

Behind  
Church Walls

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The Church was open for visitors on this tranquil sunny afternoon. The mild and flowery flavour of spring in the air would bring anyone feelings of hope. Children had been going in and out of the building, pupils that together with their school teacher, had to learn lessons of history and lessons of art. The occasional seeker of comfort entered the church, in the hope that a clergy or god himself would release them of their burdens.

Later in the afternoon the church emptied quickly of its visitors, and by evening the great hall was heavy with silence again. The guests would only see the great main hall; the rest of the mighty building was not open to the public. The deep down secrets were not unveiled. The basements, the catacomb, the tower rooms... the secret doors to undiscovered misery and ageless pain were locked tightly. Chambers that remained hidden and unexplored for most, even the clergy.

There was a backroom behind the great hall. A large room that lay behind thick walls. Only a few would know of this chamber. Endless seem the cold white painted stone walls here. The walls and ceilings were covered with icons, faces and figures that were carved centuries ago. Pictures and paintings surrounded the holy room, images of saints and sinners alike. Eyes of judgement and eyes of mercy were eternally marked on the cold and aching church walls and ceilings. Each telling a story, warning of human deeds and suffering.

The air was so stagnant, the flair was so heavy and quiet, no sound would make it in, or out. The gothic windows were

tall and intimidating, the thick glass ornamented with colourful images. The oval room was furnished with commodes and book-shelves crafted from thick old brown wood... cobwebs were lying like a veil upon the dusty books that had seen better days. Great black iron candle-holders with remains of dirty white candle wax were standing together across the room and a worn out podium, that once was used to preach of salvation, was hidden away behind the door. Old and overused wooden chairs were piled on top of each other in the corner to the left... Across the room, to the right, beneath one of the colourful windows there was a divan covered with beige sateen fabric that smelled musky and century old... The sweet blend of frankincense and age old dampness was both sickening and exhilarating...

This was his place, his chosen sanctuary. And he came here often, yet noone knew, for nobody else had any business here. He had the key to all the doors within the church and he unlocked the secrets often. He has known them for years. He has been coming here since he was a boy. Early on he was placed into the mercy of the church. He attended mass, he came to Sunday school, and he remained to serve voluntarily. He often was alone in the church, alone with the hidden rooms, alone with the walls and all the cold painted eyes upon him...

Oh how many years they have been looking upon him. How often have they witnessed his deeds, watching him, unable to judge. Sorrowful yet compassionless eyes starring blankly at him, like they have done through the ages.

He was a man in his mid-life years now. Short and thin was his greying hair, his body was marshmallow shaped, hidden beneath saggy plain clothes. His milky white skin never saw the sun. His sunken shoulders carried his bowed head. His eyes never lifted from the ground. His voice was so thin, it almost had no tone. His place was amongst the invisible... unnoticed he would blend in. Like a shadow he could sneak in and out of his hiding place; the backroom of the main hall. It was here he nurtured his desires, and it was here he took his victims.

Sometimes by force, but often it was enough to use simple compulsion; threats, blackmail... or else he would tell their secret. And they all had a secret. He knew all of their dirty deeds, he had been listening closely, he had been investigating, he had been following them. Hidden in the shadows, in the corners of the main hall and between the dark corridors he would hear them, those that had just confessed their sins.

Ally was one of such girls that he had pursued. He had noticed her quickly amongst the visitors; he had watched her and instinctively found the guilt that she only wished to confess to god himself. This sunny afternoon Ally was back in the church with her fellow art students from the campus. To draw sketches of the many painted figures and faces, to take home inspiration for their own artwork assignments. Sneakily as was his nature, he had separated her from her group to show her some exquisite art in one of the forbidden rooms of the ancient building. And it was here he made his advances. In his thin voice, the small man talked about the necessity for punishment, the need to pay for her deeds.

He kept her and waited until the church had emptied of both visitors and clergymen before he dragged her further to his beloved sanctuary. As horrified as she was, she came along quite willingly. Disgusted by the thought of this sleazy man, she was forced to keep her secret safe. Once secure within the walls of his chamber, he locked the heavy oakwood door behind them and turned the great black iron key around. He pushed her towards the musky smelling stained divan below the great dark windows. He knew he had all the time in the world, yet he grew impatient. Greedily and with shaking hands he started to undress her, tearing off her tights and her skirt and he made her lie down on the divan.

