

The Deadliest Vampire

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All characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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PART I

The New York Treasure

Prologue

I – The Lost Transylvanian Treasure

For centuries Transylvanian legends told of lost treasures being buried away at the ancient Transylvanian castle, and out of the ordinary accounts of events that led to the castle's construction and the extraordinary wars by its evil deadly occupants, and later of the dormant castle being buried away in the woods, lost in time, and it being a deadly haunted ghost castle.

Inhabitants in villages gave meticulous accounts and warnings of unexplained occurrences in its province.

Early travelers on horseback escaped deadly encounters and many found the remains of countless gypsies and other ancient travelers in the deep dark depths of the woods, surrounding the castle, with signs of many being viciously attacked and chased by deadly horrendous things.

Investigations habitually concealed and disregarded findings and claims of supernatural phenomena, and newspapers concluded it was Transylvanian superstitions, ghost stories, and the desolate region and castle's hideous presence and evil history.

Early explorers searching for lost treasures, mentioned in old folklore, died carrying out investigations and treasure quests, and few survived, and some told of hideous occurrences and sounds of malicious demons and elementals tormenting the woods and the confines of the ancient castle.

II – The Haunted Wood

Eisenberg could not tell what it was and if it was the strange dark wood they had entered, altered trees and landscape, or what was there that was so strange, and he searched around him, through the trees, and searched for the vampires.

Their discovery of the wood had been lucky, and he still wondered if the paranormal investigator had got it wrong, as he claimed the wood was perfectly positioned for the vampires to hide in, for them to safely perform their attacks on New York, and the incredible thing about it was it resembled the wood in Transylvania where Dracula's castle had been, and it was the drawings of it and

finding the giant wood on the television and an occurrence there that drew their attention to it.

What they could find out about it gave little, but they had found a structure in it, and though it was old and derelict they were sure it could be where the vampires stayed at night.

Everything confused him and he started to think that just about anything could occur and realize the danger they were in, and there was no reason to believe they could not exist in the light of day, and that they were just night creatures, and as he led Kurt and the paranormal investigator through the dense undergrowth and tress he started to imagine strange dark figures behind trees, and a mysterious distant light, but everything he found was either vegetation, trees, fallen trees, but he started to realize it was starting to get dark, and the time it took to get through the wood, dense undergrowth, was impeding their progress.

Occasionally he heard distant things being violently smashed, but saw powerful wind surges blasting about, and he started to believe it was the wood itself, or the region, and it had a supernatural presence, either from the vampires or something else there, which could be why they had gone there.

What staggered him the most was how dark it would be soon, and he rushed on, and believed that they might be able to achieve their objective and that there would be an eventual conclusion to the event, and events, but the place was shrouded everywhere with increasing denser vegetation and he even started wondering if they could get through it, and in the distant he heard what he was sure were wolves, and it left him trying to contemplate what was there, and at times sounds emerged like they were coming out the ground, and from underground shafts.

III – The Vampire Hideout

Eisenberg thought supernatural regions existed, and that they had entered something, and when they entered the derelict building he was staggered that anyone could build and stay in such place.

It confused him, what they were doing, after all he had encountered, and now believed existed, compared with before, and he did not know what it was, and just tried to grasp how dangerous it was, and he rushed into the building before it became too dark, and to stop the vampires reviving before they found them, and he kept his eye on Kurt and the paranormal investigator.

He considered all the things he had heard of the supernatural trying to grasp what it was he was missing. He was sure they had discovered more than they realized, and he analyzed everything in a far greater degree.

At the top floor, he stopped suddenly, tiredly and startled by something, and he sensed something, and he moved on slowly, as Kurt and the paranormal investigator followed him, and he heard something somewhere.

For a long time he stared into the dimness recognizing little, as he strolled on, and gasped for a few seconds when he thought he was being watched by something in a region of darkness ahead, and was surprised something appeared

there and he saw large box shapes, and kept examining them, and realized that it was tombs, and that they were in the same style as the vampire tombs back at the mansion, and realized that they were placed directly at the central region of the building.

At the tombs he heard silent sounds from something, and realized how dark it was and shifted silently up to them, searching everything everywhere, while he considered putting on his light, but he could give his presence away, if he had not been noticed.

A sudden blast, and explosion of light, left him stunned, while he crept on, and he froze, waiting to die, and die hideously for what he had done, and he stood confused, and saw what looked like a vampire illuminated in bright light standing in front of him, and he wondered what the hell it was, and after examining it closely it looked like a humanoid, and it seemed to welcome him, and he studied it and realized that it was a form of hologram.

It eventually altered, to do something, and do something to itself, and he remained trying to identify it, and he felt energy from it, and sheer power, and it reminded him of the extraterrestrial at the research center, and something about it, which he could not quite grasp.

IV – The Lost Time Pod

For centuries the energy formation rested trapped under the Earth, and fiercely waiting to leave its confines, and imprisonment, frequently reawakening, with deadly energy surges blasting out.

Its shape inside the energy pod had pulsated when awakened, feeling little awareness, and had found little activity, which it had no real way of checking.

Its energy capsule was molded about it, with only some functions, with little power, and with no proper observations.

It perceived little and its thoughts wandered and it occasionally recollected distorted memories that had turned incomprehensible, from what had led it to its lethal error, and it could barely realize why it had survived or had annihilated itself.

It had activated vague sensors and felt vast unstable energy explosions blast out across dimensions with such force it felt like it threatened to make space and time completely rip apart, and destroy the fabric of space and time, and it had constantly realized it could do little when it had checked if anything had been detected anywhere.

The hideous situation had left it ensnared and recalling the colossal powers it once had and firmly contemplating the dangers and its chances of survival.

Its mission had been unbelievable and it realized how deadly it had been and recalled little of why it had once contemplated there not being any danger.

Its near destruction had amazed it and it frequently realized it had no proper presence and had become a form of unknown energy/formation, altering to something that it never recognized.

It turned invisible, and translucent, and the outer universe vanished from its thoughts, and it occasionally imagined echoes of its voyager functioning and its massive energy pulsations blasting out across the whole of creation.

Its revival attempts sustained, and the Earth and mankind evolved, and it realized its mind-boggling powers were dwindling, and it realized it would one day no longer exist, and it gradually turned itself completely dormant—and for as long as a hundred years—waiting for it to be revived to complete its deadly mission.

Chapter 1

Howard Eisenberg's Treasure

The lawyer of Howard Eisenberg rushed in the door and the others were left speechless, and John Eisenberg realized how much Howard Eisenberg had influenced and terrified them, and he watched his uncle's aged lawyer and his peculiar reactions to everything trying to grasp why he was not reacting the way he should be, and he conclusively recalled him from when he was younger, when he visited his uncle.

The lawyer stopped in front of them and nervously held out a document, and Eisenberg instantly realized how valuable it was, and especially to him, and he knew it had something important.

Amusement appeared on the lawyer's face and Eisenberg realized again he knew something he should know, and the lawyer bent his head close and opened out the document and peered at it.

When he never did anything Eisenberg glanced over at Kurt shifting out his seat to the window behind him, where he looked down the side of the giant building to the New York traffic below, and the city streets glowing in the dying rays of sunlight, and to the sun sinking into the distant skyline.

Eisenberg shivered when a cold breeze blew across the back of his neck from an open window, and he never moved and kept his eyes fixed on the room and lawyer not wishing to miss anything, and watched the room grow silent, with the suspense, and he studied the six remaining members of the Eisenberg family.

After nothing occurred again they began whispering and adjusting their seats and Eisenberg observed the lawyer anxiously leave and go and get an old video with a typed label out a box, which he showed to them, by rotating it in his hand, with a glint of surprise, followed by sadness, and he stopped in front of them, and Kurt rushed back into his seat.

"Your deceased uncle, Howard Eisenberg," he announced to them all, "requested that you watch the video..."

He went to the door and signaled someone, who arrived with an old video player television and set it up and keenly took the video off him and gently fitted it into it.

The picture surprised Eisenberg as it was really ancient and with signs of deterioration, with the colors making it resemble an old war movie.

The camera showed his uncle in an office by himself, behind a large desk, puffing away at one of his large cigars, and Eisenberg felt sick looking at it, and shifted in his seat, and wondered how much he inhaled it, and if he would suddenly look sick.

The picture flickered to his amusement, and he studied him wondering what he missed about him as some of the things about him in the papers and the rest of media were unbelievable, and some definitely created by him for effect, and he realized he might never grasp what he was altogether like.

Howard Eisenberg sat back cheekily staring straight into their eyes from the screen and they sat silently, not budging, wondering what he intended, and what the eventual outcome would be.

He sat upright, and stared more deeply, and came to a conclusion, and grabbed a bottle of whiskey and unscrewed the cap, and Eisenberg realized how little objects in it were dated, even though the film was clearly old, and he listened to distant vehicle and voice tones absurdly mingling, and he recalled old memories, and silence seemed to engulf the room.

Howard Eisenberg seemed different somehow and doing something and he tried to grasp what, and saw strange reactions from him to things, and he stared straight at them, and as though he was staring directly at him, like he once had done.

He unhurriedly muttered, "Each one of you will get one of my personal estates... But I want the ownership of the businesses, and wealth, to go to one of you, who'll do as I wish!"

He sat back and looked through documents on his table and Eisenberg sat staggered wondering how much he had profited, and tried to recall his estates and where he stayed, and from what he had heard, and the media, and realized he never even knew where he stayed, but knew he had lived on his own, and had not remarried, and he wondered which of them he intended his businesses and wealth to go to, and why he insisted one person should run them, and why he had never allowed any of them to be involved with them.

Eisenberg thought of his six cousins there—and who was the most experienced, and realized he had to have made a mistake.

