

Ghosts of the Windfarm

By : Mathew Nicolson

The dead do not all rest peacefully. Upon the construction of a massive windfarm on Shetland, the dead are willing to rise up to make things right. Beneath the windfarm, evil forces are at work... I wrote this a few years ago, and I don't consider it my best work.



Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Mathew Nicolson](http://booksie.com/MathewNicolson)

Copyright © Mathew Nicolson, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 1

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 2

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 3

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 4

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 5

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 6

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 7

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 8

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 9

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 10

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 11

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 12

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 13

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 14

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 15

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 16

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 17

Ghosts of the Windfarm Chapter 18

Ghosts of the Windfarm : Chapter 1

Shetland had become a power station 17 years ago. That was arguably the worst thing ever to happen to it. The population had become used to the ugly view out their windows, and a generation had grown up not knowing the beauty Shetland once had. The population was rapidly falling; Shetland was dying.

An old man stood on one of Shetland's many hills, staring at a wind turbine spinning directly above him. Even the beautiful sunset behind him couldn't make up for this. He wished he were a child again. There was such a sense of community then. Now nobody so much as knew their neighbours.

He turned around, and without looking back walked in the direction of his cottage.

Even with the wind farm, Shetland's hills were still fun to climb. Jamie McDugden had always wanted to climb a particular hill near Aith, which was where he lived, and was delighted when he and his friends finally got the chance.

His first impression was that they were muddier than they looked.

"Come on Jamie!" his best friend Mary called back to him.

Jamie suddenly realised he'd fallen behind. As he caught up with her his shoe got stuck in a particularly deep pool of mud, and he fell face first into some heather.

"You alright?" Mary asked running back to help him up.

"Yeah I'm fine," he replied.

"What's going on?" Mary's older brother Robert said coming down the hill. His long legs always gave him a boost in speed.

"I just fell over," Jamie replied, wiping mud off his face. "Not hurt".

Mud had gone into his long hair. Mum was right, he should have had it cut ages ago.

They caught up with Robert and continued at a steady pace.

"How far are we going to go?" Mary asked Robert. As he was the oldest, he was in charge.

"I don't know," he answered. "We're to keep away from the wind turbines."

"Do we have to do everything Dad says?" she whined.

"He only wants to keep us safe," Robert replied.

Jamie kept quiet, which wasn't unusual for him, but their "debates" could go on for hours.

"Anyway, we only brought some sandwiches. Once we've eaten those we should probably turn back," Robert finished.

Mary stuck out her tongue at him.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"What's so dangerous about a wind turbine anyway?" she said to Jamie following five minutes silence.

"I don't know," he replied.

"They probably think the blades will spin off and rip us to shreds or something," she said irritably.

"Maybeâ€¦!" Jamie said.

He hadn't always lived in Shetland. He hadn't even heard of it until he'd moved. He remembered being shocked when seeing the wind farm. Large spinning objects are scary to 7 year olds.

They decided to take a rest and eat their sandwiches. There might have been a lovely view from the hill at one point, but in every direction, apart from the one they came there were wind turbines.

"Robert, can we please just go and see one up close. We won't go near it," Mary said. "What are the chances of something happening anyway?"

"I don't know," Robert said. "But it could be dangerous all the same!"

Robert was a very pessimistic person, and was also quite short tempered. When his and Mary's parents split up Mary had gone to live with their Dad and Robert went to live with their Mum. All Jamie had heard about her was that she was now in prison. He was originally meant to live with their grandparents but they both mysteriously went missing shortly before.

Mary eventually gave up and they decided to go back home. Aith was a nice place, but there were a lot of uninhabited houses that rumours said were haunted. Jamie didn't believe them, but Mary and Robert's Dad said there were ghosts of dead crofters in them, who were angry at Shetland's current state.

The vast peat bogs seemed to form a maze.

"Have you been this way before?" Jamie asked.

"Erâ€¦ yes! I recognise this bit," Robert said unconfidently.

It started to get cold.

They continued walking, huddling together slightly. The wind started to increase. They could hear the wind turbines around them, whirring.

"We need to get away!" Robert shouted through the wind. "They can be very dangerous in high winds!"

They sped down the hill, tripping on rocks and rabbit holes. They stopped just before running face first into a wind turbine. It sounded like a monster, though in many ways it was.

"The hill goes down here!" Mary shouted over the noise of it, pointing to their left.

They charged down the hill, avoiding wind turbines. Jamie's heart was racing, and he felt sick. Mary, the shortest of the three, had fallen behind. Jamie looked back and she looked frightened. He'd only seen her look that frightened once before.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

After much running they arrived at a point where there were no wind turbines. They looked back. It didn't seem that scary.

"Why did we run away from wind?" Mary said, acting like she wasn't scared, but was clearly relieved.

"People have been killed in wind farms during gales before," Robert said, panting.

"What! When?" Mary said. Jamie looked at the wind turbines. They did look dangerous.

"It happened a long time ago," he said. "Ben's cousin." Ben had been Robert's friend, before he got into drugs.

"We should go back," Jamie said. Robert nodded, but Mary didn't seem to pay any attention. She was staring at the wind farm.

Jamie looked as well, but saw nothing.

"What are you looking at?" he asked her.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "I thought there was someone there but it must just be my imagination".

The blades on the wind turbines continued to spin violently.

"Are they meant to spin that fast?" Jamie asked.

Almost as soon as he said that there was a thunderous crash, followed by an agonised scream.

Jamie and Mary ran up the hill again, regardless of the fact it was now clearly dangerous.

"Stay here!" Robert shouted at the top of his voice. They ignored him.

Half way up the hill they saw a body with a metal point stuck in his chest, and others splintered around it. The body belonged to an old man with a grey beard. Mary checked his body.

"He's dead," she said, shaking.

Blood was spilling out over his clothes, and Jamie was very nearly sick. Mary had gone white, and began to cry softly.

Robert caught up with them, and looked at the body.

"Oh my Godâ€¦!" he said, looking terrified.

Another shard of metal flew off the blade of the wind turbine and hit the ground near Mary, making her scream.

"Go, quickly!" Robert shouted. Jamie started to run down the hill, but Mary just stood there, staring at the body. She had gone almost as pale as snow. Robert grabbed her arm and pulled her away. She came to her senses.

"Sorry," she said faintly.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

They slowly walked down the hill. Jamie could still see the body. It was the most horrible sight of his life, and he knew he'd never get the image out of his head. The image of the man's lifeless hazel eyesâ the coldness of itâ

They made an unspoken decision to go back home. None of them said anything for at least half an hour.

Suddenly, Mary collapsed. Robert caught her.

"She's fainted," he exclaimed.

Seeing her in such a state was torture for Jamie. She'd always been so confident, and seemed impossible to scare.

Robert laid her down on the grass. They were near Aith now. Jamie wondered if his parents had noticed they were gone by now. None of them had a watch on, so they had no way of telling the time.

Then all of a sudden something changed. Jamie couldn't put his finger on what though.

"Something's changed," he said.

"Waitâ the wind turbines have stopped!" Robert said, looking back.

They had. The wind hadn't died at all, but they had just stopped spinning. Jamie didn't care why though; the less they spun the better.

Mary woke up after a minute. She knew immediately that she had fainted, though Jamie never did find out how. It didn't really matter.

"I must have scared you," she said to them.

"A lot," Jamie replied, helping her back up.

Robert was terrified. "We need to get back as fast as possible!" he said.

He'd never lost control like this before. Jamie knew people acted differently in a crisis, but it was scary to actually see it happen.

Aith wasn't far now; they could see their houses. They had no idea how long they'd been up the hill, but it felt like days. One thing was for sure though; none of them would go anywhere near that hill ever againâ

Chapter 2

Days went past, weeks flew by, and life went back to normal. It had been difficult to explain to everyone what happened, but they were just glad nobody had been hurt. The body had belonged to a man in his eighties, called Gormac Nicolson. He'd lived in a cottage out in Tumblin, far away from anyone, and was considered a hermit.

Jamie was sitting in his room trying to finish his math's homework. That's what he was meant to be doing anyway, but maths never had made any sense to him. He rested his head against the window, looking at the hills. He tried to imagine what they had looked like before the wind turbines had been built. It must have been beautiful.

Suddenly everything went slightly darker. The lights had turned off, and his computer had shut down. Another power cut? There had been three already that week. His Dad blamed it on the wind turbines, saying they overloaded the circuits. This amused Jamie; it seemed everything was blamed on them. However, usually it was their fault. His Dad hated the wind turbines, but whenever anyone asked him why he always went quiet.

There was a bright flash and a smashing noise, which made Jamie jump out of his seat and fall onto the ground, cutting his arm on some glass. Looking up, he realised the light bulb had broken. After mopping up the cut, he went to see what was going on.

"What happened?" he asked Dad while coming down the stairs.

"All the lights have broken, there must have been an overflow of energy!" he cried. "Something has obviously gone wrong. Must be the-"

"Wind farm," Jamie said, finishing his sentence for him.

"Yes,"

The doorbell rang. Jamie opened the door and it was Mary.

"Hey, did you get a power cut too?" she asked, coming in.

"A bit more than just a power cut!" exclaimed Jamie, showing her the broken light bulbs. She then noticed his cut.

"Oh, yeah I fell on some glass," he said, noticing. She looked concerned. "I'm fine!" he said, reassuring her.

Later, Jamie, Robert and Mary decided to go for a walk, though nowhere near the hills. They went for walks quite a lot - there wasn't much else to do. There used to be a leisure centre in Aith but it had shut down due to lack of activity.

They walked along a long beach, which was the most beautiful part of Aith. Nobody would have thought Mary and Robert were related; they normally acted like good friends. Jamie doubted though that they would if he wasn't there. There were no other teenagers in Aith for Robert to hang out with, and the bus fares were very expensive, so he just went with them. Not that they minded, he was good to be with, even if you did have to be careful not to set off his bad temper.

"We should do other stuff," stated Mary, as they walked.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"What sort of stuff?" Jamie asked.

"Well, you know, other than just walk about Aith. It can get boring after a while."

Jamie often thought that too, but he never could think of anything.

"When I lived in Lerwick me and my mates used to vandalise stuff," Robert said, though in a tone of voice showing he disapproved.

"Good idea," Mary replied sarcastically.

"Did you really?" Jamie asked him.

