



The Nightmare Before Christmas

Chapter 1

The Hollow Heart of Halloween Town

In the center of a dark and eerie forest, beneath a sky forever painted with the hues of autumn, stood Halloween Town. It was a place that seemed alive with mischief—spindly trees stretched their bony limbs toward the sky, and crooked houses lined the streets, their sharp edges and twisting shapes giving the town an otherworldly feel. Everywhere you looked, there was something strange: pumpkins that glowed with sinister grins, skeletons that danced in the streets, and witches that flew across the moon on broomsticks. It was a town where the air was always filled with the scent of decay and mystery, where every day was Halloween.

At the heart of this land of fright, there was one figure who stood above the rest: Jack Skellington, the Pumpkin King. He was tall and thin, his skeletal frame towering over the citizens of Halloween Town, and his glowing eyes always seemed to be alight with some unspoken idea. Jack had long been the hero of Halloween. He designed the spooky celebrations, coordinated the terrifying decorations, and led the yearly fright-fest that filled the town with screams of delight. The other townsfolk adored him for his creativity and his boundless energy, but despite the accolades, Jack's heart was growing weary.

Every Halloween, Jack would work tirelessly to create the most terrifying night of the year, and each time, the town would cheer for him, showering him with admiration. Yet, when the final ghoulish scream of the night faded away, Jack would return to his mansion, where the silence seemed to echo in his ears. The thrill of Halloween no longer gave him the same joy it once had. The strange emptiness inside him began to grow, and Jack could not understand why. He had everything he could possibly need: fame, respect, and love from his people. But none of it filled the hollow space in his chest.

One night, after another exhausting Halloween, Jack found himself walking through the misty woods that surrounded Halloween Town. The moonlight barely pierced the thick fog, and the trees twisted like dark hands reaching for him. He wandered aimlessly, lost in thought, when suddenly he stumbled upon something unexpected. A circle of wooden doors stood before him, each one framed in strange designs. Some were covered in ivy, others adorned with glowing pumpkins, but one door in particular caught Jack's eye. It was a beautiful, shimmering door, wrapped in a wreath of holly and evergreen.

Curiosity piqued, Jack opened the door and stepped into the unknown. What he found beyond was a stark contrast to the twisted, spooky world he knew. Before him lay Christmas Town—a world of frosty wonder, where snowflakes drifted gently from the sky and bright lights shimmered on every tree. The air smelled of pine and gingerbread, and the sounds of laughter filled the air. Little elves scurried about, creating toys with joy and cheer, and everywhere Jack looked, he saw warmth and happiness. The people here were filled with a kind of joy Jack had never experienced.

In awe, Jack walked through the snow-covered streets, absorbing the magic of this new place. The bright colors, the warmth of the people, the music—it was unlike anything he had ever known. A thought began to grow in Jack's mind. This is it, he realized. This is the answer to the emptiness inside me. Christmas, with all its merriment and warmth, was the very thing he had been searching for. In an instant, he made up his mind: he would bring Christmas to Halloween Town.



Chapter 2

Jack's Grand Plan

The next day, Jack returned to Halloween Town, his mind racing with excitement. He couldn't wait to share his discovery with the townsfolk. He gathered them in the town square and, with great enthusiasm, told them about Christmas Town, the place he had just visited. "It's a land of joy and wonder," Jack explained. "A place where happiness and kindness fill the air. And it is the answer to everything! We must bring Christmas to Halloween Town!"

The townsfolk, though bewildered, were eager to help their beloved Pumpkin King. They had never heard of such a thing as Christmas, but Jack's excitement was contagious. He spoke with such fervor that they couldn't help but agree to his plan. Jack wasted no time in setting things into motion. He knew that if they were going to pull this off, they would need to work quickly—and, most importantly, they would need to put their own twist on Christmas to make it truly unique.

Jack began by sewing a suit to resemble Santa Claus. He used a patchwork of fabric—some red, some black, some white—but it was far from perfect. It was comically ill-fitting, but Jack was convinced it would work. He then gathered the skeletons, who were experts at building, and instructed them to craft sleighs that could travel through the night sky. They worked tirelessly, creating ghostly sleighs that hovered and glided with eerie grace.



Next, Jack turned to the witches, who were eager to lend a hand. “We’ll need some toys,” Jack said. “But not just any toys. We need toys that will frighten and thrill. The kind of toys that will shock and surprise!” The witches began brewing up strange concoctions and casting magical spells to create all manner of odd and spooky gifts—creepy dolls, rattling chains, and eerie wind-up creatures.

Jack also called on the vampires, who had a knack for moving through the shadows. “You’ll help deliver the presents,” Jack instructed them. “Only, you must deliver them in the dead of night, just like Santa.” The vampires, ever ready for a challenge, grinned with delight and agreed.

For days, Jack and the citizens of Halloween Town worked tirelessly, putting together their own version of Christmas. As they prepared, Jack grew more and more excited, certain that this would be the most spectacular holiday ever. When everything was finally ready, Jack climbed into his patchwork suit, jumped into the sleigh, and set off into the night, eager to bring his spooky version of Christmas to the world.



Chapter 3

The True Meaning of Christmas

Jack soared through the night sky, his ghostly sleigh gliding over the snowy rooftops of the world below. He laughed with glee as he thought of the surprise and wonder his Christmas would bring. But as he began delivering his gifts, things did not go as planned.

The first house he visited was filled with screams. A little girl opened the door, and when she saw Jack, her eyes widened in horror. “What is that?!” she cried. Instead of joy, his visit filled the house with fear. Jack quickly moved on to the next home, but there, too, the children screamed at the sight of his skeletal face and his bizarre gifts. Dolls with sharp teeth, rattling chains, and wriggling worms were not what children expected from Santa.

As Jack continued his journey, he realized that something was terribly wrong. His version of Christmas was frightening, not festive. It wasn't the joy and goodwill he had hoped to spread—it was terror and confusion. He began to question whether he had made a terrible mistake.

The situation worsened when Jack discovered that Santa Claus had gone missing. In his place, the villainous Oogie Boogie, a creature made of writhing bugs and shadows, had kidnapped the jolly old man. Oogie had planned to trap Santa and take over Christmas, using his own twisted version of the holiday. Jack, horrified, realized that he needed to fix everything before it was too late.



Determined to make things right, Jack rushed back to Halloween Town, where he gathered his friends to rescue Santa from Oogie Boogie's lair. With the help of the witches, the vampires, and the skeletons, Jack broke into Oogie's lair, freeing Santa and restoring the real Christmas magic. Jack learned that Christmas wasn't something he could simply recreate—it wasn't about scaring people or adding his own twist. It was about love, kindness, and giving, and it was something that could not be forced.

With Santa safely returned to his work, Jack realized that Christmas had its own beauty and magic, just as Halloween had its own unique charm. He had tried to take something that wasn't his, but in the process, he discovered something far more important: every holiday had its own special meaning. Jack didn't need to change Halloween to find fulfillment; he needed to embrace what he already had.

When Jack returned to Halloween Town, he was no longer the restless Pumpkin King. He was content. Standing on a hill, looking down at the town, Jack smiled, knowing that Halloween was his to celebrate and that, in the end, every holiday had its own magic.

And so, Jack Skellington's heart was no longer hollow. It was full—full of the joy that comes from accepting who you are, and understanding the true meaning of the holidays.



The End.

Copied by Gabriella Montalvo.