

THE MOONLIGHT IN GENEVIEVE'S EYES
and Other Tales of Horror

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To Ray Bradbury, who lit the fuse

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The Moonlight in Genevieve's Eyes

*Ten Tales of Horror
and the Supernatural*

D. KRAUSS

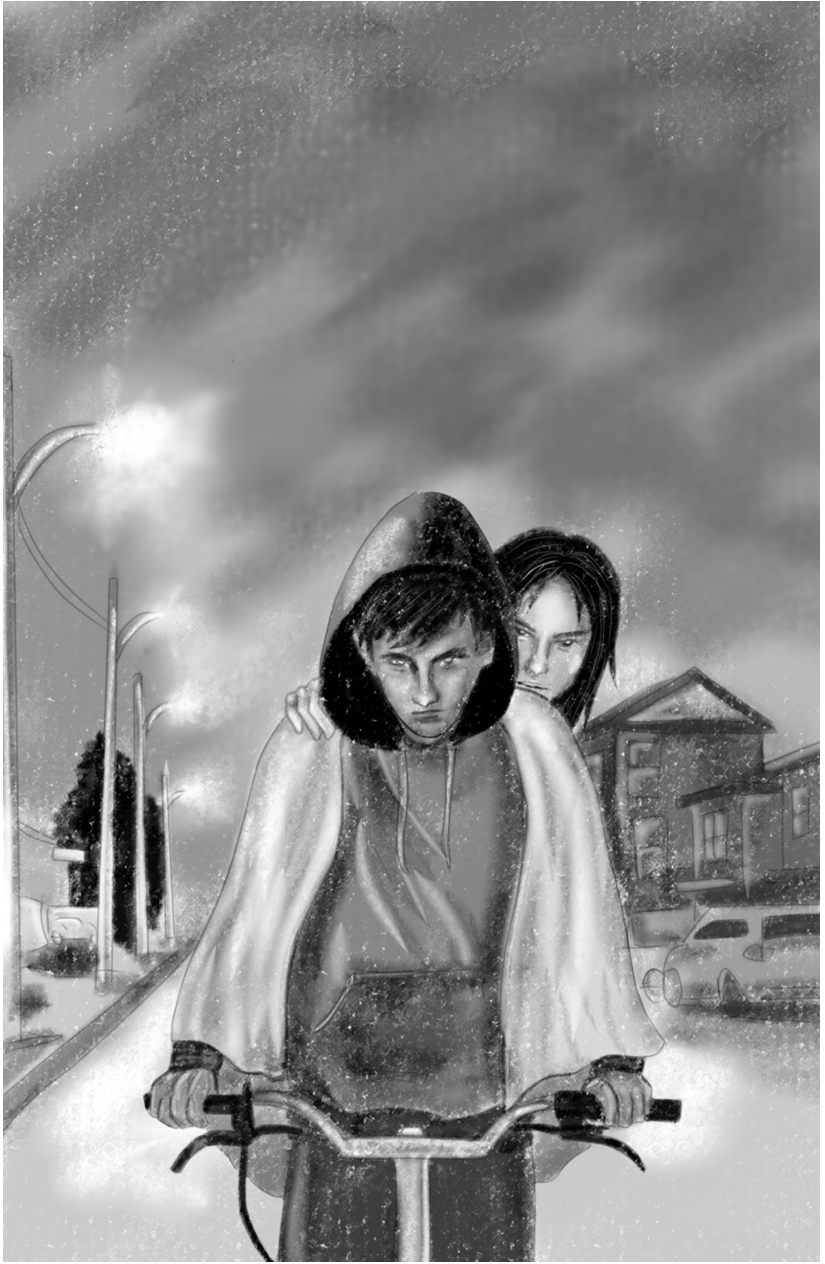


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Forward

It isn't the severed head, the gouged-out eye, fangs sinking into your throat that frighten. It's what precedes: a footfall in the dark, a blade *snikking* open, glowing eyes in a corner. Because there's still hope, a chance, that the man in the woods will pass by, the blade is just for trimming fingernails, the eyes merely illusion and you are terrified, terrified, that it isn't so, isn't so, and you will end up...severed.

Here, then, are ten tales of hope.



The Moonlight in Genevieve's Eyes

It's October, Genevieve, October, and you know what that means.

They'll be running the streets in sheets, in sheets the streets, streets, sheets, yes, yes I know, rhymes, I'm caught in them again.

But they'll be in sheets, they will. Delicious. There'll be a moon this year, maybe not full, but a moon nonetheless though I must check, I must check to be sure because you know, Genevieve, how the moon lights your eyes.

Ah, I can see it now. With one or two shots I put out the street light at the end of the driveway and plunge

Ten Tales of Horror and the Supernatural

the night, frosty and white, night and white *stop!* plunge it into lovely half-light, so spooky, so spooky, the people in sheets and black capes will look around nervously because they have lost the comfort of sodium glow, the safety of it.

