

The Cacklers

I am awoken by the sudden sound of silence. I get out of bed and am embraced by an icy gust of wind. I look out my old wooden window, it is still dark and I am surprised to see a small figure standing down on the edge of the street. He looks a long way down from here, since my bedroom is in the attic, but I can tell he is suspicious. I slam the window shut and get back into bed. I spend the rest of the night under the covers.

In the morning I run outside to see if the man is still there and he's not. Days go by and he is there every night, just standing there like a statue, but it is strange that he disappears by the morning; I always wonder where he goes, so I decide to stay awake tonight.

Darkness fills my room, I get out of my bed slowly and open my window and I am not surprised to see him standing there. He looks me in the eye and smiles. I don't smile back; instead I slam the window shut the same way I did on the first night I saw him.

I finally get the confidence to go downstairs, but I make sure I have my torch with me. I open the front door, it creaks loudly as I walk outside. I see the man staring at me. I stumble backwards but the man walks towards me at a slow pace, cornering me against the wall. The last thing I saw was him waving his hand at me, then blackness.

I open my eyes and straight away I know I'm not in my bedroom. I try to get up but I'm paralysed with fear. I look around at the horrible misty place of which I'm sitting in. The floor is made out of cement and there are no walls in sight. I'm in the middle of nowhere but I can hear voices. I stand up and follow the voices. I walk down a narrow stone path and I follow it until I can't walk any longer. I rest underneath a dead willow tree.

The voices sound closer. One of them has a soft voice, the other has a low husky voice. I hear a stick break and footsteps coming towards me. I jump as I see a middle aged man staring at me. He looks like a businessman, nothing like the man that was outside my house. He doesn't look like he should be in this dark miserable place, but neither should I.

"Who were you talking too?" I ask.

"A cackler," he replies.

"What's a cackler?"

"You have met one already," he says in a creepy voice as if he is try to scare me.

"How do you know?"

"You wouldn't be here if you hadn't," he whispers. "Tell me... last night, you saw a strange man on the edge of your street... you went down to see who it was and he cornered you and then you fell to the ground?"

“Yes,” I whisper in an astonished voice... “How did you know?” He doesn’t answer. I don’t think I should trust him so I run until he is out of sight.

But I’m not alone. I look around me and there are cacklers circling me. I try to run but fear has taken over my body once more. I stand there as still as a cat about to pounce on its prey. The ugly creatures are closing in on me. At the back of the pack I see the businessman, he says to me, “Good choice”.

They have caught me and they are picking me up by my feet. All I can see is hills and blurred trees because the cackler that’s holding me is running unnaturally fast. He has stopped running now and I can see a tall mountain ahead. The cackler pulls something out of his pocket and sticks it into a hole in the mountain wall. A secret door immediately opens.

The cackler ties me down to a chair. “The reason I have brought you here is because... you are the chosen one,” he says in a spooky voice... “So you don’t want to be one of us?”

“No, why would I?”

“Send her home,” he shouts to one of the other cacklers.

“But there will be consequences!”