"Yeah," he answered, as if it was normal. "There was nothing else to do; no walks to go on!"

"Wait, was it you that vandalised the school toilets, Robert?" Mary asked him, jokingly. However he didn't see it as a joke.

"How dare you!" he yelled. "I wouldn't do that now!"

"OK, sorry!" Mary said quickly.

Nobody said anything for a while after that. In the distance they could see a woman walking across the shore. She was wearing quite old and dirty clothes, and looked in her early twenties. She stared up at the wind turbines.

"Who's that?" Jamie asked, pointing at her.

"I don't know," Mary answered.

They looked at Robert.

"Well I don't know either!"

They looked again, but they couldn't see her. She'd gone! Shrugging, they walked back.

Chapter 3

Roughly a week later, Jamie's Dad failed to return home from his work at the supermarket Fleshgo. They said he left as normal.

They had phoned the police, who said there had been no car crashes anywhere in Shetland during that day. An investigation was started, but as of February, still nothing had been found.

This affected the family very deeply. His Mum was signed off her job for a few weeks, and Jamie started performing worse at school. He stayed in his room most of the time, often too depressed to leave, which damaged his friendships with Mary and Robert. Mary still visited him sometimes, and they sometimes went out and did something, but he usually couldn't be bothered.

His life slowly changed. He knew he had to try to put it to the back of his mind, as they didn't even know if his Dad was dead, and if he kept up like that it would destroy his life. His Mum was growing concerned about him, and referred him to a psychologist, though unfortunately there was a year-long waiting list.

Eventually it came up to Mary's 14th birthday. Jamie decided he'd try to visit her, for the first time in weeks. It conveniently was on an occasional school holiday.

Though feeling very insecure, he opened the gate and walked up to her house. He knocked and Robert answered.

"Oh, you've come!" he said, surprised. "Come in." He looked taller than Jamie could remember.

"Who is it?" Mary called to him.

"Jamie," Robert replied.

"What! Oh great!!" She walked up to the door. She was wearing a dress that Jamie hadn't seen before, which made her look very pretty. Had he really been paying so little attention to his friends?

They went through into the sitting room. There was a banner saying "Happy 14th Birthday" and cards over the wall, and the bin was full of wrapping paper.

She showed him stuff she had got* including an interesting book on architecture (Craft and Design was her favourite subject) and an old calendar of Shetland - she liked collecting them for some bizarre reason.

Jamie looked at the calendar.

"None of these pictures have wind turbines in them!" He cried, amazed.

"I know," she replied. "It looks good!"

"It looks great!" Jamie wondered if leaflets advertising holidays in Shetland had pictures of the wind farm.

Mary and Robert's Dad had told him about Shetland before the wind farm. It had been an unpopular idea from the beginning, yet the former Shetland Islands Council+ had always said it would be the best thing ever to happen to Shetland.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Could we go up Vementry soon?" Mary asked him. Their grandparents had lived in Vementry before they went missing, but instead of selling the house their unemployed son, who was Mary and Robert's uncle, moved in and sold his old house for a profit. It was a very big house and they liked visiting it.

"Yeah ok," Jamie answered. He'd almost forgotten what it had looked like!

"And Uncle Len will be at his new job now," Mary stated. "I bet he doesn't stay long,"

"I'm estimating less than two weeks if his previous jobs are anything to go by," Robert said, bringing in two cups of tea for them. "And you'd better drink this before you go, I didn't spill hot water over myself for nothing!"

They drank their tea, and departed up the road to Vementry. Robert was working part-time at the shop so he was too busy to come.

Jamie noticed how much more out of breath he was than usual just walking. Just a month of no exercise had almost destroyed his fitness! Jamie had been shocked to learn that a few decades ago people would have just taken a car for that short distance.

Economists estimated that by next year the price of petrol would have almost doubled what it had been ten years ago. Cars were used as little as possible, therefore busses had become so popular that half a dozen more had had to be shipped up to Shetland. The wind farm was meant to be bringing in enough income, but for some it wasn't, and this was currently under investigation,[1] they were losing more money than they were gaining.

It had been a harsh winter, and Len's house was evidence of it; tiles had blown off the roof, a window was boarded up and there was no sign of a fence that used to split up the garden. Even so, it still looked beautiful.

They went into the hallway. There wasn't much to actually do there, but it was nice just to *be* there. They turned on the television in the lounge, but it was all news on the 3rd Great Credit Crunch destroying the economy.

"So... what should we do now?" Mary asked.

"It feels quieter without Robert," Jamie said.

"Well sometimes it's nice not having your older brother go everywhere with you."

Jamie got up and looked at the bookcase. It looked ancient, and had wonderful markings on the edges, though they'd never found out what they were.

Jamie had given up asking for news about what had happened to her grandparents; there was little point. They had disappeared roughly a year ago, and though the investigation was still active, there was very little chance of them being found.

But Jamie then had a thought.

"Hey, Mary, how did your grandparents go missing again?"

"Um... it was at night I think. Dad went to visit them and they had just vanished."

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Oh," Jamie said. There went his theory. Althoughâ€¦

"Why?" Mary asked.

"It's just weird that them and Dad bothâ€¦" Jamie hesitated. It still hurt to mention his Dad.

"Both went missing, and neither were found," he finished.

"Yeah, I know. It happens though."

"But surely the police must have had some leads!" Jamie said. He realised they'd never had a proper conversation about this before.

"Like what!?"

"Well I don't know, um, any enemies they might have had, or things they were hidingâ€¦"

Mary opened her mouth to say something, but stopped.

"Oh!" she cried, realising something.

"What is it?" Jamie asked her.

"Oh, it's probably nothingâ€¦"

"What is it?" Jamie repeated.

"Well, Granddad had a safe in his room, in a cupboard, which he told me was secret."

"Wouldn't it have been opened when he went missing?"

"They couldn't find the keyâ€¦"

"Oh?" That seemed careless, for something that could be important.

"Can I see the safe?" Jamie asked.

"Yeah, I don't know if Uncle Len will have moved it though," she replied, walking up the stairs. Jamie followed.

There had been a nice picture of Mary and Robert on the wall, but Len had obviously taken it down. Instead was a picture of a goat for some bizarre reason.

On the landing there was a red stain that smelled of wine.

"Your Uncle Len, he seems a bit, well, a bit of a slob," Jamie said carefully.

"I know!" Mary exclaimed, annoyed. "At our New Year party he spilt soup all down his shirt onto the floor. All of it!"

Jamie laughed.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

They went into her Grandparents' bedroom, which now was unused. Len slept in the small spare room. Nobody knew why. Nobody cared.

Mary opened a cupboard and inside was a small safe. Jamie tried to pick it up, but it was either too heavy or attached to the ground. He hoped it was the second.

They looked at the lock. It had a unique golden pattern around it.

"Wait a secondâ!" Mary gasped. "That's the same pattern that's on a key I found!"

"You found the key!?" Jamie yelled.

"I must have. It was shortly after they went missing, I found it on the road about thirty metres away from their house. I assumed someone had lost it, so I kept it just in case I heard anything about a missing key," she explained.

"Where?"

"On my shelf." That made sense. Mary kept everything on her shelf, from biscuit wrappers to an old keyboard.

"Let's go and get it then!" Jamie cried.

"Wait, shouldn't we tell Dad?" Mary asked him.

"Oh," Jamie replied, disappointed. "I suppose we shouldâ! That doesn't mean we have to thoughâ!"

Mary grinned.

"We could look and see what's inside then tell your Dad we'd just found the key." Jamie really had changed in the last year; he'd never have done something like that last year.

They walked back to Mary's house.

"Should we let Robert in on our plans?" Jamie asked.

"We'd better not, you know what he's like," she replied. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"A little bit. It's hardly James Bond though."

"I could imagine you as a spy!" she said, laughing.

They got to her house and went in. Fortunately Robert was out, so they avoided some awkward questions. Mary went and got the key from her room.

"That's definitely the same pattern," Jamie said.

They then went back to Len's house to try the lock. They arrive back there after half an hour, exhausted.

They tried the safe, and it worked! Mary opened the door and looked inside.

Nothing. It was completely empty.

"Umâ !" Jamie said.

Chapter 4

Robert was walking past the abandoned Leisure Centre. After being hit by lightning, nobody was allowed inside. Robert never did have much time for rules, so climbed the fence and entered through the hole in the wall.

It wasn't his first time in there. He could vaguely remember being in there before it got hit by lightning. He couldn't remember it actually being used however.

He walked around what was once the swimming pool. He liked walking through Aith's abandoned buildings. It had a sense of history.

He heard something metal fall to the ground with a clang, which almost made him slip into the deep end. Then the whispering started.

"Robertâ !"

He span around, almost falling in again, and looked up. There was nobody there. Maybe he'd imagined it.

"Robertâ !"

Obviously not. He walked through the changing rooms, which was now a corridor of rubble.

"Robertâ !"

It was getting louder.

"Who are you!" he shouted, starting to give in to fear.

"What is leftâ !" The voice was slow and raspy.

"L, Left of what!"

"Shetlandâ !"!

Robert, beginning to panic, headed for the door. On his way he tripped over some fallen bricks and fell to the ground, grazing his arm.

A bright light shone over him. He looked up into it. A figure came flying through the white light and gracefully landed on the ground. It resembled an old man, yet with youth.

The old man walked towards him, the light dying down. Robert just stared at him, in shock.

"Am I going madâ !?" Robert asked himself.

"Maybe..."

"Ohâ ! wait, what?" Robert said; not the reply he was expecting.

"Though I do hope not, it will affect the mission if you are"

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Mission?"

The man sighed.

"They're always like thisâ follow!"

Robert then found himself in an old croft-house.

"That was a waste of time," Mary said, annoyed.

"He must have emptied it," Jamie said, also annoyed, yet slightly relieved. "Is there a secret compartment or something?"

"You've been watching too many movies!"

Jamie kicked the safe hoping something would happen. It did; a small sheet of paper fell out of it. It had been stuck at the top!

Mary opened it. It read:

"If you are reading this then I am dead. But this information has to be told.

On February 16th, 2022, I discovered a secret organisation associated with the Viking Energy Wind Farm. I shall not go into how I found them, but I did. They have an underground base where something is being planned, but I do not know what.

"What!"

"Quiet Jamie"

-They are also dangerous. On discovering I was there they attempted to kill me, but I escaped. I know they are looking for me, and I found a note in the shop addressed to me, which included many death threats and threats to kill my family, which is why I told nobody.

