

You can't get out  
retold by  
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One dark, windy night, the town drunk was meandering his way home after the bar closed. Somehow he got turned around and ended up walking through the churchyard instead of taking the road home.

The wind picked up and he thought he could hear a voice calling his name. Suddenly, the ground opened up in front of him, and he fell down, down into an open grave! He could hear the voice clearer now, calling to him. He knew it was the devil, coming for him just like the preacher said, on account of him being the town drunk.

The hole was very deep and inside it was pitch black. His eyes adjusted to the darkness after a few moments, and he made out a form sitting in the darkness with him. It called his name, and he scrambled away in fear, trying to climb out of that terrible grave. Then the figure spoke. "You can't get out," it said.

The drunk gave a shout of pure terror and leapt straight up more than six feet. He caught the edge of the hole in his hands, scrambled out, and ran for home as fast as he could go.

Inside the open grave, his neighbor Charlie sighed in resignation. He'd fallen into the hole a few minutes before his friend and had thought that together they might help each other climb out. Now he was going to have to wait until morning and get the mortician to bring him a ladder.

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falls down  
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suspects the devil  
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calls his name  
scrambles away in fear  
figure speaks  
shout of pure terror  
leaps straight up  
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Charlie sighs in resignation  
must wait until morning