

Horror

Bell, Book, and Candle

By: Nikki Delmas



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Nikki Delmas is a name that has been steadily rising in the world of literature and art, making a mark as a talented author and artist with a diverse range of interests and accomplishments. Her journey from a fledgling UK author to a multifaceted creative professional is nothing short of inspiring. With a profound love for Classical Art and Architecture, English literature, Fantasy Fiction, and Sci-Fi, Nikki's creative spirit knows no bounds.

I sit on the wooden pew with my head bowed, concentrating on the green checkered pattern of my pleated school skirt. The chapel is small and located in the old Manor House part of the building. The altar stands in front of a large bay window looking out on the grounds and the ha-ha wall beyond. A single candle drips warm wax at its center filling the air with frankincense scented smoke.

It's a quiet autumn twilight and almost time for supper. I hear the chapel door squeak open and the air temperature drops. The back of my neck tingles, blood draining from my face as my heckles rise. It's here. There are no footsteps to announce its arrival before I hear the voice.

"Trying to hide? You think I can't enter a chapel? Silly little girl." *I was counting on it.*

I think, but I don't turn around. Instead, I kneel on the red cushioned rest and place my hand on the bible stowed in the

back of the pew in front of me. My phone gently pings with the classic bell chime to notify me of a text. I make the sign of the cross but slowly reach my hand inside my blazer pocket.

"I want you to leave now!" I whispered.

"You and your friends bought me back!" It hisses at me.

"We were just messing around with that old board and then the mirror fell off the wall, we didn't even touch it!" I reply.

I feel a finger gently pull back my hair from my blazer shoulder like it's trying to see my face.

"You opened up the door just enough for me to slip back through," It whispers so close to my ear that I would have felt it's breath, if it were alive.

"And I'm having so much fun." It answers with a smile.

"I won't let you hurt anyone else. Lilly didn't fall down those stairs. I know it was you!"

It chuckles. Then starts to sing. "Humpty dumpty sat on the wall..."

With my hand on my phone, I turn on my camera and flip the screen.

“Amy wants her body back.”

I say as I lift the phone. My own face looms momentarily on the screen before I angle it over my shoulder. The demon looks directly at itself and is mesmerized by the horrific image. I click the shutter and Amy’s body slumps to the floor. I turn around and see she’s breathing. My phone burns hot. I immediately drop it, and it clatters onto the cold floor. A priest would have used a different method. Bell, book and candle then a mirror, but modern times call for modern measures. Now it’s contained I don’t hesitate to stomp my heel down hard on the screen. The glass splinters but I grind it a little further for good measure. I help Amy up; she’s disorientated but I want to get us as far away from here as possible. Half lifting half dragging her we limp towards the door. We’ve almost made it - then the phone starts to ring.