

A friend in need...

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Submitted: February 6, 2006

Updated: February 6, 2006

Its mostly revolves around my Charicter Jacklen and how she died, she makes friends with Bone Jangles during her early stages of death, an illness has taken her and there is no cure and herfoster parents aren't there to care. She meets BoneJangles wh

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1 - A friend in need...

Jacklen sat at the desk in her room, it was there when the last couple had moved out and she had claimed this room as her own when her and her foster parents had moved in. She looked out the window in front of it and looked up at the moon and stars.

Bright tonight. Very bright.

(Victor van dort sat at his desk as he sketched out a blue butterfly he'd captured, then let it free into the morning sun with a smile on his face.)

Jacklen couldn't sleep that night, she wasn't feeling very well and was a bit dizzy when she layed down. The chair she was sitting in was too tall for her and it made her feet dangle a ways up from the floor, out of boardem she started to kick them rythemeticly her skirts to her fancy dress flying about as she did so.

Even though she was 12 she acted so much younger. It angered her foster mother but she couldn't help it, not anymore anyway, the more they told her to stop something, the more she would do it, she was a trubble maker like that.

Her real mother and father never really minded much and let her play all the time. But they were gone now.

That thought made Jacklen stop kicking her feet and frown.

Standing on the chair she reached over and opened the window and looked down. A carrage rode by.

(Victor looked out his window and saw his mother and fathers carrage pull up, he frowned, today was his wedding rehersal, the timid young man became even more timid at the thought.)

Jacklen frowned, she was hardly ever able to go outside anymore, or go anywhere, it was as if her foster parents were not only ashamed to have her in her sight but also ashamed to have people see her in public with them. She sighed and shut the window then walked over to her bed.

She'd try harder to sleep this time.

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It was morning now and Jacklen didn't sleep a wink. She felt even more sick and tierd then last night, with a groan she stood and sliped on her boots still wearing the facy dress she put on last night and walked down stairs. She was late for breakfast again.

Jacklen stumbled into the dineing room.

"WHERE WERE YOU?!" Her foster mother shreaked from across the table. Jacklen looked up looking more pathetic and horrible then she felt.

"Up stairs....its cold in here, may i sit by the fire? I'm not hungry eather."

This shocked her foster parents greatly.

"What are you takeing about girl?! Its the middle of summer! We don't have the fire going!" Her foster mother said.

"Oh..." Jacklen shivered. "A blanket then? I'm really cold..."

"Come here child." Her foster father ordered. Jacklen shivered again but for a diffrent reasion. Her real father was so gentle when he spoke, but her foster father hardly ever spoke to her, and when he did he

was as cold as ice. But she obeyed and stepped forward.

Her father's cold hand came in contact with her warm feverish skin, just the feeling made her break into a cold sweat.

"What is it John?" Her foster mother asked.

"It seems she's caught a cold Melena." John said in his icy voice.

"Is that all? Nothing a little rest and chicken soup won't fix then you'll be back to your regular stupid self."

Jacklen closed her eyes.

Sleep sounded good, luckily, she was dismissed.

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A day, two days, finally a week and Jacklen showed no signs of getting better, occasionally she would find the strength to get up and walk around, today was one of those days, she walked out of her room and into the foyer and sat in a large arm chair looking out the window.

A beautiful sunny day outside. Outside. An idea popped into the child's mind. Her foster parents were out finding a doctor and would not be home for awhile. She smiled for the first time in days.

Gathering up what little energy she had left she got out of the chair and walked slowly to the door and, with some difficulty, opened the front door.

The streets were empty that day, it seemed everyone was off to church at this hour, Jacklen smiled. She wanted to run, skip, dance, anything! It's been a long time since she's been outside, she felt a bit better than before, then inhaled a breath of fresh air.

She soon found herself on the bridge on the edge of town, with a smile she looked down into the water and saw her reflection.

(Victor looked at the flower in his hand and sighed, the rehearsal was a disaster just like the news announcer said. He felt horrible as he walked off his eyes downcast.)

Playfully she looked down in the water and waved.

