
The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett
Kristopher Mallory

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

by

Kristopher Mallory

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

A spooky Christmas tale.

Copyright



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The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

Second eBook Edition, 2026

First published 2014

eBook ISBN: 9781310317361

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Cover art by Kristopher Mallory, made with AI image tools

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Edited by Em Petrova & AtomGray

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Dedication:

Dedicated to my Grandfathers.

Table of Contents

Copyright
Other Releases
What People Are Saying
Dedication

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

Acknowledgments
About the Author
What's Next?
Hear It Read Aloud
More from Kristopher Mallory
More from Stealth Fiction

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

“’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;”
~ Clement Clarke Moore, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*

I'll never forget the Christmas Eve blizzard of '09. I'd gone to town seeking the perfect gift for my wife, Lucy, and on my way home, the snow had begun to come down hard.

Instead of the interstate, I took the dark, lonely two-lane through the countryside. The snowflakes whisked past the windshield against the backdrop of a pitch-black sky, and the high beams faded to a dull glow below the horizon of the distant gray mountaintops. As I drove through the storm, the night's simple beauty seemed to draw me in until nothing else existed.

Suddenly, the steering wheel began to vibrate, and the car lurched off course. I snapped out of the trance just in time to veer to the right, doing my best not to overcorrect on the icy road. After a tense moment when I was sure the car would slide into the ditch, the tires shifted from the rumble strip back onto the pavement, regaining traction once again.

My heart pounded hard and fast, but my eyes were still tired from the hypnotic snow that seemed to be flying toward me instead of falling. I wound down the windows, hoping that the wind would restore my senses. It had been a close call, and I considered stopping until the snow let up, but that road was hazardous even without patches of black ice. Over the decades, too many people had been killed around that section of the pines, and I didn't want to be one of them.

Not three years past, my neighbor, Paul Vickers, swerved to avoid what was probably a deer and lost control of his truck. One of the deputies had found him the next morning, dead, of course.

"It wasn't instant," Chief Royce had said to me, shaking his head. "Paul had the same terrified expression etched into his face as those dead hikers who had spent a week lost up in the mountain pass. Like them, he knew he wouldn't make it out alive."

I didn't tell him this, but I was glad Paul died. His neck had broken during the wreck, and he would have been a quadriplegic had he lived. Yes, it's a shame he suffered through the night, afraid and alone, but truth be told, maybe his neck wasn't the only reason I never shed a tear over his

passing. He wasn't a nice guy, known for always starting fights down at Carroll's pub, and when Carroll would throw him out, he'd go home to beat on his old lady. More than once, the beating was bad enough to put her in the hospital.

Good riddance, if you ask me, but a year after that untimely demise, Jen Harper's little girl, Suzie, died, too. The toddler had woken up in the middle of the night, and she must have seen the fresh blanket of white, then decided to go outside to play.

People in town still whisper about that tragedy. They say the driver of the rig that crushed her skull must have been snow-blinded. He never stopped, just kept on truckin'.

I was at Carroll's when Chief Royce and Jake tracked the driver down. As soon as he heard that he'd killed little Suzie Harper, he dropped to his knees and banged his fists to his forehead. I could smell the sour whiskey stinking on his breath.

"Please, Sheriff," he had cried, drool dripping from the corner of his mouth. "You gotta believe me, I never saw her…I…I…oh god…."

Jake slapped on the cuffs, and Chief Royce led him away.

Later, at the arraignment, the driver claimed he remembered hitting a bump of ice in the middle of the road, but not a child, as if her body had been lying on the pavement long before the tires of the eighteen-wheeler did their work. Even though his version didn't add up, Judge Davis had ruled it an accident, and almost everyone in town figured his excuse was some sort of mental block to protect himself from what he had done. I was skeptical, but Lucy had believed him.

"Lucy," I sighed, checking the dashboard clock. It had gotten late, and she was probably worried sick.

Headlights appeared in my rearview, and within a few moments, a pickup whipped past, honking at me. I shrugged. He probably thought I was some old man who didn't know how to drive. True…I'm old, and a little more cautious than most folks. I wanted to get home quickly but kept the speed well below the limit so that I could get home at all.

