

Elena Grossman  
*Old cemetery*

Stories



Elena Grossman  
**Old cemetery. Stories**

«Издательские решения»

**Grossman E.**

Old cemetery. Stories / E. Grossman — «Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-00-506908-5

Collection of scary stories. In each story, the heroes are confronted with unexplained things; be it a ghost or a demon, but whether they will be able to remain themselves or go crazy.

ISBN 978-5-00-506908-5

© Grossman E.  
© Издательские решения

## Содержание

They are afraid of the light	6
The sold soul cannot be returned back	8
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	13

# **Old cemetery Stories**

**Elena Grossman**

© Elena Grossman, 2019

ISBN 978-5-0050-6908-5

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

## They are afraid of the light

Mark Petri, climbed the stairs to his room. And turned on the light. Nothing ordinary, he did not see. His toys were in place. He turned off the light, and went to the bed. He climbed under a warm blanket. He looked around the room once more. It seems there is nothing wrong.

As soon as he closed his eyes, he heard a rattle. He opened his eyes, his heart pounded, as if he had run a kilometer.

Again, someone scratched the closet door. Mark slowly turned his head in the direction in which he heard a noise. But I couldn't make out anything. It was too dark. He reached for the nightlight. A hand slowly felt for it. A faint light came on. The light did not reach the place where the cupboard stood. Mark sat on the bed and looked toward the closet. Suddenly a voice came from the side of the closet:

– M-ahhhh!

He could not even scream, he was paralyzed.

And again the voice says:

– Mark, I'm going out, I'm tired of sitting in the closet and waiting for the onset of darkness, I'm not alone. You will have fun with us.

Mark expected what was about to happen. He only swallowed nervously. The cabinet doors creaked, there was some rustling. A creature two meters tall came out of the closet, its red eyes glowed in the dark. His arms were long, like his body.

“Ahhhhhh,” the creature said.

I heard the creak of the bottom drawer. A serpentine creature crawled out from there. It clanged its teeth like an evil dog. The serpent-like creature moved with Mark.

“Wait,” the long-armed creature ordered.

“Why wait,” it hissed in response.

– We must wait for the Lord, he then knows what to do with him.

“Yes, yes,” the snake-like creature giggled. – Let's wait for the Master.

Time lasted forever. Mark could not move, not that scream.

– Help me! – a lisping voice was heard from the closet.

“Ahhhhh, this is our Lord,” the serpent-like creature replied.

From the closet, a large creature began to crawl out, more like a shadow. It, like a cloud, instantly flew up to the ceiling, and began to circle like a hawk.



## **The sold soul cannot be returned back**

Widow Marvel Cemetery, was located on the outskirts of the city. Oldville. The rumors about this cemetery were very different, that this cemetery was named after Cindy Marvel, because all the husbands that she had were dying or dying. According to another version, that she simply simply bought it. Once she had an equestrian club, where she rented horses. On this and made a fortune.

Now, this cemetery is more like an abandoned one, in places, people are still buried there.

Dry tree branches scratching a stone monument of Tony Vuldes.

Tony Vuldes, Satanist. Once he sold his soul, for the fact that the devil endowed him with special abilities. Tony possessed mediumship, could communicate with the dead. One day, he summoned a demon from a lower caste. The demon came to him displeased with him. Tony asked to fulfill his request. The demon agreed. But at the same time, Tony must offer him a sacrifice. Soul. Tony also agreed.

The demon who was ordered to ruin the life of one person fulfilled. But Tony decided not to sacrifice anyone. The demon appeared not only in reality, but also in dreams. He demanded the debt that Tony promised.

“I will not leave you alone until you fulfill my request,” said the demon.

Tony could not bear it anymore, and he decided to sacrifice his acquaintance, Alice.

The ritual, which required human sacrifice, was carried out in the cemetery. A grave was chosen with the name of the person whom they wanted to sacrifice. A pentagram was drawn, candles were placed on the ends of the pentagram. The grave was supposed to be in the pentagram.

At night, Tony went to the cemetery, taking with him everything he needed. Behind myself, the feeling of a demon was felt all the time. Tony knew that he was somewhere nearby.

The road to the cemetery went through the forest. It was creepy in the forest. Panic seized him, but he continued to walk, for he had promised the demon, and the promise must be kept.

