

An other dark storie..

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FICTION

When I arrived in this gloomy graveyard, I was alone. Just me and the tombs, in this silent night.

An owl sang slowly, and the wind froze my back. Then, a man with no face, walked to me. I was scared about Black, but I was glad it was him.

My heart sounded like crazy drums, and suddenly, the silence came back. A strange sensation in my neck, like the gaze of a murderer, made me feel bad.. He was here.