But I am dead now, so the secret can be revealed. If you are reading this then please do something about it, do not give into fear like me!

Signed,

Archa Smith.

"That's how they went missing," Jamie gasped.

"Soâ they were murdered!" Mary cried, looking upset.

"Oh. Yesâ!"

Her face went red in anger.

"Should we phone the police or something?" Jamie asked.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

The doorbell rang, as Mary was about to answer.

"Oh I'll get it!" she said angrily. Jamie stayed in the room and re-read the letter. Why did they take Mary's grandmother? She isn't mentioned in the whole letter. Unless... Jamie had a horrible thought.

What if Archa had told his Dad, and that's how his Dad went missing? But his Dad rarely spoke to Archa, why would he tell him? And that would mean that his Dad was dead... which of course he wasn't. Jamie knew he wasn't. He'd turn up... eventually...

Mary screamed, and Jamie jumped up and ran downstairs to see what was going on. But she had gone. He ran out the door and looked around. She was nowhere!

"Mary!" he called out. "Where are you!!!"

Jamie circled the house, looking in all directions. Where could she have gone? Had she been taken as well?

Panicking, he ran inside and dialled 999.

Chapter 5

"Where am I?" Robert asked.

"An old house. Mine, as a matter of fact," the man replied.

Robert looked around. It had no roof.

"What are you?"

"You might call me a ghost, but that would be the cause of primitive superstition interfering with your culture."

"Oh I see."

"I doubt it."

"âWho are you?"

The man looked at him. He looked so incredibly old, older than anyone Robert had seen. He moved as if he were younger than Robert though, with a childlike enthusiasm for life. If he was alive that is.

"I was once a noblemanâ a man of honour!" he said proudly.

"Andâ your dead now?"

"Goodness, is everyone this slow these days?"

"Probably."

The old man looked at him as if he was the odd one.

"What was your name?" Robert asked him, getting used to the idea of a ghost.

"Lord Henry Hunter III of the Scarlet Clan," he exclaimed, in the most immodest way possible.

"And how'd you die?"

"That's really not important! Now then, to businessâ!"

"Business?"

"Of course!"

Robert felt uneasy. He was being dragged into something he only even vaguely believed was possible. Henry seemed to notice.

"Culture shock?" He asked him.

"Something like that," Robert mumbled.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Perhaps someone else can explain it betterâ!"

A familiar man suddenly appeared next to Henry in a melodramatic flash of smoke.

"Ah, Robert! Nice to see you again," said Archa Smith.

Jamie then phoned Robert, but he wasn't in. Jamie looked outside again. Mary wasn't anywhere. A police car pulled up in the driveway, and a very formal looking policeman got out.

"I'm officer John Wilson," he said to Jamie. "Someone's missing?"

"Yes, my friend, Mary!" he cried.

"When did you last see her?" Wilson asked.

"Just ten minutes, ago!" Jamie replied. "We were upstairs, and the doorbell rang, so she went down to see who it was. I then heard her scream and when I came down she was gone!"

"Not good. Do you know anyone that could have taken her?"

"Not that Iâ!" he began. Then he realised.

"What is it?"

"Come and see!"

Jamie ran upstairs, with Wilson following him. Jamie opened the safe and grabbed the letter. Only there wasn't a letter inside. Where the letter had been there was now a pile of ash!

"Well?" Wilson asked.

"It was here!" Jamie mumbled.

"Sorry?"

"There was a letter here that saidâ!" Jamie hesitated.

"Yes?" Wilson demanded.

"It explained how her grandparents went missing!"

"Her Grandparentsâ! wait, Archa and Rae Smith?"

"Yesâ!"

Wilson looked at him angrily.

"Why didn't you tell us!" he shouted.

"We were about to!" Jamie cried, getting angry. "It was in that safe you police were unable to open, which was pretty pathetic on your part I'd like to add!"

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"How dare you!" Wilson said.

"And aren't there meant to be two policemen on every mission?" Jamie said, quieting down.

"It's not relevant! I'll call in for backup! The whole of Shetland shall be searched; we cannot have another disappearance!" Wilson yelled, jumping up.

He pulled out one of those fancy police phones and started talking into it. He sounded confident, but not entirely sure what he was doing. Jamie didn't trust him.

"Does Mary have any family?" He asked.

"Um, her Dad her brother and uncle, who lives here."

"Right, I'll need to contact them."

He talked into the phone some more.

"Right now what did the letter say?"

Jamie told him everything he could remember, which wasn't much, as he was too scared, but it seemed to be enough.

"A secret organisation?"

"Yes."

"In control of the wind farm?"

"Yes."

"And they took Mary's Grandparents?"

"Yes!"

"Nonsense!"

Jamie thought that would happen.

"Wait a second, what's your name?" Wilson suddenly remembered. Most policemen would have asked that earlier.

"Jamie McDuggen," Jamie replied.

"Hey, are you the son of Ernie McDuggen, who went missing a while ago?"

"Yes," Jamie said. "And I was thinking, maybe these people took him as well!"

"Of course not, it's silly! You don't really expect me to believe that do you?"

Jamie took a deep breath. He'd have to do it differently.

"No, I made it up, sorry," He lied.

Chapter 6

Mary woke up, feeling groggy. She must have been drugged; she couldn't remember anything, apart from being grabbed by someone when opening the door, and dragged away very quickly. She'd grazed her elbow, and her nose must have been bleeding at some point.

She didn't open her eyes. She didn't want to know where she was. She could feel her wrists were handcuffed, and she was tied to a chair. Her mouth wasn't gagged however.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened her eyes. She immediately wished she hadn't.

"You know if you were older I could arrest you for deliberate misleading! But as you're young I'll let you off the hook this once," Wilson said.

"Thank you, I don't know why I did it," Jamie continued to lie. "Now can we just get a search started please!"

Wilson looked into his eyes from his own grey, cold eyes.

"Were you and her close?" He asked Jamie in a tone he didn't like.

"We were friends."

"I see."

He leapt up suddenly and ran down the stairs, grabbing the phone. He was yelling things to himself, such as "It's getting out of hand! More policemen! Shetland's awful!" Jamie followed him down and he was talking on the phone very quickly to someone.

"The whole of Shetland is going to be searched!" he cried. "This is the seventh missing person this year and it's getting out of hand. All planes shall be cancelled and no boats will depart!" Wilson yelled.

"Wow!" Jamie said, stunned. It must be getting urgent.

"And that's the second person missing TODAY!" Wilson continued.

"Today?" Jamie cried in disbelief.

"Incredible, isn't it?"

"More like disastrous!"

Jamie spontaneously ran out the door. He didn't know why, and never did, but he still did it. He just kept running until he couldn't any more. Wilson had tried to follow him, but gave up and returned to the house.

Jamie got all the way to Bixter before he stopped and started thinking. Had he hoped he'd find Mary or something? It had been stupid, and he might get accused of being a guilty suspect (why hadn't he been properly questioned, anyway?).

He turned, and decided to walk back.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Robert couldn't believe his eyes. His grandfather, his grandfather who had died, was standing in front of him. The idea of ghosts hadn't properly sunk in until then.

"I'm going mad thenâ!" he mumbled.

"No, of course not," Archa said, smiling.

"So, let me get this straight, you guys are ghosts that died, and are haunting me?"

Archa laughed.

"We're not haunting you!"

"We merelyâ I need you," Henry said quietly.

Robert understandably took a step back.

"Er, you'd better leave this to me Henry, I know him better than you do," Archa said to Henry. He turned to Robert.

"What we want you to do is entirely your choice Robert."

"What?"

"So rudeâ!" Henry muttered.

"Henry!"

"Sorry!"

"Well?" Robert demanded, sounding more confident than he felt. If fear could be measured his would have gone off the scale.

"Maybe it would be better if you read thisâ!" Archa said, getting out a piece of paper. "I regret making you have to do thisâ!"

"What is it?" Robert asked.

"Remember that secret safe I told you about?"

Robert nodded.

"This is what was inside," Archa explained. "It was burnt, earlier today, so it "died" and came to me. Now read, everything shall make sense."

Robert read it.

"Soâ that's how you died?"

"Yep, not exactly gracefully," Archa said. "They grabbed me and knocked me out in the middle of the night. Your Grandmother tried to fight them but they killed her then and there."

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Robert was disgusted. He then felt anxious.

"But what do you want me to do!" he screamed, louder than intended.

"He looks like he has a temper, that one," Henry said, just to remind them he was there.

"Like I said it's your choiceâ!"

"Granddadâ! Is it dangerous, what you want me to do?"

Archa hesitated.

"Yes."

Chapter 7

Jamie dragged himself along the road back to Aith. He felt ashamed of running off like that, though he was too worried about Mary to realise. What if she was dead? His Dad was almost certainly dead, so what if they killed people the moment they were kidnapped.

Jamie began to cry. He couldn't go on any more. He felt so tired. He stupidly laid on the ground in a field and fell asleep.

*

He was woken up by the cries of running sheep. Jamie quickly got up, and realised it was quite late. He looked around to see why the sheep were running. He then half-collapsed suddenly, and fell onto his knees; he was freezing. Was this hypothermia?

The sheep were still running, but Jamie didn't care. He looked to the nearest village, which was Bixter. He slowly stumbled in that direction.

In the distance were 3 silhouettes, each holding a club. Jamie stopped suddenly when he saw them - they'd seen him. They ran towards him, Jamie tried to run but his feet gave in and he fell to his knees again. They surrounded him.

"Come with us!" one of them said sternly, clubbing him lightly, but still firmly, on the back. He felt so weak it pushed him into the ground.

"His friend put up more of a fight than this!" a woman spat.

"He looks dreadful," a man with a kinder voice than the other two, said.

Jamie lay there, shaking, not out of fear, but of rage. They'd taken Mary, and probably killed her. They'd taken his Dad, and probably killed him! Not to mention Mary's grandparents.

He threw himself up and lashed out at the woman, who tripped up on a stone behind her. He then kicked one of the men extremely hard, and he fell down too. The last man, one with a deep scar going right through the centre of his face, pulled out a gun and pointed it at Jamie.

"Nice try," he said in a cruel voice. "But there's no way a 14 year old can stop what we're trying to do."

The other two got up, and the woman hit Jamie so hard he could hardly think due to the excruciating pain. The other grabbed his arms from behind him. They then half dragged him towards the hills.