I switched to the right lane and admired the snow-covered pines as I passed them by. The storm seemed to generate a peaceful serenity, an absolutely magical feeling that replaced the anxiety over the near-accident. I've driven through a lot of blizzards, but that night was different somehow. It was like experiencing a lucid dream. In my bones, I knew that something special was going to happen—a Christmas miracle like in those old black and white films…

I took in another deep breath of the crisp night air, smelling the pines, and smiled. Perhaps it was the snow coming in through the window and melting on my face that had made my skin tingle.

"Sure is going to be a white Christmas," I said, then laughed. Despite the weather forecasts each year, it always snowed on Christmas in our little town.

Turning around the bend by the abandoned Diego farm, a halo of white light from town stretched across the horizon. I yawned, exhausted from shopping in the city. All I wanted to do was to climb into bed with Lucy and sleep. A moment later, I drove past the old cemetery, approaching Ian Thomas's little shack.

Ian had surprised me by putting up decorations. He'd never done that before, so I waved at the air-filled Frosty the Snowman, thankful that Ian had finally taken an interest in the town celebration. I was sure his wife, Martha, would've been happy if she'd still been around. Some people thought foul play, but others claimed she'd run off with another man. The latter didn't surprise me none. She seemed to be the wandering type. Good ol' harmless Ian had probably gotten to feeling lonely. I shook my head and decided to ask Lucy if she would bake him a batch of her famous oatmeal raisin cookies. Our little community didn't have much to offer, but we sure did try to come together on the holidays.

Passing into town limits, Main Street appeared empty, and every shop along the three-block stretch had been decorated. It was a real treat seeing downtown lit up without all the people distracting from the view. I'd never seen the stretch without at least a few dark buildings.

The hardware store belonging to Mr. Roth had shone brighter than every other business front. Like Ian Thomas, he'd never participated, though it had been on account of his religious differences. I wondered what had changed his mind, then remembered that sly Mrs. Roth had put an end to Mr. Roth a few months back after she'd found out that he enjoyed the company of the evening ladies.

I'm not one to speak ill of the dead, but if the rumors were true, he would drive out to the city and dip his wick once in a while. When Jake had pulled the small twenty-two pistol out of Mrs. Roth's trembling hand, she claimed it wasn't her who had shot her husband. Or at least she hadn't remembered shooting him. In any case, Mrs. Roth had hanged herself in jail, Mayor Wayne had purchased the hardware store in a tax auction, and that was that.

Taking in all the Christmas cheer added to the strange emotion brought about by the thick, white flakes. I remembered being a young boy, anxiously awaiting the presents on Christmas morning. It was a memory I didn't know I'd lost, and my eyes were wet from tears.

"This is what the holidays are about," I said, grinning so much it hurt. "This is what it means to be merry."

As I made a left off Main, I turned on the radio and began humming along to that old classic, Jingle Bells. It hadn't always been great during the holidays. Twenty years ago, the enthusiasm wasn't there. Fact is, the town didn't celebrate the holidays at all. No one could say what changed, but when change came, it was for the better. Each year, more and more took part until practically everyone had become involved.

Mr. Everett was the person most responsible for the turnaround. He had taken the town tradition very seriously. After moving in, he had done up his whole house in a spectacular fashion, winning the town paper's contest that year, then took home the title the next twenty-one years in a row.

When I turned onto West Street, it was no surprise that the bright, flashing lights were coming from Mr. Everett's place. Only instead of red and green Christmas lights reflecting off the falling snow, the colors

alternated between red and blue. I wondered what new scene the white-haired, long-bearded man had set up in his yard, but it wasn't decorations flashing. No, it was two police cruisers parked alongside the curb.

The small gift for Lucy sat on the passenger seat, and I imagined her face lighting up when she noticed it tucked under the tree. Frowning, I said, "Few more minutes won't matter much now," and pulled into Mr. Everett's driveway.

A figure standing in the yard yelled, "Hello, Hank! You're out late!"

