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Denna novell skrevs i mitten på nionde klass, och är skriven på engelska.

Just nu håller jag på att göra en bok av den, då många säger att det är en bra story. Boken blir dock på svenska, innan jag sedan översätter den.

Well, jag har inte redigerat text

The Black Book.

Prologue:

There was a society, deep in the woods. At the 1100-century their forefathers had started a pact; they would do anything they could to make the power of evil stronger along human. There was no possibility for someone who was born into the pact to ever leave it. The parents that failed to raise their children totally devoted to the pact had to kill them by them selves. So were the tradition and it was never changed.

In the beginning of 1970 rumours started to reach the society that there was an unknown "Blackbook". The book was told to be descent from before the birth of Christ and was buried together with the most evil and powerful conjurer that had ever been born. According to the rumours the grave was still unexplored somewhere in the old Russia. They send a number of members to Russia and under the years they put down a lot of time and money to investigate where it could be. To find the grave and the Blackbook were at the highest priority. An old woman in the society had visions about that the Blackbook were the key to the black future they dreamed of. In 1982 the grave was found in a cave in Kazakhstan. Without informing the authority, they opened it. The body of the conjurer was in so good condition that it convinced the members about his great powers. The book was brought to, for us, an unknown place in Sweden, where it was translated precisely. And they found the key to a black and evil world dominion..

1984

It was a middle-sized hospital in a middle-sized city in Sweden. The night was late, and the winterdarkness compact. The asphalt glittered of rain. They were expecting snow, the weather forecasters had predicted snow for a week now, but still no flakes had fallen. The man that walked in through the entrance doors to the hospital was very plain. He wore common clothes in common colours, glasses, ratcolored hair and was averaged height. He took the stairs up to the third floor. The corridor was desolate and with weak lighting. He heard some voices from a staffroom and went into another corridor. The room was full of sleeping children. He made sure the baby was a girl and took out the syringe from his pocket. Carefully he injected the bright red content into the sleeping baby. He memorised the name at the plate and turned around in the same time a nurse opened the door. She had soft slippers instead of the traditional shoes, that's why he hadn't heard her coming. "What a.." she started, but the man threw himself against her. He covered her mouth and put the empty syringe into her blood vein. The nurse's eyes expanded of dread. A bubble of air in the blood circulation leads straight to death when it reaches the heart.

1998

She heard them when they pattered in the kitchen and when the door was opened to her room she pretended to sleep.

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you..."

She turned over in the bed and looked at them with her big drowsy eyes.

"Happy birthday honey" said her mother, Anne, and gave her a vase with flowers. Her father, James, put down a big present on her bed.

Sarah was their only child and today, the 15th of november it was her 14th birthday. She was intelligent, well raised and beautiful with her long black hair and big green eyes. After she had opened the present she locked her self in the bathroom to shower before breakfast. She looked into the mirror. There was no sign of anything normal about a teenagegirl in the picture. Today was an important day. Since she was 4 years old she had understood that she had a commission to do every birtday. This had the shadows whispered to her. That's how she had learned everything she knew, from the voices in the dark. Now, they were inside her.

She never used any makeup. She had perfect skin and eyes that could capture every boy she'd like. She had something that you can't put a word for. She was a mystery. She had friends but no one knew her. If anyone said something she didn't like she looked at the person with her green eyes and the person started to feel regret. There was something with Sarah, something different.

In the kitchen Anne lightened a candle in front of a picture of her father. He had died exactly one year ago, at Sarah's 13th birthday. Her thoughts lead to the baby she lost 9 years ago. When Sarah was 4 years old Anne became pregnant again, but in the 5th month she had a miscariage. After that she could never be pregnant again. "Honey?"

Anne knocked on the door to the bathroom.

"Yeah?" answered Sarah.

"I'm going down to the bakery to get your cake, I'll be back soon." Sarah heard the door close and waited a couple of minutes. She knew exactly what she had to do. 20 minutes later Anne put the key into the door and balanced happily the big cake in her hands. Hysterical sobs came from the kitchen and made her hurry in. Sarah satt on the floor with James's head in her lap, cradle him back and forth, crying. His look was empty, his heart had really been broken. The cake fell from Annes hands and hit the floor.

