

Rattle Dem Bones
By
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“Chiclet?” Mikey asked, offering the rattling box to his partner in crime.

“Get that out of my face,” Chisum growled, jamming the crowbar under the sarcophagus’s lid. He wrenched down on the bar, finally loosening the top. Mikey helped him shove the cover away and it shattered on the floor.

A mummified hand shot from the dark, gripping Chisum by the throat. He coughed, gagged, gasped and then, neck snapped, crumpled to the ancient stone floor.

The hideous, rotted, muslin wrapped abomination stepped from the dais, reaching for Mikey.

“Chiclet?” Mikey offered, shaking the box as his certain death approached.