

Purple Creatures

The time period didn't matter, this had been happening every thirty years. It happened right as I was born. It happened during my parents lives. It happened during their parents lives. Every thirty years they would come for the same thing. The oldest man in the town, every thirty years they would come and collect him. No matter who he was, or what he did. If he was the oldest he would be collected. If you protested their presence you would be taken as well.

My mother and I both feared the coming days, as we both knew what was to happen. My father chose to ignore it and pretend it wasn't going to happen, my sister followed my father's lead. For the last five years my mother had been lying about my grandfather's age. Him, being my mother's father, she came up with the idea as she feared the next time they would come he would be taken. At the time this idea came into consciousness he was not the oldest in the village, yet my mother feared he would be in five years. Many of the village elders decided that taking their own life was preferable to being taken away by them. However, my grandfather was not a cowardice man. He would never take his own life as he believed it would just doom another man to being taken by them.

My mother knew all too well of this, she knew my grandfather would never take his own life. She knew he would accept being taken away by them. She, however, could not accept this. She knew the best way to keep her father alive was to lie, and she did, for the last five years. She lied to everyone who asked what her father's age was. It did not matter who asked whether it was the mayor, the guards, the librarian, or even the town doctors. She would lie to them. She just wanted her father to be around. She could not bare the thought of losing him.

When the day finally came, the town was silent, except that of the Ashley household. Our neighbors across the way, for the last three years they had believed, that their father was the oldest man in the town. Their entire family was wrought with sadness and grief as today was the day that Old Man Ashley was to be taken away. They did not know when it was to happen, just that it was to happen that day. The majority of people in town had said their goodbyes to Old Man Ashley the day prior, as nobody wants to be outside when they come. The only people who are outside on this day are the guards that watch for their arrival.

On this day my mother, was wrought with guilt and fear, as she wondered if her lie would work. If all her work over the last five years was for nothing. She did feel some guilt and remorse towards the Ashley family, but buried it deep within herself. She deeply feared what would happen if the lie was found out at any point during this day or even after the day had

ended. Would the townspeople kill her? Would they come back for him? Would her own father strike her down in anger? My own mother had fooled not only the town but also my own grandfather. Due to his age, he had never cared to remember his own age, as he knew that they would come for him no matter what he did. He knew they would keep track for him. He would either die before they got him or they would take him away.

We all heard the town bell announcing their arrival. Our own house was quiet up until the bell with my father in the basement, my sister and I in our rooms, and my mother and grandfather in the living room. After hearing the bell, we all slowly found our way to the living room. Even though no one likes to be outside when they arrive, it is hard not to watch their arrival. Due to this my sister and I watched from the windows to steel glances of what they looked like. We had never seen them just heard the stories. My Father and Grandfather watched from another pair of windows. Even though my grandfather had seen them arrive two times before, he was always awestruck at how different they were each time. My father had seen them once before when he was a child and cared to see if they had changed at all, as his memory of them was long since clouded.

My mother did not care to see their arrival . All she did was sit in the beige rocking chair in our living room. Rocking back in forth in fear, waiting to see if her lie would pay off. Finally they arrived down our path on their way to the Ashley household. There were six of them altogether. I remember being scared at first of their spectral like form. They moved as though they had no legs and only the purple smoke they emitted from their bodies as their guide. They each flowed through the streets, looking at each house. The purple smoke that came from them, engulfed anything in their path. The road and dirt that encompassed it was no longer visible, only the thick purple path of smoke. Finally, after watching the purple specters move down our street they stopped. Between our house and the Ashley household. Everything was still.

Then the group of six spilt up, three to the Ashley household and three to ours. Upon this realization my family was in shock and fear, as the spectral like creatures were closing onto our door. This is when we truly were able to see what the spectral creatures looked like. Purple skin, black eyes, yet teeth as white as ice. The purple smoke began to subside and the shapes of their bodies began to take form. Their backs hunched over as though they carried weight upon their shoulders. Their legs, were bone like, yet streaked in purple. Their arms, scrawny and small but encompassed by marks that were raised green spots up and down their forearms.

My grandfather forced us away from the window and my father grabbed a poker by the fire place. What he thought he would do, I did not know. Everyone, except my mother, was

terrified as to why they were coming to our house. Her eyes did not avert from her hands that she clasped tightly. The house stood quiet with the exception of door rattling open. Each one of the spectral creatures could be seen in the doorway. The first purple like creature stepped in to our house and greeted us.

“House of Charlatans” it said with an eerie high pitch in its voice, “We are not fans of being lied too.”

