



## **THEY WHISPER IN THE SHADOWS**

**A WHISPER TICKLING YOUR EAR III**

**by Jay Creepy**

I don't really know why I take drugs. Does anyone truly get why they do anything that they know might totally fuck you up one day? I mean fuck you up down that path when you're dead or in hospital. I've been there – not dead... well, sort of, I've been dead, yeah. I mean in hospital numerous times in the past.

I was a sickly child. Never out much with my schoolmates cause they were nice and normal whilst me, I had to hide indoors like a fuckin' Elephant Man freak with my spinal pains and my paralysing medications. Fuckin' hell, I hate remembering that shit 'cause when I grew up the pains eased – or at least I was stronger so I could embrace it and live with it.

Drugs help me out when I'm mental with the pain. Drugs help me all day and night 'cause that's who the fuck I am. It is what it is. I am not a bairn anymore, I'm an adult who still shits himself sometimes. I drink loads of fluids and I eat now 'n' then when I can remember I gotta be hungry. My diet is bad so I lose control of my system. I smile – or do I? See, I have no idea if my face moves when I smile or speak. So I smile, maybe, when I notice expressions of pure uncut disgust from strangers 'n' folks I know as I lay out wherever I find a place to be my true self.

I'm a void. I'm a waster. I'm a drain on society an' deffo on hospitals. Everyone seems to blame Muslims and other foreigners that come over, but I reckon the biggest crippling disease on society as a whole is me 'n' my kind. We're becoming the majority whilst I know that normal folks who work or whatever, no matter who they are, they are getting slowly behind and are a little puddle of piss minority.

That's my opinion. Am I proud of me self? Honest? I don't give a fuck. I ain't here really by a choice. I dealt with years of pain and bullshit. I tried getting with women – once I tried a bloke, all fell to bits. Everything fell to bits. Am I sayin' all us smackhead zombies have reasons to be here? Naah, cause I don't know. I do. No excuse. 'Nuff confessions an' thoughts anyways.

Well, I will say, a fella I knew who worked in a pawnbrokers shop years ago – about a year ago I recks, he said to me once when I'd just come outta hospital on crutches, he sez that everyone gets forks in their roads and you have to really stop to see the two paths leading off. Think. Choose a rotten path, one day you might get another chance. All choices are picked by the person, that's what he was saying. He was a prick. A wanker. I listened, but made no difference to me by then.

I was chillin' 'n' maxin' in my hospital bed one time, real recent, like, and I met this Pakistani

bloke, or he's Punjabi, I dunno. I will ask him one day cause we're good pals now. He drinks bucket loads of cheap cans, tinny after tinny of battery acid tasting shit! That's his vice, his slow death. We make a good team. I'll drink now 'n' then, he'll smoke weed with me, he won't touch smack, simply refuses so I like to smoke the ol' pot jus' to kind of connect with him.

Ash is a geeza with loads of issues. His night terrors in the flat shit me up some nights. I swear down, I'll be nodding out when he goes off to sleep, fuck knows if I've been under minutes or hours but Ash will psychically leap through his drunken bum like haze with a scream. Fuck that! I love him, he's my bruddah, but only so much a smack rat can fuckin' take on the old heart valves. Now 'n' then he'll yell out a name: "Habi!" then he'll cry soft like an' go back to sleep.

It was three weeks ago I caught him hissing really gentle as he slept, it was words, sentences. I wasn't on the shit that evening 'cause Dirty Sarah let me down bad, so I used furniture polish to get some sort of high – it was alright, but my fingers 'n' my face looked like I had dogshit all over.

"I can see you, and your Grandfather. I understand..... You take the troubled ones and you.... help them....." Ash turned on the sofa heavily and went quiet. I wandered round, thinkin' at two in the morning if I made a cuppa tea would it mess my own sleep up which I was gonna try an' get some of soon? Then he started again so I leaned close like.

"Who are they? They're all so.... they're whispering like him.... but they aren't him..... who is he?" his face creased up all puzzled. This was wild, it was mental an' I was lovin' it. Funny as fuck, but maybe I felt even then some sort of fear in the air. "I can't kill him.... I need help....."

Jesus! Didn't see that one coming! Kill who? Me? Was Ash a schizophrenic? You hear all sorts 'bout voices in people's heads arguing before they do some mad shit. I backed off from him. 'Nuff of this shit. I needed to escape in my pit and fuck Ash off. He was crazy, obviously off his head. Not livin' with a bloke like that.