Everything started to go black, and Jamie went totally limp. He heard a siren, then gunfire. He then passed out.

"We aren't meant to intervene," Archa said. "But sometimes it's necessary. Do you really think tactics won the First World War? Why else did Henry VIII choose not to take his own life?"

"So you lot have been meddling all through history?" Robert asked.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Basically, since there have been humans, there have been ghosts. There are animal ghosts too, but they don't do much besides wait until their killer dies."

"Does everyone become ghosts?" Robert asked, though not really wanting to know.

"No, they don't," Archa, explained. "Some people get past this world, into something beyond human comprehension. But some don't. And we only get through when we are forgiven."

"Forgiven? By whom? And for what? I'm not religious, but are you telling me it's true?" Robert cried.

"I'm sorry, I don't know. I say forgiven, because when a ghost "meddles" and does a good deed, they get to go through. Ours so happens to be to stop an evil plot."

"Oh yeah, back to the mission," Robert said, frowning. "I don't even see why-!"

Henry re-appeared out of nowhere, stopping Robert in mid sentence. That would take getting used to.

"Would you like to meet the rest of the gang?" Henry asked.

Chapter 8

Jamie woke up.

"He's awake!" a doctor cried.

He could feel an oxygen mask on his face.

"How do you feel?" the other doctor asked. He wore incredibly strange glasses that gave Jamie a slight shock.

"Ugh." He found it hard to speak. There was a disturbing beeping noise in the background.

"You're alive though," the doctor with weird glasses said optimistically. "At this time of year you could die of the cold."

Jamie noticed a policeman sitting in the corner, taking notes.

"What happenedâ?" He said slowly.

"No, don't worry about that now," The first doctor, said. "You could have concussion. And you're pretty badly bruised too."

Jamie laid back. He could see out the back window; they were approaching Lerwick. He drifted back to sleepâ

It was like some sort of dead reunion. Dozens of ghosts stood about, talking, drinking, behaving like people who are alive.

He saw the ghost of Gormac, the man who was killed by a broken wind turbine, sitting on a bench. He looked around for anyone else dead he knew. He walked up to Archa.

"Hey, Jamie's Dad Ernie isn't here is he?" Robert asked him.

"He's dead?" Archa said, shocked. Robert explained it to him.

"Like I said earlier, not everyone becomes ghosts," Archa said. "He could be dead and we wouldn't know."

"Oh."

Robert went back to lurking in the corner. He felt so alone. It may have been because he was surrounded by dead people, but something hiding in the back of Robert's mind dismissed that as the reason. Robert decided to keep it at the back of his mind.

Archa glided towards Robert. They didn't actually glide; their feet moved and touched the ground, but gliding was the only way he could describe how ghosts moved.

"Things are advancing sooner than we thought," Archa told him. "We'll need your help."

Robert suddenly was filled with bottled up rage. Why should he help? This had nothing to do with him! He didn't even know what he had to do! And on top of all that, his Grandparents always had preferred Maryâ

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Well what if I don't want to help you and your pointless mission!" Robert burst out. "It must be getting late and surely Dad will be wondering where I am now! Why can't I just go home?"

"You can," Archa said, frowning. "However it might interest you to know that you're not the only missing person! Your sister has been taken by the people we intent to stop!"

Robert's Dad in fact hadn't noticed Robert was missing yet. It was late into the night, and pitch black outside. He was sitting in a police-car, sick with worry. How could Mary have just disappeared like that? But she was just one of many missing people in the police's eyes.

The radio made a crackling noise. Wilson tried to switch it on, though with little luck. Had he not used a radio before? Eventually he got it working.

"Yes sir?" He said into the speaker.

"Wilson," a man with a deep voice, which could only be the chief inspector, said. "We've located and arrested some of the possible kidnappers. We saw them trying to kidnap the boy that was with Mary Smith when she went missing-"

"Jamie!" Sam - Mary's Dad's name, cried out.

"Yes, that it his name," The Chief Inspector said tiredly. "But we got into a shootout with them, as one of them had a gun. He was regrettably killed but we arrested the others."

"Very good sir," Wilson said. "Er, was the boy - Jamie, alright?"

"He was taken off in an ambulance, as not only had they been rough with him but he's been exposed to the cold for what looked like ages."

"So what do you want me to do sir?" Wilson asked.

"Report back to the police station with Mr Smith for questioning, then we'll interrogate the kidnappers."

"Very good sir." Wilson fumbled with the buttons and turned the radio off. Was there truth in the letter Jamie had told him about after all?

"Do you think Mary's disappearance is connected to my parent's disappearance last year? Sam asked him.

Wilson hesitated, thinking, though he was really thinking about something completely different. It was bound to come up at some point. He'd just have to lie again. Soon it wouldn't matter.

"Oh, um probably," he answered.

Sam was also thinking about other things. The end would come soon. And people would certainly die. It was up to him to make sure as few did as possible. But *how*?

Sam was not the only worried parent. When he hadn't arrived at home by nine, Jamie's Mum Clarice gave the Smith household a phone; only there was no answer. Worried, she had then phoned Len, who told her all about Mary being missing, and that Jamie had run off.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

She was phoned an hour later by the police, who said Jamie had been found and was being taken to the hospital in an ambulance, thought they wouldn't say what the reason was, and only that it wasn't life threatening.

She darted into the car and made her way towards Lerwickâ ;

"Would you like anything to eat?" Miss Manson asked Mary. Mary ignored her.

She was in a room, with metal walls painted to look like wood. The room was small, and all that was in it was the chair she was sitting in, a radio (which was playing some old tune from the 80s), a bed and a bookcase. She was allowed access to a toilet twice a day, and was taken out for exercise (a walk) every 3 hours.

"You must want something dear," Miss Manson continued. "You haven't eaten anything since you arrived."

Mary didn't have a clue where she was. For all she knew she could have been taken up to Norway. Naturally she wasn't allowed outside the room, except for when she was escorted to other rooms.

"Well, I'll leave the food at the door and if you want it you can eat it."

Miss Manson walked out the door, and it slid closed.

The place was a laboratory; there was no doubting that. She sometimes heard buzzing, and odd clanking noises. It had the ominous feeling of being underground as well, though Mary couldn't be certain of that.

She often wondered if this was where everyone went when they were kidnapped. She listened out for signs of people, and even shouted out for someone in the middle of the night, though none of her kidnappers heard, making her think the walls were soundproofed.

She then had a horrible thought; what if the people taken were used in some sort of experiment (or worse), and afterwards were no longer needed and "disposed of". She put that thought out of her mind, and looked at the food. Typical; salad!

Chapter 9

Jamie next woke up in a room that could only be the hospital. He recognised the smell immediately, and he hardly ever went in!

He was the only person in the room, though a nurse couldn't be far away. There were flowers on the windowsill, which cast a shadow over half the room. It was only dawn outside, and most of the world would still be asleep.

Jamie suddenly sat up in the bed. Mary was still missing! He was about to get out when the nurse came.

"Ah, Jamie, you're awake," he said happily.

"Yes, good, where's Mary!"

"Who?"

"Mary!"

"Who's Mary?"

"My friend! She went missing!"

"I don't know. But you'd better lie down, you are in hospital after all."

"Why!!" Jamie half shouted. "Why should I stay here when Mary could be dead!"

"I'm sure the police are looking for her," The nurse said, trying to calm him down.

"Not if that Wilson guy has anything to do with it!"

A doctor came in.

"Oh, it was you I heard shouting!" he said, but not nastily. "You escaped quite luckily; you only had mild hypothermia. You have some pretty bad bruises though."

Jamie suddenly realised he was covered in them. He laid back down.

"Speaking of which, there's a police officer wanting to speak to you when you're able to."

Jamie groaned. Not another inept policeman!

"I'll show him in then," the doctor said, leaving the room, with the nurse following him. After a minute, a young policeman came in.

"Erâ Hi," He said nervously. Jamie rolled his eyes. Was there a minimum IQ needed to become a police officer?

"I'll need to ask you some questions!" he said quietly.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Jamie sighed. He didn't have time for this.

"Whereâ were you whenâ no, that's not right," he said, looking at the paper like he'd never seen it before."

"You new?" Jamie asked.

"Oh, its that obvious huh?"

"Yep." Jamie then decided this wasn't the time to be formal.

"Look, unless you can tell me any clues about where Mary is then I'm not interested."

"That's confidential!" The policeman cried.

Jamie got up.

"I'll let myself out then," he said to him, sighing again. He half limped towards the door. He discharged himself and left, half disappointed nobody tried to stop him. The NHS were getting worse than he thought.

As he was limping out of the hospital, a police-car drove into the car park. Jamie looked in, and angrily saw that it was Wilson inside. He got out of the car and walked towards Jamie, angry. Jamie was strong enough to run away, but there was little point.

"Jamie!" he shouted. "How dare you just run off like that? You could have died! You almost did!"

Jamie said nothing.

"It's not funny, and it's not smart! Get into the police car, your mother is on her way!"

Jamie suddenly thought of her. She must have been worried sick. He felt a bit guilty.

They sat in the police car. Wilson was reading a newspaper. The radio beeped. Wilson fumbled with some buttons, before getting the right one. Jamie watched curiously.

"Err, yes, hello?" he said into it.

"There's a grade 9 issue in the Westside area, you're needed there as soon as possible!"

"Oh, yeah, grade 9â that'sâ badâ !" Wilson said slowly. Jamie almost laughed.

"Get there as soon as possible," the chief inspector said angrily, and the radio turned off. Wilson sighed.

"You're not a real policeman, are you?" Jamie asked.

Wilson looked at him angrily.

"Shut up!" he shouted. "Do not mention this to anyone, or I'llâ I'll kill you!" he shouted. Jamie opened the door and darted out the car. Wilson drove off.

Jamie waited in the car park for 5 minutes, then his Mum drove up towards him and got out.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"I thought you'd died!" she exclaimed, running up and hugging him.

"I'm fine!" Jamie tried to say, but she wasn't listening.

"Did they let you out? Are you ok?" She asked.

"Yeah," Jamie lied, ignoring how much pain he was in. Still, it was only a few bruises. "I just want to go home now." So he could look for Mary.

"Alright. But I want you to tell me everything on the way back alright?"

"Alright!"

"We have to save her!" cried Robert.

