

Agatha opened the door, and the ghostly apparitions floated through the air, leaving traces of dust in their wake. Three of them ascended the stairs, their translucent forms chasing each other, two huddled together over the kitchen sink, their whispers like wind. A lone specter sat on the sofa, telegram dangling from its fingers, and wept. Agatha closed her eyes, attempting to escape the haunting memories. A door slammed, jolting her back to reality, her eyes snapped open. In the doorway, brittle with age, back hunched against the storm raging outside, stood Robert.

“You remembered.”

“They were my children, too.”



The opening of this story lingered in my mind for sometime, but the rest eluded me. I watched Agatha open the door, witnessing her shock and torment from the ghosts, and felt like I was pursuing those visions to uncover the rest of her tale.

Writing is reminiscent of playing a peculiar game of hide and seek. You glimpse an idea and then spend forever chasing it. Until, one day, it jumps out and screams, “Write me!”

This story unfolded in small bursts. Ghosts, storms, broken hearts, a telegram, a family shattered by its contents. A forgotten home, broken relationships from incurable pain, and, perhaps, reunited in love.

The telegram wasn't in the original version, and upon its inclusion, to adhere to my self-imposed limit of one hundred words, the story required slight modifications. I kept rearranging words until satisfied with the outcome. Despite the slight inconvenience, the added context made it worthwhile.

Who sent the telegram, and why? That, Dear Reader, is up to you.

The Reluctant Author

