

# The Chatterers

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Armstrong Class

Light spilled into the night sky as the moon left for the day. Theo's vision was blurred with tire and he groaned slightly as he sat up. The only sound could be heard was the chirping of birds. Theo stood up and frowned. He sniffed at the air as he examined the smell. Eggs. Bacon. Beans. Sausages. A full English breakfast. He fell down onto his hands and knees as he followed the scent, determined to find the luxurious snack.

"Ow!" He yelped as he banged his head against the door. He frowned, rubbing his forehead. The smell seeped from under the door and the cracks between the hinges. But that wasn't the only thing on the other side. There was a noise. A strange noise. A clattering noise. A chattering. It was like dishes lightly tapping into each other, or like birds singing. No – more like birds screaming. It was eerie and horrible. Theo winced as he opened the door a creak. He held a squinted eye by the ajar door and looked outside. He yelled out and stumbled back, kicking the door closed. The door opened slowly and the creatures edged forwards, holding up their hands. One of them held a tray with an English breakfast, a cup of tea and a block of cheese with a grater, while the one next to him – or *it* – held ketchup, mayonnaise and HP sauce. One of them gently pushed Theo back into his bed and pulled the cover over him while the others placed the tray and sauces in front of him. They chattered and clattered in excitement. It sounded like a seagull this time – like a strange, high-pitched laugh. Theo cautiously lifted the tea up to his lips. It was perfect. Even *he* never got his *own* tea this good. Eager to taste the rest of the dinner, he spooned up some baked beans and ate them. They were warm, but didn't set his mouth on fire. Perfect.

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He had grown used to the noises they made. He nicknamed these huge, insect like creatures the Chatterers. They were slightly shorter than him, the size of a 13-year-old child. They were light grey and had six legs. Their head was big – about the size of Theo's – and completed with dark, hollow eyes. Or *eye sockets*. They had long, curved horns and their mouths were always opened inches. Life was easier now. They waked him up for work with a breakfast every morning, and tucked him in the same time every night. They helped him with the housework, ran him baths, and even helped him with his work. While he enjoyed having these helpful critters around and had grown used to them after eight months, there was one thing at the back of his mind. He smiled and thanked the Chatterers all the time. But one word buzzed around his head like an annoying little fly you can never seem to get rid of. *Why? WHY* did they look after him? *WHY* did they make sure he had a good sleep? *WHY* did they make him breakfast and tea and pack his lunch for him every morning? It just didn't seem to make sense. Theo grunted. He leaped onto the mattress of his bed just in time for the Chatterers to tuck him in. Sleep came to him immediately.

When he awoke, he wasn't in his nice, comfy bed in his room. He was in a palace-like room. A crystal white room with splashes of red, blue and gold. Chatterers stood everywhere he looked across the room. There was one Chatterer that was double the size of the rest. Theo tried to walk, but he felt stiff. He winced as he took a step towards the crowd, realizing just

how fast he was. He looked at his hands. They were long and thin and grey. There were no hands.

"Help!" He screamed, but all that came out was a clatter. The Chatterers chortled gleefully.

"HELP!" ...

He lay in his bed, beads of sweat trickling down his face. Just a dream. Just a dream. He looked up. A Chatterer towered over him.,,