



Push pass the old witch and found refuge in my faith

THE OLD BELFREY TOWN

KENVIL ATKINS LEWIS

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: standing in the East doorway of Saint Lucy's Catholic Church; inside the church near the doorway where I was standing was a thirty-two-inch television. For some reason the reception was not perfect, it kept on blinking

unable to correctly tune to any station. My older brother Victor was tinkering with the knobs trying to fix it, to no avail.

If I turned my head to the left I could see the bay at the horizon straight up, I noticed that because all of a sudden the skies turned dark in that direction, and the rain started drizzling



I did not want to shelter the rain inside the church, because if I stepped into the church I would be plunged into total darkness, to avoid the church from getting wet, I decided to half close the door, it was a heavy oak door which needed all my strength to do so.

Because closing the door would put the inside of the church into pitch darkness.

The rain turned from a drizzle to a heavy downpour, and I was left with no other option but to close the door, stepping inside the church I closed the door behind me.

Victor was still tinkering with the television controls, each time he tuned it to a different station, the blinking of the television cast a quick light into the darkness inside the church, making the statues look like ghost figures.

I felt quite uncomfortable with the situation and quickly opened the church door and stepped out into the rain leaving Victor inside, he was still tinkering with the television controls and did not see me leaving the door

After the rain ceased I returned to the heavy side door pulled it open, and looked inside to my surprise Victor my brother had disappeared.



She came towards me

I thought that to be a little bit odd, I shouted his name several times, but there was no answer I peeped inside the church which was still very dark, and called out to him but still no answer. Frantically I started making rounds around the church calling out to him, finally in the distance I could hear someone's voice asking for help somewhere at the back of the church.

Walking around the church to the area where I heard the voice coming from, it took me past the heavy wooden doors on the opposite side of the church and into the front door.

I heard the voice but this time it sounded as if it was coming from inside the church, anger was my weapon without fear.

I walk up to the huge heavy front doors placing my hands upon them I push on them and find that they open quite easily. As soon as I stepped inside the huge door swung shut after me plunging me into total darkness, normally my first thought would be to rush right back to the huge door and try to pry it open, however, this was not the case



I spoke out loud and said, though this darkness seems very dark, I will walk through twice as dark as this and I proceeded to move toward the area I heard the voice.

There was an eerie feeling about the whole situation yet I felt unafraid and I boldly proceeded towards the altar, halfway to the altar I noticed an old woman standing next to the huge pillar that supports the ceiling,

Coming out of the shadows she glided across the pillars, and proceeded in my direction, stopping short of an inch near me.

Moved out of my way old woman I shouted to her, just then I noticed the glow around me in the darkness.

She quickly back toward the post and straightened up against the largest post as if she suddenly got stuck to the post. She was grinding her teeth, her hands outstretched fingers that curled upward, screaming like a cat.



Bound by her feet

I continued to move toward the alter but some force directed me to the confessional box, stepping into the confessional box I started pulling on the boards in the box structure surprisingly the boards pry just as loose and as easy as when I push the main huge front door open. All that time I noticed that the old woman still appeared stuck to the pole

Menacingly, after three boards had been pried loose I saw what looked like a person stuffed in the corner, I continued to pull out more boards and dropped the body of a male

person bound with his hands behind his back and a gag in his mouth.

Several other bodies fell out from the hole in the confessional box, but my brother was not among them, by this time the church was filled with people I called out loud to go fetch the constable, in my mind eye I thought I would be famous, I thought I would appear in the morning papers and on television,

None of this happened to me there was not one mention of me in the whole affair, and my dream came to an end without finding my brother. then I woke up to praise the Almighty Jehovah or so I thought but the scenes kept on happening right before my eyes.

Chapter two: Finding my brother

Among the bodies that fell out of the confessional box, six were male three were female, there was also an old lady dressed in men's clothing, looking closer at the clothes she was wearing revealed a piece of garment I know quite well

The shirt she was wearing belonged to my brother, I bought it for him as a Christmas gift last Christmas.

The night was fast approaching and still, there was no sight of Victor, I had exhausted myself searching for him yet he was nowhere to be found, finally I decided to give up the search, and start afresh the next morning.

I was just about to call it quits when someone grabbed my arm and pointed towards the old belfry, there upon the rooftop was a man dangling out the window.

Quickly I ran towards the old belfry, yes it was Victor clinging to the window seal, the first thing he said to me.

They are here they have been here all the time, right here in our town, puzzling I said to him, who are you talking about? Those people he pointed out in the direction where two heavy bells hang live inside the bell.

Who are they I ask? The saints he replied, all the dead people that have been dead and buried in our town have never left the village.



