

This Novel Hosted by: <http://free-online-novels.com>

Author retains copyright. All rights reserved. The Author has kindly made this digital copy available to you for your personal reading enjoyment. Any other use including redistribution is strictly prohibited.



WINDROCK

by
Mark Boyle

A crackling voice comes over the police car radio adding a third voice to the argument, "Enough already you're not going and that's it." Kevin's Father barks as he snaps on the mike responding to a repeating radio communication. He answers the message with a precise command and the voice replies, "Roger Dan, Clifford is already on the scene, H.Q. out." The voice finishes and the mike is hung up. "What's all that about Dad?" Kevin asks his Father with crossed arms as well as temper. Daniel Flint, the town's resident Sheriff throws a dashboard switch, setting of the siren and flashing lights. "We've had a pedestrian knocked down by one of our patrol cars." Dan returns. Kevin takes his scowling attention from the blackness outside his window. "You mean killed?" Kevin asks bluntly. With a glance sideways at Kevin, Dan answers his question with a nod, as Kevin returns to his view of the dark town streets. "To protect and to serve, Heh?" Kevin says quietly with a smile.

Dan turns sharply back to his son, "What was that?" He snaps. Kevin looks back to his Father with a bemused look upon his face. "Sorry, I didn't say a word." He smirks and returns his glance to the empty darkness outside. Being in no desperate rush the police car cruises through the sometimes narrow streets of Windrock, or what the locals now refer to as Drock. A change that has only started to take place in recent months with the electing of a new, young Mayor. Her slogan being, "The time has come for a new chapter in the book of our lives. It is time to begin again with new ideas and new values. I propose that our beautiful town shall bare the new name of Drock, a symbol of a new beginning and a better future for us all." So the speech went; a landslide vote secured Miss Melony Jakobs into her new position of town Mayor. The town of Drock was born from the shady past, old memories and ashes of Windrock. Holding his hand outside the car window, Dan Flint ushers onlookers to one side as he slips his police car past the road block to stop in eyesight of the crime scene. "One of your boys knock down that miserable old vagrant Sheriff?" An old man asks from his vantage point on the back of his Ford 52 pick up truck. Stepping out of the police car the Sheriff throws his comment over his shoulder, "Don't you worry about it Sam, just be glad it wasn't you." He says making the old man chew on his toothless gums all the more in compliant. "Can I come and have a look Dad?" Kevin asks hanging out the side window of the car. His Father stops in his tracks to stare back at him for a moment. "Don't worry I won't touch anything, OK." Kevin adds rolling his eyes. Dan reluctantly nods in return and continues on his way to the covered body near his waiting Deputy. Kevin slips through the open window and drops his feet to the bitumen below. With a wave to the restrained crowd he pokes his tongue out with a smile and continues cautiously to the messy scene. "Dan I barely touched her, silly dam panhandler must have been in a daze stepping out in front of me like she did." Deputy, Mark Clifford says perplexed. The Sheriff peels back the heavy blanket from the broken form beneath. The old woman's wrinkled face nestled amongst the rags that are her cloths; her long grey hair now soaked red with her blood. "Vulgar; like

peeling the bread back off a jam sandwich." Kevin says beneath his breath, but not quietly enough that his Father does not hear. Dan turns to glare at his son for an instant, who holds his hands up as if to surrender. Kneeling down next to the old woman, Mark lifts back the wet edge of the blanket covering the woman's hand. "Heh Sheriff check out the rock." He says, his eyes bulging downwards. The Sheriff glances back from his son who is bending over the various belongings scattered from the old woman's shopping trolley. The Sheriff does not notice at first but then his eyes catch the massive diamond ring on the withered finger before him. All but covered with a splatter of blood; sparkling under the street lamp overhead. Dan whistles as his eyes squint at the workmanship. "That's quiet a piece, thumb nail size." He says crouching down for a better look. "Better get a photo of that Mark." Dan says. Sitting back on his haunches; the Sheriff looks up to his Deputy beside him. "Doesn't make much sense really." He says in a curious tone. The Deputy screws his moustache up in return. "What doesn't?" He asks blankly. The Sheriff waves his hands over the lifeless figure on the street. "Well look at her, I've seen this woman walking through town since I was in high school and here she is wearing a stone big enough to buy a dozen of our squad cars with." Dan says getting to his feet. "Yeh, I see what you mean, why live in poverty when your stinking rich." The Deputy adds shaking his head. Behind them Kevin pulls a leather hand bag from and old brown paper bag buried in the rubbish. The finest of leather, an expensive item in its day, stolen perhaps, bearing a single word, "STYLES." Kevin says to himself. Keeping his Father in eyesight he slips his back pack off and thrusts the handbag inside with out a second thought. Hopping to his feet he steps over the belongings to his Father and the Deputy. "High Clifford, nice one," Kevin says receiving grimacing looks from both his Father and the Deputy. "I'll wait in the car Dad." Kevin says with a smile and leaves the two. The Sheriff slaps the Deputy on his shoulder, "Sorry about that Clifford, it could have happened to any one of us." Dan says receiving a nod in return from his Deputy. With procedures checked, photos taken and the arrival of the Coroner, Dan gives Mark his final instructions and returns to

his waiting Son in the patrol car. "You ain't gonna leave that Deputy in charge are ya?" The old man from the crowd asks snappily. Lingered to get into the police car Dan slams the already open car door and strides over to the complaining citizen. Taking the black and yellow plastic ribbon in his hands that reads - Police Line Do Not Cross, Dan leans over to stare the old man in the face, who rocks back on his heels in response. "Now Sam, you listen up and you listen good, you are not in charge I am, you got it!" Dan barks, making Sam place a finger tip against his hearing aid to calm the vibration in his head. "Mark Clifford is as competent as any man I have worked with, so just ease up a bit, OK." Dan says regaining a little calmness. Sam shakes his head madly in agreement and chews his gums like a kid with a fresh stick of bubble gum. Slipping behind the wheel; Dan screws the hard plastic to offload his temper. "Are we out of here Dad?" Kevin asks impatiently. "All right were," Dan nearly yells. "Were heading home." He says, spins the police car around and heads down the main road. On the outskirts of town an entire hillside accommodates the creaking beams, weathered boards and sagging roof of an old southern style mansion. Some meters in the front of the derelict home stands a single leaning post. The last of eight posts that once held up the elegant roof belonging to a summer gazebo. By design or accident the final leaning post also holds an oval brass plaque hanging by only one fine chain. Although stained with age it still quite clearly bears the once distinguished name of STYLES. The house sitting like an aged doorman for the nearby town at the bottom of the hill. With a screech of tyres a bright red convertible slides across the gravelled shoulder in front of the Styles mansion. Cheers and screams of laughter interrupt the labouring engine. One passenger hangs onto his girlfriend sitting on the top of the rear seat and hurls a half full beer bottle at the brass plate. With the skills of his football background coming into form the bottle flies true, but at the very last second veers off into the nearby bushes as if caught by a sudden gust of wind. "Aaaah, dam it," He yells as the driver slams his foot to the floor and the car fishtails back onto the bitumen to continue down the road. They past the new sign which reads, 'You are now entering the beautiful

town of DROCK, stay and rest a while.' Disappearing down the road they slow to enter the narrow streets not thinking for a moment that the mansion on the hill was of any importance. But the town of Drock, originally Windrock owes everything to the Styles mansion and the family that lived there. In the pages of every history book there are hundreds of stories of one man or family that became an unyielding force, who arrived at a time when the country was still barren and inhospitable and had the courage to spend their lives working on that land and making a town from the dust they found there. The Styles were such a family, but as time past much has been forgotten and the people of Drock wish to leave their history in the past. But sometimes the past refuses to stay buried. Pulling into their garage Daniel Flint and his son Kevin crawl from the front seat of the patrol car after a long day. "I just have to get my nap sack from the back seat." Kevin says stalling for time, as his Father continues into the house. Leaning over the front seat Kevin peers over his shoulder to make sure his Father has gone before yanking the bag from behind the seat. In the garage he looks to every corner for a suitable hiding place, "Were you gonna go you old bag?" He says smiling to himself, taking the old handbag from the knapsack and dropping it into an unused cardboard box. "Kevin, what do you want for dinner?" Dan yells, inspecting a piece of chocolate cake in the fridge that is growing what looks like green carpet on it. Kevin takes the cardboard box and slips it under an old cane chair. "I don't care anything is fine Dad," Kevin yells back from the garage. "The way you cook what difference does it make, it all taste like charcoal." Kevin wisecracks quietly to himself as he switches off the garage light. Dan squeezes the last scorched pot into the dishwasher as the phone rings; he answers it and turns his back to Kevin in the family room watching T.V. A moment later he hangs up and steps into the dimly lit family room. "Kevin did you see a hand bag or a purse at the accident this afternoon, Mark said there was one in the woman's belongings?" Dan asks casually. Kevin looks up finally, pretending not to be interested. "A bag, the only bag I remember seeing was the one Clifford creamed." He laughs flicking to another channel. An unsuspected silence

comes from his Father who stares back from the shadowy doorway making Kevin feel uncomfortable. "I wish your Mother was here, maybe she would have better luck with you than I do." Dan says gruffly breaking the silence. "Good night Kevin I'm going to bed." Dan says with a shallow disappointed tone to his voice that makes Kevin's blood boil. "Well she's not coming back, not now that she's living with Dr. Frankenstein upstate." Kevin spits, snapping the T.V. off blanketing the room in darkness. Early morning rays of sunshine cut through Kevin's sleep filled eyes. The sound of Mr. Mathews sprinkler system next door starts up, slapping the side of the house. Stirring, he finds himself curled up on the couch. Leaning over to look out the family rooms dusty windows he sees that his Fathers patrol car has already left, "Morning Dad, morning Son." Kevin sneers and drags himself off to the shower. On the school basketball court an airborne ball sails down, plunging into the ring, through the net and is caught by nibble hands. "Ouch, nice catch, you keep that up you might win a scholarship out of this armpit of a town." A voice says slamming the wire gate behind him. Two momentarily surprised face turn to see the intruder. "Heh Kevin, how goes it?" Corey asks sharing a smile with Kelly who sits on the bench minding their school bags. "It goes quickly, hopefully. One more year I'll have my licence and I will be off like cotton socks." Kevin says glancing at a jade green mustang cruising by. "My Gran says you shouldn't wish your life away Kevin." Kelly says taking a swig of Corey's Coke. "Yeh, well since she is about a hundred and thirty I can see what she means." Kevin laughs grabbing his back like an old man. "But for me its the sooner the better I say." He adds throwing his knapsack at Kelly's feet. Corey throws the basketball to Kevin. "What is this, another new ball?" Kevin says screwing his face up at Corey. "Well with the paper run plus helping out at the Ink Spot Printers in my spare time I'm earning some descent dough." Corey states to his scoffing friend. "Hard work in the right place can be worth it Kevin." Kelly adds. Kevin stands to shoot for the hoop grinning at the new ball. "I tell you what; I will swap your hard earned ball for the secret contents of a hand bag that belonged to the old girl that Deputy Mark Clifford ran

