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☆☆☆☆☆ “A classic tale told in a unique way!” ~ *T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)*

81 Minute Books Presents

R. Stiltskin

A Haunted Fairytales Story

Written by Ron Knight

“My name...my precious, precious name...” ~ *Rumpelstiltskin*

Part 1

The violent snowstorm tore through the small town of Ludhelm, Ohio in the middle of the night.

Buildings shredded. Trees, telephone poles and cellphone towers ripped from the ground. Cars tossed into each other and sent missiles of debris crashing through front doors.

Mixed in the snow, nine twisters blasting through the town, eager to take the lives of those who had been sleeping peacefully in their beds.

The storm was just the beginning. A prelude to the wicked that followed close behind.

R. Stiltskin had a long wave of scarlet hair, dark red shirt with black leather jacket, thick black tights, and knee-high black leather boots with a maroon band around the thighs.

Heavy snow mixed well with the gold in her eyes. She grinned, finding what she'd been searching for and the horror she would inflict.

Just then, R. Stiltskin thought of a familiar phrase, spoken in classic stories.

Once upon a time...

~

Mr. Miller stumbled from the small home connected to the Chill Factory where he worked for twenty-seven years. He hurried down the dark hallways, listening to the angry storm outside.

His daughter Lisa slept soundly in her room. A teenage sophomore at Grimm High School apparently could sleep through just about anything.

Mr. Miller leaned against the cold wall to catch his breath. He needed to keep moving.

His wife had once been the heart and soul of the Chill Factory. She created the secret ingredients for Chill Straws, earning the owner of the company Norman Boulder billions of dollars.

Chill Straws became one of the top products sold in the world with its tasty powder and the instant feeling like something amazing just happened.

What was the secret ingredient? It's simple yet unbelievable at the same time.

Her blood.

A tiny drop of Mrs. Miller's blood mixed into the Chill Straws gives it an extra kick of pleasure. Once you purchased Chill Straws, the process was simple; pour the powder from the Chill Straw in water, mix and drink it down.

The rush was like listening to a perfect lyric in a song, or meeting someone so gorgeous you would drop everything just to be with that person.

Chill Straws also gave you more energy and washed away your worries.

Unfortunately, Mr. Miller's wife died three weeks ago of heart failure. This meant no more magical blood for the secret ingredient.

It also meant no more manufacturing Chill Straws.

"Is there a problem?" a deep voice said from behind.

Mr. Miller turned while holding a hammer. He was in the process of fixing a damaged window. Standing just inches from him was Norman Boulder, owner of Chill Factory.

Mr. Miller cleared his throat. "The storm caused some minor damage to the building, but I'm fixing..." Nervousness got the better of him and the words faded.

Norman Boulder was average in height, but had a chest and gut that protruded from his tight-fitting black suit. His shoes always shined and his gray silk hair combed perfectly to the side.

Mr. Boulder's large round eyes examined the area. He then locked those eyes on Mr. Miller. "I want to see you in my office."

"But..." Mr. Miller placed his hammer down. "I have to wake up my daughter for school."

Mr. Boulder inched forward, his chest now in Mr. Miller's face. "Your daughter is old enough to get ready for school by herself." He pointed down the hallway. "In my office...now."

Mr. Miller placed his tools in the toolbox and followed Mr. Boulder upstairs to his office.

Mr. Boulder plopped down in his large winged leather purple chair. The walls and desk a matching white, but the rest of the office decorated in purple. Pens. Laptop and keyboard. Phone. Paper clips. Lamp. All purple.

This included a purple framed picture on the wall of Mr. Boulder standing proudly in front of his Chill Factory building.

Mr. Miller had been forced to stand in front of the desk because there wasn't another chair.

After a long, torturous moment Mr. Miller cleared his throat, deciding to speak first which he knew Mr. Boulder thought was a sign of weakness. “What did you want to see me about, Sir?”

“I’m firing you,” Mr. Boulder said without expression. “You need to move out of the house as well.” He moved the lamp one inch to the left for some unknown reason. “The Chill Factory owns the home, not you.”

Mr. Miller felt as if his body had begun to float in a haze of fear. “Why...but...I don’t understand?”

Mr. Boulder: “It’s simple. Your wife is gone and we cannot make Chill Straws anymore. I’ll have to find another product to manufacture.”

“But...” Mr. Miller had an image of living on the streets of Ludhelm with his daughter, begging for food.

Mr. Boulder picked up the phone and looked at Mr. Miller. “You can go now. I have a busy day ahead.”

Mr. Miller felt hopeless. His mind scrambled for a solution. “My...my daughter.”

Mr. Boulder raised one of his silver bushy eyebrows. “What about her?”

Mr. Miller: “She has her mother’s blood.”

Mr. Boulder shook his head. “Lisa is worthless, just like you. I’ve seen her mope around the building. I’m sure her blood is just as worthless.”

Mr. Miller bravely placed his hands on the oak desk and leaned forward. “Lisa is the only one that can duplicate what my wife had done.” Mr. Miller cleared his throat and spoke with a brave tone. “Or you could take a chance starting over with some other product that won’t make nearly as much money as Chill Straws.”

Mr. Boulder rubbed his large chin. “Get off my desk.”

Mr. Miller stood back and placed his hands in his pockets. “Just give Lisa a chance. What do you have to lose?”

Mr. Boulder heaved a sigh. “Fine. Lisa’s blood better have the exact same effect in the Chill Straws as her mother.” He stood, glaring at Mr. Miller. “And each drop of blood needs to make just as many Chill Straws as your dead wife used to make. Is that understood?”

Mr. Miller’s heart thundered against his chest. “Yes...I understand.”

~

Lisa was lying face-first in her pillow. A hand shook her body from a dead sleep. “What?” she asked with her face still buried in the pillow.

“Get up,” her father barked with a much louder voice than usual.

“I’ll go to school later.”

“Get up!” He snatched the pillow and blankets away and threw them on the floor.

Lisa spun around. “What’s your problem? I’m always late for school.”

Mr. Miller: “You’re not going to school. That part of your life is over.”

Suddenly she was fully awake. Lisa sprung from the bed and accidentally kicked her pillow across the room. “What are you talking about?”

Mr. Miller: “I need you to work in the Straw Room.”

Lisa: "Like mom used to do? Giving my blood? No way!"

Mr. Miller: "We don't have a choice. Mr. Boulder is going to kick us out of here."

Lisa: "How will I graduate?"

Mr. Miller: "You should have thought about that before. I haven't seen you make the slightest effort in school. Working in the Chill Factory will be better for you."

An angry tear slipped from Lisa's eye. "Dad...I can't make Chill Straws like Mom did. My blood is...I don't know. It's not powerful like Mom's. Right?"

He placed his hand on her shoulder. "You have to try," he said, turning and leaving the bedroom.

Lisa stood in a daze of shock. Suddenly she heard a hissing whisper from behind.

"My name...my precious...precious name..."

To be continued...

You have completed 9 Minutes of this book.

This 81 Minute Book is available at the Middle Room Haunted Store.

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