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The Grey Blob

By Stephen P. Badham

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I am an avid hiker and always pride myself in being able to get to places where few have trod before. I don't know if I have fallen victim to a very old joke or hoax but what I found one day disturbs me deeply and whenever I share it with others, they always think it is *I* who is playing the prank.

One sunny afternoon I was hiking near the Clearwell Caves in Gloucestershire, England and exploring the nearby 'Little Lambsquay' woods. It is in my nature to go off the beaten track and I was rewarded in my efforts when I stumbled across a beautiful dell. A break in the trees allowed the sun to shine on a soft moss bed and the area was sheltered from the wind and contained some bare rock which would be an excellent place to set up a small camp fire. Evidently I had not been the first to find such a spot as overgrown with a few brambles and weeds I found a small backpack and a bent, rusty pen knife. As you will see, I later found out that it had been there nearly 100 years. It contained a few disintegrated rags but among them sat a small tin. Its lid was tight and sealed with grease to prevent the access of water and to protect the valuable item within - a very shakily hand written message. I sat on the rock to read it and noticed a dark hole in the nearby rocks - perhaps it led all the way through to the Clearwell Caves themselves. It didn't bother me at the time but I can tell you now, I didn't finish reading that note in the same place that I started! It read as follows:

1st July 1922,

I write this with a sombre heart as I know my fate is sealed. If this is ever found I hope that word will be given to my family [names and addresses - an uncle and two siblings] and that the authorities are appropriately contacted.

I found this idyllic place to camp and I now suspect the beauty is no accident. I set up a small fire and bedded down for the evening. The spot is windless here so I felt that I could hear even the smallest sound. As my fire died down it allowed the darkness of the night to descend upon me. It was in this quietness that I first heard a dragging sound and I lay ever so still in order to listen as my heart raced. Some 10 minutes later I heard it again and this time it was much closer. Looking slowly up I peered into the darkness but could see nothing apart from a great boulder - at the time I thought it was a trick of the light because the rocks didn't look like that in the daytime. I sat ever so still, peering into the gloom but nothing shifted for half an hour so I lay back down. Then I heard it again and this time it was right by my feet! As I opened my eyes again the strange black boulder loomed above me - before I could shift backwards in horror the thing toppled over and slumped down on me, pinning the entire lower half of my body to the ground. Now I was aware that it was no rock! It was like a great headless walrus with thick grey skin that was dotted with whisker-like spikes of tough hair. The huge mass pinned me firm and I was completely unable to move my lower half. I struggled and thrashed against it until I was completely exhausted but it was solid and immovable, trapping me against the rock below. Then I noticed it had shifted, at first it had landed about my waist but now it covered my belly button. With renewed energy I struggled further and even tried to cut at the thing with my pen knife but the flesh was so thick it just bent the blade.

As I write this now it is up to my chest and soon my upper arms will be covered. It is so heavy I can barely breathe; just short, shallow gulps of air. My lower body is numb from the pressure but I can feel a burning sensation in my feet - the wretched thing must be digesting me where I lay! I will take no more of it, once this note is safely left for those who might find it I know what to do. The knife is bent but is good enough to slit a human throat - much better than being smothered.