A branch cracked somewhere in the forest, Tony jumped up in fright, his heart was beating even faster. The adrenaline in the blood took his. Tony decided to run, he did not run for long. Not noticing the root sticking out of the tree in the dark, Tony stumbled against it and fell over. Needles of Christmas trees, Tony stuck in his hands, the ground was cold and wet. He looked around, his darkness surrounded tightly. He rose, not even brushing off the needles and the earth, and went on. He regretted that he did not go the other way, but went through the forest.

Walked, as it seemed to him for a long time. Ahead there was a swamp waiting for him. The crescent of the moon, which appeared from behind the forest, was reflected in the swamp surface. The swamp was not wide, but spread over a long distance. Tony jumped into the swamp and plunged under the armpits into the water. The water was cold, even icy. He waded through the swamp. Pits were at the bottom, and he failed, right down to his chin. Tony spit water into his mouth. Ahead of the rum is a rare reed, somewhere in the forest an owl sniffed.

Tony finally went ashore. The forest was ahead again, he knew, even felt that the cemetery was not far away.

Ahead were rare trees. Tony moved on. All raw, he chilled to the bones. Teeth pounded, dancing tap dance.

He moved on, now and then, tripping over the roots of the trees. Panting, he reached the first graves. They were old, and already collapsed. Tony they were not suitable for the ritual, and he went on. Walking a little further he found, still in good condition, the grave. Tony pulled out a candle and lit it. The matches got wet, but there was a lighter. And he brought her to the cross. On the cross was a faded tablet.

Samuel Lewis Fredderick

June 23, 1889 – March 15—15, 1987

“To my beloved husband, father and grandfather,” the inscription read.

Tony got everything he needed. The light from the candle was weak, but still better than nothing. He put a candle on the cross. He took out the ground powder, and began to pour it on the grave in the form of the Seal of Buffet. The pentagram came out not even, but more like a print.

He placed candles on the edges of the pentagram, and decided to cast a spell from the black book of magic. To invoke the spirit of a dead man, and thereby give it to the demon. Alice, as he later found out, died of a drug overdose. Tony decided to conduct the same ritual but, only to slightly change it in his own way.

Focusing, he began to cast the spell:

Spirit of the dead i invoke

Come to this world.

By the power of the Buffett’s Seal, I give this soul to Malis.

Melis take this spirit and set me free.

Suddenly a light warm breeze blew. The flame of the candles shook. Then sharply all the candles went out. Tony decided that the ritual was over and went back the same way.

The night he slept restlessly. He dreamed all the time that he had left something on the grave. Waking up in a cold sweat. Tony went to the jacket in which he was at the time of the ritual. Checked the pockets, everything was in place.

Tony returned and lay down in bed. The next morning, he woke up from some sound reminiscent of a monotonous buzz. He did not understand what was happening and looked out at the balcony to look. Below, asphalt was laid. The concrete mixer was buzzing. Tony breathed a sigh of relief. I poured myself a coffee, had a snack with a cheese and sausage sandwich, and went outside. Today were supposed to bring new discs of his favorite band “Demoniac”. When he began to cross the road, he did not notice how the truck was not rushing at full speed. Everything happened all

of a sudden. Tony hit the tractor, loaded with logs. The rear wheels drove along it, and left brown-red stripes on the pavement.

This happens when you do not fulfill a duty to a demon. Tony fulfilled the demon's request, but Tony did not. Now the demon made a sacrifice to himself. It was Tony. Now the soul of Tony will forever serve the demon.

**Book of the devil**

DIABOLUS – the book of the devil. The pages of the book are very fragile. After all, she is two hundred thousand years old. Black leather pulled over the book. The sign of the devil was engraved on the cover. The seal of the buffalo, represented an inverted pentagram.

Tim Els, found her in the attic when he was cleaning. On the first pages there were some strange characters in Latin. And the whole text of the book was in Latin.

Tim decided to translate part of the text of the book through an online translator. He wondered what the book was about.

He began the translation with a spell on the first page. He entered the lines of the spell into the “translator” and clicked on the “translation”.

A translation window appeared on the screen of his laptop computer. Tom decided to read it aloud:

– I invoke the power of the devil

Come out!

I am your slave! O my Almighty!

Come out!

I renounce God for moving to the side of darkness.

I am your slave and will be repaired to you. Forever. Amen.

