

Twisted Minds: 2

## **CHANGES**

*Also by Gez Walsh:*

### **Children's Poetry**

The Spot on My Bum  
The Return of the Spot  
Someone's Nicked my Knickers  
Parents, Zits and Hairy Bits  
Norah's Nasty Knickers  
Fido's Foul Surprise  
Don't Wee in the Bath, Terry  
Mum, The Dog's Drunk Again  
Another Spot on My Bum

### **Children's Fiction**

The Man in the Skirt  
Banshee Moon  
The Keeper

### **Educational**

Fax4U: Drugs

### **Adult Fiction**

Twisted Minds: 1 The Meeting Room

Twisted Minds: 2

# CHANGES

*By*

**Gez Walsh**



THE KING'S ENGLAND PRESS

2012

ISBN  
978-1-909548-00-8 [Print Version]  
978-1-909548-01-5 [Kindle Version]

CHANGES is typeset in  
Papyrus and Times new Roman  
and published by  
The King's England Press  
111 Meltham Road  
Lockwood  
HUDDERSFIELD  
West Riding of Yorkshire

© Gez Walsh 2012

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, copied, stored in any retrieval system, or circulated in any manner whatsoever without the express prior written permission of the publisher. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The author asserts his moral right to be recognised as such under the terms of the Berne Convention and the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 (as amended).

Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Lulu.com

For Harleigh Walsh,  
a beautiful little jewel  
in a twisted world.

## Thanks

I would like to thank all the people who have given me so much support over the years at schools, festivals and theatres, too many to thank individually here.

But I would like to single out three for a mention: first, thanks to Chris Fitt, for her kind words when this book was just an infant. Also thanks to Hilary Robinson for her support for this book; check out her *Copper Tree* series for young readers. And finally, many thanks to Howard Priestley, who is one of the best illustrators around; check out his website, found at [www.funkpriest.com](http://www.funkpriest.com).

.

## Foreword

Have you ever wished you could change just one day in your life? Maybe the day when the love of your life walked away forever. Or was it the day when you made a complete fool of yourself at the most important job interview ever!

We all have regrets, especially when someone close to us dies, all the things you could have told them but didn't, well a young woman called Ellie had the chance, the chance we will never have, a chance to put it all right!

Her life was all mapped out for her, she had everything to look forward to when one night by a cruel twist of fate it was all just snatched away from her.

Most people have a story to tell that starts with, "if only" but when you change the start of any story it becomes another story, and not always the story you wished to hear.

You should always be careful for what you wish for, because sometimes you just might get it!

‘Twisted Minds’ is a series of books for people who like the odd and the quirky. They are not intended to follow trends, they are for people who just want a fast-paced easy read with a twist.

‘Twisted Minds’ has its own cult following, from people who are avid readers to people who have never been in a book shop in their lives. They are a growing band of ‘Twisties’ so as the song says, ‘lets twist again..’

**GEZ WALSH**



## Chapter One

The room was in near silence. All that could be heard was the faintest burr of a snore. The curtains blew slightly because of the ill fitted windows. The only furniture that could be seen through the gloom of the morning was an old wardrobe with one door hanging in a position the designer hadn't intended. Next to the wardrobe was a chair piled high with clothes.

The faint snore was coming from the bed where a young woman slept uneasily. She had been awake most of the night which was not unusual for her. Her breath condensed in the cold air of the unheated room. She was midway between sleep and life, demons and common sense.

When the bedroom door opened and in ran a small girl wearing so many bed clothes she looked a stone heavier than she actually was. She ran to the bed of the sleeping woman and jumped in snuggling up tight. "Mummy, I can't sleep. I'm cold" She shivered. The woman cuddled her tight and for the young girl all was good again.

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

They had both dropped off to sleep again when the alarm clock screamed into action. It had that certain pitch that only alarm clocks manage to achieve. It was a noise that made your teeth itch and made you want to punch the teeth out of whoever had designed it. An arm lazily reached from the bed and thumped around the floor looking to stop the offending noise.

It is thought by some people - people who have far too much time on their hands - that some objects have a karma of their own. Alarm clocks were such objects. They were always just out of reach, or the off button was never where it was the night before when you set the clock. It was its only time for life, its time to sing and if you didn't like it then you would have to get out of bed to stop it.

