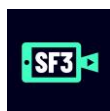


Timeless Crones

by Elizabeth Hodgson

There are a group of women in your town, your city. It's not a large group. Sometimes it's a very small group. But it's a group all the same. Everyone, including you, knows of this group but no-one knows them. These women are old. Not just old like your granny. But old. Older than anyone else you've ever known about. And they're always there at every funeral for an elderly person. No-one calls them. They know when to appear. They talk respectfully of the deceased. They eat all the little sandwiches. Drink all the tea. Don't offer them sherry. They will drink the whole bottle. One legend says that not one of these strange and ancient women will die. Another legend says they are already dead.



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