

Hair Raiser Tales 2.5

Carnival de Muerte

ROBBY RICHARDSON

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all those struggling to achieve their dreams and chase their stars. This book is also dedicated to the graduating class of 2012 at Unity Junior High in Cicero, IL. I would lastly like to dedicate this book to Mr. Kompare for all the work he put into me. I hope to make you proud.

“So Kings May Rise Stars Must Fall”

-Robby Richardson-

Big Time

(Carnival de Muerte Intro)

By

Robby Richardson

“**B**ut mom, I don’t want to go to this stupid carnival,” my mother stared back at me. Her pointed nose and somber expression was filled with something completely different. Her yellowing teeth smiled widely, “no, no my little dilly willy”. “MOM,” I yelled embarrassed a little. She smiled stretching her chubby cheeks which always remind me a little of Porky Pig. “Its Dillon mom and you should know that, stop treating me like a baby,” my mother patted my knee softly “you’ll always be my baby boy”. “Whatever,” I exclaimed, “anyway my little Dillon,” she smiled grabbing my knee hard in a playfully manner. “It’s pronounced “Carnival,” her hand waved in the air like she was pronouncing it to a stadium. “I’m SO sorry mom,” I said sarcastically wiping my shaggy blond hair from my face, “CARNIVAL”! I said it with such sarcasm that my father had even begun to chuckle. His boisterous laugh always reminded me of an Italian opera star. Which always made my sister laugh, it was contagious. She looked like me except for several missing teeth in the front. She had blue eyes as dark as the lake and her golden hair tangled into a ponytail. She clenched her Barbie which she had called Miss Independent and it traveled with her everywhere she went.

“Come on dad why are we doing this,” my dad turned a black beard covered his face, his eyes gave a warm feeling to anybody that

gazed upon them. “Your mother and I both agree that you kids need to get some culture in your lives.” I stared at my father, “by what . . . going to see something gay?”! “Gay,” exclaimed my sister excitedly stroking the hair of her doll, “tell me what is gay about the Carnival de Muerte”? Turning to the window, “a bunch of guys dancing around in spandex, brightly colored clothes, covered in stones . . . yeah sounds pretty . . .” My mother turned in her seat, “not another word we are going as a family and no more insensitivity”. “But mom,” “not another word Dillon we didn’t raise you to say stuff like that “. Before I could respond back my father gave a loud, “look family, we’re here”.

Our tiny SUV pulled into a parking lot that was filled with cars, “looks like the whole town came out”. My mother placed her hand on my father’s shoulders adding to his comment, “well how often is it that something like this comes out this way”? My father found a spot right in the back underneath an eerily looking pine tree. The “Carnival” was nothing that I had expected . . . well the large black and red circus tent was exactly what I had expected. People exited their vehicles and were heading up towards the large open section of the tent. I stared at the masses of people, “I don’t think I have ever seen the whole town in one place before”. My father picked up my sister as my mother chortled joyfully patting me on the back. We approached the tent, which was covered with different “spooky” things. Cobwebs covered the sides of the tent as body parts littered the dying brown grass. A ticket booth stood at the entrance of the opening, the line formed in front of it. As we took a spot in line I was able to take in more of the surroundings. My mother ruffled my hair absent-mindedly, “what’ cha looking at Dillon”? I stared around as people bustled around in many different types of attire. Clowns, werewolves, monsters of all sizes and types, this was unlike any Carnival I had ever been to.

“Hey mom, what exactly is this Carnival de Muerte,” “oohh,” my mother gave a little squeal of pleasure. “It’s unlike anything you have every seen,” she leaned into me “they say that it is one of the most terrifying experiences of your life”. She continued “It’s a carnival that has different acts and every act has its own story. I heard they were all supposed to be separate shows, but the ringmaster stuck them all together and called it the Carnival de Muerte”. I groaned, “I hope it doesn’t take to long,” my mother shook her head, “no this is just an off show performance. You should see the ringmasters other hits, they are said to be even worse. We approached the ticket counter, “yeah we want four tickets please”. The ticket holder didn’t respond either staying true to his character or unable to, he presented us with four tickets. My father took them from the jester dressed in red and black. He had bells hanging from every point of his jester’s hat. His mask was of a skull face and when he handed the tickets to my father I noticed his gloves were stitched to resemble a skeletal hand.

My father took the tickets and we all moved into the tent. A semi-large stadium seating rose around a large sand pit. Two large poles hung on the opposite side of the pit, my mother pointed up to them, “look Janet for the trapeze people”. My sister clapped her hands with enthusiasm as I gave a disgruntled “who hoo”. We made our way through the masses waving too many people as he walked through and finally found our seats. “It’s kinda small,” my mother said trying to hide her slight disappointment with the Carnival. My father even sounded disappointed, “I thought it would be a lot bigger”. Trying to find a comfortable spot I added, “Maybe he just didn’t have the money”. Nobody responded because the lights deemed and spotlight began to appear.

I heard a soft noise, a noise that was indescribable. It was something that I had only heard on dad’s nature channels. I watched as black spots

flew through the open door. They scattered around the room people screamed and began to cower falling to the floor. “BATS,” screamed my mother dropping immediately to the floor covering her head. I felt something collide with the back of my head and then twitter off. I rubbed it as I began to swipe furiously around my head. My hands slapping the swooping bats and then I heard the twittering bats fly towards the center of the ring. They gathered around a small stage which sat directly in the middle. The circling bats created a giant “bat ball” as the crowd began to stare up from their frightened huddles.

The bats collided into each other creating a loud *bang!* A large cloud of smoke billowed into the air like a volcano. The spotlight focused on the small stage as a man waved through the cloud of smoke. “That’s the ringmaster,” my mother said her face covered in sweat as she looked relieved to see the moment of terror has passed. “Welcome, welcome,” the man shouted to the crowd. He was dressed in a red vest and white pants. His black boots had a shine like they had been polished with oil but instead of a traditional whip something more sinister lay in the man’s hands. A butcher knife was clenched in his young hands. He had blue eyes similar to sisters. “I am Ringmaster Richardson,” my mother nudged me, “that’s the guy’s name Richardson”. I withdrew from my mother, “alright . . .

Jesus”! I stared at the man who looked as if he could still pass for a high school student. I began to laugh, “Are you serious this guy doesn’t look like he could scare a kitten”.

After a few corrective glances from my mother I grew silent and continued to watch the opening of the show. “Tonight I will take you through many tales of horror . . . remember,” he said holding up one finger. “This is just a taste before Muerte three . . . so gather round and hold your family’s close.” He raised the knife, “ladies and gentlemen let me welcome you all too . . .” the knife rose to his

throat. My mother gripped my arm tight but my eyes were wide with horror. “CARNIVAL DE MUERTE,” he shouted as the knife traced his throat from ear to ear. My family and the audience stared as he gripped his neck in his own personal horror. The blood ran over his hands and poured down on the brown sand. He gagged and choked as he seemed almost surprised by his own reaction. The blood came out his mouth and he fell to the ground . . . dead”. The lights went out, the show was about to begin, “please let this go quick”.

(To Be Continued)

Act I

THE MUERTE BAG

-Lost Stories of Muerte-

[ER]

-Extended Reader-

By

Robby Richardson

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