

# BONEYARD

JANET LORIMER



**PAGETURNERS®**

# Chapter 1

Willa Roberts parked her car at the top of the bluff. She got out. For a moment she stood quietly staring out across the ocean. Today the surf was smooth. Blue water mirrored blue sky. Gentle waves broke into creamy foam on the shore. Seagulls swooped overhead. Their cries broke the silence.

She thought about other times she'd stood here. Times when it was stormy. Or nights when the moon was full. She thought about the bloody battle that had been fought on the beach. It had been two hundred years ago.

She remembered things she'd seen. Sounds she'd heard there. They were strange sights and sounds she couldn't explain.

Willa shivered. She loved Wreckers Cove. But sometimes it was just a little too spooky.

*Every time I stand on this bluff, I feel like I've gone back in time,* Willa thought. *There's so much history here. Too bad it's about to be destroyed.*

She glared at the new sign. It had just been posted at the top of the bluff.

**Welcome to Wreckers Cove**  
**Future Site of the Wreckers Cove Resort**  
**Another Project of Anderson Enterprises**

Anderson Enterprises was the company owned by Roger Anderson. He was a local land developer. He claimed to have the town's best interests at heart. But Willa wasn't so sure. Her hometown was becoming nothing but a tourist trap.

Tomorrow morning the cove would change. Heavy equipment and noisy construction workers would be all over

this place. Within a few months, the resort would block the public view. Local people wouldn't be able to get down to the cove. Roger planned to keep the cove for his paying customers.

*I sure hope the locals agree that it was worth it,* Willa thought sadly.

The sound of laughter and shouts broke through her thoughts. She glanced over her shoulder. Two teens ran toward the path that led down to the beach. One of them was tall with dark hair. He was carrying a couple of boogie boards. Willa recognized him at once. He was Steve, Roger Anderson's son.

Running behind him was a smaller boy with blond hair. He was loaded down with towels, water bottles, and sunscreen. Willa had never seen him before. He must be a newcomer.

The tall boy plunged down the steep path. The blond-haired boy slowed and stopped. Anderson's sign had caught his attention.



“Hey, Steve,” he called out to his friend. “Why is this place called Wreckers Cove?”

Steve didn’t stop or glance back. “Who cares?” he yelled over his shoulder. “Maybe there used to be an auto wrecking yard here. Come on, Danny, the waves look perfect.”

Danny frowned. “An auto wrecking yard?” he said. “Right on the beach? That’s dumb!”

“And wrong,” Willa said. She couldn’t help herself. The history of this town was important to her. She didn’t often have a chance to talk about it.

Danny glanced at Willa, noticing her for the first time. “What do you mean?”

“The town of Wreckers Cove is named after this place,” Willa said. Then she smiled and introduced herself. “I happen to love history,” she added.

Danny smiled back. “Me too,” the boy said. He shook her hand. “But what does *wrecker* mean?” he asked.

She pointed down at the beach. “See how protected the cove looks?”

Danny nodded.

“It’s not really a safe place,” she said. “A few hundred yards out in the ocean, there’s a nasty reef. Steep rocks rise up under the water. Some of them are as sharp as sharks’ teeth.”

The boy frowned. “So?”

“The Wreckers were people who lived in this area two hundred years ago,” Willa said. “At one time they had been smugglers. Then they decided to stay here. They lured ships onto the reef. In those days the wooden ships easily broke up on the rocks. That’s where the word *wreckers* comes from. First the Wreckers wrecked the ships. Then they stole the cargo.”

“Wow!” Danny said. “So they were really like pirates.”

Willa nodded.

“Hey, Danny!” Steve was already on his boogie board. He sounded impatient.

Danny sighed. "I guess I'd better get down there," he said. "But I'd really like to hear more about the Wreckers."

"I'll walk with you," Willa said. "I love the beach this time of day."

When they reached the sand, Danny spread out a towel. They sat down.

Steve hadn't waited around. He was already paddling out to meet the waves.

"What kind of cargo did the smugglers get?" Danny asked.

"All kinds of things," Willa said. "Silk and lace. Fine china. Gold coins."

"What about the people on the ships? What happened to the sailors and the passengers?" he asked.

"Well, that's the ugly part of our town's history," she said. "Some of the people drowned when the ships smashed on the rocks. But the Wreckers couldn't afford to leave any witnesses. They made sure that any survivors never made it off the beach."

Danny's eyes widened. "You mean they murdered the rest of the people?"

She nodded. "They sure did. The Wreckers murdered a lot of innocent people to cover up their crimes."

"Wow, what a story!" he said. "How long did this go on? Someone must have gotten suspicious after a while."

"Oh yes, there were plenty of complaints," Willa said. "But remember that news traveled slowly in those days. No Internet. No email. No cell phones."

Danny laughed.

"The governor finally realized there was a problem," Willa went on. "He sent the army to Wreckers Cove. The soldiers found stolen cargo hidden in people's homes and barns. Right here on this beach there was a bloody battle between the soldiers and the Wreckers."

"Who won?" he asked.

"The soldiers, of course," she said. "In

fact, most of the Wreckers were killed that day. People say that on stormy nights here at the cove, you can still hear their ghosts wailing and moaning.”