"Hello water me! How's the day been for you so far?" She giggled.

"I bet your feeling much better than I am, I've been sick for a whole week! Do you think that that's a new record?"

Jacklen smiled at her reflection who only smiled back. Jacklen giggled again.

"I think so to!"

She sighed as she rested her head in her hands.

"What a pretty day, don't you think water me?" She looked back down at her reflection only to see someone else standing behind her, at first she thought it was only her imagination, she rubbed her eyes and looked again.

Still there.

The other figure smiled.

"A beautiful day little doll." he spoke in a gruff voice. Jacklen jumped and spun around.

A skeleton! A walking skeleton was standing right there behind her. Jacklen remembered, when her father and mother would stay up at night reading books together when they thought she was asleep, she remembered one about a skeleton that hurt people.

This frightened her and she backed away.

"Whoa, take it easy there little doll." He said placing a bony hand on her shoulder.

"I ain't gonna hurt ya."

Jacklen took a deep breath and looked him over again, he had one eye, and a bowler hat, but besides that he looked like a regular skeleton you see in pictures in science classes.

But this defanaty wasn't ordanary.

"...Who...who are..you?" Jacklen studded.

"Name's BoneJangles Little doll," He said with a tip of his hat. "whats yurs?"

Jacklen blinked. He didn't seem as bad as the story books say. Jacklen cursyed.

"Jacklen Skellington."

BoneJangles thought for a moment.

"Thats a fine pretty name you got there Jacklen, but you don't mind me callin' ya "little doll" do ya?"

Jacklen smiled and shook her head.

"If you want, i like it."

BoneJangles seemed to smile.

"And you can call me BJ."

"Ok, BJ..." Jacklen looked him over again. "Um, did you need something?"

"Yeah i was lookin' for Victor and Victoria Van Dort, then i remebered not a few minutes ago they had moved.

"The Van Dorts? I live where they used to, he and his wife left a few months back."

"Darn, wish i hadn' forgotten ta tell them then.

Jacklen blinked and frowned.

"I'm sorry...But the Everglots are still here, maybe they'll come back to visit sometime."

"Yeah maybe."

He sounded a little put out about what he'd forgotten to tell them.

"Maybe you could tell me and i could tell them when they get back?" She offered.

BJ looked at her his smile reappearing again.

"Would you really little doll? That'd be great!"

She nodded with a smile.

"Well, if ya can remeber, tell them BoneJangles said that they're always welcome back ta party when ever they feel like it."

Jacklen said it out loud to herself and smiled.

"I'll remeber!"

Jacklen's eyes suddanly shot open and she started to cough vilolantly.

BJ shot out of his loungeing position on the bridge and rushed to her side.

"Whoa, whoa, are ya ok little doll? Whats wrong?"

Jacklen finally stopped and cought her breath.

"...Sorry, i've been sick this past week, i haven't been feeling any better...i think i'm getting worse."

BJ frowned and looked a bit worried.

"Where's your mum and Daddy?" he asked looking around.

"Dead." Jacklen said simply before coughing again, not as vilolantly as before.

BJ blinked his one eye before looking down at her.

"I'm sorry...who do ya live with?"

"Foster parents...they left hours ago and haven't come back yet..."

BJ looked at her again this time outraged.

"Little doll how old are ya?!"

"Twelve."

Now he looked angry.

"Why in the world of the liveing would they leave you on your own in this condition?!"

Jacklen looked up at him.

"They don't like me."

BJ seemed at a loss for words at that statement.

"...Come with me little doll, i have a friend who probbly has a good idea that can help ya."

BJ took her by the hand but Jacklen didn't move.

"I donno if i can trust you..." she said softly.

BJ kneeled down to her level.

"Little doll, have ya had any friends at all?" He asked.

Jacklen shook her head, stopped then nodded.

"Daddy was."

"...Little doll, i'm gonna be yur friend now...i want to help ya."

Jacklen blinked as she thought about his offer.

"Ok..."

Jacklen took his hand as BJ led the way into the woods on the other side of the bridge. It seemed to grow dark, but it was only the trees.

