

Moonlight Intruder

He was early. Hiding in the moonlight shadows, he watched her climb into bed through the gap in the curtains. As she extinguished the lights, he began counting.

-*Three-Two-One*. Oiling the hinges, he prised up the sash window. *Silence*. He stepped over the threshold and held his breath. *Still nothing*.

Easing across the room, he knelt by her bed. He listened to her soft, rhythmic breathing. Leaning forward, the tip of his tongue pressed against his pronounced canines, he gently lifted her head.

Switching tooth and coin, he whispered, “Thank you, little one,” his wings fluttering with joy. “Sleep tight.”

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