

The Hairy Hands

Dark edged in to the grey, evening sky, the graveyard illuminated only the bright beams of moonlight jilting through the tall, oak trees. Led in by invisible string and a hint of seriousness, was a group of four rather disrespectful friends, Lily-May, Harry, Aria and Oscar, kicking mud up from damp, earthy graves, vandalizing headstones and stealing meaningful keepsakes from nearby graves. On the other side of the graveyard was the grumpy caretaker, Bill, running only on the eighteen cups of coffee he had downed in the past past hour.

If anyone were to cross him that night, he'd explode. However the group didn't know of Bill, so they continued to disrespect the grave-yard, despite the screeching crows warning them of the consequences they would face.

"Oi, you lot!" Bill shouted, "What're you dithering about for?" The group looked up abruptly started by the sudden interruption in their mischievous antics. The wind whistled around them, filling the awkward silence. "Nothing, what's it matter to you?" Aria barked back, furrowing her eyebrows at the angry caretaker's face.

"Well, this is my graveyard, and I don't really appreciate you lot rocking up and disturbing the dead!"

"Turn that soun upside down," Oscar teased, "you're clearly not got long left, yourself!" The whole group burst out laughing, calling Bill all kinds of horrible names "I've nearly half my life ahead of me, thank you very much. Now, I think its best you leave my graveyard before I, quite frankly, make you." They burst out in hysterics again, howling louder than a pack of wolves on a full moon. Harry almost fell over sideways, catching himself only on a decaying headstone and landing on a damp, mossy grave. Suddenly - and from what seemed like the underworld - a deep voice boomed, "How dare you disturb my number! You shall pay the price..." and a flurry, clau-like hard rose up from beneath Harry and yanked him down with it. They all stood there; open mouthed in amazement. That was until a flurry of screams rose up from beneath them and they ran away into the night.

Years had passed since their horrifying encounter, and the group that were once mischievous pre-teens were now remorseful adults with tiresome office jobs. Everyday they spent thinking about that night regretting every choice they had made. Though, typing away at their typewriters, they constantly questioned themselves on the ins and outs, wondering, "was that really what happened?" or "am I remembering that correctly?" The