down yesterday." Kevin says to the two, making sure he is not overheard. "Very funny Kevin." Kelly says looking over to Corey who is staring at Kevin waiting for the jokes punch line. "I am serious, one new ball for some priceless personal belongings." Kevin states sitting down beside Kelly spinning the ball in front of her face. "You stole it? What's the woman's name?" Corey asks suspiciously. Kevin rolls the ball over and over in his hands. "I'm not sure, there is a name on the bag but even my Dad doesn't know who she is." Kevin says. Feeling a little upset, Kelly hops from the bench to stand with Corey, "If they don't identify this woman, her family will never know she is dead, you should give it back Kevin." Kelly pleads. But Kevin only rolls the ball from hand to hand. "I don't know what's in the bag but I am sure some one will want to take it off my hands." Kevin says with an almost threatening tone. Corey's cheeks flush red as he grabs his bag from the bench, "Keep the ball Kevin, have the bag here in the morning, all right." Corey snaps and storms off for the classroom followed by Kelly. Kevin smiles, watching them head off to class, finally doing the same himself, tucking the ball into his knapsack as he goes. Later that night as Daniel Flint returns home, "Hi Kev, how was school?" He asks and gets no response. "Listen Kevin we're having trouble identifying that old woman from the accident." Dan says watching for any sign of interest from Kevin lying on the couch. "Nothing to go on Heh?" Kevin mumbles lazily. Dan comes into the family room and sits on the armrest of the couch. "No nothing, just that we think she may have been quite rich at one stage." Dan says half watching T.V., immediately catching Kevin's attention. "How do you know she was rich?" Kevin asks curiously. "She was wearing a very expensive diamond ring, maybe over a hundred thousand dollars worth." Dan adds getting to his feet to take a photo of the ring from his pocket and passing it to Kevin. "Definitely not stolen we've checked," Dan says pausing to look back at his Son. "You sure you didn't see that bag?" Dan asks. Looking up from his thoughts of riches Kevin shakes his head in denial. "All right Kev, were marking her as a Jane Do for now, I'm gonna catch a shower." Dan says leaving Kevin with his thoughts. What riches could she have stashed in that

bag, rings, diamonds or jewellery? Making sure his Father is in the bathroom he slips out into the garage. Reaching past some cobwebs Kevin pulls out the old cardboard box and lifts out the bag. With a snap of the partially rusted clip he opens the hand bag, tilting it over to cast the light from the garage into its dark interior. A shine from a long sleek object within catches Kevin's eye as well as something else, something gold. He quickly tips the contents to the garage floor. With a glance at the aged items Kevin squints inside the bag again. "What that's it; this is just junk. Where's the good stuff?" He says picking up a family photo from the floor. The photo shows the old mansion outside of town with its white railings and long verandas looking brand new behind the family standing on the front steps. Two parents and what Kevin assumes are their two children. The young woman standing in a long flowing dress, Kevin recalls his Mother wearing similar dresses. Beside her the Son wearing a uniform of some sort, Civil War perhaps. Hearing the shower in the bathroom turn off Kevin takes a quick look at the other two objects. An old necklace with four little whistles hanging from it, "Junk!" Kevin says screwing his face up and dropping it into the bag. Kevin raises the final object to his eyes. "Wow, nasty." He says holding a long bladed antique dagger, its rippling blade catching the light. Watching for his Father, Kevin thrusts the dagger into his knapsack along with the handbag. "A daggers better than nothing I guess and a new basketball from Corey in trade for that other garbage." Kevin says to himself looking over to the basket ball thrown into the corner next to his Fathers unused work bench. Reaching through the car window Kevin throws the Knapsack onto the back seat ready for school the next day. Opening the only slightly faded leather handbag, Corey says, "Is this it? You haven't taken anything out of her have you Kevin?" Giving Kevin a scrutinizing eye. Looking out of the side of his face at Corey Kevin unconvincingly laughs the accusation off, "Taken something, like what?" He snaps. Taking a long look into Kevin's sweating face Corey adds, "I don't know, but if I find out you have I'm going to." He begins, but Kevin's temper cuts him off. "Look pal, I've taken nothing out of the stupid bag, you wanted the thing,

now it's yours." Kevin barks grabbing his knapsack to wander off towards a group of boys taking the lunch money from a pre-schooler, passing by Kelly entering the court. "Ha Kevin how are you?" She smiles. Tilting his head to one side Kevin pulls an unnatural smile saying, "Hi Kelly come to sit with fat head have you." Kelly stops dead in her tracks for a moment before moving over to Corey and sitting down. "Bite my head off why doesn't he. What's his prob?" She says in a squealing tone. Corey responds with a wave of disinterest. "He gave me the bag, can I come over this afternoon to check it out." Giving him a sweet kiss on the lips she says, "Sure you can come over any time you like." With a blast from the school siren Corey jabs the old bag into his own knapsack and the two move off to class. As the newly named town of Drock settles down for the evening the narrow streets become quiet and empty. Several blocks from the Franklin College a door bell is rung at the house of Kelly Brook. A light comes on as it always does and the vivid white front door with a stained glass insert of a rose swings open, Mrs. Barbara Brook answers, "Quasimodo," She yells, as Corey gives her a bewildered look. "Excuse me, Quasy who?" He says. Grabbing him by the shoulder she drags him inside to shut the door. "Sorry, not you dear, were in the middle of our game shows, triple word score, go on through Corey." With this a scream comes from the lounge room as Corey makes his way down the hall passing Mr. Brook in his favourite chair. "Oh dam, he blew it, how are you Corey." Peter says not taking his eyes from the screen. "Cool Mr. Brook." Corey returns as he taps on Kelly's bedroom door. Once inside he settles on the large double bed and spills the contents out onto Kelly's duvet. With a single glance Kelly lets out a squeal, "Get that off my bed Corey." She says, delicately he picks up two apple cores, an unused tea bag as well as several crusts from a multitude of ancient sandwiches, dropping them all back into the leather bag. "Not much here is there?" Kelly says to Corey, picking up an old photograph to study closely. Using his fingertips with care Corey lifts a fine gold necklace from Kelly's bed, hanging it in front of his eyes. "Heh this is different." He thinks out loud. Linked with a fine gold chain, the necklace holds four tiny gold whistles, each

one a slightly different size to the other. "Hay, isn't this that old house outside of town?" Kelly asks holding the photo in front of Corey's face. Holding his head back to focus, Corey studies the aged family photo before him. "So it is, must have been a long time ago, that guys wearing a Civil War uniform." Corey adds as Kelly pulls the photo back for further analysis. Taking one of the small whistles in his hand Corey reads the engraved old English on the side, it simply says, "William." Corey announces, making Kelly flinch with surprise. "William, there's a William in this photo." She says showing Corey the back of the picture, listing all the family members in the photo. Shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders Corey says, "I don't know what it all means, not yell anyway." as he hangs the necklace around Kelly's unsuspecting neck. "Do you think it's alright?" She asks screwing up her small nose. "Sure, at least until someone wants it back, all we need to know is who that woman is, that's all." Corey states to Kelly admiring the necklace. The following morning, outside, "Marty's Milk Bar." Kelly finishes the story she has been telling Corey. "That's right; I finished that science book we were supposed to read. I turned out the light and then it started, softly at first getting louder and louder. When I realized what it was and what it was saying I took off." She says catching up on her melting chock top. "This voice, it just kept saying it over and over?" Corey asks. "That's right. Sing the Song, Sing the Song." Kelly adds as Corey wipes chocolate off her chin. Pointing to a half melted ice block on the seats out side the store Corey walks Kelly across the road to the park saying, "What song, what is it on about." Corey asks, bewildered. With a slap on the back almost loosing what was left of his ice cream Corey turns to see Kevin's playful grin. "Heh dude, how come you didn't buy me one?" Kevin asks taking a lick from Kelly's choc top. Walking through the large green park with gardens of flowers and overhanging trees they come to sit at Corey's favourite spot. A long wooden park bench at the base of a tall granite statue. Despite trying to make Kevin understand the seriousness of the strange warning, he bursts out laughing as if hearing the punch line of a good joke. "Sing the Song Kelly. Lets all sing Kelly, but what song will we sing." He laughs as Kelly and

Corey look at their shoes in embarrassment. Through Kevin's laughing an echoing voice is heard like a man lost at sea screaming for help. Kevin stops his laughter for a moment to look at Corey, expecting that he had made the sound. "Heh that was pretty good Corey, do that again will you?" Kevin says with a chuckle. But Corey only looks up to Kevin with a blank look upon his face. "Do what again. Don't muck around Kevin, Kelly's already had a scare." Corey barks back at Kevin who stands screwing his face up at him. Then as if on que the voice comes again catching all off guard, this time the voice is strong and distinguishable. "Sing the song of Windrock." With the final echoing syllable the three jump from the park bench as if discovering a snake beneath them as Kelly lets out an ear splitting scream. The three stop for a moment some paces away to look back at the statue from which the sound is coming. A tall solid granite statue dressed in an old fashioned costume, beside a statue of a large wolf hound. In an instant its solid features become alive, Corey holds onto Kelly as Kevin stands back holding a piece off a nearby tree branch, lips move and eyes blink as the statue speaks its strange message. "Sing the song, Sing the song of Windrock." With this Kevin throws his new found stick at the granite form, "Sing it your self." He says running for the main road like a mad man, with Corey and Kelly not far behind. Not stopping to look back Kevin leads the way across the main road slipping past a friend, Mathew Cormik, cleaning the Milk Bars table. "Heh Kevin where's the fire?" He asks. But Kevin is long gone with Kelly and Corey close behind, through the side entrance and down the alleyway between the court house and the old unused service station. "Kevin hold up!" Corey screams grabbing onto Kelly's wind cheater. Staggering to a stop Kevin digs his hand into the stitch forming in his stomach and collapses into a large cardboard box near an industrial bin. Kelly holds her own stomach as she leans against a nearby brick wall gasping for breath. Corey lingers, watching down the path from which they came. Taking a deep breath he looks to Kevin laying wheezing in the middle of a squashed cardboard box and says, "Are you sure you didn't take anything from that bag?" He asks from a heavy chest. Kevin, unable to answer raises

his hand in denial. Three blocks away inside Kevin's closed garage, "Ride out there what for?" Kevin asks Corey. Shaking his head back at Kevin, Corey says, "Look I'm not keen on going out there either o.k. but the voice says, sing the song of Windrock." Stepping back to sit on an old box Corey hold his face in his hands to rub his sore eyes. Looking to his two friends for answers and only seeing questions Kevin slaps his hands together making Corey look up. "Come on then it's a long ride we had better get a move on." Kevin says pushing an old tarp off his bike, wheeling it to the door. The long ride out to Windrock cove and the old Styles Mansion there takes the three riders over an hour. No cars pass by them on the way, questions rush through their minds like bees in a hive. Time and time again they have questions they wish to ask each other but they realise at that moment there is no one that knows the answers. Finally the house they have seen a hundred times passing by in a car comes into view. A house that they had never paid any attention to before, but now they see it for the first time. A spray of fine gravel scatters into the undergrowth as the three mountain bikes pull of the shoulder of the road to stop at the almost invisible archway of stone leading to Windrock cove. "This is it lets go." Kevin says beginning to push the thick shrubbery to one side. "I think it opens up a bit as you get in there." He says, turning to hold his hand out to Kelly so she can slip under the wiry growth, Kevin stops. As he does so Kelly turns to see what Kevin is staring at. Back at the edge of the road side Corey stands frozen with fear. With sweat running down his face, his eyes seemingly bulge out towards the white ruins of the Styles Mansion some hundred metres ahead. Kelly turns back to Kevin who shrugs his shoulders in return at the question they both have on their minds. "Corey, you all right?" Kelly asks in a soft caring tone, but he does not answer, making Kelly hold her hands over her mouth with fright. Letting the greenery fall back into place Kevin marches up to Corey and spins him around with one great heave from his shoulder. "Heh, what's your problem." Corey's blank expression fades as he speaks, "Sorry, its just this house, strange." He says turning back to look at the wind in the trees near the collapsing veranda. "Talk to us man." Kevin says sternly. "My

