An Immortal Carol

by TheNeverCat

Summary

Enoby has been hard to work with lately. She receives some visitors on Christmas Eve to teach her that friendship should not be taken for granted.

Notes

This fic is based on (My) Immortal: The Web Series, while still trying to capture the tone of the original My Immortal. I also poke fun at the verbosity of Charles Dickens.
Snap and Loopin's Ghosts

Stake One: Snap and Loopin's Ghosts

Snap and Loopin were dead: to begin with. Enoby had killed them in one of the minor battles of Hogwarts. Snap had spat up black blood in a final moment of goffick glory. Enoby wished she had drunk that blood. She was in the mood for blood (duh, she was a vampire), and now she would never get the chance to drink the black blood of a clone. Because they were dead. So dead. You really need to understand how dead they were.

Enoby strolled through the Forbidden Forest one night after band practice, scaring away all of the unicorns and centaurs who feared her gothly prowess. A light snow covered the forest floor, disturbed only by the crunch of Enoby’s heavy black boots. Enoby loved the cold. She also loved the dark and hated the sun. (All vampires hate the sun because they die when its light disintegrates them. No book in all of literature has ever had a vampire that could go into the sun without dying. Do you think when Bram Stoker wrote Dracula he ever once thought he should allow Dracula to go into the sun without burning up? He didn’t. I saw it on Notsfurato.) She hated the sun so much because her witch powers allowed her to walk in the sun unscathed. She was the only one of her kind with this distinction. It was a lonely existence.

Remember that Snap and Loopin were dead? They were still dead when Enoby came upon the tree in which their stupid names had been stupidly carved. She had done Snap and Loopin a favor by killing them both at the same time. But she had also robbed each of them of willingly following the other into death after seeing his beloved slain, so that counted for something.

“Eternal love,” Enoby scoffed.

Oh, that Enoby! Such a charismatic, brutal, headstrong, defiant, viscous, gentle young goth! She always had an insightful analysis of every situation. Yet no one appreciated her or her thoughts or her wicked cool anarchist views. Just that afternoon at band practice, Enoby had to stomp out Hermione’s traitorous nature.

“I cannot be at band practice every moment of winter break. I need to visit my parents,” Hermione had whined.

“Look, you have to be here every day if you want to be part of this band,” said Enoby. “AND THAT INCLUDES CHRISTMAS!”

“I’ll stay,” said Diabolo. “Bill and Fleur just had a baby. My family won’t even notice I’m not around.”

No one was listening to Diabolo.

Finally Hermione agreed to stay. Enoby knew that she was right, and Hermione would appreciate missing her parents because of the sorrowful feelings it would cause her.

So it was here that Enoby was thinking about how she was always right, and how dead Snap and Loopin were, when what two figures should jump out from behind the tree? Snap and Loopin! They were still very dead, but both corporeal, and holding lanterns that illuminated their green flesh. So scary!
“What are you tools doing here?” said Enoby.

“One, two, three,” said Loopin, snapping his fingers.

And then they began to sing.

“We’re Marley and Marley, oooooooo—“

“Wait, wait,” said Snap. “We should have changed the lyrics. I think we might be infringing on copyright if we don’t. I don’t want the Jim Henson studio coming after me. Or worse, the Jim Henson zombie we met behind the veil. That guy, well.” Loopin reached into his coat for his pocket guide to North American copyright laws.

“Hmm, if we change the lyrics we should be safe under parody. Okay, we’re Snap and Loopin. That’s not quite right. We need you’re name to have two syllables. We’ll go with Snapsnap.”

Snap looked down with a bashful grin on his face. “But that’s your nickname for me.”

“So what?” The light of the full moon fell on Loopin’s face. Enoby guessed he wasn’t turning into a werewolf because he was dead. (Full moons are the gothest, and it just wouldn’t work to make Loopin a werewolf in this scene.)

“You only use that nickname when it’s just us. It’s embarrassing for others to hear it.”

“Oh, come on,” said Loopin. “Don’t be embarassed if Enoby hears your nickname. Her existence is far more mortifying than any nickname I could come up with for you.”

“Hey!” shouted Enoby. “If anyone is more of a mortician here, it’s me. I embalmed both of your asses with my dark magic murder spells.”

Snap and Loopin looked at her silently for a moment, and shook their heads. Then they began to sing again, this time dancing the Charleston in step with the song.