Then I had to really think 'bout this and the future. Ash, though he drank loads, was useful round the flat. We didn't have many possessions but he happily cleaned them all – sofa, TV, Freeview, chairs, messed up big ol' rug on the naked floorboards, and whatever else we owned. He liked to keep busy. Plus he brought cash in and shared it with me. Over the time spent together we sort of looked after each other and depended on one another. Could I just get away?

I'm a selfish twat. I figured I had to be a mate, be a pal, and talk to him, try and find out a bit more of the whys and the hows before I made a move one way or another. So I made a brew for us both then sat for a moment staring at him as he slept. "Ash." I nearly choked on his name, I was fuckin' scared, y' know. Dealt with shit in my life but nowt like a schizophrenic. "Ash, bruddah! Made you a cuppa tea, mate." He woke slowly, stretching, probably figuring out whether he should take a piss or drink the mug of brown near him on the floor.

"Cheers, Brad, you're a star." he slurred. "I feel like fuckin' shit."

"You look like shit, mate." I laughed. He sneered, then wiped his face with his pillow. "I'm just off to pee, fella. I'll bag your tea on the way back. Ho ho."

Five or six minutes later, he wandered back in, glancing at me with a question mark expression on his face. Ash wasn't a daft lad, he knew something was up from my mannerisms. Besides, I rarely do him a morning drink 'cause I'm usually on my shit 'til 'bout eleven or twelve lunch. He sipped his mug and I noticed a large crack down the side. Fuckin' hell, was that there before? Did I break it? Need a new one from charity shop then.

"Mate, you were talkin' loads in y' sleep last night. Like, maybe you do every night, but I'm usually zoned out, mate. I had some of me head on last night." as I spoke I deffo saw his hands trembling ever so slightly. He didn't reply, just watched the TV which wasn't switched on. "Ash, Baby (*my pet name for him cause it's funny*) now 'n' then I hear you cry out, you have lots of bad dreams. Maybe I would if I wasn't so fucked. It started when you cried out the name, 'Habi!'"

A reaction. Anything. Nothing. Ash carefully swigged half of his tea off. "Mate, I'm worried about you, okay? You were sayin' loads in yer sleep, and...."

"Habi was my cousin. She was murdered," Ash drained his cup all calm and relaxed. "I reckon I must relive her death in my dreams, Brad. That's it. No drama."

The silence that followed was that heavy one that makes you wish you'd kept your fuckin' mush closed and ignored everything. Ash must have been hurting, but he didn't show any chinks in his armour. I reached for my bacca tin and opened it. Tobacco dust with a few threads that might just hold up for a thin as hell prison roll. I felt like the biggest nobhead in the world, yet why shouldn't I ask him? Like, I haven't even brought up the other stuff yet. Okay, Brad, so how you gonna do that?

I had to really keep myself in check here. So I dipped my toe in. “Did they arrest the killer?”

He slowly turned his head and looked at me almost with scorn, for some reason, then he sighed deeply. “No, they never got him. There was no killer to catch.”

Me Rizla rolling skills paused and I pondered his words. Very cryptic. Fuck that, I wanted to cook up and just bugger off into my pit. Instead I had to be a mate didn't I? “Ash, did you see it happen?” It was when he said he relived it.

“Yeah, bruddah,” he nodded and scratched at his long matted greasy hair. “She died in front of me. Nothing me or the shopkeeper could do to save her. She was a medium in training as well, bright girl.”

That ended conversation one. Ash stood up and took his cup to the kitchen. I tried to block out the after echo in my head as he violently threw the cracked china cup against the wall, screaming abuse. Well, that meant I had to get another one from the shop. He walked by with purpose and grabbed his battered sports jacket. Off he went into the world and I finished my roll. The smoke was a poor dodgy one, leaving shitty bacca dust in my mouth every fuckin' moment. I spent most the time tugging bits off my tongue.

Bollocks. Now what? Get hold of Dirty Sarah? Yeah, why not. I needed something major. Then I spotted his key was on the mantle piece so had a thought. If I used some more furniture polish to block the ants in my head, then I might be able to do some detective work. See, Ash had a few personal belongings all locked up in a small trunk. It was kept under the kitchen sink. A trunk though. I know, right. So stereotypical of a good mystery. Well, I figured there had to be things about the death of his cousin, 'cause his cryptic words really played on my head way too much. I knew there was so much more 'n' I wouldn't learn nowt off him.