Eisenberg realized he should have done what he once intended to do and become experienced in the businesses Howard Eisenberg had, and not just become the private detective that he had become, and he realized how lucky he was that he had actually got one of his estates, and for a few seconds wondered if they were far bigger than he imagined, and that Howard Eisenberg had given them what they wanted, and he never needed to give them the companies.

To his surprise the lawyer left the room and returned and gave each of them an envelope, with their name on it, and kept a large brown envelope.

Eisenberg quickly opened his and glanced at the documents inside and saw he got some form of country mansion, which surely was away out in some desolate rural region, and he was not so sure he had really profited.

Howard Eisenberg looked up from what he had been doing and stared straight at them again, and the others stopped discussing what they got, and Eisenberg realized two had got large city buildings, and that they might have profited far more.

“After considerable thought,” Howard Eisenberg continued nervously, “I’ve been unable to come to a conclusion on who should get the businesses...”

Eisenberg gasped and sat looking confused, wondering what he wanted, and what he wanted the person to do, and if he was given it if he could carry it out and he considered getting someone else to run it for him and he wondered why he never did that himself, and what the hell he was up to, and he sat watching him, and studying him, and saw how mysterious he was, and wondered how he had managed to accumulate his wealth, and recalled stuff about his accomplishments.

Howard Eisenberg searched through his documents and threw them over at his side, and shouted, “I’ve decided to choose the person I want with a little game I’ve come up with, giving you a little adventure... I’ll give you a clue that’ll lead to a harder one, followed by other clues, which will take you to a treasure chest, and the person who returns with the contents shall win... The first clue is: *A lake I’d avoid. In a giant skull.*”

Chapter 2

The Search

At the edge of his vision Eisenberg watched the traffic getting thicker as the taxi rushed on, and the driver give quicker glances, and he listened to the loud voices and horns mingle with engines, and he opened his laptop and watched the news.

Beside him he glanced over at Kurt as he continued checking information, and he realized how much he had changed since he had seen him in Howard Eisenberg’s lawyer’s office, and he realized that he had been working far more than he had thought and had surely been losing sleep.

It was crazy! He himself had searched everywhere he could for the answer to the clue, and every lake he could discover with anything like a skull, and had even started dreaming of finding it, just for the sensation of it. They all intended to get it somehow!

He pulled out a small flask and downed some whisky and relaxed against the back of the seat and watched cars going by.

He now could not grasp what Howard Eisenberg was talking about, even though it sounded simple, and he wondered if what was there still existed, and why it would not be damaged if it was buried outside.

He had to have checked every lake! He had even been dreaming of lakes, and he considered if the skull was something else than he thought it was, and he realized the entire search would have been useless if it was, and he recalled Howard Eisenberg liked playing games and he became sure it was his main motivation.

Although he kept realizing the first clue had been mentioned as it being easy to get, and he realized they were just not checking something. He recalled the lawyer’s reactions when he questioned him on the phone on the previous morning, and that he was actually scared of something that might occur, and he was sure he could be sacked or something for doing something.

While he shifted near the window he heard a car door open and instantaneously recognized a black car along the road. The car belonged to another private investigator he knew and he watched him wave over at him when he spotted him, and he realized why! It was surely the fact that some of the occurrences got in the news. Though it was not really about the treasure quest and about Howard Eisenberg and his death.

He had no idea what the outcome would be, and he considered using all the investigators he had ever met to get to the source of what they were looking for. He attempted to comprehend what he had suggested, from the insignificant message.

Kurt glared over at him for a moment with some urgency, and swiftly returned to what he was doing.

He had chosen to join up with Kurt for a reason, and that he could help him greatly get what he wanted.

Both had searched libraries everywhere for clues, and for unknown lakes, and anything resembling one, and he started to realize that one of the others could find it first after all, and he wondered what would happen if they found the clue first and they never got to see the next clue, and if the person who found it never got the next clue, and he was sure that if nobody found the treasure chest he had left that he had an alternative plan and he wondered if his uncle was ludicrous enough to give it away to someone else.

The whole event was unbelievable, and he could hardly get any sleep, and he could hardly believe anyone could do such a thing, with so much a stake, and realized how dangerous things could become, and he even started checking files and information on his other five relatives, checking what they were like, and if they could become dangerous, and in the end left it, as he realized the information the other investigators gathered gave little on them, and little that he never already knew.

Suddenly he spotted Kurt sitting upright with his eyes wide, staring at something on his laptop, and Eisenberg listened to something he could barely hear that Kurt was listening to, and he even tried to block out the outer sounds of loud vehicles with his hands about his ears.

He was sure he was listening to the news, about something, and rushed over beside him, and straightaway realized it was not major news and insignificant regional occurrences, and was about to return to his seat when he spotted a lake where there were birds flying about everywhere, and to his surprise were attacking people and he examined it closely trying to get what they were doing, but he could not grasp what was happening or why Kurt now insisted something was occurring that he should see.

It was incredible and he suddenly spotted Kurt's eyes staring at a particular spot near the shore at the opposite side of the lake, where he saw a large white rock was buried away in the trees, and that it looked like a giant skull.

Chapter 3

The Mysterious Lake

Eisenberg shuddered as he considered the dangers that existed and his gaze went out across the small lake to a group of trees and to where the large white skull rock was buried away, searching for any disturbances and signs that the birds were about there, and even though he had seen them on the news, he could not grasp why the birds were classed as dangerous.

Television and newspaper reporters about the car park, and his sides, were leaving, and he wondered what he missed, and tried to grasp why the birds had been attacking them and where they went, and he searched everywhere about the landscape for activity, or birds and wildlife, and hidden dangers.

It was even as though they thought they needed some form of protection from something, and he considered if there were dangerous species that he had not noticed, and if predator birds were a danger if they attacked them, and he saw Kurt coming over from behind some trees behind him and was amazed to see his other relatives appear one by one and follow him, and he started to realize that they might be joining up to make an agreement, which he knew he should have predicted at the start, as if one person found the next clue they would all be out the game, as there was no way for them to move on and getting the next clue, unless they found out and followed them about.

The game was basically stupid and he wondered why he had not packed the whole thing in, and he realized that he could just follow the others around, and have them investigated, and perhaps get something out of it if any of them were successful.

The lake itself was far too small and empty to have more than a few visitors, perhaps there for its isolation, and he realized it was not classed as a lake to them, and he realized he still had not found it marked anywhere and wondered how they were supposed to have found it, if it had not been on the news, and he felt annoyed realizing it had been classed as an easy clue.

Eisenberg sat on a boulder and studied the white skull rock in the trees and wondered why they were sure it was anything, and not just their minds, and imagining it looked like it, and he followed Kurt and the others as they left and started walking around the shore to it.

On their approach to it he suddenly spotted people hidden away about the lake that seemed to be doing things and he tried to identify what they were doing and if they were connected to the media or something, and he stood and watched the others rush over to the white skull rock trying to identify anything they could and they started searching it, and anything they found.

Near the shore he watched fishermen casting lines and to his surprise he spotted large pigeons and crows all sitting on branches of nearby trees, and he started to realize how many of them there were and studied their fixed features and saw their vicious facial appearances, wondering if they were vicious or looked that way.

He wondered how much a menace they were, and if they had nests or something nearby, and if they could do something, and he gasped when he saw some attack other birds, and suddenly they all started shrieking, and started

gliding up into the air, and flew straight towards the fishermen, and he wondered if he should shout over to them or something.

One of the fishermen looked up in horror and saw them, and shaded his eyes from the bright sunshine, and stood studying them, and they dived down at them, and big black crows dived-bombed him and flew straight at them, and they started waving their hands and arms about, throwing them away from them if they got near, and hundreds of them started attacking and screeching and the fishermen picked up sticks and waved them in the air, and threw objects.

Eisenberg realized they were not a real threat and some of the fishermen started to think it was hilarious and he watched others shouting and waving their fists and swearing at them.

He tried to grasp what they were actually doing and why they had not been discovered before and why they had suddenly been reported to the media.

Something he could not quite grasp that was there, and he was sure the fishermen and others had clearly visited there before and had not been confronted, and he realized it was not nests, and he watched fishermen furiously waving their fists as they left in a large swarm.

For a moment he thought they spotted him but saw the swarm head over to a couple romantically rowing along the lake's edge, and race towards them, and he was surprised when they reached them and that they splattered them with excrement and flew away, and the man waved his fist and overturned the boat, throwing them into the water, and he heard Kurt shout from behind him that he had found something in the mouth of the large skull rock.

Chapter 4

The Ancient Mansion

“Where the hell's this?” Eisenberg gulped, as he woke, looking about him, and out the taxi window, seeing nothing but blackness.

“Where you're going to!” the driver smirked, searching the blackness ahead in the dim headlight, as the car shifted slowly along a farm lane, and Eisenberg realized he had blown it again.

He sat transfixed, and felt a sensation of happiness when the moon emerged ahead and its light probed that region of the road, and deep through the surrounding dark clouds radiating and he crouched over when he spotted a tomb shape he was sure was the mansion, and mansion Howard Eisenberg had given him, and he felt furious it was so far out in nowhere, from what he saw, and realized he would have a bad time selling the thing.

In the darkness and moonlight it looked like a haunted building.

The taxi eventually came to a slow halt at a wall and he considered returning home, as it was nothing like he expected, and he could not forgive Howard Eisenberg for giving him the thing and he sat considering what to do. He originally intended to go and see it before it got dark but he underestimated things and it got

dark, and in the end he just paid the driver and jumped out the taxi with his bag and marched away along a lane going to it, watching the surrounding wood, and the taxi left and drove away into the distance, and he wondered what he would do if it was the wrong building and the owners never had a phone.

It was freezing, and the visible landscape was a mess of wild vegetation and trees.

