

The return of Beetlejuice

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Beetlejuice is back and he doesn't look that happy about being cooped away from the world. Can Lydia keep this ghost with the most under control or will the unthinkable happen?

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1 - The return

It had been four years since the last encounter of Beetlejuice, since he was last seen trying to sink his claws into the Deetz girl, since the disaster that sent him away..

The return of Beetlejuice

Chapter one

-The return-

The evening dusk had been spreading its curse along the land as the birds last song could be heard before they fluffed their tails for their long needed sleep. Sitting in one of the many chairs with her feet curled up against her, sat a sixteen year old girl as a book, *Edgar Allen Poe* to be exact, laid just beside her.

Barbra and Adam, the ghosts of the house, had recently been called on a meeting as they unhappily had to leave the girl to attend to herself until their return. Standing in front of a mirror was none other than Charles Deetz as his hands hurriedly struggled to fix his tie.

See, Charles and Delia were actually going on a date, or in other terms, Business&

Can you ever hurry? I can't afford to be late! Barked Delia as she had shoved her husbands hands down and quickly clicked his tie back into place.

The dressing up probably wasn't necessary, but what s there to complain about, they were actually getting out of the house for once. The fact that she was going to be left alone didn't seem to surprise her as the girl had gotten use to the fact that she d be alone ever since the tragic death of her mom.

The girl however was known as Lydia, a girl to have the sickest fascination with the underworld. True, over the years Lydia hadn't changed much as she held her liking for the dark and mysterious creatures that lurked within her mind. Allowing her hair to sway off her shoulder blades, Lydia began to steer as she gazed in the direction of the door quietly as a mutter crossed her lips...*I'm so utterly, utterly alone..*

With a click of the doorknob and a spiteful warning about leaving the house, Charles and Delia headed out the door as Lydia was left alone in the house. Pushing her feet off the chair and allowing them to meet the ground, Lydia gazed up at the ceiling as she sat there in silence, a thought crossing her mind before the rumbling of her stomach caught her off guard.

There wasn't much food in the house as Charles had recently skipped the grocery errands in order to go out and enjoy personal errands. Pulling herself up and off the couch, Lydia's eyes slowly scanned the area as something seemed to be bothering her, but what?

It wasn't unlike her to get the sudden chills as her body practically welcomed the feeling with relief as she almost never ignored it.

Crossing her arms in a sudden struggle to warm up her body, Lydia began to head towards the kitchen as her numb fingers ran against her soft pale skin with ease.

Nearly to the archway and past the outer room, the girl stopped clean in her tracks as a sound echoed down the stairs, but what? *Lydia..*

Was someone in the house with her, were they in distress, and why couldn't she help shake the eeriest feeling that someone was calling her name? Her tongue however was nearly about to reach the roof of her mouth in an attempt to call out and answer to their call when common knowledge had gotten the better of her; why was she about to call out anyways?

Spinning around and releasing her grip off her arms, Lydia leisurely headed in the direction of the voice as it got louder to her ears. What surprised the girl was not the comfort that she was finding, but the queer feeling that was beginning to develop as she stood beside the attic stairs to gaze up with a sudden interest.

Something fishing was going on and Lydia knew it.. Stepping on the first step and stopping, the Gothic girl gazed up as the voice had suddenly lessened.

"Hello?" Her voice echoed as her feet quietly found the next few steps, "Is somebody up there?" *nothing.*

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Lingering outside the door, the girl could practically feel her heartbeat as the fear that it might be overheard took her. It wasn't everyday that she got to deal with a situation like this as her hand quickly loomed over the doorknob to take it. Twisting the knob to the right while muttering something unknown, Lydia opened the door as the usual darkness seemed to welcome her in.

Fumbling for the light switch, Lydia's hands quickly found it as she flipped it on with a swift lift of her hands. Nothing unusual stood out as she found herself letting out the breath she didn't know she had held. Was it all in here head, was she even certain that she had heard the voice...

Gazing around the room, the girl quietly began to make her runs around as she found herself examining everything with caution, that is until that some caught her attention; the very existence of the model. Positioned just beside it, the girl's eyes slowly took in everything there was to see as she lowered her body for a better look.

There wasn't anything different about the model as the small town square and plastic trees were still in tack. The only real thing that could be placed as bazaar was the small bit of landscape that Adam had recently been working on.

Lydia&

The voice was back and it was defiantly coming from somewhere in the room.

The look in her eyes was full of curiosity as they scanned the rest of the model until they were left speechlessly on that one particular grave..

"No, it can't be...YOU!"