

Ghost Story

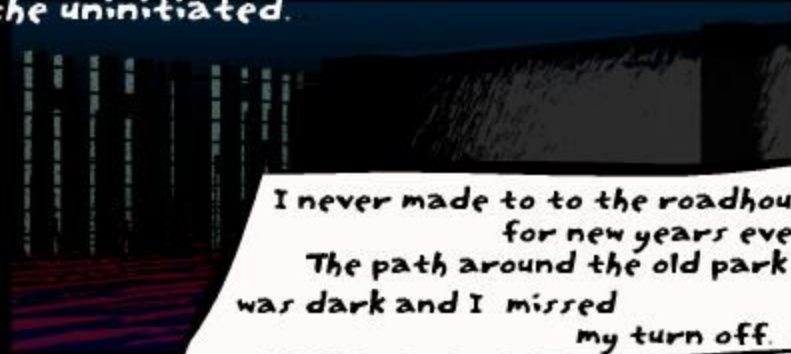


*Written and penned by
Blinky Comix*

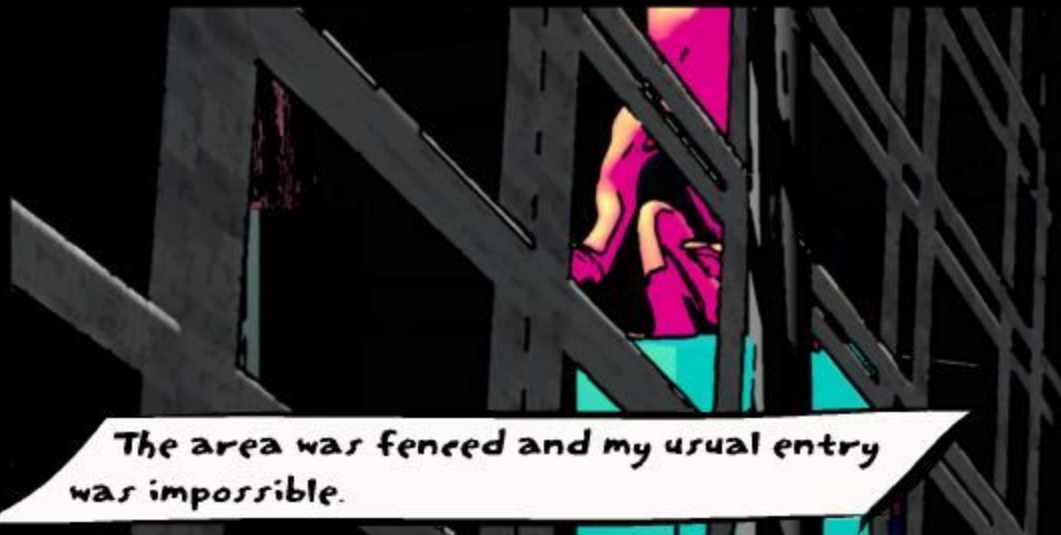


Then I was it-
The mark of foreboding
Two hearts above two graves- and a
strike of torment that tried to
mark it out.
"Its there at the end of the road.
The cemetery that it belongs to."

"They say thats where they both belong
And can re-claim in death what they could never in life..."
But only to the uninitiated.



I never made to to the roadhouse
for new years eve.
The path around the old park
was dark and I missed
my turn off.



The area was fenced and my usual entry
was impossible.

Through the fog. I could make my way up the street. The lights were inviting. but each place was closed.



I wondered- how far away was I my old childhood apartment.



Vague memories of a childhood-



But one marked in tragedy

It started before they were born.

That two should lead the others
you are to pay homage to them
and you would have all you need ^{both}
to go on.

The Villagers-
particularly the old timers



would do anything to go on- hands
clutched at their chest- eyes bulging.
They had little time left and had
convinced themselves that the
sacrifice of the two innocents would
give health back to their sorry lives

Now for them to for fill their destiny-



IN DEATH!!!



It happened in the forties-
a promise to some taxi-dancer that
she would always have the strength
to go on-

Unsteady on her feet after her
performance- she wondered how she
would make it through the rest of her
life. "Arrangements have been made-

If you can only get to the cemetery."

"But what about
later?"



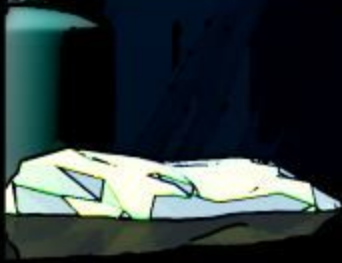
As he raised his glass he
promised- There will always be
power there to carry you on.

"Nothing will stop you!"

Not to worry my fair one



I finished my meal.



My beer drained-
I started to go.
I made my way into
the cool night

The fog had lifted-

I could see where
I was. The lights of
the town were visible.

Then I turned and looked
on the other side of the pole



It's a tag of a sad heart...