"Excellent!" Henry said, delighted.

"What can I do to help?" Robert asked.

"Well!" Archa began. Robert didn't like the sound of that.

"We ghosts are restricted to the village we died in. It's a strange and complicated law that binds us here, but it's a law nonetheless. However, we can attach ourselves onto someone living, and go wherever they go."

"And you want to attach to me?" Robert asked.

"Exactly!" Archa said. "But only three ghosts can attach to one living person. We've decided it'll be Henry, myself a woman called Miss Cormier and myself. Don't ask her for her first name though, she can be funny sometimes."

"But what if I don't want you to "attach" yourselves to me."

"Then we won't. But you do, you asked how you can help and that is how."

"Although!" Archa said slowly. "Ghosts attaching themselves to a human can be dodgy. Not only is it painful, but we cannot leave you until either we are killed or we succeed in our mission. Or if you die of course."

"And we'd rather you didn't," Henry added.

"But wait, you're ghosts, you can't die!" Robert said. This attaching didn't sound good.

"We can when attached," Archa said. "But we don't really die, we are sent back here, but it would be nice to avoid that."

"So the plan is," Henry explained, "we attach ourselves to you, then you go to the base, and we'll help you fight them. We'll break their machines, make them collapse, or anything else which involves "haunting"."

"I see. How painful is it?"

"Um, well, er!"

Chapter 10

Jamie expected himself to lie. He'd been doing it far too much lately, and it was becoming easier. But he told his mother the entire truth, about the letter, about getting attacked by Mary kidnappers - everything. The only bit he left out was Wilson.

"Right, the moment we get home I'm phoning the police station," she said adamantly. "Why you didn't tell them in the first place?"

Jamie didn't tell her what he planned to do next however. He wasn't entirely sure himself. Maybe if he strolled over fields and around hills.

He looked at the ominous turbines, just visible at the top of the hill. They'd stopped moving.

"Test 13 was a success!" Mary could hear someone shout.

"Excellent!" Miss Manson cried.

Mary wanted to know what was going on, so she politely knocked on the metal door loudly.

She heard Miss Manson's metallic footsteps walk in her direction, so she sprang away from the door.

"Yes?" Miss Manson asked, opening the door.

"May I ask what you are doing?"

"No."

"May I ask why I am here?"

"No."

"Can I leave?"

"No."

"Oh? Why was I kidnapped then?"

"I suppose you may have guessed that part."

"Well?" Mary said, thinking. "We'd read the letter."

"Correct. We took your friend Jamie as well, but he got lucky and escaped!"

The moment she said Jamie's name, reality crashed down on Mary. How good it felt to hear a name she knew! And how much she missed him! Would she ever see him again?

Miss Manson smiled at her. She had quite a nice smile. It almost made Mary believe she was good. However, the anger of never being able to go home - of never seeing Jamie, or Robert ever again, or her parents - took hold of her. She grabbed the knife she'd been given to eat with, and swiped it towards Miss Manson's throat.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Miss Manson was taken aback, but not alarmed.

"Why am I being kept here?" Mary growled at her.

"Believe me, if you weren't needed you'd be dead by now!" Miss Manson spat. Within a second she'd become fiery and fierce! Maybe being threatened by a knife does that to people!

"That didn't answer my question!"

Mary thought; what would Jamie do in this situation? He'd probably do the same, but more feebly. What about Robert? He'd probably just fight his way out!

"Well! In danger of angering you for not actually answering your question!" Miss Manson said. "You were taken when you'd read the letter. You see, nobody can find out about this. Your Grandfather did, so he was disposed of. Many others did as well."

Mary glared at her.

"Was a guy called Ernie McDuggen killed?" She asked.

"Yes. You knew-?" She began to say, but didn't have time, as Mary began slashing the knife at her. Miss Manson quickly tried to dodge it, but got a nasty cut in the arm, and in return gave Mary a massive kick, which hurt a great deal. She fell to the ground, winded.

"Try that again and you may not recover!" Miss Manson shouted threateningly. Mary passed out!

Robert hadn't realised how tired he was. It was early in the morning, and he hadn't slept since over a day ago. He wouldn't have been able to sleep though; he was too scared to sleep.

"I admit, attaching isn't the most pleasant process!" Archa had said. "But there's worse."

"Hour of agony Henry told me!" Robert had replied.

"It really isn't that bad!" Archa had explained, trying to calm him down. It hadn't worked.

Robert lay on a soft patch of grass. Weeping silently. Not only was he about to do something dangerous and painful, but his sister could be dead! But he didn't have much choice.

"You ready?" Miss Cormier asked him, in that uncaring voice of hers.

"No!" Robert shouted. He couldn't do it. He just couldn't. She bent down to talk to him.

"Look Robert!" She shouted. "People are gonna die just because you can't handle a bit of pain. We don't know the extent of their plans but we have reason to believe at least hundreds of people are in danger! So stop being selfish and do something for other people for once!"

"SELFISH!!" Robert roared, so loudly that she jumped backwards (in a ghostly way of course). "In my entire life I've never done anything for myself, always for other people. My mother wanting me to look after the baby, then having to put up with him! and then!" He stopped. Who did she think she was, ordering him about like that? "You're only doing this anyway so you can escape from being trapped, and die properly. If anyone's selfish, then it's YOU!!"

Ghosts of the Windfarm

She was shaking with rage, and looked as if she'd smack him. But unless they are attached, ghosts have little power; a living child could beat a dead sumo wrestler.

"Are you going to do it?" Miss Cormier asked.

"âYes."

The reddish-brown car trundled along the road.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Jamie's Mum asked him.

"Yeah, I'm fineâ!" he lied.

"Of course you're not-" she began but never finished. In the distance she could see a cloud of blackish grey smoke bellowing over Aith. Beneath it, was what must be a raging fire.

"That's not our houseâ! Is it?" Mum muttered.

They were too far away to tell. They drove on, and after a few minutes realised it was. Two fire engines sped past them, towards the house.

The car skidded to a halt at the side of the road and they got out. The police had cordoned off an area around the blaze. The fire brigade began pouring water over the house, but it did little good. This was going to be a long fire.

"Excuse me!" Mum said to someone. "When did the fire start?"

"Only 10 minutes ago," the man said. "This is like a replay of 20 years agoâ!"

They ran up to the rope dividing Aith. Jamie ducked under it and continued running.

"Jamie stop!" Mum shouted. "It's not safe! JAMIE, STOP!" The Jamie she knew would never have done that. What had happened to make him so rebellious?

Chapter 11

The pain went away immediately when the attaching finished. Robert fell to the ground, light headed, and feeling as if he'd be sick. But then came the wonder; the wonder of having ghosts attached. He could *feel* Archa beside him, *hear* what he heard and *smell* what he smelled.

The same applied to Henry, who appeared at his left. And yet, if he reached far enough, he could *think* what Henry thought. Memories from a life he hadn't led appeared in Robert's mind. And he hated it. It was as if his brain had tripled in size.

"How does it feel?" Archa said. It appeared to have affected him too, but not as much.

"âAwfulâ" Robert managed to say. He saw Miss Cormier in front of him. He mentally reached out to her, trying to get into her mind like with Archa and Henry. But, as if he'd been slapped, he was unable to. She gave him a dirty look.

"Thank you," Archa said. "I'm so sorry we put you through that."

Robert didn't have the strength to reply. So he rested.

Jamie ran towards his house but was stopped by a policeman.

"Hey, get away from here, it's not safe!" he shouted.

"No! I know who started this fire and they'll be around here somewhere!" It had to have been them that started it. It was too big a coincidence. Who was "them", anyway?

An explosion from the house behind them echoed though the air.

"I'd strongly suggest you go back!" the policeman said sternly, looking at Clarice, who was shouting at Jamie. Jamie however was distracted. Wilson was behind him.

"Jamie!" he cried. "Leave! Now!"

But Jamie stood where he was.

"Who started the fire!" he shouted at Wilson. "Did you see anything!!"

"GOâ AWAY!"

Jamie turned to the other policeman.

"He's not a proper police officer," Jamie said quickly. "He pretty much told me so himself."

The other policeman looked at Wilson. Jamie could tell he had thought so too.

"This is no place for teenagers," he said finally. "Officer Wilson is right, you should leave!"

Jamie turned, and walked back to his mother. He looked back, and Wilson was glaring at him.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"What were you thinking!?" Clarice shouted at him. He ignored her, because he could see some figures running through a field.

He quickly got his breath back, and picked up a metal pole that was conveniently left at the side of the toilets, and then chased after them, leaving his Mum Clarice in shock.

"It was a success!" Mary heard Miss Manson shout. "That boy should be too scared to meddle now!"

"Was he really a threat anyway?" a supervisor asked.

"Wellâ not exactly. But this project is so vulnerable at the moment, and if he's anything like his Dad-

"You knew his-" but then they moved and Mary couldn't hear any more. What were they planning? And why were they keeping her?

She needed to escape. That was obvious. But how? Surely there' would be a search for her, but she thought it unlikely that the police would find her. She didn't even know where she was!

She had a theory thoughâ She'd heard Miss Manson talking about "vast amounts of energy at our disposal," which didn't sound that good, but from that Mary gathered this whole project was for the purpose of gathering energy. And if she were still in Shetland, there'd be one obvious place to be if you wanted to get energyâ

But what were they planning to do with the energy? Whatever it was, it couldn't be good.

Sam arrived at Aith just as the fire was being put out. He ran along the edge of the safe zone and saw Clarice standing alongside it, looking very troubled. It was hardly surprising. She saw him.

"Has Robert come home yet?" She asked him, walking up to him.

"No," Sam replied sadly. "He's wandered off before, but it's too big to be coincidence. He's been kidnapped as well."

Sam tried hard to stop himself crying. But he couldn't, and the tears dripped down his cheek.

Clarice looked distraught too.

"Where's Jamie?" Sam asked.

"Iâ I don't know!" she howled. "First he ran towards the fire and almost got killed, then he ran off. I don't know where he's gone!!"

This was the second worst day of Sam's life. He remembered the feelings of despair; the feeling that everything after that moment would just end. Only this time, he really had lost everything he had.

Clarice had only recently lost her husband too. She must be feeling the same as he did.

But Sam had to complete his purpose. He couldn't give up now. But how long would he have to wait!?

