



Graveyard House

Jonah Levkowitz

Supernatural

Mother's house rose out of the Earth like a tombstone. Vines stretched across the windows, the roof, slowly digesting it.

There was no noise. Farm-land rolled on, hiding the bones of cattle. Beneath my feet, gravel crunched. The creak of the door welcomed me back.

Dust painted my insides grey. There were fermented cups of tea on the dinner table. Flies rose out of a mummified vase of flowers and buzzed around my earholes.

I moved into Mother's bedroom and my trembling fingers slithered over her silk shawl. Whimpering as I lay down beside her, I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

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