

The Kingdom of the Night

The moon sat high upon its throne of stars. The ruler of a far away kingdom, that though many would search for, few would find. With its pale glow and everlasting silence. A place the wind could rest, so as to cast only a light breeze upon the empty streets. And the creatures that hid away, could come out to stretch their legs. Very little dared to disturb the peace that had fallen over the town. But not Mr Bowler, who walked at such a pace that he left even the shadows to chase after him. On and on he walked. Past shops that had long ago closed. Past the street lights that revealed flashes of his unremarkable face. He took twists and turns through alleyways and paths. Walking with such a speed that one would have to wonder whether it was him that moved his feet or his feet that moved him.

Finally, at the bridge he stopped and turned to face the water.

Meanwhile, Ms Griffins watched through the window of her town house as the man stared out at the water. Ms Griffins, a lady who had not been forgotten by life, but rather granted the gift of sitting and observing it, had seen many strange things in her time. But none had ever mystified her as much as the man of the night. She would watch every night as he came to stare at the water. Always hurrying along to the same spot as though if he wasted even a second, he would miss something more important than she could fathom. As she sat at her usual spot, she stared intently at the man so that even the smallest detail would not escape her notice.

But Ms Griffins, observant as she was, did miss something. As for just a second the lifeless face of Mr Bowler twitched slightly upwards as he saw in the reflection of the water that, like every other night, the lady at the window was watching down upon him. And who knows? Maybe tomorrow he would take a step to the left or one to the right and he would turn just in time to see the look of surprise on her face. Maybe he would wave. And maybe she would wave back. Maybe something completely extraordinary would happen. Or maybe, the same thing as always would repeat, as it had every other time before. But he would not know until tomorrow, when once again the moon rose and he walked through the kingdom of the night.