What he saw of the dark shape of the building was heavenly and deadly and he wondered why everything was such a mess, and he realized that Howard Eisenberg could not stay there and he wondered why he had bought such place.

At the door he knocked when he saw it never had a doorbell and eventually he removed the keys he got and tried them until he found one that fitted the lock and swiftly entered it, and realized he had finally visited the place and he started to explore what he could see in the darkness, and he realized how ancient the place was, but had new things added to it and he felt deep satisfaction to discover it actually had a light and hunted down the light switch.

Once the light was on he stood dazzled trying to get why Howard Eisenberg bought such a place, as nothing added up, and wondered if he had bought and got stuck with it many years ago, before he got his empire.

As he wandered about he swiped away webs going across corridors and doorways, and he found what looked like a living room and switched on the light and sat on an ancient form of sofa, which creaked and cracked up one side, and he sat back with a sad expression staring at an ancient painting over the fireplace, covered in dust and webs, and he studied the figure in the portrait with some amazement and gasped when he saw the eyes, and gasped at the age of it and rushed over to see it up close.

It looked so ancient, and centuries old, and the person wore clothes from centuries ago, and he knew the person had to be a distinguished nobleman of wealth and power.

He studied his sword he had at his waist and saw marks he was sure were bloodstains, and sat back down considering if it was from some war.

The place looked altered from a far earlier structure and had been repaired and altered and he wondered if it had a high value to collectors, and he realized that he now wanted more than ever to discover the treasure chest Howard Eisenberg had hidden away, and he sat back contemplating everything he could, and the clue they found in the giant stone skull at the lake, which was: *In The Oldest Grave*.

He was sure none of them knew what the clue meant or anything, and that it was too vague, but he was sure they thought they would find it because of its simplicity and their detection methods were improving, and he was sure they were searching on their own again in an attempt to get it for themselves, and even Kurt seemed to be up to something.

He had been searching graves all over the place for days, and started to doubt he would get it again!

He decided to find somewhere to sleep in the building, even though it was not late, and he wondered what the place would be like at midnight, and decided to properly check the place out in the morning, and try and find a way of selling the place, and as he looked about he spotted an ancient staircase along the corridor and as he marched over to it he decided to try and get the lawyer to show the old

video over again, as he had done earlier in his career, as a private investigator, and he would try and film the video if he could not get a copy of it, as he was sure there would be things in it that he had not noticed, and he also wanted to question the lawyer about Howard Eisenberg, and especially about what he thought he had been doing, and he was also sure he might be able to make a deal with him and get the location of the treasure chest.

Chapter 5

The Morning

Eisenberg woke early and left to go back to New York and was walking up the road when he turned and saw the full size of the mansion, and was staggered, as it was colossal, and he started to realize its true value, and was left confused as he had no idea of how such an ancient structure could be built like it and realized most of it had been built in more modern times and made to look like the original structure.

What fascinated him was him sleeping there thinking its size and value was far less, and it was colossal, and he was sure it had a value as a historical building. Yet he could not explain how it could be there, and be the age it seemed, and why it had been built there, and all he saw in the surrounding landscape was a river behind it, which would have been there for the occupants.

Eisenberg rubbed his hands and shoved them deep into the pockets of his thick jacket, and was sure it was colder there than it was in the city, and wondered if he could sell the thing as he could not imagine living in it, and wondered again why Howard Eisenberg wanted it and realized it had to be worth something, but why had he not sold it.

It was like some form of entity and hideous, as he walked back to it, and walked around it, and at times he was sure it had deadly things behind its black windows, and cursed Howard Eisenberg.

The sun faintly shone over it and through gaps in the thick walls, and through windows, casting long shadows from the trees over it, and he was sure it resembled some form of castle.

He studied distant clearings in the surrounding wood, in the mess of vegetation, and saw structures, and at a higher point at its side he saw there was empty land further out, and he shifted along to the nearby river, and realized he may have picked up the structures identity wrongly and that it could be a vast country mansion built for someone that wanted away from city life, where there was isolation and desolate wilderness.

Though size and amount of rooms was astonishing and he realized it must have been for a lot of people and servants at one point, and he wondered what sort of life his uncle had led and what people he had known.

What amazed him was he still did know what to do with it and what it was worth, and he returned to the front of it, and entered the trees, going through the wood surrounding it, considering it, going towards a structure he saw.

The words of the clue echoed through his mind, as it had done before he had arrived there, and he had almost done in his sleep, and he suddenly recalled a strange dream he had entered in the mansion of him dreamily going through strange graves, and as he recalled things he watched the structure he was walking to emerge across his front.

He rhythmically crunched through layers of branches and thought of it as a type of mansion pavilion and saw columns of stone going about it like a Greek temple and at the other side he spotted gravestones, and small ancient graveyard, and he walked over to the nearest graves, curious of what was written on them.

Chapter 6

The Ancient Graveyard

The words carved into the stone of one of the large gravestones left Eisenberg staggered and searching the surrounding landscape for signs of anyone, and he searched areas of mud and for signs humans had recently been there, and he read the words over again and realized that he had to be imagining what he thought and that it was just an amazing coincidence.

Suddenly he stepped back, and gasped, positive the words on it were certainly the clue, but he could not grasp what they were doing there, in a small graveyard out in the middle of nowhere.

The words *In The Oldest Grave* were the only words on the grave, and he stood hypnotized by it, and realized he was tired from marching through the vegetation, and calmed himself down, and thought what it meant and gasped when he thought of the only thing he could do was search the grave, and wondered who the hell had a grave with those words on it, without a name.

When he thought of the money and the businesses he realized he needed to check it as he could not let it go, as he would be the only one to answer it and be able to move on in the treasure hunt, and surely solve the other answers someday, which he surely would do by some means.

He had the right to do it as the property and graves belonged to him, and he wondered what the hell Howard Eisenberg had been up to, and if he had been there and supervised it being put there.

For a long time he strolled around in the morning sunshine examining other graves and words engraved on them, and proved it was the only abnormal grave there, and he checked the mansion structure through the trees, and finally returned to it with an old spade he found near it and started digging it up, while he watched strange crows watching him from the trees.

Though the words were there he could not grasp what they meant, as it clearly was not the oldest grave, and his mind was keyed into trying to decipher them as

a clue, and he thought they perhaps were in a riddle only comprehensible to someone else.

What had surprised him about the graves was the amount of them for one building, and he decided to check the place out and check libraries, and as he dug away at the ground of the grave, throwing the soil in a pile nearby, where he could quickly return it back after he got what he wanted, he wondered if any of the graves belonged to his ancestors, and if not who had they been.

Who did Howard Eisenberg buy the place off and why? Why the hell did he want the place? Was it just an early business deal? Did he overestimate the value?

It was incredible as he had been sitting inside the mansion on the previous night trying to figure where it had been and how to get what he had been looking for, and it had been sitting out in the grounds of the mansion.

He realized that Howard Eisenberg must have thought he would find it eventually! He realized that the game of solving the clues and his treasure hunt was designed not to be answered in a few days, as he had made out, but over a long time, and that they were lucky in discovering the small lake, which had not even been marked down on many maps for some reason, and he was sure they had been really lucky.

The soil was hard and had surely not been put there in a long time, and he recalled how old the video of Howard Eisenberg had been, and he was sure it could have been from then.

Howard Eisenberg did everything for a reason and he could not grasp what the hell he was up to, and why he originally wanted it done, and if he changed and forgot about the video and plan.

There were things on the other graves and suggestions of war, and the civil war, and the usual things, and the grave and its strange wording was all that was different, and as he dug faster and harder into the ground he wondered if it was talking about the other graves and was mentioning a grave that was older, and perhaps not marked or known as such, which someone else knew the location of and the grave was put there to indicate its existence for some reason, or had Howard Eisenberg seen the grave and remembered it and had used it for some reason.

The graveyard was ghostly beside such a building, and he watched the building glow in the sunlight, through the trees—and watched crows sitting on branches sleepily watching.

He slowly became exhausted and thought of climbing out the hole, and was about to rest, when the shovel hit solid wood, and he immediately started cleaning muck away from it, and banged it hard with the shovel and heard it was hollow, and the grave.

While he rested he saw it was a normal old grave, and he heard a distant noise and saw a crow react and followed its gaze to a strange black shape away in the distance, and saw that it was just a dark tree.

When he removed all the muck from the coffin he started shoving the thick wooden cover off, and something stopped the lid being shoved any further, and he spotted the edge of a boulder sticking out blocking it and he gave it a quick heavy shove and pushed it away, and shifted it away, and lifted the lid off the coffin and threw it over to the side, and rested.

In its dark interior he tiredly examined an old dried out object and realized it was part of a tree trunk, and he sat back wondering what it was doing there, and thought of the trouble he would have filling the grave back in and wondered if he would end up staying another night at the mansion, and realized he had little food left, and spotted a tube of translucent plastic buried away in the coffin and grabbed it, astonished at seeing such a modern looking object there, and spotted a rolled up piece of parchment in its interior.

Chapter 7

The Third Clue

Eisenberg stood confounded, examining the piece of paper, which he had rolled out, from the translucent tube, with his eyes fixed on the words on it: *Third Clue: The Treasure Map.*

Suddenly he spotted a dark shadow over the grave and looked up startled and saw a man standing over him, looking down into the grave, just staring.

In seconds he saw a way to climb fast out the hole, and watched the man shift and hold something out, and he tried to identify it, and for a few seconds thought it was a gun.

“Well, where do you want it?” the man moaned.

He stared up at him and saw it was a brown box and he did not know why but he just reached up and took it, and instantly realized it was a parcel with his name on it, and the man introduced himself as his postman, and Eisenberg climbed out.

“You’re the postman?” he replied.