Looking at the bells hanging there motionless, I said where are they Vic, He kept pointing at the bells, can you see them, open your eyes, look it grave digger Jones, Jones I said grave digger jones Vic, yes he replied, did you not say those are the saints living in the belfry, yes he replied.

Grave digger Jones was hung by the people of Long Short County, he killed five people, and murdered the whole family of one Patrick the postman, for no reason at all, Patrick did nothing to warrant the killing of his whole family, all he did was to drop a letter in Jones mailbox.

The letter was an eviction notice sent by the village council asking Jones to evacuate the land he lived on for seventy years, the land itself was owned by the parish.

Still wondering what and who are those people my brother is talking about, tell me more I said to him, why were you hanging on the window seal, and what happened to you, you were in the old church trying to tune the old television.

Yes, he said that is the whole mystery, he told me a most fascinating tale which even I could not believe.

Victor Fanstatic Tale

After you closed the door the old TV came to life, I could hear someone screaming from the inside, I peeped closely and was pulled through it traveling through time and space I landed at a gravesite, someone was being buried, I had no idea where I was or what year it was, I knew no one at the funeral sitting at the top of a wooden cross was and I saw.

I saw it black as the night with eyes as red as blood, part of his head was eaten with worms, his clothes were slimy drifting in the air, and every time the wind blew a foul stench perfumed the air.

Yet he appeared to the mourners as being normal, Pea Body I heard him say to an old lady kneeling near the coffin, Pea Body is my name, clown extraordinaire is my game.

Its appearance was like a jellyfish, all limbs no form, yet he appeared to everyone present as a man.

Peabody Raleigh at your service madam the clown replies to Aunt Cecilia, clown Extraordinaire and Magician, and for my first trick madam

I will now make you vanish my lady never to be seen again at the count of three you will be nothing not even a memory, no one will remember you were here tonight.

Well, Peabody Raleigh sure got our attention with those words to Cecilia; his remark receives the loudest of laughter and jeers unlike any since he shows up for the evening even Cecilia joins in the fun for a while until the clown calls her out.

Are you ready madam he said, ready for what Cecilia replied, madam you are about to vanish as I said before you will vanish both you and your memory will also vanish.

So will everyone who has enjoyed my performance this evening, you all will get the last performance wish, now is the hour for my fees.



A brilliant performance I must say you all laughed at my jokes and my performance was well-received by all, no one stopped me

I performed too small and great for the last three hours, now it is the witching hour at midnight, and everyone must pay the clown.

Out of the corner table, Kenny shouts out to the clown bravo Mr. Clown!



Thinking the clown words to be a joke, you are funny mister clown I must admit but it seems that you are also mad to come on and give us a break.

Ok reply to the clown to Kenny, you got it, what part of your body do you want to be broken, let me see with a funny laugh he said, of course, I choose your neck, your neck will be broken right after the lady disappear.

Some of the guests attendance began to show signs of discomfort and in succession with one accord demanded that the clown leave right away, a short stubby fellow by the name of Safi stepped up to the clown and gave him a push We all watched in horror as his hands suddenly sprouted blisters and boiled all over them, green and red slime gushing out of them leaving the bone bare.

I would not advise anyone to manhandle me whisper the clown, the clown will have his pay, now all sit down.

While all this was happening across the hall no one in the front seat noticed any of the disturbances they were all telling jokes and having a good time.



Jellyfish man

However, that all stops when old Safi's arm falls off across the hall everyone rushes to the aid of old Safi, but it is too late his whole body melting down, from his head to his toes.

With a burst of devilish laughter, the clown laughs out loud stopping briefly to say now who is next?

No one ventured to talk or even make a move. I see the clown say, now that I've got everyone's attention to listen to me closely, everyone here tonight who laughs at my jokes will die a horrible death

Just as the clown was about to choose another victim the old lady let out a scream it is Dermott! The one who calls me earlier pointing to the clown, I recognize the voice.



This is not Dermott's dear softly whispered Dermott's mother, just a silly old clown that kills people for no good reason.

Who said that shouted the clown! Standing up Fern moved her shoulders back Dermott's mother replied I did clown, and who are you inquire the clown? I am the dead man's mother. Please to meet you said the clown. Your turn will come you will be the last one to die here.

Die! She replies shaking her head we will see about that; we will see who dies here today. It seems that the woman's threat puzzles the clown both his eyebrows shoot up creating a nasty frown on his face, he drops his guard long enough for Bangy to ask a silly question.

With that she quietly sat back in her chair, do you know that clown? Asked Bangy his whole body trembling with fear I do not want to die. No, I do not the woman calmly replies. But it looks like he knows the family or someone in the family.

