

## **The Grey Widow by Marina Boccuzzi**

(For Howell Golson III)

I know that I might not be alive when the sun comes up.  
She's waiting for me in her house of death. I have my weapons but I know  
that will only work so far.  
She has caused great misery for my best friend Jonathon.  
I know what she did to him.  
I know she is very old...  
I must explain myself from the beginning. I will try to tell the whole story  
although I did not partake in all of the circumstances.

It began with a beautiful autumn night. The town of Rum Point was unusually festive. Normally, it was a quiet town. The majority of the crowd was outside the Belonna Museum located in the center of the main square, waiting to get in. The proprietor of the museum was the very rich and eccentric businessman Alfred Sparks who was also an accomplished traveler and claimed to have traveled to all countries save Antarctica and the Arctic pole.

Alfred was fascinated by the macabre—especially in art. Pieces that he had purchased from around the world have brought in people from hundreds of miles away. The museum showcased anything from Egyptian mummies to the strange works of Jurgen Borenign whose works of art on canvas brought murderous rampages to mind.

This night was Jonathon's. His most exquisite paintings were set up in the main rooms of the museum. His works were a combination of dark lush overtones with enigmatic meanings laced in the landscapes or in the expressions of the characters he painted. It was like the paintings were fragments of dreams half forgotten.

The people in the museum were a mixture of the wealthy and bohemian. They all crowded to get a closer look at Jonathon's paintings. A murmuring ripple of appreciation pervaded the crowd as they trailed past his paintings. Some were staring intensely as if they were trying to memorize every last detail of a canvas

I was next to my friend, holding a glass of champagne. Jonathon was about to make a toast when his voice trailed off in mid-sentence. I saw her as well. She was in front of his most famous painting, "Flight of the Demons," which depicted a beautiful young lady floating above a pack of demons in a dimly lit cave.

I would have lied if I said she wasn't beautiful. She was exquisite. Rather tragic looking, with pale, almost translucent skin, and dark brown eyes. Her form was slight, which gave her the appearance of frailty. But what was the most alluring was the color of her hair, gray, as an old lady. She was almost ethereal. I saw that Jonathon couldn't look away. Neither could I for that matter.

She glided quickly down the stairs and appeared before us wrapped in green finery. Her pale throat glittered with a silver locket. She smiled at us but only had eyes for Jonathon. She extended her hand to him and said softly, "I am most honored to meet you, Mr. Noble"

I looked at Jonathon who seemed to have been rendered speechless by her gaze. "Yes, a pleasure," he recovered quickly and smiled. She took a step closer and I decided to take a few steps backward to the makeshift bar located to the right of the main room.

Alfred was already drinking another martini when I sat down next to him. I knew this because even though one drink remained in his hand; there were toothpicks from former olives strewn haphazardly before him.

"Quite a lovely lady," he mused aloud.

"Um? Oh yes," I said as I waved to the bartender. I quickly ordered my drink and turned to Alfred.

"Do you know her name?" I asked.

The old man closed his eyes for a second. "Oh yes, Katrianna Sainsbury, widow of the late Captain Walker who died at sea. They never found him."

"Sorry?"

"What I mean to say is that they never found the body."

"Oh right," I downed half my drink in a single gulp.

"Mrs. Sainsbury's family has had the house for generations, although she has only recently moved here. You know, that house on the cliffs with the turret and all those caves at the bottom?"

“Yes. I never see her,” I added.

”She is rather a recluse. Not much is known about her family except they are very rich.” He giggled into his glass. “Say sonny,” he said unexpectedly, as if determined to change the subject,” did I ever tell you about the time I went to Japan and actually met a Geisha girl?”

“No.” I looked at Katrianna and Jonathon. They seemed to have drawn even closer together. I felt a pang of jealousy. Why him and not me? I shook my head out of my reverie and scolded myself for being selfish. Jonathon deserved this. I ordered another drink to celebrate this realization and listened to Alfred’s no doubt embellished tale of a Geisha girl and her elaborate tea ceremonies for the rest of the night.

It is not my intention to risk boring you with the romantic details of Jonathon and Katrianna’s courtship, except to tell you that they seemed to be the perfect match. His charisma and her shy intensity bounced off each other, igniting unseen sparks. She was radiant, kind and gracious. In the winter months that followed, many times I would be invited to partake in luncheons and frequent trips to museums or bookstores. Katrianna was well read and knew many languages and delighted me with her grasp of the Classics. She professed to me that reading was one of her passions equaled only by her love of traveling.

