

ONE FOR SORROW

By Dawn King

No one knew when it was going to come back. The first time it came was three weeks ago, on the 14th December. It had been ten times since that night. No one knew when or if there was going to be a next time. Each time it came they prayed for it to be the last time, but their hopes were always dashed when they discovered the next body.

No-one knew why it killed. It just did. That was why it came. Each time it wanted another person. Someone else had to die. And it always knew who it wanted, like something or someone was telling it who should be next. One by one it was wiping out the already tiny population of the town and there didn't seem like there was anything the townspeople could do about it.

Many people had seen it, but few could describe it. Big and black was all they could say. Ghostly yet real. No one saw its face though. It was just a movement in the darkness. A shadow in the blackness of the night. And it was silent. No one heard it arrive or leave but there were always motorbike tracks left behind in the mud. No one in the town rode a motorbike and if it was just a passing traveller someone would have heard or seen something. Some people thought it was a deranged psychopath that had escaped from the nearby mental institute, others thought it was some sort of sub-human, undead monster while those who believed, thought it was the Grim Reaper himself, come to wreck carnage on their little town.

But whatever it was, it was dangerous, and it killed. One slash with what seemed like a razor-sharp knife across the victim's neck. This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered. In the middle of the night. It was around midnight. They had to be the next victim, the

St Peter's was a fishing town, just off the coast of Norfolk, on the North Sea. It was a quiet, sleepy town that had hardly any visitors or sightseers. All the people who lived there knew each other by name and there was virtually no crime.

Everybody remembered the 14th December as the day the beast arrived, and everyone could feel its presence. Despite already being winter, the air turned cold and bitter. And then the rain started. Heavy, torrential rain that fell in sheets. Seeing was an impossibility. The storm lasted for three hours and then stopped almost as abruptly as it had started. But everything stopped. There was no breeze, no sound of the waves lapping onto the shore and all the night birds were silent. Nothing moved. It was like time had stopped everything. This period of timelessness only lasted about two minutes but for those who were awake, it felt like an eternity. They felt like they were immortal. They were trapped in a world where time didn't exist. Time couldn't age them, and time couldn't kill them. They were going to live forever....and then it ended. The night birds started to squawk and squeal as they did every night and the sea resumed its gentle movements. A breeze quickly built up and soon it was morning.

It was one of the local fishermen that had perished during the night. His throat was slit cleanly and deeply from one ear to the other. His eyes were closed, and his hair was a matted mess where blood had split around his head. There was no sign of another person being there except the open window. The sill was wet from where the rain had come through the window and paper had been blown about the room. He lay on his bed, the white sheets turned red from the leaking wound, where the