

THE GO-BETWEEN

I was fourteen when my special powers finally matured. I realised no one must know they were more than childhood fantasies.

My parents had been amused, I thought, when, aged about five, I first waved as we drove past a cemetery. They had told it was a place where people, we had lost, lived. Any young child might have thought about waving without thinking why. But, I waved because the dead people were waving at me - people of all ages, many in strange clothes.

I tried to describe the people to my parents. Their amusement turned to anger.

“You must never disrespect the dead,” they said. “Don’t you ever be so silly, again.”

So I wasn’t but I still often saw the people and I waved in my head.

Over time, I heard the dead people shouting but it was like the roar of a football crowd and only when they chanted together did I detect what they were saying. It was HELP.

Last week, everything changed, as I walked home from school, through St. Mary’s church yard. I stopped to pick up a coin I’d spotted on the path and I heard a women’s voice. She was almost weeping.

“Tell Harry I am ok here.”

A woman in a maid’s outfit, was standing alongside a Victorian grave. I didn’t reply, shaking with a mixture of fear and excitement. I was crossing a boundary, seeing and hearing beyond life, possessed of a power few had, perhaps a power to help the dead and the living. I couldn’t help this woman. I guessed Harry should have found his way to the OK place a long time ago, if he was going to make it.

But, who could I help? Should I even try? I realised, if anyone knew what I could do I would be at risk, condemned as a freak, exploited for profit or perhaps attacked by those threatened by revelations I could uncover.

I walked further and stood by another old gravestone, again a figure appeared and spoke to me. I realised I could only pass on messages coming from recent graves when there might be living relatives.. This needed some thought. I wouldn’t do anything today.

Back in my bedroom, I found an unused notebook and started the story of my life. I titled it *The Go-Between*. Already, I could think of several chapters – Love Messages, Warnings, Family Secrets and more chilling Evidence for Crimes.

I decided to start with the family. I knew where to find many of our graves. But, from then on I would follow recent murder cases and learn where victims were buried. I hoped to get evidence that would convict more of the guilty.

Next day I went to my twin sister’s grave. She died too early. I wanted to talk to her again.