This process is played out in bedrooms around the world every day. Only in this bedroom there was no need. The young girl was too young for school and the young woman had nowhere important to go, but she set the alarm for the same time each day. As always the young woman got up from her bed and walked into the bathroom swearing under her breath as she shuffled on. The young girl pulled the duvet tightly around her and drifted back to sleep.

The young woman was called Ellie. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She was nineteen years old but she felt twenty years older. The

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

young girl sleeping in the bed was her daughter, her life, her reason to get up each day, Amy.

They both lived in a small Yorkshire town in a rented flat that would be quite at home in an old Victorian novel. It was poorly heated and constantly smelled of damp but it was their home and they made the best of what they had. Amy constantly had chest infections so Ellie was waiting to be re-housed by the local council, but this took time; there were lots of people waiting and only a few houses. Ellie could have lived with her mother and father, but she didn't get on with them and her father was ill and frequently lost his temper for no apparent reason. Also it would have gone against her getting a council flat.

She made her way into the living room and turned on the fire. She was sure it would be better to sit around a match: it would give off the same sort of heat at a fraction of the cost. On turning on her TV, which was a giant plasma beast, she listened to the early morning news. It is a strange thing about modern life that no matter how grim things get, as long as you own an up-to-date top of the range TV life, is somehow more bearable.

The routine of the morning in most British houses is the same, only small differences depending on how many people live in the house, and if they smoke!

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

Ellie walked over to a photograph that took pride of place in her scantily furnished flat. It was of a young lad aged about ten. It was a bog standard school photograph but you could see the mischief behind the young lad's eyes. She picked up the photo and gave it a kiss. "Morning, Josh" she whispered then she sat down on the settee and wept.

Josh had been her younger brother. He was the pain of her life. Whatever she did he wanted to do the same. She was five years older than him and she really resented the way her parents made her take him with her when she went out. But now she would give anything to take him out with her. Josh had died coming up to five years before. No matter what people told her, no matter how many times she went through that night in her mind Ellie always blamed herself. If she hadn't gone off with those lads, if she hadn't got drunk, Josh would be still alive. It was her fault: she took the responsibility for it. She couldn't move on.

He died on bonfire night, the fifth of November. The slogan always went, "remember, remember the fifth of November". She for one could never forget. He had drowned in a pond as she lay drunkenly in a quarry hut with a couple of local lads. That was the night that Amy was conceived. It was Ellie's one and only experiences of making love except it wasn't - it was drunken sex. She was so

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

drunk that she didn't even remember that evening.

She couldn't really remember much about Josh's death, or his funeral. Since that night everything had been a haze for her. The doctor had given her some tablets. They, along with her daughter, were the only things that made her life bearable. She couldn't even tell Amy who her daddy was because she didn't know. All she could remember was telling Josh to get lost and never to bother her again as he followed her to the hut. All she knew after that was he was found drowned in the pond the next morning, no one ever found out how or why. But she knew if she hadn't done what she did, he would still be here now.

The door opened and in walked Amy, she was still half asleep, "Mummy I'm hungry," she yawned. Ellie wiped the tears from her eyes, at least something good came from that night, Amy.

Ellie hated this time of year more than any other. It was coming up to bonfire night. The days were short and cold and she had to relive that night again over and over in her mind. She found herself crying at the most stupid of things. Even an episode of the Teletubbies made her cry but not for the reason it makes most adults want to cry, she was crying because La La had fallen over and hurt himself.

As they both ate their breakfast they chatted about anything and everything, Ellie thought she knew

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

more about being a four-year-old than any other adult alive. That was because Amy was all she had to talk to. All her friends were either out with boyfriends, working or at college. They had all moved on. She tried to talk to her parents but it always ended up in an argument. Whenever she left her parents' house she could never remember why the arguments had started or what they were about. It was like one big void in their lives since Josh had died. Even though no one ever blamed her she thought that they did deep down. But even though they argued, her Mum and Dad were all that she had and without them she would have nowhere to turn. So like clockwork she walked up to her parents' house each day.

They were both wrapped up against the biting cold of a northern autumn morning; the cold in these parts worked its way deep into the bone, as they made their way up through the cutting (this was what all the locals called a small shabby bit of land in the centre of the estate). It was used by everyone to go about their business, walk the dog, play football or at the moment to build the mother of all bonfires. It was also used by all the kids and criminals and drug users as an escape route from the police. You could disappear down lots of little pathways that only the locals knew about.