I couldn't tell who it was at first—the snow-covered black uniform camouflaged his features—so I squinted and leaned my head out the window. "Oh, hiya, Jake. Is Mr. Everett all right?"

Jake walked over to my car door and knelt down to palaver face to face. "Don't rightly know. He's getting up there in age. No 'fense, 'course."

I laughed. "None taken. Just you and your dad out tonight? Didn't need an ambulance?"

Jake sighed. "Well, we found him wandering around in the Campbells' house down the ways. He triggered the silent alarm when he walked in through the back door."

I shook my head. "Sounds like Alzheimer's."

"Yeah, sounds like."

"The Campbells aren't pressing charges, are they?"

The family had been new to town from some metropolis out west. They'd moved into the Sanders' place after Jack Sanders committed suicide with a circular saw. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Campbell nor their teenage son had gone out of their way to introduce themselves, let alone make friends, so none of the townsfolk had an idea what kind of people the Campbells really were.

"They're away for the week," Jake said. "We'll need to tell them when they get back, but no harm done, so…."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they had a gun, them being from a big city and all. Had they been home, it might have been Mr. Everett's body you'd

have come out to collect."

Jake nodded. "Hey, why don't you head inside, Hank? Pop's in there talking with Mr. Everett now. You know, we don't wanna send him to the hospital on Christmas…maybe you could keep an eye on him until his head clears? It's a lot to ask. If you can't, I'll stay myself."

I glanced at the gift on the passenger seat once more and whispered, "We come together on the holidays."

"What's that?"

"Nothing, Jake. Sure, I can stay. Don't mind at all."

Jake led the way into Mr. Everett's house. "Hank's here, Pop. He can stay."

"Be right out," Chief Royce said.

Jake waved me inside. "Go on in. They're just finishin' up in the kitchen."

"Thanks, Jake."

"Take care," Jake said, then stepped back out into the snow.

Mr. Everett had filled his living room with Christmas ornaments from all over the world. Some appeared to be very old and very valuable. I stacked and unstacked a set of antique Russian nesting dolls while listening to Chief Royce in the other room explaining to Mr. Everett that someone needed to stay with him for an hour or so, just to make sure he wouldn't go wandering off again. A few moments later, he stepped from the kitchen and tipped the brim of his Stetson. "Hank, Junior and I need to get back to watching the roads. It's already halfway to nasty out there, and I don't want anyone getting stuck. I appreciate your help."

"Sure thing, Chief. Lucy's already asleep. She won't mind."

After giving me a firm pat on the back, he turned toward the kitchen. "I'll stop by tomorrow to make sure you're okay, Mr. Everett. You have a Merry Christmas." He shook my hand then slammed the door as he left.

I watched out the window as the two police cruisers faded into the snowfall. Mr. Everett walked up behind me, said something under his breath that I couldn't make out, then walked back into the kitchen. I

lingered at the window, admiring the Christmas decorations on all the houses along the block. Only the Campbells' place sat dark, like an ink stain on a fine suit.

"Ain't goin' crazy," Mr. Everett yelled.

I sighed then went into the kitchen and sat at the table across from him. "I don't think you are."

Mr. Everett shook his head. "One of my ornaments ran off. Found her snooping around in that Campbell house."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, and I'm glad they weren't home. It would have been bad… very…very…bad."

I nodded.

In a low whisper, Mr. Everett said, "They'd have been killed."

"Yeah, you got lucky—wait, what'd you say?"

Mr. Everett shook his head. "Wasn't nothing important." He pushed his chair back from the table. "Need to piss."

He left the room through the country door leading to the parlor. The door swung closed but didn't latch. The left side slowly creaked open a few inches. A brilliant kaleidoscope of lights twinkled through the crack. I furrowed my brow and stood. Pushing the door open, I saw a rainbow of color light up the walls, the spectacular lights emanating from a massive pine tree in the center of the room.

Gold and silver flashed and sparkled. Shades of red, blue, and yellow twisted, turned, and collided. Purples, greens, and oranges brightened, dimmed, and merged. Though it was the most wonderful sight these old eyes had ever beheld, it took a moment before I could look directly at the tree.