Chapter 12

Jamie darted through the weeds. He was wearing the same clothes he'd been wearing the day before, but now with many rips and bloodstains. This didn't bother Jamie; there may be many more to come.

He was sure it was them that had burned the house. And he was also sure they were the same people that had kidnapped Mary, and tried to kidnap him. He recognised the woman's long red hair, curling down her back.

She turned, and saw him. She beckoned to the other two, who were surprised. They turned around and walked towards Jamie. But he was ready. Armed with a metal pole, he walked towards them slowly, swinging it behind his head, so he could quickly lash out.

One of the men whispered something to the other. Two of them were the ones that had kidnapped him before, but the other guy was different. Jamie thought he could vaguely remember the sadistic man with a scar being shot, just before he passed out.

"Don't go any further!" the woman shouted, and Jamie realised with a jolt that she was carrying a gun. But that didn't stop him. Nothing would. If he was to die, the least he could do was do as much damage to Mary's captors as possible.

"No!" Jamie shouted at her. "Don't you go any further!"

"Oh!" the woman cried nastily. "Feeling tough? Think you can fight us? Well you're nothing! And you **will** die!"

She raised the gun, but Jamie didn't waste any time. He raised the pole and charged at her. She fired the gun, but Jamie ignored whatever pain he may be feeling and slashed the pole at her, knocking her to the ground instantly, and the gun went flying and landed a few metres away. Enraged, Jamie swung the pole at one of the men, who didn't see it coming and was also knocked unconscious.

It all happened too fast to know if he'd been shot. He stopped for a split second, but it was clear he hadn't been. She must have missed! He then swung the pole to attack the last man, but he was backing away, with the gun being held to his head.

"Hey Jamie," Robert said.

The policeman turned to Wilson.

"That boy had a point. You barely know how to operate a radio. You didn't even know what a grade 9 emergency is!"

Wilson said nothing.

"Soâ !" the policeman began. "I'm arresting you for suspicion of impersonating a policeman."

Wilson glared at him. But he didn't resist. The charges for that are worse. And he was guilty after all.

He wasn't meant to get found out. But he'd known the risks. But now he'd never know the truth. Now he'd never know who murdered his brother.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Mary had formulated a plan to escape. It wasn't very good, but it was all she had.

She was allowed out of her room every 3 hours to get exercise. She'd only been there about a day, but she knew the system well. At the moment everyone was busy with whatever they were doing, so might not notice her escaping.

She'd noticed a door in the laboratory that looked like an exit. It did help there was a sign saying exit above it. If she could somehow get rid of her guard and escape through the door, then she'd be free. It would take at least 10 seconds for anyone to notice she'd escaped but by then she would have got way ahead.

But how to get rid of her guard? She could always bash him over the head with something, but people would notice. It would need to be subtler than that.

The guard came in to take her out. She was usually taken to a bigger room where she could walk about, and get exercise.

"Come." He said. She would have to improvise. They went through the main laboratory, where machines buzzed, and cogs whirred. Miss Manson was sitting in a chair, typing rapidly at several keyboards.

They went into the bigger room, but Mary decided to speak to the guard.

"Do you really agree with what they're doing?" She asked. "Stealing energy from somethingâ important, and kidnapping and killing innocent people!"

He grunted.

"Andâ I don't know what they're planning, but it sounds really bad!"

Not even a grunt this time.

"Surely you must be smart enough to have a will of your own! They may be paying you a lot, but-"

"They don't pay me."

"Theyâ don't?"

"No."

She looked at him. He wasn't the typical thug. Behind those tough eyes, she could see layers and layers of complexity.

"Why do you work for them then?" she asked.

Silence.

"They have my sister." He said slowly. "That's how they make most of the guards work; by taking their family members and threatening their family."

"Can't you try to rescue her?" Mary asked.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"I couldât!" the man said. "But I'd get nowhere. They're all drugged, and are hardly ever conscious. When they're away it must seem like a dream."

"Listen, I can help stop this," Mary said, surprising herself. She didn't have a clue how, but she felt she could help.

"YES!" the man roared, giving Mary a massive fright.

"Why should I have to do this!!! It's not fair, and it's nor right! I will help you!!!"

"Ok, good, but keep your voice down!" Mary whispered.

"Oh yes, of course."

"Soâ!" Mary said. "If you distract Miss Manson I'll escape through the doors."

"No good, there are more guards." The man said. "I'll go through the door and knock out the guards, then you can run through quickly, and hopefully nobody will notice."

"Ok! Thank you so much!" Mary exclaimed. "Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

"Dale," he replied.

"Thank you Dale!"

Wilson sat in the police car, deep in thought. It would never have worked, he told himself. He was too slow. He should have tried to find the information as soon as he could, and not waited.

But his brother's murderer was out there somewhere, and Wilson would find him. Even if it took years, he would find out who it was. This was only the beginning.

Chapter 13

"But, how!?" Jamie cried, exasperated.

So Robert told him. He told him everything.

"Butâ ghosts!? I don't believe that!"

"I've got proof," Robert replied. Archa appeared, in a silver, opaque form, besides him.

"Noâ No way!" Jamie yelled. "Archa!?"

"Hello Jamie," Archa replied, smiling. "You've grown a bit!"

"Is that enough proof?" Robert asked.

"Butâ how?"

So Robert explained the rest, apart from the attaching. He was decidedly vague about that.

"Soâ we're going to use ghosts to save Mary?" Jamie asked.

"Correct," Robert replied. "Althoughâ I'm not entirely sure what the plan is."

Mrs Cormier and Henry then also appeared.

"Yes, we need to devise one now," Mrs Cormier said.

"I fear we have little time," Henry said. "Now that the police are getting further, they are having to advance their plans."

"Oh." Archa said simply. "I see."

He almost sounded bored!

"So, what's the plan?" Jamie asked.

"You tell me," Archa said.

"Well, we don't even know where their base is!"

"You can guess," Mrs Cormier said patronisingly.

"Shut up, I can't be bothered to!" Jamie said sternly. "Is Mary still alive?"

"I should think so," Archa said. "But I can't be sure."

"But waitâ who are these people?" Jamie asked. He'd suddenly realised he had no idea who they were fighting.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"They're a now rather powerful group called Windites. We don't know their plans, but we do know they have a base near every wind farm-"

"Windfarm? What in the world has that got to do with it!?" Jamie said, louder than he expected. He didn't like not knowing stuff.

"Ok, I'll start at the beginning," Archa said. "There is a group called Windites. They started up as one of these mad groups, talking of world domination, and of the "New European Empire". It was a load of rubbish of course, until recently.

"Recently, we have reason to think they've been operating in many windfarms around Europe. We think they're stealing energy from the windfarms, and using it for something evil."

"That is why the windfarm kept randomly stopping," Robert explained. "It was them, stealing energy from it! Eejitsâ !" "

"Yesâ !" Archa continued, unhappy about being interrupted. "The Shetland windfarm is among the most efficient windfarms in the world, so it was only natural they based all their operations here. This has been going on for at least a decade. And since they've been stealing the energy, none of it has been able to be sold and the project is a failure. That is why Shetland is in the bad state it is now."

"It was them!" Jamie spat.

"Yes. I'm sorry." Henry replied.

"Anywayâ !" Archa continued. "People have been finding out about this. If it happened somewhere else they'd just say they were acting alone and the power harnesser would come to an end. But since Shetland is the main harnesser, it is vital nobody finds out. Those that do are killed. Like meâ !" "

"And our Grandmother," Robert stated sadly.

"Yes. I really miss her," Archa mumbled. "That is why I must complete this mission. So I can pass onâ !" and see her."

"You don't know that is what happens," Mrs Cormier said loudly. Jamie had forgotten she was there. "It could just be darkness. Forever."

"Well, I've died now so there's no turning back!" Archa said, smiling, though Jamie could tell he'd wondered what happened too.

"So," Archa continued. "We don't know what they're planning, but it can't be good. And they need to be stopped!"

"Right!" Jamie shouted. "Soâ !" what's the plan?"

"Wellâ !" "

Mary charged through the corridor, until she got to the end. Dale was standing there, over two unconscious bodies. Mary sped out the door, and looked back at him.

"Come with me!" she yelled to him.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Alarms started up. They'd noticed!

"I can't, my sisterâ!"

There was gunfire, and Dale fell to the ground, dead.

"DIE YOU WEAK TRAITOR!!!" another guard roared.

"DALE!!!" Mary cried.

The man raised the gun to her.

"Catch her alive!!" she heard Mrs Manson cry. The man charged towards her, and Mary ran. She ran as fast as she could.

Robert had some scraps of food for them to eat. They had just begun eating it when Archa jumped up suddenly.

"Mary!" Archa shouted. "I sense her presence! She is near!"

"How near!" Jamie cried, looking around. The fog was coming in again, and he knew how dangerous being near a windfarm could be.

"She's in grave danger!!"

More gunfire. The guard obviously has ignored Miss Manson, and was trying to kill her anyway.

It's the worst feeling in the world, to know someone is trying to kill you. It is made substantially worse when someone faster than you is chasing you with a gun.

He fired, and it just missed Mary, but she could hear it wiz past her head.

"Stop!" she shouted back at him. "Please!!"

He stopped.

"Come back then. Make one more move to escape, and you're dead. Understand?"

"Perfectlyâ!"

Mary would never escape. She'd be trapped forever. Nobody was coming to save her. Ever.

She couldn't even save herself.

Chapter 14

"Argh!" Archa shouted out. Jamie had never seen him so annoyed.

"What!?" Robert asked, worried.

"I've lost her! She's still aliveâ butâ she's still a prisoner."

"We need to save her then," Jamie said, stating the obvious. But how?

"Wellâ!" Henry said. "When attached, ghosts are really powerful. But we are also really weak, as we can be killed, and unattached, and we are sent back to our village."

"Powerful?" Jamie asked.

"Yes. We can attack people, hack into machinery and even destroy it!"

"We need more of a plan than that," Mrs Cormier stated coldly.

"Yesâ of course," Henry replied, annoyed. "Since you seem so confident, you tell me the plan then!"

"Well," Mrs Cormier began, "first we'll need a distraction. Jamie can do that. Then-"

"Hey!" Jamie interrupted. "What if I don't want to be the distraction!"

"Well-"

"Why should we be doing this alone anyway!? Surely there are people better suited for doing this! I mean I want to save Mary, and I'll do everything I can to, but we cannot do it alone! We'll be killed!!"

