

Hunters: Chapter Three

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The Hunters have returned, and Shimmer has failed in his attempts to protect himself and his friend!

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Hunters Chapter Three: The Hunt Is On By Nathan Mullins The sun had risen high in the blue, tranquil sky. Whisper had awoken earlier than her friend, and sat on the boxes she had slept on, thinking. She had been doing a lot of this lately. She'd been frightened, put through hell, but Shimmer was always by her side, always there to watch over her, and never the other way around. Never had she ever been given the chance to save him, which most likely meant she was lucky that she needn't have to, but just for once, she'd like to have made the effort. It was a Sunday, and there was a chill on the wind. Something had disturbed the sunny, tranquil atmosphere, because the sun had risen, and its rays were warm and glorious, yet something was wrong. Something was coming, again! Shimmer was waking to find his friend sat up and in deep thought, her face not telling a single thing, he being unable to read her. That was Whisper's gift. But something was wrong, and Shimmer knew this was so, because he could read the future, see what it held in store, and above all, it all seemed so obvious. "The invisibility has worn off," he said, stretching his arms as high into the air they could reach. "Yes, I noticed, and is the reason I'm sitting up, taking notice," was Whisper's response. "Yes, so you know we must scamper, now!" Shimmer said, tellingly. "I do," replied Whisper, picking herself up, and lending a hand for Shimmer to take. "My powers must have deteriorated during the night, hence why we're now visible, and must be the reason for the return so soon." "Where will we go?" asked Whisper, so keen to know if there was somewhere, a place of safety. "I'm not sure! Anywhere, away from here!" The two picked up their things, their shoes, torn and ragged, and, already dressed as two homeless folk, which in any case, was what they were, took a walk. The Tower block they were leaving behind was a death zone, for those unfortunate to live there, let alone temporarily. There were, apart from the Hunters, hooligan teenagers who would graffiti all in their path, whereas you'd get criminals in the neighborhood, some dumping bodies there, knowing the police would not find them. It was that sort of place, where anything and anyone would be found breaking the law, in some way. The Hunters had arrived, not long after Shimmer and Whisper had left, and Hunger - the lead Hunter, knew they had not gotten far. His eyes shimmered in the sunlight, his hairy face so

disgusting, yet he was an animal. An animal from out of space no less, but he was in human form, and would remain so for all of Real Time, the timezone he was trapped in. What the Hunters were searching for, like Shimmer and Whisper, was 'the key'. A key like any other, but able to unlock something referred to by some as a 'time corridor'. A path leading directly out of Real Time, and into Space Time, via a secret passage, located somewhere, and according to the ancient records on the Ancient Civilization of Elsa, the world in which Whisper, Shimmer, and the Hunters all grew up on, was near by, always. "This way!" Hunter declared, his army by his side, as he then led them on, to locate those he so desperately searched for. Yes, he wanted to eat Shimmer and his pal, unknown to the Hunters as of yet, but they sensed she was a rare specimen as well, and it wouldn't be long before they caught up with them both. To be continued ...