

“Jesse, do you think this will ever stop?” said Sam.

“I hope so.” sniffed Jesse.

Both of them together walked downstairs as the yelling grew louder.

“I don’t care if it’s been ten years or not! I’m not going back to the grave to pray for my dead grandmother.”

“Lucy! You have to. You know what will happen if the whole family doesn’t go. It will come back.

You know that, it will kill us as well!”

“Sam, I’m scared, what will come back?” said Jesse.

“I told you, Red Skeleton.” shivered Sam.

Jesse started to run for her mom and dad but Sam stopped her just before she reached their bedroom.

“Stop! They think we’re asleep.”

“I don’t care, Sam! I’m too scared to pretend I’m asleep. What if he comes t-tonight?” cried Jesse.

“He won’t. It’s not Halloween. Besides, we should get to bed anyway, it’s really late.”

Said Sam.

“It’s not late!” said Jesse. “It’s only 11:45!”

“Jesse, don’t you ever listen to me? Mom and Dad are worried about Red Skelton, Halloween is almost here and it’s late! We have to get to bed. No body likes a cranky little 5 year old,” said

Sam.

“Well no body likes a stupid smart-alick 10 year old either!” said Jesse.

### ChApTeR 3

After the argument, they didn’t look at each other for the rest of the night. Jesse and Sam finally went to bed in their comfy feather beds and woke up the next morning with their parents breathing over them.

“Ahhh!” yelled Sam

“Shh,” said his father. “It’s early.”

“How early?” yawned Jesse.

“Early enough for both of you to get ready for church.” Said their mother.

“Do we have to?” whined Sam and Jesse.

“Hey, no one likes cranky little kids now do they?” said father.

“No?” said Jesse getting out of bed.

“Told ya so!” said Sam.

“Shut up you stupid monkey butt!” yelled Jesse.

“Jesse! We don’t use that kind of mouth here!” said their mother.

The bedroom that Jesse and Sam were in was just beginning to shine among the sunrise. All the baby blue walls started glowing, and Jesse noticed something about their beds.

“Sam, didn’t we just make our beds a minute ago,” said Jesse tilting her head like a dog when it’s confused.

“Yeah! But, don’t worry about it, Lucifer probably just made it into a bed of his own,” said Sam.

“No he didn’t. It has no fur on it, he’s been shedding for days.” Said Jesse.

“You’re dreaming brat. Lucifer did it; he has his guilt all over it.” Said Sam,

“Prove it.” Said Jesse.

“There’s nothing to prove, Lucifer did it and that’s all, now make it back up again!” said Sam.

“Forget it,” said Jesse.

“O.K.” said Sam “Just get ready for church, we have to leave in an hour.”

“At 8:00?” said Jesse, raising one eyebrow.

“Yes, Jesse 8:00.” Said Sam.

The room now was golden from the sunlight. The beds were made for the second time and Sam and Jesse both wore their best dress clothes they could find. Breakfast was rising into the upstairs. Sam and Jesse ran downstairs like a raving pack of wolves.

“What are we having for breakfast Dad?” asked Jesse smiling. Sam was looking around the room in an awkward way.

“There’s something funny in here,” said Sam.

“What’s funny?” said his mother.

“The smell,” said Sam. “There’s something weird about the smell of this room, like blood.”

“B-blood?” said Jesse walking behind her mother.

“Yes.”

“Honey, it’s just the breakfast,” said the dad.

“What are we having?” said Jesse getting impatient.

“Ham and Eggs,” said the mother.

“Figures,” said Sam.

“We have this every morning,” said Jesse.

The room was now filled with the scent of ham and eggs, not blood anymore. Plates were set out and cups were filled with orange juice, windows were open to let in a small breeze. The walls were bright orange from the sun. There was no sound in sight. The Nickelberry’s had already left for church without eating a thing.

“When are we going to be there?” asked Jesse falling asleep.

