
An Excerpt from:

Impure Thoughts

by Lloyd David Cadigan

Chapter Two



The young Catholic Nun nervously anticipates, this brisk dark evening, a meeting that she hopes will keep her from falling completely off the edge of her sanity, reason, and self-respect.

As she waits, a brilliant moonlight reflects off the majestic Latin crucifix, soaring high above the giant steeple of Saint Benjamin's Roman Catholic Church.

In the cold autumn Boston night, she gazes up at the inspiring sight as the soft glow exposes her beautiful, striking features.

For young Sister Abigail Moore, being a Catholic nun in a large parish convent has not been easy. With its strict rules and regulations, one would think there is little chance for worldly temptation under the watchful eyes of so many.

But one would be wrong, and in Sister Abigail's case, very wrong. For one thing, finding herself head over heels in love with a charming, quite handsome priest from the same parish breaks a lot of the rules, and very quickly at that.

Her feminine profile is silhouetted under a stark black veil. Sister Abigail has a fair complexion and small stature. She is a bit shy, but is sincerely good-natured towards others.

Abigail sighs as a temporary calm comes over her, stifling her jittery nerves for the moment. It is a calm born of a conviction that is as strong as it is new. It has taken a while, with a lot of prayer and soul searching, to arrive at where she is, facing a critical dilemma in her life.

The cool breeze wraps the folds of her habit, tightly engulfing her legs. It hinders her movement, for a moment, as she negotiates the graceful, narrow flagstone walk along the garden behind the church.

In her ambivalence, she is anxiously anticipating a meeting that would be anything but calm.

Saint Benjamins is one of the largest Catholic parishes in the country. The grounds are extensive and quite picturesque. The church property is a vast array of charming, aged structures, which includes a very successful school for kindergarten to twelfth grade that is nearly full to capacity.

The church, like many built in twentieth-century America, is Gothic in design. It is by far the most impressive church or building in the area. Its curves and complex geometry exemplify exquisitely the Gothic era.

Trees and well-manicured landscaping grace the sprawling grounds of the campus. The clergy live in a large two-story rectory of rich granite and limestone with a stately, ornate design.

It is complete with a live-in maid, personal chef, and stocked with plenty of the finest spirits anyone could want.

This is one of the only parishes in the state to have a separate convent on the premises for the Sisters.

Being selected to serve at Saint Benjamins was a great opportunity for Abigail. She could have stepped carefully in her responsibilities and decisions. But she did not do that.

Oftentimes, she wondered why she had permitted herself to commit these sins. She can only guess. Was it the influence of her walk on the wild side when she was a teenager, before her parents had begged her wonderful aunt to whisk her away from the bad elements with whom she had consorted? Maybe it's a throwback to the utter lack of God in her life, while she was running with the pack in her old neighborhood.

Until this night, she has avoided the confrontation of her actions. Abigail is now determined to see it through and relieve this burden from her mind, her soul, and the threatening liability to which she has exposed her church.

Abigail will now set a course to the path of virtue and spirituality, separating herself from the past deeds that have taken her here. The road ahead will start tonight with this very important meeting.

Abigail has certainly done things to violate her vows as a Catholic nun.

However, unknown to her, some of her decisions may have actually put her life in danger.

Abigail mentally reviews what she is expecting from the meeting and attempts to focus on the words she will say.

Young Sister Abigail Moore had decided that she is going to be forceful when she conveys to the person meeting her that she intends to cease her sinful actions here and now. There will be no excuses, and most of all, no involvement of anyone else.

Abigail stops between two freshly trimmed four-foot-high hedge rows flanking the dim garden trail. The person she is supposed to meet is late. It's already after Eleven O'clock at night, and the longer she stays here, the more it begins to feel like a scary, dark place of gloom in which to wait. Huddled in her wrap from the chill in the air, she paces the narrow parameters of the flagstone walk.

The person who arranged this rendezvous insisted that everything would be alright. The person she was meeting was someone she knew, and she was sure they would be more than understanding in her determination to get away from this chaos for good.

While she has learned the ways of God in her religious training, she has not learned the ways of the world and the evil that lurks in some human hearts.

Suddenly, she ceases her pacing and stands rock still. So still, she cannot even hear her own breath. She feels, more than sees, a presence closing in on her.

Then her senses kick in, and there is a rustling of movement. It's a subtle kind of movement.

Abigail takes a few nervous steps, beginning to rethink her decision to put herself in this vulnerable situation.

