

Unfinished Business

Prologue

The thin man stood there, silhouetted against the gloomy tree line in the darkness of the old cemetery. His body was as frail as a breath of wind, almost as pale and transparent as a ghost. His cackle like laugh carried through the screaming wind and pouring rain, haunting the world around him. The damp air started to crackle as the fierce rain was replaced by electricity, pulsing through the air as it burst from the man's hands...

Rain soaked him through his crinkled bone-white shirt as he sprinted along the woods that served as a wall encasing the old cemetery. His charcoal black trousers finally caught on a bush and he was pulled into the depressing site that could only be the rotting, overgrown gate that opened to it.

He walked purposely forward. The gate was closed but he just walked straight through the ancient wood. A sparkling black tear streamed down his pale face as he remembered what that gate had looked like when it had only just opened. He knelt by a gargantuan, crumbling statue that served as his grave reading- Richard Wertich. He had to say he had been a pretty important man in his time. He liked his statue, it look haunting, beautiful even in its dire state of disrepair. He glanced at his watch: eleven thirty pm, only half an hour until he could go home.

The wind was blowing a gale now and a dense mist was rising from the ground just inside the tree line. It swirled and melted, then dropped abruptly, forming the shape of a ghostly man, barely visible, even in the light of the full moon.

The ghost man's body jerked and swayed as he walked slowly, like he was only just getting used to his body again, to the tree line on the edge of the cemetery. His laugh seemed unfitting for his body. He looked frail but his laugh clearly projected strength and power.

Richard ran... this man was out to kill him, but he didn't know why. He sprinted through the gates and back out into the cold winter air. He had been running for five minutes when he realised that the storm had ended and there was an unnatural buzz in the air around him. He looked over his shoulder, back at the cemetery he was running from and saw an ocean of electricity seeping through the trees, bursting through the clouds. The sky looked alive; dangerous and beautiful.

Richard watched helplessly; the tidal wave of electricity rose up in front of him. He cowered down, readying for ten metres of pure electricity to rain down on his soaked body, but it didn't come. He looked up, gingerly watching as energy burst into the ground, spraying dirt and rocks that cut his face as it buried deep into the earth.

“What?” he whispered to himself. Nothing made any sense. The man had had the perfect opportunity to kill him, but he hadn’t? He spat out a rock and scrambled up.

He took a step, but tripped. He couldn’t stand, but why? The ground suddenly jerked and spun, carving a circle inside another larger one.

Richard spun trying desperately to get out of the circle. A harsh laugh rang out as clear as a gunshot on a silent afternoon.

“You can’t get out so you may as well stop your feeble attempts at trying!” The ghost man smiled at the look of terror on my face. “I can end this for you now, dead man. I know ways to kill your type.”

“Who are you?” Richard had his own magic, but it took time and concentration to find, he had to keep the man talking.

“I am the Grim Reaper!” At these words, a black mist swirled around him, forming a loose shirt, jet black trousers and a swirling cape, topped with a glimmering black bladed scythe.

“How can you kill me?”

“My scythe harvests souls; do you really need to ask that question?”

“Yes,” he said, using his mind to pull the scythe towards him...

He grabbed it and shot it back, sharpening his aim with his mind.

Yellow light burst from the Grim Reaper’s chest as his scythe pierced it and he disappeared in a bang, leaving behind his scythe and thick black dust that drifted slowly to the ground.

I felt myself fading, I had completed my unfinished business and now I could really go home.