

Cara Dillon

"Ethereal Veiled Existence"

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A few years later an author of sea-novels, entered
Raynhams dominion. Captain Murryat chose to spend
his night.

In the room where the poltergeist most frequently
arrived.

There hung a portrait, a sketch drawn of a lady.
It was the face of something dark still wandering this
place.

Is it for real?...

I must reveal if these grim hauntings are the result of
thieves and local smugglers.

On this dreary night he went to sleep, guided be two
friends and candlelight.

All at once they froze... !

Suddenly they confronted the cursed lady.

She came forth like freezing winds from north.

No ghastly dream... The brown countess existed for
real.

The armed captain pointed his gun and looses of a
shot... !

The bullet passed straight through the fearsome
shade.

Became lodged in the wall. This thing was not meant to
fall.

No single cry, no wounds no blood... It should have
died.

This unreal form dwells outside heavenly light.

Carrying a lantern.

Gliding past the walls where her soul became
enthralled.

Fear replaced... skepticism.

At last the shade turned and grimmed in a diabolical
way.

Right before... she vanished.

