

The Whisperer

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Part 1

I walk through the deserted alley I know so well. My old run down shoes squeak as I trudge through the dirty puddles the rain left from weeks earlier. I don't have an honored or heroic childhood, just one boy with no parents or family. I am now 12 years old, skinny, dark hair, big eyes and a big imagination. My parents died when I was very small. No one knows how. I guess it's just a mystery, one that will never be solved.

I lie down on the cold hard pavement and slowly drift to sleep. A few hours later, I wake up, my old brown hoodie disturbed by the wind. I sit up, the wind whistling in my shoulder-length, dark brown hair. I start the journey to the only person who feels like family. My legs seem to drag behind me like weights as I creep through the dark muddy streets. A few minutes later, I arrive at the rundown warehouse that she lives in. She's 9, plays an old guitar I found discarded on the side of the road when we were little. I walk into the old warehouse.

"Stella," I whisper.

"Jacob, is that you?"

"Yeah, it's me," I say in reply.

"Someone is here to see you. He looks kind of scary," Stella says

"That's right," a booming voice comes from the back of the room. A man walks out from the depths of the old warehouse.

"I've come to see you. Can we talk in private?" he asks.

We walk to the back of the warehouse, Stella keeping a close eye on us. I study the man, he looks about 50 and he has big dark eyes like mine.

So the man says, "Where should I start? I'll give it to you straight. I'm your uncle."

I am shocked. I do not know what to say.

"I - I don't have an uncle."

"Well, do I look like a ghost?"

"N-No," I stammer.

"Anyway, have you heard of your great grandfather Victor? Well, he discovered that there was one person on earth that had the gift of the whisperer. What the whisperer can do is this: whenever he or she whispers something in someone's ear, they just do it. I mean, they can't help it, they just do it. And kid, that just happens to be you. You are the whisperer." And with that, he disappears into thin air, like a ghost, as if nothing had happened. The next thing I know, there is a knife at my neck and everything goes black.

I wake up to Stella standing over me and saying my name,

"Jacob, Jacob! Wake up! Jacob!

My eyes flicker open and I see a dark shape move swiftly across the overgrown garden.

"What was that? I say, my voice raspy.

"Oh thank goodness, you are all right."

"What happened?" I asked

"Well, there was a man, you know, the one that claimed he was your uncle. Well before he talked to you, he came and talked to me. He said they were watching you, they were all watching you," she says

"Who was watching me?"

"I don't know" she replies. She looks afraid, I feel sorry for her.

"And then," she says, "there was a man with a knife and he, oh your leg"

I look down at my leg, my pants around my knee are stained red. I roll them up, there is a cut. It doesn't look deep or very serious.

"We should get you inside."

"Ok"

I walk carefully with Stella supporting me, I try to keep my weight on my good leg but it is difficult.

"I'll find somewhere for you to lie down."

"Thank you so much, Stella."

I watch as Stella moves old tables and chairs. She finds a tarp and she is now laying it down to slowly form a bed.

“Come lay down here,” she says. She looks worried.

I lie down on the tarp. It is cold but eventually I fall asleep.

Part 2

I wake up to the sound of a high pitched scream.

“Stella,” I yell.

“Jacob,” she yells back. But her voice is muffled like someone has captured her. Then I am pulled back by the collar. I try to get away but the grip is too strong. My vision blurs. I feel myself being tied up.

“Stella,” I yell once more. Then I feel something hard hit me in the head, then darkness.

I wake up in a dark room dimly lit by a lamp. Then I realize that Stella is beside me unconscious.

“Stella, Stella,” I say. Her eyes flutter open.

“Are you alright? Are you hurt?” I ask.

“My arm hurts,” she replies.

I look at her arm. It is bent backward and scraped and bruised.

“I think it’s broken. Wait let me help.” I rip off the sleeve of my hoodie and slide it up her arm securing it with my belt.

“Thank you, Jacob”

“No problem, I’m going to look around”

“OK,” says Stella.

I look out the iron bars that are holding us captive. I see that there is a guard standing a few yards away, then I remember that I am the whisperer but what if my uncle was wrong, what if, well it’s worth a try. I motion for the guard to come close. He slowly walks over.

"What do you want?" the guard mutters.

"Let us out," I whisper in his ear. Then his eyes turn a dark shade of purple and he unlocks the door. My mouth drops open, then it hits me. Stella. I am not sure if she is well enough to leave. Then I hear footsteps in the hall. I rush back to Stella.

"Someone is coming."

A woman walks in, dressed in white.

"What do you want?"

"Shhh, keep it down, I just want to help," the woman says.

"Well, can you help Stella with her arm?" I say.

"Yes," she replies. She takes off the makeshift cast I had made and replaces it with a proper cast and sling.

"Is that better?"

"Yes thank you," Stella replies.

"Good now. I have to go." She runs out of the room leaving the door open.

Part 3

"Stella, she left the door open. Let's go."

I grab her by her good arm and pull her up.

"Ok, ok, I'm coming. Slow down."

We rush out the door. We are in a long hallway. The floor is not shiny, it is just cement. I see an exit door at the end of the hall. We race past the cells but I don't look into them because I am in too much of a hurry to get outside. We burst out the door. I take a breath of fresh air.

"We did it!" Stella says.

I am too overjoyed to speak.

"Yeah" I say breathlessly.

I take a look around. There are a number of other cement buildings, probably full cells like the one we are in.

“I don’t like this place. Let’s get out of here,” says Stella.

We run together zigzagging between the large buildings. The place seems to go on forever.

“Hey,” a man’s voice says.

Then there are gun shots. One hit me in the back.

“Run, Stella,” I screamed.

Part 4

That was the last time I saw Stella, the last time I saw trees and grass. That was the end of the first and last whisperer.