

Wisplurkers

Episode 005. The Shadows Take Human Form

Alf Grimley, the night watchman, didn't hear anything. He read his paper, drank his tea, ate the chocolate biscuits and dozed in his chair. The dark hours of the night passed him by.

On the first floor, in the long narrow room at the very end of the corridor, the moon suddenly appearing from behind the fast moving clouds. Its silvery, blue light shone extra bright through the sightless window. Swirls of dust and dirt, blown in through the window, swept across the bare, grimy floorboards. In this sad, deserted room filled with wires, cables and broken telephones belonging to another time, something was moving.

Three eerie, grey shadows detached themselves from the darkest corner. Had anyone seen, they would have thought them nothing more than dirty marks on the faded wallpaper. More than just stains? *Oh* yes.

The shadows slithered, soundlessly down the wall. They moved across the floor, until they reached the centre of the room. It seemed their very presence heightened the strange, piercing humming noise and amplifying the sound that filled the still air.

Slowly, but surely, the shadows shifted and changed. They grew, filled out and extended upwards. Gradually, their one dimensional shape became solid with human forms. The Wisplurkers were here and now.

Soon the silhouette shapes of three humans, stood straight and firm. They stretched their limbs to ease their stiffened joints, and moved shadowy bodies within shadowy clothes.

Their dim outlines shimmered slightly against the moonlight. Three pairs of bulging eyes suddenly sprang open revealing large, yellow orbs. The creatures didn't move for sometime. They stood very still. Listening. Ignoring the noise of thousands of voices filling the room. Then, as if by a sign, the noise dropped to absolute silence.

The Wisplurkers waited.

There was a very slight sound just beyond the room. It came from the long narrow corridor, and footsteps on the other side of the closed door. The three creatures waited patiently. Bright, amber eyes faced the door. Any second now it would open, and each knew what it had to do. They had waited so long. Years. Decades. Now was the time to act!



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Wisplurkers. By Maggie C.

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