

Tales from Crestfall: Whispers from the Quarry

Angel of Death Voiceover: Hello. I am the Angel of Death, kicking butts and taking souls, and this is a Tale from Crestfall.

[melancholic piano music]

AoD VO: Violet was old enough to understand there weren't monsters in her closet with giant horns and purple fur. But she was not yet old enough to understand that sometimes monsters could look like people. She was bright, and she saw the world with more hope than most.

It was a warm late-summer night. Violet sat on her bed, staring into space. She was thinking about her mother. It had only been three months since she had passed away from an unexpected killer squirrel attack. Her mother had worn a new perfume that smelled a little too much like pecan pie, and the squirrels had gone nuts.

[squirrels chattering and barking viciously]

Violet was the one who bought her the perfume. The horrific details of the incident plagued her nightmares. The gnashing teeth of the squirrels...

[echoing squirrel hisses]

Her mother's agonizing scream...

Violet's Mother: *(desperate, panicked scream)*

AoD VO: The sound of flesh being torn from bone...

[squirrels devouring flesh]

Violet's Mother: *(further screaming)*

AoD VO: Violet shuddered. She checked herself in the mirror, but only briefly. Just enough time for her to see that her outfit was cute, but not long enough that she had to look herself in the eye. Tonight would not be about sad things. Tonight it was time to have some fun.

[soft feet padding, stairs creaking slightly]

She knew she had to be quiet as she descended the stairs from her room. She held her tennis shoes close to her chest. She counted the steps, making sure to skip the fifth, which had a telltale creak. Her feet padded softly on the scuffed wood floor. The front door was mere feet away.

Dad: Where do you think you're going?

Violet: Oh, hey. Dad... I'm going out with some friends.

Dad: Not at this time you're not.

Violet: It's just Ned and Jacki.

Dad: Jacki, with the ripped jeans? And—and Ned, with the jazz allergy? I don't think so.

Violet: They're fine, dad.

Dad: Come on, Vi, who's allergic to jazz? The kid hears a saxophone and breaks out in a rash.

Violet: Ned's nice. We're just gonna play a game.

Dad: Well, play it tomorrow.

Violet: But we're meeting up now. Can't you just trust me, dad?

Dad: What, like I trusted you with your mother? Pecan pie perfume. I should never have listened to you.

[a dreadful silence]

[door opening and shutting]

AoD VO: Violet left before putting on her shoes.

[welcome-to-this-creepy-but-beautiful-quarry piano music]

AoD VO: Violet, Ned, and Jacki were at their usual spot: An abandoned cabin rumored to be haunted by the ghost of a dead rubber duck salesman. But they knew better. There was no such thing as rubber duck salesmen. The cabin looked over an old quarry. At the center of the quarry was a pool of dark water.

[distant trickling water, crickets, nighttime ambience]

Violet: Allllllright, the game is simple, folks. Two points if you catch the marble, one if it rolls into the gutter, and negative one hundred if you lose it when it lands. If the marble bounces three times on the roof that's a double-downer. If it ricochets off the tree that's a grandma's special with a fine-fickle penalty. If you get a penalty, you roll eight die. Roll less than five and you have to dance for the rest of the game. Roll more than fifteen and you have to hide and we get to decide whether we want to go find you or not.

Jacki: What if we don't wanna hide?

Violet: Then you lose the game.

Ned: You're just making up the rules.

Violet: All rules are made up. By the way, thanks for letting me borrow your marble, Ned.

AoD VO: The kids commenced their game.

[fun jazzy music – drums, guitar, let's play some marbles]

[marble hits the roof and rolls]

Violet: Whoo!

Ned: Alright!

AoD VO: A double downer for Violet.

[marble rolls and lands in the dirt]

Jacki: YES!

Ned: Aw, maaaaan.

AoD VO: Two points for Jacki.

Ned: Lemme line this up...

[marble rolls along the roof]

Ned: Come on, come on...

[marble lands]

Ned: Oooooohohohooooo!

Violet: Nice!

Jacki: Oh nooooo!

AoD VO: A grandma's special for Ned. And so on through the night. They enjoyed each other's company. They were each an outcast in their own way.

Ned: *(coughing/sneezing/wheezing)*

AoD VO: Ned was the subject of constant bullying from their school's marching band because of his allergy to jazz. Shortly after, his father left him and his mother to pursue his dream of becoming a saxophonist for the Idaho Symphony Orchestra.

