

Wisplurkers

Episode 009. "I think we should investigate"

"It's a mystery right here in our town, *that's what*", said Toby.

"Our very boring town. The most exciting thing that's ever happened was when someone pinched Mayor Pootle's limo to go joyriding, and crashed it into the public toilets outside the Town Hall. You remember Harold Pootle was using them at the time. That was ages ago."

Lloyd knew his friend was up to something. He was all fired up.

"So, all right. An old building burns down, then the night-watchman goes missing. So Mr Detective, what does that tell you?" Lloyd answered his own questions, slowly in case his friend still hadn't got it. "It means the old man starts the fire himself, then, scared, he runs off with his wife."

"But that's what I'm saying," Toby tried to explain. Lloyd acted really thick at times. "S'pose he didn't, but he knows who really started the fire. S'pose the 'fire starter' -."

"Arsonist," interrupted his friend.

Toby glared at him. "Whatever. S'pose the arsonist suspects Grimley knows this and decides to shut him up. S'pose he then has to do away with Mrs Grimley as well, in case Alf has told her too."

He didn't appear to be getting through to his friend, who still didn't look convinced.

"S'pose their bodies are buried, — somewhere."

Lloyd just shrugged uninterested, "So?"

They turned into the street where Matt Jameson lived in a small semi detached house, with his sister Kylie and their mother. The twins were standing outside their gate waiting for their friends to arrive, before all four walked the short distance to their school, Sir Basil Humble High.

As they strolled along, Toby told them about the disappearing Grimleys. He was hoping this time to get more interest in this piece of local news.

"Do you think the fire killed the ghost?" asked Matt his thoughts elsewhere.

"Don't be daft," scoffed Lloyd. "You can't kill something that's already dead."

"There was no ghost," stated Kylie wisely, and matter - of - factly.

"Well Tom Stamford seemed to think —," answered Matt hitching his school bag onto his other

shoulder. What with all the books and his football kit he had to carry, the bag was very heavy.

"Oh and if Stamford says something," smirked his sister, "It has to be the truth. Just because he can stop a few goals now and again."

Her brother stopped suddenly in the street causing Toby, who was dragging his feet behind them and staring at the ground, to bump into him.

"A few goals now and again," Matt repeated, horrified at Kylie's lack of football knowledge. "Tom's by far the best goalie we've ever had in the Sir Basil's First Team." His face lit up as he remembered the match the day before.

"He saved the ball when that Highfield Grange striker was given a penalty, didn't he?"

"Well?"

"Well, doesn't that prove he's the best."

"No. It means he's as boring as all the other footballers."

Lloyd joined in, "What a save. That player should never have been given that penalty shot. He was definitely offside."

"But the way O'Connor dribbled the ball round their number ten it was sheer genius. And then he shot way past the defence and into the net."

Lloyd and Matt flung their arms in the air in a salute, and shouted together.

"GOAL!"

They then sang, as loud as possible, the chant.

"Oh Yeh! — Oh yeh! Oh yeh! Oh yeh!"

To the obvious amusement of some of the people in the street and the annoyance of others.

Kylie sighed unimpressed with the whole subject, "Then what happened? Oh yes. Stamford let in two more, and the other side won by three to one. It's a daft game anyway. Who cares who wins?"

"Football's the most important game there is," Matt wasn't going to let Kylie get away with remarks like that one. "If it doesn't matter who wins, why were you there last evening cheering on the school's team?"

Kylie didn't answer.

"I know why," said her brother unkindly. "Because you wanted to stand close to Lloydie."

Kylie blushed crimson and so did Lloyd.

“Shut up,” Kylie was close to tears. The humiliation. Wait until she had her brother on his own. Matt laughed. He’d won.

“I really hate you at times, Matthew Jameson.”

The school gates loomed and Toby caught them up. He thought it was time he had his say.

“Never mind all that. Do you not think there’s something very strange about the Grimleys just disappearing like that. What about the fire? I think we should investigate!”

Three voices spoke together. “NO.”

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Wisplurkers. By Maggie C.

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