“You were not in, and I needed a signature and heard you over here at work...”

He signed for it and watched the postal worker march away into the trees, over to the mansion, where he saw his distant van.

What was incredible was he did not know what to be the most surprised at! The clue and finding it there, or the postman and the parcel with his name on it, and he shifted over to the old structure at the side of the graveyard and sat in a seat.

He had found the clue, and realized the man never seen it from where he was, and realized he could have recognized him from the newspapers, and their treasure hunt, and he considered the parcel with surprise, wondering what the hell it was and who knew he was there, and recalled he had not purchased anything or could think of anything that could be sent to him.

Even though he had found the third clue he realized how hard it would be solving what it was, and did not know what to do about the others as they would be searching for the third clue for the rest of their lives if he never found it and never told them of it, and he realized that Kurt would never forgive him, and he just could not realize how to solve it, as he had been lucky so far.

He tiredly looked at the box as he started filling the grave hole with the soil and when he finished he covered it over with grass and branches until it looked the same and he sat down and opened the parcel, totally confused of its origins.

Chapter 8

The Mysterious Parcel

Eisenberg sat in the back of the taxi cab as it returned to New York confounded at the occurrences that had occurred and sensed he was missing far more than he thought, and what was to come, and knew he would not grasp what, and continued examining the folded documents that were in the parcel the postman gave him.

He realized who had sent the parcel and that the documents were from Howard Eisenberg's lawyer and he found a note written on one document from the lawyer explaining the documents and that they came with the mansion, and gave historical accounts and a brief history of it.

He was surprised it was built far later than he estimated, and he could hardly believe it, and discovered it was built from large sections from another far older building, and he wondered why there was nothing on the original building, and in the end realized that there could easily be nothing on it, and the era it came from, and he was delighted to find plans of the building's interior, with vaguely drawn maps of each floor, and the rooms and corridors.

What was incredible was his thoughts of it had altered greatly from what he had found there on the previous night, and he realized the amount of land he owned, from a map and a document, and that it went out for miles about it, and he knew it was desolate, and felt happy that the mail was being delivered there, and that there was a nearby small town only a few miles along the road marked on it.

He was sure he could get Howard Eisenberg's lawyer to show the video over again and he looked through the map of the building for where he thought he saw a phone marked on it, and examined it when he found it, and went over it searching corridors until he found how to get to it, and was staggered when he recalled the mess the place was in, and how long the place had not been used for.

He considered what to do about finding the third clue and did not want to give it away until he was positive of the outcome, and he would never forgive himself if one of the others got the answer to the clue and found the treasure and he was sure if such an occurrence was going to happen he could make some deal before giving it away.

He had to search everywhere he could first and give it to them as a last resort, and he had to get a copy of the video or get to see it again as he was sure he could find something on it, or something he had forgotten, and an explanation of what was occurring and a suggestion of why the clue was in the grave.

Chapter 9

The Video Replay

Eisenberg rested up against the window of Howard Eisenberg's lawyer's office and silently watched the New York traffic rush by below and he shivered when he felt the coldness from the window on his back, and he turned and kept his eyes fixed on the room not wishing to miss anything, as the lawyer rushed into the room.

Eisenberg eventually gasped when the lawyer stopped in front of him with a strange sad expression, and a glint of amusement emerged on his face and Eisenberg realized his uncle could have done something to them, and he watched the lawyer anxiously go and get the old video out of a box, and immediately showed it to him, rotating it, and Eisenberg rushed over into a seat when someone arrived with the video player television, and gently fitted the video into it.

The picture showed Howard Eisenberg in his office by himself, looking like a hawk lurking over his large desk, smoking a large smoking cigar, and Eisenberg convulsed recalling the last one he smoked, and started studying everything Howard Eisenberg did, in far greater detail, and when the lawyer left the room he shifted right up to the screen.

There had to be something there, and he studied everything, and what he did and the way he did it.

Some of the things he had heard about Howard Eisenberg in newspapers and the rest of the media was unbelievable, and most surely created for some effect, and he realized he might never fully grasp what he was like, but he knew he might get what he wanted elsewhere, and clues about the treasure he hid.

He sat strangely deeply staring at him, and he wondered what the hell he was up to, and what a top businessman like him thought like and would want to achieve.

He seemed different somehow and doing something else that he could not quite grasp and he looked everywhere trying to grasp it, and saw strange reactions from him to things, and he followed his eyes straight down, and nervously reacted to something, and he watched him move something not on the screen away to the side of him as though he realized he had put something in the picture that he had not noticed.

Eisenberg immediately rushed up to the screen and replayed it back until he got the best picture of it, and of a piece of paper that looked older than it should, and altered the controls of the video player trying to clear the picture up and saw it was a sort of map, and Eisenberg took a photo of it, and turned on the video again.

As Howard Eisenberg looked through documents on his table Eisenberg sat staggered and recalling what he had heard of him back then from newspapers, and wondered why he had never allowed any of them to get involved with his businesses or him.

To his surprise the lawyer rushed up behind him, and told him, “We saw you examining what was on the table on the video ...”

Eisenberg wondered if he had cameras monitoring him as well.

“After considerable thought,” the lawyer explained, “I’ve decided to help you out! Which I’m sure your uncle wanted ... I’ve seen a similar item you examined in documents he left in our vaults. Which rightly are yours anyway!”

Eisenberg was slightly confused, wondering what he thought he had been looking for, and what was there, and he realized there could very well be something he wanted in the vaults, and he wondered why he had not told them of it and if the person that found the treasure and got the ownership of the businesses would be given everything.

While he followed him down to the vaults, going down in the lift, he considered what he would do if he got the businesses and if he would be given someone to run it for him, who did what he wanted, and again he wondered how Howard Eisenberg had managed to accumulate so much wealth, and recalled all the stuff he had heard about his accomplishments.

In the dim vault room Eisenberg sat with the documents he was given and examined them surprised, and surprised there was so few, as he had expected to be sitting for hours, perhaps days there searching through them, and realized by what he was given that the lawyer had given him only the documents he thought he needed, and he searched through them noting information about Howard Eisenberg and his companies, which amazed him that they gave nothing about what he wanted, but at the bottom of them he found an sealed envelope, and opened it, wondering why the lawyer thought the document that he had seen on the video was there, and he found a small map inside, with writing on the top saying fourth clue.

Chapter 10

The Return to the Mansion

Eisenberg turned pale when the mansion appeared at the front of the taxi, seeing it emerge out of the night.

The driver smirked, when he examined his face in his mirror, and Eisenberg watched with amusement as his face changed and he gasped when he saw the mansion emerge out of the blackness ahead in his headlights, and the vehicle slowed and he shifted along the farm lane.

He was transfixed when it stopped outside, and Eisenberg wondered what the hell he was doing, and felt a sensation of sadness thinking of his uncle living at the place.

With his bags resting at his feet, he watched the taxi race away into the horizon and saw the furniture truck with the rest of his stuff appear.

He watched the speed they started removing all his furniture and gear into the building and he wondered why the hell he was moving there, and recalled he was

keeping his old place, and he would surely sell the old mansion quickly after it was cleaned up, and he realized that the workmen had entered the building and never used any keys, and he wondered why the door was unlocked when he had locked it.

At the door he examined the lock and door, as the workmen rushed in and out with his stuff, giving occasional gasps at the place, and he tried to grasp why the place looked so deadly, and he had never really seen anything like it before.

When they had finished, he watched them shut the vehicle up and leave, and the moon emerge overhead and glow over the road, and deep into the surrounding clouds radiating it, and watched the vehicle as it rushed away.

He stared up at the dark mansion Howard Eisenberg had given him and wondered if it would be the end of him, and he was furious it was so far out in nowhere, and so deadly, realizing how hard it would be selling the thing.

In the darkness and moonlight it looked dangerous, and he recalled searching for all the information he could get on it, and if there had been any deaths.

In the end he decided use his idea of bringing in someone else, and Kurt, and he realized the others might surely have realized he was up to something, because he had not turned up to search with them, and he was sure that the lawyer might tell them, but he now had the map.

Chapter 11

The Historic Building

The following morning, after breakfast, Eisenberg explored the mansion using the plans of the building the lawyer sent him in the parcel, and he wrote in details about things on it in pencil, and realized how enormous the place was, and the size of a colossal football pitch, and as high as a high five-story building.

He could not believe the value of it, and that he owned it, and thought of different ways of fixing the problems it had, and repairing and modernizing all the ancient, weather-beaten, damage, and he thought of turning it into a known historic building as well.

He studied sections of the walls that had fallen in, and estimated the repair costs. Some of walls were made of immense square boulders, which he could not recall seeing before.

He realized he would have to learn far more on restoration.

The surroundings had many trees, and he stared out windows writing down what trees should be removed, and realized he would have to check the surrounding landscape in every direction.

At the front there was a single door, but at the back he found there were two. One at its kitchen, which had been modernized at some point, and all the equipment still worked, and just needed cleaned up, and he started cleaning everything he would use and filled the cupboards and fridge with food and drink.

Further along he checked out the other door, at the corner of the mansion, at the right side, and was surprised none of the keys fitted it, and was surprised to find the lock had been actively used, and had fresh marks on the rusted metal.

The building had corridors everywhere on every floor going all over the place and he was surprised to find himself lost even with the building plan and he wandered around exploring rooms everywhere, and entered strange eerie rooms with strange furniture and objects, and entered them like he was visiting them, as though he never belonged there and wondered what their identities were, and he tried to grasp the origins of things he found.

A small staircase was next to the kitchen, as well as the other normal one near the front, and many of the rooms and floors left him confused as he wandered about, still getting regularly lost, and many times he gave up, and was left confused how he would find his way about and identify things.