"Dying isn't that badâ!" Henry tried to say.

"And you can shut up!" Jamie shouted.

Henry went quiet. Robert was impressed. Jamie had often seemed a bit of a softie to him. Jamie turned to Archa.

"Is there anyone else who can help?" he said, calming down.

"Wellâ!" Archa began. "There is a reason they took my Granddaughter."

"Hmmâ!" Jamie said. "We looked in the safe, and we'd found out about them."

"Yes, we saw that," Henry said. "Nosy-"

"I said shut up!" Jamie reminded him. He went quiet again.

"Yes, that is why they took Mary in the first place," Archa continued. "But when they realised who she is, they didn't kill her."

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Andâ ¿ who is she?" Jamie asked.

"Yeah who?" Robert added. They hadn't told him either!

"A hostage."

Robert and Jamie looked at each other.

"He always did talk in riddlesâ ¿" Robert said, confused.

"Umâ ¿ a hostage?" Jamie asked.

"Robert, do you know who your Dad really is?" Archa asked.

"Umâ ¿ noâ ¿?" he replied, even more confused.

"My son also knew about the Windites. He never told me though."

"He did! How!?" Robert cried.

"He was secretly apart of a group fighting them. He never told anyone, and after you and Mary were born he stopped the job. But once he had evidence of them working in Shetland, he contacted the group and told them about it. He was put in charge of stopping them. However, he noticed too late, and there was very little he could do. He managed to delay the project by about a year, but that's it."

"He lied!" Robert stated. "He told us he'd got a job as a wind turbine mechanic, and that is why he was away from home for longer!"

"So they're keeping Mary as a hostage so Sam'll be forced to stop the mission?" Jamie asked.

"Correct." Archa answered.

"But why didn't they just kill Dad?" Robert asked.

"They did try, but they failed. This way is much more effective."

"So, can't we get them to help us?"

"Events are moving fast," Mrs Cormier said, appearing out of nowhere. "They may have completed their mission within 5 hours."

"Right, so we need a planâ ¿" Jamie said.

The red haired guard stirred. Robert grabbed the gun and pointed it at her.

"Ughâ ¿ I feel bad enough without that being poked into my head!" she spat.

"What's your name?" Archa asked. She got a fright when looking at him, but continued anyway.

"Selena," She said simply.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Right Selena, you are going to tell us everythingâ!"

Miss Manson slapped Mary, and threw her into her room, closing the metal door behind her. Mary fell onto the floor, and didn't have the strength to get up.

She *would* escape though. Even if it took years, she *would* escape.

She pulled herself up, and listened at the door. The machinery was louder. People were running about. This wasn't a test. This was their plan being put into work. And nothing could stop it now.

Chapter 15

"What are the Windites planning!!" Mrs Cormier shouted at Selena. Jamie could see why Archa had told her to do the interrogation.

"Before I tell you anything, I want to know what you are."

"A ghost. Now, tell me everything or you die!" Mrs Cormier roared.

"Define everything," Selena said, glaring.

"What are you planning!?"

"Wellâ€¦" Selena began. "How much do you know?"

"Tell us everything!"

"Okâ€¦ I am a part of a group called Windites. We plan to take electricity from every major windfarm in Europe. Wind power is the source of power for 75% of Europe; without it Europe will descend into chaos. Then the Windites will create a company that will sell the electricity cheap to the countries that need it. They will be so dependant on it no questions will be asked.

"We shall then use that money to expand our industry all over the world, and not just for windfarms, but for every other energy source! In a decade's time, we will take all the electricity being produced, and keep it for another few years. The world will fall into ruin, and the major countries will fall. Then, we shall take over the world slowly, offering free electricity to the groups of people that are left. And slowly, the whole world shall be under our control. If they resist, we take away the electricity."

"That's awful; evil!!" Archa exclaimed.

"That's what the Windites are doing," Selena explained.

"And what about you?" Jamie asked her. "Why are you working for them?"

"They pay me," she said simply. "I've lost my job by telling you this, but I don't care for them enough to die for them!"

"So you work for them, but you're not actually a part of their operations?" Archa asked.

"Exactly."

The other guard stirred. Mrs Cormier kicked him unconscious again.

"But you killed people!" Jamie yelled at her. "How could you live with that!?"

"To be successful in life, you need to remove your conscience. Once you've done that, NOTHING holds you back!"

"In our day you'd have been executed!" Henry shouted at her!

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"And you're lucky we don't kill you here and now," Robert threatened her.

"We'll leave you here tied up. When your friend wakes up, he can untie you," Archa said.

"What will you do?" Jamie asked her. He didn't care about her - she had almost killed him - but she had just helped them after all.

"Escape prison. I have committed many other crimes, the police will be looking for me."

"I see" Henry said. "Robert, you have some rope in your backpack, don't you?"

"Yes," Robert replied. After the cliff incident he carried rope everywhere.

"Tie her up then."

"Wait, one more thing!" said Archa. "Where is the Windite base? Where can we get into it?"

"There is only one entrance," explained Selena.

Mrs Cormier kicked the other guard again so hard it almost killed him.

"Where?" Archa asked.

"It's up in the hills, nearby a wind turbine with the number 130 on it. You'll find it easy."

"Thank you Selena," Archa said. "Ok Robert, tie her up. Then we'll save Mary!"

Mary continued to listen at the door. Lots of people were talking at once. Then one voice dominated over them all.

"Fellow Windites!" Miss Manson shouted over the noise. "We have all been working hard for this day! And it has finally come! In just 2 minutes, the whole of Europe will plunge into disaster!"

Mary could hear cheers coming from everyone else.

And then she'd realised, whatever they were planning; they had won.

Sam and Clarice were sitting in the shop. Sam couldn't stand waiting. His kids could be dying and he was just sitting there! But what else could he do? He couldn't stop the Windites on his own. He had to wait for backup.

"I'm sure they'll be found," Clarice said to him comfortingly.

"What about Jamie? Where will he go?" he asked.

"Iâ I don't know!" she cried. "I think he'll look for Mary. He really cares about her."

Sam knew where Mary was, so Jamie shouldn't be hard to find, but Robert? He didn't have a clue where he'd be. With Mary, if there was any justice in the world. If not then he'd probably be dead.

Suddenly, without warning, the lights went off.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"A power cut?" Clarice asked.

"I shouldn't think so!" Sam said, worried. He pulled out his mobile phone, and dialled some very important numbers.

Chapter 16

The two humans charged across the hills, with the three ghosts following behind. They couldn't go further than a few metres away from Robert.

Though he didn't say anything, Robert was growing worried about attaching. He felt the ghosts hadn't told him everything about it. He could feel into their minds, and he knew they were intentionally keeping something from him. Mrs Cormier's mind was impossible to get near to, and he struggled to get through Archa's so he tried on Henry.

He relaxed, and peaked deep into Henry's mind. Henry noticed, and gave a slight jolt.

"You alright Robert?" Archa asked him. The connection broke.

"Argh! Uh, yeah," he replied quickly. He'd almost had it! He could just ask Archa!

Maybe later.

Jamie looked down from the hill. It had been such a lovely morning, but the afternoon had turned to rain. It wasn't heavy rain, but enough to get them wet. The wind turbines stood still.

He sighed. Why him? Why did any of them get involved? He thought back to the point where he could have changed things. The first moment he thought of was going to Len's house, but it went further back than that.

Was it when his Dad disappeared? But Jamie couldn't have stopped that. Was the turning point even further back than that? He remembered all those years ago, when he first moved to Shetland. His parents asked him first if he was willing to, and he'd said yes. If he'd have only said no!

If he had said no he never would have met Mary! He'd never have met Robert either. He hadn't had many friends before he moved to Shetland.

If he could go back in time, to the moment where he said yes, would he change it? Jamie thought for a while. No, he wouldn't. It wasn't worth it, but he wouldn't change it. But how different would his life be if he hadn't said yes, all those years ago!

"Ready to continue moving, Jamie?" Archa called to him.

"Oh, yeah," Jamie replied.

They walked through the eerily silent windfarm. None of the blades were spinning, but that was probably due to the Windites. It reminded Jamie of when Mary, Robert and him went on that walk, ages ago. Would they ever go on a walk like that again?

They passed numbers ninety-seven, then ninety-eight, and then ninety-nine! After half an hour they found one hundred and thirty.

"It's near here!" Henry stated.

Robert felt it was time.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Archaâ !" he said slowly and carefully.

Robert felt the twang of guilt from Archa's mind hit him.

"â !Yesâ !?" he said, looking at him.

"There's something you're not telling me, isn't thereâ !" "

Archa hesitated.

"What is it!?" Robert demanded.

Archa smiled, like he usually did.

"There's nothing, honestly."

"One hundred and Three is here," Mrs Cormier said, pointing.

"We go in then!" Archa said quickly, and walked up to the wind turbine. To its left was a badly covered hole, with steps leading down.

"We'll go first," Mrs Cormier stated, meaning Robert and the ghosts. Robert didn't have much choice, as Mrs Cormier stormed ahead, and he was forced to follow. Jamie walked behind.

The corridor was quite dark, yet in a well-lit way. Jamie noticed a blood stain by the entrance, and a bullet, but he tried to ignore it.

"Wait!" he said to them quietly. "We don't have a plan!"

"We storm in and take them by surprise!" Mrs Cormier said quickly. "Henry and I will attack them, and Archa will hack into the machinery. You and Robert will stay out of the way."

"It's not going to work, they've got *guns!*" Jamie cried. "You said you could be killed while attached! It would take 5 gun shots and the mission has failed!"

"We have to do it quickly then," Archa said. "It will work, trust me."

"Fine, but I'm not just going to sit and watch, I'm going to find Mary," Jamie said stubbornly.

"Very well thenâ !" Archa sighed.

They continued down the corridor. They could hear the machines buzzing.

"If we fail, how long will it be before they begin selling electricity to Europe?" Jamie asked Archa.

"A few months I'd guessâ !" "

So if they failed and were killed, there was still a chance Sam and the anti-Windites could stop it.

They arrived at a corner and stopped.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"They are just around the cornerâ!" Mrs Cormier said.

"You know, we could still turn backâ!" Henry said. The coward!

Mrs Cormier gave him a dirty look.

"Yesâ! I can feel the machineryâ!" Archa said slowly. Robert could feel it too. Along with the deceptionâ!