Dads driven past this place I don't know how many hundreds of times. I don't come with him any more if I can help it. Last time I was in the car with him we were driving past, late afternoon I guess. We were talking, everything was fine and then he stops the car. I asked him why? He just tells me to be quiet. He turns the engine off and pulls the wheel chair out, gets in it." Corey says seeing the day clearly in his mind. "What was he doing?" Kelly asks as Corey continues. "He rolls the chair through all this gravel, right up to the edge of the house and stops. When I get out of the car and go over to him he's sweating like a man on the road gang." Kevin points to Corey's shirt. "Like you mean." Corey tugs at his shirt but is lost in his story. "When I asked again, what was going on? He says he thought he heard her." Corey looks over to his friends with fear in his eyes; an expression his friends realise is unusual for Corey. "Heard who Corey?" Kelly quietly asks. "He said the Banshee. He then made me swear that I would never come up here. Never go to the Windrock or any where near the Styles Mansion." With a heave from his lungs Corey runs his hands down his sweaty face onto his shirt. "Do you want to stay out here Corey?" Kevin asks at a loss for words at Corey's strange story. "No, no I'm fine let's do it." He says and moves across to the undergrowth, pushing it aside for the others. Pushing through the wiry shrubs the three emerge on the other side only a few metres in. In front of them a long winding path that bends and disappears around a nearby corner. With a slap on Corey's shoulder Kevin says, "Were on our way I suppose. Heh Corey this thing with you Dad, I knew he was legless but gutless too." Kevin laughs feeling his own foot lodge in his mouth the moment he said it. Corey spins around with his fist clinched against Kevin's cheek and says through his gritted teeth, "If you ever say that about my Father again, so help me I'll smash your face in." Corey says, catching Kelly's shocked look. Striding a little ahead Corey walks with his head down thinking of his Father. "Why did you have to say that for Kevin, you know he's touchy about his Dad." Kelly says giving Kevin a taste of the knives in her eyes. "Well I didn't know that his Dad was freaked out about the old house did you?" Kevin asks annoyed. Kelly looks back at Kevin not being used to hearing him care about

anything but keeping himself out of trouble. "His Dads a bit of a sad character Kevin, but I didn't know anything about that either." Kelly says trying not to let Corey hear. Continuing down the winding path they notice that there are no birds, no animal life at all seems to live in this place. The only sounds that can be heard are the unnerving shrieks from the waters edge that grows steadily louder as they continue down the path. Seeing Kevin push something further up his sleeve to his shoulder Kelly asks, "What have you got in there? I seen you hide some thing earlier." Digging his fingers under his sleeve Kevin pulls out a weathered packet of Cigarettes, flashing them in Kelly face before returning them to their hiding place. "You idiot your not smoking are you Kevin?" Kelly digs. "What do you think I am stupid? Those things can kill you; I only carry them for the look." Kevin says running his fingers through his slicked hair. "What's this, the look?" asks Kelly snapping her fingers. "That look, like you don't take crap from anybody, that's what." Kevin says giving Kelly a hard stare. The sound of an occasional barking dog becomes more frequent, with every turning corner. Up ahead Corey stops to stare at something just out of Kevin and Kelly's view. "What's up with him now?" Kevin says receiving a dirty look from Kelly. Stepping up beside him they see what Corey has stopped for. A Large grey dog sits barking at them from the next corner. Not grey but a dog made of solid granite, a statue that has become alive. "Its that dog, the stone one from beside the statue in the park." Corey says not taking his eyes off the barking animal for a second. "No way, an animal can't move around without a brain in its head." Kevin whines. "Why not you get by." Corey returns with a snicker. Their attention is taken as the dog jumps to its feet and spins around as if chasing its tail with excitement. Barking madly it runs around the corner and is gone. Looking back and forth to each other to check what they have seen they start walking together for the corner. "Heh listen." Kelly says. "The barking has stopped, all I can hear is that shrieking sound from the surf." Kevin adds. Cautiously they approach the corner where the dog disappeared. "Wow, very nice." Kevin yells over the roaring white water. The three stand with mouths a gasp at the view before them, no dog to be seen but

a wild and vicious white water crashes against the jagged rocks. Small shrubs line the surrounding area standing fast against sandblasting winds that try to tear them from their resting place. Above, small caves riddle the high rock walls that emerge from the surf, some too small to even crawl into. The cove of Windrock looking like the perfect home for a Pirate ship hiding from a British Fleet. Stepping forward Corey says, "This place is beautiful, why doesn't anyone come out here?" Kevin laughs at Corey's comment. "What are you kidding nobody wants to even talk about this place let alone come out here. Changing the name to Drock was no accident." Kevin says, "Windrock and anything to do with its past seems to be a dirty word in town." Talking about their curiously beautiful find they walk over the open sandy area leading to the beginning of the jagged rocks that lay half hidden beneath the waters foaming surface. Feeling the salt spray against her face Kelly asks, "Sing the song he said, what song do you think he meant?" Corey looks to Kevin for an answer to the riddle. With a smirk Kevin snaps his fingers with an idea. "Maybe we should sing Corey's song." He says sounding like a line to a joke, but Corey asks what Kevin means all the same. "My song? And what would that be?" With a grin from ear to ear Kevin says, "You know Corey, Bruce Springsteen's 'Born to Run.'" Kevin bursts into fits of laughter, digging Kelly in the ribs making her blurt out a mouth full of giggles herself. Holding back for a second to shake his head at his two giggling friends Corey gives into the joke. They forget where they are and why they are here for a moment, but the moment is short. Like hearing a distant ambulance siren, the joke is gone, their laughter blanketed by the ear piercing shriek that seems to grow louder as if angered by their harmless fun. Wailing a mournful sound like a tortured animal. Corey, Kelly and Kevin stand motionless as if in a trance by the crying sounds that wash through their minds from the salt mist. Kevin is the first to move from their stone faced position and says, "What is that sound, it goes right through my head, sounds like someone torturing a cat or something." Kelly says nothing of Kevin's remark and only shakes her head as does Corey, like waking from a deep sleep "Hey, wakey wakey, you two look like the walking

dead." Kevin yells over the shrieking noise. Calming slightly to a bearable level, Kevin lets out an equally loud scream out to the surf, making Corey and Kelly pay attention. All three begin taking turns at screaming out to the shrieking voice from the foaming ocean. Corey begins sticking his fingers in his mouth to let out an almost glass breaking whistle. Kevin does the same but fails to reach Corey's painful decibels. "Give them a go Kell," Kevin says to Kelly lifting the whistle necklace around her neck. Kelly takes the delicate gold whistles that hang from the fine gold chain. Bundling the four whistles into her mouth she blows, letting out an array of ear pricking notes, making Corey and Kevin hold their ears. Laughter fills the misty air for a moment until Corey holds his hand up to silence his friends. They realize immediately why a strange look has come over Corey's face. The shrieking sound from the surf has stopped, not eased but become totally silent. The breeze dies as does the movement of the shrubs and trees. What was a moment before a wild turbulence of white water is now as calming as a duck pond. "I don't think your going to be much of a musician Kelly." Kevin says looking all around at the calming area. Corey does not join in on the joke; he walks forward to stare out at a swirling area of deep water just of shore. Noticing Corey's vacant glance Kevin nudges Kelly and she blows on the whistles again. Swinging around to face the screeching sound Corey snaps, "Shut up the both of you." Kelly's eyes widen with hurtful surprise. "Corey what's wrong?" Kelly says to the staring Corey. "What's with you pal?" Kevin adds. Corey grabs Kevin by the back of the neck to point his face in the direction of the turbulent water. "Heh," Kevin begins to say but stops as his eyes meet the scene. Kelly pulls up along side of the two spectators to watch the increasingly swirling water in the centre of the calm sea. From the silence all around the shrieking wail begins again, this time the painful sound comes from deep within the churning water itself. Like the centre of a wild and turbulent whirlpool the water whips and swirls into a foaming waterspout, getting higher and higher above the surface, Kelly begins tugging on Corey's shirt sleeve and says, "I don't like this Corey I want to go, Kevin come on lets get out of here." Despite the frantic tugging they do not move

until the swirling foam begins to form its ultimate shape. As if sculptured from water itself a figure of a woman is born from the white water. At first with its arms by its side the watery figure emerges to its waist. With hair of white foam, a long drawn face, mouth hanging open it extends its thin liquid arms towards the three onlookers. With a scream of panic that is all but lost under the shrieking wail, Kelly frantically tugs on Corey's arm. "Corey, come on we've got to get away from what ever that is." Slowly they waken from the glazed look in their eyes stepping backward toward the overgrown shrubs and vines. As fear mixes with panic Corey and Kevin grab each other by the arm and tear themselves away from the hypnotic sight. Fully formed from the ocean water around her a liquid image of a Banshee woman moves toward the group, its hair of white foam blowing with insane rage about its head. Moving towards the rock ledge on dry land with its thin arms and wiry fingers reaching out clawing at them, Kelly can wait no longer and runs for the pathway. Kevin's foggy brain jerks his legs into action along with Corey's, "Run for it that thing is coming right at us." Kevin screams as they catch up with the running Kelly almost knocking her down with panic. Leaving the ocean behind them they run for their lives feeling as though their feet have barely left the ground. Seconds before they reach the opening to the pathway the Banshee is upon them, with arms of mist and clammy salt spray she clutches them in one swoop, their hearts jump into their mouths. A final scream rings out as Kelly feels the Banshees cold touch. They feel the last breath of air rush from their lungs as they collapse into the wet sand beneath them. All is silent; the Banshee woman is gone, returned to the watery hiding place beyond the jagged rocks. A gentle breeze laps the cold water against the nearby rocks; the warm summer sun shines down on three figures laying face down in the sand. Nothing moves on the beach, no bird soars in the sky. A small sign of life as a soldier crab scurries from the sunlight heading for the protection of his tunnel home, marking his scampering passage in the sand. A small pale hand wearing an amethyst ring lies in his path, with little effort he climbs the obstruction and as he marches down the other side the obstacle springs into life sending the traveller

tumbling across the sand into the long grass. Rolling over onto her back Kelly sits up and sees Kevin and Corey stirring beside her. "Its all right she's gone, we must have past out." Kelly says gently rubbing Corey's back. Scrambling to his feet Kevin stands behind Kelly stretching his back. "Oh man I feel like my Dad looks after a night out drinking." He says rubbing his neck. Rolling over onto his back Corey sits up beside Kelly with a few groans of sore muscles and says, "Lets get out of here while we can." Kelly turns to Corey with a smile of agreement but her smile soon changes to a look of horror. As if confronted by a stranger she stumbles to her feet, back against a large rock away from Corey. "What's your problem?" Kevin says turning around to see what all the commotion is, making Kelly let out another scream. With her hands to her mouth she stares back at Kevin whose hair has turned a pale grey and his skin wrinkled. Kevin cuts through the confused looks from all in saying, "What the hell is going on here Corey, Kelly looks as old as the photos of my Mum." Kevin says looking down at Corey's aged face. "Look at you, you're no taller but you look as old as my Dad." Kevin adds. Walking over to a group of rocks they sit their aching bodies down to try and work out what has happened. "We've been out for a while I would say." Corey states looking at the sun low though the trees. "Well we didn't get old waiting for the tide to come in did we?" Kevin snaps back. "How did we get this damp clammy feeling?" He adds. Kelly sniffs her coat collar, "Smells like the sea, sort of fishy." She says screwing her nose up. As they sit and talk about their obviously aged faces the shrieking sound of the Windrock begins to return, wailing a painful sound coming from beneath the foaming water. On hearing the strange sound they get to their tired legs and hurriedly make their way back down the path to their bikes at the entrance. Although stiff in the legs and feeling like they had not ridden a bike in years they sneak back home. As they ride they promise each other not to tell anyone of what had happened, to cover up the ageing as best they can and meet first thing on Sunday. Propping his bike up in the garage a wavering voice turns Kevin around, "Sing the Song of Windrock." The voice says, coming from Kevin's knapsack. The same voice from the statue in the park.

