

# **Invasion of The Killer Sporks and other creepy tales**

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Submitted: June 6, 2006

Updated: June 6, 2006

*A girl has a special relationship with her dad...until she finds out his secret...*

*A couple finds the perfect house...until they discover who lived in it...*

*A television remote makes lots of trouble for one boy...*

*Creepy, twisted mini tales for the*

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# 1 - Me, Myself, and My Dad

I loved my dad more than anything in the world. Sure, because I only live with him I miss out on make-up, jewelery, and fancy clothes. But it is worth it.

"Do you want to go to the park and shoot some hoops?" my dad asked me one day while eating supper

"Yeah!" I replied, grinning. Basketball was one of my favorite sports.

"But we have to wash the dishes first," my dad added quickly. I groaned.

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It had been about two hours since we had started the game. Of course, I was winning, 15 to 3. The sun was already setting. Buy the time our game was finished, the moon was about to come out.

"I can't wait to see the moon tonight!" I exclaimed, staring up at the sky. "Don't you like the moon, Dad?"

My dad shook his head lightly and quickly looked at his watch. It was a weird watch. My dad's watch had all the dates for a full moon.

"Amy," he said, his voice trembling with hear. "Go back home, right now."

I stared at him, confused but scared. "Why? What's wrong Dad?"

"JUST GO!" my dad roared, looking at the ground so his bangs would shadow his eyes.

No second thoughts there. I ran. I ran into a thicket near the park in hid behind a tree. Painful screams and shrieks came from my dad. Was he okay? What was going on? I looked over to my Dad; to see a giant hairy beast!

"Grrrrrr," it growled softly, it's blood-red eyes whizzing about. It pounded it's fists on the ground. A watch came off of one.

"Dad?" I whispered so quietly. My dad looked my way, but I flew right back behind the tree.

My heart was in my throat. My lungs had popped like balloons. My mind spinned around. My stomach twisted and turned, making me want to throw up.

"Amy, where are you?" a deep, dangerous voice grunted. It almost sounded like my dad's voice. That was it. I ran again. But this time I ran to my house. I rushed inside and grabbed a butcher knife from the kitchen. It was the only thing I could do.

"Amy, it's me you're-" before he could finish, the knife struck him like a bullet. My dad fell like a brick. I sighed in relief.

"At least I'm safe now," I said, breathing slowly and calmly.

"Amy, that wasn't very nice," a voice like wind whispered into my ear, big hands grabbing my shoulders, crushing them like toothpicks. "You're grounded."

Well, the only bright side was that I'd finally be with my mother and brother

## 2 - Turning Back Time

T.V. was the only thing that mattered to Jimmy. All he talked about was T.V. All he thought about was T.V. He watched T.V almost every second of his life.

To Jimmy, television was the sun and the moon. One day, while Jimmy was watching his favorite show, the sound went low.

"Aw darn!" Jimmy cried, trying to find the remote. But it was no where to be found. He searched and searched until he could search no more. Jimmy gave up hope. He couldn't find the remote. Jimmy then rushed up to his room, and smashed his piggy bank.

"Wow." Jimmy smiled as he saw the hundreds of dollars that were now laying on the floor. Just enough to get the remote. Jimmy grabbed the money and ran out of the house to the electronics store. Jimmy ran to the counter and rung the bell on it.

"Hello?" he cried in a quick tone. "Is anybody here?"

"Why, hello." Jimmy saw an old man come behind from an curtain. He ran up behind the counter and grinned at Jimmy. "What can I do for you?"

"I need a remote!" Jimmy cried, taking the money and putting it up on the counter. "I was watching TV when the volume went low! Please, I need a remote!"

The man grinned again and went behind the curtain. A shuffling sound came for a second. The man came back out with a remote. He took the money and gave the remote to Jimmy. Jimmy grabbed the remote and ran for his house.

"Good luck," the man whispered, managing a weak laugh, before walking back behind the curtain.

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Jimmy whizzed through the door. He looked at the remote for the first time; and stopped. The remote only had volume control on it. But that didn't matter to Jimmy right now. He pressed the + button, but nothing happened. Jimmy kept pressing it. He swore and finally looked up.

"What the-?!" Jimmy asked in surprise. He was still in the living room, but everything was silver. And shiney. Jimmy circled the room, mouth wide open. He stared back at the remote.

Did the remote do this? Jimmy thought. He pressed the - button a couple of times. Jimmy looked up. Everything was back to normal. A thought drifted through his mind, and Jimmy smiled. He always liked dinosaurs. He always wanted to see the dinosaurs. Jimmy pressed the - button about hundreds of times.

"ROAR!"

Jimmy gulped. His plan had worked, but it kind of backfired. The last thing Jimmy ever saw was a huge pair of jaws closing on him. As he went away, he thought one last thing.

*I hate TV.*