

A Collection of depressing tales

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All thanks to Tim Burton's 'meloncholy death of Oyster boy' Is the first of a few stories... Will have some art to follow... Hope you like !!

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/brunette_dudette/15572/A-Collection-of-depressing-tales

Chapter 2 - the rejection of Sheldon McShelley

2

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The Rejection of Sheldon McShelly.

During the sixties, there was a fun-loving child of nature called Kate. Kate was a kind girl who loved everyone and everything she ever met.

One day, whilst she was on her way to the summer solstice, she met a man with cool glasses called Jack. Jack and Kate had everything in common, they felt like they were soul-mates, two parts of a whole-it was love at first sight. Both Kate and Jack went to the solstice, and were married at sunset by a man named Merlin. They lived happily ever after...for now anyway.

Nine months later, Kate was heavily pregnant with their first child, and Kate was sitting in a chair watching Jack get ready for work- things had changed in the nine months, the sixties had gone and Jack now had to provide for his family- Kate they felt a peculiar feeling in her belly.

“Jack,” she gasped “I think the baby's coming.”

Jack rushed his pregnant wife to the hospital and accompanied her to the delivery room. They rushed through the hospital trying to get to the third floor, where the delivery room was. Jack, only made it to the first floor though, because, his rose tinted glasses that he still wore, didn't let him see the tinted glass wall in-front of him and well..... let's just say that his face had an unpleasant meeting with the wall.

When Jack opened his eyes he had a hangover worse than the time he drank lighter fluid and absinthe together. His head was killing him and he couldn't focus. He suddenly became sober when he remembered Kate. His thoughts were disrupted by an enormous scream. He recognised it as Kate's scream and rushed to find his wife. He ran to her bedside just as their child was born. The nurses took the baby away and Jack crouched beside his wife stared at her beautiful face and held her hand. She had fainted when she gave birth to the baby. She suddenly opened her eyes, and gazed into his. She drew her last breath, let out a sigh and died.

Jack was gob smacked. He bowed his head to Kate and started to cry. He heard a voice behind him.

“Sir,” the nurse said in a shaky voice, “there have been some implications regarding your child.

“What do you mean implications?” asked Jack.

The nurse couldn't answer; she only shoved the new baby into Jack arms. He couldn't see the baby because it was covered by a huge blanket.

Jack moved back the blanket and looked at his new baby. He was shocked at what he saw. His `child'- if that is what you could call it- was disgusting. It was small, wet, and was the colour of a bleak grey day. It had webbed toes and probably most horrible of all, it had a huge shell where its forehead should have been.

A few weeks later, after Jack had gotten over the initial shock of his son being a freak, he did something so despicable that it made his dead wife turn in her grave. He betrayed their love and took his son out for a long drive in the deserted countryside. When he found a isolated spot, Jack removed his `son' from the car, put him in his carry cot and left him there. He got back in his car and drove away.

From these humble beginnings came a boy, unlike any other, a great man, and a born adventurer.

Thus, a legend was born.