



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:3:00

Keeper of the Walls

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Farnham is an historic town. It has a fine castle on top of the hill at the west edge of the parkland. The outbuildings are surrounded by a wall, complete for all its boundary. During the day the castle and grounds host business visitors and sightseers, for them it is welcoming. It's a special place, an old place, a peaceful respite from the bustle of the town. But there is someone for whom at night the castle is more than a pretty edifice, a camera shot, a refectory. That someone, in the dark, from the past, is in me.

My castle was complete, impressive, impenetrable. There was no sign of this place after dark unless the moon was full. Approaching horsemen pulled up sharp at first sight of its huge walls, they felt its power from miles away. It's massive, imposing, far too secure to openly attack, many tried, we piled their bodies high to rot in view of all. My castle was home to hundreds who served and refuge to but a few, who ruled in the name of God, my God. I serve them here, still, In the dark, at night.

The path to the south of the castle is dangerous. This was the place the convicts came. Those enemies who on sentence of death from a previous crime were given the last chance to save themselves, by breaching my walls for their masters. I saw them come, clawing the embankment with hook and knife, their hands and arms slashed by gorse and thorn until bloody and exhausted they fell, to me. I was here to end their quest, violently, loudly, their screams in agony sang victory to my masters and cried defeat to theirs. I did my job well, I liked it. These walls remain secure, these walls are mine.

The path to the south of the castle is dimly lit. It is the way on foot down the Blind Bishop's steps, a tranquil place it boasts. A weak wooden fence is all that stops men climbing the bank, a flimsy sign deters entry. You would do well to heed this advice, for I am still here on guard, in spirit, I watch, I wait. You may know me. Some feel cold and shiver, the wisp of a spider's web. Some look back as if observed. Some hear footsteps, but the foolish who would dare, will hear screams.

I am keeper of the walls, I cannot leave, I will not leave. If you must pass this way at night do so swiftly, quietly, respectfully. Many gave their lives in disrespect of my God, and of my masters, their blood stains my hands forever, their memory holds me here.

The path to the south of the castle is dimly lit, don't stray from it, please. Be humble, be safe and be aware of him, the keeper of the walls. Together we watch, live, inside, outside, light, dark, human form with demon heart, obsessed, controlling, we will kill again, I know we will. We like it.

I hear the screams and see the blood too. Go swiftly, go past, stop for no-one, or one night, maybe this night, the screams will come from you...

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