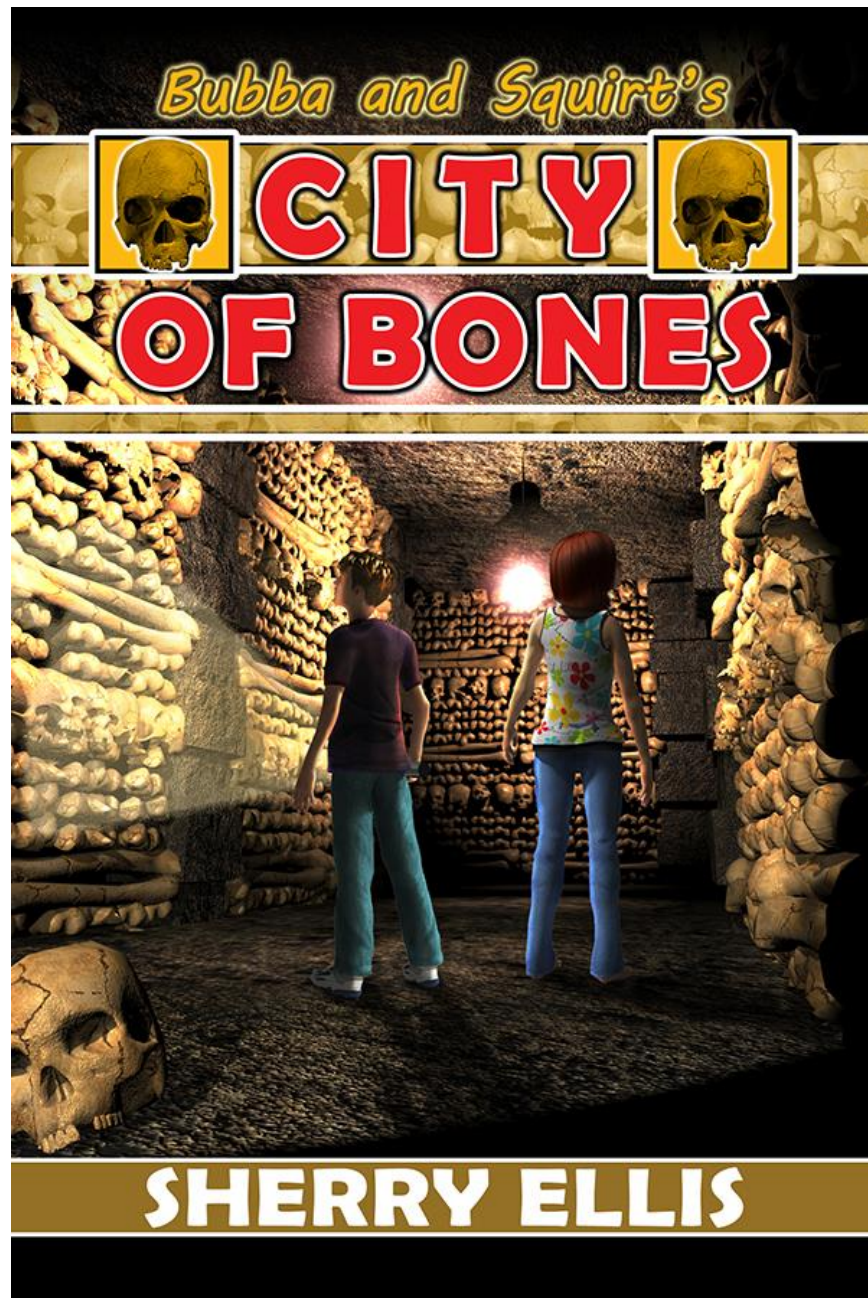




[Sherry Ellis](#)

Chapter 2—Squirt: We Enter the Bone Zone—Excerpted from
Bubba and Squirt's City of Bones

I hold my breath and jump into the light. We fly through a tunnel of swirling blue walls that ripple like waves. The patterns blur when we zip past them. At the end is a white light. It speeds by. Then everything goes dark.

I fall to the ground with a thud. I lie there on my stomach, afraid to open my eyes. All I hear is the beating of my heart. Damp, musty air tickles my nose. I shiver.

When I open my eyes, I gasp. In the dim light are piles of brownish-yellow bones. Human bones! I squeeze my eyes shut, hoping they'll be gone when I open them again. They aren't. The bone stacks go from the ground to the ceiling. A line of skulls pokes out, staring with black, vacant eyes.

"Bubba?" I whisper, spotting him sitting up ahead of me. "Are you seeing this?"

He nods and scoots back toward me. "Where are we?"

I shake my head and look around. The hole we came through has disappeared. We're in a wide tunnel. Bones cover most of the walls. Stone blocks peek out over them. The smooth, uneven floor feels cold against my bare skin. I glance up at the ceiling. Electric lights provide what little light we have. I scrunch my nose. It smells old—like death. The worst place ever!

I peer down the corridor looking for a way out. The piles go on forever.

I stand and turn on my flashlight. “Let’s find a way out of here.”

Bubba gets up and reaches into his pocket. “Wait. The alux. It’s gone!”

“It has to be around here somewhere. It probably fell out of your pocket when you landed.”

We look but don’t see it anywhere.

Then something catches my eye. Something gold and shiny. It sticks out from behind a pile of skulls that are stacked in the shape of a pyramid. I pull it out. A key! One of those old-fashioned ones with a handle that looks like a four-leaf clover and a cross in the middle.

“Cool,” Bubba says, looking over my shoulder. “Can I see it?”

I let him look.

“I wonder what it opens.”

