

Welcome

Boondox

Once upon a time, a tale seldom told of a man they called a monster the keeper of the crows. They say he was mad about his murder in his own particular way. See as a child he had no friends so only with the birds he would play. He grew with them as they grew with him. What a wonderful bird one day they would be. Together like feathers on wings out stretched waiting, watching. Which victim is next? As the corn fields rustle and the roses then part. Rest assured that the scarecrow is coming for your heart. Your eyes are for his crows he says it gives them sight. Then your head becomes a Jack-o'-lantern forever carved in fright. Be careful my friends for he knows you are close and if he has his way he'll have your life and your ghost. Welcome to the murder!