



CAROL B. NISKALA

EST ALLINN

A SHORT HORROR MYSTERY STORY

EsTallinn

By Carol B. Niskala

Based on true events and found footage from victims' phones and cameras abandoned at the crime location on Monday, October 7th. Names are fictional in order to preserve the victims' identities and their families.

Intro

Everything started as a funny joke between a couple of old friends and a few new ones. The night was long, and the conversations kept flowing, just like the champagne that filled their glasses, glistening in the half twinkling lights inside the small flat.

Giuliana arrived late for her own birthday party, not by choice or reckless planning. It was by fate, and if only she knew then what was ahead of her... she would have missed the whole trip altogether.

Day 1

Act 1: Birthday Blues

After a whole day in the airport, between cancellations and new bookings, Giuliana finally made it to faraway Helsinki. Although the whole thing coming from England was quite tiring, it was still her birthday at 11PM, and there was a party waiting for her. Something was off, a feeling she couldn't shake off, even now that everything was sorted out. As she was mentally preparing herself for the party full of strangers who were friends of her friends, telling herself that after this mess, a fun night was coming...she spotted her long time friend waiting for her by the gate. She took a deep breath, straightened up her jacket, quickly ran her hands through her long, dark hair and then was promptly squeezed by Carmen Runo.

Friends from a lifetime ago and scattered around the world, they finally aligned not only their stars but their schedules and pulled this off. Carmen, bubbly as always, with her wide smile and sparkly eyes, was docked in a dark red dress, and feeling ecstatic for having her dear friend by her side for the weekend.

Between hugs, birthday wishes and happy girlish squeals, they proceeded to Carmen's home, the location of Giuliana's party.

Act 2: Your Friend Is My Friend...I Think

Right after opening the door of Carmen ´s home, they were greeted by a loud happy birthday sing along from the guests inside. Giuliana, apprehensive and surprised at the same time, jumped in a reflex. Most people thought it was due to happiness, but, alas, happy she was not. Holding the colorful cake and balloons were Carmen’s friends, Carrie King and Alison Sjöberg. Carrie lived close by and was always around when needed, and this time she was much needed for making a delicious birthday cake. Alison came all the way from Vaasa and she was in charge of making the tasty hot dogs and mouth watering sweets for the party. They were, along with Carmen, the Great Party Planning Committee, as they cheerfully announced to all the invitees at the party.

Since they were the Committee for the birthday bash, most likely that is why they were louder and happier than anyone else in there. Even Carrie, the usually grumpy one, shouted first that Giuliana had to make a wish before blowing the candles. Giuliana agreed, but in all honesty, her mind was totally blank and all she could think of was the word ‘chocolate’ as the big cake was dangled almost on her nose. Surely, there were worse wishes made before in the history of wishes! Maybe she should have wished for the classics: good fortune and health. Maybe love? Alison was equally ecstatic as Carrie, filming the whole ordeal from her phone to be scrutinized and shared later with the rest of the Committee. These were new friends to Giuliana, and she just took them as her own, feeling like if they were close

and dear to her own friend Carmen, they must be good enough for her as well.

Carrie cut the fudgey chocolate cake and quickly shoved its slices on the guests faces, despite them not all asking for one, busy body Carrie was distributing cake to anyone with a heartbeat. Alison filled more champagne flutes and graciously distributed them to whoever requested a glass. They all seemed to have different personalities, but despite that, they were a close knit group of friends. The champagne kept flowing; now Carmen was the one bouncing around the living room, refilling flutes. Ever the party host who wants all people happy, she is herself all smiles. As Giuliana thanked everyone for coming, she felt that maybe the cake she had wasn't enough to satisfy her hunger. She doesn't remember the last time she ate and the drinks are just going straight to her head. While everyone was munching on cake or getting more booze, Carrie noticed Giuliana looking around at the kitchen and promptly offered her more food. Carrie, forever the curious person, was always paying attention to people around her, trying to notice what they might need before they realized it themselves.

Tall and pale as a mozzarella ball, Carrie was slightly older than most guests and even with her silvery hair, she did not appear to mind being in the company of younger friends. Giuliana, confused still from the tiring trip and trying to feel a bit more comfortable amidst these strangers, tried talking to Carrie while she was busy making her a plate of food. Maybe for the excess of

drinks combined with traveler's exhaustion, she asked Carrie about their upcoming trip to EsTallin, instead of Estonia, Tallinn. Carrie did not let that go unnoticed and she made sure to grab dancing pants Alison by the arm and tell her what Giuliana said. Alison, as the jokester she is, did not let it go unnoticed either and with her booming laugh, she retold the whole room what happened while she never stopped dancing. Instantly it became a hit joke and Giuliana had to laugh at herself for saying something silly that amused everyone so much.