Dermott's mother was quite colorful herself, her red brim hat, and her dark square glasses were something to behold, on top of that she wore a fashioned top that was strictly before its time.

Standing upright she told everyone to enjoy the clown show, if he knew my son then there was no harm done, and then she made a disappearing act herself.



He could be a friend of Dermott or someone that Dermott knew was possible, regaining his posture the clown said anything is possible enough of the small talk scream out the clown, now where was I? Leaving I believe someone shouted goodbye.

The clown sharply turns his head ninety degrees around till the front of his face faces the back of his head it seems we have another clown here please step forward and identify yourself at once! The picture of a woman coming out of the water fell on the table when



Blacksmith

Upstep a giant of a man I am Rudolph he said to the clown, I am the blacksmith of this little Hamlet and also the resident clown for ceremonies, are you a friend of the family?

The clown snuffed at the handshake that was offered to him by the blacksmith, putting his whistle in his mouth blew two sharp tunes, and was gone, vanishing into thin air.

Good riddance shouted priest Herbie who was hiding in the closet on his way from the cellar this fellow had me scared stiff.

After the clown vanishes everyone seems to breathe a sigh of relief, some even talk about what they would do to the clown if they had the chance.

One middle-aged lady took the podium and sang out a hymn then offered to say a prayer, at which point the priest offered to bless the congregation before leaving the hall.

During all the fussing and commotion no one noticed that the room was getting darker and darker and a white chalky smoke oozing from the ceiling,

Look! Cried Billie its smoke coming from the ceiling, looking upward everyone hastens to exit the building in no order creating a chaotic scene.

Suddenly all doors and windows shut by themselves and the lights flickered in the hall all sort colors with all sorts of shadows dancing on the walls before anyone could move everyone stood still as if it had never happened,

The smoke was gone revealing the daylight all doors and windows opened everything was back to normal except for the clinging of the bell from the belfry tower below, twelve times it chimed then it Stopped.

Oh, my look at the time laughs Kenny the undertaker, he had grey eyes that looked like hawk eyes time to go there is still another service to perform, with that said he reached for his hat bidden everyone farewell, and was out the door.

Kenny had not taken twenty steps across the yard when we heard a scream from someone calling for help, is that Kenny someone asks?

Sounded like Kenny I would know that voice anywhere, Kenny is that you ask priest Herbie but there was no answer, again the call for help echoed across the hall, on Kenny I am coming, and out of the house dash the priest.



Five minutes later the priest returned, on his face was a horrible expression, it was not Kenny he said! I do not know what it is exactly

I cannot describe what I have just seen, sort of between a monkey and a bird, all mangled by an exceptionally large animal it left its paw prints all over the dead thing, and upon the thing's chest is a blood paw print that looks like the paw of a bear horrible.

Did you see Kenny ask someone? No, he was gone not a sign of him or anyone else, how about the bear did you see it? Again, he replies no.

Everyone gathers around Priest Herbie says it is time for the blessings it is evil outside, and it means to destroy us all, just then the church bell starts chiming again this time it rings just once and stops a calm stillness comes over the hall You could have heard a pin drop

Just then the silence was broken by the voice of the priest who shouted out Lord! Bless this house and everyone inside here, deliver us from the evil surrounding us and the danger outside, and everyone shouted with one voice Amen.

VICTOR STORY CONTINUE

I too shouted amen and found myself again in the darkness still sitting near the old TV, that was when I noticed you were gone, arms extended moving forward and touching the walls I walked around the alter and found myself floating on air, I must have to fall asleep without knowing it, for I saw

There was a stream flowing right in the middle on both sides where activities of wonderous sightings, horses with Eagle wings, Bees without stings, birds of try color calling out to each other, and fishes sitting at the banks with fishing poles.

Water fountain dripping out wild honey liquor, fruits of all sorts, and the tiny little houses all made out of gingerbread, the sun was hallow and the moon was a paddle boat ferrying people back and forth.

In the distance I saw a welcome sign that read Welcome to Belfry Village, we've been waiting for you.

Then I asked the welcome man at the gate, who are those people and where do they come from, yes he told me they were from Long Short Town, who passed away in their grief and found their way to this place.

Now I understand why Digger Jones was among them, he must have suffered with grief after killing the postman family, who would know that, a smile came to my face yes they must be saints all of those who cross over.

Looking at VIC I asked why he had returned here, I was pushed out he told me by no other than Digger Jones, he gave me a cup of mountain liquor after I drank it I found myself standing next to the bells, but had one last glimpse of Belfrey Town inside the bells.

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