

And the Grave is filled

By A. C. Zito

Take my impending damage for tonight's tale is an awfully grueling one. It's a wicked, ghastly account, here only to leave one trembling in the worst sorts of ways. Here, only to leave you *terrified* to all wits and no end! Here's a tale I'm not so keen I'm ready to be giving away; but to do it, I do it all the same. For this ghost story, and the haunted house where it takes place, needs *no* introduction, but, quite possibly, a little spring cleaning. And the cobwebs won't go away by themselves! Oh, children, how *awful* this story is! It even frightens my ghastly, old self to no end and to think how it even pondered up out of the blue; out from its forbidden hideaway. Yes, it came from nowhere, but, at the same time, it came from somewhere. And it needed a little shaking off if I *do say so myself!* Of all the old dust and cobwebs from where it was left, there I found it. It was found in the deepest, farthest reaches of the most haunted dungeons one has ever seen. And yes; now is the time that the seals are bent once more and the hinges creak from all the rust gathered through and through from time being its old age.

It is the time for the story to be told. And told from once the beginning starts, it shall. The story begins in a little town outside of Little Forks, Montana. The weather, rather chilly; a little too nippy for anyone to be stepping outside, but, to do it, our main character will do so, all the same. The setting is a small farm: one horse, one to five chickens (depending on the season), one very old hound dog, and the year: 1904. Roger Pentingway is the name of the farmer. But we aren't focused on him, tonight. No, Mr. Pentingway is out at the nearest bar soaking up his snout with only the sweetest of liquors. Left alone in the two-room small, little cabin that the Pentingway couple calls their home is Alice Pentingway. The only thing on is her kerosene-burning gas light as she knits her night away waiting for Mr. Pentingway to come home. The only problem, however, is that Mr. Pentingway won't be coming home on this clear sky, nightly evening. No, in his shoes now is the man that asked for a ride while Mr. Pentingway was on his way back. And instead of bringing the strange and peculiar man to the nearest inn like he had asked, no, instead, Mr. Pentingway was brought to his end, now found in a grave right in front of the town's stop sign that adjoins Melbury Rd. and Park Ave. Sadly enough, it is unwise to predict yet if Mrs. Pentingway will learn of her husband's tragic death. For now, the man that stole Mr. Pentingway's body is on his way to the Pentingway residence. And to Mrs. Pentingway's surprise, a discomforting feeling is rushing over her brittle, little body.

Alice gets up from her rocking chair. Setting down her knitting tools and the woolen scarf she was halfway done with, she steps over to one of the two windows in the entire house.

"Hello?" she whispers out into the night. The wind rushes out of the nighttime air and into the little cabin. The brisk air causes Mrs. Pentingway to feel awfully cold. She feels dizzy from already being up for too long as well and quickly sits back down. She finds herself, strangely enough, on the bed in the other room. "Now how did I get here?" she mumbles out, breathlessly. Her words twist inwardly as it, instead of coming out clear and precise, comes out in garbles. For what she really heard was an entanglement of anything utterly unpronounceable. She looks down to see her skin turning awfully pale.

“Honey, I'm home.” She quickly gets up from hearing her husband's voice. It was her husband's voice, wasn't it? She had to think for a moment before rushing into the other room. It was her husband, she realized with relief.

It had to be she thought to herself. They greeted each other with open arms.

“My darling, I've been having the craziest of deliriums!”

“Maybe you need some fresh air, honey.” Mrs. Pentingway nodded to her husband as she stepped outside. As soon as she was out in the clear, starry night, the door closed on her.

“Roger?” she called out, looking at the closed door with confusion. Trying to open the door, she finds, to her amazement, it being locked. Looking into one of the windows, no one was to be found in either of the two rooms. She quickly rushes over to the second window, worry stamped across her baffled face. “Roger Pentingway, you open this door right now, do you hear me?” Suddenly, a man, taller and much broader in the shoulders, steps outside and looks at her, dazzled.

“I do believe you have the wrong house, Madame.” Alice quickly takes a couple of steps back before falling to the ground. Fear begins to swell up inside her. The old hound dog she once thought was her own begins barking madly, chasing her across the farm and out onto the dirt road. It wasn't two miles later before she came to an intersection with the stop sign in the front. Suddenly, she finds herself falling into a dark and lonesome hole. There, low and behold, was here husband, dead as day.

“Roger?” she asks the dead body. She begins to notice her hands and blouse covered in blood. The dirt begins to fill up from the bottom and surround her, almost like she was sinking in quicksand. But she didn't seem to be moving downwardly at all. She was dead as well, she finally realizes. “Well Roger,” she remarks as the dirt comes up to her chin and begins to fill up her mouth, “We've lived a good-” muffling sound as the picture of the two lovers fade away and out of the little town outside of Little Forks, Montana. The year: 1904.