He should have known to have listened to mum that night. He should have known not to have gone deeper down Coldstone Cemetery and into the church. He should have known to run when he saw the shattered glass lying on the misty floor. He should have known to do many things – many things indeed.

“I’ve heard a rumour,” Jack whispered, turning his head back at Tim, “it’s about a murderer who always scares before killing. He’s mad and his last attack was in the church of Coldstone Cemetery.” They both stood at the door of Jack’s house, footballs and boots in their hands. Mum was giving them instructions, “Be careful of any danger and be back by dark.” Then together, they strolled towards the cemetery. Overgrown weeds had formed a path, “We’re not actually going to play footy, you didn’t believe that did you?”

“What?” Tim replied, shaking his head, “Don’t you think it’ll be dangerous?” “I want to see if it’s true – if there is any evidence or something,” ignored Jack, striding forwards with curiosity. Tim looked ahead – he was still a few steps behind Jack, why does he have to be so adventurous? By the time Tim had come up with an excuse not to go to the church, they had already entered the gates of Coldstone Cemetery. Gravestones stood tall, forming shadows which had grown to at least twice the size of the actual stones. The more they both looked at them, the more the stones seemed to watch everything they were doing; as if the very graves themselves were urging them forward – willing them to continue down the spiralling path, “Do you think we should turn back now?” asked Tim. But as much as he wanted to his feet wouldn’t stop. In front of them was a church. It was tall with a towering spire. Its stain–glass windows were mossy with age. Nervously, they stepped inside. It was dark. Fear overcame their faces. For in front of them, was a pile of shattered glass. Footsteps were coming up from behind them: but they already knew their fates. Tim tried to scream – but no noise had time to escape his mouth.