“We’re Snapsnap and Loopy, our skin is sour green…”

Enoby took out her phone to check her MySpace while they went through their performance. Her MySpace page was the same as it had been when she created it in 2003. She wrote to Tom (the MySpace founder, not her ex-boyfriend) asking if her page could remain exactly the same despite updates. He had written her back personally to compliment her on her fluid sentence structures and hardcore won’t-take-no-for-an-answer attitude. He assured Enoby that her profile would remain intact, and asked her out on a date. But he had not been goth enough for her. Enoby thought about deleting her MySpace when King of the Preps Justin Timberlake bought the company, but she took the high road by sending him an email to make sure she was still able to keep her profile its original state. He wrote her back saying yes, and also asked her out because she was really pretty. But she said no way, and Justin cried.

Enoby wanted the layout of her page to stay the same to reflect her life, frozen in immortality. Her latest post was a poem she had written that morning.

Broken Heartstrings

G flat
O sharp
T flat
H sharp
This is the sheet music of my shredded heart.

No one had commented on her brilliance just as no one had commented on any of her entries in years. They were all sheep that followed journaling sites from one fad to the next. Enoby’s list of MySpace friends was down to one: Tom. She unfriended him. Having one friend was sad, but having no friends was even sadder, and Enoby could not pass up an opportunity to be as sad as possible.

“Tonight you will be visited by three preps,” said Snap, breaking Enoby out of her morbid reverie.

“Huh?” said Enoby.

“You will be visited by three preps!” Snap repeated, throwing his arms up and standing on tip toes like he was trying to intimidate a bear out of attacking.

“So, like one more?” said Enoby, taking a drag on the cigarette she had been smoking the entire time.

“No, three more,” said Loopin. “You haven’t been visited by any yet.”

“I’m being visited by the two of you right now.” (Oooh, burn!)

“We’re zombies,” they said in unison, rolling their eyes, crossing their arms, and shaking their heads like TV sitcom parents in unison. Zombies can’t be preps.

“Why are these preps visiting me?”

“To show you that you won’t have any friends if you remain on your vile path,” said Snap, shaking his lantern to create eerie shadows on the trees. “You’ve been really inconsiderate lately.”

“And that’s coming from two dead guys who work for Voldemort.”

Then they turned off their lanterns, and cuddled by tree with their names carved in it.

“That dancing wore me out,” Loopin murmured into Snap’s hair.

Enoby was like whatever, turned into a bat, and flew back to her Gryffindor dorm. Last night she slept in her Slytherin dorm. She liked to altercate. Enoby put on her favorite black lace ballgown she loved to sleep in, was settling into her coffin when she realized something she had forgotten.

“Motherfucker, I forgot to drink Snap’s blood.”

She went to sleep feeling thirsty, and not thinking about the preps Snap and Loopin had promised would visit soon.
When Enoby awoke, it was so dark, that looking out of bed, she could hardly discern her Good Charlotte poster from her framed knives on the bedroom wall. Her moon dial indicated that it was midnight. A moon dial works just like a sundial because the moon gets its light from the sun when the sun shines through its porpoise surface. (This is science.) But that couldn’t have been right. Enoby went to sleep at midnight. Had she slept through the night and the day into the next night? That would have defeated the purpose of the argument she had with her band. It would also suck if she missed a day to worship Satan on the Unholiest of days.

Enoby dug out her digital watch from a pocket in the velvet lining of her coffin. Even though her watch was digital, it still told the time in Roman numerals because only preps and posers use Arabic numerals. The red numbers scrambled over the screen, moving ahead in time and then back and so on. What the hell was that all about?

“If someone broke a time turner…” Enoby mumbled.

She looked at the watch again. The screen read I. The watched beeped to notify her of the hour like a heart slowing down, about to flatline, and the person who owned the heart thinking of everyone weeping over their exquisitely cold body.

“Hey there, Enoby,” an all too familiar voice cut through the darkness.

Enoby seemed to jump where she sat in her coffin, but nothing startles a goth, so really she was just stretching.

The figure standing in her room had the face of a girl, literally glowing with white light that was near blinding at this hour. She had sparkly pink nail polish, tangerine lip gloss, and a short blond haircut that didn’t even hide her eyes. She was so much of a prep it made Enoby gag.

