



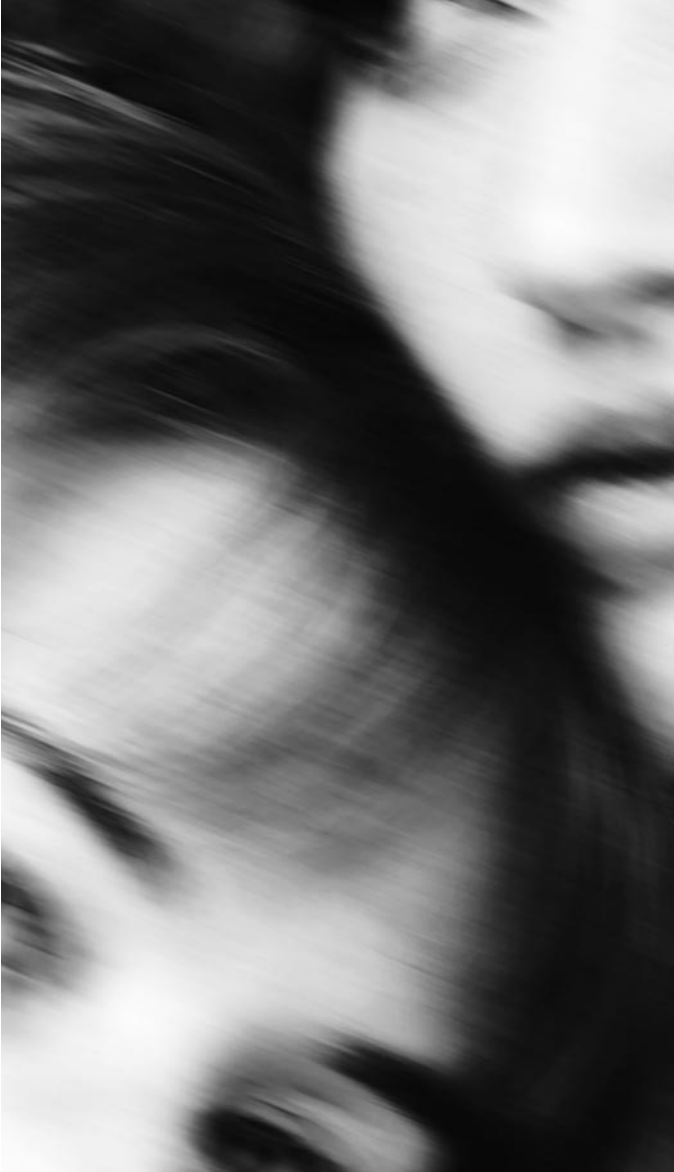
WILLIAM
JACKSON

SHAPES IN THE
DARK

INTRODUCED BY CAROLINE MUNRO



gay horror



*'This guy of yours must be
some kind of psycho.'*

MY FUNNY VALENTINE

EXTRACT

The street lamps cast amber pools on the shiny pavements. The air carried a mild chill as she made her way past rows of dark houses. Along the high street, restaurants were crammed with dotting couples at candlelit tables. The whole world seemed to be celebrating. Ishani turned onto the lonely lane that led to the cemetery beyond the cricket club. Overgrown gravestones sat among tall grasses that whispered in the wind. The funerary statues were like grey corpses wrapped in blankets of shadow. At the far end, a single wooden bench overlooked the graveyard. Ishani sat down. It was almost midnight. She breathed in the cool night air. A barn owl

swooped in a flash of white before gliding up towards the treetops. She felt an icy breeze on the back of her neck then a cold hand on her shoulder. Christa was standing over her. She lifted Ishani and kissed her on the lips. Her long blonde hair was soft against Ishani's cheek as she caressed the back of her neck. 'It's been a long time,' Christa said.

'Too long. I've missed you.'

'This is how it has to be. Did you like the card?'

'Very funny.'

'What have you been doing with your life?'

'The usual. Photo shoots, interviews, drinking bottled water and eating lettuce. You know the sort of thing. How about you?'

Christa kissed Ishani's cheek. 'It's better if you don't know.'

'I wish we could meet more often.'

'We discussed this before.'

'I know, things are complicated. Things are always complicated!'

'I have to be very careful. That will never change. But we didn't come here to talk.' Christa wrapped her arms tight around Ishani. She kissed her throat and breasts as she held her. Suddenly there was a blinding light. And another. And another. Rob shot a whole roll of film on motor wind. Ishani shielded her face with her hands against the flash.

'Gotcha!' he sneered jubilantly.

'For God's sake, Rob. What the hell are you doing here?' Ishani said.

‘I was just a little curious. Wanted to see if you were really meeting some guy at the graveyard. And look what I found, you and your lady love.’

Christa spoke to Ishani, ignoring Rob. ‘Who is this man?’

‘The photographer I was working with today.’

‘He is a fool.’

‘Hey! I’m standing right here, you know. Maybe you should think twice about calling me names, darling. I could easily end your girlfriend’s career.’

Christa moved towards him. He took a step back.

‘How would you do that?’

