

She knew she should have stayed there with them instead of sneaking off.

Out here the light was fading and the temperature was dropping. Soon the strip of pink light on the horizon would go and she'd be left alone in a cold graveyard in the dark.

But she'd felt like she had to come. She'd been thinking about the figure she'd seen at the church all day. If he had really taken a body out of the ground, the police should know. She just had to find some proof that a grave had been tampered with, then she could call them.

She wandered around the uneven stones, hunched forwards with her arms crossed tightly over her chest. There was no sign that any of them had been disturbed. Maybe she'd imagined the dark figure.

Salty wind whipped into Maya's face and stung her eyes. It was time to go. The last of the light had gone from the sky, and she'd be walking back to town in darkness.

