

A Grave Mistake

Alma Wight's Journal

11/11/1918, night

I become more scared every moment that the coach will capsize. However, there is something else to my fear - perhaps it was that nun - I know that she meant well, but I feel her fear spreading through my mind.

I had just left my inn, The Souleseeker, and arrived at the edge of the town when the rain began to pour down harder than before. Unfortunately, the surrounding building provided little cover from the rain.

I had, of course, arrived at my destination early, and was beginning to feel the chill of the night air coursing through my thick jacket and into my very bones. The coach was late, and I was forced to wait for another thirty minutes.

At last, I heard a sound. *Tap, tap, tap*. I turned around to see a one-legged man standing next to a coach. *Tap. Tap*. I handed him my bags, which he carelessly tossed into the coach. I was about to enter the coach when I heard a voice behind me. Turning, I saw an elderly nun walking towards me as quickly as she could.

"Please, madam," she said when she arrived, her eyes darting from my face to the coach, where a gemstone necklace

was etched onto the coach's rotting wood. "If you are in need of a place to stay, the church is open."

"Thank you for your generous offer," I replied, sliding into the coach. "But I must be off; you see, my friend is expecting me, and I fear that I am late already."

I would have expected her to have left at that (the poor woman was shivering against the cold), but she continued. "There is no chance that you would be able to stay?" She must have seen my shock before I could hide it, because she continued quickly. "It is a wet night, and I would hate for you to be stuck somewhere you would rather not be."

"Again," I replied, anxious that I'd be late. "I must be off now. Warren was my closest friend for a while, but it has been a year since we last spoke, and, well, I would not want to be late."

"You will go," she said regretfully. "However, if nothing I can say will dissuade you from this course, please take this." She handed me a crucifix, which, to please her, I fastened to my wrist.

As she'd handed me the rosary, she'd whispered into my ear, her voice barely audible over the pouring rain and the coachman's tapping foot: "It is said the dead walk once more at Castle Felmont. If you are anywhere near there, beware. May God's blessing go with you."

The nun had barely stepped back when the coach sprung forward, through the dark, turbid mist. The coach thundered

past the church and trod after a liminal trail through the stolid shadows and the unfeeling darkness of the night.

The coach is finally beginning to slow down, and I believe that my pernicious journey might almost be over.

12/11/1918, night

I have just met Warren, and I fear that the death of Alice has shaken his very soul. That grief must have been what drew him to this isolated estate, as I cannot imagine any other reason he would desire to live here.

At last, the coach had trembled to a stop. Despite the thick onslaught rain descending from the heavens and the nearly palpable darkness, I could make out the ruins of a former castle. As I got closer, I could see several banners of a long forgotten house, still dripping down from the ballista covered castle walls.

The coachman (who must be deaf, he wouldn't respond to my questions) led me up a dark, curving stairway, lighted only by the rare torch, which spewed just enough ghastly light that I was able to see my own feet and a few of the stairs in front of me. After an eternity of noiseless ascent, save for my shoes' soft patter against the ground and the howling wind ramming sidelong into the castle, we reached a large doorway. The coachman, who was showing no signs of exhaustion, flung the

door open, revealing a dining hall, darker still than the stairway. The only light came from two candles at the opposite side of the room, surrounding a thin, pale man, hunched over his book, his fingers tracing a book's lines as he mouthed whatever he was reading.

He did not notice me at first, so I decided to speak. "Warren?" The man looked up, and I was able to recognize him as my old friend. "I-I'm so sorry about Alice," I continued.

For a moment, he froze as the grief of hearing his dead wife's name overwhelmed him, but he recovered and spoke in his cold, rasping voice. "Yes, she is dead, but her spirit remains with us still."

He removed something from underneath the table and walked over, ordering the coachman as he did to lead me to my chambers. "I am sorry, but I have business to attend to." He handed me the parcel he had picked up when I walked in, saying that Alice would have wanted me to have it.

The coachman led me to a small room, where I slipped off my crucifix and dress, put on my nightgown, and opened the parcel, which contained a gemstone necklace. It is such a beautiful object; I think I'll put it on now.

Warren Walker's Journal:

12/11/1918, 7:00 a.m.

Everything has proceeded as planned. Alma has put the necklace on. However, something is going wrong, I believe it is that nun who my wight coachman told me about. She obviously suspects something, and it was her prayers that prevented the spirit of my dear Alice from taking possession of Alma's body. It matters not, the blood of her lover shall cement the charm, and the letter I sent Edwin should encourage him to arrive soon enough.

15/11/1918, 5:30 p.m.

I have studied Alma, ignoring, as much as possible, the extreme pain she is no doubt feeling: if only I could have lured another; every time I close my eyes, I remember the years I spent with Alma by my side. Anyway, it seems that Alice's spirit (now out of the necklace and

in Alma) is at a stalemate with Alma's will, with both spirits fighting for control of her body.

19/11/1918, 6:30 p.m.

She is a most interesting creation. Today, Alma let out a clarion keen, which, had it not been for my protective charms, would have killed me on the spot. However, it did not seem out of malice - I would venture that screaming releases whatever pain she is feeling and inflicts it upon whoever hears her voice.

23/11/1918, 7:00 p.m.

Edwin arrived today and managed to slip past my defenses. I only noticed his presence when I went to further study Alma. However, once I found that he was there, I hid and observed.

Edwin was going on about how he could save her with the crucifix that a nun had given him. I almost feared that he was getting to Alma, as she began to approach him. However, before he

could reach her with the crucifix, Alma let out her keen. Though unharmed, Edwin was frightened and dropped the crucifix in his attempt to escape. The moment it left his hand, he fell to the ground. I returned later (I was quite frightened, as the keen had shattered my protective charms) to study his body, and it appears long dead.

The most interesting observation is what Alma said to Edwin: "You would help me the same way he did. Look where help has gotten me." How strange, that is not a trait of Alma or Alice; perhaps her spirit remembers her life. An interesting thought...

At any rate, Edwin still had blood in him, and I was able to gather it without Alma noticing. Now, how to get it on her...

24/11/1918, 7:30 p.m.

Even now, she still sleeps. I used that opportunity to pour the blood on her, and Alice is back and remembers nothing of what I have done. At last, we can live in peace. Tomorrow,

*we will leave this castle, and live in the bliss
we'd enjoyed before!*

24/12/1918, 11:00 p.m.

*Somebody knows something. Somebody's
watching me. It must be that wretched nun, Mary.
She won't be watching me much longer.*

18/7/1919, 3:30 a.m.

*Even Alice has betrayed me. She wishes me to
go to church, in the same town I killed Mary.
That nun must have defiled her. I shall not
trust her, as Alma foolishly trusted me.*

22/7/1919, 2:15 a.m.

*Someone is still watching me. They'll burn
for their insolence.*

23/7/1919, 1:59 a.m.

*I Know You're There. I Killed Alice And Mary
For Opposing Me, You Will Come Next.*

24/7/1919, 1:11 a.m.

*SOMEONE IS WATCHING ME, BUT THEY CANNOT
FOLLOW ME BEYOND THE GRAVE.*

*SO TO THE GRAVE I WILL GO, AND SO I'LL WIN
ONCE MORE!!!!*