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Opening extract from

You Killed Me!

Written by

Keith Gray

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Barrington Stoke

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For Dave and Lindsay
Mr and Mrs Games

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Chapter 1
Dead Man

It was three in the morning and the man at the end of the bed had a hole in his head. One of his eyes was gone. The hole was the size of a golf ball and ragged and messy. Most of the back of his head wasn't there any more.

I'd been dreaming. When I woke up and saw the man I really, really hoped I still was dreaming.

I felt instant panic. It was like icy electricity had shocked my body and I tried to shout but no sound came out. I kicked and bucked and

scrambled back on my bed. But the wall was behind me. There was nowhere to go.

The man stepped closer. I couldn't tell how old he was. Maybe as old as my dad. He was dressed in blue workman's overalls that were spattered with white paint. His hair was black and slicked back in the kind of style Elvis had. He had a cricket bat in his hand. He leaned over me and I could see the full horror of his face. There was a dribble of red down his cheek as if he'd been crying blood.

"Are you Toby Link?" he asked me.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't breathe.

He leaned closer and I thought he was going to hit me with the cricket bat. I held my hands up to protect my head.

"You are Toby Link," he said. "I know that's who you are."

My heart was beating so fast I was scared it might explode inside me.

The man pointed at the hole where his eye used to be. "You did this," he said. "You killed me!"

I shook my head. I tried to say, 'No.'

"Look at it," the man said. He stuck a finger into the hole in his face. "A bullet. Bang. Right through my head. Because of you."

I closed my eyes and shook my head. Was this man a ghost? A zombie? Maybe it was only a dream?

"You're not real," I said out loud. I felt like I had wet cement in my mouth. I couldn't seem to swallow. "You're not a real ghost. You're a dream."

The ghost laughed at me. He rubbed his finger around inside the bullet hole where his eye had been, then used it to smear a sticky streak of red down my cheek.

"I'm real," he said. "I'm very real."

And I didn't know whether I was going to puke or scream.