

Spooked! – a Greater Depth example story

Everything was bathed in a pale blue light, trees, pavements and houses, and the graveyard.

Gazing out of his bedroom window, Eric enjoyed the night: a deep, dark sky with a bright, full moon. Living opposite a graveyard didn't bother him 'a crack,' he said. Veronica, on the other hand, had her curtains drawn by four each afternoon. "Er-ic ... Ver-on-i-ca," a booming voice shuddered from below the floorboards.

Downstairs, the twins' dad called again, "C'mon, I need your help guys!"

Both tumbled downstairs, Veronica still madly messaging a friend about her Music.ly performance, Eric wondering about the new mission.

"I just *can't*!" squealed Veronica, "I'll freak out!"

"You're so sad," Eric groaned "You're such a girly, scaredy cat."

Dad had requested the twins go to their Grandfather's place – across the graveyard – to check on him. He wasn't in the best of health. Lately, he'd been forgetting simple, everyday things.

Stepping out into the cold, clear night, Veronica shivered and eyed the rusted, padlocked gates. Eric strode forward teasing, "Keep up if you dare, square." The graveyard was the quickest route and Eric was rapidly disappearing through the shadows, leaving his sister all alone, as usual. Using just her phone's light for guidance, Veronica followed and also squeezed through the iron gates.

Patchworks of stones lead her between gatherings of ancient angels. Veronica felt the stone carvings watching her every step. Why were they staring? What did they want from her? Perhaps they were guarding the bodies below; perhaps they were upset that two trespassers dared disturb their home?

"Aaghh!" An almighty scream slashed the darkness and sliced right through Veronica's thoughts, shocking her back to reality. Up ahead, Eric stood. Frozen!

Abruptly, the moon was swallowed by thick fog. The wind shrieked. Her phone died. Everything was cold and black.

Silence crawled over the graveyard. The silhouette of Eric remained motionless ahead.

"D ... d ... don't freak me out ... Eric," Veronica trembled. No response.

Chilled to the bone, Veronica inched toward the shadowy Eric. He didn't move. By this time the rock statues, twisted gargoyles, limbless angels and slender, tree-branch fingers were all reaching toward her, closing in.

Eric turned! His face was lifeless and grey, his eyes pale red. The scream Veronica let out was one of true terror; of all the screams in all of the graveyards, this was the most horrific. Just then, a burning light ripped open the night. A powerful torch shone directly on Eric. The holder of the torch: Grandpa!

Eric's face looked completely normal! Veronica breathed deeply to settle herself.

"Whatcha up to my little twinsters ... didn't give you the heebee-geebees did I Eric?" Grandpa winked at Veronica.

The three of them set off for a cup of hot chocolate; the moon shone brightly, Veronica heard the angels giggle.