


# Murky Point

by Grant Anderson

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 was dark at the top of Tim's lighthouse. It was only for a moment though, as the light kept on spinning. He sat smoking his pipe while watching the waves break far beneath Murky Point, eating away at the cliff below with its immense power. The only thing defying its attempt to attack the wall were the several jagged rocks peeking out of the sea. The sky lit up for only a second before returning to its blackened state, as the lighthouse's beam swirled around the tower like a neutron star.

Tim Herman was the lightkeeper off the coast of Massachusetts. His lighthouse stood tall over Murky Point, banishing the dark with its bright light. The cliff slanted outward at an extreme angle due to erosion, giving the impression that it would collapse at any moment; however, the cliff was as safe as a wintery stronghold.

The lighthouse at the tip of Murky Point was five stories tall, the bottom being Tim's living quarters, and the top being the lantern gallery. From there, Tim could smoke on the balcony while looking at some of the most breathtaking views.

Then again, Murky Point got its name for a reason. It was almost always foggy. Whenever Tim had visitors, which was hardly ever, he would often joke that the fog was smoke from his pipe (since he smoked hours on end). But when he wasn't enjoying the view, he was in his living room working on his next model boat.

Tim's living room was adjourned with paintings of the sea, model boats, and dark green furniture to hide the gray walls. With the very small windows, there had to be a lot of decoration to make the place feel more homey.

Whenever someone complimented him on his boats, he would say, "Thank you! I built them all me-self." He always had two boats he was making. One that can be done in two months and another that he'd been working on for years; "Sweet Mary" he called it. "I named it after me late wife": Mary Herman, the love of his life.

She had lived with him in the lighthouse, keeping him company through all the lonely nights. And while Tim was making his boat, Mary would be painting the sea. That was until she passed away five years ago, gravely ill. So in her memory, he was

making an entirely custom model boat, with finely sanded wood, and masterfully woven sails. Anything to pass away the spare time.

He had been watching the light stretch across the land and sea for so long, there wasn't a single inch he wasn't familiar with. The cool and moist air tickled his nose and dampened his gray, bristle beard. But one night, he saw something in the corner of his eye. The beam had caught something unfamiliar. An animal, maybe? Or was he just seeing things? The spotlight swept over the same spot again. Still there was that unfamiliar shape. No, too big to be an animal. A herd of animals? On the next pass, Tim was able to make out the shape of people. A big group walking in the darkness.

*What on Earth are they doing out here without a light?* thought Tim. He quickly pulled open the trapdoor and climbed down the short ladder before reaching the spiral stairs. He ran down to his living quarters, snatching a flashlight on a nearby table before rushing out the door. Maybe they were from a ship that crashed further up the coast? Maybe they were bootleggers? Didn't matter to Tim, he could use some booze. Since there wasn't really a speakeasy nearby, he hadn't drunk a drop since that cursed amendment passed.

Though his flashlight was bright, the fog still blurred the terrain in front of him, but his knowledge of the land was the only thing he needed. He knew there was a large rock ten paces in front of him, so he turned right to avoid tripping. Tim then came upon the area that he'd seen the people walking. His flashlight wasn't strong enough to see them clearly, only their silhouettes could be seen, but he could make out twenty of them.

"What're you guys doin' out here? You'll catch a cold in this weather!" said Tim.

Then the lighthouse illuminated them for just a moment, and Tim was lucky it was just that: a moment. They were not people. Their eyes were beady and far apart; their hands were webbed, as were their feet in the mud; their faces were bulbous and round like a frog's; their mouths, laced with hundreds of uneven, sharp teeth, gurgled; and they had tails swinging behind them.

Had he seen all of them in the light for a second longer, his madness would have rendered him immobile. But just that short period of time was enough to jolt his feet to run in the opposite direction.

He bounded up the hill as fast as he could, tripping on the rock he had carefully avoided going down. Turning his head as he stumbled up, he saw them following at a quick pace.

Tim sprinted back to the lighthouse and slammed the door behind him. He grabbed a green couch to barricade the door, then just started throwing stuff from around the room to bolster his defenses.

A window shattered to his right and he saw a slimy, scaly hand reaching inside. But the windows were too skinny and the walls were made of a sturdy brick. But still, that hand, oh that hand!

Tim quickly scrambled to grab the Sweet Mary, and clambered his way up the stairs to the gallery, looking back to see them burst through the door. The furniture seemed to jump out of the way of the horrid creatures that entered the building. He kept climbing, and they followed. Instead of using their feet, they crawled along on all fours; they were hunting. Like generals of old, they were emotionless. No smile of evil, and no piteous frown. Just those horrible, beady eyes.