With food on her plate and white wine in her glass, Giuliana sat down on the big red sofa while she watched people having their good times; every now and then someone asked her the same questions about her trip or to convey birthday wishes. Maybe she was feeling less weirded out?

Midnight was soon approaching and some people were now saying their goodbyes. Suddenly, Alison loudly parked herself next to Giuliana, her dark, round eyes looking right at the birthday girl. Alison said not to worry as she was not drunk and there was no need for fearing any projectile action; she was simply in a food and drink coma and needed some rest before cleaning up. Carmen and Carrie, witnessing what just happened, had to laugh and both of them agreed that Alison had to stop listening to her mom's voice in her head and just go to sleep. "EsTallin" was a few hours away and what she needed was some rest, not cleaning.

As the last guests left, Carrie gestured that she was now leaving too. Alison made an unintelligible grunt mixed with laughs and then she was off to bed. Carmen accompanied Carrie to the door and they said their goodbyes in the hall for a bit, talking about the logistics of the trip and where to meet Carmen's Estonian friend, Renai among other things Giuliana could not hear.

The flat was suddenly very quiet, and Giuliana found herself alone in the living room. She was thinking that even though people were nice and she was thankful for everything, she could not shake off the weird, uneasy feeling ever since she left home, almost a day ago...

Day 2

Act 3: Boat Ride, Take It Easy

The next morning, everyone had to wake up early in order to get the boat to Tallinn. Giuliana had seen pictures of the city before and since it was a day trip from Helsinki, it seemed like a good thing to do with friends. Carmen, Alison and Carrie were all ready to go in front of the boat terminal. All women were visibly sleepy, some over too much cake, others from too much drinking, dancing and Giuliana from something else.

While the others chatted about the duty free shop and coffee during boarding, Giuliana tried to remember the weird dream that kept her awake at night: there was a weird, dark energy surrounding her when she was asleep. She could see herself from outside, like watching a movie. That energy was taking away her life and she could not cry for help or move. She could feel that darkness taking over; she was falling into an abyss inside of herself.

Same as last night, Carmen awoke her from the haze of that dream and brought her back. Giuliana needed a moment to return to herself, and instead of sharing what happened with her friend, she just excused herself for being hungover.

Soon enough, they boarded and found themselves looking for a coffee and comfy seats in order to retell the

best parts of last night's party. Giuliana attentively heard every gossip and joke they had to tell while looking at pictures and videos that were deemed proof of the last evening's shenanigans. Deep down, she was trying to distract herself from that persistent memory of the black cloud of smoke that enveloped her soul last night. It was unlike anything she felt before... What was her problem? It was just a dream! She was supposed to be having fun and now she was ruminating a dream? She is just tired, it has been a tiring and long trip without much sleep. Past the age of 30 it must be it, just tiredness trying to get the best out of you. That's what you get for living like a 20 year old.

Now, feeling newly invigorated over their oat lattes, the four women trotted towards the duty free shop on the boat, so they would kill the rest of the time before arrival in Tallinn.

Giuliana was showing to the others a bottle of red wine she did not know when she felt a chill going through her heart and the bottle dropped from her hand. The wine splashed around the white floors, looking like blood as it reached her boots and felt strangely warm. She instantly realized it was not her fault because it was not her trembling hand that lost grip of the bottle. It was the boat.

The crew tried to say it was just "normal bad weather for autumn", but they closed the stores and told people to sit down and stay inside the boat as they locked doors. Apparently they hit some weird dark fog and wind

that shook the boat the wrong way. Now they just needed to take a longer path to stay in safety.

Carmen and Carrie said that they have never heard of anything like that, exchanging stories of previous boat trips and comparing their points of view, trying to make sense of what was happening. Alison was just quietly drinking water from a gigantic purple bottle, her eyes trying to read the situation they were in. Giuliana was just thinking by herself, why did she think the wine was blood? Why did she pick it up? She doesn't even like red wine...

Act 4: Renai

After the eventful, to say the least, small weather event, the boat arrived safely in the Tallinn terminal. Slightly delayed, they could still catch their lunch reservation. Quickly (and gladly) the women got off the boat and went towards the exit. Carmen checked her phone and said that Renai was waiting for them outside the terminal.

