

# The Cemetery Plot

For some reason, the man who had just moved into number ten had decided to learn a weird sort of musical instrument. Late night practises produced a ghostly and unappealing noise and made living next door unpleasant. It sounded like something out of a sci-fi movie.

“Sixty years I’ve lived here and that bugger next door is driving me to an early grave. What time does he call this,” Dennis said to his wife as he stood and thumped on the wall that divided the properties. Instantly the noise stopped, and peace reigned again. “That’s more like it. One day I’ll knock on his door and give him a piece of my mind.”

His wife looked at him and smiled, she knew very well that it was unlikely that Dennis would ever do that. “Of course you will dear.”

As Dennis and his wife Muriel climbed the stairs to bed, he grumbled to himself about noisy neighbours and climbing stairs. He held on to the wooden handrail which was smooth and polished to a high shine. One by one he passed the framed photographs of family members on a floral wallpaper backdrop. It was almost time to redecorate again. Dennis shuddered at the thought. Stripping back the paper and sizing the walls, it and she would once again pick w and lered why they bothered to change

This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered

When did his life get so bothersome? Cuckoo Close had always been respectable, but one by one, the neighbours had either passed away or moved away, and Dennis wasn’t as comfortable as he had been when he first bought their semi-detached home. All he wanted was a quiet life and enough money to see him and Muriel through to the end. Retirement was supposed to be a pleasant time of life. A time to spend with grandchildren and take nice day trips to the seaside, not to be plagued with noisy neighbours and redecorating. Things just hadn’t turned out the way he expected.

Outside, the wind began to howl and whistle. Rain fell on the rooves of the houses that lined the close. Winter was coming to an end, but spring eluded them for another week or two. Tree branches swayed in the dark to a gusty song, and new leaves rustled, clinging to the twigs and branches for dear life. Somewhere, a dog cried in the night to be let in. It wasn’t the weather for anybody to be out.

Dennis stared out of the bedroom window. The double glazing kept out the cold and as his fingertips touched the glass, he could see the trees straining against the sudden icy blast and he shivered slightly. Something moving towards the end of the neighbour’s driveway caught his eye. He strained to see