

Dank
By
Jake Bible

“Mudlub... Pssst, mudlub. Wake up, mudlub. Food’s here.”

Twister groaned, pulling himself from troubled sleep, and swatted at the annoying voice in the dark.

“Ayyyh!” the voice cried out. “Careful, mudlub. Careful. You’re a big one.”

Twister opened his eyes, but it didn’t help against the darkness.

“Food, mudlub, food.”

Even with an empty stomach, the rank smells of the dank, dark room suppressed any appetite Twister would have normally had.

He swatted again.

“Ayyyh!” the voice screeched. “Suit yourself, mudlub. More food for us.”

Twister curled himself into a ball against the wet, hard ground and thought of Willow.