To his surprise he found a room, directly above the front door, on the top floor, which was perfectly clean and with modern furniture, which he was sure belonged to Howard Eisenberg, which he realized he had wanted to find, and had forgotten, and in the end he decided to leave the room and explore it later.

The room fascinated him and it looked as though it had recently been cleaned, and he started to believe that he had actually lived there, instead of at the other buildings he had, but in the end he realized he would have lived at many locations, and perhaps went there when he wanted to get away from the city.

Chapter 12

The Haunting

The place mystified Eisenberg, and he did not know what was there, and he started using a local taxi to visit the closest shops to it, for provisions, where he asked locals in a bar about the place, trying to solve something he could not quite grasp, and in the end was surprised when a taxi driver told him that he had seen Howard Eisenberg at the mansion about a year ago, and he believed he had been there alone.

Eisenberg questioned him all the way back to the mansion and was surprised that they thought the place had ghosts, and that a form of haunting took place.

Eisenberg did not know what to think, and left it open for investigation, and started searching for cleaners or a cleaning company to clean the place up, but the location was far too far out.

While rummaging around in a storeroom cupboard under the front stairs he was amazed to find a phone and that it was working, and he was able to make calls, and realized someone, surely Howard Eisenberg, had dumped the phone there from a nearby desk, where he placed it again.

He was sure Howard Eisenberg had lived there for the isolation and had perhaps got sick of the outside world and phone calls and dumped it there out the way.

He immediately phoned Kurt up and told him of his discovery of the third and fourth clue, and asked him to join him, and he realized after the call how happy he was that he would be there, and also realized that he now never thought he could solve the last clue on his own, as he had studied the treasure map many times over and had found nothing, and had no real ideas left about solving it, and he wondered if he should even try and take the lawyer into the deal, as he was sure he knew something.

He excitedly swiped away webs still over the front of the corridor and front doorways, and considered getting someone to put up a television aerial.

In what he considered was a living room he switched on the light and cleared out the dimness, and rested into the ancient form of sofa, which he had recently cleaned, which creaked and cracked when he moved, and his vision fell on the ancient painting over the fireplace, now cleaned of dust and webs, and he studied the figure in the portrait with some amazement when his imagination kicked in and he stared straight into the haunting eyes, and once again wondered when it was done.

It seemed extraordinarily ancient, and absolutely centuries old, and the person was wearing clothes from many centuries ago, and he knew the person had to be a distinguished nobleman of great wealth and power, and he was startled that it was real, and the person was painted while something tremendous was occurring.

His sword was fixed to him at his waist with blood on it, and he realized a way he might be able to trace it to a war.

Chapter 13

The Haunted Mansion

Something strange woke Eisenberg in the middle of the night, and he opened his eyes wide open, stunned by it, and felt something had occurred that he could not place and tried to recall if he dreamt of something and realized that he had not, and tried to recall why he had awakened and if something had influenced it, and recalled some form of sound, and when he recalled it more he realized just how strange it was, and could not grasp what it was or anything.

He had no recognition of anything or anything happening before he had gone to sleep, and rested against the bed, and tightly wrapped the blankets around him, feeling the cold. The building definitely now had a deep coldness from something and he tried to trace any winds getting through and felt some sort of breeze gently blowing against his face from somewhere, and he jumped out of bed and started searching the window for any gaps.

At the window he moved his hand about the edges feeling for anything, searching the hideous dark wood about the front, and suddenly realized the cold air was blowing against his neck, and he swiftly turned as though there was something there and slowly followed it over to the door where he felt it coming through gaps in the door.

In the outer corridor he felt it coming from inside the building somewhere and followed it, in the darkness, confused as it was not where anything was, and he wondered if it was an open window.

The coldness he felt there surprised him as it was far more intense than it should be, and it had not been there before, or had been marked on the weather forecast, and further along the corridor he looked in a room and saw nothing, and grew determined to trace the source and what was behind it.

He recalled a dream he had and it was strange and he believed that it and his other dreams were influenced by the mansion and its surroundings, and they were mainly incomprehensible and he kept wondering why they had occurred! They never made sense and were with freakish things, and he never did anything in them.

There were rooms all about his front that were on the left and right side of the corridor and he came to the stairs on one side, where he felt a more powerful breeze, and where the wind was coming from.

He noted the air was far colder and fresher and with a scent of vegetation from outside, and as he went down the stairs he remembered himself earlier and being in a huddled posture with his blankets tightly wrapped about him, and reacting to the cold.

At the bottom floor he walked along and watched the dark sky outside through a window near the door and the darkness and he tried to detect where the now vague breeze was coming from and realized it was not coming from there and was coming from behind him, and from further along the lower corridor, where he came to a torch he had, and walked along slowly behind its beam of light, and realized how peculiar the place was, compared to what he normally had, and he realized that he even liked it, and liked exploring it, even at night, and all the unexplored rooms and corridors and hidden mysteries, and its historical and unknown past and thoughts of the discoveries that could be there, and the fact that he had found one of the clues at the cemetery outside in the grounds.

He realized he had never known so much isolation and emptiness and had spent all his life in city regions, and it was mysterious and unexplored and great untouched things existed.

In his normal life things he encountered were too repetitive and he relished finding abnormal things to do and explore, especially when they had new outcomes and findings, and he wondered if it was why his uncle had bought the place, as he must have been stuck in congested cities and places packed with people.

He moved into a side corridor, going sideways, where the breeze came from, where he had not been before, and he soon realized nobody had been in a very long time, where there were ancient webs covering it everywhere, from one side to the other, and ancient dust covering the carpet that was untouched.

He came to a room and switched off his light and went up to the window and stared out into the darkness and ancient wood, with shivers running through him, from the breeze and cold, and thoughts of the cold outside, and the deadly things that he could encounter, and he spotted the small graveyard hidden away in the trees, and saw the moon appear through clouds and illuminate it.

It was like another world to him! It was also like he was put there to explore there, and it was like a world thousands of light years away and he wondered what existed out in the grounds and realized he should explore there soon as he had found the grave there and there could be more.

An array of loud door knocks made him jump and realize he was not alone there and he gasped and wondered who it could be, and he stood staggered with his mouth open, and considered if he should ignore it, and realized it had to be the front door, and that he should try to see who was there and as he shifted away he realized where the breeze was coming from and that the window had been recently partially opened and not closed properly, and he saw that it could not be used to enter there, as it never opened completely out.

He shifted back along the corridor, to the front door, and when the knock appeared again, but more loudly, he came to a standstill, staggered, as he was starting to think it was just one of the strange sounds the place generated, and it left him confused at its identity.

The floorboards creaked and cracked far further than he noticed and he was reminded of the age of the place, and he wondered again who had constructed it and had done it to such an extent.

He shifted along and right up to the door, examining it, and unlocked the door and yanked open the thick heavy wooden door, which had been crafted by hand, and he stood staring out into the darkness, seeing nothing but consistent blackness, and slowly spotted a black figure standing glaring at him from the darkness at the side of the door.

Eisenberg stood silently, as he thought he saw a gunman with a gun in his jacket pocket pointed at him, about to shoot, and stood waiting to be killed, and then wondered who the hell was there, and for a few seconds thought it was an apparition.

“What’s up?” a voice spoke, and he recognized it straightaway and removed his light from his pocket and lit it and confirmed it was Kurt, standing there looking strange, studying him in an entirely different light, and Eisenberg wondered what the hell he was doing.

“Well, are you going to invite me in?” Kurt moaned, marching in the door, and he watched him turn on the inside light.

“How the hell did you get there?” he asked, curiously.

“Taxi! I had a lot of work, and left late... You got food supplies? If not I’ll get them tomorrow...”

Eisenberg examined him in the brighter interior light, and he seemed somehow different, and he just nodded and took him away over to the kitchen.

Chapter 14

The Disturbance

When Eisenberg flicked open his eyes he never even recognized where he was! He had little memory of what had happened before he went to bed, and felt really tired, and examined his room for anything, and he sat upright and turned on the light, and wondered if it was caused by his lack of sleep or lack of food.

In the distance he suddenly heard strange sounds that confused him, and he could not place what it was or where it was coming from, and he recalled a dream he had and was sure it had been in his dream.

He recalled more of the dream with surprise and realized how incomprehensible it had been and he wondered if he had imagined it, and if it was caused by the occurrences and strange mansion. It made little sense and had been made up of freakish things.

He liked how well preserved the room was, for such an era it was from.

Kurt was in the room next to his and he heard him shifting about doing something.

He mildly amused him, as he tried to recall a similar situation, as he looked different and as though he had done something dangerous or something, and he could not believe it was a reaction to him arriving late and surprising him as he had, and he realized he could have done something but started to think it could be something to do with his other relatives searching for the treasure.

He recalled him reacting to heat in the kitchen as though he had been in intense cold for a long time, and he was surprised the haunted look of the mansion had little affect on him.

He was peculiar now and liked it more than he should, and he especially liked it when he had given him information on his search for the treasure, and especially the outcomes and findings, which he had not fully done before, and it was as though he had something and was seeking the conclusion.

He jumped out of bed and switched on the light and went over to the window and put his face up against it to see into the darkness and ancient wood, and a shiver ran through him, from the cold, thoughts of the cold, and the deadly things that they could encounter there.

An array of knocks made him jump and he saw the door shift about, on its old hinges, reminding him of the age of the door and place, and he wondered again why it had more advanced stuff for a structure if its age, and he realized again that the people who had reconstructed it had done it.

He marched over and yanked open the thick wooden door, which he saw had been clearly crafted by hand, and he watched Kurt standing glaring at him from the darkness in the corridor, and he watched him point and suggest something was along the corridor, and Eisenberg just nodded and left the room and closed the door behind him and followed him along the corridor.

