The Haunted Bedroom of Grizelda Marr

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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"And of course he washed off the ax in the backyard. But, the most haunted room of all is Grizelda's bedroom. They say that anyone who spends five minutes in there is never the same." Ricky scoffed and then scoffed again when he saw the pure look of terror on both of his friends' faces as Ralph finished the story of the Marr family murders.

"Why would some dumb bedroom be the most haunted place? The old man murdered the whole family down in the cellar!"

"That's just how the story goes." The grey wolf, Ralph, said with a shrug.

"My big sister Lexy says that too, but she said you can't even spend three minutes in the bedroom." Kyle the lynx added. The wolf smiled, grateful for the support against Ricky.

"It's dumb." Ricky repeated. "I bet I can make it ten minutes at least in there!" His friends exchanged a look. "C'mon!"

"We're really going in there?" The raccoon nodded.

"Unless you two are chicken!"

"Maybe" Ralph said cautiously. "Maybe we could just go inside and you can go all the way to the bedroom, uh, Rick." The raccoon scoffed.

"Scaredy cats." He muttered.

"I might go in with you." Kyle said, his tail twitching as it always did when he was nervous. "I'm not scared like Ralph!"

"Hey!" The wolf protested. "I'm not scared!"

"You sleep with a teddy bear!"

"Not anymore!" Ricky smirked as he watched Kyle and Ralph bicker. He could always get them to do what he wanted, at least in the long run. He knew that he was the leader of their little group and thankfully, they knew it too.

"Quit fighting, let's go inside already."

"Oh." Ralph said, mellowing immediately. "I was hoping you'd change your mind."

"Not a chance." Ricky began to walk up to the house, staring up at it.

The Marr house had been abandoned for at least fifty years, and it looked like it. Shutters hung precariously from windows missing panes of glass, there were almost as many shingles in the overgrown yard as there were on the roof and the front door sat by the entrance instead of on its hinges. It was only its reputation for murder and ghosts that kept it from being more vandalized than it was and the only time that anyone ever set foot in the hosue was for dares and adventures like this.

Ralph and Kyle exchanged a nervous look before running after Ricky. Neither of them could decide if it was safer to be

closer to the front or the back, so they kept shifting positions as the three boys crossed the porch. Ricky stopped at the doorway and turned back to them with a grin.

"Here we go." He jumped across the threshold. "Oh, god!" He exclaimed, melodramatically falling to his knees. "It's so… so!" He shrieked, but it quickly turned into a laugh. "Your faces are hilarious." He got back up, still laughing. "C'mon. Let's explore."

"You first." Kyle said. Ralph gulped and the wolf gingerly stepped across, wincing just in case the ghosts struck him down to prove the danger to Ricky and Kyle. He breathed a sigh of relief when he made it across the threshold unscathed. He felt a little better when he saw that Kyle seemed just as cautious as him.

"You two are weird." Ricky observed, rolling his eyes. He turned and led the way farther into the house, but Ralph quickly lost his courage.

"I'm going to wait here." He stammered, looking over his shoulder to make sure he could still see the entrance a short distance away.

"Already?" Kyle said in disbelief as Ricky scoffed derisively. Ralph meekly nodded.

"I don't like it here. There's something wrong."

"It's just your imagination." Ricky said.

"But if you're sure you'll be okay alone" Kyle said gently.

"Rick's obviously determined to go all the way and someone's gotta keep an eye on him." Kyle and Ralph both chuckled. They knew how Ricky could be once he got an idea in his head.

"I'll be okay. I'll be waiting here" Ralph looked around. "Or maybe outside." Ricky scoffed again, but did not protest, so the others took that as approval, however reluctant it was.

"I want to keep going." Ricky said a second later.

"Alright, let's go." Kyle said, trying his best to keep the fear out of his voice. He could tell by Ricky's face that he had not succeeded. He turned and led the way farther into the house, the floor creaking with every step. Kyle followed close behind, wishing that he had figured out a way to sneak his dad's super powerful flashlight out of the garage. The shadows all around them seemed to press in. Kyle knew it was just his imagination, but that did not make him feel much better.

Creaking floorboards and dust were all the boys found as they went up the stairs to where everyone knew Grizelda’s bedroom was. Kyle tried to stay close to Ricky without making it obvious that he was. The raccoon seemed to have enough courage for all of them, or at least he was too dumb to realize when he should be afraid. Kyle and Ralph had both wanted to go trick or treating, but Ricky had refused and said that it was baby stuff. Ralph had retorted that he knew a lot of houses that gave candy even to high schoolers and they were only in seventh grade, but Ricky refused to budge. Maybe

once he got scared by the ghost or whatever in Grizelda's bedroom, he would change his mind. Kyle hoped he would.

"Here we are." Ricky's voice seemed all too loud to Kyle. The door looked pretty normal, although someone had spray painted Grizelda's name on the wall next to it. "Wanna go in?"

"I'll keep watch out here." Kyle hoped he did not sound as terrified as he felt. Relief momentarily replaced his fear as Ricky shrugged.

