



WHISPERING IN THE DARKNESS:

A Whisper Tickling Your Ear II

by JAY CREEPY.

Strange how events go so unnoticed by the greater masses.

There's weird spirits and cursed creatures who go unseen day to day. These things thrive on surprising victims because we've never been taught how to see them.

Okay, there's a story from many years ago about Indians in the land that America became. They had never seen the huge ships which sailed in – I mean, they couldn't even *see* them approach slowly on the ocean because they simply didn't understand or know about them, so their eyes refused to register that which existed before them!

It's the old scary jumps of something moving in the corner of your sight when you're miles away in thought. That's a rare time you can see what's really on your plate in front of you instead of the fancy dressing.

Meanwhile, there's some of these beings which love to appear at will and find excitement in their victims seeing them then dwelling on the fear for a while afterwards like waiting for torture or execution I suppose. Well, one such monster carries out the execution with sickening glee. This certainly captured my attention a little while ago.

I had followed everything available on Lee Reed and his girlfriend, Clara. Guttered I hadn't ever met him before he tragically died. He obviously knew as much as there was to know about my nemesis, and Lee discovered much more, I'm sure of it, but never committed it to song.

Clever lad, that singer. He wrote it in his lyrics. His album, his finale, was called *A Whisper Tickling Your Ear*. A whole LP devoted to the creature itself. Of course, he made it into entertainment, made *The Whisperer* a bogeyman plastered within by umpteen messages for the ones with the belief.

Such as myself.

I am a seeker and I found Lee's articles and statements on the web. Took a very long time to find this particular website because it's more hidden with clever ways to type search words than child porn. You can't just type in 'Child Pornography' and expect levels of Hell taking you into those realms, maybe try Lolita, Pre-Teen, Nappy Bashing, whatever! So if you tip-tapped Anton Edwards, *The Whisperer* you find a lot of people blessed with that name, then a little write up here and there about Lee and his merry band of pranksters. His group did all right by most accounts. Two albums, one being the before mentioned. So you have to go through into the Dark Web.

Don't for one minute think it was easy. The Tor, Deep Web, Dark Web etcetera etcetera is a realm

which isn't just down to typing in a website. You have to sort of prime your software and protect yourself. I had to really work a while to make sure everything was done correctly. So I discovered forums with a flimsy mention of him here and there. After numerous contacts, rejections, I found I had to sort of taxi ride a market which deals in magic of all sorts before you can get deeper. I've struggled to get as far as I have.

Now then, you might be wondering what's my dibs on this whole mess. This legend tainted my life once and took someone I cared for deeply. Not want to talk about that at the moment, so let's just move along for a while.

Lee Reed - what a crappy name. Not his real surname, but it amused the masses. There's a song, he called it The Big Library of All Answers. Mid way through the CD, and if you listen in the right frame of mind, writing down certain words which kind of leap out and smack you in the head a bit, well, you search engine those words and you come across a website which specialises in nasty wraiths and entities, some forgotten by mankind, which have apparently existed for aeons.

Anton Edwards has his page. Not much, unfortunately, on his official write up. But you scroll the forums (on the tiny 'real' web) and that's when you discover the real hive of information available. Lee's entries are numerous. There he explained about Clara. The love of his life, she died, but battled The Whisperer on the other side of the curtains, as he put it. Must have been a good old rough 'n tumble because Lee claimed on seeing her in sideways glimpses. She looked more beaten down each time. Lee confronted Anton Edwards more than once in his short life. Once this creature sees you and does his ghostly whispering in your ear, you're marked for a good long time until he gets to you.

Before I was removed from the forum, I managed to contact other members – Lee was dead, unfortunately and posted a link to my own blog I had only just made. That was probably enough to have me blocked. Ha ha. Word spread and I had a handful of followers.

Haters as well. Took me a few minutes per time to slug my way through the ones who began their correspondence with “*Fuck off, Pakki!*” or “*Leave this alone, you black Muslim bastard!*” In fact, a lot warned me away from this path, but I figured they were linked to the original website, so were jealous tossers.

I seldom planned things, rather go in guns blazing and shit. Stupid really, I'm a fat as fuck heavy smoker who might have a heart attack if faced by one of these haters, or Anton himself. My true mission was to figure out a way to contact Clara and Lee, work out a blueprint or battle plans, then take the big fight to The Whisperer.

It was very, very personal. He killed my Mother.

