

Unfinished Business

By Peighton Macatuno

When she could no longer sense him, Kate slowed down the pace. If the spirit had caught up to her, there would be no telling what would happen. She inserted the keys in the lock of her apartment and entered, "Salem, I'm home!" She was greeted by the sound of a familiar meow in her bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief.

"It was nothing," she murmured to herself while picking up her cat. When she turned around, however, she was greeted by the sight of a pale figure floating over hardwood floor. On instinct, she screamed and held up Salem in front of her, who only hissed in response.

"Begone, ghost! I don't want you here!" she shrieked at it. The very ghost she'd run away from moments ago was now in her apartment. "I need your help. I can move on if you just help me with a small task." "No!" she snapped. "You're the only person who can converse with both the living and the dead. Your power would deem most useful in this favor I must ask of you." "It doesn't matter. I'm not helping you," she said defiantly. After some hissing from Salem, she brought him close to her chest and stroked his fur. "Come on, I thought cats were supposed to protect me from this."

"I'll strike a deal. If you help me, I promise to make all the spirits in this city move somewhere else," he offered. "Swear to it?" she raised an eyebrow. "Yes."

She stepped forward cautiously and inspected him for any signs of how he died. He appeared to have no physical injury in any part of him. "Well..." she scratched her head. "What did you want'?" "Simple. Find the letters and find my son. Before death, I wrote letters that I wanted to give to people. You may find them in my grave at the cemetery across from this apartment." She shuddered. "The cemetery is plagued with spirits like you. No way." "Shall I call them?" "No! Absolutely not!" she grabbed her keys. "The sooner I do this, the sooner I can be left alone, right?" "You have my word, no spirit in this town will ever bother you again. Bring the feline with you."

When they reached the cemetery a few minutes later, he pointed at his grave. Under his directions, she found the envelopes. "Every day at four, my son comes to see me, but he never bothers to open them." She ripped open the envelopes and began taping them to the gravestone. "Now he'll know."

"Thank you," he nodded. As she began to open the last envelope, he shook his head. "That's for you. By tomorrow, you won't hear the spirits ever again." "Actually, I think it would be nice to help another spirit," she sighed. "It wasn't so bad." "Are you sure?" he asked. "Definitely. Is there anyone else?" "There's always someone," he smiled. "I'm glad you can see us." "Me too," she smiled back.