[marble rolls and lands]

Jacki: Haha, suckerrrrrrrr!

AoD VO: Jacki was a self-proclaimed loner. She wore eyeliner so black her eyes almost vanished entirely. She sat alone at lunch, even though Violet and Ned were her friends. She made a habit of pushing people away.

[marble rolls and disappears]

Violet: Oops! That went too far.

AoD VO: And then there was Violet. Nothing will make you an outcast like the death of a parent. No one knows what to say to you. The knowledge of the tragedy alone was enough to make people uncomfortable talking to her. That night, however, the loners smiled together.

Violet, Ned, Jacki: *(laughing and having an all-around good time)*

AoD VO: They were safe from the pains of everyday life. They could play their silly game forever.

[click! clang! kkkkkkkk – the marble bounces off the roof and rolls fast along the gravel, a little too far]

Ned: Noooo! My marble!!

Violet: Grab it before you get negative a hundred points! Guys, come on!

Death by Dying Podcast: Tales from Crestfall

[soft, eerie drone with piano... we're descending into the quarry]

AoD VO: The three stumbled down the steep side of the quarry. Over stones and grit the marble led them farther and farther downwards.

[marble bounces and dribbles]

AoD VO: Ned's marble rolled off the edge...

[splunk! into the water it goes]

...straight into the pool of water at the bottom of the pit.

Ned (out of breath): Rats! That was my grandma's marble! We gotta get it back.

Jacki (out of breath): Uh-uh. You're not gonna catch me going down there.

Ned (out of breath): Ohh I don't know what to do...

Violet: I'll go.

Jacki: You're gonna swim? Down *there*?

Violet: I mean... yeah... I guess.

Jacki: Maybe we should just give it up.

Violet: But it means a lot to Ned.

[clothing shuffle]

Ned: Hey!

Jacki: Dude!

Ned: What are you doing—

Jacki: I was kinda wearing that.

AoD VO: Violet tied their jackets together into a makeshift rope.

Violet: If I need help, pull me up.

Ned: You really don't have to do this, Vi...

AoD VO: Violet stared down into the black waters.

[splash!]

[music cuts]

[the muted swash of being underwater, bubbles scattering]

AoD VO: Violet's ears filled with water as her head sunk beneath the surface. The water was... oddly warm. Bubbles cleared to reveal nothing but darkness. The murky water stung her eyes. She ambled forward, swimming blindly, deeper and deeper. For a moment: Silence.

[freaky, incoherent whispers]

[unnerving music, building... somethin's about to go down]

Then came the whispers. They were quiet at first. Inaudible. Something out of a dream. They became louder. And louder. *And louder.*

[whispers increase in volume]

Violet: *(shockingly unnerving scream underwater)*

[whispers crescendo! music crescendos! everything crescendos!]

Whispers (*turning coherent and vicious*): VIOLET.

Violet: (*screaming*)

[*water rushing*]

[*pssshh! Violet yanked from the water*]

Violet: (*gasping for air*)

Ned: Violet! Are you okay?

Jacki: What's going on?

Violet: MAKE IT STOP. MAKE IT STOP. MAKE IT STOP.

Ned: Make what stop?? Violet? Violet, can you hear me!

Violet (*coughing*): MAKE IT STOP!

[*a single saxophone note*]

Ned: Ah! (*flinch of pain*) Do you hear that?

Jacki: What? I don't hear anything! She's just freaking out!

Violet: (*choking*) MAKE IT STOP!

Jacki: Violet.

Violet: MAKE IT STOP MAKE IT STOP.

Jacki: Violet!

Violet (*calming down, suddenly – totally fine*): Hey.

Jacki (*nervously*): Hey...? Are you okay?

Violet: Yeah...? Why wouldn't I be okay? I couldn't find the marble. I couldn't see. I'm sorry, Ned.

Ned: ... It's okay, Vi... Let's not worry about that right now.

Violet: Maybe we can come back tomorrow when it's light out. Let's get going, it's freezing out here.

AoD VO: Violet got to her feet, rubbing her arms for warmth. She started back towards the cabin. Jacki and Ned followed closely behind. They didn't say a word, but they were both thinking the same thing: It wasn't cold outside.

[*hypnotic, hazy, droning music – like floating through a dream*]

Violet awoke the next morning, wrapped in a blanket.

Violet: (*cold efforts, heavy breathing*)

AoD VO: She kept it on while she brushed her teeth, while she brushed her hair, while she ate her breakfast.

[*FADE IN: liquid pouring*]

Dad (*muffled, distant*): Violet? Violet? Violet, what are you doing?

[*liquid overflowing*]

Violet (*snapping out of it*): What? Oh, crap!

[*spills juice, glass breaks – this girl's OUT OF IT*]

Dad: Pay attention to what you're doing, Vi. That's a waste of OJ.

Violet: I'm sorry, I'm just... I dunno... I don't think I'm feeling very well.

Dad: Are you sick?

Violet: I'm... not sure.

Dad: Hmm... Well your forehead feels fine.

Violet: Maybe I'm just... sometimes you just wake up funny. I feel... funny.

Dad: Well if you're sick it'd teach you a lesson about going out at night without my permission. Go lay down or something.

Violet: Okay... Um... dad?

Dad: What?

Violet: Can you... apologize for what you said last night?

Dad: Excuse me?

Violet: What you said about mom. It wasn't my fault she was eaten by squirrels. I know I bought the perfume, but I was just doing a nice thing, she really liked it. We wouldn't have known, how was I supposed to know? So... shouldn't you apologize?

Dad (*sharp*): There's nothing to apologize for! Go rest. Something is clearly wrong with you.

Violet: (*whimpers, holding back tears*)

[*downcast, defeated piano music*]

AoD VO: Violet went to her room. But there would be no rest for her.

Violet (*crying*): Stupid stupid stupid. I'm so stupid. I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me.

[*Violet tries to slow her breathing*]

Violet: Ugh, why am I so cold?

[*footsteps on tile floor*]

[*squeak!*]

[*shower water running*]

Violet (*muttering*): Okay, okay, that's better. Stay warm... stay warm. You're gonna be fine, snap out of it, Violet.

[*water continues to run*]

Violet: Just a little warmer...

[*squeak*]

Violet: Is this even working?

[*squeak squeak squeak*]

AoD VO: It *was* working.

[*intense thriller-style music building*]

AoD VO: The water was getting hotter and hotter by the second. The skin on her back turned red. The irritation spread down her spine. The red darkened. Her shoulders began to blister, and the blisters began to swell. And Violet felt nothing. All she felt was an icy underwater chill. She didn't notice until the burn reached her arms.

Violet (*screaming*): What the! AHHHHHHH!

[*stumbling out of the shower*]

AoD VO: Violet tumbled out of the shower. The sharp sting of the burn finally kicked in.

Violet: (*screaming in pain*)

AoD VO: Steam filled the bathroom.

[*steam hiss!*]

[*water gurgling, sputtering, going silent*]

AoD VO: The shower head sputtered, then turned off. All was quiet.

[*drip... drip... drip...*]

[*PSSSSHHHHHH – shower head turns back on, more intense this time*]

AoD VO: The water returned in a furry, but something was different. The water was black. As black as the waters at the bottom of the quarry. The bathtub quickly filled to the brim, and the black water oozed onto the tiled floor.

[*bubbling, gurgling, boiling*]

AoD VO: It boiled violently.

Violet: (*freaking out*)

Whispers (*raspy, distorted*): Violet...

Dad (*outside the door*): Violet? Violet!

Whispers: Viiiiioooollleeeetttt.

Dad: Violet, open the door!

[*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK – dad bangs on the door, desperate*]

Dad (*breaking, scared*): Violet, open the door!!!

[*music cuts*]

Violet: (*blood-curdling scream*)

[*DOOR SLAMS OPEN*]

Dad: What the hell is going on in here?

Violet: It was a face! And it was dead but not dead! And there was water, black black water, in my skin! I...

AoD VO: Violet looked up. The shower was off. Her clothes were on. There was no black water. No half-eaten face. No burn on her back.

Dad: What has gotten into you?

Violet: ...Nothing. (*nervous chuckle*). Musta slipped.

[*ominous music*]

[*cellphone ringing... ringing... bloop!*]

Jacki (*phone sfx*): Hey Vi, what's up?

Violet: We need to go back to the quarry.

Jacki (*phone sfx*): Are you crazy? You nearly drowned, Vi.

Violet: Jacki... *please*.

Jacki (*phone sfx*): *No way*. Do you even remember what happened back there?

Violet: I just... I have this feeling. I need to go back.

Jacki (*phone sfx*): Well, count me out. The quarry is the last place we should be going.

Violet: But I *have* to go back. I need to feel warm again.

Jacki (*phone sfx*): What are you talking about?

Violet: Nothing, no, I just – Ned deserves to get his marble back. He's had a really hard summer.

Jacki (*phone sfx*): Your funeral.

[*bloop. Jacki hangs up.*]

[*phone re-dialing, ringing, bloop!*]

Ned (*phone sfx*): Violet... Hey.

Violet: Ned. I need your help. I don't know what else to do, I don't know who else to call. I feel–

Ned (*phone sfx*): Cold?

Violet: ...Yeah. How did you know?

Ned (*phone sfx*): ...I feel it too, Vi. I don't know what happened down there, but... there's something about that quarry... ever since we pulled you out of there it's like...

Violet: It won't stop talking to you?

Ned (*phone sfx*): Yeah...

Violet: What do *you* hear?

Ned (*phone sfx*): Music.

[*distant saxophone music*]

Ned: Distant music... How 'bout you?

Violet: A voice... a woman's voice... I could be wrong but I'm pretty sure it's...

[*DRAMATIC IMPACT*]

Whispers (*mega warped*): VIII OOLLLEEETTTT.

Violet: My mother.

[*nighttime ambience, babbling water*]

AoD VO: The quarry was open wide as if to swallow the moon above. Its jagged edges were softened by the hushed cloud of midnight. Everything was still, just like any other quarry in the middle of nowhere.

Violet: I need to get in the water.

Ned: Are you sure that's a good idea?

Violet: I don't think it matters.

AoD VO: Violet approached the dark pool of water. She was shivering more than ever before.

Ned: Wait, hang on!

Violet: What is it?

Ned: Can't you hear that?

Violet: Hear what?

[*faint jazzy music*]

Ned: (*quick breathing*) Can't you... hear that?

[*jazz music intensifies*]

Ned: (*restricted breathing, like he's having an allergic reaction*)

AoD VO: From the pool emerged a shadow, holding a saxophone. Its eyes burned red.

[*a whoooosh! of water as the shadow rises*]

Demon Ned Dad (*deep, demented voice*): Son.

Ned (*fighting tears*): Dad. I'm so sorry.

Demon Ned Dad: *You should be.* I am so very disappointed in you. My son... *the screw up.* You're *weak.* It's no wonder I left you and your pathetic mother.

Ned: Please, dad, I know, I know it's all my fault.

AoD VO: Ned inched towards the shadow. The water trickled forward, reaching out to him. The shadow beckoned.

Demon Ned Dad: You know it's your fault. If you didn't have that stupid jazz allergy, we could have been a happy family. You ruined *everything.* You are broken. Let me fix you.

Violet (*snapping out of it*): Ned... wait! None of that was your fault! He was just some jerk who liked jazz too much!

Demon Ned Dad: Do you forgive yourself? For doing this to your mother? For ruining your family?

Ned (*whimper*): I can't.

[*Demon Ned Dad SNARLS*]

Demon Ned Dad (*sinister like nobody's business*): Good... GOOD!!!

[*DEMON NED DAD ATTACKS! CRAZY INTENSE STRUGGLE. THUNDER, WAVES, SPLASHING, BURST OF ORCHESTRA, PIERCING VIOLIN STRIKES, DRAMATIC CHORUS*]

Violet: NEEEEHHHD!!!

[*waves settle... everything becomes quiet again*]

Violet: (*crying / mourning Ned*) No... no no no no...

Jacki: (*distant, calling out, getting louder*) Violet? Viioollett! Violet!

Violet: (*wiping away tears / surprised*) Jacki?

Jacki: Where are you?

Violet: Jacki!! What are you doing here?

Jacki: I was worried about you! Obviously! I'm sorry I told you to screw off, I was a jerk. What's going on?

Violet (*sobbing*): They got him.

Jacki: Who?

Violet: The whispers. I couldn't save him. I was just... frozen, and now he's... he's gone... (*crying*)

Jacki: (*quietly, realizing*) ... Ned? ... (*panic*) Ned?? Ned!

Violet: No, don't touch it! It could eat you too! He couldn't take it. The pain. It was just too much... and I couldn't help him.

Jacki: C'mon, Vi. Let's get outta here.

Violet: I... can't... She's here.

Whispers: *VIIIOOLLLLLEEEETTNTTTT...*

[sinister drone... a grim music surging]

[chattering, feral barking. sploosh! a squirrel emerges]

AoD VO: A squirrel jumped from the water. Its fur was matted and patchy, its skin was peeling away, exposing crooked bones. Its eyes were bloodshot.