I loved watchin' the old school police n' detective dramas on the telly when I was a lad. American or British ones, didn't matter, they were so cool. As I dragged the trunk into the living room – it was only small, like, an' wasn't heavy, but my body was blitzed, I laughed imagining a smack rat detective doing all of this.

The flat door was locked and I'd closed the curtains, so if he came back all knocking, I'd have enough time to sort everything out. Might take time using my butter knife lock prising methods to get past the lock. Glad it wasn't a padlock or I'd be fucked.

“Cunt!” I spat on it, getting really pissed off. Shifting your head away with furniture polish wasn't much of a good thing to do under the circumstances. I was utterly crap at this. Still, I wouldn't give in. Should I hunt all over for the key? Would he have the key? “Where the fuck would I hide my key?” I questioned out loud.

“Where you can't find it,” said Ash all calm. He was sat across from me in the gloomy room. “I took your keys, dickhead, I've been watching you nearly breaking that knife for about six minutes.”

My body ran so cold, I was caught red handed – or brown polish handed at least. Like a geek I didn't budge the knife from its position, I only swallowed nervously. “Not much I can say, Ash, Baby.”

“You silly bastard,” Ash threw me a can from his carrier bag of six, “Man, what the fuck? You really don't wanna know what went on, mate. I'm serious. Habi died 'cause me and her were fucking with something so out of our comfort zone. It killed her, and it nearly killed me,” he held back a sob, then stared long and hard at me – I finally placed the knife on the floor, “You think I've always been a drunk screwed up fuck? No! I survived an' I was left like this!”

“Who's the troubled ones? Who's the Grandfather?”

That got a big fuckin' reaction. Good. Ash sat back in the chair and laid his head back. “Oh, God, so I was talking a fair bit in me sleep? They have nothing to do with the mess, they happened to be some people I came across. A girl and her Grandfather who guide those who aren't sure what has happened. Met them when I looked round for Habi.”

“Whoa, what?” I waved my hand up, “Hold on, let me open the curtains a bit. This sounds like really deep shit.”

Ash smiled. “Yeah, opening the curtains. That's what it all comes down to.”

We sat and I gave him time to explain – though at the time none of it meant shit to me, like a garbled bunch of what the fuck.

“He's called Anton Edwards. He used to be a photographer of corpses years ago. I found pictures of him when he was alive.... maybe already dead.... I dunno.”

“This geeza is a ghost?” time to drink from me can which tasted like... well, it was tasteless.

“No... Yes, but he can touch you. He can...” Ash swallowed deeply, “He can kill. They told me a lot about him, and showed me in dreams where to find the pictures. Hang on, I'll get them for you.”

Ash showed me a very old clipping, maybe out of an old newspaper but copied. Guy with a beard in a suit, stood behind one of those real ancient crappy cameras which kind of exploded when taking pictures. Now this man looked right creepy, he was surreal the way he stared ahead. Even his beard was spooky – white and gnarled as if staring at snow covered tree branches in the park. Me skull was in bits right then, like I felt I was about to go under a bus an' I couldn't stop it from happening.

“He took snaps of dead bodies?”

“Yeah, back then if a kid or relative died they took pictures with them as if a family portrait together. See, they saw death real different to how we do,” Ash shrugged. “He took war photos then into Post Mortem stuff.”

I was starting to get impatient by that time so needed to push him along a bit. “Mate, what's the score with this fella then?”

He appeared confused by my words like I should get everything he said. Okay you fuckin' penis, time to sum it up, “All I know is a long dead bloke who took snapshots of dead people is still hanging round killing folks nowadays, yeah? You get how that sounds way off kilter, bro? I'm not like closed minded, but I got no proof have I?”

Ash nodded like he totally agreed. “The little girl also guided me to a stash of, shall we say, private records of Anton Edwards. He's always had survivors or families of victims after him, suppose, but one man which incidentally I knew about at the start, he managed to get some shit together. He was

a musician, called himself, Lee Reed,” he paused, “Anton is also known as The Whisperer. There's bits about him on the internet from a lot of different writers. Lee went one step further but didn't get a chance to upload.... well, if he planned to upload.... I figure this would have changed a lot.”