The decision to settle in the old family estate and marry her late husband had been a difficult one. Since it had been over five years since her husband’s death, she would talk freely about her Captain Walker and admitted that she would always love him but I could see that she was falling in love with Jonathon and he with her.

It was therefore no surprise when they one day announced to me at a luncheon that they planned to marry in late spring. They looked so happy that I embraced them both at the same time and gave many toasts to them in the course of becoming exceedingly intoxicated. These were happy times indeed, and gave no intimation of the tragedies to come.

In all the months that I knew Katrianna, I had only seen the outside of the house, having never been invited inside. I was curious to know what the inside looked like.

I knocked on the front door, which quickly opened to a happy yet tired-looking Jonathon. We embraced and he quickly ushered me in. It was a rather dark building and Jonathon decided to give me a tour of the rooms.

The main room was pretty with a staircase that went up on either side to the second floor like an arch. There was a fireplace in the space between the stairs and a few comfortable couches. The rest of the main room was littered with tables and bookcases. Then he showed me the library to the right of the main room, which was clearly Katrianna's favorite. There were lines and lines of bookcases everywhere you could see and comfortable chairs and little tables in the corners of the room. It was almost like being in a real library.

To the left of the main hall was a large kitchen with plenty of windows that seemed to cheer the room up more than any other room I had seen so far. The room was filled with people cooking and preparing beautiful arrays of food. The next room was the dining room with a long rectangular piece of oak for a table covered with wine-colored linen and vases full of bouquets of Dahlias. The chairs were also oak and had ornate brocading on the backs.

I walked upstairs with Jonathon who explained to me that Katrianna was getting ready in her bedroom so we could not go there yet. Then he showed me the other three bedrooms, which were pretty, yet sparse, with a bed, and one dresser in each room yet there was always a bookcase crammed with books.

Lastly he took me to his painting room, which was the tower turret with glass windows stained a rich green. This room was my favorite. Nearly every inch of the floor was covered with easels, holding variously sized paintings in different stages of landscapes or portraits of some whimsical beast that he dreamed in the night. The walls were covered with excellent reproductions of the works of Boccaccio, Bernardino, and some Parrish, who is rather famous nowadays, and rightly so.

"What a beautiful house," I said. I was so happy for Jonathon. I turned to look at him when he didn't reply.

He was standing looking at a sketching. The drawing looked like a sea creature, part-human, part-fish. It was a rather evil looking picture.

"I'm having a lot of nightmares," he rubbed his head absent-mindedly.

“And look what it brought out.” I tried to laugh good-naturedly and pointed to his creation. He laughed when he saw it and shook his head.

“Let’s go downstairs.” As we withdrew from the room, Jonathon took a last look back at the hybrid creature before he firmly closed the door.

The wedding ceremony took place outside the house. It was a perfect day even though the breeze from the sea made it slightly cold. The house had a splendid view of the ocean. The back yard was spacious with apple trees and willows growing precariously close to the cliffs.

The wedding was very small and only ten guests were invited, one of them being, to my surprise and delight, Alfred. Not one of these guests was Katrianna’s family and I felt sorry for her that they couldn’t be here on this happy occasion, although if she shared my sentiment she did well not to show it. Alfred sat next to me and snored while Reverend Albright, the local priest gave the vows.

Jonathon and Katrianna smiled at each other as they exchanged rings and the priest announced in a whisper that they were now married. The guests applauded and the happy couple embraced and kissed. The commotion woke up Alfred who then stood up clapped vigorously, pretending to have witnessed the whole thing.

The wedding feast was elaborate and there were many different types of meat served—duck, filet, and ham, and others that I could not identify except to say if they were fish, beast or fowl. There were golden potatoes in chive butter and vegetables in cream sauce. There were several different wines and I tasted every single one. Once every one had eaten their fill, the plates were taken away by quiet servants who disappeared back into the kitchen. Then the wedding cake was brought out, an elaborate two-tiered cake with plum flowers on top.

The bridal couple stood up, and cut the cake together. Everyone clinked their glasses and they kissed once more. The servants came out again with dishes of iced cream and fruit to complement the cake, which was a simple white cake with delicious raspberry filling. I found that I could not eat anymore and gave the dessert to Alfred, who smiled gratefully, as he shoveled another spoonful of raspberry into his mouth as the plate changed hands.