As they left the tip they met up with Mr Williams. He was a small middle-aged man. The

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

centre of his head was bald and his face had a leathery quality brought on by years of heavy smoking. He spoke in a soft Welsh accent. No one knew much about him because he liked to keep himself to himself. He did a lot of work for the local church and could be found most mornings walking his little tiny dog, Patch on the cutting. He smiled and waved to them as they walked up to him. Amy always made a fuss of Patch and Mr Williams always made a fuss of her, giving her sweets and calling her “princess”. He was just a lonely old man that can be found on most estates but there was something about him that Ellie found quite creepy. She couldn’t tell anyone what it was but she had never really liked him since he moved to the estate about ten years ago. But that was the problem with Ellie, she could never talk about anything she thought - she liked to bottle things up. She knew Mr Williams was just a harmless man trying to be nice but she didn’t want his or anyone else’s kindness.

She was glad to be back on her way up to the shops to buy the morning paper for her father. This was another one of her routines that she had adopted. She knew deep down that her life seemed to be passing her by but at the moment she found some sort of comfort in the routine. Having left the shops she carried on up the road towards her parents’ house stopping briefly to talk to Kelly, one of Ellie’s best

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

friends at school, but they had not really kept in touch since she had Amy. Kelly had as usual a blinding hangover and she was rushing to work late as usual. She worked in a local old people's home but why she was let loose with vulnerable people was a mystery. The other mystery about Kelly was that she had slept with most of the single and quite a few not so single men on the estate. But unlike Ellie who only had one sexual encounter and got pregnant she had never got pregnant and her reputation was that of a carefree happy-go-lucky girl that everyone loved. While Ellie thought that people thought of her as the local tramp. This of course wasn't true but Ellie thought that and that was all that mattered.

They chatted for a while, Kelly forgetting that she was late for work. Her life seemed to be so much fun compared to Ellie's. But she didn't have something as beautiful as little Amy in her life, that's what Ellie thought, that's what kept her sane. Because she knew that she was jealous of Kelly's lifestyle and to admit it would be disloyal to Amy. It would be like saying that Amy had ruined her life. And with everything else that had happened she clung on to the idea that there was nothing else to live for but to be Amy's Mum. With this thought she could go on knowing that at least one good thing came out of that horrible night all those years ago! Kelly said her



## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

goodbyes and sauntered off to work still in no hurry.

Ellie bought her father his paper from the post office-cum- local store. Mr Lint who ran the shop had been robbed so many times that he had come to view everyone with suspicion. He even watched Amy intently just in case she slipped a bottle of whisky under her little anorak and made a run for it. Unlike MR Williams he had no time for children, they were the ones that robbed him the most. They would start by nicking sweets when they were young then work up to breaking in at night and taking all the booze and cigarettes. He knew it was the local kids that did it because booze and cigs were his two bestsellers but after every break-in no one on the estate seemed to need to buy any.

Ellie carried on past the shops most of which were boarded-up. She walked on up seventh street to her parents' house. In the kitchen her mother had just put the kettle on. Her father was in the living room wearing nothing but shorts and a vest. He was having a smoke, something his doctor had told him to stop because he had bad asthma which was becoming chronic. Her father had always distrusted anyone who tried to give him advice especially if it meant him giving up smoking or drinking. He was watching one of those day-time shows where people who were banned from keeping pets by the local authorities but

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

were allowed to have as many children as they wanted, were allowed to go and air their impressive problems. Ellie always thought that no matter how bad she felt about herself she knew there was along way to slide before she hit rock bottom whenever she watched these shows.

“Can you watch Amy for me, Mum, while I nip out for a while?”

“You’re not going up to that bloody graveyard again. You have to accept the truth love and get on with your life.”

“Go on Mum, I won’t be long, I’m going down the Job Centre to look for a job” she lied.

“Go on then, but make sure you keep away from that bloody graveyard. No wonder you’re always depressed.”

Ellie gave Amy a kiss and a hug and told her as she did every day to be good for her Granny, then she left as always to go to Josh’s grave and to ask for forgiveness.

## Chapter Two

The graveyard had been built on a hillside. It was vast and sprawling. The entrance to the graveyard was where all the old big Victorian graves stood. Some of the stones had been pushed over, not by vandals but by the local council because as they said they posed a health and safety problem!

