

She then quickly removed the carpet from the floor. The trapdoor became visible. Wait! When was a trapdoor in the house? She opened the trapdoor in haste. Her brain was saying not to do it, but she was doing it.

She saw a body facedown lying below the trapdoor. She lifted the body out of the depth and put it in the hall floor. She turned the face. It was indeed Kedar. Her neck was filled with blood. His left hand looked as if it was holding his neck. She noticed that blood was still oozing through his neck. His face was in a state of shock. His white shirt was all stained, crumpled and shabby. She wanted to hug him and cry. She wanted to cry out loud at her loss. She was due to marry Kedar the next week. But somehow while her brain registered all these emotions, she was not crying. She did not step down to hug Kedar. To her own amazement, she walked to the nearest drawer and picked up a matchbox and a small bottle of kerosene. She came straight back to the body of Kedar and set his body on fire. Was she mad? Why did she do that? Why was she not able to act in a sane manner? It was as if she could not control her deeds.

The fire was engulfing Kedar's body and portions of the building as well now. She turned and picked up a set of formal clothes, a ring and a bouquet and threw all of those into the fire. She then opened a large box which contained a marriage gown in white which must be very expensive. She threw that also into the fire. Her whole life and planned marriage were burning down in front of her eyes. Her brain was asking a thousand questions. Why was she doing this? How did Kedar die? Why did she burn him and all the marriage artifacts now? Had she really gone mad?

That's when a shocking thought stuck her mind. Her attic had a mirror on the door! Did she see her face? She rushed to the mirror at the other end of the hall. That's when she saw her face. It was the living example of a nightmare. Blood stains near a wide-open mouth and thin crooked eyes.

A sinister smile was permanent on her face. She looked like the Devil incarnate.

A long chorus howl was heard. The Wolves knew she was near.



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