“In five minutes,” said the dad (Dave).

“Why?” said Jesse.

“Because that’s just how far we have left,” said Dave.

“Why?” said Jesse.

“Because that’s just how the roads go.” Said Molly, (mother).

“Why?” said Jesse.

“Because,” said Dave.

“Wha?”

“Shut up!” said Sam. “I hear something.”

ChApTeR 4

“Hey!” said Dave. “What did I tell you about the ‘shut up’ thing?”

“Well, let me quote myself ‘We don’t use that kind of mouth here!’” said Sam looking up at the ceiling. “But you didn’t tell me that. You told Jesse that!”

“Did I really?” said Dave.

“No, mom did,” said Jesse.

“We’re there!” said Dave changing the subject.

“You guys! Be quiet! I hear something,” said Sam.

Everyone was silent.

“It’s coming from the back,” said Sam.

“Oh, that?” said Dave. “It’s just the wheels. They’re wearing out.”

“No it’s not the wheels,” said Sam getting out.

“Yes it is,” said Molly. “Don’t argue with your father when you know he’s right.”

They all walked in and sat down on the wooden benches for the service. Person after another person came walking through the doors sitting down.

“There’s something making noise in the back of your car Dave,” said an old lady.

“Man, that’s the 5th person in the last 10 minutes!” said Sam.

“You better go check the car honey,” said Molly.

“No, service is starting,” said Dave.

“Please turn to pg. 276 in your Hymn book,” said the minister.

The day went by slowly, hymn after hymn, reading after reading, prayer after prayer. After the service, people left the room and followed each other downstairs to a brunch and visited each other.

“You know, the Nickelberry’s have something unusual about their car, it seems to have something banging on the inside of their trunk,” said a man.

“Yes, I know, you don’t think it could be another child in their do you? Oh, God Bless Him,” said a woman.

“O.K. that’s it!” said Dave. “We’re leaving, I can’t stand it anymore!”

“Yes dear,” said Molly. “I’ll go get the children.”

“Sam! Jesse!” yelled Molly. “Let’s go!”

Sam and Jesse ran through one person after another trying to get to their parents.

“Pardon me?”

“Excuse me?”

By the time they got to their parents they knew something was up. The look on their faces was no ordinary look. It was a kind of look that made your whole stomach turn upside down.

“Come on kids, let’s go,” said Dave.

“Why do we have to leave now? It’s only 11:45,” said Jesse.

“No questions, just keep a move on,” said Molly.

When they got to their car, there was banging inside of the trunk. There was already an indent on the aluminum.

“Dad, what is that?” asked Jesse. Sam has his eyes shut tight like he knew what was going to happen in a scary movie.

“What’s wrong, Sam?” said Dave.

“Do not open t-the t-t-trunk!” said Sam shivering. “There’s s-something ins-side of it, something b-b-bad. Sam shivered with his eyes shut tight.

“Sam, what do you see?” said Molly.

“It’s Red, blurry and Bony,” said Sam.

Dave was ignoring Sam and he opened the trunk with caution. Sam tried to warn him but he did not hear Sam. Molly and Jesse backed up from the red truck and started to jog away. They knew what was going to pop out. Sam however stayed with his dad. He wanted to see what it was along with him, but he knew that he had to get ready for something unexpected.

Dave took out the key to open the trunk. The banging continued to grow louder and louder. What was inside was anxious to get out. Dave shook very much as he put in the key into the lock. He turned it but he was too late to take it out.

The monster was the red skeleton. It was Red boned with flesh and skin hanging from some of the bones. His teeth were bright yellow and his nails were a foot long. Sam and Dave ran as fast as they could but Dave didn't make it that far before he tripped and fell. Dave looked up and the Red Skeleton was standing over him with flesh dripping from the bones. Dave couldn't get up, he was petrified. Sam didn't notice until he heard a faint scream behind him. Dave was no longer there. The red Skeleton had killed Sam's father. Little did he know that the Red Skeleton was after his mom as well?