A week after, Sarah went to school again, but Anne couldn't go to work yet. She sat home with a cup of tea in her hands and stared out from the window until the tea was cold. Then she made a new cup of tea and did it all over again. Weird thoughts went through her mind. They were so strong that she could not ignore them. Sarah's birthday was cursed. It was a crazy thought, but she could not overlook everything that had happened at her birthday every year. She had lost her unborn baby, her father and her husband at th same date. When she thought back she could remember that a dog had been found maltreat to death the day after Sarah's irthday a couple of years ago. It could have been killed at the 15th of november. It made her feel sick, what did this mean? The day after when Sarah had went to school Anne seeked through every corner of her room. In the closet she found a box with pictures of angels and stickers in it. She picked them out and felt something that could be hair. She picked up a paw from a dog, and a tail from a cat. She laid her hands over her mouth to moderate her scream. Who, or what, was her daughter? When Sarah came home from school in the afternoon she felt danger when she stood outside the door. She was used to handle the most situations. Inside waited the police. "Sarah, we want to speak to you about a box your mother found in your closet" She stiffed when Anne came out from the kitchen and Sarah gave her the most chilly look she had ever seen. It made Anne loose her breath.

Sarah was forced to go down to the policestation. The evidence in the box were soon to proof that what

Anne believed was true. "Did this keychain belong to your father?" She smiled. "Did you kill your father?" She just smiled and thought about what had happened a few weeks earlier when her mother was at the bakery, getting her cake...

The social authority was connected and a psychologist talked to Sarah the same night. Sarah was judged to be a danger and had to stay at the police station over night. A medical examination that was made the day after showed that she had a deformity on the brain. A tumour was pressing her other part of the brain and the doctors explained that this was probably what made Sarah's lack of conscience. They wanted to operate but the risks were too big and they needed Anne's approval. Sarah laid in an empty room, the handcuffs kept her stuck to the bed. Anne was standing in the corridor watching her from the pane of glass. Sarah stared at her without any sign of emotion. Anne might be her biological mother, but she had been raised by stronger powers and they lived inside her now. Anne gave her permission to make the operation the same night. She couldn't stand the smell and walked through the park around the hospital. "Excuse me, Mrs. Andersson?" Anne looked at the man who seemed to come up from nowhere. She supposed he was a doctor. "Yes?" she answered. "I know the whole story. Your daughter will die at the operation table, the forces are too strong. They won't leave her." Anne stared at him. "What are you talking about?" He stood still for a moment, and then he continued. "Do you remember the nurse that died in the baby's room when you were at the maternity ward?" She wrinkled her forehead. "Yes, of course I remember."

He looked at her. "I was there. I killed the nurse" She looked around, she couldn't see anyone. It was too dark. So he told her about the Blackbook. "There was a recipe of a very special decoction, which should be injected in a baby girl's blood. She would be the evil personified with an ability to rule over other evil, powerful humans. She would be the most powerful on earth and make a pact with the black powers on the other side. The decoction could only be given to only child at a time, not to separate the powers. Nor could it be given to a child in my nearest area. The girl had to grow up in a "normal" family and in a "normal" city, so she could take distance from the dark world. I gave Sarah the injection and we have followed her development through the years. The box you found in her closet are parts from some things she has sacrificed at every birthday since her 4th. You were supposed to be sacrificed at her 18th birthday. To kill the person who gave her life would give her immortality.

Every year after that she would sacrifice one lover." Anne didn't want to hear more, it was too sick, too insane. "What do you want?" she asked. "I want you to stop the operation, let Sarah live, I'm here to bring her with me" Anne stared at him. "Never!" She ran away to call the police. They had to arrest this crazy man! She was being dazzled by a car that suddenly started and was going her way. She reacted, but too late. The car ran over her, and she died later that night. The man from the society had exaggerated the risks with Sarah's operation, and she woke up the day after, but didn't remember anything from her last 14 years. Since the lack of her memory was considered permanent, she was placed in a foster home. She was lucky and was placed in a city far away, with a couple without any own children. And they raised her like she was their own.

Epilogue:

A few weeks after the operation, a very common man walked over the street to another hospital in another city.

In his pocket he had a syringe...

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