

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 by two friends and
a 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 loosed 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 grimed in a diabolical way.

Right before... she vanished.