

Short story.

"If you can find the strength inside yourself, then you can become one of the few people who gets to see all the perfection that God ever created. The perfection of God and the burning desire to see it in full blossom, is planted in everyone of us. But it takes tremendous strength and a strong mind to unlock the purity. Most people do not even know it is there. How I pity them!"

The time is 10 p.m. and I am restless. I have lit a candle in a seemingly futile attempt to soften up the sharp white agony in my head. It is the only light in the little cellar and, situated on the floor in the middle of the room, it makes the cold walls crawl with lurking shadows and unseen creatures. I sit on the concrete floor, leaning against the bolted wooden door, carefully avoiding the red pool of blood that is barely visible in the dim lighting from the flickering flame. Out there, just on the other side of the ring of light from the candle, she lies. Her skin glows with the liquid gold from the flame and she tries to move, despite her weakness and agony - she reminds me of the previous one. I remain motionless while she slowly moves, inch by inch, across the floor. Every motion is painfully slow and almost like a vision, I see her struggle mirrored in my shiny dark eyes. Yes, there is definitely a similarity! The resemblance is almost indistinguishable. But I can see it! In her struggle I find the same beauty as before. A perfect symmetry unfolds before me. Her nails scrapes against the roughness of the floor and the red blood drips from her hair as she, once again, tries to get a little bit closer to salvation. Oh, how I enjoy these quiet little moments right before the end!

She moves again and her movement makes the light flicker. For one short moment I catch a glimpse of the bloody mess where one of her breasts used to be. Again she fades into the shadows, leaving me hungry for more of her. But I remain motionless, waiting for her next appearance. A long time passes as she gathers enough strength to move again. I can hear her breathing, quietly restrained - she does not want to make me have to punish her, like I had to do before she learned to behave silently. Then she finally move again. More blood is added to the gleaming pool on the floor. In the last hour she has moved nearly one metre. Not much, but it does not matter - every motion she has made to this very day has been ugly. Now she has moved almost one metre in perfect symmetry, without a single futile motion. I envy her for her purity. After having disgraced the God that made her for so long, she is finally realising what she has done and why He makes her pay for it.

Now she moves again. Suddenly one of her hands, covered in blood, slips and she falls hard on the ground with a cry of pain. I cry out in disappointment - now she has spoiled everything! She hears my outburst and tries to crawl away from me, but again her hand slips in the slimy blood and she can not suppress another scream as the raw concrete tears at her open wounds. And in a rage I get up, jerk the bolts on the door open and grab the spiked baseball bat that was leaning against the door. I turn around and switch the light back on. The cellar is flooded with sharp, white neon light. In this new light I see her as she really is, incomplete and unsatisfactory. I splash blood all over as I approach her with the club in my hand and with a sound like an axe hitting wood, I crush her scull. But in my rage there is a calm center, where I sit and watch the things I do and somehow I know, that next time it will not be like this. I know I can make it work!!

Lars Teglbjærg, 3a

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