Halloween Stories 2019.

By Terry Miles.

Motorway Service Station.

George was walking along the first floor corridor in the motorway service station, close to where he used to live. He rarely stopped off at this particular one because it brought back memories of his wife’s affair with their next door neighbor. However, on this occasion it was a case of necessity because his car was running out of petrol. After filling up the tank He went to the dining area and ate a ham salad and drank a large glass of Coca Cola. Consequently, he was on his way to the restroom to relieve himself. Before him was a full length mirror and he was walking straight ahead towards it. He admired his appearance as he approached it not quite realizing how close he was until it was too late. As he closed in on himself the face of his reflection was changing, mesmerizing him as he came into contact with a hand reaching out towards him. The face was no longer a reflection of himself but of a skeleton. The finger bones took hold of his hand and held it tightly; it was cold and he could not withdraw from its grip. The skeleton passed in front of him and led him through a door marked with the notice: No unauthorized access. His heart was pounding in his chest and he was sweating profusely as the skeleton led him out of the building, through the carpark and into a wood. Flashbacks ran through his mind and he was conscious of what had been said about a person who had a near death experience, before being revived just in time. Suddenly the skeleton stepped to the left still guiding him to a place he had tried to erase from his memory. The skeleton turned around to face him; it started to grow flesh on its face and said, “So George do you remember this place?”

George recognised the place but hadn’t approached it from the service area before. He hadn’t thought it was that close…

 “Cathy…”

 “Yes, George it’s me, Cathy. Your ex-wife now you’ve remarried. You didn’t think you’d see me again, did you?”

 “I… I… I…”

 “You might as well stutter, just like I stuttered when you strangled me and drove me into the woods at the dead of night.”

 “What are you going to do with me, Cathy?”

 “Nothing, George. They still haven’t found my body, you know. But you know that, don’t you? You would have been told. Oh, you put on a good show; you should have been an actor. I didn’t think you’d do it, you know. You were so tediously boring I didn’t think you had it inn you. You really took me off my guard. You sounded interesting for the second time in your life. The first was when we met and I agreed to marry you. But that didn’t last long. And now you’re here in the woods close to where you buried me. Here we are so close to the road, too.”

 “Are you going to haunt me forever?”

 “Not for much longer, George. Catch you later.”

 George felt the hand release its grip and as he looked at Cathy she gradually dissolved into thin air. He felt cold, so cold that he had to rub his hands together. He wanted to get out of there. He had to move; someone might see him. What if the body was to be discovered? Without anymore ado he turned and walked quickly back to the car park. He got into his car and lit a cigarette and drew the grey smoke deep into his lungs. He switched the C D player on and pressed play. Voices singing the motets of Gesualdo filled his head with sound. He took another drag on his cigarette and turned the ignition key. The engine started and he drove the short distance onto the slip road. He was still wet with the sweat that had poured out of so many pores on his body, but he was free. He turned the volume up on his C D player as he drove onto the motorway. He recognized the approach to where he had driven his car that night, the hard shoulder and the council track that led into the wood. He looked straight ahead. He didn’t want to look at the hard shoulder. From the neatly mowed lawn on the central reservation area a woman stepped onto the motorway and turned to face him. George swerved to avoid the woman just as he recognized her. It was Cathy. She was smiling at him. The car was heading for the hard shoulder at a ninety degree angle. George tried to Steer the car at a more acute angle. The car crossed the hard shoulder; the front wheel hit something, followed by a bang as the tire blew out. The car veered to the left before crashing through a wooden fence. George tried to regain control but the car was hurtling down an incline. The car caught the side of a tree; George was flung forward and his head hit the windscreen. There was a twist in his neck and all sensation in him was gone. Had he forgotten to click on his seatbelt? George’s hands were no longer the strong hands they once were and his whole body slumped across the passenger seat before it was tossed around as the car rolled over and over until it stopped over the shallow grave of his ex-wife, Cathy.

The End.