*The Rabbit’s Foot*

They did not know how they got to this point.

The night was bone-chilling, and a gale blew over a tree in the back garden of an ordinary 1908 household. A rabbit lay dead slumped upon the remaining stump of the tree, it was a mystery of how it had died.

The next morning, waking up, the family (the Greens) descended the staircase slowly and sitting on the timeworn breakfast table Ajax Green was the first to see it. “Look!” “A dead rabbit, how unusual!” Mr Green muttered, “I’d better take a look,” and he ambled out into the garden just as a swift fox lunged at the dead rabbit’s body and took it away. “Irritating foxes,” Mr Green muttered once again as he scratched his head. But then, to his amazement, the fox had taken everything but, but the rabbit’s foot. He grabbed without a second’s delay as local legend had said that it was incredibly rare and “lucky” and you could apparently wish for something. Mr Green returned to the warm threshold of the house. After describing to his son and his wife about what had just happened out there, they continued with breakfast, “Sounds just like Aladdin,” joked Mrs Green, “I wish,” said Mr Green ,and all of a sudden Ajax and Mrs Green froze with looks of terror on their faces. “I wish,” continued Mr Green, to have the sum of ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and forty-two pounds and sixty-seven pence.”

The family burst out laughing. Now it was Ajax’s turn to wish for something, “I wish,” he uttered and there was an eerie silence among the Greens. “I wish for someone to die…” Once again, there was an loud uproar of laughter. Now it was the ultimate and final wish. Mrs Green obtained the Rabbit’s Foot and started to say, “I wish for the person who died…to come back to life.”

A week passed and nothing in particular, unless you count the number of times that Mr Green lost at droughts against his own son, Ajax. It was one cold, frosty morning in the desolate December 13th 1908. In every single corner of the Edwardian streets, there were cheap Christmas lights on every house. In the Greens’ house it was, once again, in the morning. Ajax had already left for work just as Mr and Mrs Green were waking up. At the breakfast table, it was only then that Mrs Green remembered the Rabbit’s Foot and the wishes that the family had made one week ago.

It was now 6 o clock in the evening and the family began to feel increasing worried for Ajax, he was 2 hours overdue. Mr and Mrs Green were just about ready to telephone the police when there was a loud, and distinct knock on the front door. It was, coincidentally, the police. The taller of the two police abruptly started speaking “I regretfully tell you, Mr and Mrs Green of number twelve, Shadow Avenue, that your son Ajax has perished in a hugely traumatic incident, he was killed by a new type of machinery being tested.” Mr and Mrs Green were horrified by the news. “As a result, you have been awarded the sum of ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and forty-two pounds and sixty-seven pence for compensation. They were even more horrified now. After the police had left, the two realised that the Rabbit’s Foot’s wishes had come true…

Another week passed and now it was only five days until Christmas. That night, there was a knock on the door. “Who could it be,” pondered Mr Green, “knocking on our door at this time of night, and the time is…” there was an awkward silence, as he glanced at his brass pocket-watch “23:59.” But then remembering the wish that she had made, Mrs Green whispered, “It is HIM Richard, Ajax.” Mr Green nodded and was seconds away from unbolting the door when there was an unmistakable dull groan. It sounded inhuman. Mr and Mrs Green, with looks of terror upon their faces, clutching onto the Rabbit’s Foot, thought, “I WISH FOR THIS HORRID CREATURE TO DISSAPEAR!” The noise was gone. Mr Green hastily opened the door. There was nothing there except for a dim lamplight. A few seconds before Mr Green closed the door, the lamplight flickered. “Safe at last!” Mr and Mrs Green thought, “Why it was nothing at all!” But then a nerve-racking, bone-chilling coldness swept over them. Their hearts skipped a beat.

There was another knock on the door…