

"The Ghost At The Crossroads"

Many years ago, long before I moved here, I was told the story of the old man waiting at Pickaxe Cross. You know, over by the abandoned village of St.Gabriels, t'other side of Golden Cap. Leaning on his stick, he was, as if it was only way he could stand. With a shock of wild hair, grizzled features, and hollow eyes, he looked in a right state.

A young man approached him, kitted out like to many of the coast path walkers we see around here. In new outdoor clothing, rugged boots and a backpack.

Stopping by the old man he asked him "Do you believe in ghosts?"

The old man was startled from his thoughts "What did you say?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?" repeated the young man.

"No, I do not" stated the old man, forcefully.

And with that, the young man disappeared.