After the dessert, our champagne glasses were filled again and I stood up and gave my little speech which I regretfully only wrote the night before. Everyone giggled, especially when I stumbled over the words but I saw that Jonathon and Katrianna were pleased. They looked so happy that I felt a pang in my heart. I sat down quickly after my speech and turned to Alfred who was engaging in another glass of champagne. He smiled at me and belched loud. The rich have no respect. He whispered, "I love a good wedding. Free booze!"

Most of the wedding guests had left by midnight. There was only Alfred, Jonathon, Katrianna and I. By this time, Alfred and I were uproariously drunk, and sat by the fire drinking shots of Jonathon's licorice brandy from a crystal decanter, all attempts at ceremony now happily abandoned.

I looked around and realized that Katrianna and Jonathon had disappeared. I knew it was my cue to leave and nudged Mr. Sparks to hurry with his drink who gulped the fiery brandy in one swig. We then both stood up and headed for the door.

"Goodnight sweet couple!" roared Alfred. I giggled and clutched the railing of the stairs as I headed for the door. Then I heard a strange sound. Alfred had already walked out the door but I heard the strange noise again and decided to investigate. I went up the stairs slowly. I knew what I was doing was wrong; perhaps I would intrude on their lovemaking. But that sound, that almost inhuman sound. I'll never forget it.

The sound came from the second door to the right. And the door was shut. I did not want to open it but looked through the keyhole. Just for a second. I felt shame wash over me but it soon ceased.

Jonathon was lying on the bed with Katrianna on top. Both were fully clothed. His eyes were open and seemed to be staring at the door unfocused. Her head was bent close to him, almost kissing him. But she was breathing in. She seemed to be breathing him in like the tales of the cats in the baby's cribs. She stopped and turned her head to the door. Her eyes looked at my one eye from the keyhole. I flinched and went down stairs quietly and went out the door.

I must have been seeing things. I ran to catch up with Alfred, his shambling gait allowing me to make quick work of it even in my drunken condition. I told him what I saw.

“Maybe it’s one of those new sexual customs brought in from Europe. They do some strange things!” he laughed it off and I did too.

“Go home William, you’re drunk.” he laughed.

“So are you Alfred!” I retorted as I ambled my way back to my small house.

I did not think about that strange incident until exactly one month after Katrianna and Jonathon came back from their honeymoon.

I sat at my desk, and was reading Yeats, when I heard a knock on my front door. When I opened it, I gasped. It was Jonathon but he must have lost over twenty pounds! He looked like he had not slept in days.

“My friend,” he murmured and embraced me. I hastened him into my home.

“Dear God Jon, what did you do on your honeymoon?” I joked.

“I’m sorry, I haven’t slept well lately, and I’ve been having nightmares.” William said softly.

He and I sat in my sparse living room and I poured us each a glass of port.

“I have to tell you William,” he leaned forward in his seat, and nearly spilled his drink. “I haven’t had any time to paint. I have been with Katrianna night and day.”

I laughed. “Well that’s a honeymoon. What’s your problem?”

“No, no see, I mean there is no space. It’s like she cannot bear to be out of my sight. Ever.”

“That doesn’t sound so bad chap. I am sure she will loosen her grip in time.”

Jonathon stared into the deep red liquid in his glass, as though it were an abyss. “That’s not all. Her independence and her craving for adventure. It’s gone. Do you want to know what we did on our honeymoon?”

I cocked my head “Um, perhaps...”

“We stayed in our rooms in the hotel with the blinds shut, and she asked me if I loved her over and over again. What is the matter with me?” Jonathon’s eyes were bleary.

“Perhaps she is thinking of her late husband. Perhaps she’s afraid that if she lets you go for even an hour or two, you’ll never return,” I surmised.

“Maybe,” he shook his head. “I feel so clear headed when I’m out of that house. It’s a strange house. Did you know that there is a basement that has secret passageways? And some lead to caves on the beach. Pirates used to use some of the caves. I’ve been in some but I’m afraid of getting lost. It’s bigger on the inside than it seems...” he trailed off.

“Do you know how old the house is?” I asked.

“I think mid 1800s. I looked quickly at the plans at the city hall this morning before I came to see you. There was none of the new house. I mean, I found another house but the plans were different. It’s like it’s always been there. I also asked around and nobody remembers any of that family. It’s a big mystery. I keep hearing that her family comes from Europe and they bought the house in the mid 1800s as I said, but why doesn’t anybody know her family? I don’t know, I only saw the plans. I did not look up anything else. I just don’t know what to think.” He sighed and rubbed his temples.