(Victor walked into the woods reciteing his vows. It seemed to take forever but he had finally gotten it right, but he'd made a mistake, a tarrable mistake, and a woman emerged from the ground.)

BoneJangles and Jacklen were now in what was a small graveyard. Jacklen clutched BJ's hand a bit tighter and hled close to him. Something about the graveyard scared her, but then she thought it was a bit silly seeing as how she was standing with a walking skeleton.

BJ pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Down here Little Doll." He said pointing at a hole in front of a headstone that was blank.

"...Whats in there BoneJangles?"

"Ya can call me BJ, and this leads to where i live. Don't worry, theres nothing to be scared of."

Jacklen closed her eyes and thought. She was sick, so if he was lieing and something killed her at least she'd be out of her misery. Her parents are dead so noone would miss her. Her foster parents could care less. She opened her eyes again.

"Ok..."

Jacklen took his hand and they both went down with a fast slip.

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When Jacklen opened her eyes again she found herself in a sort of morbid city, oddly shaped buildings, dark skies and dead walking around everywhere.

(When Victor had opened his eyes he saw the woman from earlier and many other strange people, music played in the background and many people were laughing, but this didn't keep him from being scared.)

Jacklen shivered. BJ put a comforting arm on her shoulder.

"Are ya alright?"

"...Yes." she said with a little squeak her head resting on his ribcage.

BJ took her hand again and led her tword a building labled "The ball and Socket pub."

"...Am i too young to be here BJ?"

"Hm? Naw, its for everybody, there's food and danceing and partys...it's fun."

Jacklen looked up at BJ.

"I've never been to a party before, what are those like?"

BJ looked down at her.

"Well, they can be rowdy sometimes if noone is careful, but the most we have are just the fun ones with lots of music."

Jacklen thought then nodded.

"I like music, music sounds like a good idea."

BJ laughed and lead her inside.

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"Another live one?" someone asked in the bar.

"Is she related to Victor?" another asked.

"She's about my age!" A child skeleton said suddanly.

"A child can you beleve it?!" another exlamed.

Jacklen looked around wide eyed. Dead people, large and small, yet none of them seemed to want to hurt her, they were only courius. Jacklen held on to BJ as each and everyone tried to get a better look at her.

"Out of the way!" a voice yelled knocking people aside. A stout fat woman stood there giveing BJ a skeptikal look.

"I thought you were just going to give Victor the message then comeback, you were gone for and hour BJ an HOUR!"

"Sorry Plum babe, but see Little Doll here is sick and her Foster parents arn't taken no care of her."

Plum looked at Jacklen and her look softened.

"What's your name sweet heart?" She asked.

"J-Jacklen...Skellington..." Jacklen attempted a curtsy still hanging on to BJ and hideing behind him at the same time. Plum looked her over then sat down on a chair near by.

"Come over here and tell auntie Plum whats the matter..."

Jacklen's eyes widened.

"Oh i couldn't lay my problems on you all!"

Bj chuckled and patted her head while Plum smiled.

"Its alright, we want to help you ok?"

Jacklen walked over to Plum a little and slowly let BJ's hand go. Plum put a hand that still had skin on it to Jacklens forehead. Jacklen shivered at the touch and yet it was much more gentle and careing then her foster father.

"Mm, your burning up Child. How long have you been like this?"

"A week now."

"Do you hurt anywhere?"

"All over!"

Most of the people in the pub started murmering then the murmur turned into an out burst.

"Is it the flu?!"

"I have an idea for a cure!"

"Let me help the poor darling!"

"Turn her this way and let me see her I can probbly tell!"

Plum sighed as BJ tried shooshing them.

"Quit!!" Plum shouted makeing Jacklen flinch. The pub went silent again.

Plum put a hand on Jacklen's shoulder.

"Sorry dearie, everyone here is worried about you now. Lets see, when was the last time you ate?"

"Um..." Jacklen stopped to think makeing the pub go into an outburst again.

"Give her food!"

"Don't make her pay!"