“What the hell are you doing here, Lizzie?” she asked corrosively.

“I’m the Prep of Christmas Past,” Lizzie said sanguinely.

“That’s stupid,” Enoby presumed.

“Maybe,” Lizzie relinquished.

Lizzie held up a tray with orange juice, toast, and a banana. “I made you breakfast in coffin! You have a long night ahead of you.”

“I only drink…blood. I don’t have to only drink it, but blood is the gothest drink of all.”

“What’s the second gothest drink?” Lizzie asked.

“Italian Coca-cola.” They all tasted it once. Enoby was the only one who didn’t spit out its lingering sort-of-like-vomit taste.

“Okay, well, let’s go!” Lizzie grabbed Enoby’s hand and dragged her to the window. She tossed both of them out of the window, and they flew at top speed toward a sunrise on fast forward.
Enoby noticed they were flying over the Forbidden Forest and back to Hogwarts. They landed in
the courtyard.

“This is where we started,” said Enoby. “How did it getting to be morning this fast? Did you
preps cast a spell to make it daylight all the time so you can tan yourselves whenever you want?
That’s what the Room of Requirement is for.”

Enoby once used the Room of Requirement to attempt a reenactment of her favorite comic book
30 Days of Night, but the preps she lured in escaped before she could drink all of their blood. She
made it 10 days before Hermione dragged her out. Enoby had started to look emaciated, but
whatever, it’s not like she had to feel greatful and sentimental about Hermione saving her life
forever. Enoby was the one saving Hermione from the preppy life of constant insipidness.

“Saving your life in the Room of Requirement isn’t the only thing Hermione has done for you,”
said Lizzie. Before Enoby could speak, Lizzie added, “Of course I can read minds. I’m a Mary
Sue!” The light in her eyes glittered like the sole of silver jelly shoes. (Those things are ugly and
give you blisters. Of course a prep would wear them.)

Enoby rolled her eyes, and in the rolling of them, she noticed a familiar girl sitting alone in the
courtyard. The girl had long brown hair with blue streaks. She wore a black coat over a black
dress, and ripped black stockings. She shivered in the cold.

“That’s me,” said Enoby. “This is the week before last Christmas. No, no, I don’t want to think
about this.”

Past Enoby looked at her phone and sighed. “I texted Hermione an hour ago. Is everyone else
gone?”

“Everyone went home,” Lizzie said. “Even Harry Potter left, and he doesn’t have parents. He
got to Draco’s summer home in Miami.”

Enoby flipped Lizzie off when Past Enoby started to cry dark red tears of blood.

“No one thought of me,” wept Past Enoby. “I’m not sad—no, wait, I am sad. But it doesn’t
matter. Complete aloneness is what I’ve always wanted.”

“Enoby!” a voice called in the distance. “Enoby!”

Past Enoby turned around to find Hermione jogging toward her. Hermione was even wearing the
onyx tiara Enoby gave her the night before. (Hermione is a goddamn princess of death,
destruction, desire, despair, destiny, delight, delirium, and dream. It’s a lot of backstory, but yeah
that’s why Enoby gave her a tiara.)

“Enoby, I’m so glad I found you,” Hermione said. “It took me a while, but I convinced my
parents to let you stay with us for the holiday. They just want to give you a dental exam. Free of
charge, of course. Please don’t bite them.”

“What makes you think I want to be invited to your wholesome family holiday?” said Past Enoby,
starting to walk away. She smiled when she turned her back on Hermione.

“Okay, look. We don’t have time for this bullshit. My parents are waiting at the station, and we
need to get you packed. Our guest room has black curtains. You can live out your glam rock death
fantasy just as well at my house as you can here with the mandrakes.”

“Well, I was going to listen to the mandrakes until I collapsed, and didn’t have to be conscious for
the holiday most despised by Satan Worshippers like me…” Past Enoby stuck out her jaw, and
paused for effect. “I guess it will be okay if you have black curtains.”

Hermione took Past Enoby’s hand, and the two girls ran off together through the snow.

“Oh my goshems,” Lizzie sniffed. “That is such a sweetie pie memory. How could you ignore that and not let Hermione go home this year? After her parents gave you an extra set of fangs and everything.”