He opened an envelope – a big A4 one. “His girl had died, Clara. She was fighting Anton on the other side. See, don't ask me how he fuckin' did this, but he actually got a clear picture of them fighting. I mean, I reckon Anton finally came after him not long later, but have a gander at this.”

What I saw truly chilled me right through me body. It was only a mist, a pale mist all over the joint. However y' could make out two faces an' shapes locked like a in a proper scrap. I couldn't make out this Clara much, yet, fuck me, Anton Edwards – The Whisperer, he was obviously getting the better side of the battle as he was bangin' his arms against Clara and the wall. Whoa, his face was a lot older and he'd lost his beard, but the features were deffo his. The eyes were sunken and totally evil as fuck.

So it all could mean shit, except Lee Reed had made sure a table was to the side, with items of new technology on it, an' a newspaper. I'm sure if I used a magnifying glass the date wouldn't be long ago. Fake? Who could tell? Not me, not an expert in that field. Didn't mean shit did it? I mean, still fake and jus' a complete set up which Ash had fallen for, but, y'know, what if this shite was real?

“This Clara was fighting him? Then maybe everyone he kills teams up.”

Ash shook his head. “Nope. Like Freddy in that Elm Street four, or five, the theory is he stores their souls. I'm not too sure on that one, but the Little Girl an' her Grandfather both stated that none of them he takes crosses over. See, he studied deep into shit like the occult and stuff when he was still flesh 'n' blood. He spent a long time doing it. Spent a lot of time with the dead.”

I really found it all a bit hard to take in. I mean, this seemed like some crazy nutjob set up for a joke shit, yet Ash Baby was so sincere. I began to wish I hadn't gotten involved whether it be all truth or all lies, I felt it was all gonna be a mad journey. I needed to get high.

“Brad, the thing is, he kind of, erm,” Ash swallowed hard and braced himself to give me some more bad vibes. “He kind of *killed* me earlier.”

The atmosphere altered in the room an;' I could feel me fuckin' skin crawling. “Right. So, you're



here,” I grinned. “You’re a ghost?”

“Mate, you’re out of your skull and I found a way to you. All this stuff,” he acknowledged his evidence shit,” It’s all in the flat, you have to get it. There’s more in this envelope, but you’re starting to come outta your high.”

“Fuck off!” I leapt up. “Ash Baby! You aren’t fuckin’ dead, bro!”

“I wasn’t sure if I should drag you into this, mate. I got away from him once, but he got me earlier. Coppers will be round here soon to tell you how they found me choked out. See, he whispers at you from maybe across the street. I was in the library and there he was, sat all lifelike at a computer, his mouth moving. I could hear him in me ears as if he was pressed up to me. Fuckin’ hell, man, I thought you got to live a bit longer but I turned to go..... he was there, hand across me mouth an’ my nose.”

I was so confused, I couldn’t remember getting high, and I didn’t understand none of it. I wandered across to the other side of the room, knocking me half drained can all over the joint. “Wait, wait, Ash, naah, man, so how did you get away from him the first time?”

Turning was a complete and utter mind fuck as I looked at myself, slowly stirring on the couch and me mate, Ash, he was all frozen but fading. Fuckin’ hell, no way. I felt all sorts of tears welling inside me. Was this a dream? Or was Ash dead?

*“Get back inside before he feels you. You are not ready yet.”* a child’s voice in me left ear. *“Write it all down before you forget. You need to be guarded.”*

All good she sez bout getting inside but how could I jump back in me fuckin’ body eh? I did the obvious an’ went over to myself. I tried to imitate the position I was in an’ laid back. You know I was expecting this Anton bloke to appear but suddenly me eyes opened an’ the first thing I smelt was shit. I had shit myself. Yeah, take me back to the other side. I sat forwards retching as my guts cramped through shock I suppose.

Peering around, no envelope, no can. Nowt. Man I was terrified. If this Whisperer was the real deal, was I now fucked? I mean, did Ash expect me to be some kind of ghost busting superhero? No, man, I ain’t that kind of person. I had my life simple an’ to the point, so it was a big soz, I want

gonna go round taking down supernatural forces.

Either way I had to change me pants an' grab a bath. Me head was all pounding an' I really wished I could just lay on the floor stay in that same place forever, fuck it all off. Went to wash meself. Felt like minutes later there was a bangin' at the door. Well, not banging but in my skull it was as if someone was power drilling right beside me. Coppers popped 'round to offer their condolences and trying to get some info on Ash Baby.