Five minutes later, the others see Carmen waiving towards a woman. That must be Renai. She was fair skinned, with light blonde hair and a face of elvish proportions. She hugged Carmen tight, and then introduced herself to the rest of the group.

Soon enough, Renai was chatting along with the women, listening to their tales about their passage

through the Baltic Sea. She admittedly agreed that the whole ordeal was a bit out of the ordinary, but they made it safe and sound to the place and that was what it mattered.

Since she was the one who was local and had made the reservations for lunch, she guided the group throughout the narrow streets of Old Town.

The women could feel the cobblestones hitting the soles of their shoes as they quickly trotted their way to lunch. The weather could have been better; there was no sun on the horizon and that same weird fog, hanging low still, even at lunch time. It felt like it was darker than the hour that it showed on every clock and watch.

The more they walked, the narrower the streets became. Carrie, being the big mouth she is, had the nerve to ask Renai, the local, if she knew where she was going. Carmen, baffled at her friend's cluelessness, quickly said that of course Renai knew where they were; it was simply a shortcut that tourists like Carrie did not know. Since both Alison and Giuliana haven't been there before, they just had to trust someone else knew where they were going.

Eventually, they arrived at the restaurant, a strange old wood and brick building by the city's medieval wall. They seemed to have walked in circles because no one understood how they got there but Renai.

As they made it inside, the servers seemed to know Renai as they chatted and no one even had to look for

the party of five reservations. Carmen had said before that apparently Renai goes there quite frequently and knows the place well.

The place, being quite off the beaten path of the city and authentically local, had no staff who spoke English, so Renai kindly ordered food for all. She had already spoken to Carmen beforehand, so the menu was catered to everyone's likes.

As they sat down, it was noted by the rest of the women that Renai was wearing an all white look underneath her bone-colored trench coat. Carmen quickly decided that Renai would benefit from wearing something red, a darker tone, even on lipstick, since it would make her light blond hair and pale complexion pop. Alison quickly agreed, saying that she only wishes she could herself wear that red shade, almost like blood, but sadly it doesn't go with her skin tone. Carrie did not even bother to chime in, she was just stuffing her face with the sourdough bread the server brought to the table.

Renai thought it was all very amusing and asked Giuliana's opinion about the matter. She looked right into her eyes, which made Giuliana a bit uncomfortable somehow. As she started parting her lips to answer, the food arrived at the table. A melange of salads, fish and pasta, everything looked and smelled delicious and soon enough everyone was digging in on their dishes. Renai indeed made a good choice and the selection was spot on for the group's tastes. Giuliana still thought it was odd that Renai would choose their food, I mean, they are

adults. It was a kindness? Yes, but still an unconventional one. Everyone was busy eating and speaking amenities, while Giuliana could not help herself and asked more about how Renai and Carmen knew each other.

As Carmen recounted the story of how she and Renai met at their old jobs, a call came on Renai's phone and she had to excuse herself for a minute.

Carrie and Alison, both curious, wondered who was calling. Just before the desserts arrived, Renai came back. She said she was sorry, but it was her son Josh calling. Josh sadly could not meet us for lunch but soon enough we could meet him for a coffee nearby.

Somehow that gave Giuliana shivers and she just had this uneasy feeling about meeting another stranger...shouldn't they just go sightseeing first? Maybe it was just rude to say that? Maybe so. She decided that she had no option but to potter along with the rest.

Act 5: Point Of No Return

As they left the restaurant, they started walking towards the end of the street and ended up in the back of the Tallinn medieval wall. It was a tattered street full of uneven cobblestones. And Giuliana tripped and fell hands first onto the ground. Quickly everyone else picked her up and checked to see if she was hurt. Giuliana was ok; she had just scrapped her hands on the

bumpy street stones. She realized that she was bleeding a bit when Carrie handed her a paper tissue. The blood tinted the thin white paper in a bright, splattered red hue, and she felt the pain was a bit deeper than she expected. Wide eyed, Alison exclaimed while pointing at Giuliana's hands that they are going to hurt even more tomorrow. Carmen brushed her off and made sure to say that tomorrow that will be barely a scratch. Observing the four women, Renai had her lips pursed and her eyes a bit narrowed, like she was stifling a laugh. She finally said in a sharp tone that it was really nothing big or to worry about, and finally burst out laughing.

Carrie looked slightly indignant with that kind of comment and the mocking laughter. It was a matter of seconds for her to stand up and Alison holding her arm, so she stops before she acts on it. The two exchanged the kind of looks that tell everything friends need to know about something. Carmen got what was happening and took over the situation, saying that must have been the white wine they had at lunch and the rocky boat trip to blame for the whole thing.

