

Untitled

By Ashley Hafenbrack

The cemetery at dawn was a collision of worlds. The early morning light was busy ushering the spirits back into their graves while the cemetery employees were getting ready for another day's work. On the agenda today was a burial ceremony.

The drowsy half awake workers gathered together, grabbed the equipment they would need to dig the hole, then trudged through the cemetery to where the plot lay. It was around eight o'clock or so when they started to dig and the early morning mist was just beginning to burn away. The gates of the cemetery had opened an hour before and every now and then, you would see figures in the distance paying respects to their family and friends.

After an hour or so of digging, one of the workers noticed a woman in a long flowing white dress walking up the road in the distance towards them. It was odd to see someone dressed so formally who wasn't a part of a funeral service and there were no funerals going on that particular morning. The color of the dress also struck the workers as peculiar in this setting. They didn't think much more about it, as their attention was drawn to finishing their task. However, during the next few minutes, the workers caught glances of the woman as she strolled closer to them. The one detail they all noticed about her was her dress. It looked to be a long formal evening gown.

As the workers finished up their job, they looked around for the woman, expecting her to have passed by them on the road on which she was walking. However, she was nowhere to be found. She wasn't walking further up the road and she hadn't veered off amongst the headstones to visit a grave. They were puzzled for a moment but their thoughts quickly turned

back to their day's work.

The funeral service for the person whose grave they had dug that morning was held later that afternoon. The hearse pulled up, followed by many cars filled with grieving family and friends. The funeral director was there to oversee the ceremony and make sure that everything went smoothly. He walked over to the cemetery workers while the service was being held to say hello and catch up with some of the guys. After exchanging a few pleasantries, the conversation moved to the topic of the funeral at hand.

“Odd thing about this client.” the funeral director said as the first shovelfuls of dirt were being thrown over the coffin. “She was a nice old lady. She was very easy to work with, but she had one special request. She wished to be buried in her wedding dress.”

The cemetery workers who had dug the grave earlier that day all stared at the funeral director in stunned silence. They immediately remembered seeing the woman in the long flowing white dress walking up the road in the morning mist toward this grave site just hours before. Could they have seen the ghost of the lady that they were burying?

THE END