

“Oh, horror! Oh, agony!”

The terrible ghost responded by clanking his chains together. “YOU SHALL PAY FOR THE SINS OF YOUR SISTER.”

“No, no! Please, I beg of you, no!”

Rain poured from the sky over the tormented man. He fell to his knees and let out a scream of internal agony. The ghost, being a ghost, stayed dry.

“This...rain! This awful rain! It pours down upon me like the sins of my cursed sister—no, no, my poor sister! I must not forsake them. It is them or I. Oh horrible spirit, what must I do to save my kin?”

The ghost didn’t respond.

“I said...oh horrible spirit, what must I do to save my kin!”

“OH. SORRY. I WAS CHECKING THE WEATHER FORECAST. IT WASN’T SUPPOSED TO RAIN TODAY.”

The man nodded apologetically. “It always does this when I’m in existential agony. Sorry.”

The ghost was confused, but he continued. “TO PAY FOR YOUR BLOODLINE’S SINS, YOU MUST MAKE ME A GHOST BRIDE.”

“Oh no! This task is conveniently pertinent to my college studies in paranormal science!”

“ONLY YOU CAN DO IT. I AM SO LONELY. I WANT SOMEONE TO LOVE. SOMEONE TO CALL MY OWN. SOMEONE TO— “

“Wait. How am I supposed to make you a ghost bride? You know I can’t just make a ghost.”

“WELL. YOU’D HAVE TO KILL SOMEONE. I KNOW THE PERSON I WANT. YOU JUST HAVE TO KILL HER.”

The man was distraught. “Oh, to take a human life in order to preserve another! But I shall comply. Who is it you wish?”

The ghost cleared his throat and looked down, ashamed.

“UH, YOUR SISTER.”

“What! No, I will never kill my own sister! And I will never let her marry an awful creature like you! What will you do if I don’t?”

“UH...KILL YOUR SISTER.”

“So...either way, my sister is going to die?”

“DON’T POINT THAT OUT.”

“It’s a pretty major plot hole.”

‘IT ADDS DRAMA.’