

From one rebel to another (*Working name: True Faith 0*)

She sits in the large sermon hall of the Church of Mary of the Assumption. The benches is just like any other churches in the country but the similarities stops about there. She leans back onto the uncomfortable back of the bench and looks up onto the ceiling. She never knew a building could be this beautiful. The first time she had been here those couple of years ago she had never had the time to actually take in the beauty of the building.

It wasn't an old, dusty church as most churches where, but rather new, built sometime in the late sixties after the last church had burned down. The new, innovative design, was what mesmerized her in this place. The ceiling started off as a square and through some incredible geometry sh*t transformed into a cross at the top of the ceiling (*Its saddle roof is composed of eight segments of hyperbolic paraboloids, in such a fashion that the bottom horizontal cross section of the roof is a square and the top cross section is a cross.* – Wikipedia. Victoria vet inte vad det innebär hehe... Googla bilder, det är fett fint). She wish she could see it in the day, with light streaming in through the small, different colored glass that transforms the already impressive architecture into something magical. Along the sides of the square and into the cross at the top of the ceiling runs four small stripes of colored glass, turning the whole ceiling into a large cross, both in shape and feeling. It must be beautiful with the sun shining through it. (Ärligt, googla)

She sighs wistfully, and looks back down. She is met by a thoughtful gaze starring at her from 15 feet away. Derek is leaning by a pillar, lost in thought. She smiles a small smile and beckons him closer.

“Why you standing there like a creep? Get over here instead” she makes room for him beside her on the bench as he comes closer. He sits down and sighs as he moves around to sit comfortable.

“Needed a break?” he asks and she shrugs and looks up into the ceiling once more. “Yeah. They are a handful, aren't they?” a sigh escapes her lips and she rubs a hand over her eyes. Had she been alive, she would have had a headache for sure. “You?” He mimics her shrug as an answer. “Sometimes it's just nice to come to here to the quiet. Beltramino or Michael just never stop talking” She grins in his general direction. “Oh you bad boy you. Always brooding” He barks out a laugh and glances at her at the corner of his eye. “Says you. Who is it who disappeared for weeks at a time just to wander around in silence and brood for 130 years? It sure wasn't me” She grins at him with mirth in her eyes before looking up at the ceiling, falling into a comfortable silence as the smiles slowly fades.

“I never said I was perfect” she continues eventually. “Real rebel kid me. Of course I turned moody and broody before I eventually grew up” her voice is low and soft, barely carrying in the large church hall. “Rebel kid?” is his only answer, a little confusion showing in his voice. She sits up properly and turns towards him in the bench. “Yeah? Rebel kid? You know, f*ck the establishment, not listening to their parents, running away from home, stealing booze from their parents and diluting the remains with water, smoking weed behind the school gym while skipping class, having sex at the back of theaters while a film was running. Did you not have proper delinquents in the thirties?” she moves her arm over the backrest and leans onto her arm while she talks, moving one leg up onto the bench in some kind of half cross. “Well not really. Most of the misfits just ran away from home and joined the circus. Or the army” He raised an eyebrow as if to challenge her. She had a small smile playing on her lips. “Oh, so that was what you had to choose between? The circus or the army? I for sure would have taken the circus any day. But then again, I almost already have” Both of them fall into silence again and think of their weird little family that they had become. It

for sure felt as a circus most days. She looked out onto the church, taking the stillness of the early hours. It sure was different from where the others were. She could almost feel the chaos in her bones just thinking about it.

“I used to feel like there was a hole in my soul when I was young. I joined the army ‘cause I figured it would be filled but not even the war could make me feel whole. And after those years locked up, it felt bigger than ever. Being embraced did not help either and my only solution was always to try and fill it with violence and more violence when it wasn’t enough. I went like that for so long, you know.” He falls silent for a short while, thinking. She let him, not knowing what to say anyways. “I never realized that what I had been missing was love. I always thought that god hated me for not being like everyone else. But I was so very wrong. All along it was me who hated myself but now with Michael and with God. I feel whole” She hold in her snort but the way he looks at her she can tell that he knows. “When are you going to realize that you are just the same as I was and fill your hole?” She burst out laughing, turning into herself as if her stomach hurts. “That was what she said” she says between sniggers. “Really, Derek? That is not the right way to finish a serious speech like that” when she has calmed herself and looks at him, he smiles back at her. “You know what I mean, V.” She looks him in the eye. “Derek. I stopped believing in god a long time ago. Why would I believe in something that doesn’t believe in me?” she falls silent with a huff. He opens his mouth to protest but she talks right over him.

“I’ve already heard the whole thing from an old Alabamian lady like yourself. Let it go, okay?” He looks at her critically but drops it. “That is a story that I have not heard before” Is what he says instead. She snorts at him but starts telling the story anyway. “The summer before I turned eleven we went to Alabama for a vacation. My brother had just awoken so mom left me with some old lady while they ran off to do some training or equally dumb sh*t. She was really kind though. It was at her that I smoked my first cigarette” he chokes on nothing and she smiles at him. “She was really cool. Anyway. She went to church every Sunday and insisted that I always came along. I hated it at first but I was young and impressionable back then so I kinda took a liking to it after a few times and that old lady’s nagging. Mom freaked when she found out. When I got older I used to go to church after we fought just to piss her of even more. The little faith I actually had was mostly fueled by anger towards her and a hope that things would get better. I stopped believing at god the first day I went hungry on the street and the only thing that people wanted from me was my body. The life on the streets are hardly kind to a girl at sixteen” She shrugs. “I made due though. No thanks to your god” she falls silent and he doesn’t really know what to say to that. They fall silent once more, both of them in deep thought.

“You know, I lost my virginity in a church” her grin is wicked as she looks at him. He gasps and feigns outrage. “You scoundrel! In the house of the lord! How could you?” She grins at him. She does not take him seriously due to all the ass he’s had in the mind of a saint no less. “I was underage as well” another gasp of outrage, this one a little more genuine. “Oh please. You joined the army at sixteen you hypocrite. Anyway, I was a sophomore and he was a senior. He was one of my brother’s best friends as well. I thought Jason would rip his head off when he found out. Neither he nor mom talked with me for a month after that. I was like a ghost in my own home. It was heaven” the smile was gone from her face but she didn’t seem sad per say. She had closed her eyes while leaning onto her arm. “I was not an easy kid to deal with, I’ll give them that. But they for sure wasn’t easy to deal with back either” he touches her arm. “Well, everyone has their own problems. You can’t blame yourself” she opens her eyes and looks at him. “Well, I probably got both daddy and mommy issues to go around so there’s that” It’s his turn to snort at her. “Yeah, you probably do. Rebel kid and all that” she gins at him and he can’t help but smile back.