

# THAT ACCURST WELL

A short English tale

Though formerly I was among those who said, land cannot be owned, it being the aught of Kind or maybe Godhood if one wish to outwardly shove the belief in the bearing better befitting Cristendom or the like troths; the waxing worths of houses in Beverly Hills and the nettlesomeness of the neighbors drove me and my kin away from the little house of our abode, and myself alone to buy a cheap field in the unembodied fellowred by Los Angeles, Kagel Canyon; where I was made to live upon that uncouth weening to upkeep my livelihood. Nor did I think myself as doing so foul a sin, by buying a plot of land smaller than most, whereby I could hardly bode myself a Master over Kind or God's shaping. This fulfilled me.

So I hired a sunderly bondsman to build myself a house on that field, which unbeknownst to me needed first to be evened out since it was at the slighest steepness; but after that the building went as well as I could have hoped for, and the house was rightly as pretty, albeit onefold in its framing.

It was not long after I had shrithen into that house, which by the way was on the other side of the road from the Kagel Canyon graveyard, and adone the hedge begoing the lot that it look the comelier; that another maith bought the plot next to and on the nether side of the hill from mine. And on their first day I greeted them in keeping with the law of friendliness like the good neighbor I was.

But on whatever grounds, they didn't take to me so kindly (to put it in lither words), even their little one. This, I thought, is what a month's-worth of house-shifting can do to you. So I shook it off, wishing as ever to be the greater man, who doesn't bear ill-will.

Then, one morning as I lay in bed bethinking my growing wish to buy some livestock, my earlier-held beliefs about such ownership a little bit waning owing to the greater behoof it should bring me; I heard a knock on my foredoor. So I uneathly arose from bed and went to see who it was.

Opening the door while still in my underwear, I saw the couth leer of my new neighbor, the man of the house, staring at me starkly.

"Oh, hello neighbor!" I said.

"Yes..." he spoke stiffly. "There's a sundry, small deal of your land that should hold groundwater. Thousand dollars for it, so I can dig a well?"

Well that was blunt, I thought.

"Hmm... Will I have access to the well too?"

"Not as I forethink it. The water piping should already yield you enough water to drink. So thousand bucks for the well, or nay?"

"Well, I'm still thinking... How broad's the spot you want rightly?"

"Let's say five-and-thirty by five-and-thirty feet. Deal or not?"

"What's your name?"

"Drake." That was his last name. His eyes, and truly overall leer, were unyielding.

"Well enough. One thousand dollars for the spot. You pick, only make it at the yard's edge, will ya?"

"Yes, we can do that." He straight handed me the fee, all in shat. "Now what shall be the token of this oath?"

"Uhh, I dunno... Umm, how about... I'll write it up. Lemme go do that now." And I fetched a sheet to write on, and wrote the kind of this deal, wrote my token, and handed him it.

He wrote his on it as well, shook my hand, and went off, foreguessedly to ready the digging of such a well, by the look on his leer.

I got myself ready for the day and ate my breakfast.

It was unwishenly loud and nettlesome, those forthcoming days at my house, owing to the building of that accurst well, which, in my keener mindframe I wished I hadn't yolden so readily to that unkind, swikel-looking man. But it was not so evil, since I could spend much of my time at the workstead, far away from such unstillings.

It took nigh a month, before that well was fully dug and its head built about it, so I could bide at home whole days frithfully once more.

Nevertheless I took maybe too much out of my free time abiding for when they would ever draw water from that well, which I myself was forbidden, in keeping with the oath, from brooking.

I could seldom walk by my fore-windows without taking a braid to look out upon that well and see if someone were at last coming by it to withdraw. But such a time never came.

Truly, weeks bewent, living in that house, where I saw not a soul go near that well, or, along such lines, out to the yard on their side of the hedge, hardly even the little boy.

Why, then, did they go through such work to underfang and then timber it? That I could not understand, so I set my mind not to fand the idle end.

One night, as I was nearly asleep in my bed, at rather late a stound, I was unsettled by the svey of heavy footsteps and rustling, coming from near my neighbor's end of the land.

I could not sleep till I went and saw what was befalling outside at so otherwise still a stound; so I got up, donned by breeches, fetched my lightener, and so warily opened the foredoor, that gateway to the blinding pitch-swart of night, whereon the new Moon shed not a mote of light.

The svey that I was hearing got the louder and even heightened with a thud, yet I boldly shone the lightener in its bearing, beholding Mr. Drake and a few other men, right by the well in the field and went toward it, staring eerily back at me, their eyes selly sheen and greenish as I cast the light upon them.

Their fremmedly standing bodies shocked aback and they ran off toward the Drake house, as if my light besmote them. The door shut behind them.

"Hey!" I yelled. But foreseenly no answer came.

The next morning the Drakes' wain was not in their driveway, nor themselves in their house. Further, many, but not all, of their belongings had been taken as well.

When I went to my work and came back, such abode true, everything unshifted too.

Thereafter I never again saw the Drake maith, nor the two men who were with the Mister that one night. That, I thought, was for the better.

And only some long time later durst I go near that well, though seeing nothing markworthy within it.

And thereafter my life at that Kagel Canyon house became frithful again.