

Someone Came Knocking

Background

A story I originally wrote in about 1997. While I have done some editing to it I have tried to keep the sentence structure much as it was as I enjoyed seeing how my writing style had changed over the years.

The idea for the story came about from the poem. My father told me the poem when I was a child and it has always stirred something in me. All the images I've tried to capture in the story are those that come to me when I read the poem – autumn, warm fires, something not quite right but not quite evil.

The Story

Do we know when we are about to die? I suspect not but I have included references in here that could hint at Robert knowing what is about to happen, or at least having a feeling that there is something out there stalking him.

The image of the hunched figure, rather than the classic image of death, just seemed to fit the setting better. It hopefully adds a bit more mystery to the story.

Other Notes

I've referenced Walter de la Mare as the source of the poem (the full version is not shown here) and while I think I have the correct author (or original publisher) apologies if I have got it wrong.