Sam had noticed something very weird about this plot, however. The Red Skeleton was repeating history. The parents were killed in the same night and the rest of the family the night after. Sam had to do something, he ran as fast as he could to get to his mom before the skeleton got to her 1st. "No!" yelled Sam. "Don't touch her!" Molly turned around. "Oh my gosh!" screamed Molly. "Run my dear, Jesse!"

The Red Skeleton turned around and saw Sam. He was smiling in the evil way, but he kept walking toward Molly.

"Please, please no!" yelled Molly. But the skeleton didn't listen. Jesse ran to the nearest phone booth and called 911.

"Hello?" said Jesse gasping. "Police, [no! Leave me alone!], there's something out there! Come please, its no prank, my family is in trouble."

"Yes, yes," said a voice on the other end. "Where are you at?"

"Kilter on Fellow St." said Jesse. "It's near the old Catholic church."

"Alright and what is the problem?" said the operator.

"Well, you're not going to believe this but, the Red Skeleton came back to life," said Jesse talking fast.

"Yeah, right kid. Why don't you go play with this skeleton of yours?" said the operator.

"I'm not joking!" said Jesse "Its killing people! Its killing my family!"

"O.K. well we will be there as soon as we get done with our real problems. O.K. kid?" said

"No!" said Jesse "You have to come--"

The line hung up on the other side and Jesse started to cry. "It is real! Why won't they believe me? Don't they believe in the curse?" said Jesse to herself.

"Jesse!" yelled someone. "Help me, call the police." It was her mom. The Skeleton got her and he dragged her away into a nearby ally.

"Mom!" yelled Sam. "Jesse, try calling the police."

"I tried!" said Jesse yelling back. The street was full of blood from the skeleton and her dad. Jesse ran toward his skeleton and cried even harder. "Sam, what happened? What are we going to do?"

"I don't know!" said Sam walking up behind her. It took him before I could even say anything to him. Sam started to pray. "Please don't let him hurt my mom, she all we have left. Help us please!"

"Sam, what gonna happen to mommy?" said Jesse.

"Stop asking me questions!" yelled Sam "There's nothing we can do. He'll probably eat her up to, then us later."

"Oh."

The street grew darker as they stood over their dead dad's body. With no money and no people around, there was nothing they could do. They sat there and hoped for a miracle, until they heard a faint scream. It came from down the ally, and they knew for the moment that it was their mother, he hasn't killed her yet.

"Hey!" said Jesse "Its mommy!"

“I know,” said Sam looking down the dark ally. “We have to go down there.”

“But what if it’s a trap? Maybe he’s torturing her until we go down there and she is dead to. Then he’ll kill us right behind our backs. With blood and three dead bodies and then it will go and kill other people. No one knows how to stop the curse and get rid of it.”

“That’s true, but we have to,” said Sam getting up and starting down the ally. “Come on, Jesse. We have no choice, whether it’s a trap or not, we have to save mom!”

“O.K.”

They walked slowly and carefully down the ally on Fellow St. Jesse had his back against Sam looking behind them and Sam had his back against hers looking in front of them. They jumped a few times after they heard sudden sound and movements.

“W-what was that?” gulped Jesse.

“I dunno,” said Sam looking more carefully.

The ally was darker than ever and they didn’t have anything for light.

“Hello, kiddies, “Ow ‘bout a home for ya?” said an old lady coming out of a little door.

“Ahh!” yelled both of them. Therefore, they parted from the backs and decided to start running.

“Oh, come back kiddies! Granny will take of ya!” said faint voice of the lady.

The kids didn’t look back; instead they looked off the sides, and in front of them. Once they got their distance away from the old lady, they slowed down.

“Ow,” said Sam.

“What?” Jesse asked.

“You stepped on my foot!”

Jesse looked down at her brother’s toe and giggled as he was jumping up and down trying to make it feel better.