“Maybe you’re thinking too hard.” I said.

I didn’t want to tell him about what I saw.

Jonathon looked at me then. “This is a rather strange question. But I know you’re good at finding things, and I can’t leave her alone too long. I was wondering if you could finish the job for me. Do you think you could also research her name? Dig around? Maybe if I knew a little more. Perhaps there’s a medical condition.”

“Did you at least ask her about her family?”

“I tried but I get the feeling that she was estranged from them. Will you help me?” he pleaded.

“Yes.” My voice did not falter.

He relaxed then. “Good, I feel better. I’m sure that this is all nothing. I have just been having queer dreams lately and I just want Katrianna back the way she was before we married.”

“Many a good man has wished the same after the blessed day,” I joked, hoping to alleviate his dark mood.

“I must leave now,” Jonathon stood up and hugged me and quickly left. Was my friend going mad?



I decided to pay Alfred a visit before I went the city hall. I was sure he knew a little history. Mr. Spark's house was as big as the Sainsbury estate except that his was built recently and had a rather nice garden in the front, well attended with many rose bushes. When I knocked on his front door, he answered himself. His faded blue eyes lit up when he saw me.

"Come in come in, old boy." He said.

I followed him into the spacious main room where a fire was dying out. Alfred poured a whiskey from a large flask and handed a glass to me. He sat in a large leather overstuffed chair next to the fire and I sat on the other chair opposite.

I hesitantly took a sip of the drink. "I have a rather odd favor to ask," I began. I quickly outlined the details Jonathon gave me. When I finished, Alfred sat a moment with his eyes closed before opening them.

"Well, from what I know, a house has always been on that property, but I believe that the Salisbury house is the second house," he mused.

"What happened to the first one?"

"I believe that pirates, raiding the coasts in the late 1700s, used the first house. Then it burned down. Also I think the original owner had created passageways to the caves which the pirates later used to store their booty. Then I think about mid 1800s, another house was built."

"Maybe that's why they never updated the plans," I interjected.

"Could be, but they say that house has always been haunted. Shunned. Some of those caves go on for miles." Alfred paused to drain his whiskey and continued. "As far as Katrianna's name, you could also look up the death and birth certificates at the town hall as well as looking at the floor plans..."

"Jonathon says no one has ever known her family."

"Well perhaps it is because most of the Sainsburys stayed in England," he retorted.

I stood up. "Well that's a start."

Alfred stood up as well. "I hope Jonathon feels better...reminds me of the Mara..."

"The what?"

"Oh nothing," he laughed and showed me to the door. "Best of luck." And waved goodbye before shutting the door.

I found the gentleman, a Mr. Blackwood, at the City Hall, to be most informative. He had recalled helping my friend. But he remarked that Jonathon looked unwell and had not stayed for more than ten minutes before he left rather abruptly.

He took great pains to show me the architectural drawings and I could see that the floor plans of the original house were slightly smaller than that of the new house. The gentleman told me that the house was built in 1785, by Elijah James, a master craftsman. He was also the one that created the secret passageways in the house. Then, in 1803, a band of pirates overran the town, killed the James family as they slept and took on the house for exactly one year, creating a trade of stolen goods off the coasts of these shores. They renamed the town Rum Point, which still has not changed to this day.

Most of the town folk had moved out by then or were threatened or murdered. Some stayed and waited for the right time to strike back. In 1804, another band of pirates tried to take the town away from the original pirates and the chief pirate was killed. And as the battle waged on between the two pirate clans on the lonely cliffs, the rest of the able-bodied village men who didn't run away decided to finally take matters into their own hands. They set fire to the house, thus killing the other head pirate and disbanding his followers who either ran away or were killed by the town folk.

Then the new house was built right on top of the old foundation by Mr. Leo Sainsbury for his new bride in 1852 when they arrived on the shores of America. I asked Mr. Blackwood why another plan of the house wasn't drawn up. He looked ashamed for a moment but then said. "I know someone really should. But everyone thinks it's haunted."

