

HUNGER FOR DEAD THINGS

Nick Norris

Grey mist hung low over the moonless nighttime fields. Jez ran as fast as he could, breath rasping, boots slipping on wet grass, the pockets of his dark coat heavy with stolen jewellery and folded notes. Somewhere behind him the old Braithwaite house stood violated and dark. He leapt a low stone wall and grinned when he saw the graveyard of Saint Mary's church ahead. Almost home.

He slowed as he passed its old, rusted iron gate.

He stopped.

Something odd was moving amidst the mist curled headstones.

Curiosity getting the better of him, Jez crept closer, through the open gate, heart pounding. The mist thinned the further in he ventured, enough for him to see now the open grave and the shape crouched inside it, pale and hunched.

Sounds now too, of tearing with savage intent.

He edged closer, hugging gravestones for cover, needing to see better.

And see he did.



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