She stopped for a while as she did each day to talk to Keith. He was a man in his mid-sixties. His wife had died a few years before. Just like Ellie he could not let go. He like Ellie talked to the grave as if his loved one was sitting in front of him. His wife, Betty, had died in an accident. She was run over by a bus while out shopping. Keith always referred to his wife by her full name, Betty Ramsden. He would say things like, "It's a cold morning this morning, Betty Ramsden" or "Your favourite film was on last night, oh you would have loved it, Betty Ramsden!" Ellie thought that this was such a cute thing. He adored his wife, she was everything to him now. He was

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

counting the days until they could be together again. Ellie spoke to him for a while then said her goodbyes and made her way to Josh's grave.

Josh's grave was at the top of the hill. Ellie couldn't help but notice how the gravestones got smaller the more modern they became. Josh's grave was immaculate, not a stone out of place. It was adorned with football scarves and flowers. If any weeds had the audacity to grow anywhere near his grave they were immediately removed as small shoots. Ellie knelt at the foot of the grave and started to chat to the headstone just as she did every day. It's strange that when people are alive we have the opportunity to say whatever we like to our nearest and dearest but we never do. But as soon as they die we have an overwhelming urge to tell a piece of land with a stone stuck on it every hope and fear we possess.

With the anniversary of his death coming up, she told him of the bonfire on the cutting. She knew how much he liked bonfire night. The reason he had followed her on the night he had died was because he had mistakenly thought that she was going to a bonfire party. She talked and talked as if he was sitting there listening to her. She didn't notice the cold but she did become aware of someone standing behind her. She turned and let out a gasp and jumped to her feet with surprise.

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

There was a man standing behind her, he was tall but it was the way he was dressed that shocked her. He had a bowler hat on his head, his face was white and expressionless. His eyes were hidden behind dark glasses; they weren't sun glasses but they were there, she was sure, just to hide his eyes. Around his neck he wore a cravat. He had a long black frock coat which covered a lime green waistcoat. His legs were covered by pinstripe trousers which had a crease in them that you could cut paper with, it was so sharp. His shoes were black with silver buckles. He looked to be dressed from different periods of time. To finish off his strange attire he carried an ebony walking stick which had a big silver knob as a handle. He lifted his bowler hat and bowed towards Ellie. His hair was thin and grey.

“Please accept my apologies, I didn't mean to startle you like that, madam.”

He placed the bowler on his head then smiled and walked off his walking stick hitting the floor as if it were keeping time. Ellie shuddered. “The graveyards the right place for him,” she mumbled to herself. She then knelt down on the grave and told Josh just how cold her flat was but she was sure that the council would be giving her a new house soon.

She filled with emotion the same as she did each day then told the ground just how sorry she was

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

for the way things had worked out and that if there was any way she could change things she would. Having sat there for a while she was aware that she wasn't alone. It's that feeling that we all have from time to time. The feeling that you are being watched. She turned slowly and there seated on the bench behind her was the strangely dressed man she had encountered earlier. A knot grew in her stomach. He seemed to be in a state of suspended animation. He was sitting motionless, his stare not fixed upon anything in particular. "Oh my God he's dead!" Ellie muttered to herself. No sooner had she said the words than his walking stick fell to the ground. Ellie stood up and walked over to the bench and slowly picked up the stick. "Thank You".

"Argh!" she jumped back in horror.

"I'm so sorry but I do seem to have the knack of scaring you. Please do accept my apologies, it wasn't intended, it's just that I was somewhere else."

Ellie slowly handed him his stick, "Here you dropped this, it's your stick."

"I know it is, my dear, I can see it quite well you know."

"I'm sorry I thought that you couldn't... well with the dark glasses I thought you were well.."

"Blind"

"Yes."

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

“No, I wear these because the light confuses my sight. I can only see what is here and not what should be here without the glasses.”

Ellie was puzzled at what he had just said but thought it wise not to get into a conversation with him - he was obviously mad.

He smiled at her then removed his glasses. Ellie gasped and stepped back.

“Don’t be alarmed, my dear, I see far better than anyone else on earth.”

This statement worried her even more because his eyes were just white. There was no iris, no pupil, just white. He put his glasses back on and stood up and checked his clothing to make sure that everything was in perfect order. He walked over to Josh’s grave and shook his head. “Ah, young Joshua,” he said to himself he then turned to Ellie once more raised his bowler hat bowed and wished her good day.