Walking from the garage Kevin hurls the garage door closed behind him. "Sing the song, I tried that already thanks but no thanks." He says walking to the kitchen where he finds a note from his Father and reads it, "Night shift tonight, don't forget to have dinner, catch you up tomorrow, Dad!" Kevin snatches the paper from the fridge, screws it up and tosses it into the garbage bin. "Out saving the world again Huh Dad?" Sneaking to their beds early, Corey, Kelly and Kevin sleep a restless sleep. It is 3.00 o'clock on Sunday morning as the crisp night air around Windrock cove swirls over the sharp rocks near the shore. Beyond the jagged rocks the foaming water churns with the shrieking sound of a tortured soul. In the salty wind a single shrieking note is swept high into the cold night air heading for the sleeping town of Drock. As distance is covered the Banshees cry fades beyond the range of normal human hearing. Down among the homes and buildings the clammy ocean air swirls like a night predator stalking the streets, invisible to its victims. The shriek twists and curls with the wayward wind through every tree top until it splits, separating into three tendrils of cursed notes searching for a very special audience. With their journey finally at an end the gentle breeze whisks the hidden sounds through cracks and gaps to find the young ears of the three intruders to Windrock Cove. In three separate minds a single smoky vision forms from the touch of the Banshees voice. Dreams of the old Styles house fill their imagination twisting into a nightmare of screaming Banshee spirits, mouldy walls and cobwebs. The nightmare vision warps before them, a mirror showing their own face within, it changes, ageing and cracking like drying mud in the midday sun. The withered face splits and crumbles before their eyes falling away from the bone leaving their bare white skull smiling back at them. With a jolt like an electric shock they awake, sitting upright in bed their sweat drenched bodies shake uncontrollably with fear. A moment passes and they realize where they are as their racing heart slows to a normal rhythm. Kelly's Father rushes into her room in response to a scream that she does not remember making. Sitting on her bed Paul Brook asks, "You o.k." Running his fingers through her wet hair. "It's not like you Kelly to have nightmares." She smiles back to reassure

her Father, "It's all right Dad, probably just something I ate too close to coming to bed." She says settling back onto her pillow. With a kiss on the cheek her Father turns the light out leaving her in the darkened room, but Kelly is in no hurry to fall back into the same nightmare and rolls to her side to stare at the shadows on the wall. On the other side of town Corey sneaks back from the bathroom after splashing water on his face. Crawling back into bed he lays with his hands behind his foggy head. Staring at the ceiling he fights the feeling of wanting to ring Kelly, "Hope your heads handling this better than mine Kelly." He says quietly to himself waiting for the sun to rise. Only two streets away in the house of Sheriff Daniel Flint all is quiet and in darkness. Kevin's ruffled bed covers are strewn across his room exposing his bare mattress. In the corner of the room a huddled figure squats, with knees under his chin. Kevin huddles in the darkness waiting for the sound of his Fathers cruiser to make its way up their driveway. His heart still racing a little, his hands still shaking from his nightmare that nags at the dark regions of his brain. "Suns coming up, man what a night." Kevin puffs beneath his breath dropping his head to his knees to rest. The slow moving streets only take an occasional car of an early morning riser leaving their bed for a newspaper and milk. Brightly clad joggers spring through the rays of sunlight that split into rainbows cast from the slappings of cool sprinkler water, wetting down every tree and plant. It is 6.45 a.m. Sunday; little opens in the early hours of the morning in Drock, only the occasional devoted store owner opens his doors. Standing in the centre of main street the Windrock Library stands tall as a model of architecture built in the 1800's, back in the days of the pioneers. Still baring the stone carved name plate of Windrock. Despite Mayor Melony Jacobs ruling the towns name would change to Drock the old Library still wears the name with pride. On the foot path two mountain bikes are propped against the colonial brick archway after a speedy ride from their homes some blocks away. Down the long cold corridors of stone and marble past the foyer were an attendant would normally sit to greet any arrivals of visitors with returned books. Past usually busy rooms filled with photocopiers and personal computers now

quiet and dark. The hall opens up into the main reading room. A massive room of stone walls and wood beams that look down on row upon row of book cases. Old and new books, file cards and fish files. "I don't want to say this but you look older than you did yesterday." Kelly says quietly to Corey buried behind an enormous copy of "Early America." Corey look back at her and says, "Yeh I know I took a look in the mirror this morning before I snuck out, bad news so do you." He adds as Kelly touches her hand to her silvering hair. Through pages of old forgotten research books they comb, looking for any reference to Windrock and the Styles family. Breaking the silence of the all but deserted Library, rowdy voices come marching down the hallway. "Did you know Kevin Flint was joining you this morning Corey?" The crackling voice of the head Librarian Miss Josephine Little says looking down at Corey and Kelly, over the top of thick black rimmed glasses. Smiling back to her, Corey rocks back on his chair to see the older looking Kevin standing behind the small woman with his hands on his hips. "Yes he was I am sorry I forgot to tell you Miss Little." Corey grins at her powdered white features. Unsure for a moment, she steps aside to let Kevin sit down at the book laden table. "Now remember I am replenishing the book shelves, you'll be as quiet as a grave wont you." She smiles at Corey and wanders off for her book trolley. Bending over holding his back, mimicking the old woman Kevin says, "Don't worry you old bag we'll be as quiet as the grave you just crawled out of." Kelly snickers, Corey smiles shaking his head. "Sit down tuff guy we've been waiting for you, we can't seem to find anything about Windrock at all." Miss Little pushes her book trolley past the three whispering, "Tell me you three what is the idea of this old age make up you have on, I don't like it?" She says looking through the choices of books Corey has on the table. "Halloween," Kelly lets out, which seems to satisfy the Librarian. "Well you certainly are getting a head start, being what, three weeks away and all." She says turning to return to her trolley. Kevin slaps his hand down on the magazine that Corey was reading giving him a wink. "Miss Little you have been in Windrock all your life haven't you?" He says making the old woman peer over her heavy glasses.

"It's not called Windrock any more young man its Drock, as you should know." She says down to him. " But to answer you question, yes I have been here all my life, I was born in an old wheat sheather's cottage not far from the old," She pauses for a moment, "well not far from here anyway." She adds choosing her words carefully as Corey and Kelly notice Miss Little's discomfort with the subject. "You see Miss Little were all doing a school project we need some help with, just wondering if you could give us some information" Kevin says to the old woman being especially nice. "Well it is true to say that there is nothing in this town's history that I don't know about." She says smiling her bony cheeks with pride. Seeing where Kevin was going with his polite treatment Corey and Kelly join in. "If you could tell us anything about the old Styles mansion or Windrock cove we would appreciate it." Kelly says, but before she has even finished what she was saying a dark cloud seems to come over the old woman's face. Standing bolt upright next to the three visitors Miss Little screws her old withered lips tightly until they are bloodless white, as if insulted. "Now that I think of it I don't believe I would be doing you any favours by helping you." She says bluntly and begins to walk away without another word. "Wait please don't go." Kelly pleads but the old woman scurries away waving her bony arms about her head. "No I am sorry will have to get about my business." Storming away she suddenly stops dead and turns to dig her ice blue eyes into Kelly's pleading face, "Listen to me dear, you two boys as well, I won't say much but I will say this." She pauses for a moment to watch her captive audience. "The old Styles mansion has been left to rot for as long as I can remember, it scares people and with good reason." Kevin moves to the table and sits beside his friends. "Bad things have happened there, things that young folk like you shouldn't know about." She turns to push her trolley away and turns to add, "My suggestion is that you choose another topic for your project and be like the rest of our town and try to forget the legacy of Windrock ever happened." With a jerk of her book trolley the old woman turns into an aisle and is gone from sight. Corey and Kelly share a long face together. A burst of laughter breaks the silence from Kevin rocking back on his chair.

"What's the joke fool?" Corey asks unamused causing another up roaring belly laugh from Kevin almost making him fall from his chair. "That old fossil is the joke," Kevin says and begins pacing around the table bent over with his hand on his spine, mimicking the old librarian. "Don't go to the Styles mansion kids you'll all be doomed!" Kevin's roars laughing again, but is cut short from a piercing "Shhhhhhh," from behind distant book cases making Kevin ease up a little. Sitting back down at the table Kevin says, "Forget her, what are we going to do? I think I am getting greyer by the day." Corey and Kelly nod in agreement. "A legacy of Windrock she said, let's check out the data base." Corey says stepping over to a nearby computer terminal. Tapping at the keys he punches up Styles, "Founding Fathers, Their Life and Story." comes to the screen. Following the direction on the screen they lift the heavy book from its resting place on the top shelf among other research books. Kelly grabs five small wooden boxes containing fish file slides from the same shelf as the old book, with dates on them from 1800 to 1870. With a thud the leather bound book is on the table creating a light cloud of fine dust. A page is turned making them stand silently and stare for a moment. A full page black and white photograph of the Styles house itself. Not run down and dilapidated but fresh and new. In front of the house stands the real surprise, four figures pose for the camera. "The photo." Kelly says comparing the picture in the book to the family photo from the bag lady's belongings. Taking a long hard look at the dusty picture they see a man dressed in a civil war uniform Mr Joseph Styles, complete with sword. Beside him, assumedly his wife Mrs Evelyn Styles dressed in a long flowing dress displaying a glowing smile. Their Son Mr William Styles with a similar uniform to his Father stands beside his Sister Miss Amy Styles to complete the photo. Over the next two hours on this quiet Sunday morning Kelly reads page after page of historical notes and captions under countless photos of the once famous Styles family, reading aloud the story unravels. Moving to the local area from their home in England the newly married Styles had the manor home built at its prime position at the head of one aptly named Windrock cove. Over the following years the Styles