He wondered why he suddenly liked being up in the middle of the night, and what Kurt was taking him to see, and he heard the distant sounds he had heard earlier but he could not grasp what was up ahead, and what Kurt thought was there.

While they slowly approached the region of the corridor where they heard sounds and were at their loudest he became even more confused and started to recall if there was some sort of heating system, water pipes, or anything that could cause it and it seemed as if it had different states to it and regularly altered.

At the region it was at its loudest he gasped and suddenly realized that he could hear sounds emerging from somewhere else, and the sounds seemed to be magnified or something and even blared out at one point.

It mildly amused him for a moment when he saw Kurt trying to explain what was there, and Eisenberg tried to recall something like it or a similar situation and he realized that the sounds reminded him of nothing and were strange and had no real identity, and he wondered if it was because it was night and they were sleepy.

“What the hell do you think it is then?” Kurt finally moaned.

Eisenberg shrugged, and for a moment thought Kurt could believe the building was haunted, and even from something he had heard about it, and wondered what real ghostly sounds were like compared to it, and was surprised when they actually altered to authentic ones, and Kurt seemed to react like he had just proven he was right about their origins.

Chapter 15

The Map Discovery

In the end, when he was totally positive he needed help to locate the treasure, he showed Kurt the map, but avoided telling him everything, and only what he should know, and Kurt was staggered at the map, and that he had been searching for the treasure itself, as he was now positive that the map was to locate it, especially going by Howard Eisenberg’s video message.

Both of them sat at opposite ends of a table in the kitchen, while Kurt sat studying the map intensely, and started using a bright torch and magnifying glass to search places on it, and was amazed at it, and sometimes sat back in his seat trying to contemplate what he saw, and Eisenberg started to wonder if he had found something and if he should have kept the map a secret and found any alternative plan.

He could not quite grasp something about Kurt now and sensed he was keeping something he should know from him.

“You say it was found here, at the mansion!” Kurt moaned, realizing something.

“Yes! What do you make of it?”

“Firstly, I’m shocked he gave this place and clue to you, and do not currently know why! As he surely intended you to get it all along, and it is pretty surprising that we’ve all been searching all over New York for it in graveyards and libraries—trying solve the second clue—and searching virtually everywhere else there’s an ancient grave—and thought you’d packed it all in and were out the game, and you’ve been sitting out here with this...”

“What now?”

“What now! Well, at least I’ll not have to search another blasted graveyard or book or anything related to them...”

“So we are still using the same arrangement as before? With our search for it!”

“Of course, I’ve already agreed to that, when I came here, and when you told me of the map ... Find anything in the map?”

“I’ve not found anything on it, or about it, since I found it and do not know what it is of, and cannot make out anything on it ... There are no words or anything, and I have started to wonder if the map has been damaged, and aged too much, and stuff on it has vanished ...”

Kurt put his head in hands and elbows on the table staring down at the map directly below him on the table considering something, and what to do.

“Have you any maps of this place?”

“There are a few of the region and roads but I have found nothing else... What do you think?”

“I think it’s pretty hard to make out... And the stuff on it is all faded and there could have been other stuff on it, and if there was it’s now too faded... Have you anything on this building itself? There must be plans of it...”

“Yes!” Eisenberg replied, digging into his bag, recalling the plans of the building the lawyer had sent him through the post in the parcel.

Kurt took the building plans from him and put them on the table, and studied them.

From the documents the lawyer gave him Eisenberg discovered that the mansion was rebuilt there in large sections from another far older building, and he had discovered there was nothing on the original building.

For a long time Eisenberg cleaned areas of the kitchen, and the ancient dirt that had accumulated over decades still covering large regions of it, and realized he would eventually have to bring in people to clean it up, with proper equipment, and suddenly realized there were food wrappers nearby and picked one and realized how new it was, and realized that his uncle had servants that must have been at the mansion.

When he looked about him at one point he saw Kurt had altered and looked as if he was doing something else, and he realized he had found something of interest and tried to grasp what.

“Find anything?” he finally asked.

“You missed something!” he replied, glancing over at him for a few seconds.

“What?” he replied, wondering if it was anything of interest.

“The treasure map is part of this building... There is an area of the top floor of the building that is identical to it!”

Chapter 16

The Top Floor

Eisenberg unfolded a map Kurt made of the treasure map region with a plan of the top floor around it and he stretched it out across his front on the table, and he shone his light over it and studied its details under the magnifying glass.

Eisenberg saw it made the treasure map area clearer and he examined it and was surprised when he recalled that section of the mansion and realized he had barely even entered it, and it seemed to be the only whole area he had not searched.

“So do you recognize anything?” Kurt asked, curiously.

“I’ve never searched that region.”

Eisenberg thoughts went wild and he recalled the region at the top where he had found the room he was sure Howard Eisenberg had stayed in, which had been in just about immaculate condition, and he had been surprised to find that it had been directly over his room on the second floor, at the front of the building.

It was incredible! He had known the room was there, but had not fully realized that there might be something of interest to him there, and it was as though it was haunted or something. Yet what could be at the room, and he recalled the grave in the small graveyard outside, where he found the clue, and he realized there could be something.

Kurt realized something and picked up the old treasure map and started examining it further and he was sure he thought there was more on it, and that there was something missing in what they got from it, and he went back to searching the blurred marks on it searching for something that might have been blurred.

Eisenberg tried to grasp what sort of person had made the map, and why he never thought Howard Eisenberg had made it himself, or someone with him, who had put together the treasure hunt, and he realized that it was far older, and proved it, and he was positive the material was, and that it was made to locate something, and he was sure that it could be used to locate something, and he sat back thinking of where anyone of that era would hide something.

“What the hell is this clue to do with?” Kurt moaned loudly, desperate to grasp something.

“That is what has been confusing me! Since I found the clue in the grave!”

“Have you looked out there for anything else?”

“Not really. I have not had enough time... This place needs cleaned up... I still have not found any cleaners that work away out here.”

“Or anyone to help you locate what this map is of!”

He examined it for clues to its identity, and why it was there and what it was used for.

“Lets go up and have a look about,” Eisenberg announced, looking out the window, and about outside and saw no signs of anything outside.

After a few seconds Kurt nodded, still not grasping something, and where it was, and Eisenberg took the map, and they started leaving the kitchen.

When they reached the top floor he vaguely wondered how safe the mansion was, as it looked as though it could collapse in places, where the walls had shifted out, and looked as if it had been built by ancient craftsmen with basic knowledge of large buildings. Who could have designed it to last a few years or decades at the most! Yet if it had stayed up the amount of time it had it must be strong enough not to collapse!

He was sure they could have built it to last. He had not seen anything like it crumbling away, and he had never heard of anything like it falling down. But he had heard of parts of modern structures collapsing.

Again he realized the value it could have and be more valuable than they assumed, but on the other hand it could be a future disaster. He studied it from different angles, until he started losing interest in it.

At the top floor they stood examining the main corridor, and Eisenberg removed the treasure map and compared them.

“That looks like a faded mark of something?” Kurt said, leaning over, studying it, and Eisenberg looked at it, vaguely recalling it and the first time he had seen it, and was surprised that the more he examined it the more it looked like someone had marked something with a cross, at the edge of the map.

Chapter 17

The Cross

While they walked along the corridor Eisenberg started notice differences all about him and expensive carpets, valuable paintings on the walls, and he took photos of them, wondering if they had great value, and some surely were from the original building, and he realized he might be able to trace the original building to where it came from, and he realized Howard Eisenberg surely would have known, and all he needed to do was find something he had about it, which surely had to be located there.

There were various things he noted that he could use to trace things he wanted to know.

He became so absorbed searching rooms and realizing where the best places to look where he stopped following Kurt and suddenly realized he had vanished and started searching the corridor and found him measuring the floor further up the corridor, outside some strange rooms, and he wondered what he was up to or had discovered and searched the place on the map, and found little and decided just to wait and see what he was looking for.

The map looked different in the powerful overhead light in the corridor and he saw things that had not been recognizable before and it slightly surprised him, and he recalled that Kurt had been examining that area on the map, and dulled lines and blemishes took more distinctions, and marks that were not entirely visible became clear, and he realized the light from the light was far less brighter than direct sunlight, and he considered finding somewhere to examine it further for anything hidden away on it.

Eisenberg glared up close, and he saw more detail and faint lines that had faded that had not been visible before, and he wondered if Kurt had seen the stuff, and he studied things on it astonished at missing them, and saw where the exact location in the corridor of a cross mark marked on the map was, even though it was so faint that it could be a badly drawn mark or correction rubbed away, and

he saw it was located at the direct center of the building structure, and stood considering what it could be.

Chapter 18

The Sounds

While Eisenberg considered how long he had slept he examined his dark bedroom about him and wondered why he had awakened as it clearly was in the middle of the night, and he still needed more sleep and was tired.

He studied everything trying to grasp any reason for him to be awake and was about to go back to sleep when he heard something shift in the outer corridor and immediately realized he would have to investigate it, and he realized just how much he had been investigating there and that it was like he had been trying to solve things constantly for days.

Even though he was a private investigator he never normally reached more than a certain amount of hours making investigations themselves, and he wondered what the hell would be in the corridor at that time of night, and started to realize the situation again and what the place was like and jumped out of bed and rushed up to the door and stood listening at the door to find out what was there.

He gasped when he heard sounds emerging from somewhere further away, and then he heard something directly behind the thick wooden door, which silenced him, and stood considering what to do and what could be there.

Suddenly the door banged, and he heard someone banging it, and realized it was Kurt and unlocked it and yanked it open, and stood staring at Kurt and watched him listening to the distant sounds coming from the end of the corridor, and he mildly amused him, as he recalled a similar situation and his attempt to explain their existence.