He walked away tapping his stick in time as he had done before. Ellie was in shock: did he know Josh? He seemed to, the way he looked and spoke to the grave. For a few moments she watched him walk down the footpath to the entrance of the cemetery when something very strange happened. An elderly woman hurried over to him and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Ellie couldn’t hear just what was being said but it seemed the woman was thanking

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

him for something. Not in they way you thank someone who offers you a cup of tea but in the way you thank some one you offers you a million pounds, only she seemed to have received a lot more than a million pounds the way she was crying and kissing him. The man gently pushed the lady away. He was shaking his head as if to say I did nothing. She was still desperately trying to thank him.

Ellie had now moved down the path to where the two were standing. She hadn't noticed that her nosiness was controlling her feet. The man seemed very concerned that he was being touched by another human and even worse they might crease his clothes. He turned and started to walk up the path towards Ellie. He held his hand out to keep the woman away from him while still protesting that chances were chances. Just what that meant Ellie didn't have the foggiest. As he marched past Ellie, the woman had stopped. She was quite old and was now out of breath. She was gasping for air.

"Are you OK, love?" Ellie asked.

"He brought my Frank back," she replied with a cry. Ellie was by now totally confused.

"My Frank - he died and he brought him back"

No, this couldn't be true, could it? No, she was mad. That's why the strange man tried to get away like he did. Ellie smiled at her then turned and walked



## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

back up to the grave. She laughed and said to the ground, "It's all going off in here today, Josh. Weird men, mad women."

"Do you really think that I'm weird?"

"Argh!"

"Sorry, but is that how I seem to you? A person who blames herself for something she hasn't done. A person who cannot move on with her life because of a decision she made. A person who comes here to the same spot of land each day and talks to the ground, do you really think that I'm weird?"

It was the man with the bowler hat again. Where had he come from? He was nowhere in sight a second ago and now he was standing next to her.

"How did you get here and how do you know so much about me?"

This was now really starting to freak Ellie out. It was as if he could read her mind or as if he had been watching her. But she knew that she was being stupid. There had to be a logical explanation to all this.

"How do you know so much about me?"

"I've already told you that I can see."

"I don't understand?"

"The name and date on the grave tell me who he was and how young he was. You are too young to be his mother so I know that he must be your brother."  
“

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

“He could have been an old boyfriend.”

“I heard you talking to the ground earlier”

“It’s not ground it’s a grave, a sacred place where the body of my brother lies. You just make it seem as though it’s a bit of scrubland a bit of worthless turf!”

“I’m sorry I did not mean to upset you. I know that you blame yourself for what happened to your brother I have seen you here quite often.”

“I’ve never seen you before.”

“Doesn’t mean that I was not here, just that you have not seen me here. Now let me explain. I have heard you talk to the grave. I hear how much pain you are in. But you made a decision one evening and something happened. You cannot blame yourself for something out of your control.”

“I still don’t understand just what you are trying to say?”

“We all make decisions in our lives but the difference sometimes between a good decision and a bad one is just chance. All life is half chance. People go through life blind to what is important and what is not important. They don’t see what they need to see until it’s too late. “

“Still lost!”

“If I told you that I could give you the answer to any question you asked me whether it be past

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

present or future, what would you ask me?"

Ellie thought for a moment. "Who is going to win *Britain Needs Talent* on Saturday?"

"There, you have proved my point. I gave you a chance to gain knowledge that no other human could have and all you want to know is who is going to win a contrived talent show!"

"I was only joking. I'm usually quite sensible."

"Really, your whole life is blinded by what others want you to see. Every day you are bombarded by adverts and TV telling you what you should think and feel. You smoke, you drink alcohol, you eat processed fatty foods, but you will not under any circumstances drink a cola unless it's diet. You have made that decision that everything else you do will not harm you but if you don't drink the diet cola you will get fat and die of a heart attack."

"Wrong. It will just make me fat."

"So will the foods you eat and the alcohol you drink, that's if the cigarettes don't kill you first. But that is your decision I'm not saying its right or wrong only that you make a decision on what you believe at the time. And people are so blind to what is important they sometimes make a decision that they later regret. Always make sure that when you make a decision that it's your decision, that it's right for you and not what

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

you are told to think. ”

“Still not up to speed.”

“What is more important, to sing a song or life?”

“Life, of course”

“Who won the big talent show on TV last year?”

“That was Terry, but I thought that Shana should have won!”

“What do they call the young girl that was raped and killed a year ago not half a mile from here?”