built the town of Windrock from a blank sandy patch of nothing to a thriving town of happiness and prosperity. A Library was built, a Town Hall, a reservoir supplying fresh water to the town's people and a multitude of irrigational dams for the growing wheat industry that the Styles had introduced to Windrock. Settlers and farmers came from far and wide to make a new life in the town of Windrock. Within a space of five years Mrs Evelyn Styles gave birth to two children, a Son who she named William and a fair haired Daughter who she named Amy after her Grandmother. Heading the wheat industry for more than fifteen years Joseph Styles and his Family seemed to be unable to make a wrong decision. But in the summer of 1862 at the height of the years harvesting Mr Joseph Mathew Styles was killed in a tragic accident. Building steam in a massive Whatts steam engine, used for powering a separating machine, a belt slipped from its drive wheel and with a tremendous whip he was fatally struck down. "Joseph Styles, that's the statue in the park." Kelly says to her audience. Breaking concentration for a moment Corey glances up to see Miss Little hiding behind a book case listening to every word, "Keep reading Kelly." Corey says looking back to the old book. The loss for the founding family of Windrock was a particularly hard blow on both Mrs Evelyn Styles and her children, as well as the people of Windrock. Following a magnificently beautiful funeral service, attended by people from across the country, a memorial statue was unveiled in Styles Park. The statue commemorated the tireless vision Mr Style had in the moulding of Windrock into a thriving wheat industry and a town that all could be proud. The statue proved too that although he was gone his sacrifice and efforts would always be remembered. "Hah, bad news nobody wants to remember them at all." Kevin adds. "The name Styles is as welcome as a bad smell in the class room." He laughs. "Boy that's grim." Kelly says catching every ones attention as she reads on. Tragedy again strikes the sad house of Styles with the word from the front line that on Wed, 9th, 1863 in the month of November Mr William Joseph Styles was stuck down on the battle fields of our Civil War. "Only a year after her Husbands death." Kelly adds thinking of how she would feel

if it was her in the same situation. Running her hand down the page Kelly says, "Doesn't say much now just that the Mother, Evelyn Styles retreated from public life to live with her Daughter, Amy." Turning the page they look at several old photos and drawings showing a lavish wedding. "Oh look, it says that Amy came home to live with the Mother after her own Husband was killed in the Civil War only a year after being married." Kelly says and points to a drawing of Amy's diamond wedding ring. Kevin peers over the old book giving it a long hard look and says, "Well bugga me," He says squinting at the picture making Kelly and Corey look at each other surprisingly. "What's up Kev?" Corey says as Kevin turns to look at them with a wide smile. "I know who the old bag is." He says smugly. "Miss Little!" Kelly answers, confused. "No dummy, not that old bag the other bag, you know the bag lady." Kevin says as all three are on the same wave length. "Well who is she Sherlock?" Corey says. "The bag lady is one Amy Styles herself." Kevin says to the blank faces before him. "That's right, look it's the same ring that she was wearing when we found her after Deputy Clifford ran the old girl down." Kelly shakes her head, "Can't be," She says looking at a microfilm of "Windrock Days." A local newspaper of the 1800's. "It says here that after her husband was killed the loss made the Mother, Evelyn unstable, touched." She says swapping slides to continue. "Touched, you mean nuts, off the rails, fruit loop." Kevin adds. "Yeh, yeh, listen." Corey says ushering Kelly to read on noticing that Miss Little is still standing in hiding behind a shelf. "What else Kell?" Corey asks. "The paper goes on to say that after her Son died it pushed Evelyn Styles into an abyss of depression that she could not escape, despite Amy trying to bring her out of it," Kelly moves the slide and discovers another fragment of information. "The clippings say that Mother and Daughter had some reel knock down drag out fights, the local police had to be called in at one stage." Adjusting the slide she reads from a column in the newspaper, "Hows this, it says that over the last few months the mental state of Evelyn Styles has deteriorated dramatically. Day or night Mrs Styles has been seen standing on the rocks of Windrock Cove screaming and weeping to

the open ocean for her dead Husband and Son. "The Banshee?" Corey says receiving a nod of agreement from his friends. "That's all very interesting but I'm telling you that bag lady is Amy Styles." Kevin adds. Kelly continues to shake her head in denial. "It says here somewhere that Amy Styles was seen leaving town and she, nor her Mother were ever seen again." Kelly says. Kevin snatches the old book from her, sliding it over to his side of the table. "Crap it doesn't say that at all it says that she was seen leaving and the people of Windrock only assumed that they left together to start a new life else where." Kevin slaps the old pages lifting a cloud of fine dust. "Did you see where it says that some believed that she killed her Mother and left town to run from the crime." Kevin says with a gruesome smile. "That's just small town gossip Kevin, nothing that can help us." Corey adds but Kevin is not so shore and says, "It might be more than gossip, I didn't tell you guys but there was something else in the bag that I took out before I traded it with you." Corey and Kelly look back and forth form each other. "I knew you were hiding something, you and your dam sticky fingers Kevin." Corey snaps. "Forget that what was it?" Kelly asks anxiously. "It was an old fashioned Dagger, with what looks like blood stains on it but I can't be sure." Corey rocks back in the chair saying, "How do we know you're not lying?" With this Kevin grabs the knapsack from beneath the table opens the zipper and spills the contents out onto the table. Staring down at the long dark handled blade Kelly says, "Are you sure that ring is the same one?" Receiving a sincere nod from Kevin. Sliding the book over to himself, Corey closes it and lifts it onto the pile beside him. "Whether we like the idea or not everything that we know says that Amy Styles fought with her Mother probably killed her and left town." Corey states. "I am telling you Deputy Clifford creamed Amy Styles a couple of days ago." Kevin says trying to put his point across. "O.k. the bag lady was Amy Styles she must have come back into town on the sly, guilt maybe." Corey adds as the three sit for a moment to think about what they have uncovered. Looking up to where Miss Little was standing Corey sees that she has disappeared. "I still don't get what we are supposed to do; I don't fancy looking older than my Dad

in a few days." Kevin adds. Holding his head in his hands Corey says, "I'm not sure, we pretty much know what happened but this shrieking Banshee making us grow old, why?" He wonders running his fingers through his greying hair. "Maybe she wants us to do something, but what?" Kelly thinks aloud rubbing her young face that continues to grow older by the hour. With a groan from his tired muscles Kevin stands up from the table, "I'm beat I think I'll head home for a while." He says with a yawn. "You cant, we have to work this thing out, and we seem to be getting older by the day." Corey says climbing from his chair. The three walk from the research room as Miss Little steps out from behind the shelving system. "You kids going are you, can I give you some advice." The old woman asks standing tall to stretch her aching back. "Sure I guess so." Kelly returns. "Leave the Windrock alone it will only bring you grief," She begins to say, moving closer she peers into their tired eyes. "Trust me I know what I'm talking about, don't wait too long to get rid of this Halloween make up, do you get me?" Miss Little receives unsure nods in reply and she turns to returns to her duties. "Trust me, Yeh right, the old girls is as nutty as a fruit cake, lets go." Kevin says heading for the exit with his friends close behind. Pushing open the heavy wooden Library doors they stand for a moment squinting as their eyes adjust to the bright sunny day. "She might be old but I think Miss Little is like every body else in this dam town, its like some dirty secret that everyone knows about but refuses to acknowledge, keeping it buried from prying eyes." Corey says guiding his bike down the stone stairs to the footpath. Deciding to all go home for a rest Corey and Kelly take the side street while Kevin walks down main street heading for home. Early morning shopping for paper and bread have come and gone leaving only an occasional late riser to darken the door step of the local bread shop and newsagent. A police cruiser passes a group of sweat drenched joggers, one of which is Dr. Wainwright grasping his stomach with one hand from a stitch. With a wave Deputy Mark Clifford drives on, almost passing Kevin sitting on a park bench opposite the newsagent. Slowing to a stop he leans his head out the window and says, "Heh Kevin what's with the make up,

Halloween's a while away yet?" Coming back from his day dream Kevin feels in no mood for conversation and snaps, "Its not make up Clifford your bad driving scares the crap out of me so much my hair has turned grey." He smiles back to the Deputy who promptly pulls his head back into the car and drives away. Watching the cruiser turn the corner and disappear Kevin returns to his daydream wondering what his Mother is doing right now and what he could have done to make her stay. After dropping Kelly off at her house Corey turns the corner of his street and walks bike up his driveway. Parked out the front of his garage is his Fathers pearl red Mustang sparkling like wet jam under the vivid sun. Spotlessly clean, as his Father keeps it, Corey runs his fingers along its slippery paint work as he enters the garage. Boxes of all sizes litter the garage floor, making a mess of his Fathers normally organized work area. "Heh Dad what are you up to." Corey asks as his Fathers wheel chair rolls around the storage shelf from behind the work bench. "Corey, back already I was hoping to get this finished by the time you got back." Phillip Wilson says with an old carburettor in his lap. "We found a few things out about that project were doing, I'll give you a hand to clean up if you like?" Corey says stretching his back. Rolling the carbie over in his hands Phil stammers as if asking a delicate question. "This, this project your doing, it wouldn't have any thing to do with the Styles mansion would it?" Worried eyes look up at Corey's grey face hoping for something. Corey stirs uncomfortably, unable to remember ever hearing his Father so much as mention the Styles house since the day they stopped there. "What makes you ask that Dad?" Corey says trying to keep the conversation on a light hearted note. "The grey hair and wrinkled skin, getting ready for Halloween are you?" Phil says studying the engine part, suddenly showing little interest. Corey looks at his Father for a second with scrutinising eyes. Never seen him act like this before, Dad's always been so open about everything. Corey thinks to himself. "Yeh that's right were just getting in early, you know razzing the Teachers." He finally returns. Looking through a cardboard box full of spark plugs and leads, Corey's Father looks very uncomfortable about the whole conversation. "Do you want me to give you a hand?" Corey

asks again. Reaching for a box on the top shelf of a storage unit Phil says, "I am a little beat, I was going to have a lie down before I thought about lunch." He begins to say, as his fingers touch the edge of the oil soaked cardboard box, ripping the side open a long unused bowling ball rolls from the box unexpectedly. The heavy ball moves lazily from its hiding place and drops from the shelf towards Phil's straining face. In an instant Corey's heart lunges into his mouth, a feeling he remembers all too well from when he was sitting in the passenger seat of his Mothers car when she lost control during a snow fall. Corey remembers all too well what it felt like waking up beside his injured Mother with their car smashed against a tree, having to walk in the heavy snow back to the main road to flag down a car for help, that came too late. With an indescribably powerful surge from every corner of his brain Corey's thoughts of dread focus on the falling ball and with an invisible hand wills the ball away. As if it was a baseball in a little league game that a young boy connects his bat to, the bowling ball veers violently sending it flying across the room to land in a pile of old cardboard boxes ready for the garbage. Phil has no time to react other than to cover his face with his extended arm. Stiffening every muscle he lets out a yell waiting from the coming strike, a moment passes and Phil begins to relax again. "Oh man that's all I need a busted head as well as useless legs." He says searching the floor with his eyes. "I thought for sure that bloody thing was going to hit me, I shouldn't have put it up there in the first place." Corey stares at the bowling ball buried deep in a large cardboard box against the wall. "You o.k. Dad? I thought it was going to," Corey begins to say but his Fathers excitement cuts him off when he says, "Wow, bit of a near miss were did it land?" He asks wheeling his chair over to the boxes. "Yeh pretty lucky." Corey slowly says trying to understand what happened, if it happened at all. Bending over, Corey's Father picks the bowling ball up by its finger holes and places it on the nearby workbench. "I've had enough anyway I think I'll go and have a lie down for a while, we can order some pizza in later O.K. Corey." His Father says rolling from the room. "Sounds good, I think I will drop over to Kelly's for a while she wasn't feeling well before."

