

A HAUNTING WE WILL GO

While crossing the road for fish and chips Charlie was knocked down and killed by eighty two year old Doris who suffered tunnel vision and early-stage dementia. Doris was fined fifty pounds and Charlie's soul travelled to the, 'After death soul holding lounge' to wait for judgement. There were dozens of recently deceased sitting in a comfortable room equipped with television and soft upholstered chairs that stood on thick pile carpet.

Lounging about in life had suited Charlie, but non stop relaxation was more than he could have hoped for after death. Flopped in a moquette armchair, engrossed in rolling repeats of Coronation Street, his dozy pleasure was suddenly interrupted by a camp little cherub that flew in and settled at his feet.

'Hello Ducky I've come to explain your future. St Peter is busy at present, it will be about fifty years before your judgement day, after which you will either join the boss in Heaven or be sent below to shovel human excrement into eternity, but in the meantime it's a return to earth for haunting duties.'(The foul mouthed flying queer used a profanity, not excrement.) Instructions were simple, explaining that haunting was essential to concentrate minds of the sceptics who were arrogant enough to think that frail life on earth was the end.

As a ghost he would be his own boss, with the number of people he drove back to church adding to a judgement day score. Essential kit included a human manifestation converter allowing an invisible ghost to become whatever grotesque man or beast it chose to present. Charlie displayed enthusiasm, an emotion never experienced in life, with his first destination being a visit to see his wife Mary.

Mary had been loyal and hard working, she did complain about Charlie's slothfulness and their partnership was a dull success, but nothing could have prepared her for his smoky presence curling its way through the front door key hole, which was the only access point in the house; to find her laughing and joking in the arms of their young window cleaner. 'Darling I have never been so happy in my life. Charlie was so dull, he rated sex on a par with a Chinese takeaway; come here you lovely boy, I'll take you away on holiday, the old devil's life insurance will keep us happy for years.'

Charlie was furious, his supernatural form shook as he transformed into a monster with huge glinting teeth, uncovered as he cried. 'You filthy pair, your poor husband brutally killed, have you no shame?' The window cleaner screamed, turned ashen grey and disappeared through the front door, but his wife remained calm, turning to the wraith saying. 'Charlie, I would know your voice anywhere. Trust you to come back and spoil everything. Well now you will stay, like it or not.'

She dashed out grabbing a milk bottle, clamping it over the key hole. Charlie followed in hot pursuit, but finding a closed door had to leave the way he had entered. Too late, ethereal Charlie found himself squeezed into the bottle. Quick as a flash his wife withdrew the bottle, sealing him in with tape and later a wooden bung that would hold him captive till it rotted. That poor sad monster, whose teeth could not bite their way out of a paper bag is now buried in the smelly compost heap with prospects of worse to come when the gay cherub submits its ten yearly report.

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