Bollocks to it, I can't get out. Stuck in it now. So one of the coppers, she came back an hour or so later. I was just about to do my hobby 'n' habit again, but nope, there she was all smug as a fuckin' cunt bitch with power would be.

“My colleague said you were delirious, but you mentioned a man called Anton Edwards? Me, I saw you were coming down off something and the name was fleeting.”

I glared at her, annoyed at the interruption as I placed a cuppa beside her chair. “So?”

“I was present when the deceased was rescued from a fire he claimed he had started to save himself from a man called Anton Edwards. Well, I overheard, I wasn't on the case.”

“Aye,” I sipped me tea, “I heard him say it before, love.”

I have to give credit where it's due, police training is fast and sharp, she leapt across, me cup went flying an' she pinned me down, arm up me back on the floor. “Shut the fuck up, you dirty little scumbag! Do not piss me off!” she was a really skinny dark-haired lass, but the power in her arms, damn! “I had a check around the web when I heard the name back then. Took a while digging but I found some things. Lee Reed?”

She straightened herself and spread her legs either side of me like some dominatrix. I wasn't gonna move. “Tell me how it's possible this creature exists in our world?”

“I'm new to this. I'm totally clueless. You probably know a lot more than me!”

PC Fox returned to her chair and picked up her cup as if nothing had happened. I stared at me cracked mug. That was two I had to buy now. Like hell she'd cough up cash for the one she fucked up. I nervously seated meself an' watched her every move like a hawk. I'd be ready next time. Dunno what the fuck I'd do though. She smiled. "Tell me what you do know, Bradley. See, I need a purpose in life, something that will transport me elsewhere."

"Okay. Yeah, I know that feeling." I shrugged an' figured I might as well let her know everything dream Ash had told me, oh an' the overheard nightmare he'd had.

She listened an' didn't chip in askin' questions. I remembered I hadn't written it all down yet, but at least it was all still crystal clear in my memory. When I'd finished, PC Fox sat back, obviously letting it all digest in her head. "So," I said, "A purpose in life?"

It took her ages to reply, I wasn't sure if she'd even listened to me at first. "I feel them all around but can't see them. I know they're all watching and waiting." Great, the copper was a bloody nutter. "What do you think he is?" It was as if she could read my mind because she growled at me, "Don't you think about saying some crap about being new to this, I will seriously fuck you in the arse with that broken fucking cup! I want a voice who doesn't know shit. Tell me what you think he is!"

"A very angry spirit." I was real relieved to see she smiled at that. "He's either doing it for kicks 'cause he can, like you, or he's really out for revenge."

I regretted my lil' quip, but she let it pass. PC Fox scratched at her bony frail lookin' heroin-like face. "I think the first suggestion. It's because he can. Anyways, you said your friend, Ash, he had some stuff hidden around here so why don't we go on a treasure hunt?"

I offered her another brew an' she nodded. After I presented her with Ash's personal hidin' place, and then I routed around some more. It took a while and we actually chuckled over the amount of porn he had hidden 'round an' about. I needed to take something soon because I felt myself getting real agitated. PC Fox was relentless in her searching. Once she had it all in front of her, she said if I had to do anything to get more comfy, then go ahead. I knew what she meant so went into my bedroom for a while.

Some time later – could have been minutes or hours, she walked in without knocking. "What the

fuck is a Chasm of Ending?”

I could only mumble 'n' groan like a zombie. C'mon, she woz tryin' to get me out that state. She ignored me reply. “Sez here something about some pit, or whatever, where you can – I quote, 'hear the final tick of a clock which will never wind up again'. Did Ash mention this at all? He's made notes. And a corridor of doors. Listen, this is deep, something beyond the Whisperer.”

Gradually the words were repeated in my skull until they got through to my conscious self. I slowly sat up and stared at her. PC Fox had the look of somebody ready for a fight. Instead I nodded out again. She must have left the flat at some point soon after, taking all of Ash's notes an' shit.

When I finally wandered into the living room I was pretty mad an' pissed off at the bitch. But what the hell could I do 'bout it? Well, fuck it, maybe she'd go after Anton Edwards an' get totally brutally choked out by him. Man, Ash was a mate, a real good mate. I wondered if I could get so absolutely high again to the level where he'd come through to me. I fuckin' missed him. I didn't know what to do. I was thinking if the coppers were finished with me. What if his family popped 'round?