Yet he realized that the sounds had somehow changed and he tried to identify the difference, and stopped as Kurt silently marched away without saying anything and he wondered why.

He eventually realized he had done the same the last time, and reacted like he was influenced by the occurrence.

Eisenberg rushed back into his room and quickly got fully dressed and raced along the corridor after him.

“What hell has happened?” he moaned, rushing up the corridor to him, attempting to get any information, after surely being awakened by him, and hearing sounds had a slight difference.

When they approached the exact region of the corridor that they heard the sounds at their loudest the last time he thought it was the wind or air currents reacting to something, even though there was no real climate conditions to create anything.

“Hear it?” Kurt gasped, confusing him.

“Hear what?” he moaned, wondering just what he thought it was, which confused him as he could not actually recall him given any real strange explanation to anything.

“Hear where it’s coming from?”

He stood listening to it for up to minute, sleepily, and walked about the region, and put his head and ear against the wall where it was, and moved into the room behind it and heard it coming from every direction about him, and proved again, like the last time, it was from the wall, and he saw how many feet thick it was, and moved over to Kurt.

“I reckon it’s the heating... There’s some form of old heating system and part of it goes through the wall!”

“That’s not what I meant! I meant do you get where it’s coming from?”

It left him confused and he listened to it up close, and shrugged his shoulders, and replied, “It has to be coming from down below. Perhaps there’s some sort of basement with it hidden away ...”

“No! It’s coming down from above!”

Eisenberg put his head close and listened to the strange sounds and gasped, and wondered why it now sounded like a haunting sound he had heard in an old horror movie, and why such sounds were found in old buildings.

Most of the sounds before sounded as though they were strange plumbing and heating sounds, but the sounds there now were different, and he wandered about the wall and corridor trying to detect the exact location and in the end he traced it to coming from above, even though when it altered it sounded as though it was coming from below, and he just agreed it came from above.

Why Kurt was so interested in it coming down from above baffled him, and by the fact he refused to state why.

He watched Kurt, and replied, “We could find some workmen to check it out...There could be a chance of a future explosion from a boiler or something...”

Kurt looked at him strangely, with his hands at his side, determined to do something, and replied, “Well then we better investigating it then, before it goes away...”

Chapter 19

The Ghost Formations

Away in the darkness of the top floor corridor Eisenberg watched what looked like two illuminated white figures shifting about and he stood with his mouth open, and vaguely saw Kurt remove a camera and begin taking pictures, and Eisenberg watched him move away towards them, and Eisenberg looked down the stairs they had just climbed and decided to follow him, realizing he would have to investigate it anyway.

As he marched away, into blackness, he became alarmed as whatever was there and occurring was becoming more authentic the closer they got and he could not grasp the outcome.

The incredible thing was no matter how close he got or how closely he looked at the figures he could not see any features and started to believe it was something else and his mind raced through all the phenomena he could recall and was surprised that when they started getting to them they vanished.

It resembled a sort of dream in his tired sleepy state and when he reached where Kurt was he watched him checking his camera and digital pictures he had taken and wondered what he got, and if it would look like old ghost photos he use to see in ghost sighting books and he realized that even if any of them came out properly they would be absurd, and he realized that they had ruined the ghost investigations as he could not believe anyone would believe it if they found anything.

“This place is a hell of a place!” Kurt mumbled, playing around with the small pocket camera, and Eisenberg wondered why he had it with him.

“You’ve inherited one hell of place!” Kurt continued, trying to explain something, and stopped, as though he avoided saying something he should not, and he wondered if he knew something of the place he should know.

“What’s the place you got like then?” Eisenberg finally replied, as they approached the place the ghostly figures had been, and he watched Kurt ignore him and turn on his small light and he again wondered why he had been so interested in investigating the sounds, and he realized that they were over the spot below where the sounds had been.

When they reached the place the figures had been they both stood near it surprised and studied there astonished as it was the exact location Kurt had been examining earlier, and where the cross mark he had found marked on the mansion on the treasure map was, and was located at the direct center of the building structure, and they both stood considering what it could be, and Eisenberg spotted where Kurt had clearly been attempting to remove one of the giant stone slabs the floor was made of.

Chapter 20

The Ghost Hunters

Eisenberg watched the New York traffic speeding up and his taxi rush on, and the driver no longer glance back at him, and he listened to loud voices and engines, and he sat reading through the documents he got.

What was in the documents astounded him, and he could not believe such occurrences, and tried to grasp why the agency he used to get the material thought supernatural occurrences occurred, and realized he was either reading it all wrongly or they thought of it as something else that their clients liked, or it was equivalent to some form of strange religion.

The paranormal occurrences it claimed took place at the region of his mansion were ludicrous and he started to believe they were altered from something else, and he searched through everything looking for clues of it, and occasionally laughed out loud at stuff.

Claims of what servants witnessed there were ludicrous, which he was sure he could disprove, even though there were signs the servants had worked there, and he realized there could be an address where he could hire them for the mansion, and was surprised when he found an agency providing them and he phoned them and asked them for the same ones if they were available, and for cleaners to clean the place, and sat wondering if they would give him the ones he wanted.

What could have occurred at the mansion astonished him and left him breathless and he could not let it go and he had to investigate its existence, and he wondered what the hell Kurt thought occurred there as he could believe he thought ghosts or anything like it existed.

When the taxi arrived at its destination he was surprised to find Kurt waiting on the pavement with hippy psychic scientists, with large bags and cases full of their equipment, and he listened to them discuss their investigation of supposedly psychic activity, and he realized they were authentic investigators but thought the real stuff never existed, and by what Kurt came out with he was sure they were the only ones available.

After a while, and on the journey back to the mansion, he started to gasp and wondered what they would think of the two ghostly figurations, but started to realize that they probably would not even reappear.

The next big surprise was the documents he was reading started stating facts about the mansion that he could grasp how they knew without the people having stayed there and it left him stunned and the psychic investigators in the taxi wondering what it was he was reading, and he decided to currently leave it, and not tell them, rather than ruin getting what psychic investigators thought existed there, and he tried to evaluate what it said in the documents, and claims of paranormal sightings and sounds emerging from regions of the mansion, and he was sure they never unraveled the source.

At the edge of his vision Eisenberg watched the traffic vanish and the sky becoming dark, and buildings go, and the taxi rushed on, and he watched the news, glancing at the others, and wondered what the hell he had done and if he should start trying to get out of it as if the place was authentically possessed with evil spirits it at some point could become dangerous, and he considered if the haunting of the place was a stunt to get rid of him.

It was crazy! He could not entirely grasp what Howard Eisenberg had been up to, even though it sounded simple, and he wondered if the treasure chest still existed, and why it would not be damaged if it was cash as the treasure. Yet the will the lawyer gave clearly said that they were competing to gain control of the companies, which were far more valuable than some treasure, and he considered paying someone to find it for him but he knew that the person would not find it and that he needed to find it.

He recalled Howard Eisenberg liked playing games and he became sure it was his main motivation, and he realized he really wanted to do it and enjoyed it and liked the mansion and the desolation that existed.

He shifted nearer the window as the darkness increased and the landscape vanished out of view, and he was surprised to see a black car further behind still there and wondered if they were going to blow it somewhere else by bringing in so many people to the mansion.

He had no idea what the outcome would be and he considered using all the investigators he had met to get to the source of what they were looking for, with him controlling them all, and he tried to comprehend what they would come up with from such insignificant information.

Kurt glared over at him for a moment, with urgency, and he wondered why he wanted the treasure so much!

He had originally chosen to join up with Kurt for a reason, and that he could help him greatly get what he wanted!

Both of them had been searching everything for clues, and anything resembling anything they needed to know, and he had been surprised when Kurt had wanted to bring in the others, his relatives, and he had wondered why, and he realized he now never thought they could find the treasure on their own.

He started to recall what they were really like and their ability to uncover things and the discovery of the lake and first clue and he was sure one of the others could find it, and he thought they should just share the businesses, and there was more than enough cash, and he was sure he could make mistakes running them, and he wondered what would happen if they found it and attempted to take it for themselves and in the end just ignored it and realized the competition would help greatly and they were bound to come up with things he never thought of.

The whole episode was unbelievable and he could hardly believe what had occurred and he told Kurt just to contact them and bring them in, as the quicker they found it the better.

He sat back and listened to Kurt negotiate with them on his phone, and he realized he had timed it wrongly, as they were arguing over the situation and what to do, and in the end he convinced them that they were onto something and that they should come there as soon as possible, and he hung the phone up and told him they would arrive there the next morning, and he was that sure that they intended to bring in people to investigate the place, and with equipment, and he felt excitement at it and at getting rid of the emptiness of the mansion, and he wondered, if they never found it, if his uncle had ludicrously decided to give it away to someone else.

Chapter 21

The Paranormal Investigators

Eisenberg stood staggered on the top floor when he spotted the ghostly figures away along the corridor, and he watched the two paranormal investigators while they made their way up the last steps and look around and along the corridor.

At first they were more dazzled by their new surroundings and darkness they were in and stood trying to see what was there, and he was surprised when they totally dismissed there being anything there, and studied the phenomena and realized they could not properly see what was there, and he led them towards what was there, and he soon realized that they had not encountered anything, even though they had reacted to the mansion and how haunted it looked when they arrived earlier, and had been fascinated by the painting in the living room, and the haunting man with the sword.

It was incredible, and he allowed them to go along the corridor first, and he watched the darkness ahead and what looked like two illuminated white figures shifted about and for a moment one of them halted and stood studying what he could see with disbelief, and seemed to dismiss it and continue, and further along their speed slowed and he spotted their mouths wide open, and saw one remove a camera and take a picture, which he checked, and they remained silent and walked at a steady pace forward.