Corey tells his Father who gives him a wave of approval. Left alone in the garage Corey runs his fingers through his white hair, "What has that wailing spirit done to us?" With a jerk he takes to his heels pulling the Garage door down behind him. A short walk away cutting through some well worn hedges, slipping by Mr Jeffries prize Harley on display in his drive, Corey arrives at Kelly's house. A large white two story home that Kelly's Grandfather built long before she was born. Corey swings the gate open of the little picket fence that surrounds the colourful gardens of her home. Opening the door, Barbara, Kelly's Mother laughs and rolls her eyes when she sees him saying, "Oh no not you too Corey, you two will be so sick of the sight of yourselves by Halloween." Barbara giggles stepping to one side to let Corey in the door as he adds, "I'm already sick of it thanks." Making her giggle all the more. "Go on through Corey she's in her room." Peter, Kelly's Father, says from his lounge chair behind the local paper. With a tap he opens the door to find Ken dancing with Barbie floating in mid air before his eyes. On the other side of the room is several twirling CD's, books and jewellery. Almost jumping inside he closes the door startling Kelly laying on her bed waving her hands this way and that as she watches the parade of items above, like the controlling hand of a conductor. Suddenly the dancing stops and the items become lifeless again dropping to the bedroom floor. "Corey I didn't here you come in." She says as if being caught smoking in bed. "Its all right Kell, I have it too what ever it is." Corey says collecting the fallen objects up to lay them on a nearby chair. "I was just in my garage a minute ago, a bowling ball rolled from the top shelf coming down on Dads head but I stopped it, pushed it across the room." Corey sits on the bed to take a good look at Kelly's normally soft skin and fine blonde hair. As she looks back at him they both realize the same side effect. Reaching over Corey for her mirror on the bedside table Kelly looks at herself, running her fingers through her much longer and whiter hair. "Corey, my face, my hair I look so much older than I did before." She says dropping the mirror onto the bed. "So do you but not as bad as I do, why?" Kelly asks touching the small wrinkles in the corners of Corey's eyes. Looking at the items on the chair

Corey explains, "Telekinesis," Corey says, the word being as unlikely to him as U.F.O's. Kelly screws her nose up making her face all the more wrinkled and says, "Tele, what?" Corey stands to pick some of the items from Kelly's chair that were minutes ago dancing through the air. "This thing of being able to move stuff, they call that telekinesis, I seen a show on it once." Corey adds falling back onto the bed beside Kelly. "O.K. whatever it is called, how did we get it and why?" Kelly asks logically. Grasping for words in very unfamiliar territory Corey says with a sigh, "That old witch, Banshee whatever you'd like to call her gave this to us and its connected to the ageing." The two sit to the side of the bed as Corey takes Kelly's ageing hands in his. "She has given it to us for a reason, but it also makes us age even faster." Stopping for a breath something pricks Corey's imagination, "Kevin, if he has it to he could die of old age by just mucking around with it." Hopping to his aching feet Corey grabs Kelly, dragging her from the bed, "Come on we have to find him." In no time they are out the door and down the street in the direction of the Library. "I don't know where to look first, we'll start at the Library. As the chilly morning wears on, the quiet street carries only an occasional car and passer by. Rounding the corner Corey almost trips over Steve Randel helping out at the newsagent. Grumbling and complaining he swiftly picks up one after another broken hissing soft drink cans that litter the foot path in front of a vendor machine, dropping them into his gathered up apron. "Hey Steve what goes on?" Corey asks stopping to look in all directions for any sign of Kevin. "Oh this dam machine has been spitting out cans by itself all morning." Steve says rising to his feet to give the side of the machine a swift kick in the side, only to drop three hissing cans from his apron. Grabbing Kelly's arm Corey points to a small figure sitting on a bench in the park across the road near the Library. "Look Kelly," Corey says giving Kevin a wave that Kevin returns. "Catch you later Steve," Corey says running across the road with Kelly in tow, Steve raises his arm saying, "Yeh see you later," Spilling the remaining spitting cans back over the cement footpath. Stepping past Deputy Mark Clifford lazily driving by again in his cruiser the two sit down beside Kevin, taking a second

look to make sure they have the right person. With one glance Corey follows the direction of Kevin's glassy stare, realizes what Kevin has been doing. From across the road Steve continues swearing to the sound of the drink machine, "Cachunk, cachunk, cachunk." as the footpath is covered once again by ruptured fizzing cans. With a frown Corey slaps Kevin across the back of the head cutting off his concentration. "Heh, what the," Kevin begins to say barely noticing his friends beside him. "Oh it's Romeo & Juliet, what's your problem?" Kevin snaps, picking his hat from the ground to put it back on his head. In doing so he sees his favourite Dodgers hat is full of white hair, "That's my hair," taking a hand full from the cap he screams, "No Way!" As if waking from a nightmare with a third eye, Kevin tips his fine white hair to the ground and slaps his now oversized cap over his shiny smooth head. Corey shakes his head with a chuckle as Kelly giggles through her hand pretending to peek under Kevin's hat. "Oh yeh, real funny, so help me Corey if this is something you've done I am going to kick the living crap out of you I swear." Kevin says almost puffing steam from his ears. "It's not me pal, if you want some one to blame, blame your self or that crazy Banshee." Kevin looks over to Kelly for an answer, she nods in return no longer seeing the funny side of the matter. "Oh that's just beautiful isn't it." Kevin bites standing from the bench to walk into the park. "If aches and pains aren't bad enough I have to walk around looking like I comb my hair with a razor." Kevin's complaints fade into the distance. Corey and Kelly look at each for a moment as Kelly says, "Corey, this thing could kill us couldn't it?" Putting his hand to her shoulder Corey gives her shoulder a squeeze as they stand and follow Kevin walking to the old oak tree and the Styles statue. Kevin stands before the tall granite statue of Joseph Styles and his dog faithful, trying to see deep into the cold stone for an answer. "Anybody home?" He asks and turns to sit on the park bench to think. Leaning back he dives his hand into his pocket and produces a fresh red apple and begins to eat, "Suppose my teeth will fall out now." Kevin mumbles to himself as Corey and Kelly sit on either side of him. "I don't know what we are supposed to do with this, mind push, but it's not for emptying drink

machines." Corey says giving Kevin a shove to move over, "When we use it, it drains us, makes us older some how." He adds. "Were going to have to go back aren't we? to the old Styles place I mean." Kelly thinks out load. "Aaaahhh, My bloody tooth!" Kevin yells clutching his blood covered lips. "Dam, dam, dam, side stepping piece of monkey puke, Aaah." He yells again throwing the apple high into the air. "Is this what we've got to look forward to growing old," Kevin grunts rubbing his finger inside his bleeding mouth. "Going grey, falling down, hair and teeth falling out, reel bloody glamorous isn't it?" He spits as a little whistle comes from the gap in his teeth. From above them the half eaten apple floats down like a child's balloon caught in the wind. Bobbing up and down the apple floats in front of Corey and Kevin's face, "Quite it Kelly, I'm not in the mood." Kevin spits with a finger in his mouth. Kelly looks over to Corey with a blank look on her face, "Corey? Its not me." She says honestly. As if caught in an updraft the apple floats up as the three follow it with their eyes until it disappears over their heads. The three stand and turn to see were the floating apple has gone, "What kind of a game is this?" Kelly says as she, and her two friends see the stone fingers of Joseph Styles grasp and squash the small red apple. "Corey!" Kelly squeals grabbing his shoulder. Kevin jumps back, getting ready to run. "Hold it we can't keep running from this thing we have to face it and face it now." Corey says as Kevin stands his ground and comes back to Corey's side, never taking his eyes from the statue. Dropping the fist full of pulped apple the statue looks down on the three and with a voice that sounds like an echo from the bottom of a deep underground well he says,

"Gifted children heres the game.
touched by the woman who shrieks with pain.
Her Children gone, her Husband slain.
Fail the game and your life's at an end.
So use your mind to advantage and then,
return her possession but beware.
Your years will pass by with every stare.
The blade and blood is our family's shame.

The pride of Styles now a blemish of name.
Sing the song to make harmony.
Our souls that are captured will be set free.
All spells will be cancelled,
All spells will be cancelled....."

The echoing voice like the ring of a distant bell fades into silence. Like the tin man from *The Wizard of Oz*, the tall statue of Sir Joseph Styles carved from solid granite slows its movements and finally stops. Returning to its inanimate stone features. Kevin staggers to the park bench scratching his all but hairless head. "This is too much." He says pulling fresh chunks of grey hair out, dropping them to the dirt below. Corey and Kelly sit beside Kevin stunned as Kelly asks, "How you going Kev, you feel sick?" She asks putting her arm around his shoulders. "How am I." He roars in return, "Ghosts, haunted houses, talking statues, dogs made of stone running around, tele, bloody, kinesis." Kevin jumps to his feet and rushes to the old oak tree behind them. With a heave from his twisted stomach he throws up, making his head feel like is about to explode. Coloured puke splatters the oaks bark as well as Kevin's Nike's. Kelly rushes around the tree to see if she can help but he has already finished, leaning back against the back of the park bench gasping fresh cool air into his burning throat. "Sorry Kevin." Kelly apologises. "Look I know were all tired of this mess we've gotten our selves into but we have to see it though, Are you with me?" Corey pleads to his two friends. Receiving less than enthusiastic nods. With a wipe of his chin Kevin says, "Lets take all this Banshees stuff back to her sing this song, whatever the hell that is supposed to mean and ask the old bag if she can make us young again if it isn't too much trouble." Holding his churned stomach Kevin marches towards the road, "If were going, let do it." He adds making Corey and Kelly have to jump to catch up. The sound of lawn mowers echo in the distance and finally fade, as does any recognizable buildings in Drock as three mountain bikes ride up, down and over the winding main road leading in and out of town. On the ride, that they have only rarely taken in the thirteen to fifteen years of their