Everyone pretended to agree on that, so the afternoon would keep on without more incidents. Maybe looking for a nearby coffee place is not the worst idea and everyone rapidly agreed in order to move on from that strange situation. Giuliana thought to herself: Who laughs at a person you barely know like that? She was grateful for the other women who came to her rescue, but she is definitely weirded out by Renai a bit more than before.

Carmen said they should walk around the wall to see if they found an opened café, as the afternoon was starting to grow longer. As they started walking towards the wall, Carrie asked Carmen if she knew that side of the town because, despite having visited Tallinn many times in recent years, that part seemed completely unknown to her. Carmen agreed and Renai quickly interjected that it was a less traveled path, but still a path.

Alison was trying to check the maps on her phone to see if she had a better idea of where they were. Since it was her first time there, it was all the same to sit out of this talk with the others. She then realized her phone was glitching. The maps were not loading, and the pictures were slightly blurred. She knew her phone was startling to lag and that she needed one soon, but that sucked anyway. Carmen was ahead of them looking for the café and Giuliana was right in front of her, taking pictures. Alison looked back, she saw Renai and Carrie were coming, both looking a bit unsure of each other. So, Alison thought of breaking the iceberg there. She shouted at Carrie, asking if her phone maps were working. Carrie took her phone and she said hers were a bit slow but seemed to be working. They stopped together and were exchanging phones and checking each other's tech. When they were about to ask Carmen about it, they realized she was gone.

Giuliana said she was taking pictures of the wall and that she suddenly looked forward and did not see Carmen at all. One by one, they tried calling Carmen, but

to no avail. Giuliana said that there was a cute secret garden door ahead, maybe she was there taking selfies and the reception was bad for calls. Carrie reminded them that Carmen always forgot to charge her phone. Alison was dumbfounded that she did not see anything that looked remotely like a secret garden yet, so she kept walking away looking for the so-called door, secret passage or whatever. As she started walking, she realized that Giuliana was not there anymore either.

Alison finally loses her patience, questioning what is happening; it looks like everyone is on a different trip, that they are doing whatever comes to mind without informing the others. Carrie jokes that it looks like the beginning of any horror movie, to which Alison responds with an eye-roll and asks her not to be Scary Carrie. Carrie says she is just sorry for the bad jokes and that she is right; Carmen and Giuliana should have stuck together with them instead of wandering around for pictures or random cafés and gardens. Alison says it's ok, that she is sorry for blowing up at Carrie like that. She is now walking a bit away from the wall, up to the corner of the street, to see if she gets better reception on her phone and find the others.

Meanwhile, Renai asks Carrie about what looks like a horror movie in the situation they found themselves in. Carrie, an avid horror movie fan, points out the obvious things she identified: friends getting lost one by one, this unknown part of a town they should have been to already, creepy old buildings along the wall, like a particular one she points her fingers at. It was a dingy

building, quite small in comparison to the rest. Not so far from the restaurant they had lunch at. Renai looks and says that Carrie has a good eye for horror spots, as that building indeed has a story of being haunted by ghosts. She would know, because she used to live there herself when Josh was born. She had Carrie's full attention now, as she loved a good ghost story like no other.

Renai started telling a story—that 20 years ago, when she was a new mom, she lived in that building with her baby boy. It was a basement apartment, and what started as noises that seemed typical from old places, such as doors that creaked at night, pictures that fell from the walls...soon became harder to explain. Renai heard whispers and saw blurry figures in the corner of her eyes. She explained to Carrie that she just tried shaking it off as new mom exhaustion, but things were getting worse nevertheless. She started seeing this black smoke—something that had this sinister energy to it. It would encircle her and the baby, and she could not move. Josh would cry so loudly, like he was losing his breath, and yet Renai watched it, horrified, paralyzed, and helpless.

Carrie, who was pretty amused so far, lost all the enthusiasm in her face and instead gained a panicked look. She was opening her mouth to call out for Alison when she looked away to the far corner of the street, and Alison was gone. Now Carrie was not only panicking, but she was very confused, almost hysterical. Renai, on the other hand, remained the same, and that infuriated Carrie on such a deeper level that she felt it was time to

get some answers. She then pushed Renai and asked what was wrong with her—everyone is missing, phones are not working, and she is there like nothing is happening? Renai, instead of answering, just laughs and asks Carrie if she isn't curious about hearing the rest of the ghost story. Carrie takes a deep breath and uses all the patience she could muster not to tell that woman to get lost too and instead just says that she isn't interested and she is going to try and find everyone.

