

## Up from the Grave

“Where am I?” she said stumbling to her feet. She glanced around frantically before fixing her eyes on something unusual in the near distance. Before her stood a tall, crooked gate which was covered in long vines and spider webs, sparkling in the moonlight. She ran up to it and peered through the rusty, metal bars to see what it was covering. From where she was, you would only be able to see silhouettes of what appeared to be grave stones and a long, pointy building perched upon a small bump in the ground. Eager to find out what it was, she took the gate handle and pulled it until it finally flung open. It creaked. She was hesitant at first but still walked in. The soggy dirt path had emerged into a thin layer of mist. Crows danced within the depths of the darkness whilst bats flew across the moon. However, as she had suspected, it was indeed a grave yard. She skipped through the slanted stones reading each name as she went by, Arthur Bennett, Roy Presley, Clara Ruth and so on. But she couldn’t help but feeling like she knew these people, like she remembered them, especially Clara Ruth. It said on her grave stone she was a murderer and was put to death. Or so they thought. She was buried next to a tree near the middle of the yard, close to that building; that strange, mysterious building. Curiosity got the best of her. She galloped over to it intending to figure out what it was and why it was there. In the corner of her eye, she saw a small glowing light coming from the window above the door. She stepped up the four steps and reached for the rustic handle when suddenly... a voice came from behind her.

“What are you doing out of your coffin this close to dawn?” Her tone was soft.

“Who are you!?”

“I’m Clara Ruth...”