"Suit yourself. Come find me if it's been longer than ten minutes, kay?" Kyle nodded. The raccoon opened the door and disappeared inside all too quickly for Kyle's liking. How was he not afraid at all?

In a way, Ricky was glad that Kyle had stayed out in the hall. He would never admit it openly, but he felt as though his fear radiated off of him as he walked around the dusty bedroom. He looked from a cracked mirror to the four poster bed, past a dresser and an enormous armoire to a wooden door on the other side of the room. It probably led to a bathroom or something.

"It's just a dumb story." He muttered to himself, turning toward the enormous window, the tattered curtains barely able to keep even a bit of the light from the streetlights below out of the room. He scoffed and walked over to it, wondering if he could shout down to Ralph, who he assumed had fled out of the house entirely by this point rather than be left alone in the entryway.

Kicking a sheet as he walked past, Ricky neared the window. He almost jumped out of his skin as he suddenly heard a voice.

"Ricky? Are you okay?"

"Damn it, Kyle!" He said, trying to hide his terror. "It can't have been ten minutes already." With a whimper, Kyle quickly closed the door, not wanting to spend even a second longer in Grizelda's bedroom. Ricky might not believe, but he sure did.

Muttering under his breath, Rick turned back toward the window, but something drew his attention. Had the armoire's door always been slightly ajar? He did not think so. He would have noticed if it had been, right? He was almost certain that it had not been open a moment ago.

The floorboards creaked under his paws as he cautiously walked toward it, his steps stirring up dust. How long had it been since the last person had set foot in this room? It had to have been a long time. He tried to steady his paw as he reached out to the brass knob on the armoire. He yanked it open and breathed a sigh of relief. There were just some clothes hanging in it, nothing exciting. He turned to walk away, but as he did so, he felt something around his ankle. Looking down, he saw a white piece of fabric wrapped around it. He bent over to grab it, but it suddenly and violently yanked him into the depths of the armoire, the door closing and clicking shut.

"What the" the remainder of his exclamation died on his lips

as fabric found its way into his mouth. Was this how he died? He struggled as the fabric wrapped around his other ankle and both of his wrists, holding him suspended in the air in the voluminous armoire. He tried to push the gag out with his tongue, but it would not budge. His eyes bulged as he felt some unseen force lift his shirt up as his jeans got yanked down, leaving him bound in the air in nothing but his underwear. He renewed his efforts to get free, but whoever, whatever was doing this to him seemed unhindered by his futile struggles.

He tried to yell for Kyle, for Ralph, for anyone, but the cloth in his mouth muffled his screams to mere whispers and he knew that whatever was about to happen, no one could save him from it. As his underwear joined his shirt and jeans on the floor of the armoire, he stopped fighting and just tried to see what would happen next, his heart pounding in his chest more than it ever had. He was too young to have a heart attack, right? He hoped so.

His ears twitched as he heard a plastic sound. What was that? He strained his eyes, trying to see through the darkness as something white and rectangular came toward him. Was that? No, it could not be. What was a diaper doing in here, in this dusty old broken-down house? As it wrapped itself around his body, he realized that not only was it the perfect size for him, but it was thick, far thicker than anything he had remembered pressing against his butt and dick. He squirmed, a cacophony of crinkles only making his face burn more as he realized that whatever was in the armoire with him, it had just

put him in a diaper like a big baby.

Whatever it was that was doing this to him seemed almost emboldened now and he felt a shirt get pulled roughly and rapidly over his head. Before he could even really register it, the force had wrapped it around his unwelcome diaper and buttoned it. He vaguely remembered his baby cousin Jacen wearing shirts like this and he grumbled. Once the force let him go, he would take this off. If the force let him go ... he banished the thought immediately. He would be free, one way or another.

Ricky groaned as he heard another article of clothing slithering on the floor, getting closer to him. What was it this time? He squinted down as it moved up his legs. Pants would at least hide his diaper, he thought, but as they settled over it, he realized they were tight enough that they might actually accentuate his diaper more than anything. He tried to fight as tentacles suddenly came over his shoulders, but as his paws touched them, he realized that the pants he had on were actually overalls. That did not make it much better. Worse yet, he realized that they were less like pants and more like shorts, settling above his knees, barely longer than his boxers had been. He tried to undo the fasteners, but he felt a sharp slap on each of his paws. The cloth in his mouth retracted almost pensively, as if the unseen force was seeing what he would do. He licked his lips, trying to get the tastes of linen and dust out of his mouth.

"Let me go!" Ricky protested, but there was no response other than a soft pat on his crinkly diapered bum. He

struggled, trying to get away from the sheets or whatever they were that remained wrapped around each of his limbs. Try as he might, he could not get free, which left only one alternative. "Help! Kyle! Help!" He felt something rubber slip between his lips and settle down on his tongue. His eyes widened as he realized just what it was.

Try as he might, though, Ricky could not spit out the pacifier. It remained in his mouth as if it were held there by glue. He tugged at it, to no avail. He tried to speak, but every word came out as infantile mumbles. He felt a tiny twinge of relief as the fabric restraints released and he stumbled out of the armoire, landing on the floor with a dusty whump!