Renai then says to her that she can do both things and finish the story because she has a pretty good idea of where the others are. All Carrie has to do is to hold her hand, and Renai will take her where they need to go. Fed up with all the mystery and worried that she might be a victim of a silly prank, especially because of certain parts of that ghost story, Carrie agrees and then takes Renai's hand, letting her lead the way. They are walking towards the street where the others were last seen, and indeed there was a pathway to a garden, like it was said before. As they walked through it, Carrie felt a whoosh crossing her body, and everything went black.

Act 6: A EsTallinn Kind of (Black) Magic

As Carmen was walking around the street, she saw a beautiful garden through the wall. The door had a really ornate stone all through its frame; it seemed so old and full of history. It opened to a dreamy green patio, almost like a secret garden hidden inside the stony wall. It piqued Carmen's curiosity in a way, because how could

such a beautiful place be empty? She looked around, and people seemed to be passing right by it, without blinking an eye or turning a glance at least. Never to be the one losing an opportunity for a good photo op, Carmen decided to go through it for some selfies, and then she would ask the others to join her for a group picture. That did not happen; because as she was walking through the door, she was sucked inside the garden, like it was a gravitational pull on a black hole, sucking everything that came near its center. She felt like someone kicked her in the stomach, and she could not help but feel sick and throw up as soon as she could stand. Extremely confused, she tried to run back to the street, except she could not. That same gravitational pull of sorts that sucked her in was keeping her from going out. She could see people walking by the street, and she screamed at the top of her lungs, and yet no one gave her any attention. It was like all the passersby could see was a stony wall and nothing else. As Carmen sat down on the lush greens under a golden leafy maple tree, she saw Giuliana walking by the door. Desperate, Carmen screamed and screamed for her friend not to come in, waving her hands in panic and blocking the entrance to the garden, but that was useless, and Giuliana was in as well.

Now Giuliana felt like her head was split in two, and when she opened her eyes, she could see Carmen, and she was mid-sentence, screaming about this being a trap. It took Giuliana a good minute to make sure she was not concussed, and that was really happening. She

asked Carmen to slow down and start from the beginning. Carmen thought it was better to show her then tell, and she was right; Giuliana could not believe her eyes when she saw Carmen throwing herself at the opened door only to be “kicked” back to the garden. They were both now knocking on air, trying to break free from that unusual prison cell. Soon enough, they were both crying and kicking the space in between them and the street, trying to warn Alison to stay away.

Once more, it was a futile fight, and Alison was in. She seemed to have taken it better than the others, as she was barely dizzy and she leaned on the door frame to avoid falling. At first, she was mad as hell at the other two, and she was about to give them a lecture on leaving the group behind when she realized the state her friends were in. They hung both on her shoulders, screaming and telling her a crazy tale about being sucked into a place they could not leave. Alison just pulled them both away, and as she turned her back to leave, urging them that the gig was up, she hit her face on the door opening like it was solid. At first she was confused, trying to understand how she could have a cut on her eyebrow. Because blood was indeed gushing down on her face. Carmen and Giuliana ran to her, and as one of them helped her wipe the blood, the other demonstrated that there was a “solid” wall from inside out. Alison looked and heard everything the other women had to show and tell her, and yet, all she could do was just go back to the door and keep kicking it as much as she could. Clearly she was in denial, and Carmen and Giuliana had to hold her

down before she broke a leg or worse. Little by little, Alison lost her strength, and all she could do was cry and let herself fall on the arms of the friends who were there to hold her.

Soon enough, all of them were crying and hugging each other. The piercing sounds of their desperate cries were suddenly cut by a loud thud, which could only be the sound of a body hitting the ground. Carrie's head was throbbing; she was on the ground, and as far as she could tell, she seemed to be alive. As she was rubbing her eyes, trying to make sense of what just happened, Carmen, Giuliana, and Alison ran at her aid. Alison helped Carrie to get on her feet as Carmen frantically explained what happened to them all. Carrie was listening to them and looking around, and all she could say was a question: Where the hell is Renai? She was the one who took her there, and she said she owed them all explanations.

Right after Carrie said Renai's name, she actually made herself known to the whole group. She was by the garden's door and said that they should not worry about feeling so crappy after crossing the portal. It was the same for her first time, but after 20 years she has the hang of it. There was a sepulchral silence; the other women could not bear to utter a word after that revelation.