"My God," I said, reaching for a branch. The display was more like a shrine to Christmas than a symbol.

The surreal lights radiated from these hanging, translucent orbs. I squinted and tried to see how the bulbs worked, but none seemed to be connected to a power source. Between them, dozens of ceramic figurines

adorned the pine needles. The life-like sculptures seemed to move in the shimmering colors.

I leaned in closer.

The figurines…the figurines were moving.

A replica of Paul Vickers reached at me, its tiny arms clutching at the air. The little face twisted in agony as it spat silent curses. I stumbled back, a scream caught in my throat, but it was too late. In the blink of an eye, I'd seen them all: Suzie Harper, her head and chest caved in, body twitching; the Diego family, faces blue from carbon monoxide poisoning; Martha Thomas, throat slit, gasping at a breath; Mr. Roth, blood dripping from several bullet holes in his chest; Mrs. Roth, ruptured eyes bulging; Jack Sanders, covered in gore, holding his own intestines. There were others too…so many others.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Mr. Everett said from somewhere behind me.

I spun toward his voice, saw the flash of a baseball bat, and felt searing white pain through the side of my head before everything went black. I don't know how long I was out, but when I awoke, my whole body buzzed and I couldn't move my arms. Something thick and wet ran down my right ear. "Wh-what in the…."

Mr. Everett and I were back at the kitchen table. My arms and chest had been duct-taped to the chair.

"You can't hurt him," Mr. Everett said. "You can't hurt him. You… can't…hurt him!"

My double vision cleared, and I focused on a figurine, four inches tall, standing in the middle of the table, facing Mr. Everett. Green and red felt draped over its rigid shoulders and a golden Santa tuque sat at an angle on its head.

"E-everett…?"

Mr. Everett shook his finger at the figure. "Hank's not one of the naughty people, so you won't take him. You've taken enough anyway."

"Let me go," I mumbled.

“No!” Mr. Everett screamed. “I’m not going to kill him either, you little bitch.”

I heard a small ringing noise as the figure turned around, tiny bells on the tips of its moccasins. The figure, an ugly little creature, cocked its slimy head to the side. It narrowed its forest-green slitted eyes until only black pin-sized irises were visible. It grimaced, and a mouthful of sharp, pointed teeth ground together with a metallic-like scraping. Then it hissed and jumped from the edge of the table, landing on my chest.

“Jesus Christ, Everett! Get it off of me! Get it off!” I twisted violently, trying to shake off the creature as it scurried upward, lunging and snapping at my face.

“Hank, stay still, and she won’t hurt you.”

I clenched my fist and held my breath as it held onto my beard and leaned in close to my left eye. It laughed, then somersaulted from my face, hit the tabletop, and rolled to its feet, bells jingling.

“Let me go home to Lucy, Everett. I swear I won’t say anything to anyone about your pet. Word to god, I won’t.”

“She wanted that Campbell boy, the little sneak-thief. He’s been stealing ever since his family moved to town. Had he been home, she would’ve lit the house on fire.”

My jaw dropped. “You were going to kill the Campbell boy?”

“No, no, of course not.” Mr. Everett laughed and pointed at the creature. “She was going to get him. I tried to stop her. Hell, I always try, but it’s no use. If someone in town is a rotten egg, she’ll go after them… boys and girls, too. It don’t matter…. Hey, don’t look at me that way. You know as well as I do that Suzie Harper was an insufferable, mean brat. She would have grown up to be a terrible person and deserved what she got. They were all bad people.”

I tugged at my restraints and the arms of the chair creaked. “This can’t be happening.”

“Argentina, 1954,” Mr. Everett said, slouching in his chair. “That’s when she found me. An honest-to-goodness Christmas Elf, Hank, that’s

what she is."

"It's a monster!"

The creature lunged at me again, teeth bared.

Mr. Everett slammed his fist on the table. "No! Leave him alone!"

The creature pointed at me, then at the tree in the parlor, bright lights still gleaming.

"I don't give a damn," Mr. Everett said, waving his hand dismissively. "Go tend to the important business in the other room and leave us men alone."

