

# Full Moon

*by* John Wentworth Chapin

The ancient cemetery was reported to have been the sight of an impromptu vandalism party; police said that every stone had been felled. A geologist from Hopkins said it was likely that some toppled in the storm; the serpentine barren on which the graves had been dug was a shelf of solid rock.

Q: *So how did they dig the graves back then?*

A: It was the site of a crude pre-Revolutionary chromium mine, later abandoned; the land was repurposed as a family graveyard.

Marriottsville was on edge after the decapitations. Few actual tears were shed; the five boys were bad eggs with bad parents and punctured mufflers and few prospects. But they were five, nevertheless, and they were known.

Q: *What about the gaping crevasse between the fallen stones?*

A: Some sort of ancient mining sinkhole, exposed by the storm.

One cop secretly thought the scratches in the earth looked like claw marks, another thought they looked burnt, but neither said anything. When the boys' still-warm bodies were found, people gossiped it was the full moon that called the boys into the graveyard. The local meteorologist said that was a ridiculous theory: the full moon had occurred at 12:17 p.m. the next day, so the ensuing night would have been the full moon. *Creatures of the dark don't follow daylight savings, fool*, hissed the shriveled, bespectacled woman at her television.

Q: *Where are the boys' heads?*