"Feed her! Feed her!!!"

Plum silenced them all again.

"Now my dear, We're going to have to give you something to eat, even if you don't feel hungry, that

illness is trying to trick you."

"Mommy said that to before she died, that was the last time i was sick."

BJ watched the sceane carry out, at Jacklen's words some people made little "aww"s and some even looked at the child with pity.

"Ok Plum."

"You can call me auntie, i don't want you feeling like a stranger here."

"Ok Auntie."

Plum stood and walked to get Jacklen some food, she stopped and turned to BJ, you and your boys better get to play'n that music."

BJ's eye widened.

"Right!"

He took off making Jacklen feel a bit lonely and lost. She sat down on the chair Plum was in not just a few minutes ago and looked around.

After awhile a song started on stage making Jacklen turn and look. BJ was standing up on stage with a few other skeletons and they were all playing insterments.

Couriosity getting the better of her she walked over to get a better look, sitting in a chair nearer the stage.

The music was diffrent from what she was used to, she looked around to see many diffrent couples dancing to the music. She smiled. Her mother and father used to dance to music like that.

She tapped her fingers in time with the music too afriad to stand and dance like the others.

BJ snapped his fingers in time with the music catching Jacklen's attention. His eye was right on her giving her an encouraging look.

Jacklen wasn't scared of this world anymore, in fact she felt right at home here somehow.

She felt welcomed.

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Jacklen looked at the soup Plum had given her. It looked like chicken soup with different ingredients.

"I made it out of the same stuff you living people make it out of just with a bit more. You look starved."

Jacklen thanked her and ate it slowly at first but then she realized how hungry she really was and gobbled it all up.

BJ and his Bone boys, as she had recently learned the name from Plum, were playing relaxing music that was still that strange different sound she'd never heard before.

She was starting to like it a lot. BJ caught her listening to their music and walked over and took her hand. She looked surprised.

"Wanna go up on stage wit us?" He asked.

The bone boys all smiled at her. Jacklen smiled back and let BJ lead her up on the stage, the boys started another song and BJ lead her in a dance. After awhile he started singing along to the slow yet up beat melody.

"Give me a listen...ya corpses of cheer....at least those of you..who still got an ear, i'll tell ya story...make a skeleton cry, of our own...jubaliciously lovely corpse bride."

(Victor looked around as everyone started to sing in the bar. "Die Die we all pass away, but we don't frown cuz it's really ok, ya might try and hide and ya might try and pray but we all end up to the remains of the day!" Victor attempted to leave but they wouldn't let him, oh boy...this was getting crazy now.)

BJ dipped Jacklen and slowly spun her back into place so as to not make her dizzy. It didn't help, even walking made her dizzy but she didn't care, this was the most fun she'd had in her whole life!

But all good things must come to an end...

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BJ opened the door to Jacklen's home and looked around. Empty. This fact made him fume.

(Victor looked to Victoria, "I seem to be married, but you must now it's all by mistake.")

"Ok Little Doll, wheres yur room at?" has asked after calming down from the fact noone was there.

"Top Floor."

"...lemmie carry ya."

BJ did just that and opened the door Jacklen was already half doseing in his arms, when the door opened with a loud click she snapped awake.

"Oh Jeeze, sorry Little Doll, didn' mean ta wake ya."

"Oh thats alright...daddy always did the same thing when he carried me up too."

BJ looked down at her then walked over and layed her on the bed. While Jacklen went to throw off her boots he looked around the room.

"Nice room ya got here little doll." He said reaching over and shutting the window.

"Yeah, i like it too, Victor said it was his before he moved out."

"Oh so this was his room huh?"

"Uh huh, they got new furniture and stuff so he left his old ones here, he just took his sketch books, books and pictures."

"I see."

Jacklen snuggled under the covers and yawned. BJ patted her on the head.

"See ya tommora?"

"If i can sneek out again."

"...They don't let you outside?"

"They don't want to be seen with a misbehaved child like me."

BJ looked at the door as if her foster parents were to walk in at any moment, his expression angry, then his face softened and he looked to her again.