The creature hissed.

"Now, goddammit!"

The creature raised its fists and shook them above its head.

Mr. Everett folded his arms across his chest and stared until the creature climbed down the tablecloth and shuffled into the parlor. He sighed, then said matter-of-factly, "Those figurines hanging from the tree are the trapped souls of the bad folk. She used to eat them up quickly, but for the past few years she's been hoarding. You wouldn't believe me if I told you why."

I swallowed hard and tested my restraints again. "Please, you gotta let me go," I begged. The chair cracked again. Surely he had heard it that time, but I knew with one more good pull I would be free.

Something shattered from in the parlor, quickly followed by another loud crash, and another.

Mr. Everett raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "It's time, Hank. Can't stop it now, even if you wanted to. I've been looking over her for decades, and this is the Christmas it's finally happening."

He stood slowly, holding a butcher knife in his hand, and took a step toward me.

My eyes went wide. "What the hell are you doing?"

Light from the ornaments reflected off the blade as Mr. Everett swung it in a downward arc. I leaned back and heaved my body up just as the tip

sliced past my arm. The left side of the chair cracked and broke away, and I put my hand out in an effort to block the next attack.

Mr. Everett chuckled and pointed the knife at me.

I looked down, confused that my right arm was free, then realized he hadn't tried to cut me, only the tape.

"Done being violent with me, Hank? I'm letting you go."

"Thank you." I nodded but tensed as he came closer.

"Now about the elf…you saw what she did for this town, how happy these people have been all these years. Unfortunately, now you know why. Always found it funny, myself."

As he sliced the tape from my ankles, I said, "There isn't anything funny about that monster."

He walked around to the back of the chair and began to slice through the last of the tape. "Well, Elves have been known to spread holiday cheer, but who would'a guessed they do by removing the bad-hearted and non-joyful bumpkins. Elves can see who we really are, what we've done, even what we're gonna do. They know us and they judge us."

Another series of crashes came from in the parlor.

"It's too late for me, but you can tell 'em if you want," Mr. Everett said. "Make sure they all know to be merry or else an Elf might come."

The instant the pressure of the tape gave way from my chest, I kicked the chair backward and took off toward the door. A much louder crash came from in the parlor, sounding like the tree had fallen over, and I turned to see the creature standing in the doorway snapping its jaw. The stench of rotten pine needles hit me as I crashed into the front door. It flung outward, the frame shattering. I slipped on the porch stairs and fell into the snow, ice stinging my hands and face.

Mr. Everett yelled from inside the house. "Sorry I hit you, Hank! It was my job to protect 'em! Can't fault me for that, can ya?"

I ran past my car, digging in my pocket for my cellphone. I dialed 9-1-1 and pressed the receiver up to my ear, cringing at the pain.

"Chief, please come quick!"

“Hank? Are you okay?”

“Just hurry!”

I ended the call and ran the two blocks to my house. Lucy was asleep on the sofa, a thick novel resting on her lap. The cold air blowing in swept over her, and she opened her eyes and shivered.

She yawned. “Hello, dear. You were out late.”

I slammed the door, locked it, then looked out the window. Through the white mist, I couldn’t tell if Mr. Everett or the creature had followed.

Lucy gasped. “Goodness, Hank, you’re bleeding.”

I ran throughout the house, checking each window for signs of forced entry. No signs of a break-in, but I wished Chief Royce would hurry.

“You’re scaring me.” Lucy grabbed my arm, then pressed her warm hands against my cheeks. “Tell me what’s going on.”

I realized how crazy I must have seemed, but there wasn’t time for me to explain everything. “It’s Everett,” I gasped, still out of breath. “Something happened. Chief Royce is on his way.”

“What can I do to help?”

“Nothing,” I said, gently taking her wrist. I led her back to the sofa. “Wait here and don’t let anything in.” I saw the question forming on her lips and held up a hand. “Please, Lucy. Don’t open the door no matter what you see or hear out there.”

She nodded, and I ran off to check the rest of the house. The small creature could’ve gotten inside a million different ways, so after a quick sweep, I grabbed the Remington from the closet and sat in the recliner next to Lucy, the shotgun lying across my lap.