Tom was somehow uncomfortable with such words. He listened but didn't hear what. Nothing terrible could happen. He decided to postpone the translation of the book until later. The translated spell impressed him greatly. Tim went to the kitchen to take some chips and pour himself a Coke. Suddenly, like a cat, a shadow flies by. He bounces to the side in dismay. Looks wildly around. What was that?

Tim was still looking around for shadow, walking backwards. Not noticing the little ottoman, he trips over it and falls, while he manages to pour the whole Coke on himself.

– Heck! – the whole shirt is covered with brown spots. He threw the empty can into the bin.

Tim went to his room to change clothes. When he climbed the stairs, he saw again that a shadow had slipped into his room now. He did not want to go to his place. He was about to run, when suddenly air was vibrating in front of him. Wind started to blow. A black dot began to grow in the center

of this air. She was getting bigger and bigger. Until it grew to two meters in height. The creature with red eyes looked at Tim.

He pulled back. The creature spoke first:

“I am Dyalus, the demon of the highest caste.”

Tim, without understanding, ran to the back door. He opened it and ran out. Panic and fear seized him. Now this demon will chase him, and all because of this spell.

He ran down the street without looking back. He ran for a long time. I ran to an old abandoned house. He climbed out the window. In the dark, nothing could be discerned. He stumbled on an iron armature and hit the wall with acceleration.

\*\*\*\*\*

August 23. The weather today was warm. Old man Rondo went out to walk his dog. He liked to walk near the abandoned house. It's quiet there. Passing by the house. He suddenly saw that someone was lying there. He came closer and saw a man. A young man, as he suggested by clothing. But he looked like a dried mummy. Rondo felt uneasy, and he decided to quickly retire and call the police.

Demon Dyalus, sucked out all his life force and energy.! – the whole shirt is covered with brown spots. He threw the empty can into the bin.

### **Shadow People**

“Good afternoon, I would like to buy a house on Dar Street,” Victor Saint said.

“Well, we'll agree on a deal at the Elbrus business center,” a voice answered at the opposite end of the wire.

The house that Tom wanted to buy was a Renaissance and Baroque style. Stone white walls. Large stained glass windows. The roof was covered with maroon shingles. Victor really liked this house, he wanted to live there. Feel like a king.

He went outside, the sun shone brightly today. He even sweated. It is already very hot. He went up to the car, an old Plymouth, opened the door and saw some paper in the passenger seat. Probably an advertisement, stuck through the side window, which is not tightly closed. He got into the car and picked up the paper.

It was an advertisement talking about a new store opening in Elsou. Shop for magic books and accessories.

Victor crumpled the advertisement and threw it into the urn.

He started the car and drove onto the road. Fifteen minutes later, he arrived at the business center. The business center was a ten-story building of blue glass.

On the ground floor there was a small cafe. Victor got out of the car and went to the cafe. There was no one in the cafe except the bartender and the waitress. He sat at a table opposite the door and ordered Americano coffee. Victor, waiting, took a napkin from the table and began to fumble it.

A handsome man entered the door, wearing a black suit and graced patent leather shoes. In his hands he held a black leather diplomat. A man came up to him and said:

– Victor Saint?

“Yes,” he answered.

– My name is Cole Eagle, I am the owner of this house. – He sat opposite Victor, put the diplomat on the table and opened it.

Inside the diplomat was covered in black velvet, and he noticed the initials of K.I.

“You have a great diplomat,” said Victor.

– Handwork. My initials are here, and he pointed to the top wall. The letters were gold.

And at the bottom of the diplomat were all the necessary papers for Cole’s house to become Victor’s.

“Now, let’s move on to our sale,” he answered and climbed over to get the papers.

Victor carefully examined the paper. His gaze fell on Cole’s expensive Swiss watch, but he did not notice this look.

“Documents for a house, for land, for water supply,” he said. – There is a contract too. Here is one copy for me, the second. Sign up. He held out an elegant dark blue gold-framed handle to Victor. He took and signed where necessary.

“Well, here our transaction is completed, I will wait for your bank transfer,” he said.

“Fine, in a couple of days you will receive the money,” Victor answered.

He had finished his coffee by then. And Cole has already left.

By evening, he reached his new home.

\*\*\*\*\*

The house stood alone on a hill. Centennial elms stood along the road. There were no guard lattices, and indeed, why they are needed. The path to the house was paved with granite.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.