He then showed me the birth and death records of the Sainsburys. There were 7 children. I quickly looked through the names and gasped at one. Katrianna Sainsbury, *born 1859 died 1860!*

I could not find any more information so I thanked the eccentric but helpful gentleman and set off for the local library. The head librarian kindly told me that she had kept some of the papers of the late owners of the house. She said they were given to the library many years ago. She also let me look at the old diary of Mrs. Sainsbury. I quickly perused the brittle pages, reading only normal household occurrences until I read a passage about a young servant girl who came knocking on the door looking for work:

“She was about 18, quiet and had unbecoming dark gray hair that made her appear as a witch. The funny thing was she seemed to know her way about the house as if she had been there before. She has been dismissed for neglecting her duties. She was known to go to the basement for long periods of time. It is known that a previous house was built there and had passages to the caves below the cliffs.”

From what I gathered they had all died within a month of each other after the strange girl left. They seemed to die of some wasting disease prevalent around that time. Institutions at the time were filled with people afflicted by tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases.

I could hardly believe what I was reading. It couldn't be Jonathon's Katrianna! To be sure, there could be another Katrianna Sainsbury but this tale of the servant girl from over 50 years ago was too eerie to be a mere coincidence. Did they have a name for her? I quickly scanned the pages. One sentence stood out among the rest.

“I have dreamt that Lorelei has come back. Demon of the sea.”  
My blood ran cold.

I pounded on the door of Alfred's house until the old man showed up in gown and slippers. Apparently he liked to take naps in the afternoon.

“What's all the commotion?!” he said crossly. I quickly told him what I had found out.

“Very strange,” he said.

“Remember you said something about the Mara?”

Alfred shrugged. “It's just a tale of a beautiful woman who is mostly spirit who takes men to bed and starves them of life while she grows rosier every day, the victim turning more and more gray, like cooling ash. Why? Have you seen Katrianna lately?” he raised his eyebrows in mock horror.

“No.”

Alfred smiled. “Why don't we pay her a visit then? Also I have to show you something.” He took out a small women's pocket mirror from an oak desk nearby.

“I've seen a lot of strange things in my life and I learned a few things. I will bless this mirror in the rays of the full moon, which will occur in a few days. I have to say a few special words too. Learned it from a gypsy woman in Romania...”

“And then what happens?” I asked, suddenly filled with a potent mix of curiosity and dread.

“Well, you hold it up where she reflects in the glass and if she looks like a demon from hell then we know Jonathon’s in trouble!” he smiled foolishly.

“And if not?”

“Well then obviously either Jonathon’s working too hard or maybe he needs a new wife.”

“This is ridiculous!” I muttered.

“Of course it is.” Alfred agreed. “But you’re the one that wants to know if she’s some evil spirit. I’m just doing this so you can get that nonsense knocked from your head.”

Five days later at exactly eight p.m., Alfred and I stood in front of the Nobles’ door. I knocked loudly. It took a full five minutes before Katrianna appeared. If I did not notice, I could have sworn that I saw a moment of displeasure cross her face, but she quickly covered it with a beautiful smile.

We walked into the main room, and saw Jonathon lying on the couch looking pale as death. Katrianna stood behind the sofa and stroked Jonathon’s head.

“I don’t know what’s the matter with him,” she said softly. “The doctor has seen him. He cannot find what is wrong with him.”

I looked hard at her. She did seem to have very rosy cheeks and her eyes were very bright. I looked at Jonathon who was sleeping soundly, his pale face even more wasted away than a few days ago. I saw Alfred fiddling in his pocket. Katrianna turned to the bookcase and absently dusted the shelves with a cloth, as if dismissing us.

Alfred took the mirror from his pocket and gave it to me to hold. I held it out in front of me while he peered in the glass. He suppressed a gasp. I looked at him and gave him the mirror, which he held up while his hands shook. I peered through and suppressed a shudder. What is she?!

“What is the matter?” she turned around while Alfred still had the mirror held out and it captured her true face. Dear lord! That face! She had slimy blue-green skin and hair that cascaded like snakes around her face. She was a Medusa of the sea!

“Lorelei?” I whispered. The face in the mirror smiled, and revealed two rows of large teeth. I quickly looked at Katrianna who still looked normal. She did not say anything but backed away and ran into the kitchen. I lunged after her but Alfred held my arm.

“Wait” he fished out of his pocket, a silver dagger. “Silver works best.”

“She’s from the sea you know,” whispered Jonathon. Alfred and I both kneeled down to hear Jonathon’s words. “I followed her once before I became too weak. I know where she hides.” He whispered the directions in my ear before he fell back into a stupor.

