

Elizabeth – describing a character inspired by the Spiderwick chronicles

I stopped. Something was mumbling behind the inky black desk of Arthur Spiderwick. A hobbling, chocolate brown creature came out of hiding. It was wearing: a pair of green stripy breeches, that were far too short; a dirty cream shirt with several missing buttons just visible beneath a ragged and torn tuxedo jacket that looked a hundred years old; and a bizarre hat consisting of what seemed to be rusty thimbles, brown embroidery thread and a feather duster protruding from the tip.

According to Arthur's field guide, this was a common house brownie. It looked like it worked in an abandoned sewing shop! As it slowly moved, I caught a few words, "This place needs cleaning. So much dirt. So much dirt. No more dust. No more dust! Need sponge and water!" It seemed this fellow liked a clean house. But I wasn't sure how he would clean the entire house by himself. He was only about two feet tall. Suddenly, he whipped out the duster and started flapping about at the dust hanging frozen in time, although this wasn't changing anything as he couldn't even reach the seat of the grand chair stationed behind the desk. I tried my best to stifle a laugh, but a gasp just escaped my mouth, The little thing spun around on one heel with unnerving speed and was stunned. For a minute, we simply stared at each other. Then the brownie (who I am assuming is male) closed his eyes as if asleep, then his eye sprang open, with his pupils blazing with fury, "You can not be here! Why are you here? WHY?"

Then it happened. A thousand ants started wriggling around under his skin and his tiny button nose morphed into a great banana. His eyes bulged like marbles about to spring with force from their sockets and became red slits like a snake.

His ragged little clothes tore with such a sound, it was as if my eardrums were being ripped in two and were replaced with steel grey fur (now matted and uneven). PING! A rock-hard thimble sprang from the bizarre hat and hit me smack in the forehead.

Turning, I fled. But as I ran towards the trapdoor leading to safety, I stepped, and the floor gave way leaving my foot bleeding from razor sharp splinters and trapped. The terrifying creature advanced menacingly on me, the remains of the clothes, hat and feather duster in shreds on the floor, the previous victims of the three-inch-long claws and teeth the size of a Tyrannosaurus Rex's, were bared.

What was going to happen to me?