

Cottage for Sale

Chocolate box cottage, thatched roof, my lifelong quixotic dream. The summer garden, retreating into winter. Removal men, gone home and boxes everywhere. My bed made, fire roaring. I cross the landing. Comes a clamp, a sense that grips my shoulders, shivers spine and waist. Arrests my brain into a freeze. A startling cough sounds, fills my ear and now the floor starts creaking. Downstairs the door gets knocked, a thump, my chandeliers are flickering, floors tremble, pops a light, another one. The handle to my bedroom squeaks, ajar the door, and suddenly, unaided, plays as wireless an organ, loud, turns up the volume to a max. I feel a sway, move wall and boards, I fall upon my knees and somebody is screaming. The windows fling, gusts, curtains tearing. Shatters loud a window pane. Two crows fly in, hoot mockingly. Comes the ceiling down, a skeleton too, a scythe in hand.

'It's HALLOWEEN!'