The followers, meanwhile, gave me the heads up on more information (via anonymous emails) buried in the Dark Web. A secret society who are devoted to dealing weapons which in turn fund their research to explore a way of eradicating evil spirits and creatures who shouldn't walk on our side on the curtains. Yeah, see, there's so many curtains, like a stage show. End of act one, we die and the curtains close so we continue onwards. The other curtains separate species of spirits from one another. Any dimension, any far planet, beings die and they have electrically charged spirits which house their consciousness. Are you with me so far? Put electric currents together and – zap – which is what some other beings do. They travel around kind of kidnapping lesser spirits and they ride a, I dunno, a ghost galleon together.

Al-right, enough! The point is that I'm hunting this mental entity and I need to somehow stop it, regardless of my rather generous frame and issues. I have to balance all this with my job which is owning my stereotypical kebab shop which used to be owned by my parents until Mum died and my Dad literally broke down in front of me – I mean literally. One evening he sat and snapped all of his fingers, then his toes, finally he ran at the wall and successfully cracked his left arm before lapsing into blessed unconsciousness. I was far too drunk to be bothered stopping him. Never did like him, to be honest. So distant and so hateful at the same time. Fuck him. He sits at his sister's home now, medicated and sunken into his eye sockets. C'mon, I loved my Mum, yet I couldn't talk to him about it, nor could I listen to him – not that he ever spoke about her.

This all began and ended in a spate of one month, nearly a year ago. Since then, triggered by her description of what she had seen days before her death, I started questioning so many things. Naturally I couldn't question such things with what little evidence I had, nor, as time went by, the theories I put together. Well, I say that, yet one person seemed drawn to this whole mosaic of madness – enter my teenage cousin, Habibiyyah. Habi, for simplicity. She's aged nineteen, and so opposite the rest of our families it's unbelievable. Habi listens to old school rave music, such as Orbital and 808 State. She doesn't wear much make-up but gets away with her natural beauty anyway so her Father is happy. In fact, her family is quite laid back, so Habi wears anything she pleases – so long as it isn't too revealing, and has friends of all ages and races around at her house – boys excluded, mind you. To be fair, her Father is just protective, rather than strictly religious. She knows this and respects it.

Two months ago, she chanced upon some of my notes and questioned me. Instead of avoiding this interrogation, I found myself telling all. She listened quietly, sat on my sofa whilst playing with her

waist long black hair, then smiled. "I'm a medium in training." I've never forgotten those words. I wasn't alone. Basically that entailed her and a few mates discovering they can see those shadows in the corner of the eye as they turned their heads. It meant they heard voices – whispers without words, but they could select male from female at least.

"What's the plan, Ash?" she asked one evening as she sat reading a few websites I had uncovered the night before. "Look, all said and done, you're picking a fight with an evil spirit, and you're bloody knackered."

"I know I am," I had to agree. A diet of junk food from the shop, plus energy drinks, all of this was wearing me down. "I just want him to notice and come to me – to us." Okay, so the plan had changed its order around.

She nodded and stood up, stretching her tall body, contorting and yawning. "So, he arrives, he does his thing, then you're on a time limit 'til he gets you. Or he finds me first. Then what?"

In all truth and honesty, I had absolutely no idea. I wanted a scrap but I couldn't predict the outcome. Other than sketches, I didn't know what he looked like, or his size. Anton Edwards was an entity of malicious power, all said and done.

Habi sensed my confusion. "I can talk to him. Perhaps even Jeanne could reach out to him, she's better than me. But.... only that Clara hurt him. That was because...." she tailed off.

"It was because she died, I know. I guess leaving my body is a possible solution. The mystic, Aleister Crowley supposedly perfected the art of doing it. Fucking hell, I dunno how many years I would have to train. I'm not a monk!" the discussion was actually bringing up the futility of what we were doing. I wanted revenge, and I think Habi wanted the adrenalin rush.

We stayed quiet for some minutes. Habi texted a few people in the silence, then spoke quietly. "I mean, we could maybe get hold of Lee and Clara, depending which level they're on."

"Level?"

"Yeah. It's complicated. One good thing is they were decent people. That sorts that out, otherwise they stay in a kind of cage until they are properly ready and cleanse themselves. Hell doesn't exist, but solitude does."

"What the fuck? So where is this Anton Edwards from?"

Habi headed into the kitchen to make us both a cuppa. "I'm not a map, Ash. I dunno where he's from. I do know the levels contain some weird and scary creatures which we cannot see but they are around us. Luckily they cannot see us either. Maybe he slipped out. Remember though, some say he was flesh and blood once upon a time, so how did he become this?"