Enoby rolled her eyes. “The extra pair of retractable fangs is nice, and they make me more like the vampires on the long running documentary series Buffy the Vampire Slayer—“

“I think that was fiction,” Lizzie said.

“But that was a year ago. Things are different. We have to get to work now. Hermione already agreed to stay, so this memory doesn’t change anything.”

Lizzie shrugged and the two of them flew back to Enoby’s Gryffindor dorm where it was once again night.

“I’ll see ya, Enoby. Remember, two more preps tonight!”

Enoby stretched out in her coffin. Her last thought before sleep was of lining up preps in an Anarchist symbol formation, and setting them on fire.
The Second of the Three Preps

Chapter Summary

A familiar prep visits Enoby to show her the present.

STAKE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE PREPS

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough moan of loneliness, and throwing open her coffin door to get her thoughts together, Eyonb again heard her watch buzzing One. She felt restored to her mightiest gothest vampirst not-giving-a-fuck powers, and looked around her room for the next dumb prep. But it was silent as an empty grave from which a freshly risen vampire has exited. Her life size cut out of Gerard Way winked at her from the corner of the room. Though she bought it from muggle eBay, Ebyon enchanted it to move like a wizard photograph.

Now, being prepared for anything, Beony was restless to get started with the task of listening to a prep talk to her about friendship. So when her watch stopped buzzing, she rolled her eyes when no one appeared. Just then, the sound of wine being poured into a glass hit her supersonic hearing from the common room. Neoby apparated into the common room where she found a girl with a round face sipping strawberry wine from a golden goblet. She had a really vapid smile on her face. Despite that, she wore a floor length black dress with a slits going up the sides to her thighs. Badass.

“Come in,” said the girl in black. “Come in, and know me better, girlfriend!”

“Britney, you fucking prep,” said Oenby. “Is that you?”

“Totally. I changed my Vampire the Masquerade clan to the Ventrue.”

“Solid choice,” Oenby replied. “Of course, I’m most partial to Brujah.”

“I like Ventrue because now I’m really fancy.” She broke out into a slightly-buzzed rendition of Fancy by Iggy Azalea until Oenby smacked her across the face.

“We still need to work on your music choices. Okay, are you taking me on a supernatural adventure with your somehow powerful preppiness now?”

“Heck no,” said Britney. “We’re just going to use this time turner to go 12 hours into the future. Grab a scrap of this fabulous dress, and hang on.”

Yenbo did just that and in moments found herself outside Hairgrid’s hut, which she had commandeered for band practice. Britney put a finger to her lips to tell Yenbo not to talk, as if she didn’t know how to behave when time travelling.

Diablo’s cranky voice inside the hut caught her attention.

“I don’t think she’s coming. Not that I’m eager to open my new sweater, but we should go home. My dad found a muggle antique telephone in the shape of something called a Karma Chameleon.
I’d like to see that. Do you think it grants wishes?”

“And who does she think she is?” Hermione said, properly ignoring Diablo’s tragic rambling. “I mean, I erased myself from my parents’ memories so my mom wouldn’t cry when I told her I can’t come home for Christmas. Why am I even doing this?”

“Heh, maybe Enoby’s having a hard time re-dying her blue streaks,” Diablo commented completely unfunnily.

But Hermione laughed.

Enoby did that thing with her jaw. She didn’t like the sound of a laugh at her expense, especially not from Hermione.

Those streaks are clip ins. Every piece of clothing she owns is from the Hot Topic clearance rack, but she had the nerve to tell me I was trying to copy her when I said I wanted to learn more about the Gothic Lolita community.”

Enoby peeked into the hut. Ron sat at his drums, and Hermione was leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. She stared at the floor. Enoby felt a hook pulling on her heart at the sight of an unhappy Hermione.

“I didn’t know you liked that kind of thing,” said Diablo.

“Exactly! I dropped it when she put me down. Why do I care so much about what she thinks

Hermione kicked off the wall and picked up her guitar. “We’re here, we might as well practice. We actually care about this band.”

“Hell yeah, I totally do,” said Diablo. “Moderately. I have a deflated sense of my importance in all aspects of the lives of others and even my own.” He drummed an ill-timed rim shot.

“At least we’re one thing she’s not,” said Hermione. “We’re the real deal and Enoby Dark’ness Dementia Raven Way is just. a. poser.”

