

"It's haunting the way Julie never seems to leave that decrepit house. She's been in there for years, and some say she's only a ghost now."

Finn frowned. "You shouldn't make stuff up like that, Wendy."

"I'm not. You don't have to believe in ghosts to consider Julie might have died from a broken heart when Owen didn't return after his last voyage."


"If she didn't?" Finn lifted his chin.

Julie shrugged.

"If you're convinced she's a ghost, why don't you knock on the door?"

"Ghost open doors."

"No," a frail, old woman said. "I prefer to slide through them."



Author's Note:

Have you ever driven past an old abandoned home and wondered what stories it holds? The urge to wander through slightly overwhelming? No, just me? I often wonder about the many things the walls of a home see, the items discarded at local thrift stores, some with personal information still attached.

We used to live near a home a little like that, except it wasn't abandoned. It was mysterious due to the overgrowth of the yard. In my mind I concocted a whole story about the little place, and then one day, years after we'd moved away, I looked the little place up. The yard

was now well mowed, and the interior looked nothing at all like I imagined.

The Reluctant Author:

