

Freaky: Kathy Robinson

She had only been laid to rest several months earlier. A short and terminal disease, she savoured the time she had left. Around her bedside many memories were shared amidst laughter and chatter of family young and old, the stories woven deeper into the family tapestry.

At the family holiday house, it was a typical summers day. A light ocean breeze brought the salty wisps of the sea. The ocean calm, the waves gently rolling, breathing oxygen as they tumbled towards the shore in a rhythmic, soothing motion.

A small gathering of family and friends met on the beach below, a collection of flowers, our mother's urn the centrepiece on the sand. A few words in memoriam, a scattering of flowers on the water's edge to set her spirit free, my last farewell, or so I thought!

In the evening, following another boisterous meal, the group slowly retired to their rooms. Last to bed, I had the responsibility to turn out lights and lock the doors. With the house in darkness, the green flash of the Christmas lights swinging in the breeze on the verandah, beckoned to be turned off. The door swung hard as I opened it, the force of the wind behind it, onto the verandah, head down into the wind I reached for the switch and turned off the festive lights. Glancing down onto the beach I noticed a lone figure on the water's edge, dressed in a long white weatherproof jacket. I thought it odd to be and I queried, with a strong wind and so late who would attempt fishing.

Crossing the darkened lounge and returning to the window for another look. The figure had gone, in its place where the waves ebbed and flowed, appeared a patch of glowing, luminous sand. Not phosphorescence, it didn't move as the white wash swept over it, not a floodlight from a neighbour's yard – but a concentrated patch of light. All possibilities exhausted, I decided to head for bed. As I turned to go, a blinding flash of green, lit up the room and silhouetted my figure on the back wall. Goosebumps covered my body and every hair stood on end, slowly I turned to see that the Christmas lights had turned back on. Curiosity abated and every nerve on alert I ventured back to the verandah, head down into the wind to turn out the Christmas lights.