

## FOUR INCREDIBLE STORIES

(Continued from previous page)

morning I told the storekeeper, who said the Malay had not since been seen, and as for the breed of dog I described there was no such dog in the neighbourhood, and he'd never seen one all the time he'd had the store.

So much for Coromandel. About four years after I was in Eastbourne, England, having been married in the interval. My wife and I used to go short walks at dusk, and one evening we were taking a short cut at the back of Devonshire House. This short cut path had a gate at each end and the distance was about 250 yards from gate to gate, and each gate had a lit lamp.

Suddenly a big dog appeared, a mastiff, identical with the one that defended me from the Malay years ago. He ran round and round us in circles, and was just as real as the other, for we patted him. When we reached the opposite gate my wife went to pat him and I opened the gate to let him out and to our astonishment there was no dog. One second he was there, the next he wasn't.

And here is the point. Though we did not know it that lane had a very bad reputation for hold-ups.

—W.D. (Auckland).

## £50 For A Dream

TWO years after I was married I had a most strange experience. We were share-milkers and also managed the farm. There were eight men besides ourselves. One day the boss came down to see how we were getting along. He told us that he was sending another man to help, and that night I had a strange dream that disturbed me very much. In my dream I saw a man running away from his home where he had murdered his wife and two children for the sake of another woman. Just as the man rounded a corner he turned his head and I saw his face; it was a handsome face but awful to look upon.

The dream haunted me all next day. About half-past six in the evening when we were ready for tea there was a knock on the door, and my husband answered it. When he came back he had the new man with him and started to introduce him to the other men. When they came toward me I began to tremble. I was cutting bread at the moment, and as I looked up ready to hold out my hand in welcome I looked at the man before me and it was the man of my dreams.

### Fell in a Faint

I took a step toward my husband, tried to clutch his arm, missed, and fell in a faint at his feet. For a whole month I lay ill in bed, and although the doctor

came he was worried about me. One day he asked me what happened and I told him, beginning from the dream. He said it was very strange. I told him to have a look at the man's belongings, and what he discovered proved what I told him.

Well, I wrote a long letter to the police, and three days later he was arrested and taken back to Sydney where he belonged. Three months later I received a letter from the Sydney Police Headquarters thanking me for what I had done, and sending me a reward of £50.

D.F. (Dargaville).

## The Phantom Fork At The Window

CAN anyone explain this? It occurred not far from Feilding.

It isn't make-believe, nor was it a dream.

For about an hour I actually experienced almost every sensation of fear and horror that a woman could know. Looking back on it now, I still shudder at the memory of the most horrible happening I have ever been through.

But was it a "happening"? At any rate I know of no other word to describe it.

The night was hot, and brilliant with moonlight. It was also high summer. My book wasn't very interesting so I put it aside, switched off the light, and, getting up leaned out of my window to enjoy the silver radiance that flooded the world.

The window blind was one of those old-fashioned light-yellow Holland fabrics once so well known. I pulled it down jumped back to bed, and was settling comfortably, when I saw The Thing. I'm not "fey," I did not dream it. I was wide awake. I saw it!

Clearly silhouetted on the window shade was an eerie figure, holding a hay fork, which, as I stared in growing horror seemed to be waved menacingly at me. The face was that of a very old woman, beastly and cruel, and her loose lips seemed to jeer and jibber as she swayed back and forth with her deadly pronged weapon.

### No One There

Seeking an explanation I dashed from the room to see who was playing such a foul joke on me. The house stood alone and no one was near. Nor was there tree or shrub or anything at all that could throw the shadow I had seen.

I've never been brave, but have a sort of "cornered rat" courage; and, with some kind of fatalistic determination I cringed back to my room and faced the window. The horror was still on the blind! As I watched, the hay fork seemed to jab at me with an extra vicious lunge. I remember giving one yell of womanly terror that brought my parents rushing in, and then, I suppose, I fainted.

And now the sequel: next day my father was very dangerously stabbed with a hay fork in the hands of a careless harvester.

Can you explain it?

—"ESTELLE" (Taumarunui)

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