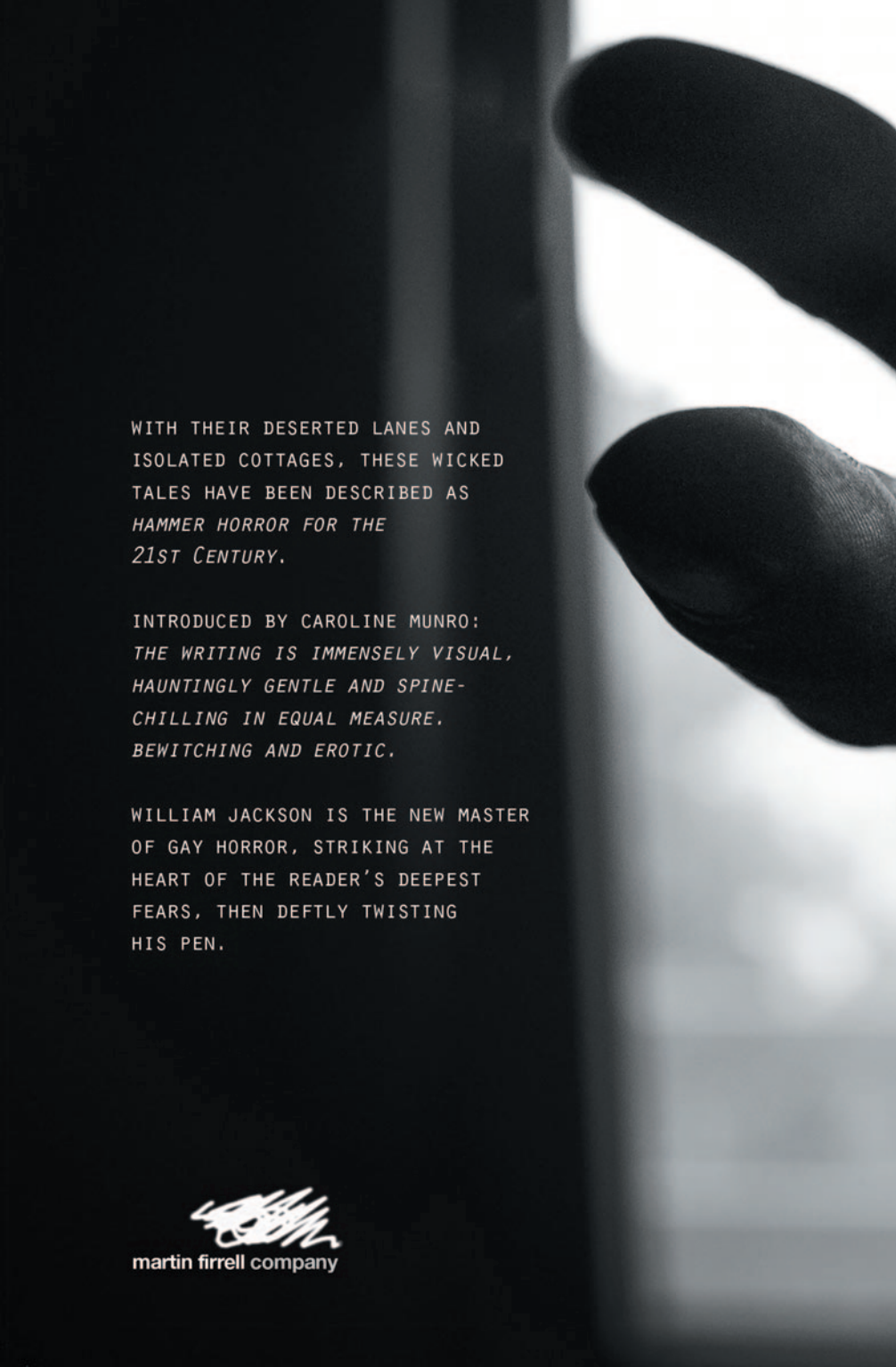
‘If the press find out the lovely Ishani Kapoor likes girls, it’ll finish her. I could make sure your little romance gets splashed all over the tabloids.’

‘The world may be more enlightened than you think,’ Christa said.

‘Maybe, maybe not. Would you like to put it to the test?’ He directed this question at Ishani. She went to Christa’s side and took her hand.

‘What exactly do you want, Rob? You’re after more than a scoop for the *Daily Mail*.’

*



WITH THEIR DESERTED LANES AND
ISOLATED COTTAGES, THESE WICKED
TALES HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS
*HAMMER HORROR FOR THE
21ST CENTURY.*

INTRODUCED BY CAROLINE MUNRO:
*THE WRITING IS IMMENSELY VISUAL,
HAUNTINGLY GENTLE AND SPINE-
CHILLING IN EQUAL MEASURE.
BEWITCHING AND EROTIC.*

WILLIAM JACKSON IS THE NEW MASTER
OF GAY HORROR, STRIKING AT THE
HEART OF THE READER'S DEEPEST
FEARS, THEN DEFTLY TWISTING
HIS PEN.



martin firrell company