lives, Kelly yells to Corey and Kevin over the wiring sound of the mountain bikes gears. "We have to be positive about this, when we come through all this well be just as we were before." Corey yells back in agreement, Kevin shakes his head in doubt. "Kevin we have to believe in this or were all dead meat." Corey yells to Kevin coasting down a small hill. Looking down at his spinning wheels on the bitumen, Kevin replays in his mind the last words the statue said, "All spells are cancelled." He says beneath his breath. Reaching deep down into his stomach for courage he yells aloud. "All spells are cancelled," With a wobble of their bikes Corey and Kelly repeat Kevin's words, like football players before the big game they chant the words over and over making them feel strong and invincible. The Styles mansion comes into view as they come over the final rise. Corey raises his fist, pointing it to their destination. A shower of fine stones stream from beneath spinning wheels as the mountain bikes soar from the bitumen to the course gravel shoulder. Locking brakes all at once the three come to a stop in front of the entrance to the Windrock path, it's opening barely noticeable but for the remains of the stone archway that marks the way. "Still want to go back?" Corey says kicking the stand of his bike out and dismounting. Kelly does the same, Kevin steps of his own bike dropping it to the gravel. "I'm not letting this Banshee get away with doing this to us, I want this thing over." He says suddenly standing very still as his eyes are caught in a stare in the direction of the Styles Mansion. Corey and Kelly both notice and turn to see what he is looking at. The front of the massive house stands motionless all but a single window high on the third floor. A ghostly silhouette of a young woman fills the window frame. Her face shows no colour, like an old time film as her fair hair gently flows with the motion of the sea wind. She does not smile her face is as blank as her Fathers statue, "Its Amy Styles!" Kelly says, "The bag lady, but when she was young and beautiful, just like the family photo." As they look on, the image of Amy Styles lifts her arm, pointing towards the crashing surf of the Windrock. In an instant the three instinctively look in the direction of the path, when they look back to the window she is gone. "Were did she go?" Kelly asks. Grabbing his knapsack from

the back of his bike Kevin says, "I don't care where she has gone, she pointed this way so I'm going." With this Kevin disappears into the wiry scrub that covers the opening of the path. "Come on Kell." Corey adds feeling his Father's fear in his stomach as the two follow. As if stepping into another time the Shrubs and plants swallow the three separating them from the outside world. Beyond the opening the path widens a little, marching around each corner moving ever closer to the sound of crashing foam and salt wind against the jagged Windrock. Ahead Kevin stops for a moment as he sees the image of a dog turning the next corner. Corey walks up behind Kevin touching him on the shoulder, "The dog?" He says receiving a single silent nod from Kevin before he continues walking again, faster than before. Turning the following corner the three steadily walk ahead as the shadows from the over hanging trees thin, finally receding to expose a brilliant blue sky above. With trees and shrubs behind, they emerge to a breath taking view. Jagged rocks frame the wild ravaged cove as foam and salt spray whip its harsh shore. Taking a step forward the wind seems to attack their tender cheeks with a blast of sand caught on the wind. Kelly reels back a little holding her arm up to her face for protection. Kevin, with eyes squinting against the stinging blast of sand, strides ahead holding tightly to his knapsack like a treasure. The three make their way from the meagre protection of the shrubs out into the full open spaces of the Windrock. There amongst the furious slapping spray of the ocean against the rocks is a vague form. Corey is the first to point into the turmoil. As they look into the surf the barely visible figure swirls around like an unfortunate swimmer caught within a freak whirlpool. Corey touches Kelly on the shoulder to gain her attention over the roaring sound of churning waves. "Blow the whistles Kelly." He yells touching the whistles around her neck. She looks back to him uneasily. "If I do she'll come at us again." She says clutching the necklace to her chest. Bending over to push his face between his two friends Kevin says, "Great lets do it, this time we'll be ready for her." He screams over the wind. Looking back and forth to her friends Kelly places the four small whistles between her unwilling lips. With a huge heave she blows out a single

deafening note that pierces the roar of nature all around like a knife. As if an electrical cord controlling the weather itself had been pulled out, the agitation in the waves slows to a gentle lap against the rocks. All is quiet but for the figure of the Banshee herself that swirls about in the water faster than ever. Corey, Kelly and Kevin swallow in their dry throats but dare not move an inch. With a snap the Banshee stops spinning in her whirlpool. She floats, her form waist deep in the sea from which she is made. Arms of salt water and mist unravel from her side and instantly reach for shore and Kelly's necklace. "Corey?" Kelly's voice quivers, Kevin and Corey slap the hands to Kelly's wrist connecting the three as one. As if from a grave at the bottom of the ocean the Banshee opens her gapping mouth blasting a scream of torment at the three as she points an accusing finger at Kelly. But the trespassers to Windrock Cove do not move. In an explosion of rage at lost possessions and life the Banshee rushes towards the shore like a cyclone gone wild. Riding the crest of an immense wave the Banshee crosses the jagged rocks as though they are not there, trailing a stream of water behind, seconds from her prey. Squeezing each others hands, enough to make them wince with pain Corey screams from his fearful lungs, "This is it, focus on her, push her back with your mind." He screams, a vain thickening on his forehead with the surge of power from within. She comes for them faster than ever, with no time left the three close their eyes with white hair wildly blowing in the fury of the wind. With one last thrust they push with all their might against the shrieking form. Kelly screams as a flash bulb goes off in their brains. Like waking from the deepest of sleeps their eyes slowly open. Looking up into the vivid blue sky, minutes pass before they refocus on where they are and what has happened. Both Kelly and Corey sit up holding their head in their hands. "What the hell happened, what's her problem." Kevin spits through a dry husky voice. He opens his own tired eyes to see his friends. Lifting her head to regain her senses Kelly pushes her long white hair from her pale and wrinkled face, hair as fine as silk lays over her shoulders. Turning her hands over in front of her she sees the full force of the Banshees hateful curse. Spindly hands, long and fine with nobbled knuckles

and nails like a rams horn, split and twisted. "Corey....look at me I'm so ugly." Kelly says passing her aged hands over her wrinkled face. With a glance at his own aged hands with aching nobbled fingers Corey says, "Its not a game any more, if we cant stop her the next time we have had it." With sore bones Corey finds his legs and comes to Kelly to help her up. Walking over to Kevin sitting with his head in his hands Corey and Kelly take an arm to help him to his feet. Kevin's body, now old and crooked, his hair completely gone, steadies himself on his feet. "Oh man I feet horrible, I ach all over." Kevin adds pausing for a moment to look down at himself. "You O.K.?" Kelly asks quietly. "Wet, I'm wet again, this is crap I feel like I was on the way to the men's room and didn't make it." Kevin says shaking his bald head. Snapping his watery blue eyes open to stare at Corey, Kevin says, "Next time, what the hell is this next time stuff. I aint going anywhere with you, I'm going home." He says and begins to wander off in the direction of the pathway. Kelly turns to Corey, giving him a long sad look and whispers. "Is he all right, do you think he's loosing it?" Kevin spins around to stare Kelly down and says, "The only thing I am losing is time and hair." All realizing that they have been made much older the three waist no time marching back down the path for the Styles mansion. "Kevin we can't afford to loose next time, we can't afford to have the Banshee touch us again no matter what." Corey says as they scramble through the over grown opening to the pathway. "I know that, what do you think I am stupid or something? I swear you kids these days you all," Kevin stops in mid-sentence to shake away the aged thoughts in his mind and mumbles, "Sorry I was acting my age there for a minute." Kevin adds ducking under a branch that Corey is holding up for him. Stepping out onto the gravel road side, the three stand for a moment to re think their plan of attack. "So we slip inside the Styles house, and what?" Kelly asks. Corey leans over to point to the gold necklace around Kelly's neck. "We do what Mr Styles told us to do. We return her possessions." Corey answers. Giggling the dagger inside his knapsack, Kevin says, "What about the beware part? or the shame from the blood and blade, what's all that about?" Corey looks to Kevin then back to the old mansion and says,

"I'm not sure, we will have to work it out as we go." Rolling his eyes Kevin throws his hands in the air and marches off towards the Styles mansion. With Kevin almost to the front steps Corey tugs on Kelly's sleeve to follow but she stands still with a distant sound ringing in her ears. "Listen Corey, It's the," She begins to say, but as she does she is knocked to the ground with a blast of ocean mist that pushes the shrubs and branches from the mouth of the path. "Kelly," Corey yells, but he too is knocked to the ground with an immense blast. In an instant the image of the Banshee within a wave of sea spray and mist rushes past them moving head long towards Kevin. As a small child would be caught in an unsuspecting wave at the beach, Kevin is engulfed by the eerie blast of mist as his foot touches the bottom step. For a second he disappears within the image of the Banshee. She moves through him soaking up his life's energy and continues on, up the rickety stairs to disappear through the solid wood front door leaving nothing but a moist patch of salt water. "Kevin, no!" Kelly screams with tears of panic in her eyes. They rush to Kevin's withered body laying at the bottom of the stairs. Grabbing his arm Corey turns him over to lay back on a broken wooden railing. With face pale and wrinkled his eyes sunken and dark, his life is all but gone. Once a young man of fifteen now looking like a tired man in his ninety's. Holding his head up Corey asks Kevin, trying to make his voice heard through the damage of age. "Kev can you hear me were nearly there we can stop her if we work together." He says, as he turns to look at Kelly's teary eyes. Through quivering thin lips a gasp of breath comes from Kevin's weary lungs, "Too old now, you do it. Nail the ungrateful bag for me." He says and faints into Corey's arms. "Lets put him inside Corey, you heard him lets do it." Kelly says taking Kevin's knapsack off to throw over her own shoulder. Gently Corey takes Kevin by the shoulders as Kelly grabs a foot in each hand. With a careful lift they move him up the almost rotten steps, with a kick the door is opened. Shuffling inside, Kelly ushers for Corey to place Kevin on a nearby window seat just inside the doorway. Taking the knapsack from her back Kelly places it under Kevin's head for a pillow. "We can't wait." Corey says, Kelly nods in agreement. Patting the

Styles family photo in his pocket Corey looks this way and that saying, "Her bedroom must be upstairs, this way." Taking Kelly's hand they take one step at a time trying not to creak the aged wood. As they make their way up the long stair case, Kelly sees old family paintings on the walls. Mr Joseph Styles in his army uniform, another with Amy and her Brother Willaim, "They were happy enough at one stage." Kelly thinks aloud. A loud creek and split of wood rings through the empty house making them stand still for a moment, "You said we would do it together, can we, without Kevin I mean?" Kelly asks softly. Taking the next step Corey says, "I really don't know Kelly, I hope so." Kelly's stomach growls, turning over, hoping to hear a more positive answer whether it be truthful or not. At the top of the staircase they look in opposite directions of the crescent shaped hallway. Corey points down the hall towards a large double door of a bed room. Squeezing Kelly's hand, almost a little too tight they step down the hall. Standing in front of the huge doors they take a door handle each as Corey nods to Kelly, counting to three they heave the massive doors open, Kelly's door moans and snaps from its hinges falling to the dusty floor with a thud. Stepping inside the doorway Kelly takes Corey's hand, with a gasp Kelly squeals, "Corey!" she pulls back from the bedroom but is held fast by Corey's stern grip. In an instant they see the strange form of Evelyn Styles and what she has become. The Banshee floats like a child's trapped balloon arms out stretched. Her hair, as fine as spider webs blows around her twisted face from the force of an invisible wind only she can feel. Kelly looks around the room at the fine crystal ornaments and the best furniture money can buy. "Strange that no one has ever broken into the old house to steal them, if they were able. As run down as the rest of the house seems to be this main bedroom is like new, untouched by time," Kelly thinks as she leans over to Corey and says, "Corey have you," She begins to say, as she looks at the shrivelled face of the Banshee its eyes that were closed so tightly as to disappear into the wrinkles of her face suddenly open as if in disgust of Kelly's intrusion. Her eyes open wider and wider still, until they become twice their normal size, black pools of hate among her shrivelled features. Corey

