

On a full moon night, the small town of Ravenswood was bathed in an eerie, silver glow. The residents, huddled in their homes, could feel the weight of the moon's gaze upon them, like an unblinking eye.

Detective Jameson sat at his desk, sipping his cold coffee, his eyes fixed on the small, leather-bound book in front of him. It was an old tome, bound in black, adorned with strange symbols that seemed to writhe and twist on the cover like living things.

The book was said to hold the secrets of the town's dark past, and Jameson had spent years searching for it. He had finally found it hidden away in the dusty recesses of the local library, and now he was about to uncover its secrets.

As he opened the book, a faint, pungent smell wafted out, like something had died inside. Jameson's stomach twisted with unease, but he pressed on, his eyes scanning the yellowed pages.

The words were written in a language he couldn't understand, but the illustrations depicted scenes of unspeakable horror. People were being torn apart by unseen forces, their bodies contorted in unnatural ways. Jameson felt a creeping sense of dread as he flipped through the pages, the images seared into his mind like branding irons.

Suddenly, the lights in the station flickered and died, plunging Jameson into darkness. He felt a presence behind him, and spun around, but there was no one there.

The moon outside seemed to be growing larger, its light seeping into the station like a cold, dead mist. Jameson's heart was racing as he stumbled through the darkness, desperate to find a light.

As he stumbled, he heard the sound of whispers, the words indistinguishable, but the malevolent

intent clear. The voices seemed to be coming from all around him, echoing off the walls.

Jameson's eyes adjusted to the darkness, and he saw that the walls were covered in strange, glowing symbols, identical to those on the cover of the book. The air was thick with the stench of death and decay, and Jameson knew he had to get out of there, fast.

He stumbled back to his desk, the book still clutched in his hand, and grabbed his flashlight. As he turned to leave, he saw a figure standing in the doorway, its face twisted into a grotesque, inhuman grin.

The figure was tall and gaunt, its eyes glowing with an otherworldly light. Jameson tried to scream, but his voice was frozen in his throat.

The figure began to move towards him, its eyes burning with an evil intent. Jameson tried to run, but his legs were frozen with fear.

As the figure loomed over him, Jameson saw that its face was a twisted mockery of his own, its features contorted into a cruel, sadistic grin.

And then, everything went black.

The next morning, the people of Ravenswood found Jameson's car parked outside the station, the engine still running, the headlights burning brightly in the darkness. But Jameson himself was never seen again.

The book, however, was found on the desk, open to a page filled with strange, glowing symbols. The words were written in red ink, in a language that no one could understand.

But one thing was clear: the darkness had come to Ravenswood, and it would never leave.