Enoby leaped at Britney’s time turner, and gave it 12 turns in reverse. A moment later she fell over in the comoon room. (This time turner also allows you to travel through space. You just have to think about where you want to be. Enoby invented it. She won a Pulitzer prize. Those are for inventions, right?)

“You okay, Ebony?” Britney asked. “Even I can see how pretty harsh that was. But honestly, you sort of had it coming to you. I’d never treat my friends like that.”

Enoby could have corrected the prep on the pronunciation of her name (because who could ever get it wrong?). She could have slapped her face off or splashed her with strawberry wine. She could have cursed Britney with the Imperius curse to make her smash copy after copy of The Croods for Enoby’s amusement. But Enoby picked herself up, shuffled into her room, and fell back into her coffin.

Enoby realized, with a knot in every inch of her body, that if her best friend thought of her as a poser, no one would ever have a good word to say about her.

But so what, really? Fine, if that’s what she wanted to think. FINE. Enoby was just super honest and real and if Hermione couldn’t handle it she could go be friends with less morbid individuals who would kiss up to her and make her smile and she’d enjoy their company and never complain about them…
Enoby barely had time to feel sorry for herself before her watch beeped again. She sat up as a hooded figure entered the room. A hooded figure in a repulsive, pristine white cloak.
Enoby is in for a shock.

Stake Four: The Last of the Preps

The Prep slowly, gravely, silently, morally, ethically, spiritually, physically, positively, absolutely, undeniably and reliably approached. When it came near her, Enoby shielded her eyes, for the very light around its stupid head shone like a halo. Its presence filled the room with the scent of what your arm smells like after you’ve tried too many lotions at the Bath & Bodyworks Semi-Annual Clearance Sale.

“Blech,” Enoby gagged. “I assume I’m in the presence of The Prep of Christmas Yet to Come?”

The hooded figure nodded its hooded head. The prep underneath had a laugh like a kitten learning to meow. The sound caused Enoby a stroke of genius—a curse that would never allow the cursed to laugh again! Her mind swirled like a Dementor tornado, and she filed the idea away for another time.

“Okay, show me the future or whatever,” Enoby demanded.

The Prep swung its arms forward like doing a swimming motion only she was standing and created a swirling portal that was like a whirlpool only standing up like a hot tub on its side, then Enoby and The Prep walked through the portal like no big deal and they were once a-freaking-gain outside the band’s practice spot.

The Prep in the white cloak skipped over to the window and pointed for Enoby to look in. The moment Enoby took a step forward, a terrible sound erupted from the windows.

“That is literal ear garbage,” said Enoby. “My eardrums are serious waste receptacles right now.”

The Prep pointed at the window.

“I don’t want to get any closer. I don’t care that in a year from now Gothic Bloody Roses 666 is broken up, and some loser band has taken over.”

The Prep pointed at the damn window.

“UUuuuuuuugggggghhhhhhhhhhhah, FINE.”

Enoby huffed over and looked in the damn window. Four people had their backs to her. They had curly black hair, messy black hair, blonde hair, and really short hair that she guessed was light brown, but colors in your monitor might vary. Not that Enoby cared about hair beyond stealing it to use in her dark magic rituals, but this time it was important because each of the four people wore their hair sectioned into tiny ponytails that stuck out all over their heads.

The hairstyle struck Enoby as familiar, but she could not place it. Seeing it gave her a heavy feeling in her gut that she knew wasn’t just the blood ice cream she had gobbled down before bed.
“Do I know them?” said Enoby.

None of them were playing instruments. The music was coming from a muggle boombox. All four of them thrashed around while spraying each other with bottles of Faygo. The one with curly black hair and the one with blonde hair started to rap lyrics about miracles. Enoby felt dizzy. She recognized those voices.

“That’s Hermione and Sexy Draco!” she whisper-yelled. “The rapping…it’s so purposely bad. Why are they messing up on purpose? Wait, why are they wearing that make-up on their faces?”

The other two turned around, and she saw they were Vampire and Diabolo. White and black paint covered all four of their faces in circles and other geometrical shapes. Seeing everyone like that was when she put it all together.

“No, please no,” she begged the Prep. “They can’t be a cover band for…not… not Insane Clown Posse!

“Oh, but they are!” The Prep shouted, throwing her white hood back. She looked just like Enoby, but her skin was tan and she had blonde hair.

