

# Silk and Stitches

By **Bespoken**

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*A whisper slithers through the air, spinning tales of a dangerous deception. Is riddle lie? As treachery and love tangle, and blood and tears spill, one town falls to pieces. 'I beg of you!...come with me... please... I love you so...'*

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**Chapter 1 - Eleven Years Later**

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# 1 - Eleven Years Later

*Silk and Stitches*

*Written By: Bespoken*

*Chapter 1: Eleven Years Later*

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*Please Review, Thank you. Enjoy!*

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*"...Everyone's waiting for the next surprise..."*

Crisp, howling wind spiraled through the trees, tussling fallen foliage and ghostly plasm. Phantom and poltergeist alike, they quivered through the night, the air chilling as they moved toward the fiery glow of the city. Dead leaves crackled in the wind's wake, swirling along the road, caught up in the rasping breeze; a fresh gust sent them exploding through the night, raining down over a gathered crowd. They tangled in hair and clothing, rattling tunes and secrets to their hosts in gasping whispers. Not ghoul nor witch, or clown or vampire, or skeleton or werewolf payed any mind to the slight disturbance, their hands and voices lifted in celebration and swaying to a droning beat...

*"...Skeleton Jack might catch you in the back,  
And scream like a banshee,  
Make you jump out of your skin..."*

Creaking, a straw horse rolled out from deep within the pumpkin patch, pulled by a big man with a scythe. Splintering, wooden wheels turned on loose axles, the horse tilting back and forth with every rotation.

A tall, gangly looking scarecrow sat strangely within the saddle, his arms extended like a pair of stiff wings, his feet settled within the stirrups. A scowling jack-o-lantern sat haughtily upon his shoulders;

Large and menacing, it glowered at the crowd, a bright orange glow shining just behind its narrowed eyes. A wooden sign towered above his head, two rusted nails hammered through it and into the long branch fastened to the scarecrow's back; it read in peeling white paint: *Halloween Town*.

*"...This is Halloween,  
everyone scream..."*

The crowd bellowed in song, shrieks carrying over the music as two miniature versions of the scarecrow danced below, twirling around the horse in fits of laughter and screams. They spun torches as they moved, illuminating their jack-o-lantern faces in flame as they slashed the flames back and forth, writing *BOO* and *SCARE* over and over against the night sky.

*"...Won't ya please make way  
for a very special guy..."*

The scarecrow thrust an arm forward, snatching a flaming stick from a nearby post and careening it around his head. The crowd howled, clapping their hands and gasping as he climbed to his feet on the horse's back.

Lifting one leg, he teetered back and forth, letting the fire graze just over the heads of cackling onlookers, before opening his wicked mouth wide and swallowing the torch whole. Flames licked the pumpkins rind before disappearing all together.

*"...Our man Jack is King of the Pumpkin Patch,  
Everyone hail to the Pumpkin King now!"*

In an instant, the scarecrow was fully engulfed in an orange blaze, burning away his purple tux and straw pants. Cheering broke out across the sea of spectators, ravenous and rumbling against the seething wind. Bowing, the scarecrow let out a shrieking laugh, bending his legs and springing up into the air. For a stalling moment, he was a vibrant flare against the midnight sky, the roar of the town echoing below him, and then he fell, flipping backward into a hazing fountain of green slime.

*"Halloween, Halloween,  
Halloween, Halloween..."*

The smaller scarecrows crowded around the fountain, smirking pumpkin faces shedding bland light over the green muck. Torches flew from their hands, spiraling through the air before plummeting into the sludge as well.

*"...In this town we call home,  
Everyone hail to the pumpkin song..."*

The acrid ooze began to bubble and fizz, gurgling as a grinning, white skull began to emerge from its depths. Neck followed skull, and a wide, bat-shaped bow flared to life, dripping green. A slim fitting, pin-striped suit jacket emerged with the torso shortly after, covering two long, extended arms; jeering, clapping, and laughter deafened all hearing.