squeezes Kelly's hand and says, "Hold tight, get ready to push, we can't let her touch us." Throwing her head wildly from side to side as if it were broken, the Banshee opens her twisted mouth letting out a blast of shrieking sound at the two intruders. Specifically towards the wearer of the whistle necklace. A bony finger is extended from the Banshees hand; in an instant a heavy book succumb to her shrieking will, sending it rocketing across the room towards the two intruders. With panic tingling Kelly's nerves, a surge of power builds within her mind directed towards the oncoming book. Corey feels Kelly's power as they, in the same flash release their captured force towards the coming projectile. Under tired eyes Kevin's dream of being with his Mother is made all too real as a touch and a kiss is felt in the real world. Slowly opening his heavy eye lids Kevin is a little startled to see the face of a woman over him. Smiling down at him she does not speak, Kevin's eyes wonder over the soft beautiful face of this unusual woman. "Who are you, are you on your way into town, I haven't seen you before?" Kevin says gently to the tender features looking down at him. Bending to touch him she kisses him again and with a voice as warm and soft as a summer breeze across the wheat fields of Windrock county she says, "All spells will be cancelled Kevin, all spells will be cancelled." Kevin sits his exhausted body up as the woman moves away to a nearby doorway, smiling back at him. Gentle gestures are given as she repeats her strange message, "All spells will be cancelled Kevin, please..... please." Her gentle voice echoes as she waves for Kevin to follow her. With energy that he thought was long gone; Kevin picks up his knapsack and staggers across the dusty room to where his beautiful host waits. Another step closer and she takes Kevin's hand making him feel almost weightless. "Where are you taking me?" He asks sleepily. Her deep blue eyes smile back at him as she leads him into a large room. "The Library, you want me to come in here?" He says to her, in the middle of the room she releases Kevin's hand and floats up to the ceiling along side a large oil painting. Kevin makes an instant double take with his host and the portrait of the Styles family over the Library's fire place. "Amy, your Amy Styles aren't you." Kevin asks, a lump growing in his throat. Like autumn

leaves drifting to the ground from an overhanging tree. Amy gently floats down to Kevin's side smiling a wide smile as she reaches her hands out for him. With a sound of a bullet passing by, a book barely misses Kelly's head, smashing into the far bedroom wall splitting its wood panelling before dropping to the floor. Corey focuses on the shrieking Banshee as everything in the room becomes a potential projectile for her. "She's not going to stop Corey." Kelly screams, trying to be heard over the mournful wailing sound of the Banshee. Taking the gold whistle necklace from around her neck Kelly holds it out in front of her saying, "Here this is yours isn't it," With a squeal a small marble paper weight flies past grazing Kelly's cheek. "Take it please, we've brought it her for you." Kelly shouts, her scratched cheek stinging as she desperately tries to be heard and understood. With every straining mental effort to deflect the flying objects from their path Corey's hair grows longer and longer with his accelerated ageing. Finally with another mind push, clumps of hair fall from his head and skin wrinkles as his energy fades. Coming closer, Kevin stirs unsure of her intentions. With another gentle kiss to his lips Amy says, "If you love me help me to see it through, all spells will be cancelled." Taking his hand she leads him to the massive stone fireplace where she points upward into its cold dark interior. "Here Kevin, is where truth lies, help me please." Her soft melodic voice entices Kevin's ears. Dropping to his stiff, aching knees Kevin looks up into the soot and spider webs squinting in search for something, but what. Deep in the corner of a dislodged brick Kevin's eyes find an uneven lump of cloth. Reaching up he grasps his fingers around the soot covered package. With a grunt he pulls it from a hiding place that it has held for generations. Holding it up in front of her, Amy's blue eyes widen as they view a familiar sight. "Yes Kevin, this is the truth, all spells will be cancelled." Kevin stands, placing the package on a small table as he unwraps the crusty material covering. Lifting out a small book, clean and untouched from the chimneys dirt, Kevin looks at Amy who nods her head to him saying, "The truth of our name the story the shame, read the book so all will be answered, what is done Kevin can be undone, all spells will

be cancelled." With a smile she takes Kevin's hand as she points to a small glass case hanging beside the stone fireplace. Kevin looks closely to the small display of daggers within, three in all with a darkened outline of another, missing. Snapping his head to look back at Amy, Kevin begins to see the shame of the Styles that the statue spoke of. Digging his hand into his knapsack Kevin produces the aged dagger. Like a sobbing child Amy cups her hands over her eyes and bursts into flowing tears at the sight of the blood stained blade. Turning it over in his hands Kevin's says, "No way, I don't believe you could have killed your own Mother." He says pushing the weapon back into the bag out of sight. "A horrible accident was done that day, a knife was thrust at me in pain, when we fought at Windrock cove, the dagger stabbed my Mother and into the water she dove." Amy wails as tears of regret run down her cheeks, making Kevin equally sad. "She tried to stab you, why?" Kevin adds. "A sad house this had become since my Father was killed and my Brother taken from us in the war. We would fight ever after. I was going away that day when I found her at the Windrock to bid farewell, too late now all is done. But if things can be put right, all spells will be cancelled." She says pulling Kevin along as they rush from the room. Like being swept up in a Hurricane, Kevin's feet, unable to run are lifted off the ground like a rag doll. Through the Library doors and up the winding staircase they float. "Evelyn Styles listen to us were trying to help." Corey screams as Kelly uses all her energy to push a letter opener away from them, making it lodge in the wall only inches from Corey's face. As an unrelenting storm would wreak havoc on a small town, the Banshees fury erupted. With the once untouched room in ruins Kelly falls back to the door frame behind her, too weak to continue. "Kelly get up!" Corey yells, trying to pick her exhausted body from the floor. A sudden blow from behind from a flying picture frame lurches Corey through the open doorway into the arms of Amy Styles, who gently places him down alongside Kelly. "Stay down Corey she can help us." Kevin says stepping into the room and quickly drops to his knees beside his friends. With a raise of her hand Amy stops the onslaught of debris. An accusing shriek blasts from the

Banshees gapping mouth towards Amy, who bends down to take the whistle necklace from Kelly's hand. "Corey, are you sure?" Kelly begins to say but is too tired to continue. Taking the family photo from Corey's outstretched hand she smiles with assurance. "Amy here!" Kevin says as he hands the dagger to her. "Thank you my knight." She says proudly as her body takes on the same semi transparent look as her Mother. With a smile Kevin lays against the wall with Corey and Kelly, exhausted. The three sit exhausted from the mental strain of trying to protect themselves. Now aged to more than ninety years of age they sit and watch as Amy steps slowly towards her Mother. With mouth hanging down from her face as if unhinged the Banshee screams at Amy who kneels directly in front of her. Pointing a bony finger down at her daughter as if in an angry rage at all they misfortune that had happened in her life. Bowing her head down to her Mother Amy's gentle voice cuts though the shrieking sound like a knife as she says, "Forgive me Mother for wanting to leave you, Father is dead as is William, let us be together again," Kevin's weary eyes bulge at the sight before them, "Look, look at the Banshees face." He says to his friends. The tender words from Amy cut deep into the Banshees cold heart making her twisted features soften. As if reborn into another time when all was well in the Styles family, Evelyn Styles emerges from the shell of the Banshee. The image of the Banshee fades and is gone leaving a bright complete image of Mother and Daughter. Holding her hands high over her head Amy makes her offering. Evelyn Styles takes the gold whistle necklace from her Daughters hands and places it around her own neck, turning it into the same ghostly image as herself. Looking up to meet eyes with the three intruders on the floor, Evelyn gestures to them to rise. Hesitating a moment they climb to their feet, with no pain nor tiredness at all. "You look as ugly as you ever have." Kevin says slapping Corey on the chest. Kelly runs her hands over her face and squeals, "I'm back to normal." giving Corey a kiss and hug. "Heh not while I'm around all right." Kevin adds, receiving a stab in the arm from Kelly's finger. They look back to Evelyn Styles who has now taken the dagger from her Daughters hands. In a flash of colour the dagger is gone from sight.

Looking around they realize the ruined bedroom is as it was, but now covered in dust like the rest of the house. Kelly jumps as an image walks from an oil painting; it is the ghost of Joseph Styles walking straight to his Wife as if coming home from a long journey. A moment later, William Styles swirls from a vase on the mantle piece carrying his ashes. His ghost, dressed in the army uniform he had worn in battle rushes to his Mother and Sister, meeting like long lost relatives. Gathered together for the first time in many lifetimes their smiles tell the whole story. "All spell are cancelled." Amy giggles blowing Kevin a kiss. The three look to each other as if dreaming when they look back to the Styles Family, they are gone. They stand in the empty room their eyes searching every corner for any sign that they were ever here. Feeling alive with energy they walk from the Styles mansion wondering what they ever found unpleasant about the house. "They should save old house like this, it's our heritage." Corey says, as Kevin ducks into the Library quickly to grab Amy's dairy from the table. "This is Amy's she wanted me to have it, I guess she wanted Windrock to know the truth about its past." Holding the book tightly in his hand as they jump down the front steps Kevin passes it to Corey. "Here you can borrow it, with your connections to the local paper and all, every one should read it." Kevin says knowing Amy wanted it that way. "This town has no reason to bag the Styles family and they should know why." Kevin adds, standing in front of a street sign that says, "Welcome to Drock" Picking up a stone Kevin scratches deep marks into the wood adding, "WIN" to it's letters to read Windrock. As they ride on their way back into town police cruiser almost drives by stoping along side them in the gravel. Deputy Mark Clifford hangs his head out of the police car window, "Heh Kevin want a ride back to town I'm heading that way?" He says politely. "The way you drive Clifford I'm likely to," Kevin stops in mid sentence seeing the Deputy's face drop. "I mean, thanks Clifford but I'll ride in." He adds, as the Deputy's grin shows a little up turn. "O.K. Key, whatever you say." He returns and slowly drives off towards town. Kevin looks over to Kelly who stands for a moment to clap her hands, "Better Kev, much better." Making Kevin shrug his

shoulders and ride off down the street. Back in town the three go their separate ways home, tired with their minds racing with activity. Corey rides up his driveway to see the garage door open and the hood of his Father's car up. Leaning his bike against the inside wall of the garage he turns to see his Father waiting behind him in his wheel chair with a smile bigger than he can ever remember his Father having. "Hi, hows things?" He says as if catching him in the act of something, making Corey stand back a little, "You've been up to the Windrock and the old Styles house haven't you?" Phil adds as Corey stands staring at him for a second, thoughts of how he would explain everything what had happened rush through his tired brain. "How did you know?" Corey asks turning to fiddle with his bike chain nervously. His Father talks softly but happily as he locks down the wheels of his wheel chair saying, "Well I just got off the phone from talking to a friend I haven't seen for years, he used to live here in Windrock, excuse me, Drock. Anyway this guy rang up to tell me that his eyesight that he had lost a long time ago had suddenly come back." Phillip says. "Yeah, so what's that got to do with the Windrock?" Corey asks jerkily, still playing with his bike chain. "Well us two guys, when we were kids, went up to the Windrock too, so you see when he told me his eye sight had come back it was no surprise to me." Corey's Father explains with a giggle. Corey shakes his head unable to stand the tension any longer, "You've lost me, what are you talking about Dad?" Corey gets up and turns to see his Father standing, away from his wheel chair supported by two shaky legs. "You see Son, I know more than you think about Windrock cove," Corey's Father smiles back at his bewildered Son, "Its all right Corey. All spells are cancelled."

The End