Despite my protests, Lucy went into the kitchen and grabbed the first-aid kit. She bandaged up my ear while I kept my eyes glued to the door and my finger firmly on the trigger. By the time she had finished, a series of flashing red and blue lights had appeared outside.

A figure walked past the porch window and knocked on the door. I leveled the shotgun and nodded for Lucy to open the door.

“Good evening, Lu—” Chief Royce’s eyes widened, and he reached for the pistol on his hip while pushing Lucy to the side.

I had lowered the gun before he had even finished speaking. “Chief, are you alone?”

Chief Royce looked to Lucy, then back to me. “What in the blazes happened to your ear, Hank? And why the hell were you pointing a gun at me?”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know who else was out there. You’ve been back to Everett’s, right?”

“Yeah, we found him. I’m sorry, Hank. We should have called the hospital, after all.”

I shook my head. “What?”

“Jake’s guessing a heart attack.”

“Everett’s dead?”

Chief Royce gave me an odd look. “You didn’t know? But you’re the one who—”

I dropped the gun next to the recliner, then pushed my way past Chief Royce and Lucy. The snowfall had let up enough to see down the street. Outside of Mr. Everett’s house, an ambulance had parked next to Jake’s cruiser. I ran toward the house, Lucy and Chief Royce chasing after me, yelling for me to stop.

When I came to a halt behind the ambulance, the paramedics were loading Mr. Everett’s body. I noticed the smug grin etched on his dead face before the doors closed.

Jake walked up next to me. “At least he made it to Christmas.”

I checked my watch: 12:30 a.m. “Where’s that little monster? Did you see it?”

Jake narrowed his eyes. “Does he have a cat, or something?”

I shook my head. “Or something.”

Walking into the house, I listened carefully and scanned the room for any movement. The foul odor of dead pines still lingered but seemed to be fading. I stepped into the dimly lit kitchen, expecting the creature to attack,

then noticed that the chair that I'd been duct-taped to was no longer there. Also, the parlor door had been closed.

I placed my hand on the wooden handle and hesitated.

Chief Royce, Jake, and Lucy had all caught up and stood behind me, sharing worried whispers.

I swallowed hard and pushed the door open.

The large pine had been overturned, and every one of those brilliantly glowing orbs had been shattered into tiny, glass shards. All the figurines had been smashed beyond recognition, most crushed to nothing more than powder. Underneath the tree lay the broken kitchen chair.

Jake put a hand on my shoulder. "That's where we found him. Looked like he tried to hang an ornament and his heart gave out. Must've pulled the tree down on top of himself, poor guy."

I choked back a scream. Looking around the room, thoughts racing, I felt the answer clawing at the back of my mind. The crashing, the shattering, the smell of dead pines, and Mr. Everett's final words…all of it rang over and over in my head.

"Hmm," Jake said, kneeling. "Wonder what this sludge is?"

Lucy smiled. "Looks like pine sap to me."

"Mr. Everett died doing what he loved," Chief Royce said. "Hank, thanks for being with him in his final moments." He pointed at my bandaged ear. "Looks like that tree got a piece of you as it fell, huh? I guess it rung your bell pretty good."

"Bells," I said. Somewhere in the distance, I could hear a faint ringing.

Lucy hugged me. "Why don't we get you to the hospital? You might have a concussion."

"Bells," I said again. "You don't hear them?" I stared at the puddle of sap that seemed to have spread toward the back door. I walked across the parlor to the window and scanned the pristine snow, listening for the faint ringing.

The world outside was white, still, and quiet…the world was wrong.

Movement caught my eye. The creature stood at the tree-line, watching me from amidst a huge mass of bright green pine needles. It waved, and my blood ran cold.

“The tree came down hard,” I whispered, absentmindedly. “Caught me in the side of the head and I think I got a little confused.” I turned away from the window. “Come on, Lucy, let’s go home.”

I nodded to Chief Royce and Jake, then Lucy and I left them to their work. She didn’t ask any questions as we trod through the snow, and we never talked about that night ever again.