Tim was almost at the top when the closest one grabbed his leg. He felt water seeping through the denim of his pants. The beast opened its mouth, filled with those fanged teeth, and attempted to bite down. Tim's unconscious took control of his body, moving his arms and slamming Sweet Mary on the fish's head. The wood of the bow splintered, and the tiny glass windows shattered, all piercing the fleshy scalp of the hybrid. It let go, and Tim was able to keep retreating, making it to the ladder. He turned back to see the dazed beast get run over by its comrades. Horrible *and* heartless.

A wave of relief washed over Tim as he opened the trapdoor to the gallery room. He pulled himself up, and slammed the trapdoor down. Grabbing a nearby wrench, he wedged it in between the handle of the hatch and a lip in the floor, locking the door shut. He was safe.

But then the things pounded on the trapdoor. Tim jumped, and slowly backed up.

*Bang!*

*Bang!*

*Bang!*

The wrench snapped in half, and the door was flung open. Four fish-people jumped out but only two advanced towards him. The light swept over their scaled bodies, their webbed hands, their long tails. But it was only for a second at a time before they were just silhouettes again. The other two didn't advance, but instead went to the light and turned it off.

Everything was dark now, but he could still hear their wet footsteps getting closer. Tim swiftly withdrew further, but then felt a hard object strike at his lower back. His top half had too much momentum, and he fell over. It was only then did his eyes adjust to see what was happening. He had tumbled over the railing, and was now falling down, down to the rocky spears in the wild waters below, down to his doom.



Amanda Snow weaved her way through the seats of the theater before coming up to Fletcher who was eagerly watching the stage.

“And sold to the man in the blue suit!” The auctioneer slammed his gavel on the podium and the item was taken away.

“Fletcher!” Amanda whispered harshly.

“What? I’m kind of busy...” Fletcher replied. Fletcher Graymoor was about thirty years old, and was probably wearing the most expensive suit in the room. He had dark brown hair like his parents that he had greased back so that it was fluffy but shiny.

Fletcher Graymoor had recently acquired a great deal of money—so much money that he was now twice as rich as the second richest man in the world, Henry Ford. He had an insane net worth of \$3 billion dollars, which he inherited from his parents after a tragic accident had killed both of them in Egypt.

“Next item is a book called the *Necronomicon*! An English copy of the one in our own Miskatonic University library! We’ll start the bidding at \$300,” said the auctioneer.

Fletcher’s family had been cursed for as far back as his family tree visibly went. Everyone in the Graymoor family always went missing. Which was why his family was secretly interested in the supernatural, trying to find the explanation and solve it.

“Something’s happened,” said Amanda.

“What?” Fletcher raised his hand to bid, “500.”

“A lighthouse in Massachusetts called Murky Point was turned off two days ago,” said Amanda.

“500, can I get a 550?” the auctioneer said quickly.

“Did they run out of funds?” Fletcher chuckled.

“550, can I get a 600?”

“The keeper of the lighthouse is gone and the interior has furniture thrown everywhere,” said Amanda.

“700!” Fletcher bid. “That *is* interesting, but is it *our* type of interesting?”

“700, can I get an 800?”

“Well...” Amanda pulled out a manilla folder, and inside was a picture of a footprint. “I have this folder of the scene.”

“2,000!” said someone at the far end of the room.

“2,000!!! Can I get 2,100?”

“10,000,” yelled Fletcher. People sitting around him now started staring with a mix of confusion and awe, but he really didn’t care. “Let me see that.” Fletcher took the folder and inspected the picture. It was a picture of an impression in wet soil, it had webbed toes and a long foot. He heard another bid yelled at the other end of the room. Fletcher didn’t quite hear it completely but he decided to bid safely. “60,000!” he said while raising his hand slightly. The person in front of them looked back with wide eyes and raised eyebrows.

“He was attacked by beavers?” Although Fletcher was rich, he knew things about nature as well.

“Much bigger, Fletch. These are human-sized,” Amanda said.

Another bid was yelled, and Fletcher responded with an absurd number, but only because he was getting impatient. “3,000,000!” Even the auctioneer was stunned. Fletcher then turned to Amanda. “That *is* our type of interesting, human-sized beavers... I’ll have Cliff bring the car around and we can head there right after I buy this book.”

Fletcher heard the gavel hit wood, “And sold—” Fletcher stood up, getting ready to collect his item— “to the man with the glasses and cane for \$5,000,000!”

Fletcher’s head spun around, perplexed. *Who in their right mind would buy a book for that much?* Except himself, of course. Fletcher cursed under his breath. That book could have been the answer he was looking for. He scoured the crowd to find who had bought it but it was of no use. If only he had been paying attention, he could have gotten that book no problem. “No matter, I’ll just buy it off the chap later. I believe we have a lighthouse to investigate!”

“I believe we do.” Amanda gave Fletcher a kiss and they left the theater, little did they know their problems were just beginning.