

A Beautiful Ancient Ghostly Passionate Spirit of the Stars

by Nathaniel Tower

Fabio has a soul of passion. A beautiful soul of passion. His passionate soul was so beautiful the ancient stars shone upon him and made him look like ghosts at night.

But Fabio had a problem. His friends were all vampires that turned into dolls every day at sunrise. The very moment the ancient sun peeked its beautiful ghostly spirit above the horizon, all of those vampiric friends of Fabio's would suddenly become little paper dolls, more insignificant than spiritless ghosts.

Fabio wanted to cure them. They were his friends after all. So he set out on a journey to the stars to visit an ancient spirit whose soul was so beautiful it could charm the ghosts.

"What do I do?" Fabio asked the beautiful spirit when he finally arrived at its ancient home.

"You kill them all," the spirit said in a ghostly voice reminiscent of the beauty of passion.

"Kill them? How will that help?"

Fabio was incredulous. He couldn't do that to his beautiful friends. Besides, as vampires, they were almost unkillable.

"Yes, you must kill them. It will help."

So Fabio left the beautiful ancient spirit and returned to kill his friends. He slaughtered them mercilessly, using giant swords and other things that ripped their appendages straight from the flesh of their beautiful bodies. Each passionate vampire spirit cried out like ghosts at each slicing blade.

And in the morning, there were no more paper dolls.

Fabio went back to the spirit.

"My friends are all dead."

"Of course they are," the spirit said in a voice that made it seem like he thought Fabio was an idiot. "You killed them."

"I thought you said it would help."

"Are they dolls now?"

"No."

"Then sounds like it helped."

With that Fabio slaughtered the ancient spirit with his bare hands. Out of the spirit, thousands of vampire friends were formed, none of whom ever turned into paper dolls again.

