The Sound of Horror
Anna Wolle

Why? Why would you assume that I am mad? Do you think there is something wrong with me? Can you hear the endless thumping of my heart, threatening to leap out of the sickly stiff ribcage that encases my darkened, lifeless soul? Have you watched me with those dreadfully sharp eyes, peered through their endless, black pools of sight into the inner workings of my mind? Have you seen the furious flurry of esoteric images that constantly swirl through my head? The images of her. I’ll bet you have stared into my soul and noted my sudden change in heart. Yes, it quickly occurred—but for the better. My sharpened senses can now detect the slightest of movements, the softest of sounds, the faintest emotions that creep over the faces of our dreadful human race. Can you see it? Observe how I ever-so-tranquilly recount my story.

Trapped. The cold iron bars of the menacing front gate stand still, dark as night, forever locking me inside this ancient Austrian monastery. The black night smothers the earth in an inky blanket of endless nothingness, painting the bark of the misshapen trees a horrid hue, the color of spoiled bananas and nightmares. The night darkens the cool pond by the side of the twisting gravel road, revealing the distorted reflection of passers-by who happen to peer into its ripples of mystery. All that can be seen in the night sky are the sharpened blades of the crescent moon that casts shadows upon the muddy earth. I wait.

Sitting in a creaky wooden rocking chair on the third floor balcony of the sanctuary, I can feel the presence of the enormous, rusted pipe organ that dominates the west wall. Next to me, toxic brown mold forms in intricate patterns across the paper, damp with water-stains from the late morning storm. A mindless spider scuttles across a murky window pane as I peer through the glass at the bottomless pit of life looming before me. My gaze trails along the exterior of the building as I note the jagged crack in the brick wall that crumbles with age. The base of the building sags toward the ground, almost as if someone had heaved Atlas’s weighty burden onto its copper-tiled roof. Ivy slithers up the west side of the building, choking the life out of the wall’s endless grooves. My soul is waiting.

A cold breeze whistles through cracked glass, playing a haunting melody that rises to the expansive ceiling of the sanctuary. The tune eerily dances through the rows of wooden pews, gracing the very spot the horrid woman daily sits. The tune suddenly shifts, modulating to the simple melody she would sing while picking edelweiss in the rolling Austrian hills. “The hills are alive…” Memories of the woman are thrown at me, washing over my soul with the boiling hot waters of reality. Memories of the woman who had spent countless hours with those annoying little children from hell. Who wasted her time with them. The woman with her once flowing golden locks and sparkling eyes who, on a warm Parisian night, had peered into my eyes and breathed to me her thoughts of love. The woman who suddenly left me, and the dreadful children, for those unbearable nuns to live a more ‘spiritual’ life. The woman who tore my heart in two.

Sitting in my seat at the very edge of the balcony, I let my mind wander over the possibilities, now that I have secured my position in her place of residence—the dreadful
abbey. Oh, the things I could do to her, the pain I could inflict on her icy heart, the torment I could cause in her life.

It isn’t important how I got here. All that matters is the horrors I now face each minute, waiting for my moment. Waiting for revenge.