“No one in this house is a Charlatan” my grandfather proclaimed with fear in his voice.

“That is just not true” and the creature pointed towards my mother in her chair with his 3 jointed crooked finger.

My mother looked briefly at the creature and then broke away from its darkening gaze, as she knew her lie had not paid off.

“Normally if one protested our presence, or our duty, we would punish them elsewhere. However due to the longevity of this deception, we have decided to punish her more severely.”

Another purple creature motioned towards my mother with the intent of grabbing her with it’s small and scrawny purple arm. My father taking up as much space as he could, stepped directly in front of the creature.

“What punishment is that?” he said with anger in his voice.

“A replacement if you will, she will replace him. Her punishment is that of taking his place, in our purpose of being here today.” said the first creature who was obviously the most senior.

The creature continued to move towards my mother, moving past my father, reaching out and grabbing her arm. He preceded to move her out of the chair and motion her forward. All the while my mother was being silent and compliant. As though she knew, she had failed and deserved the punishment. My grandfather, my sister, and I were all left in shock, shaking at the horror of the events unfolding in front of our eyes. Our mother lying to us and being taken because of it. Our father letting that creature take her. Our grandfather in silence and anger towards his own daughter. By the time all three of us realized what my father had done it was too late.

My father had forced the poker into the neck of the purple creature who was escorting his wife out of the house and into the unknown. My father would not let her receive a punishment for a lie told out of love for her father. All she did was protect someone she loved. The purple creatures did not see it as such and truly did not have any emotion at all.

The purple creature that was stabbed screamed a noise that shattered the windows of the house. Upon hearing this sound, the three other creatures that were at the Ashley household came over to our house in manner so fast, that they looked like was a gust of wind. Now five purple like creatures were in our house, with the one stabbed on its knees with a fireplace poker in its neck. The black blood rushed out of the area surrounding area of the poker

“We will not tolerate this action” the original purple creature said,

The creature lunged toward my father pinning him to the ground, with a strength that was out of proportion for it’s small size. Taking his scrawny arms around my father’s neck and proceeding to choke the life out of him. As I saw the light leave my fathers eyes, I truly knew fear in that moment. Upon watching this my mother screamed in horror as the purple creature had tackled and murdered my father all in a matter seconds.

The creature stood up and walked up to my mothers chair. He proceeded to pick up the chair and move it outside into the yard. My mother was screaming over my fathers death. The creature grew tired of the screaming. He walked up to my mother and whispered something in her ear. Which caused her to return to her chair outside, sit down, and no longer scream. She sat in the chair dormant, no longer moving or caring as to what was occurring in the world.

The other four purple creatures motioned for us to step outside next to our mother. We knew we had no choice and did as they asked. They proceeded to pick up the injured creature and carry him out of the house and into the street. Looking back towards the fifth creature.

“Take him to get care, I shall deal with her.” he said loudly as anything I had ever heard.

The purple creature again whispered into my mothers ear. As to what it said, I do not know. All we could see was the fear in my mother’s eyes as they looked towards us and back towards the creature. The purple creature looked at my grandfather.

“You live today old man, however her punishment has changed as has our purpose. We will return every year and do the same we did to him.” It motioned towards our house with my fathers still lifeless body inside.

“Every year will we take the oldest person in the town and she will watch. As we take away the life from them. We did this every thirty years, no more. Because of your lies and your attack on one of ours, it shall be yearly now.”

The purple creature looked at my mother once last time, cool with anger and danger in his eyes. It walked into the street and as purple smoke emitted from its body it drifted out of town, likely regrouping with the other creatures.

The years started to pass, the first few days after my father's death were fast and are forgotten to me. So much fear and trauma, adjusting to the new way life would become. I couldn't bear to think back on those days. Yet I think back on the exact day my father died, not the days after but the exact day. The day of my father's death, the realization of my mother's entombment and my Grandfather's execution.

The purple creature was true to its word, it has come back every year and killed the oldest person in the village. No longer does it take just the oldest man, it will take whoever is the oldest. The first year after my father's death, it executed my grandfather right in front of my lifeless mother as he was the oldest. The creature picked up his body, looked at my mother with the same eyes of anger and danger that it did after my father's death and left town. He has done that every year for the last eighty four years.

I am now the oldest person in the village, long dead are my father, grandfather and sister. I know tomorrow I will die by its hands and will have to look at my lifeless mother as my life is taken from me by the purple creature. I am not scared as my sister was, nor am I as brave as my grandfather was. I am resigned as I will not know, what will happen after my death.