

Long Blond Hair 2402

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Godfrey had been married for a year to Eileen. She was beautiful and had natural long blond hair. Her long hair hung further down her body than any other young women in the small port.

At first Godfrey thought it was a compliment that other men looked at her whenever she walked along the streets. How she turned men's heads. He was at first proud that he was married to her.

She had come into his life and was instantly intrigued by his masculine features and stature.

Godfrey wanted to know a little more about her. He studied her and wondered what she was thinking.

Once or twice he had caught her thoughts. She had indeed confirmed his insights. It had happened too often to call it a coincidence, he thought.

However, he was a fisherman and had to go on a boat for a day at a time. He had bought the boat with the money she had brought to the marriage. She wanted him to be successful and worthy of comment.

Godfrey had three members of crew aboard the boat. They often caught a good hold of fish. He continued to probe into her mind to have an inkling of how she was thinking. Indeed, what she was thinking at any one time.

Eileen, on the other hand was aware that he was in there, inside her head. However, it was only when Godfrey was trying, and succeeding to get into her mind that she could read his thoughts, too.

Some of the other fishermen, who hadn't had the good fortune to marry well and whose boats were on the other end of newness started to infer

to Godfrey that certain other men were starting to talk to her whilst he was at sea.

Godfrey tried in vain to read her mind. He was carrying extra baggage in his head and could no longer get through. His wife was amused at the knocking at her mind's door. She had sensed through her mind's eye that he was wanting to know something but she didn't know what it was. Her beautiful, blond hair, grew longer still.

Godfrey had called the boat, Lucky. He felt it was going to bring him luck, nothing more than that. There was always a bit of luck when one took a boat to fish. Shoals of fish weren't everywhere, though. Of course, the gulls could indicate where there was a shoal of fish under their circling around and around.

On the night of his anniversary he'd had a negative day. He ordered his crew to return to port. There had been a forecast of an oncoming storm. Eileen, knew something was on her husband's mind, as soon as he came in. She hadn't learned how to get into the mind of her husband but thought the weather was the cause of the problem as well as the lack of a catch that day.

That night, there was nothing she could do to raise his spirits. They went to bed and whilst she eventually got to sleep with all his tossing and turning, he didn't.

She didn't feel his hands around her throat until it was too late. She was losing consciousness. Finally, she caught him trying to read her thoughts. All she could think about was losing her beautiful, long blond hair.

Godfrey was conscious of her anxiety but was thinking where to hide her body. He knew there was a gap between the floorboards and the cement covering over the earth below. Perhaps that would do for now, he thought. He wrapped her body in a few blankets and placed it by the

wall, until he could bury it. He could only think of Eileen as a corpse now. He pulled the bed from against the wall and went to look for some tools. He found them in the garden shed and started to prize the nails out of the floorboards.

Eventually, he had loosened enough of them so he could lift them. He managed to lift enough boards so he could put the body of his wife down there. He put the floor boards back and had just hammered some nails in when there was a knock at the door. He quickly pushed the bed into position over the somewhat unsecured floorboards. He shoved the tools he had been working with under the bed. He answered the door.

Standing before him were a couple of fishermen from another boat.

Unlike him, they had caught a substantial amount of fish that day. They came with drinks in their hands, not to mention some in a carrier bag.

Godfrey took them into the small sitting room and they drank the bottles of beer they had brought.

“Where is Eileen?” Stanley asked.

Godfrey thought for a moment and said, “She’s gone to stay with a friend who is having a baby.”

“Out of town?” Gordon asked.

“Yes.”

“Don’t worry about those guys who’ve been saying things about Eileen. They’re just trying to wind you up.”

“Here, we’ve brought you some fish, too,”

Godfrey took the fish and went into the kitchen and placed it in the fridge.

Godfrey tried as hard as he could to think of something to say to make him appear as normal as possible. But he couldn’t, never mind how hard he tried.

Godfrey was beginning to get tipsy. The other two fishermen kept on talking until Godfrey was almost tipping over. He had worked hard that day and was now flaked out. The other two fisherman left the house leaving Godfrey sitting in a chair, until he had sobered up and was ready to go to bed.

Eventually, Godfrey sobered up enough to go into the bedroom. He undressed. He slipped into the bed and fell asleep.

The alcohol had loosened Godfrey's mind leaving room for Eileen's mind to enter his. She read his mind but couldn't fully understand his jealousy. She was losing her powers but she thought hard and found a strategy. She knew she was going to die but if she was, she would take him with her.

She mustered all the energy she could. She undid the plats in her hair and thought of them. She had heard that hair can grow when the body was no longer alive. She concentrated on her long, beautiful blond hair. She felt a connection. Soon her hair was moving like octopi tentacles. Strands of her hair moved through the edges of the blankets. She willed it on.

Her hair moved up through the gaps between the floorboards. It grew and moved up the bed's legs and over the bed covers. The hair wound its way around the arms and legs of her husband. The hair grew and grew, and grew. It found its way into her husband's mouth. It was working its way down his throat, into his nose, too. He woke up and choked momentarily. He was gasping for air. He couldn't breathe nor could he move. It too, had a mind of its own now. It was spreading into his lungs. The more it grew the more it entangled itself around the body of her husband. They were a conjoined couple once more.