Two long legs were next, lifting and settling their feet on the triangular stone base of the fountain head. The skeleton placed a hand upon the Retching Demon's back, the green ooze pouring from its mouth shedding an eerie glow across the his pearly skull face.

*La la's* faded slowly, the skeleton taking his final bow and stepping down into the crowd himself.

"Most definitely our best year yet!" bellowed the Mayor, his thumbs tucked beneath his lapels as he approached the towering skeleton, "Well done, Jack my boy!"

Jack smiled, his hard face softening, "Thank you, Mayor."

He glanced around the group quickly, scanning the jabbering and excited faces of his peers, "Have you seen Sally?"

Before he could receive his answer, something hard slammed into his leg, the force of it nearly uprooting him from the cement. He spread his long arms out to keep his balance,

"What in the world-"

Another blow knocked the words from his lips, catching his other leg just below the knee, and sending him sprawling across the ground. The entire area quieted, all eyes turning toward the commotion. Groaning, Jack pushed himself up onto his arms and shook his head, turning narrowed eyes over his shoulder.

Two smiling jack-o-lantern faces greeted him, giggles ringing through the air, and Jack's scowl faded to a grin. He rolled over quickly, taking the two by surprise and they cried out as he snatched them up in his arms, grabbing them both around the waist. He climbed to his feet slowly, holding each little scarecrow firmly.

"*Dad!* No fare, you can't cheat!"

"I think differently," Jack chuckled, one brow bone raised in amusement at the taller of the two.

"Oh, come on," laughed the other one, lifting his hands and pulling the pumpkin off his head, "*We got you.*" He shook his messy hair, turning bright blue eyes up at his father. Jack marveled at him for a moment, eyeing the few stitches spread across his face and smiling.

"Yes, alright. You win."

The elder boy removed his pumpkin as well, running his fingers through his hair and adding, "Craven and Dylan - 1, Dad - nothing."

Jack turned to look at Dylan and grinned, watching him shuffle his hair around again; a habit of his since birth. Craven on the other hand, was waving over at his mother, motioning for her to come closer. Jack smiled wider; handsome boys of his they were, and both leaned more toward Sally in looks.

Craven was the darker of the two, with black, unruly hair and deep royal blue eyes. His neck and face were doll (whereas the majority of the rest of his body was skeleton), a line of stitching stretching vertically down over his left eye, as another slanted just above his right cheek bone.

His lips were pale and thin, and his complexion, though fair, was gray. His right arm was entirely doll, but his left was bone all the way to the tips of his fingers, his torso nothing but a pearly white rib cage, his spine leading down to a doll pelvis and legs.

All this lay hidden beneath his straw pants and blue flannel shirt, which bunched up around his stomach as Craven wiggled free of his father's hold and hurried over to his mother. Jack chuckled, watching him go, before glanced over at Dylan, who was tossing his pumpkin head up and down.

Where Craven was dark, Dylan was fair, his hair a golden bronze and just as unruly and choppy as his brothers, yet long enough that it hung just above his lashes. His eyes were pure gold and equally as rich, a strange, age defying depth flickering behind them, usually hidden behind the ice and frost of his composure.

Dylan's face and neck, like his younger brother's, were doll, a dark line of stitching weaving down over his right eye to the cheek bone, with another stretching down along his nose from the corner of his left. The third and final was jagged and slanted down his left cheek, casting shadow just beneath the bone. His lips were thin and fair, and his skin was more tan were Craven's was ghostly.

The only thing skeleton that Dylan had inherited from his father was his right hand, the rest was completely Sally, completely doll, and overly stitched.

However dark and light the boys were appearance wise, they were the complete opposite of their looks.

Craven was the more affectionate, academic, understanding, and scrawny of the two.

Dylan was darker in personality, with a slightly more muscular build, and enjoyed his privacy. Yet, by no means was he dense, nor unsocial. Quite the contrary, Dylan was more than brilliant, and was the life of any party. Much like this evening.

