

All that glitters...

By Bob Lock

© Copyright Bob Lock. All rights reserved.

'Youâ€™re ALMOST positive?' Jake whispered loudly and then gripped his companion by the throat and squeezed. 'ALMOST! You were bloody CERTAIN before we broke in!'

Mason shrugged himself free and coughed quietly. He looked across the lowly-lit sanctuary to where the high-altar sat beneath a beam of smoky sunlight. The cool air still held the sweet hint of incense and the word 'certain' seemed to sigh its way around the high, vaulted ceiling, like a captured dove hoping for escape.

'I was a KID! It's been ten years since I've been in here but back then all the choirboys KNEW it was gold and worth a fortune.' He replied hoarsely and rubbed his throat.

'So why would they leave the damn thing out on display like that?' Jake nodded towards the altar and the huge engraved candle-stand that glowed a rich yellow in the last rays of the dying sun. 'It's because it's probably brass, you moron. Brass... not gold!'

Mason shook his head. 'It's gold. Father David once said so.' He looked up at the figure of Jesus crucified upon the cross above the altar. 'And it's not locked away because Father David trusts his congregation. He trusts Him to watch out for the cathedral.'

Jake followed his accomplice's gaze. 'Oh, give me a break.' He said and slipped out of the darkened corner and approached the altar. 'There's only one way to find out if it's gold or not.' He said as he reached for the candle-stand with one hand and opened the flick-knife with his other.'

'No, Jake. DON'T!' Mason raised his voice slightly. 'This ain't right. Leave it. We're gonna get caught, I've got a funny feeling.' He shivered. 'Perhaps it IS brass. But he knew that it wasn't.'

The creaking that came from above them and the tiny fragments of plaster that fell like fine snow upon their shoulders froze them to the spot but it was when the voice of the statute said, 'Welcome back, Mason. It's been a long time,' that both men dropped to their knees.

StoryImp Advertisement