I sometimes doubted he existed. Could he just be a glorified illusion? But, aside from my Mother,

so many descriptions matched together. Like alien sightings. “Shame I never hear back from those societies who take on these bastards.”

She grinned. “Maybe for the best. Imagine *who* they are. They might want to have *me* as payment for any help.”

“Habi, you watch too many films and go on dodgy websites.”

“Says you!” she laughed.

“*What's the plan, Ash?*”

Her words were so much more chilling now, a short time later, as she curled up on my sofa, eyes wide in fear, knowing time was running out. Habi's description of him differed to a lot of the others. Older, hair longer, but it *was* The Whisperer.

It had happened as she left college one afternoon on her lunch break. Habi could separate the voices in her mind wherein if something entered the multitude which wasn't quite correct, she knew instantly. A bus had pulled up across the road. She was eating her pack up, waiting for her mates to show.

“Like a fly near my left ear. Not the noise but that flickering tickle you get as the air moves, y' know? Wasn't words, but a sheer fucked up humming.”

Anton “The Whisperer” Edwards was a soldier. Nothing is known of his rank nor his years of service, only that he was an expert in silence. A handful of ex-colleagues have stated he never truly merged with his fellow troops, choosing his own quiet company. Edwards had a 'sixth sense' as in, when he halted and whispered they knew the enemy was near, be it man or woman or child. Nothing has been noted of his death but he did apparently leave the service and simply faded from records.

“I casually peered over at that bus – *that bus*... I reckon it would have had people on it, but I could only see one face. An old man, staring at me, his lips were moving in time to that humming. Ash, I figured it was him. So what do we do now?” Habi had already told me the story immediately afterwards but I needed to hear it again. “I could feel his deep void. He's a barren wasteland, he's huge inside. Those dark skull-like eyes, Ash, he just stared and stared.”

This was bad news. Reports varied from hours to a week. He would come back and hold her nose and mouth shut until she died. Poor Habi had to fake a massive argument at home so she could storm out and stay with friends. They covered this when asked. Her guilt over her actions crippled her beautiful face and seemed to age her by the minute. Jeanne was due to pop over and help.

Jeanne was, as Habi said, far more advanced. She could communicate and actually touch the spirit.

However, this concerned me because Anton Edwards wasn't just a passing energy, he was much more. So the plan was to contact the fallen soldiers in the battle.

Yeah, but we didn't have chance.

I'm crying now, as I feel I haven't stopped crying. I lost my ally, my cousin, my best friend. Habi is dead. Days have passed. I've been beaten down by her Father. I deserved that. Had it not been for the confused and terrified witness, plus his CCTV which was unfortunately off kilter the scene and only legs were visible, I would have probably been a fully one hundred per cent guilty as charged bastard.

To think it was just minutes after that conversation we decided to nip out to the corner shop, and then the plan was to open the shop, ringing Jeanne to let her know where we were.

“Oh fuck, oh my God,” I can't stop, “Habi, I couldn't see him. I'm so sorry!” I'm out of control. I've already smashed the computer to pieces because I cannot believe I figured I was man enough to tackle Anton Edwards.

He pinned her to the floor in the corner shop. The middle aged bloke was frozen to the spot, as was I. We could see something was weighing her down and her features were pressed in violently as she thrashed about. Habi was suffocating and I was such a pussy, I couldn't move. I didn't know what to do! Finally the middle aged bloke came to his senses and knelt at her side as she began to fade. He looked towards the fridge door which was situated a few feet away because, as he stated over and over again, he saw a dark mass.

For a sheer moment he glimpsed a tall old gnarled man lying on top of Habi, his long fingers were covering her whole face. Diving back in fright he fell into me and we collided with a window display. By now two other shoppers had entered and were rushing to Habi's aid. She was now motionless and a pool of urine seeped from her lower clothes.

The bruises will heal faster than everything else. I wish her Father had killed me. The elusive Jeanne contacted me a few hours ago on the land line. “ Habi cannot stop him, she's in the *Chasm of Ending*.” Before I could quiz her, she continued, “He shits on the souls of those he takes. Do everybody a favour, Ash, fucking *kill* yourself! Then see how you do against him.”

So that's it. I gotta move on like Clara and hunt him. I've switched all my lights off to relax. Wrist slits after a bottle of scotch maybe. Sliced the correct ways so I cannot be saved – not that anybody will be coming ‘round. I'm a pariah. Fair enough. Nowt more to it. If I want vengeance I gotta meet him in his own territory. Have I the balls though?

Oww, *what?* The air near my left ear.... humming.... He's in the darkness by the door....

THE END