I shrug. “My guess is the exit door. I’m keeping it.” I slip it into my pocket and look back at the pyramid of skulls. Something else sitting behind it catches my eye. I pull it out, careful not to touch or disturb the skulls. A gold chain with pearls and green stones! “Dude!”

Bubba’s eyes widen. “A necklace! Do you think the key opens a treasure chest? One filled with gold and jewels?”

I raise my brows. “I have no idea.”

“What are you going to do with it?”

“Keep it. Unless we find someone like a policeman to give it to.”

“It probably belongs to somebody.”

“If it does, that’s the dumbest place ever to stash it!”

I wipe it off to make sure nothing gross is on it, then fasten it around my neck.

We check to see if there is anything else. There isn’t. So, we start walking.

One hall leads to another. In some places, slushy gravel oozes under our feet. I shiver. And not from the cold. The place is downright creepy. The only sound is the shuffling of our feet walking past hundreds of bones and skulls.

Then something falls. The clattering sound reverberates through the tunnel. My heart jumps. “What the...?”

We freeze in place and listen. A pitter-patter of feet. It comes from up ahead.

Bubba looks at me, his eyes wide. “The alux!”

“What?”

“It’s the same sound we heard in the tunnel in Belize. Remember? And it was the alux. Come on. It might be leading us out.”

We follow the sound which leads to another hall. We turn the corner and stop. Carved into the wall in front of us is writing. I shine my light on it: “Ossements du cimetière de St. Etienne des

Grès déposés en Mai 1787.”

“What does it say?” asks Bubba.

“I think it’s French. Something about a cemetery in May 1787.”

“That’s a million years ago! Are we in a caveman cemetery?”

“Dude, I don’t think cavemen had cemeteries like this. And 1787 is way after cavemen were around.”

“Okay, Miss Smarty Pants. Then what kind of cemetery is it?”

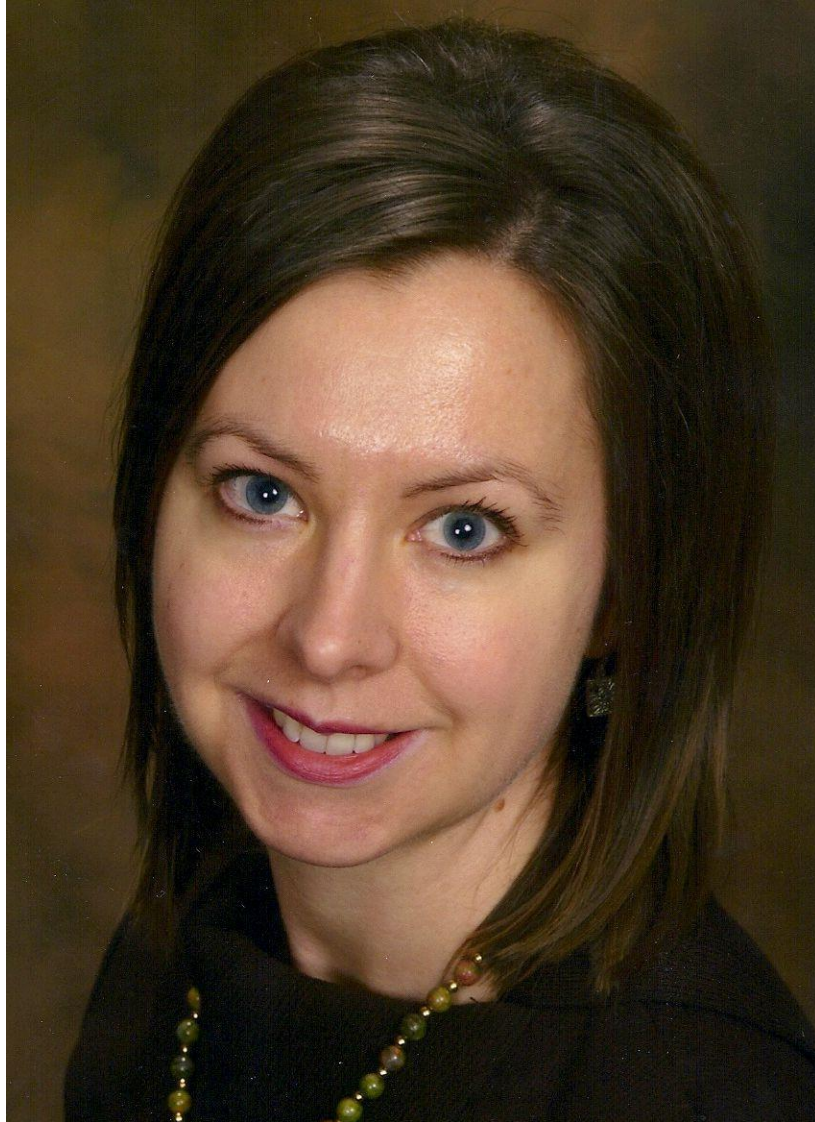
I don’t answer because I hear another noise. It sounds like it is coming from behind us. I spin around. I think I see a light, but it disappears. My heart races. I grip my light. “Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?”

“The noise.”

He stops and listens. At first it is quiet. Then we hear something. Voices. We stand still. The voices grow louder. Someone is coming!

Get the full book of *Bubba and Squirt’s City of Bones* [here](#).



About the Author: Sherry Ellis

Sherry Ellis is an award-winning author and professional musician who plays and teaches violin, viola, and piano. When she is not writing or engaged in musical activities, she can be found doing household chores, hiking, or exploring the world. Ellis has previously published *Bubba and Squirt's Big Dig to China*; *Bubba and Squirt's Mayan Adventure*; *Don't Feed the Elephant*; *Ten Zany Birds*; *That Mama is a Grouch*; and *That Baby Woke Me Up, AGAIN*. Ellis lives in Atlanta, Georgia.

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