

Part 2: Denial

Finding the cemetery wasn't the problem. It was finding whatever he was meant to find inside it that proved to be a little more tricky.

Founded in 1831, this was one of the first cemeteries to be designed with nature in mind, utilizing the natural beauty of the tranquil land to give visitors a sense of peace. Many fountains, monuments and chapels were also constructed throughout to add another accent of man-made beauty. Locating a single unknown something in the middle of the bare, winter trees scattered artistically throughout the cemetery was beyond frustrating and much more time consuming than he thought.

After walking down path after path, glancing at hundreds of graves, Peter glanced at his watch. Almost 9:00. *I can't make Astrid wait much longer*, he thought. He'd take one last look up the next hill and then he'd call it quits. It was a stupid idea to believe a prank caller anyway.

Tightly pulling the collar of his black pea coat closed as the bitter wind blew through the bare trees, he continued walking down a path named Oak Avenue. The graves on this hill seemed newer compared to all those from the 1800s that he walked past, and as he walked up the hill encompassed by old oak trees, he noticed a fence further ahead that blocked the steep drop at the end. It was near the edge of the hill that something caught his eye. At first he thought he merely read it wrong or maybe he was too far away to clearly read the name engraved on the tombstone, but the closer he came, the more he could hear the pounding of his heart in his ears.

The epitaph read 'Peter Bishop, 1978-1985'.

He chuckled to himself in disbelief. This must be someone's sick attempt at a joke. Someone he owed money? Someone from the mafia who wanted to scare him? As far as he knew he didn't die in 1985. He was living proof of that.

"This is crazy!" he said, quickly turning around and walking away, not once taking a look back. He wanted to ignore the feeling deep in the pit of his stomach that he *knew* and he *had known* for a long time that something just wasn't right, something just didn't fit. He shook his head angrily. "It's not me!"