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to have a meeting at night in the most isolated surroundings of the church grounds, completely out of sight of friendly or helpful eyes.

As a child, she had scared herself by letting her childish mind conjure up images that would frighten anybody, let alone a child. She was always, in her little world, imagining that shadows and shapes in the darkness of her bedroom, and even gray cloud formations outside, took on the appearance and persona of dragons, demons, and other terrifying creatures of the night.

The young woman moves towards the church building, then hesitates, looks around, and takes a few steps in the direction of her quarters. Suddenly, her dreary, spartan little room with the iron bedstead, single bureau, and brass crucifix on the wall seemed warm, cozy, and inviting.

At this moment, anything cozy is still a long way off.

She is confused about what to do and begins to regret her decision to be here at all.

An ominous feeling begins to grip her. Her spine tingles, and the hair at the nape of her neck starts to rise.

A powerful sensation of motion surrounds her, yet, as she might strain, peering into the gathering darkness, she can't see anyone.

She calls out softly, "Are you there? Is that you?"

At first, there is no sound, only the swishing of the wind in the shrubbery and her own heart, pounding at its own fearful pace. Then, Sister Abigail hears a voice she has never heard before, saying a forceful and sinister, "Goodbye, Abigail."

"Goodbye?" The scared young woman has no time to ponder its meaning.

Without warning, and almost simultaneously with the words, a powerful two-handed grip locks onto her neck from behind. Its unyielding force lifts her light frame almost completely off the ground.

Both of her hands go to her neck, her thin fingers trying desperately to release the vice, to loosen, even a fraction, the fierce hold on her windpipe.

As Abigail struggles, she begins to see white dots form before her eyes. She fights with all her might to breathe but her breath is leaving her. She has almost no more reserves.

A calm begins to break over her as she asks God for forgiveness, putting herself in his hands, as the end seemingly draws near. Now, as she twists and struggles helplessly, only a thin thread of air barely keeps her from losing consciousness and separates her from certain death.

Close to the point of blacking out, and with a last sudden surge of strength, she manages to violently plunge the two-inch tapered heel of her heavy shoe straight down into the top of her attacker's foot. A painful shriek breaks the silence and rings out into the night.

As the staunch hold on her neck is suddenly released, the force of gravity takes over, and the young woman falls to the ground, slamming hard on the walkway.

Abigail is desperate, her fear fueled with adrenaline. She scrambles up off the walkway and charges, clutching her throat, still heaving for air, towards the empty church building.

Thumping footsteps behind her are interspersed with gasping words, "I'm sorry but I can't let you tell. You will hurt a lot of people. I can't let you."

Sister Abigail now realizes that the threat of death is not only imminent but in earnest. Her terror propels her along the walkway adjacent to the church faster than she has ever run before.

She pulls on the handle of the first door she comes to but it is locked solid and won't move. In her rising panic, Abigail hyperventilates, with the threatening sound of approaching footsteps ringing in her ears.

She races on to the next entry of the church. Abigail presses on the handle lever of the side door. The lever moves but the door doesn't open either. Desperately, she presses the lever harder and bangs with her small shoulder as hard as she can against the heavy, aged wooden panel, again and again.

She backs up and flings her body against it, relentlessly with every ounce of strength she can muster, suddenly flying forward, as the door abruptly bursts open.

Plunging into the darkness of the building, her pursuer grabs hold of her garment, tripping them both to the floor in a tangle of arms, legs, and black habit.

The nun delivers several ferocious kicks. Pulling away with as much force as her adrenaline-fueled, one hundred and twenty pounds can, she breaks the attacker's hold.

The struggle causes the material to rip and tear apart, freeing her once again.

The terrified young woman runs for her life.

As she hears the pounding sounds of her pursuer trailing close behind, it gives her almost superhuman strength.

She has just stared death in the face and knows in her heart that the next encounter might be the last.

She reaches the back entrance to the balcony, running so fast she nearly slides past it.

Opening the door, she climbs up the angled staircase, taking two steps at a time, with her hunter on her heels.

Halfway up, she abruptly turns around and, in the darkness of the staircase, cocks her knee and surprises the villain with a powerful direct kick to the body. She knocks the pursuer backwards down a few steps, causing them to crash against a slanted part of the wall.

Abigail screams,” You don’t have to do this. I don’t want to die! Please, please stop! I swear I won’t tell anyone.”

Her screams turn to cries as she pleads, “Please...let me go!”

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