[pack of squirrels barking angrily]

AoD VO: More squirrels came from the water, racing to Violet. They pounced, latching onto her. Their teeth sunk into her skin.

[gross, sharp biting sound]

Violet: *(crying out in pain)*

AoD VO: Violet was paralyzed.

[WHOOSH! of water]

Whispers: *AHHHHHHHHHHH...*

AoD VO: Before her appeared her decaying mother.

[a single, dreadful, stomach-twisting piano note... followed by additional equally foreboding piano notes]

Demon Violet Mother (*warped, echoing*): You did this to me.

Violet (*breaking down*): I'm sorry, mom. I'm so sorry!

Demon Violet Mother: You're the reason I died.

Violet: I know.

Demon Violet Mother: You know what you deserve.

Violet: I know... I'm an *awful* daughter.

Jacki: Don't listen to her, Vi! That's not true. You didn't do anything wrong!

Demon Violet Mother: Come to me, my child. I can make it all go away.

AoD VO: Her mother reached out a contorted hand.

[*THUNDER CRACKLES*]

The squirrels brought Violet to her knees. They dragged her towards the water. She did not resist.

Jacki (*desperate*): Violet! Violet, listen to me. You can fight this! I know you can. Sometimes bad things happen, sometimes they happen for no good reason at all, but... we can get through that stuff together, okay? Violet, *please*.

AoD VO: Violet's mother towered over her.

[*DRAMATIC PULSE*]

Demon Violet Mother: Do you forgive yourself?

Death by Dying Podcast: Tales from Crestfall

[*SFX fades*]

[*music fades*]

[*a pulsing ring as we float through memories*]

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): Where do you think you're going?

Jacki (*a memory, echoing*): Maybe we should just give it up.

Ned (*a memory, echoing*): You're just making up the rules.

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): What, like I trusted you with your mother?

Jacki (*a memory, echoing*): Are you crazy?

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): Pecan pie perfume... I should never have listened to you.

Ned (*a memory, echoing*): You really don't have to do this, Vi.

Jacki (*a memory, echoing*): Violet.

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): There's nothing to apologize for!

Jacki (*a memory, echoing*): Violet!

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): Viiiioollleettt...

Ned (*a memory, echoing*): Violet, can you hear me!

[*Ned's voice echoes into silence...*]

Dad (*a memory, echoing*): ...Violet?

Violet (*fighting through it*): Yes... I... forgive myself.

Demon Violet Mother: ...What?

Violet: I... *forgive myself.*

[*achingly bittersweet piano music*]

Demon Violet Mother: Oh, my dear. Deep down, you know that isn't true. There's something wrong with you.

Violet: No. There. Isn't. Go away!

[*boom! her words strike Demon Mom like an invisible bullet*]

Demon Violet Mother: (*growling*)

Violet: I said GO. AWAY!

[*another strike!*]

Violet: I don't believe that anymore. It was an *accident*. No one is going to make me feel this awful. Not my dad. Not you. Not even myself.

Demon Violet Mother (*gurgled scream*): VIOLEEEETTTT!

[*RUMBLING... BOOM! DISGUSTING BLOOD AND GUTS FILLED EXPLOSION, DISSOLVING INTO A WHOOSHING WATERY WAVE... transitioning to gentle lapping waves*]

[*emotional build in music*]

Jacki: Violet! Oh my god, are you okay?

Violet: Yeah... yeah I am... at least I think I will be.

AoD VO: Jacki and Violet hugged. They held each other for as long as they could. They thought of Ned. Their friend was gone. Through tears and heavy sighs, they made their way out of the quarry, and never looked back. When Violet returned home, she found her father crying in his study.

Dad: *(raw, vulnerable, private crying)*

Violet *(ever-so-quietly):* Dad?

Dad: Oh, Violet *(wiping away snot, sniffing, pretending he wasn't crying)*. I didn't hear you come in.

Violet: I know I was out late again, I'm sorry—

Dad: —No, no... It's okay, it's-it's okay... I honestly thought this was the day you'd never come back.

Violet: Dad...

Dad: You and I both know things haven't been right in this house. I wouldn't blame you for leaving... Your mother... she used to do everything. Pack your lunches, drive you to school, talk to you when you were upset. I would have but... she was just better at that stuff, I guess. And more than anything, she wanted to. You were the most important thing in her life... I want you to know that you're the most important thing in *my* life too. And I don't want to mess that up.