"Well, don' you worry, i'm here for ya."

Jacklen's eyes were starting to slide closed but she smiled at him.

"BJ?"

"Yeah?"

"...I like the way you talk, its diffrent..."

BJ couldn't help but laugh at that one.

"Goodnight Little Doll." he said standing.

"Goodnight BJ, thanks for being my friend."

"I'll always be yur friend."

"Thats good...it was starting to get lonely in here...even if all this was a dream somehow, i will tell Victor what you said, i love you, Please tell auntie Plum i said so too, and the bone boys."

BJ froze at the last part and he took off his hat.

"I-I will Little Doll, i will..."

Jacklen fell asleep compleately her light breathing filling the now silent room. BJ placed his hat back on his head and turned to the door.

"...but first things first." He said to himself his voice filling with anger.

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John and Melena came in at Midnight that night both carring bags of clothes and jewels and such, smileing and laughing together.

BJ looked disusted and horrified.



'They went out and ignored Little Doll all day for trinkits?!

That was it, BJ snapped.

BJ made an "Ahem" sound and John and Melena stopped short and looked at him, they're smiles turning to horrified looks.

"Sit and i won' hurt ya's." He said forcefully. The two reluctatly did so. BJ sat across from them in the arm chair Jacklen was sitting in hours ago, he had one leg crossed over the other, his arms over his chest and his one eye glareing at the other two.

He was not happy.

"I ain't too pleased with what ya'll did ta Jacklen." He said starting it all off.

Melena look over at John who was looking right at BJ.

"And what is it we have done to her?" He asked.

"Ya left her here by her self so you two could go off and buy little trinkits for yur selfs! How dense are ya?!"

Melena spoke up now.

"Now, she knew we were going out, we've planed this for we-

BJ cut her off.

"Not what she told me, and i beleve Jacklen so i think your liein'."

"We did tell her we were going to find a doctor." Melena said.

"LIES!"

Melena and John jumped. BJ then remebered Jacklen was asleep so he tried to surpress his rage.

"Lies, you left her all alone, she don' know how to cook at that age, she don' know what medicen she's soppose' ta take! Ya think all this can come ta a kid over night?!"

Both were at a loss for words.

"I met the kid on the bridgeon the edge of town talkin' to her reflection in the water, when was the last time you let her out to talk to kids her age?!"

Melena looked at John her mouth agape.

"She was outside?!"

"That ain't what i asked!" BJ nearly screamed.

"She hasn't been out sence her parents passed away." John answered looking nervous.

"An' how long ago was that?!"

Melena answered meekly.

"About three years ago."

BJ sighed in a frustrated way and looked into the unlit fireplace.

"It's no wonder she's sick."

"She's getting better." John said matter-of-factly.

"No," BJ said glareing at him. "No she's not. She's getting worse, much worse."

"She was walking around, she looked fine!" Melena interjected.

"That was her way of telling ya she needed to go outside and breath freash air. Or are ya too afriad to be seen with her?" BJ said the last part mockingly.

The other two didn't respond.

BJ stood and tipped his hat mockingly.

"I'll be back to cheak on her, if i find so much as a bruise or no signs of eather of you takeing care of her." He ran a finger across his throat.

Melena and John gulped. BJ, satisfied, stormed over to the door, glared one last time, then left with a slam.

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Months passed, BJ, hadn't shown up after that night, soon it was winter and snowing again.

(Jack looked around at the wonderful colorful world around him, facinated by it, it was all so diffrent, something he wanted. He wanted to try.)

Jacklen had indeed gotten worse and only moved around occasionally, her face was pale and there were dark rings under her eyes. December was right around the corrnor and Jacklen was once again feeling lonely sitting inside her closet, her foster parents were gone once again.

"I guess BoneJangles was all just made up in my mind after all..." She said softly then coughed. She had not used her voice in so long it almost hurt. Tears stung her eyes as she started to cry.

"Fake or not i want him to come back..." she started to sob. "I want...mommy...and daddy back...too.."

