

The Grave Turners Tale.

The coffin was heavier than Pallor expected.

Their shoulder blistered beneath it. Fingerlike splinters slipped through their overcoat, paring skin.

Carefully, Pallor nudged it into a more comfortable resting place. The timbers groaned. Pallor tensed, quickly glancing at their companion.

Hal carried the head of the casket. He cut an enviable figure. Unbroken. Dense as the forest surrounding them. Pallor was more of a wilted shoot.

“Watch it,” Hal hissed.

“Sorry.” Pallor’s voice was so sincere it made Hal’s shoulders twitch.

The leaf litter was frozen underfoot. If not for the moon illuminating the bridleway, Pallor might have thought they were treading on glass. Pallor brushed the frosted lid. Even now, above the cracking undergrowth, they heard noises from within the coffin.

More than just the timbers groaning.

“Hal... They’re still alive in there.”

Hal dug his nails into the wood, leaving half-moons in the rime.

“That’s precisely the point.”

(150 Words)

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“Careful,” Hal hissed.

The leaf litter cracked as they walked. Even now, above the undergrowth, they heard noises from within the coffin.

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