Violet: I just need you to be here for me. When I'm sad, let me be sad. If I need to be with my friends for a while, let me be with my friends. And don't make me feel guilty about mom's death. I've already blamed myself enough. This has been so hard... for both of us. And maybe look up a thing or two about packing lunches? *(chuckles slightly through the sadness)* 'Cause potato chips on a sandwich just isn't right.

[both chuckle through the sadness]

Dad: Hey now, that's a generations-old recipe you're fighting with. Your grandpa used to put potato chips on my sandwiches. And you should consider yourself lucky, he used to put them on *peanut butter and jelly* sandwiches.

Violet: Ew! *(laughs)*

Dad: *(chuckle fades to a meaningful pause)* I'm gonna do better, Vi. I promise.

Violet: Thanks, dad.

Dad: Why don't you go lay down, you look tired. I'll make you a sandwich... *(chuckles)* hold the chips.

[sweet, soft "this is the end" music]

AoD VO: Jacki started sitting with Violet at lunch. There was no need to be alone. At the quarry, I appeared before Ned's soul and carried him over to the Other Side. He couldn't forgive himself. He was trapped by his own regret. A funeral was held by the end of the week. No jazz was allowed, in his honor. For all anyone knew, Ned fell into the quarry by accident. His body was never found. But Violet and Jacki knew what really took place.

Bad things happen, dear mortals. But that doesn't mean you should carry that weight with you. These moments of turmoil will pass. They *always* pass. For all the hurt in the world, this much is true. So... if you ever see a pool of dark water at the bottom of a wicked quarry... if you feel the endless chill... and hear the whispers... do not let them drag you down.

Evening Post: This has been a Tale from Crestfall. Created by Evan Gulock and Niko Gerentes. Featuring the voices of Lauren Denby as the Angel of Death. Valeria Rodriguez as Violet. River Kanoff as Violet's Father. Eli Barraza as Jacki. Tommy Maillie as Ned. Jamison Boaz as Ned's Father. And Leora Ben-Zev as Violet's Mother. Music composed by Scott Buckley, ErikMMusic, Steven O'Brien, Lionel Schmitt, Savfk, Alexandros T., and Niko Gerentes. If any of you rubber duck salesmen would like to send their condolences, comments, hopes, fears, or dreams, you can

Death by Dying Podcast: Tales from Crestfall

contact The Obituary Writer personally at TheObituaryWriter@gmail.com. Or follow on FaceBook, Instagram, tumblr, and Twitter, [@DeathByDyingPod](https://twitter.com/DeathByDyingPod). And remember... if you're going to play marbles with your two best friends in a mysterious quarry and roll less than a five after a fine-fickle penalty, you have to dance for the rest of the game.

Caw!!!

**Reader beware!
If you haven't finished
Season 1 yet,
Don't keep reading!
You've been warned!**



[*somber, wistful violin music*]

Obituary Writer: The funeral of Charlotte Dawson was perfect. It was simple, subtle, and silent. There was a rarefied stillness to the air. There were walrus balloons tied to her casket. The Wild Man played a sublime rendition of Concerto No. 23 in C Minor on a violin he had made out of a dead possum.

There was no wake, there were no eulogies. A chilled silence had befallen the crowd as a misty evening rain enveloped the Crestfall Graveyard. Heads hung low, eyes remained shut. Mostly to keep the rain from getting in people's eyes, but also because they were sad. Funerals are peculiar that way. Someone bites the dust and the living look to one another and say, "You know what? I'm sad. You're sad. Why don't we all just stick this body in a box, stare at it for a while, and then bury it as deep into the earth as we will bury our depression afterwards?"

Autumn was coming to an end. Just a few weeks ago the trees would have been aglow in a vibrant, fiery orange and red and yellow. By now they have mellowed to gold and rust and beige, turning opaque in the moonlight as the rain subsided and the clouds parted. There we were, a crowd of the Still-Living, staring at a wooden box, waiting to bury it so we could move on with our lives and ignore our own suffocating fear of the fragility of life. Yes, Charlotte Dawson's funeral was perfect. For my friend. My truest friend. My only friend. A fitting way to lay her to rest in peace...

That being said...

[*music cuts*]

Charlotte Dawson wouldn't be dead for long. Not if I could help it.

[*overly dramatic music for HYPE*]

Hello... I am the totally fine and emotionally stable Obituary Writer of this flawless town of Crestfall, Idaho, and this is *Death by Dying*... Season 2.

Caw!!!!!!!!!!
That's all you get!
For now...
hahahahaha!