'But you can't always get what you want' A voice in her mind tolds her.

Jacklen sniffed. What was the use in crying? She turned Thirteen on Octorbor 31, it was time she grew up. She coughed again.

What she wouldn't give for a break from this illness. There was a knock at the door downstairs. Jacklen nearly jumped out of her skin. The knock sounded again.

With a groan Jacklen lifted her self up and trugged downstairs. Thwe knocking came once more.

"I'm comming!" she said as loud as she could, whitch was only a soft indoor voice. Jacklen made it to the door and tugged. It wouldn't budge, she tugged again, it opened a little. with one final yank the door opened and she looked outside.

Her eyes widened.

'BJ!' she thought but it wouldn't come out. Only a small smile.

'BJ!'

"Little Doll? Are you alright? Hey, sorry about maken' ya wait, it was crazy down there...Little Doll...?"

'BJ! He is real!...BJ..'

"..B...B..."

"Little Doll?" his voice sounded frantic.

"B..J..."

Jacklens eyes slid shut and she fellt forward. BJ caught her in his long boney arms.

"Little Doll! Jacklen!! HEY!!"

BJ picked her up and carried her off too the woods once more and down the hole.

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BJ ran into the pub.

"PLUM!"

Plum looked up from the cup she was cleaning.

"Whats the matter?"

"Little Doll, she's...she's not dead but..she's...i donno! Help!"

Plum walked over and looked her over.

"Oh the poor darling. We better get her to bed..."

BJ looked down at Jacklen and frowned.

"Wake up soon Little Doll."

~~~~

Jacklen did wake up, at first she was startled but when she relized where she was she smiled. Plum was cooking in a pot nearby while she layed in a little warm bed in the far corrnor.

BJ sat at the table in the middle of the room his hands over his face.

"I shoulda gone back earlier Plum..."

"It's not your fault BJ, we've all been busy, if it makes you feel better i feel guilty as well."

"..." Jacklen opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. She tryed again. Was that a squeak? It

didn't even spark anyones attention.

Jacklen breathed in.

"...Be-ee...J-Jaayy..." she almosted cried at how weak she'd gotten. BJ on the other hand spun around quickly, apon seeing her awake he rushed over and hugged her.

"Little Doll! I'm sorry, really i am, i shoulda come back sooner.."

"...ss...not...yo..or..fau..lt." Jacklen said with difficulty as she layed her head on his ribcage.

"Plum whats wrong with her?" BJ asked. "Why hasn' she gotten any better?"

"Plum shook her head, she's gotten worse and worse, no doctor to look at her from what you told me, her emotions are probbly building up, and i bet those horrible people keep leaveing." Plum said putting her hands on her hips.

"...What does that mean?" BJ asked somewhat dumbly.

"....BJ...I think she's going to die soon..."

Jacklen's eyes widened as did BJ's. The three sat in silence for a bit longer when Jacklen started to speak.

"....don't want...to die..." she wispered.

"What'd ya say little doll?"

"...I...don't want...to..die..."

BJ looked at Plum at a loss for words. Plum walked up and pulled Jacklen too her. Jacklen half expected her to smell bad for being dead but it was quite the opposite, she must be wearing perfume.

"No one wants to die sweetheart..." Plum said softly.

"...My Daddy.....and.....mommy....died..."

"Yes we know." Plum said strokeing her hair.

Jacklen took a deep breath.

"Daddy died at....a costume ball....a chandalier...came down from the...ceiling..." Jacklen paused to take another breath. "...Mommy, was killed...by a bad per...son..." she breathed again. ".....People said....she...got all...chopped up..."

Plum and BJ looked at eachother horrified. Neather sounded like accedents. BJ put his hand on her shoulder.

"...Your not gonna get squished or chopped, or nuthin'..."

"...Gonna...die...in my....sleep?"

Plum stroked her hair again comfortingly.

"Perhaps darling..."

"...I...want...to live till....christmas..."

(Jack appeared on stage though a door. "Listen everyone! I want to tell you about, christmas town!" There were murrurs about the crowd as a light shone on their king, they were all ears.)

"Christmas ain't very far off Little doll...just a few days."

Jacklen sat up.

"...May i try and walk...?"

BJ held out his hand.

"Sure, walk with me out to the pub, we can see the bone boys."

