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Night for the Gargoyles

author

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Chapter 1

The demon portal beneath the basement of St. Edmund's Church simmered. The human workers bustled about below Gillen, laying the explosives that would destroy the sanctuary. The leader of the gargoyles protecting the city of Trebridge, squatted in the shadows of the north transept, keeping vigil, anger clouding his thoughts.

The sight tempted Gillen to send a premature electrical jolt through the wires. But his anger wasn't directed at the workmen. Orvil, his anchor and second in command, had disappeared again--without leave--and left him to watch the portal, out of turn. Gillen was so pissed that he almost missed Orvil sneaking back into the church.

Gillen's eyes narrowed as his lips tightened over his fangs and he fought for control. Uzziel told you to be patient with Orvil. To concentrate on a plan to guard the portal after the church is gone.

Gone. His emotions tumbled at the thought of losing his home. Hugging his knees, he wrapped his thin tail around his feet, biting his lip to keep his tears at bay as the workers prepared for the great explosion. Shaking his head, he allowed his anger at Orvil to dry his eyes.

The scraping of leathery wings across the ceiling drew Gillen's attention away from the demolition crews. Not only Orvil had returned from patrol. All three of his squad hung head-down before him.

Sample of Night for the Gargoyles, first published in Spectra Magazine, volume 5. A short short set in the world of Andor. Free at Smashwords and Barnes & Noble.

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