Renai started pacing around, sucking her teeth, and looking up, in a way people do in order to gather their thoughts before saying something important. She then

started throwing her hands up in the air, like she was fed up with something. As she looked at the women, all gathered and back under the maple tree, she thought it was as good a time as any to explain what happened. She promised Carrie anyway, and it was time after all.

She said she knew the food had to be more spiked; it was clearly not enough tranquilizers because they were hysterical still. Renai said that last bit as she was hysterical herself, and then the women saw some of the restaurant staff coming through the door. Renai said that actually that was a portal, and they could only see it because of the spell that was also cast in their food. At least that worked, she said with great satisfaction.

Alison, Carmen, Carrie, and Giuliana still looked confused, and then Renai continued her story; the whole “restaurant” was a façade for their activities. Actually, Renai continued, like she was in a lecture hall in college; it used to be a restaurant until I moved next door with my then-baby, 20 years ago. Carrie then felt the need to interrupt and asked Renai, point blank, about the black smoke from the story she told her before. Renai smiled pleasantly and called Carrie a good girl for connecting the dots herself. Giuliana made the realization that they were talking about the same dream she had, and she said that out loud. Carmen followed, saying that Carrie and her were quietly discussing their black energy dreams before Carrie left the party on Friday. Alison shouted that she thought she was hallucinating from her eating and drinking on Friday night; she never gave it another thought after it went away!

Renai confirmed that indeed it was not a dream, that the dark energy or black fog, whatever they wanted to call it, was the same thing.

As a new mom with a baby, Renai was being called by the Dark Master to come and give her son as tribute. She eventually made it to the Secret Garden, where the malevolent energy inhabited deep within an ancient well. Hearing his call, she realized her son was the Chosen One and she was the Conduit for the dark energy. Soon enough, his old sect took her in, and she found out the restaurant was just a front for maintaining their activities under wraps.

Now that Josh was closing to 21 years old, a ritual was necessary to bring in the Dark Master so that his power can live through the young man and among the living.

Horrified, a tearful Carmen asks Renai why she chose them—that she thought they were good friends for many years. Renai just smiled and said that Carmen should not take it so personally. She simply chose them, for they also heard the call of the Dark Master to be his sacrifice; they were able to see the entrance spell; they came through; it was meant to be.

Someone else went through the portal; it was Josh, finally here, but not for a cup of coffee as said earlier. Josh came for a much more substantial meal, per se. Right after that, the dark energy appeared next to Josh, and with the lift of his finger, it went through the frightened women. The energy once again enveloped their whole being, and this time they understood it was

not taking their lives; it was simply making them compliant to be lambs to the slaughter.

Paralyzed from the energy and from fear of what was coming, the women awaited their destiny. A sharp sword was passed to Renai from one of the restaurant workers, and with a swift movement, she was able to cut the throats of the women. Blood gushed through them all towards Renai, and her white clothes were soon covered in the still warm, dark scarlet shade of the liquid that once gave life.

The restaurant workers lifted the dying bodies; now, with their slashed throats, they could not scream. All you see is panic and despair in their eyes. Before saying goodbye to them forever, Renai uses one of her bloody fingers as lipstick, smiles, and tells the four women that they were right; she looks much better in red.

The bodies with a sliver of life left in them are thrown inside the well where the evil spirit of the dark master resides. Renai jumps in next. After the cries went silent, the blood on the once green grass was sucked in by the dirt, Josh's eyes went black, and a powerful humming emerged from the well.

Explosion, then; silence.

Day 3

Epilogue

On Monday morning, four bodies were recovered in a derelict plot in the historical city center in Tallinn. One of them reeked of red wine; all of them had positive toxicologic tests for drugs and tranquilizers. There was a sole survivor, a local, who remains in a coma to this day. According to witnesses and police reports, it was a girls' trip gone wrong. Cellphones recovered at the scene provided some info but ultimately were dismissed as only being proof of a drug fueled, delirious vacation.

There were sights of black smoke at the crime scene over the weekend, but no signs of fire.

**THIS IS A HORROR YOU WON'T SOON SHAKE!
STEPHEN KING**

**PREPARE TO BE SHAKEN TO YOUR CORE!
MARY SHELLEY**

**GUARANTEED TO LEAVE YOU SLEEPING WITH THE
LIGHTS ON!
EDGAR ALLAN POE**

**I LIKED IT VERY MUCH!
RISTO NISKALA**



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