I hated myself. A useless drug addicted mess. A slim chunk of me was kind of hoping that PC Fox might be able to sort me out, cold turkey me. I was too much of a pussy to try that shit by myself. Yet the unknown fact, how long before that cunt decided he was sick of people messing with his past an' he arrived to kill us?

Collectin' the mugs I fucked off into the kitchen and really concentrated me memory on what Ash had said, but parts were slipping away from me. I deffo needed to get to the library and go on the internet. Surely I still had my card somewhere an' I could just go to logon for a short while, research up Lee Reed.

Then I sorta had a brain smack! I remembered something about Ash. In his sleep he'd said somethin' bout *them all* whispering, like more than one person. The people who he killed? Was there more than one Whisperer? I had to tell PC Fox, but she didn't leave her fuckin' number. For all I knew she'd shit on me an' left forever.

Oh fuck me, no way. How the fuck had I forgot that shit? I wasn't happy with me self at all. Real important and the whole thing slipped away 'til now. She could be like all messed up by a rape gang

of whispering ghosts 'n' there was me waitin' for them to come an' bum me after they'd had her.

Time to grab a pen an' some paper, write all the shit down – which is the notes you're reading now. I'll keep on writing an' writing 'til this is over, should help me, Foxy or anyone else I meet.

*What the fuck she doin' with ma notes? Bitch is re writin' dem an I think she's actually spell checkin' dem. Fuckin' what? I ain't the best speller but I get by! What? Oh, she's like keepin' the feel of it. Dat's coolio.*

*I seen her break into the flat cause she's not on the case of..... Whoaa, hold up. Who am I takin' to? Why am I feelin' kinda loose and funny? I ain't gotta body. Man, I'm fuckin dead as fuck! No way. Think, ma mind is a blank. What happened?*

*Fox is getting high off ma shit. Rip-off! Nah, all good if she wants it I ain't gonna use it am I? Hehehe she remembered ma hidy-hole then of spare shit. Coppers musta took ma best shit.*

It was just as Ash Baby had told me. I was on me way to Dirty Sarah's house an' said a quick hello to a few folk on the way when I sensed him. Yeah, he came for me. It's mad an' hard to describe a sense of fear like a cold wet heavy blanket over your brain but I turned an' I seen him, his mouth movin'. Old, so old, almost like he'd snap if you poked him, yet I knew how strong he was. I could feel rather than hear him like, all in me ear.

Then it hit me, what to do! Maybe Ash had killed himself first, but I got a proper solid plan. I braced myself an' bottled the fear back. I walked fast towards him, head to head. He didn't flinch or nowt as I screamed threats at him.

I guess no one else could see him, they just saw a mad bag head goin' after an empty corner near a shop. Reached into me pocket deeply an' I pulled out me blade, I always without fail carry it – it's a dangerous time we live in. I unclipped it, folks scattered left 'n' right. Then I got me free hand on

him, right on his shoulder an' I glared right into those hollow eyes.

Dirty, dusty, mouldy wallpaper in a heap scooped up in y' fingers, that's how he felt, or at least his suit did. Fuckin' hell an' close-up his face was older than I thought, plus deep in those pit-like eye sockets somethin' was fuckin' burnin', like about to spew out at me, I sensed that. His mouth was still whisperin' but I couldn't hear nowt but me own anger.

I drew me blade right across me throat over 'n' over to make sure I wasn't comin' back. I savagely attacked me self 'n' smiled at Anton Edwards. He just kept on with his whisperin' an' he didn't even change his battered dish cloth features at all, but I knew I'd won. He wasn't takin' me!

Someone was draggin' me hands down to me sides 'n' lowerin' me to the ground but I'd done it. I wasn't gonna be his puppet or his pet soul, I was gonna fight him. Close-up he wasn't all that bad, y'know, Foxy, he wasn't too bad.

I'll try an' stick by ya, if you get high like. You gotta reach this point, not too far, then I can talk.

*Don't even know if she heard alla dat. Hopefully she did, but she isn't used to this shit yet. I can tell. Shame if she didn't. Anyways, I gotta have a look around see who I can meet up with. Ash Baby for sure, n' I really wanna meet this lil' gal n' her Grandad, for deffo.*

THE END