“Also take this with you,” said Alfred as he nudged me. I looked at him and the revolver in his hand. “Aren’t you coming?”

“Why the hell would I?” he shouted, putting the gun in my palm. “I’m an old man; you are young. Take care of this, Mr. Barker.” He looked at Jonathon. “I’ll try to help your friend.”

I quickly turned around and headed through the kitchen. The door to the basement was on the left and I quietly opened it. I grabbed a candle from the scullery and lit it before I went down the stairs.

The basement was large. I held the candle an arm’s length before me, and moved it back and forth so it shone in every direction. I didn’t want to be caught unaware. I saw a puddle of slime that ended at a small alcove near the stairs of the basement. So she was in there. I pressed the panel, which looked like a door. It slid easily and revealed a dark recess. I had to go in there! I held out the candle again and my hand trembled as I gripped the revolver.

The passageway was long with many turns. Rats were everywhere. Sometimes I heard heavy breathing ahead of me but I could not be certain if it was Lorelei. The passageway was getting narrower and wetter. This must lead to the network of caves that littered below the point. I made a right, then a left, then a right again as Jonathon instructed.

There were worn steps leading down into a room with crystal formations that glowed eerily blue and purple. I reached the bottom and saw that there was no other way out than from where I came.

She was kneeling away from me breathing heavily. I took a step closer.

“I am not dead!” She turned around and her eyes were black. I shot her once in the shoulder. She flinched but stood up.

“I am not dead,” she repeated. I shot her again, this time in the forehead. The wound the bullet opened up did not shed blood and she did not fall. I took out the knife as she closed in on me and I stabbed the harpy in the heart. She put her arms around me and brought me close to her once beautiful face. She whispered, “I am not dead.” She breathed her last in my arms, her dying breath cold on my face, in my mouth. I let her go and when she hit the ground, she turned to dust. How could this be?

I let out a sob and slowly turned around and trudged the weary paths back to the light of the house. When I finally came to the main room, I found that I was too late.

Alfred looked up at me and shook his head, as he lowered the lids of Jonathon’s obviously dead eyes.

All had been in vain! I collapsed into tears as Alfred patted my back, and offered whispered words of consolation.

Wise as they were, they offered no solace.

I had lost the best friend that I had ever had.

It was autumn again. The local physicians listed Jonathon’s death as a particularly acute case of TB although Alfred and I knew better. We had told the authorities that Katrianna disappeared into the caverns. A full search of the grounds yielded nothing of the mysterious woman, although the skeleton of the late Captain was found with his medals and uniform rusted and tattered but still clearly identifiable. The authorities sent information to the English police and inquiries were made into the Sainsbury family. They found that there never was a Katrianna Sainsbury except on American soil and she died after her first birthday, just as the records had said.

The authorities also found another copy of the deed to the house in a desk in Katrianna’s library, and the house went to the oldest son of the American Sainsburys. The one that Katrianna/Lorelei had was an elaborate fake used from the same paper and ink. The house legally belonged to the British Sainsburys but they wanted nothing of it so the house has been on sale for the past few months. As of late, no one has bought it. Perhaps Lorelei belonged to that place even before either house was built. I can only imagine her shambling night after night from the white beaches dripping into the caves that were her home.

*William's diary*

Oct 1

I am having nightmares. I feel her cold breath inside me, her breathing filling my body and invading my soul. I feel hollow. I keep thinking of that house.

Oct 5

I keep awakening screaming. Lorelei appears to me all the time in my dreams saying, "I am not dead." Am I going mad? I cannot work. I cannot eat.

Oct. 12

The doctor says I am better and I can go back to teaching at the school. It's been days since I've had those awful dreams.

Oct 23

I am starting to have very different dreams now. They are beautiful and full of oceans and watery secrets. I see beautiful beings. I wake up and write about them in my journal.

Oct. 29

I have found out that Jonathon left me everything in his will. All of his funds were originally to go to Katrianna but since she was gone, I was the one that received it. I feel that I should buy the house. I don't know why but I think I can be happy there. I will fix it up and write my memoirs in the turret. I now go to bed looking forward to dreaming.

Nov. 15

I feel strangely at peace in this house. The price was decent and the furniture and books were included. It is so beautiful! I have much to do to make it perfect!

Dec. 3

I am all done!  
The house is perfect.

Tonight Alfred comes to visit me. I hope that he likes what I have done to the house. I especially hope he will love the basement and what I have done for my very special secret place...