

## **"The Devil In The Graveyard "**

**(traditional, reworked by Jules Procter)**

Police constable, Frank Whittle, was still a bit tubby, and needed to lose a bit of weight, but he was keen as mustard. This was his first placement since training, and he listened intently to every word the sergeant spoke. He had been in the village a month, and this would be his first evening patrol, out by himself.

"Finally" said the sarge "Be careful down by the churchyard. At night, some say that's where the Devil goes to divi up the souls between himself, and Legba, his representative. You know, the chap who meets you at the crossroads, should you be inclined to make a pact with the Devil. This ain't the big city, lad, and sometimes there's strange stuff goes on around here."

"Duly noted, sarge" responded Frank, scribbling in his notebook and nodding.

Later that evening, Johnny and Jimmy, two local lads, had been out scrumping again. They heard approaching footsteps. Thinking it was Farmer Turner, who had given them a right old thrashing last time he'd caught them, they ducked into the churchyard with their sack of apples to lay low. After some time, they thought it was safe, and emptied the sack on to the ground. "One for you, and one for me" said Johnny, sharing out the fruit.

It was at this time when Constable Whittle arrived outside the churchyard.

"One for you, and one for me" "One for you, and one for me". Was all he heard.

Then Johnny said "And finally, here comes along that big fat juicy one" rolling an enormous Bramley apple over to his chum. "You can have him for the pot."

Frank never stopped running until he got back to the police station. By which time his hair had turned completely white.