“Oh my God I didn’t know anything about that, how terrible.”

“But it was on the same news programme that you watched to find out who had won the talent contest. Look at the whole picture and you can see what the best decision is to make. The night your brother died he made a decision, not you. You made another decision that changed your life but his death was, I’m afraid, because of him.”

Tears welled in her eyes, her legs began to shake. “That’s not true, I shouldn’t have sent him away like that.”

“He shouldn’t have been there in the first place.”

“I should have been with him!”

“You were not able to move, how could you

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

have helped him? Others had already made a decision, one that they now regret. You don't even know what really happened that night, do you?"

"Stop talking in riddles, tell me what you know." Her body was now shaking uncontrollably. How could he know so much about that night? He wasn't there, was he?

The man took a small orb from his pocket it was lit by an eerie blue light. He lifted the top off it releasing the light. Ellie covered her eyes and turned away. "What's that? Is it some sort of watch?"

"No it is time itself."

By now the man's face was now completely masked by the light of the orb. All she could hear was his voice it was low and deliberate.

"If you had a chance to change things, change the things that happened that night, would you?" The light enticed and swirled in a hypnotic dance.

Ellie was still hiding her eyes from the blinding light of the orb. "Of course I would, you idiot. Do you think that I don't think of anything else every second of every day?"

"What if I told you that I could give you a chance to go back and have a chance to make those decisions again, would you take it." The light seemed to be calling to her, it wanted her to be part of it, whatever it was!

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

“Are you deaf, and anyway its impossible, how could I go back?”

“All you have to do is place your finger into the orb.”

Ellie’s hand shot forward without thinking.

“See there you go again making a decision without thinking. It takes you half an hour to choose what you would like to eat off a menu but only five minutes to decide to have a tattoo. So rash.”

Just how did he know so much about her?

“Think before you decide. Whatever decision you make it has consequences. To alter the past will of course alter the present and the...”

He hadn’t had chance to finish the sentence before Ellie had shoved her finger into the orb. Her whole body shivered. She could feel eyes of invisible beings staring. She struggled to keep conscious. She desperately looked to the stranger for help but he seemed so far away.

She struggled to remove her finger from the ball. Her whole body felt light as if she was floating. Her senses were dead to the world all she felt was peace and tranquillity. When suddenly the orb spat out her finger and snapped shut, Ellie’s body felt as if it had been thrown into a cold bath as all her senses burst back into life at once, leaving her confused and scared. The man stood there, his face just a blank, no sign of

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

any emotion whatsoever.

“It is done. Make your choices wisely.” With that he turned and walked away tapping his walking stick in time.

“Wait! What is done? I have to ask you.”

He didn’t turn around to answer Ellie, he just walked on as if his mind was in another world.

Ellie shook her head then started to laugh. “Go back in time, make the right decision, what a nutter. Spooky though, but still a nutter.”

She looked at her watch and gasped. Five hours had passed since she had started to speak to the stranger but to her it only seemed like a minute! She had to get back to her parents and pick Amy up. Her mother would be really angry with her for taking so much time. She checked her watch against the church clock just in case it was wrong. It wasn’t. She couldn’t explain where the time had gone. It had flown by. She quickly tended to Josh’s grave and moved things that she had moved the day before and the day before that. They would never be in the right place, because Ellie wanted the grave to be perfect but there is no such thing as a perfect grave, just a grave.

She gave the headstone a quick wipe down then apologised to it for not taking enough time. She turned to walk away then stopped turned back and gave the headstone a kiss, “Bye Josh, see you

## Twisted Minds 2: Changes

tomorrow.” With that she hurried down the path out of the cemetery her mind racing with the thoughts of the morning. Well it had been quite exciting she thought to herself. It had been different to the usual routine. She stopped for a moment as this thought entered her mind: “I’m only nineteen and I’ve got all excited because I’ve had a chat with someone who has obviously escaped from somewhere secure.” With that she realised just how boring her life had become. Was this it? Was this just what her life had become? Then she had another thought one that she felt really stupid for having, what if it was all true? What if she could go back in time and change what had happened? No that was just too stupid to even think about! But what about the old woman that had said that he had brought her Frank, whoever he was, back to life. No this was all too strange for her. “I’m going to have to stop hanging around in graveyards” she said out loud, then added, “I’m beginning to turn into a weirdo.” She shuddered then ran down the road to catch her bus back to her parents.