Archa slowly faded away. Then instantly, alarms started up.

"What the hell is that!?" Miss Manson cried.

Mrs Cormier glided through the guards, and punched them all so hard some of them probably died. Guns began firing. Jamie took advantage of the confusion and ran through to look for Mary.

"MARY! WHERE ARE YOU!!!" He shouted, but he wouldn't be able to hear a reply.

Miss Manson pulled out a gun and pointed it at Mrs Cormier.

"I don't know what, or who you are, but you are NOT going to stop us!!!"

She pulled the trigger, and Mrs Cormier faded away into silver smoke.

Robert could feel her detaching. It was more painful than the original attaching. He cried out in pain.

Mrs Cormier appeared back at the croft house, cursing. How could she have been so foolish!?

Chapter 17

Mary sat in her room. It felt more like a cell than a room. Then the alarms went off, and the gunfire, and screaming. She held her head to the door, trying to hear what was happening. Then she heard Jamie.

"Mary!" he shouted.

She paused, in shock. How had he found her!?

"JAMIE!" she cried eventually. "JAMIE I'M HERE!!"

He'd heard her.

"Mary! You're alive!"

"Can you open the door!" she shouted. More gunshots, and she couldn't hear his reply.

On the other side, Jamie was trying to find out how the door worked. He pushed some random buttons, and it opened! Mary was standing there, so happy to see him. And he was happy to see her!

She ran into his arms, crying with happiness.

"I thought I'd never get out!"

"And I thought you were dead!"

"But how did you find me?"

"Err it's a long story!"

The gunfire stopped.

"Wait, can you hear that?" Jamie said, looking around.

"No."

"Exactly. Let's go see what's going on!"

They walked back towards the battle site. Robert was standing in the middle of the room with his hands in the air. The three guards who were still conscious were holding a gun towards Robert. Archa was beside him.

"Wait, this way!" Mary said, pulling Jamie in another direction.

"Where are we going?"

"They have other prisoners here, we need to free them!"

They went into a room, and inside it was a young woman unconscious.

"She's drugged," Mary said sadly. "Is she Dale's sister?"

Ghosts of the Windfarm

"Dale?" Jamie asked.

"A guard that helped me try to escape. He was shot."

"Oh!"

They went into the next room, which had an old man, who was also drugged. They opened up all the doors, so when they awoke (if they did) they could escape. In the final room however, there was a young boy, who could only be 5, and he was conscious.

"Hey, who are you!?" he cried.

"Oh, um!" Mary said.

"Don't mind us," Jamie said to him. "Stay in here, and we'll come and find you later."

The young boy nodded. They went back out. Mary was livid with anger.

"Kidnapping a boy that age! How dare they!!"

They went back to the centre of the action. Miss Manson was talking to Robert and Archa - gloating, most likely. Henry had probably been shot as well.

Mary picked up a gun from a dead guard's hand. It had blood on it, but that didn't bother Mary. She aimed at one of the guards.

"Mary!" Jamie began to say, but didn't finish. She looked at him. Her eyes were like fire. Jamie was glad she was on his side.

She fired the gun, and it hit the guard's foot. He cried out in pain, and fell down to the ground. She shot the other guard, also in the leg. He was stronger though, and limped towards Jamie and her.

She fired again, and it hit the guard in the stomach. It killed him.

"Oh no!" she cried, sobbing. "I didn't mean to kill him!"

The last guard rammed into her, and took the gun. He gestured with it for them to join Robert and Archa, and they did so. Mary suddenly realised it was her Grandfather, but she didn't say anything. She could ask later.

"Very good!" Miss Manson said, continuing to gloat. Then she saw Jamie.

"No! it can't be!" she said, looking at him.

"What?" he said angrily.

"You look just like your father!"

"What about him!?" Jamie cried.

"It doesn't matter!"

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Robert turned to Archa.

"Did you finish hacking?" he asked.

"No! but Jamie is distracting her! so I could finish!"

Archa slowly and discreetly disappeared.

Mary heard him, and helped Jamie distract her.

"What are you going to do with us?"

"You and your brother are far too valuable to kill-" she began.

"Why?" Mary demanded.

"Did you not know!?" exclaimed Miss Manson, laughing. "Your father knew about us Windites, and was a part of a group trying to stop us!"

Mary was shocked. So that was why she was a hostage!

"So he'll be coming to rescue us!" she said happily.

"But he'll be too late! We'll have sent all the electricity to Finland by then, and he'll never do anything if we hold you hostage!"

She went to type something on the controller. The other guard watched them.

"Wait!" Jamie cried. "What were you gonna say about my father?"

She turned, and looked at him again.

"I assume it was you that took him," Jamie said. "What did you do with him!"

She grinned evilly.

"We killed him!"

Hatred flooded into Jamie. He could run up to her and kill her!

"He wasn't as good as you think he was." She said, tauntingly.

"What do you mean!?" Jamie asked.

Robert could feel Archa hacking. He was almost done! Jamie just needed to stall a bit longer!

"The reason we killed him is because he knew about us," she continued. "I told him!"

"What!" Jamie and Mary said, at the same time.

"We were having an affair."

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Jamie said nothing. He couldn't. Robert even felt Archa stop for a second.

"I thought I could trust him! I was! I was wrong!" Miss Manson said, sadly. "He realised you and your mother were more important, and left me! After that, killing him was easy. In fact, I ENJOYED IT!"

She was half mad!

Jamie wanted to kill her. He could kill her. He *would* kill her!

He dived towards the unsuspecting guard, and grabbed his gun. The guard swung at him, but Mary leapt forward and pulled him to the ground. As he fell Robert punched him on the nose. Jamie held the gun at Miss Manson. She turned quickly and typed on the keyboard.

Jamie hesitated.

"Shoot!" Robert shouted.

He tried. He couldn't.

"Jamie!" Mary said softly. She didn't finish.

Archa appeared next to Robert again. Alarms went off.

"It is done!" he cried.

The computer screen went off. Miss Manson escaped through the door. Jamie did nothing. He wasn't a murderer.

"I'm glad you didn't do it," Mary said. "You shouldn't have to know what it feels like to kill!"

Suddenly Robert cried out in pain. Archa had a flash of guilt on his face. He turned to Jamie.

"I'm sorry, I lied!" he cried. "Robert, I did keep something from you! If someone attached completes their mission, the living person dies!"

Robert looked at him. He couldn't speak; he was in agony.

"But if I get shot, then I won't be attached!" he shouted. "SHOOT ME JAMIE!"

"I can't!"

"SHOOT ME OR ROBERT DIES!!!"

Mary grabbed the gun.

"You're not a murderer!" she cried. "I am!" She fired the gun at Archa. But it was too late. He disappeared into an explosion of silver smoke. Along with Robert.

And it was over.

Chapter 18

"Robert!" Mary shouted. "NO! YOU CAN'T BE DEAD! NO!"

Jamie held her close to him. He was dead. And it was all Archa's fault.

"Weâ we need to goâ !" Jamie managed to say to her.

She couldn't speak. Tears dripped down onto Jamie's arm. Jamie tried not to. He had to be strong. But he couldn't, and began weeping too.

Jamie couldn't remember how long they just stood there, crying. It could have been hours, or it could have been seconds. Eventually, they managed to drag themselves out.

It was almost dark. They slowly made their way down the hill, but they still had miles to go. They said nothing the whole way.

After about half an hour they heard a helicopter flying near them. However, it had a searchlight scanning the hills. Jamie didn't know what it was, but he pulled Mary and himself behind a wind turbine to hide from it. However, it found them.

It landed in an empty patch of flat land near them, and a man with a microphone got out.

"Mary! Robert! JAMIE!" he shouted. It was Sam!

"We'reâ We're here!" Jamie said.

Sam came and took them back to the helicopter, and it flew off. Jamie told him everything, starting with Robert's death. He left out the ghosts, but Sam didn't ask him how they'd done it. He was too upset to wonder. Mary said nothing during the whole trip home.

It landed outside Aith. They climbed out, and walked to the shop.

"We'll deal with the stolen power," Sam said, when Jamie asked about it. "But, one last question, what happened to Miss Manson?"

Jamie suddenly remembered her. He wished he had shot her. But he wasn't a murderer. Mary shouldn't have been either.

"She got away."

They arrived at the shop, and Clarice came running out to greet them.

"You're all alive!" she shouted happily. They went into the shop. It turned out everyone had been staying in the shop, as it had a weak backup energy supply that wasn't affected by the Windites.

"Where's your other son, Robert?" Someone asked eventually. Nobody said anything. Nobody needed to; the silence was enough.

Miss Manson was never found. Police had looked for her, but hadn't found her.

Ghosts of the Windfarm

The windfarm, now without the Windites, began producing more energy and Shetland slowly started getting it's wealth back. Soon the damage would be reversed.

Wilson pleaded guilty to the crime of impersonating a policeman, and was sent to jail for a year and a half. Jamie saw him while going with Mary to visit her mother, and apologised. Wilson had ignored him.

Selena was found, and arrested. She was sent to prison for a life sentence, due to other crimes she had committed. They were both put into the recently constructed Lerwick prison.

Jamie's house had to be knocked down, but the insurance money covered the costs of rebuilding it. They had lost quite a lot, but compared to Robert it was nothing.

Sam never truly recovered from Robert's death. Mary didn't either, but eventually managed to put it to the back of her mind after the funeral.

Mary didn't know if she could make it through the funeral. But she managedâ after many tears - from both her and Jamie.

As they left, Jamie saw something move behind the church.

"Mary look, there!"

"Where, I can't see anything."

They went round to look. Nothing was there.

"I thought I sawâ a ghost," Jamie said. "Sorry."

"You did," a voice behind him said.

They looked around, and Robert was standing there.

"Robert!" Mary cried, and ran towards him. She fell through his body. He was fading away.

"I never said goodbyeâ !" he said.

"Come back!" Mary shouted. "COME BACK!"

And he was gone.

And she was crying again. Jamie couldn't stand to see her cry. He looked into her eyes, and she looked into his.

"Jamieâ !" she said slowly.

Then, they kissed each other.

The end.

Except stories never end. People may live happily ever after, but you can't summarise years of happiness in one sentence. And you can't always presume people do live happily ever after, life isn't like that. Happily ever

Ghosts of the Windfarm

after is just the wait until the next adventureâ !

Ghosts of the Windfarm

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-30 15:28:43