"Dad?" asked Dylan, tucking his pumpkin beneath an arm, "Can I be a pirate next year?"

Jack frowned, shaking his head and setting his son back on his feet, "I'm afraid not, Dylan. You know the rules. We never dress as anything but what we are."

Dylan frowned at this, eyebrows lowered, "Why?"

"It's the law," Jack replied softly.

"Can't you change the law, Dad?"

"No."

"But you're the Pumpkin King!" Dylan snapped, his jack-o-lantern falling to the ground and smashing, "You can do *anything!*"

"No, Dylan," Jack sighed, "I can't."

"But-"

"That's enough now," His father said sternly, standing his full height, "You'll understand when you're older."

Dylan exhaled loudly through his nostrils and stormed off, smashing what was left of his pumpkin as he went. Jack sighed sadly, his eyes grieved.

"He'll get over it."

Her voice was sweet and mellow in his ears and Jack smiled, turning and staring down at his wife. Sally smiled back, "Crysis is having a wonderful time."

Jack eyed at the blanketed bundle in her arms, life sparking behind his dark gaze. A small hand fit inside his own and he looked down, bright blue eyes smiling up at him, and he lifted Craven into his arms. He looked again at Sally, and she moved the blanket from the face of their newborn. Crysis blinked up at them, big green eyes glittering with the night's stars. Jack pressed a long, bony finger gently against her nose and she giggled, grabbing at her toes. Their first, beautiful, fully doll baby.

"Crysis' first Halloween..."

Craven laughed as the baby stuck her toes in her mouth and Sally pulled them out again. "And a whole year old tomorrow," he said, leaning over and copying his father; Crysis giggled again, covering her mouth with a hand.

"Mom? Dad?"

Jack turned around to see his oldest son, Arik, standing behind him. A spitting image of his father, Arik stood 11 years old and fully skeleton. Dressed in a red tux, he smiled up at them.

"Dylan's in his room. Just thought I'd let you know."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Sally said smiling, touching her free hand to Jack's face as Arik left and he turned back around, "Dylan will be alright, dear."

Jack nodded, smiling. Sally was always right.

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As the music played away, and the residence of Halloween continued in their holiday celebration, they all failed to notice a missing member. Deep beneath the sewers of the city, under the soil and cob webs, amid the bugs and slime, a long figure laughed.

"My plan's almost complete."

Dice clinked off a graffiti covered wall, rolling to a stop as multicolored lights flickered above, making them glow. A striped snake crawled from within one and wound its way through them, slithering and tasting the damp, musty air. Three teenagers scurried around inside the building, sweeping and cleaning and muttering to each other.

"I wanted no part of this, Shock," hissed an angry male voice, the sound of crackling paper following his words.

"Oh, shut up," snapped a girl, throwing a heavy, misshapen object. It smacked the boy in the head and he snarled,

"Knock it off! I'm serious, damn it!"

"Oh, *Boo-hoo*, Lock. What's gotten into you?"

"Me? I grew up! Unlike you two!"

"Lock? Shock?" came a soft voice from the corner, "I can't find the bathtub..."

Shock groaned, scurrying around her adoptive elder brother in search of their younger, "Where are you?" she snapped, nearly tripping over the object she'd thrown just seconds before. Lock snickered and she sent him a dirty look.

"Children."

They all stopped what they were doing and turned to look at the shadowy figure approaching them. For a moment, Shock and Barrel almost regretted putting him back together, despite the many years and hard work it had taken.

"Go and fetch our guest, will you?" He droned, sending a complimentary look at Shock's bare legs, "It's rude to keep him waiting."

Shock nodded, grateful for the shadow which hid her blush, "Yes sir, Oogey." He chuckled, turning and sauntering away.

"Well, come on," she urged, turning toward her brothers, who were both staring at her in horror, "You heard him."

Lock scowled, taking a step toward his sister. Eleven years had been good to him, as he was now a

towering 6 feet 10 inches tall, and quite intimidating in his height. Sharp, red, angry eyes regarded her with a look of loathing, and Shock shivered, despite the humidity clinging to her skin.