Some people in town say it’s best to let the past stay in the past. I tend to agree, though every December I’m reminded of that storm and of what I saw at the edge of those woods. Each year when the decorations start to go up, I wonder if I should finally tell someone the true secret of Mr. Everett’s Christmas Ornaments.

Now that I’m old, and now that Lucy’s gone, I think it’s finally time…

As I stood next to the fallen pine, my eyes followed a sap trail of countless tiny footprints leading into the forest.

You see, those figurines weren’t the only decorations that should have frightened me. The beautiful, glowing ornaments were something special, too. Those orbs were eggs, and thousands of pine needle baby elves had hatched and fed in the first hour of Christmas morning.

Merry Christmas,

Henry Van Waes

December 2014

THE END.



Acknowledgments

Special thanks to The NoSleep Podcast and Chilling Tales for Dark Nights for expressing interest in producing this story. Without you guys it would have gotten back out of the drawer.

This story was featured in the Christmas episode of the 2014 podcast. Subscribe to listen.

About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

What's Next?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES

A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler

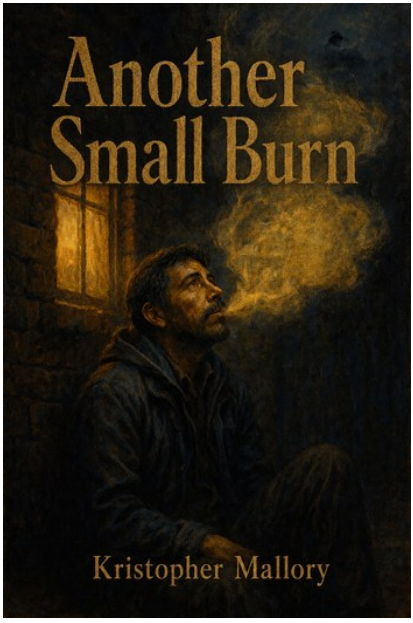
Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

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Hear The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett read aloud in its own Stealth Fiction narration, free at StealthFiction.com.
It was first read aloud on The NoSleep Podcast in December 2014, and since then by 3 other narrators.
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More from Kristopher Mallory



ANOTHER SMALL BURN

This quiet horror short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

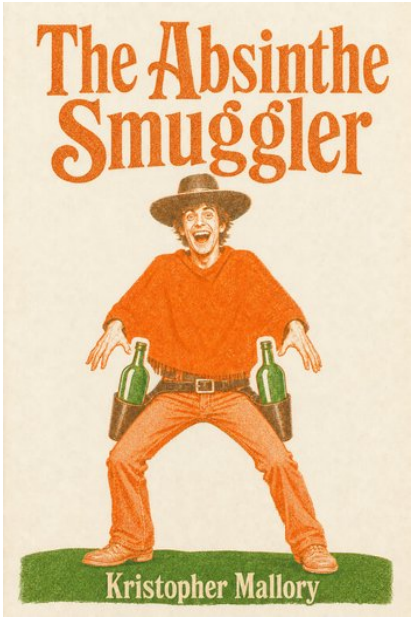
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Carlos can burn any memory into magic, the way everyone can now; the hard part is choosing which ones he can live without.

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Praise for Another Small Burn:

"That would make a fantastic Novella or novel, I was sad when it ended and wanted more." – *smoore*

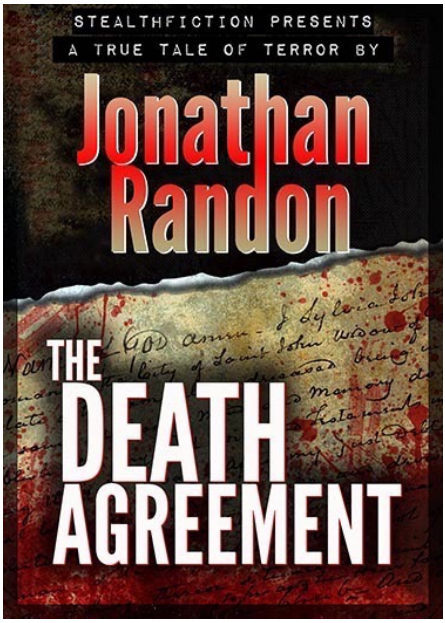


THE ABSINTHE SMUGGLER

This comedy short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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A teenager on holiday in Madrid promises his friends two bottles of the green fairy, and customs turns out to be the easy part.
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THE DEATH AGREEMENT

