Testament of Faith:

Of all places it had to be here. This was where murder had started, sheltered by the dark halls and mental catastrophes. Malpractices riddled the very nature of the organization and its members willingly cultivated this madness in a way that disenfranchised the cornerstone logic of the human race. Father Bramble eyed the silver chalice in his hands. *The goddamn chalice*.

A forgotten series of wild stories had led humans away from their true calling for thousands of years; Father Bramble sought to correct this. It had been difficult to attain such a respected level of priesthood as an atheist, but finally it would pay off. He slowly poured the serum into the chalice and covered it with the holiest of wines. It seemed a shame to him, in this moment, that the further he devolved himself into the religious hierarchy the farther he was directed towards moral ambiguity. Finally, as he set the chalice down, he started to prepare, with a little help from Jonathan Edwards, the next day’s script.

Father Bramble looked over the rows of pews and into the hearts and minds of hundreds of his followers. *Too corrupted for salvation.* He felt the coolness in his hands which grasped the chalice. He saw the satisfaction and peace that resided in the churchgoers's eyes. He sensed the friendliness and relaxation that twisted into their greetings and songs. Dull stained glass windows in the back of the hall caught his attention for a moment. *If only they knew. They could’ve prevented this. The goddamn architecture.* At last, Father Bramble retreated back to his pulpit and gave the signal. And for the first time in a while, a real bloody communion commenced.

Each person began to eat their bread and wine and it seemed to Father Bramble that the serum was working even better than expected. Everyone who had sipped the wine unfurled into a hellish fit of murder and sought to eliminate all others in the most rotten way possible. Innumerable bodies lay sprawled on the ground while blood dripped down from the second floor balcony and speckled the scene below. From the destruction Father Bramble could see he couldn’t help but wonder how certain puncture wounds could have been made with such limited tools. In any case, the homicidal frenzy was fit to make any consequentialist shudder and writhe in response to such unwarranted action, and in the end Father Bramble lay chuckling, concealed behind the pulpit.

The newspaper headlines were unconvincingly cool for that Monday and the list of didactic despondents grew ever-lengthening in the modern tomes of the web, yet for such an overburdening act of malevolent societal mutation, Father Bramble lay morally unheeded and his cardiac acoustic warranted very little signs of undulation. *Just another sermon delivered.* As any good man would, he stood up and began preparations for next Sunday’s job.

A chalice, as is necessary; a baker’s loaf, as is necessary; wine, as is necessary; serum, as is most necessary. This special serum was the unusual byproduct of something exponentially unholier, but of which the specifications remained quite hidden from any layman’s knowledge. Rather, in conquest of discovering this, and in realizing it to be unattainable, Father Bramble had settled on the serum as a means to invoke unrighteousness in an unpredictably evil way, for only after yesterday’s cascade had it revealed to him its daunting powers and satisfied the brutal mind of its possessor.

Now, alone in the clergy’s quarters of a long forgotten church, Father Bramble began to conceive a path of destruction that appeared to be even more effective than the one he was on. The murderous powers of the serum presented itself as a means of becoming even more bloodthirsty than his natural mind could muster. Therefore, if he dared to consume it, would it unlock in him the man he had always wanted to be? Would it make him capable of wrecking his way to the exit of religion in the modern world? Father Bramble had been chosen by probability to reconstitutionalize reason in the world, so in an unsettlingly heavy resolve, he uncapped the bottle and dripped the serum into his mouth.

An hour in and Father Bramble felt…nothing. *But the congregation took effect in a matter of seconds.* And as it would appear, Father Bramble had consumed five times the amount that they had, a dose that, if not to make one crazy, would certainly kill. *But*…naturally, the devilish thoughts crept into his mind. *Well surely*…it was all he could do to sit up in his chair as his mind thrashed in search of an appeasement it would never find. He writhed and wailed as the terrorizing truth took form in his mind: *God has chosen me.*

No. He would not accept it.

Savagely, he ran through the room in search of any weapon, bruising, slicing, and stabbing himself along the way. *No pain*. But it couldn’t be. *God wasn’t there, miracles were fake, scripture was merely a best seller in its day.* Yet for however much destruction Father Bramble inflicted on himself, not a drop of pain was acquired. How far was he willing to go? *However far he needed to.*

A candlestick. He had lit it just yesterday. Was he willing? To live so vehemently for a cause, to wake up everyday with the notion that the mission must be fulfilled…and to find out you were the villain? He wouldn’t be ending a life. There was no life to end. He was willing.

A hard grip around the base of the metal. Warm and waxy. Suddenly, he was laying on the ground. Something wasn’t right…he was still thinking. The floor was slick with his blood and his brains lay just in front of him…yet he was still thinking. *No…oh, God, NO!* But however hard he hit, however deformed he became, he never ceased to exist. The violence continued but, broken and ripped, eternally lay the remains of God’s miracle.