"Let's get one thing straight, *sis*," he spat, taking her by the arm, "You *tricked* me into coming here. I'm on my way to becoming Halloween's Head of Disciplinary! *I - do - not - need*," He paused and took a deep breath, his usually handsome face screwed up in anger, "anyone to hear that I was involved in- in - *this*!" He gestured around, pointing out the reconstruction of Oogey Boogey's lair.

"*Do you understand me!*?" He shook her, hard, and she winced.

Opening her eyes a moment later, Shock glared up at Lock. A year younger than him, her 18 year old face was particularly sharp, yet beautiful, and her purple gaze was still somewhat as threatening as it had been when they were kids; Lock wavered in his composure for a moment, but only for a moment.

He was much larger than she now, having bulked out somewhat over the years and grown tremendously in height. His hair was longer, yet still the same violent shade of red; the same color as his eyes. His magic had developed as well, and he was now one of the most powerful beings in Halloween; Being a demon had its perks.

"You don't scare me anymore," He snarled, tightening his hold on her arms, "My power exceeds yours. This you know."

"Of course," she replied sharply, "But what does that matter, when I have Oogey Boogey on my side?"

Lock smirked, "And what has he got? Besides parlor tricks and guns?"

Shock's eyes glittered with humor, and she wrenched herself away from him, "A plan."

Her elder brother chuckled, "He'll never dethrone Jack, Shock."

She simply smiled at this, motioning for Barrel to come with her, "We shall see, wont we? Come Barrel, we'll leave this *traitor* to himself."

Barrel looked uneasily at his siblings, his sharp green eyes shooting back and forth between them. He was taller than Shock, yet a foot or so shorter than Lock, and he'd thinned out as well. However, unlike his adoptive siblings, he had no powers, being the son of a human pirate. The smart thing to do, would be to follow the more powerful of the two...however, he feared Shock's influence more than Lock's wrath. He sided with her.

Lock's lip curled, "Coward."

Barrel acted as though he had not heard him, and hurried after Shock. Lock turned angrily and disappeared.

Dr. Finklestine sat shaking in his cell, eyeing the rusty chains hanging above his head. The smell of dirt and rotting plant life filled his senses and he coughed, eyeing the door across from him. It was locked, as he had already checked and tried to break it open. With an angry growl, he'd realized more than an hour ago that all he could do was wait.

Frowning, he rubbed his head, his lips twitching as he pondered the evening's strange happenings. He'd been sitting in his lab, working on Igor and attempting to elevate his intelligence, when all of a sudden he found himself lying on his side, his wheelchair turned over on its side a few feet away from him, one wheel spinning slowly. Then, after a sharp pain bolted through his head, everything went black.

And he'd woken up here, sitting in this forsaken room, with nothing but darkness to comfort him. How long ago that had been, he could say not. But the insubordination of the entire string of events was beginning to burn his nerves.

The door slowly creaked open then, shedding light across the floor, and he wheeled himself angrily forward. A tall, straggly haired woman stood before him, silhouetted by the light behind her. A witch's hat stood high upon her head, a short skirt puffing out around her thighs, high boots covering the majority of her calves.

"Who are you?" Finklestine snapped, scowling, "What do you want? Where am I?"

She chuckled, her voice low and coarse, "Silence, old man. You'll find out soon enough."

"Now see here you," he hissed, pushing himself closer still, "I demand -"

But someone seized him from behind and clamped a hand over his wide mouth, silencing him instantly.

Shock approached slowly, bending over and looking him smartly in the eye. Finklestine inhaled sharply, surprise sparking behind his eyes. She smiled, nodding,

"There, there now, that's better. Boogey has big plans for you, Doctor."

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*Author's note: I've been writing this for a really long time... Longer than I've actually been writing it down. It's been in my head for years, I just never had the will to turn it into anything. Until now. I hope you liked it. Please review.*