

The Robbers

Story by Jason Butkowski, Art by Dirk Shearer

Scratch-Clump! Scratch-Clump! Scratch-Clump!

The sound was maddening in its rhythm and growing intensity. The sound of them – the invaders. Moving closer, defiling the sanctity of my home. Forcing their way in. Contaminating my safe-house. Inching closer to everything I feared most in the world.

Scratch-Clump! Scratch-Ka-Chunk!

They're right outside now. I can hear the murmuring of words, smell the sweat on unclean bodies. I can imagine the toothless grins, the look of smug satisfaction, the arrogance, the sense of entitlement.

The last remaining barricade between me and open air shifts as the barbarians force their way in.

“Oy, lookee this’un!”

Grubby fingers wrap around my mother’s heirloom necklace. I’m paralyzed with fright and screaming silently in my own head. The grave-robbers claim another prize.

All I can do is stare skyward, and pray that in their time, they get theirs’.