The young woman was still in shock about the whole situation, it all happened so quickly. She felt nauseous, she felt ashamed, yet overwhelmed and she just gave in to her fate. Hungrily and greedily the mis-shaped pale man was all over her. He slithered across the divan he knew too well; to lie beside her, lie above her, lie within her. Endlessly he fed his immoral lust, ecstatic at the thought that all the sacred eyes all around were upon him.

Ally was lying utterly paralysed, staring at the ceiling and walls around, studying the many miserable faces and figures, the many cold eyes that stared back at her. The room was spinning around her and she felt dizzy. Indeed she felt the many eyes upon her. There was no sound at all. The Church vapoured a silence so old, so tomb-like and so unbearable. Ally could not bear this silence any longer, it consumed her, sickened her. She herself was as mute and numb as a grave, yet her head was spinning and she desperately wanted to get

away from here.

There were far away voices outside the church. Did they draw closer... did anyone look for her? She looked over to her new black leather bag that was lying right beside her on the cold stone floor beside the divan. She was tempted to reach out for her mobile phone, instinctively she tried to move her right arm slowly towards her bag, but he quickly withheld her and placed her arm back next to her head again.... She started to shiver as she was lying almost naked there and yet her body flushed with heat as her heart was pumping with anger. Cold sweat was running down from her stomach and her thighs... soaking into the stained divan together with his mess...

Yet in the depth of her soul she did not mind. As loathed as she felt for being forced to lie here with this vile vermit, it was a minor inference to bear for her sinister secret that he knew about... Ally, indeed, had persued dark desires of her own... and slowly she got lulled in by the starring eyes around her... may they be judging him and not her. Here in this room she was the innocent victim of this crime...

And here he was – the ill-doer, doing this despicable deed; the creep, the blackmailer, the rapist... preying on unfortunate sinners... violating them in his dreadful domain. Filling them with his poison again and again, whilst falling into a hideous trance. His eyes would gaze deadly into the air, just as his victims stare blank and lifeless to the seiling, to all the painted eyes that mercilessly look back at them.

Would anyone ever see through his dead eyes and beyond... would they see back to his early days, the memories of most ghastly ways...? Would they see the bleeding scars on his mis-shaped tormented body?

Would they see back to the beginning when he was a boy? How unfortunate the one that is doomed to live by the laws of religious madness. A cold home where no love did grow. Furniture so hard and stiff it would give no rest or comfort. The ruler and the belt were the soft touches that he received, psalms of damnations and sins his sweet lullabies.

And yet the urge was there, that grew ever stronger. One day at church he started to drift... he was hiding, lurking about in the shadows and the dark corridors. And when he found the closed off chamber, the many faces and figures that welcomed him, that watched him, indeed they made him move his hand to the warm inside of his pants. Oh how he needed to visit again to feel the eyes of god and his holy icons upon him, to satisfy the painful urge that would make him whine and whimper... how then he was caught in the act by a clergyman who coincidently walked in to search for some old iron candle holders... how then the boy was dragged by the ear to kneel before the priest to confess his shame and his heresy.

The punishments he received were nothing compared to the horror he was doomed to endure at his home. When his unloving parents were told of his shameful act that took place within holy church walls, they made him enter their barren living-room, where by the fire-place they beat him so badly over and over again, that almost death interfered to release

him from his pain. Indeed, the only one true sin here, the act of child torture, was not punished... the injustice was common back in those days... and there was no law against religious suffering.

Barely surviving his parental hell, his abused and pined body returned to the comfort of the church as a young man, to serve and to feed his tasteless urges once again. To touch his tormented self, to prey upon others and to make his wounds weep once more...

How many times have those painted eyes witnessed a deed like this, how many times did they watch a crime like this? They remain silent, compassionless, merciless. The secrets within the walls remain sealed... like the caskets in the catacombs below.

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