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# My Grey Dress

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By Maureen Whittle

I'm going to put my grey dress on and go for a walk through the field that runs alongside the churchyard. It's a breezy day, perhaps too cold for a dress but it is my favourite and I like to wear it. Maybe I'll bump into my friend with her dog, Peggy. She walks there every day in all weathers and I think she must find it odd to see me in a grey dress when it's raining and she is wearing waterproof clothing . But she is very polite and never comments or asks me about it.

From the top of the field I can see her, I wave and Peggy sets off running towards me wagging her tail and 'smiling' as only dogs can, tongue lolling out, eyes bright with affection. It makes my day! I stroke her and cuddle her all the while telling her owner ( I do not yet know her name) what a truly lovely dog she is. She laughs at Peggy wagging her tail so energetically then tells her it's time to head for home so off they both go. I walk with them for a little way and then carry on with my walk alone, " till tomorrow " I call to them but I think my voice is lost on the breeze.

Today as I put my grey dress on I decide I will introduce myself to Peggy's owner. I have walked with her in companionable silence for many years now and it feels like the right time. I hope they come today or I may lose my nerve.

As I reach the field I start looking out for them but I needn't have worried, there they are. Oh I'm so excited! I call out to them and Peggy starts running towards me wagging her tail for all she's worth. I join them and tell her owner that my name is Hannah and ask hers, but she doesn't answer, just calls Peggy to her and moves away as if she can't see or hear me. I go after her and say my name again, but I'm wasting my time, of course she doesn't answer me - the last person to see me was the man who murdered me on this field in 1896.