“Who the hell are you?” Enoby shrieked.

“I’m you, like, duh. After everyone formed an ICP cover band, I went on a journey of self-discovery. Now my favorite song is California Girls by Katy Perry, and I’m an activist for saving the whales.”

Enoby gaped at herself in pure horror, the likes of which she had never felt in life or death. “Take me back! Take me back to the present!”

Prep Enoby flipped her hood up and started “swimming” the backstroke. Enoby guessed she was a swimmer now, too. Probably an Olympic gold medalist swimmer because Enoby didn’t half-ass anything. She had probably gotten the world to hold an Olympiad on an odd-numbered year in the spring just for her.

Prep Enoby’s backstroke did the trick, and before she knew it, Enoby was back in her coffin, still begging to be taken back to the present. She sat up, realizing that it was now morning, time for band practice. She leapt out of her coffin and ran screaming her battle scream all the way from her dorm to the practice house.
Chapter Summary

Enoby has learned a lesson. Sort of.

Stake Five: The End of the Preps

Yes! And the coffin was her own. The Gerard Way cutout was her own, and the clock showed it was morning. Best of all, it was time to prove the preps wrong, as one should always do!

“I will live my undead life with magnanimity toward by band mates!” Ebony cried, remembering a tough vocabulary word suddenly. “Snap and Loopin and the three preps will never bother me again, seriously, or I will drain all of their blood from them, even if they are already dead.”

Enoby flew out the window of her dorm and straight through the open window of the band practice room. “Get out! Get oooooooouuut!” She hissed at Diablo and Vampire. “Band practice isn’t happening! Go home for your stupid Christmas!”

She was all about letting everyone enjoy Christmas, but that didn’t mean Enoby had to enjoy it herself. Diablo and Vampire looked at each other wide eyed and shuffled out of the room. But not before Vampire said sadly, “You know I don’t have a home to go to, right?”

“AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!” Enoby cried monstrosly. “Get out of her and find joy and meaning in your life!!”

And that’s what Vampire Potter did.

“Where are you guys going?” Hermione’s voice came from outside.

Ebony back flipped out the window, and rushed to Hermione’s side. Hermione had an overnight bad strung over one shoulder. She also wore the sadistic pair of red and black New Balance shoes Enoby had bought her for her last birthday. So she looked real fine.

“Do you have instruments in there?” Evony asked. About the overnight bag, not the shoes.

“No, Enoby, no,” said Hermione. “I came here to tell everyone Merry Christmas, and that I’m not staying for practice. You can’t run my life.”

“Exactly!” Enoby agreed with dark delight.

“So with that being said—wait, what?” Hermione furrowed her brow and looked Enoby up and down. “Who are you?”

“I can’t ruin your life,” said Enoby.

“No, that not what I—“

“I’m going to make it so much better. The guys left because I canceled practice. I want you to go home, listen to rad music, and not even once think about painting your face black and white. Tell me you understand.”
“I…don’t. At all. But I’m glad you had a change of heart,” Hermione intoned.

Enoby shot her a look.

“I’m glad you had a change of your dark, unbeating heart,” Hermione corrected herself.

“Okay, perfect, see you in two weeks.” Enoby began to turn around. She didn’t like goodbyes, even short ones. Especially when she had to say it to her best friend.

“Wait!” Hermione shouted even through Enoby was still just right there. Hermione could have whispered it and Enoby’s special super sensitive sonic hearing would have heard it. Also, she could have just thought it because Beony can read minds.

Enoby felt a tug on her hand, and twirled around to see Hermione’s hand gripping hers tightly.

“I was thinking you should come to my hous againe,” Hermione said. “I mean, totally for my benefit because I’ll miss you so much.” Hermione knew how to play Enoby like a fiddle.

“Oh my Satan, we can do magical vandalism around your town! This is the best! Let’s go!”

“Okay, just don’t bite my parents. They’re dentists, and you know they’ll want a look at those canines one more time.”

Enoby didn’t own a dog, so she had no reason to worry. Enoby took Hermione’s hand and used her broomless flight power to take them all the way to Hermione’s house, even though her parents had been waiting at Platform 9 ¾. Oops. But it gave them time to thrash to some old records without having a parent tell them to turn the music down. And it was the gothest Christmas they ever had.

THE END

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