This horror novella is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

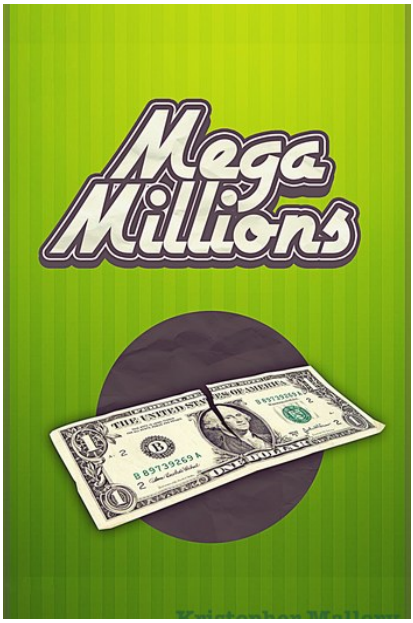
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We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

What you will find within these pages is a true recounting of a man's life as seen through my eyes. It's almost an impossible task when some of what you see can't be real and what is real you may refuse to see… My name is Jon Randon and I'm going to tell you a story.

Praise for The Death Agreement:

"This was one of the best things I've ever read." – *GrandMoffJed*
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MEGA MILLIONS

This comedy short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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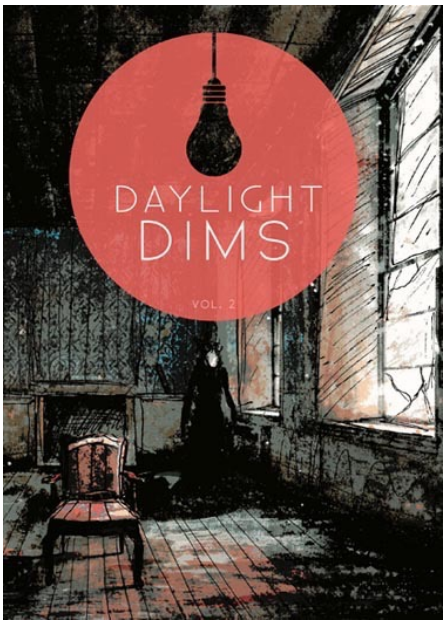
Joshua Harris is just the average blue collar guy, until one night he decides to buy a lotto ticket with his usual pack of beer. Josh thinks he may have won but life spirals into hilarity when he realizes that he can't find the ticket.

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Praise for Mega Millions:

"NO WAY!!!! I totally hate you. You CAN'T leave it at that again and make me wait a few months for the next part!!!" – *Hannah*

More from Stealth Fiction



DAYLIGHT DIMS
VOLUME TWO

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

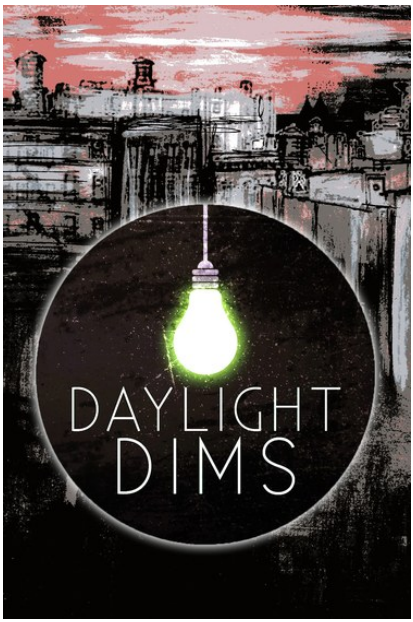
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

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Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*



DAYLIGHT DIMS

VOLUME ONE

Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

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The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

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Praise for Daylight Dims:

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*