~~~

Jacklen spent three days in the land of the dead with her friends, celebrating every little thing to celebrate with them. Every night was a great party, every morning was a get together. Though she would often doze off in the mornings when the bone boys would play softly. BJ would always be there when she woke up.

Then finally it was christmas eve.

Everyone in the pub started to decorate. BJ left and came back with an old dead tree, he propped it up in the corner and everyone else went to get the decorations.

Plum handed Jacklen a small box full of decorations.

"Go on then darling."

BJ signaled Jacklen.

"Bring them trinkets over here!"

Jacklen stumbled over and dropped to her knees and opened the box.

"They're pretty!"

BJ smiled as the two started decorating together. Tinsal, ornaments, even a star BJ let her put on the top.

"How about that?"

Jacklen nodded and walked to the Piano.

(Emily sat and played the piano, Victor joined her, "You dropped this." He said holding out her flowers. she said nothing and kept playing. Victor sighed and played with her, soon they were playing a happy duet. "Pardon my enthusiasm." "I like your enthusiasm.")

BJ watched as she hit a key. It made a soft ding. Jacklen hummed the note back perfectly. BJ watched curiously.

She hit another note, higher. She hummed back perfectly.

"Hey, Little Doll..." BJ said suddenly.

Jacklen looked up.

"?"

"Can you sing a song for me?"

Jacklen smiled.

"I can try..."

BJ sat next to her. she took a breath and sang.

"Many, many, years ago, in a kingdom by the sea, a poor lad loved a high born maid beautiful AnnabelLee."

BJ watched and listened wide eyed.

When she finished he clapped.

"Wonderful! I didn't know you had it in ya!"

"You never asked..."

"You should sing with me and the bone boys when you....er...sorry..."

Jacklen nodded and closed her eyes and leaned against him.

"Little Doll?"

"Tierd..."

BJ's eye widened and he picked her up.

"Time to go back to the land of the living..."

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When BoneJagles opened the door Jacklen's foster parents were there sitting at the fire.

"You!" Melena exclaimed when she saw him.

BJ glared and carried Jacklen upstairs and into her room, he layed her down.

Jacklen opened her eyes and looked at him.

"BJ?"

"Yeah?"

"...Are you...going to be here...till i die?"

"Yes, and longer."

Jacklen blinked and thought a moment.

"I wonder if....i'll see mommy....and daddy...again.."

"I'm sure you will..."

BJ looked at her and smiled.

"It'll be all over soon Little Doll, no more pain or illness..."

Jacklen nodded and closed her eyes.

"Thanks BJ,... see ya...on the other side..."

"On the other side..."

Jacklen smiled and breathed her last breath. It was over at last.

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When Jacklen opened her eyes again she was in the Land of the dead, it was still all decorated. She looked down at her hands. Pale, her outfit, black.

"What?"

BJ walked up to her.

"You look diffrent Little Doll."

"BJ!"

Jacklen jumped up and hugged him.

"Merry Christmas!" A voice said suddanly. Jacklen instantly recondized.

She looked over and saw a tall Skeleton carrying a large sack.

"Daddy?!"

He looked down at her.

"J-Jacklen?!"

Jacklen rushed up and hugged him.

"DADDY! I've missed you so much!?"

"H-how did?"

BJ smiled and mouthed "I'll tell ya later."

A ragdoll came up from behind.

"Jack what-...Jacklen?"

"Mommy?"

"!"

"MOMMY!"

Jacklen started to cry.

"I missed you both so much!"

Jack smiled at the rag doll.

"Sally, its our little girl..."

Sally smiled and hugged her child.

"We missed you too darling."

Jack smiled.

A true christmas wish for Jacklen that had come true. It wasn't such a bad christmas after all. And Jacklen wasn't lonely anymore. she had friends and her family back. She could ask for nothing else.

~End