

Wisplurkers

Episode 022. Brack: 'The Most Feared One'

"He's gone."

Back at the Grimleys' house, the dark shadowy form kept well hidden in the furthest corner of the dusty room. His companion, stooping down at the side of the sideboard, blinked and rotated his large, yellow eyes a couple of times to make sure they didn't wobble and fall out again. Even so, when his eye balls were still again, the left one was looking at the floor, the right was staring up at the ceiling.

"Do you think Mr Myers will come back?" asked Derek.

"Of course," answered Sol. "He said he would and he usually keeps his word."

A low hum was growing into a louder muttering, as the crowd of two hundred and seventy one, blue and black speckled Mutterbugs, scuttled across the ceiling. Some navigated around the door frame to join the other three thousand, five hundred and thirty four Mutterbugs clinging to the walls and ceiling in the hall, up the narrow staircase and along the landing at the top. They all chattered, the noise getting louder until it pierced the unnatural stillness. Their constant scurrying, hither and thither, caused small flakes of plaster, large grey cobwebs and specks of dust to fall from the ceiling onto the shabby furniture below.

"What do we do now?" asked Derek as he watched a *Sredips*, with its large soft and squelchy white furry body, about the size of a small tin lid, and short fat legs run out from a darkest corner of the ceiling and pounce on a Mutterbug. With much gnashing and crunching it ate the beetle with obvious satisfaction, before it then ran back to its corner. Even though its furry body was bright, it still seemed to disappear amongst the accumulated spiders' webs.

"We stay here -- and wait," answered Sol.

"But I'm hungry," wailed Derek. His eyes had now settled down but meant he looked sideways at his ears.

"So am I. It's just like Myers to find himself a nice juicy hoomum shadow, and go off like that without any thought or consideration. That's three meals he's had today." Sol was thoughtful, "I suppose I could go outside and reconnoitre --."

"Reccy what?" asked Derek.

"Have a look and see if there's any more hoomums about," said Sol deciding it was easier to explain it that way to such a bone-headed Wisplurker.

"Ooooh yes. Can I come too?" Derek said, squinting uncertainly down the length of his nose, and trying once again to roll his eyeballs into their proper place.

"Definitely not," insisted Sol. "I shall be risking life and limb out there. The sun is shining at the moment, and I might be able to find a hoomum's shadow if I'm lucky, but you know how it can change. It'll mean I must keep to the other shadows made by the houses and trees, so as not to be caught out. If the Dull comes --," he didn't need to finish the sentence.

Derek shuddered at the thought, "If you are caught in the Dull --," he gulped, "then you'll--," gulp, "dissolve to nothing. You'll be a Non-being." Double gulp! The dreaded Dull was Derek's next but one worst fear. All the Wisplurkers were frightened of the *Dull*. It was that awful time between dark and light, or when the sky is covered in clouds. It was that moment when there are no shadows and so nowhere to hide. It was when a Wisplurker could easily become -- *A Non-being*. As everyone knows a Non-being is something that is there, -- yet isn't there!

"Exactly. So you stay here and keep an eye --," he remembered Derek's 'little problem'. "On second thoughts, stand guard in case Brack should find his way here."

Brack, even worse than the Dull. Brack, 'The Most Feared One' and Derek's real fear. The very name of this terrible Red-eye Wisplurker caused his knees to knock and his eyes to spin out of control.

Brack was bad. Real bad. They'd heard the rumours he did bad things, to any Yelloweye Wisplurker he captured.

Derek wasn't sure. He just knew that 'standing guard' didn't sound a sensible thing to have to do. He tried to reason it out but, for him, that was an impossible task.

"If 'The Most Feared One' comes here," he struggled to understand. "I'm alone, on my own, by myself and with no-one else. What shall I do?"

"Don't worry about it," dismissed Sol. "You'll think of something."

"But Sol don't leave me."

His worries were ignored.

Sol slid down the wall and, slowly like a snake, slithered across the worn carpet and up to the open window. Before Derek could blink, Sol was gone leaving him quite alone in the house. That is, except for the three thousand, eight hundred and one Mutterbugs and five *Sredips*. No. Three thousand, seven hundred and ninety six Mutterbugs and five full-up *Sredips*.

Derek didn't like this at all. Even if the sun was shining through the slit between the curtains, the dark corners were scary. What if Brack was hiding in one? He wasn't brave, not like Mr Myers and Sol. The Mutterbugs babbled all around him, and to ease his loneliness, Derek babbled back, which was a waste of time because he couldn't speak *Mutterbugese*.

It seemed ages before Derek heard a noise just outside the broken window. It was a slurping, slithering sound. It made quite a pleasant tune with Derek's knees banging in time, his teeth clicking with fright and the chattering from the Mutterbugs.

Slurp, slurp, click, bang, slurp, chatter, chatter, slither-slide.

A shape slowly formed at the window. It bulged in all the wrong places, and twisted and turned. It was a shape so ugly, Derek gasped with fear. His eyeballs stayed still and he stared straight ahead at the shadow, as it climbed in through the window and slid noiselessly towards him. What could he do? Where could he hide? It was an 'orrible sight. *Was it Brack?*

Derek opened his mouth to speak, to yell, to scream, but nothing came out. It was moving closer. He tried again, making his shadow tongue spit out the words through chattering teeth.

"Whoooo g --- g-- goes th -- th -- there? F-f-f-fred or F-f-flo? Whooo is it?" he stammered.

"It's me, you idiot," Sol was beside Derek and he didn't sound happy. "You make a noise like a demented owl with your whooooo, and it's not F-fred or F-flo, it's friend or foe."

Sol settled himself back in his corner. He was cross. Derek could tell he was cross by the way he flicked the budgie seed, scattered on the sideboard, at the nearest Mutterbug. The beetle had been snoozing and snoring in peace, and was rudely woken up. It scurried away, out of the line of fire, muttering and chuntering with annoyance.

"There's nothing out there in the street. Nothing," Sol growled. "Not a hoomum or tasty shadow in sight. Only a scrawny dog, and its shadow was no more than a snack."

"So," ventured Derek, "what do we do now?"

"We wait. Now leave me alone," snapped back Sol, and slithered and concertina-ed down the wall until he was just a black, shapeless, sulky blob.

"I do hope Mr Myers comes back soon," sighed Derek.

—

Episode 022. Brack: 'The Most Feared One'

Wisplurkers. By Maggie C.

Go to www.wisplurkers.net, to read the latest episode of the Wisplurkers and subscribe to her blog to get instant updates as she posts them.

Maggie C. wants to hear from you with your comments, suggestions and ideas about this story before it is published as a book.

If your ideas are used, Maggie C. will acknowledge you with a credit in the book when it is printed.

[Copyright](#) © 2000-2007.