**PAGETURNERS® | SUSPENSE**

# BONEYARD

The beach town of Wreckers Cove is rugged, beautiful, and just a little spooky—the perfect place for a new resort. Construction stops when hundreds of human bones are found. The developer promises to bury them quickly. But soon chilling things begin to happen.

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ANNE SCHRAFF

ROSES RED  
AS BLOOD

**PAGETURNERS®**

# Chapter 1

Julie Benson was a worrier. She had been one for as long as anyone could remember. “Stop fussing about every little thing,” her mother used to say. “Or you’re going to be miserable every day of your life!”

Now Julie was twenty-one. She was engaged to be married. There were no wedding plans yet. But she knew she’d be bridezilla. She would have to be careful. She didn’t want to stress out her husband-to-be, Mark Case.

“Mark,” Julie had said to her fiancé. “Please help me to relax and stay calm. I know it’s not life or death if the cake isn’t absolutely perfect.”

Mark had laughed. He was a good-natured, even-tempered man. “Hey, babe,

we could always elope,” he’d said. “That would work for me.”

“Oh no!” Julie had cried. “I’ve dreamed of walking down the aisle in a long white dress all my life. I will look fabulous. And all of our friends and relatives will be smiling.”

“Okay,” Mark said. “But to me you’re just as beautiful in jeans and one of my T-shirts.”

Mark had gone off to a business conference in LA. Today, Julie was having lunch with a friend, Michelle Thomas. Both women worked at the same bank. Julie was leafing through a bridal magazine as she picked at her salad.

“I’ve made up my mind about one thing. I don’t want that strapless look,” Julie said. “I want to look demure.”

“Forget demure,” Michelle said. “Go for awesome. And by the way, when is Mr. Right getting back? It seems like he’s been away for ages.”

Julie wondered if Michelle might be a little bit jealous. She had seen the signs. Michelle wanted to get married too. But dating in the age of Tinder was hard. And her friend had terrible luck. Why wouldn't Michelle envy Julie's life? The poor thing kept dating Mr. Wrong.

"Mark is coming back tonight. We're having dinner at that new French restaurant. The place with a view of the bay," Julie said.

"Ooh la la," Michelle said. She stabbed a piece of lettuce with her fork. "He's a nice guy, Julie. But did you ever wonder if he isn't too old for you? He's past thirty, isn't he?"

"Yeah, so? He's a few months past thirty. But he's perfect for me. I need somebody who's steady and mature. I'm an airhead sometimes," Julie said with a little laugh.



After work that day, Julie tracked Mark's flight on her phone. Then she drove directly

to the airport. He had been away for five days. She missed him so much.

They had been dating for just a year. He'd become such a part of her life she now felt she'd always known him. He was the first person she thought of every morning and night.

Julie pulled up to the curb. She spotted Mark immediately. It took him just a minute to stash his luggage inside the trunk. He climbed in beside her.

She turned toward him and waited for his kiss. Every time they met he gave her a kiss. This time was different. "Let's get going." Mark was curt.

What? Julie was surprised. "Hey, Mark, is everything okay with you?" she asked.

"Yeah, fine," he said.

Wow! What a bad mood. Julie was shocked. Something must have really gone wrong in LA. Usually, they were always

able to talk about things. But now he just stared out the window with a grim look on his face.

“You still want to have dinner at that new French restaurant?” she asked.

“Whatever,” he said.

“What’s wrong, honey? You seem so stressed,” Julie said softly.

“I’m stressed? You’re the one who’s always so uptight, not me,” Mark said. “I think you’re getting things mixed up.”

She felt a knot forming in her stomach. What was going on? Mark simply wasn’t himself. It was as if the man she loved had gone to LA and an entirely different guy had come back. What had become of the real Mark Case?

A light drizzle began to fall as she drove on. The windshield wipers slapped back and forth. The repetitive sound added to her nervousness. She glanced over at Mark. He



was impatiently tapping his fingers on his briefcase. Their eyes met. She was startled to see how sad he looked. What was going on? She'd never seen such an unhappy look on his face. His odd behavior made her nerves jangle.

"You sure everything went okay in LA?" Julie asked. "You planned so long for that seminar—"

"I told you! Everything went just fine," Mark snapped. "And how about your week, Julie?" he asked hostilely. "Did you do anything that was especially fun?"

What a strange question. He knew she'd been working all week. What would be fun about that? "It was the same old-same old, Mark. I really missed you, though."

Her warm remark didn't seem to soften him. The rain was coming down harder now. Blinding sheets hammered against

the windshield. Gusts of wind shook the car. Julie was so worried. She didn't see the yellow light ahead of her turn red.

“Look out!” Mark screamed.

Julie hit the brakes. The car skidded to a stop.

**PAGETURNERS®** | SUSPENSE

# ROSES RED AS **BLOOD**

Julie's parents object to her engagement to Mark. They really like Zach. Julie's now worried about the frightening change in her fiancé's personality. Why has he suddenly become so angry and suspicious? Looking for a shoulder to cry on, she confides in her pal Zach.

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