Ricky tugged once again at the pacifier, but it remained cemented in his mouth, as if it were attached to his lips. He got to his feet and kicked the armoire. The door slammed shut and the pacifier fell from his lips.

"Ha!" Ricky exclaimed. He quickly covered his mouth and looked toward the door. Had Kyle heard that? The room seemed as silent as… Ricky did not finish that thought as he looked around the room. Gone was the brave boy who had entered the room. Every shadow seemed sinister now. He just needed to get his clothes and then he would beat a hasty retreat. He grabbed the ornate handle of the armoire and pulled. The raccoon's stomach fell as it remained tightly shut.

"Shit, shit, shit." Ricky muttered, tugging at the door of the armoire, but it refused to open. "I need my clothes!" He said in a panicked whisper, his efforts only resulting in the diaper

under his onesie and shortalls to crinkle audibly. "C'mon, damn it!" The door refused to budge even a millimeter. With a growl of frustration, he tried to undo the straps of his shortalls, but they too remained steadfast, his fingers slipping over the buttons as if they were greased somehow. He cussed and looked to the door. Was Kyle still there or had he fled in fright when he could not find Ricky? It had been well over ten minutes, right? "Kyle?" He called, his voice sounding so tiny and timid in the quiet of the house. What was he going to do? His clothes were locked in this armoire and there was no way he was leaving this room dressed as he was. He tried again to remove even one article of clothing, tearing at them like a wild beast, but they proved indestructible. He growled and looked around for something sharp to let him cut them off. Sure, it was a crazy idea, but he was desperate.

To his surprise, just on the edge of the light coming in from the window, he saw a red plaid pattern that looked familiar. It was his boxers! Why were they all the way over there? He charged toward them, his diaper crinkling, his legs swinging wide in a downright infantile waddle. He reached for them! And promptly lost his balance, falling on his butt with a whumpf. With a defiant growl, he started crawling toward them, not even fully registering how much easier it was to move like this, diapered butt waggling back and forth. They were almost in reach! He stretched his arm out

The floor fell away as the sheets returned, lifting him into the air and away from his boxers. Ricky kicked out in frustration, but the sheets or whatever they were did not seem to notice.

They lowered him down into, of all things, a baby stroller. With surprising dexterity, they buckled the raccoon into the stroller.

“Let me out of here!” The pacifier found its way back into his mouth, a clip attaching it to the bib of his overalls. He spat it out and it dangled there. Suddenly, the stroller lurched forward at an alarming speed, the raccoon clinging to the stroller for dear life.

"We can't just leave him, Ralphie!" Kyle protested. "He's still up there, somewhere."

"You're the one that abandoned him!"

"Only cuz you were about to piss yourself."

"Was not!"

"Was too!"

"Was not." Ralph held up his paws. "Look, we gotta go find him. We'll go together, okay? Whatever we find, we find it together." Kyle nodded, his eyes wide. Both of them were nervous. "They're just stories, right?" They heard a loud creak and growl from somewhere in the house.

"Rick?" Kyle called. There was no answer. "I'm sure it was just Rick. Right?" Ralph reminded silent, both boys looking at each other in abject fear.

"What if we just went to find our parents? Or like an exorcist or something?"

"We're not leaving Rick. C'mon." Grabbing the wolf's paw, Kyle led him towards the stairs, towards the certain doom of Grizelda's bedroom.

"He's alive, right?" Ralph whispered with a whimper.

"Of course he's alive!" Kyle said, but he wished he believed it himself. “He has to be” Another sound caused them to freeze and hold each other. There was a click-clack, click-clack. “What is that?” Kyle muttered.

“I don't know, but” Ralphie's voice failed him. They both knew what he wanted to say. The sound, whatever it was, was getting closer. “Should we run?” Kyle was about to say that it was too late for that. The click-clack seemed as loud as thunder. Suddenly, a completely surprising sight appeared before them as the stroller came to a stop directly in front of them. Sitting in the stroller, struggling and growling into the pacifier in his muzzle, was Ricky! Neither the wolf nor the lynx could stop from laughing, both from relief and from the ridiculous image of Ricky sitting in the stroller in a bright red t-shirt and overalls with a teddy bear appliqué. Ricky’s glare was full of heat, but it did not seem to have the slightest effect on his friends.

Once they calmed down, Ricky tried to speak to them, but the pacifier made it impossible. He could not spit it out, nor could he make himself understood. Finally, Kyle figured out what to do.

“Here.” He pulled the pacifier out of Ricky’s mouth as if it was the easiest thing in the world.

“Get me the fuck out of this thing.” Ralphie and Kyle exchanged a look.

“How?”

“Doesn’t matter how!” Ricky rocked the stroller in his anger. “Now! Hey, where are you going?” He watched helplessly as Ralph and Kyle stepped far enough away that they could not be heard as they whispered and snuck glances at him. “Come back here!” To his surprise, they did, but they still had no plans of releasing the outraged boy. Ralph walked around the stroller and started pushing it. “What? No, where are you” Kyle pushed the pacifier back into the raccoon’s mouth.

“Think about it, man!” He said ecstatically as they neared the front door. “With you dressed like this, we’re going to get a record haul of candy!”