They'll be vulnerable.

Do you remember the first time, Genevieve, the first time we dressed in sheets and ran through the alleys and caught up with your sister and my little brother and we jumped at them and they screamed and screamed and it was so delicious, so fun, we run, fun and run, fun and run and we kept finding them at the ends of the streets because you and I know these ways so well who can stop us, who? and finally they were crying, so afraid, so afraid, and we laughed. We laughed, Genevieve.

We were ten. And your eyes in the moonlight, Gen ...

I have to carve the pumpkin.

It might be too early because there's still September in the air, still too much of the heat that September steals from August and pushes past its borders fooling us all, fooling us because it's too hot, just too hot for October but, wait it's cooling off a bit so maybe, finally, but no, no, warm again. Damn damn damn. So if I get the pumpkin now you know what'll happen, you know, the melting, the scrunching so it looks like an old geezer pumpkin, the bones of its face sagging to a blur and you

The Moonlight in Genevieve's Eyes

don't know who it is, you don't recognize him unless you see a picture of him younger then maybe you can recognize the misshapen, wrinkled, smooshed thing he's become.

Like Mr. Gardner. Do you remember him? I saw his picture, Air Corps uniform and smiling and young and looked so devil-may-care, Gen, had a scarf around his neck. Imagine! And unless you saw that photo on his mantel with the blue medal draped over it you would never have known, ever, Genevieve, that it was Mr. Gardner. Old, sour, mean Mr. Gardner who yelled at us and put the hose on you for riding your bike across his lawn.

I saw the picture just briefly, Gen. And he burned, oh did he burn...

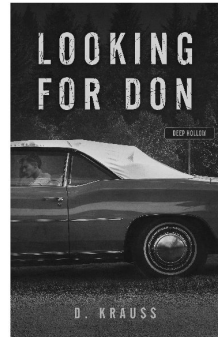
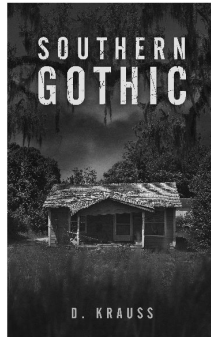
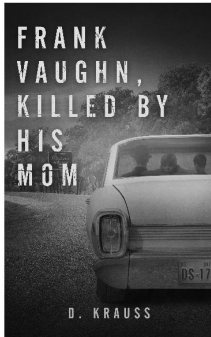
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About the Author

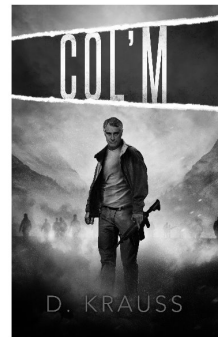
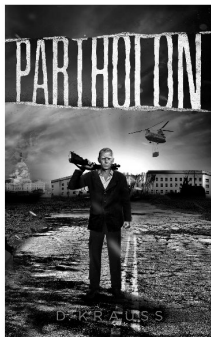
D. Krauss was born in Germany, adopted by a military family, and so became a US citizen in a roundabout way. He lived in Oklahoma and Alabama, somehow ending up in New Jersey where he lived every single Bruce Springsteen song. He joined the USAF, staying twenty years longer than intended. He has been a cotton picker, sod buster, painter of roads, surgical orderly, weatherman, librarian, special agent, analyst, and a bus driver. D's been married over 40 years (yep, same woman) and has a wildman bass guitarist for a son. You can reach him at <http://www.dustyskull.com>.

OTHER BOOKS BY D. KRAUSS

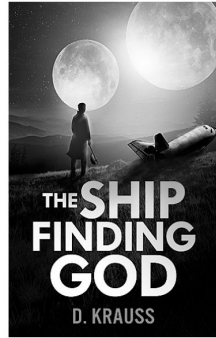
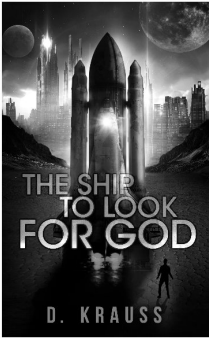
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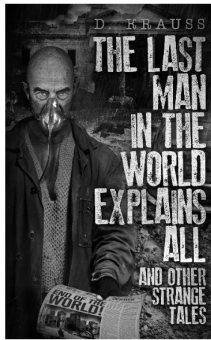
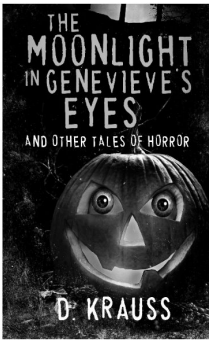
The Partholon Trilogy:



The Ship Trilogy



Story Collections



Young Adult



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Cassandra Harris is a Seattle-born illustrator who graduated from North Seattle College with an Associate of Fine Arts (AFA) in arts. She's now based in Houston, where she's thriving her career as an illustrator. She's constantly stumbling into the next interesting book, so you can contact her at mae40221@gmail.com.