

---

## **ABRACOUPALAOUTCH**

---

Once upon a time there was a girl. Her name was Damna. She lived in an old mansion off center. Damna was alone, no family, no friends, nobody. But tonight she will not be too alone. Usually Damna, after work go to her favorite restaurant to feel less anxious. But tonight she didn't feel like going. She was really sad and just wanted to be at home. Is this choice will change her life? Maybe. But she didn't know it yet.

She was walking and walking through the meadows and though forests.

After what felt like hours, she finally reached the old mansion. The house stood in the darkness like a giant shadow waiting for her. Damna opened the heavy wooden door and stepped inside. The familiar smell of dust and old wood welcomed her.

She locked the door behind her and sat down on her worn-out sofa. For the first time that evening, she felt slightly safer.

Suddenly, a loud crash echoed through the room.

A strange old book named Abracoupalaoutch had fallen from a shelf.

Damna jumped in surprise. The book was large and covered with black leather. Strange symbols were engraved on its cover. Yet she simply picked it up and placed it back on the shelf.

She sat down again. A few seconds later, another crash filled the room. The same book had fallen once more.

This time, Damna froze. A cold shiver ran down her spine. She slowly stood up and approached the book. Something felt terribly wrong. As she bent down to pick it up, three slow and heavy knocks echoed through the mansion.

Toc. Toc. Toc.

The sound came from the door leading to a room she had never entered... The room was old, dark, and forgotten. The knocks stopped.

For a moment, the house became completely silent. Damna stared at the door leading to the room. Every instinct told her to run away, but something stronger seemed to pull her forward.

The darkness inside was almost alive. The air was colder than before. The shadows seemed to move along the walls. Damna stepped inside.

Behind her, the door slowly closed. Fear seized her entire body.

Then, from the deepest corner of the room, something emerged. Not a man. Not an animal. Something far older.

Far darker. Its shape could not be clearly seen, yet its presence filled every inch of the room.

The darkness itself seemed to rush toward her. Damna let out a terrible scream. Then silence.

The mansion remained still beneath the night sky. No one ever heard from Damna again. Some say she died that night. Others believe that she became part of the darkness haunting the old house.

And perhaps, long before she even knew it, the story of her life had already been inscribed in the pages of that strange black book, Abracoupalaoutch.

***THE END.***