

And coming next.....SEERS' BONES

Once more round the bastard field, and then he'd knock off. He'd done more than enough for one day, and the boss was away, so he'd never know. Shane Mason shifted his chewing-gum and adjusted his headphones. When he'd got the music good and loud, he put the digger into gear and moved forward, jerkily, in time with the beat.

Music helped drown out the boredom, because digging wasn't really his thing. Come to that, he wasn't exactly sure what was—still, it kept him in beer-money, and Kylie out of his hair. And he did like *ramming* things—he hadn't half enjoyed ripping that ole hedge out yesterday, and the trees the day before—all them panicking birds and things—a pity he hadn't had a shotgun handy.

Just another job, wasn't it, digging things up and tearing them down. Forty houses going up on this field: not that him and Kylie'd ever be able to afford one on the wages Pickard's paid. He spat out of the cab window, lit a fag and consulted his watch: just hit opening-time if he got a move on. Squinting through the smoke, he churned his way along the margin of the field: going great until, with a judder, he hit something.

Cursing and muttering, he jumped down and squatted to examine the ground. Instead of the expected boulder, though, was—Shane wasn't an imaginative lad, but some things still gave him the willies and stopped him sleeping nights. Blood. Dentists. And—

He didn't stop to think about it. Abandoning the digger half-in and half-out of the ditch, he ran for his life.