While he followed them, staring into blackness, searching for any reactions from the ghostly figures, he became more alarmed and saw the two psychic investigators start to hesitate, and he saw how deadly the ghostly figures were and realized they had altered, and he wondered just how dangerous they were, and realized they might be anything, and they had no proof of their identities and what they were capable of.

Surely there must be some danger from whatever they were and he realized they altered their appearance by some means but he could not grasp if it was to them or if they were doing it before they arrived, and they now seemed to not react to them, and he tried to see if they were communicating with each by some means, and wondered what the hell two ghosts would be doing there, but he could not grasp anything and again started to believe they were something else, and perhaps even something that had never been encountered and he wondered why the hell they were.

The incredible thing was no matter how closely he looked at where their facial figures should be he could not see any features and started to believe they were something else and his mind raced through all the phenomena and he realized the two psychic researchers were doing the same, and were whispering to each other about it, and he was surprised that the figures started to react when they started getting to them and they stopped and took photos and recorded information in whispers about what they saw.

What was surprising was the photos Kurt took and what they came out as and looking like old fake ghost photos he use to see, and he realized how easy it now was making ghost figures in photos, and realized the situation, and that no matter what they came up as now nobody would probably believe it, and he wondered why anyone would want to.

If anything properly came out it would probably be ludicrous, and he realized that the two ghost investigators were gradually edging their way closer.

"This place is a hell of a place!" one mumbled, watching the other consider doing something, and Eisenberg wondered what the hell the things could do, and he wondered if he should be thinking of a way of getting rid of the spirit manifestations.

“This is incredible!” the other psychic researcher announced, fascinated by what they had.

“If you need some history, I have some stuff...” Eisenberg whispered.

As they approached them, the psychic researcher gasped, “I’ve never seen anything like this place...”

They gradually approached the ghostly figures and stood near them surprised and studied their deadly features and started to wonder what the hell they were.

Eisenberg was astonished again as they were at the exact location Kurt had been examining and where the cross mark was that he had been found marked on the treasure map, and was located at the direct center of the mansion’s structure, and they watched the figures vanish and as they did he spotted them staring straight at them, reacting to them.

Chapter 22

The Treasure Quest

Eisenberg’s relatives arrived early the next morning and at breakfast he just told them to search where they thought it would be and gave them a copy of the treasure map and the mansion plans, and told them all to choose the rooms they wanted, and they chose the rooms near him and Kurt.

Later the servants and cleaners arrived and started cleaning the place up, and Eisenberg finally left to continue his search of the top floor with Kurt, and when they arrived there he could barely recognize the place during the day, and they looked about with the treasure map, and their reactions had changed to treating there as though something of unknown origins existed there.

Even during the day none of the others seemed to want to go into the unexplored regions, and went to the edges of them and worked their way in.

The paranormal investigations left and soon arrived back at the mansion with more equipment and a professor who was an expert on the phenomena and they arrived at the top floor and Eisenberg watched them approach the central region where the occurrence took place.

The professor kept trying to explain their reactions and was surprised at their claims that they had photographed the ghosts, and in the end left it, and went along with it, and decided to stay the night and continue their investigations.

Later when they all had a meal in the dining room near the front door he was amazed that some of relatives told the professor and the paranormal researchers of tales they had once been told of the mansion and it being haunted with mischievous demons and unearthly elementals and they were left confused, as much of it was clearly made up and unbelievable.

One claimed that when Howard Eisenberg had stayed there when they were younger the servants had told them of the place being haunted, and said the servants refused to stay anywhere near the place at night.

There was also an incident when Howard Eisenberg decided to seize the opportunity of investigating it and had people investigate what was there and they had left after encountering phenomena, and had never returned.

Eisenberg was surprised that the haunting had different forms and had actually been deadly, and that nightmare sounds viciously emerged all over the mansion and estate, and he started to realize how determined the psychic researchers and the professor were and that they phoned people to bring in extensive equipment to begin a decisive investigation.

Chapter 23

Howard Eisenberg's Room

When Eisenberg entered a top floor room it felt strange and he tried to place it, and it was as though he had been in the room when he was younger, and he knew it was Howard Eisenberg's room, but he had never been near the building before.

He moved slowly deeper into it, and it was as though Howard Eisenberg was still alive, and he realized that he now thought of him differently, and it felt like it was a form of sacred domain.

The outer corridor had to be the darkest place there for some reason, and strange dark and gloomy glows were there.

He wandered about wondering who the hell he had really been, and recalled all the things his relatives had said about him at the dinner table, and he had started wondering if they were up to something to try to get the treasure.

The place had only a few cobwebs and a little dust about it and had clearly been lived in by him.

Kurt walked in the door, with an astounded expression, and moaned, "So this is Howard's room..."

By his face Eisenberg realized that something was happening somewhere, and he knew it had to be occurring where the psychic researchers were, and he finally asked, "What are they up to?"

"They're positioning massive amounts of equipment all about the central region away up the corridor..."

"That's what we wanted... It is also a good way to get rid of the problem! People will be staying in this place in the future ..."

Kurt nodded and looked about, and replied, "But I believe they intend to do something... I think they are either trying to capture our visitations there or make contact with them tonight..."

Eisenberg looked up in surprise and realized that something could occur, and he wondered if the place could turn out like it was originally like, when all hauntings took place about the building and surrounding estate.

"It is too late..." Eisenberg gasped. "How can you stop them?"

"Correct! That's another reason why I'm worried about it, and have even been considering getting out this place before something occurs..."

Chapter 24

The Manifestation

That night Eisenberg edged his way up the stairs to the top floor, and when he reached the top of floor he waited there, searching the darkness in the corridor and he saw nothing, and was surprised to see lights in the corridor go on and he immediately wondered what the ghost formations would do if they turned the lights on with them there.

He could not grasp what was happening, and what they would discover with all their equipment they had fitted there, and stood with his mouth wide open, and he went over what they had told him all the equipment was for, and he accepted it being there if it solved the haunting problem and even explained what was occurring, but not if it made it turn into a new state of hauntings, and deadly, and he gasped at the amount of problems there now were and wondered if things were moving in the opposite direction of solving everything.

The paranormal scientists and technicians had been rushing back and forward setting up their new equipment all around the corridor where the manifestations emerged, while testing and checking everything.

He realized their great interest in investigating the paranormal and realized that most had not actually believed in it until now, and had only vague fantasies of things, and no real thoughts of it being a real problem.

At the spot, at the center of the mansion, Eisenberg examined all the equipment about the region, with the places they would monitor everything hidden away from the manifestations spotting anything, and he wondered why they were so positive in things like them being at the same spot, and he wondered if they were about to make another mistake, and he watched all the scientists and technicians with surprise as he was sure he had seen them on the television, and that they were relatively notorious.

He was becoming sure that they had found far more than they indicated, and were keeping secrets.

He wanted to grasp what they knew and what he should know, and he strolled from place to place examining the equipment and everything else for clues, and recalled something that he had forgotten, which he had once read about some of the work that the paranormal scientists had done a few years back.

He recalled their stuff had been fairly surprising, and even alarming, which had drawn his attention at the time, and he recalled that he had dismissed it later as them using it to advertise their work.

At times he thought they were deliberately putting the psychic research there to cover their real work and discoveries! Whatever that was!

The scientists informed him that they were checking all known forms of disturbance, and energy and matter disturbances, in and around the emergence region, and they were sure that they would find something.

There was something strange, and he felt something was going to happen, but he could not grasp what, and he was sure they might not encounter it if they avoided doing certain things, and he regularly listened to them all at work and even their low level conversations.

Suddenly, in the darkness, in the outer corridor of the room he was in, where they were all hidden away from, they detected a reaction and that something was making an appearance, and the others in other place shifted positions and altered things and they all went silent and waited, and he checked his watch and realized it was late and around the same time as the last visitations, and he realized how late it was, and he watched the scientists at work, silently checking stuff on their equipment about the zone, and one whispered something desperately in another scientist's ear, making the scientist look slightly surprised.

The scientist's face then turned dramatic, after he considered it, making Eisenberg gasp and wonder what the hell was going to happen, and if they had put their foot in it again, and he waited for something to happen, and for a moment even regretted bringing them there, and he saw the scientists desperately do something.

He slowly started to sense something was there, and it sent a chill through him, and when he thought of what could occur, and his eyes for no reason fell upon something in the outer corridor through a gap in the door and he realized that they had not fully shut the door, and his heart leapt, and he saw its bright ghostly figure shifting about outside the room, and he watched the scientists activate stuff as they monitored the equipment.

Even though it was faint it looked like something familiar, and he watched the two strange ghostly figures on a screen silently doing something he could not see, as though they were somewhere else, and had different surroundings that were not visible to them, and they were something, and he suddenly thought he saw one had bright red eyes, and I tried to grasp what it was and was doing.

There was something strange there that he just could not grasp, and they moved and did things far differently than anyone or anything he had seen, and at times it shocked him and all the scientists and the things took a lethal appearance.

Suddenly he heard one of the women servants scream at the end of the corridor, as she must have entered the corridor from the stairs, and he was sure she had been bringing food up for some of the scientists late, and he heard her running away.

For a moment he saw a change in the ghost figures and saw two of the scientists activating something, and he tried to recall all the things that they had said they were going to do, and he sat back astounded as the ghost figures seemed to scream, and looked as though they were in great pain and unsuccessfully try to escape, and he wondered what it was, and if he had actually seen it before, and he watched all the scientists and others start to leave the rooms, and he followed them out into the corridor, and he realized that they had used a form of energy field to trap the ghost formations there, for them to study.

It astounded all of them, and most could not quite grasp what was there, and what they were dealing with, and up close, in the darkness of the corridor, and he

studied a dull red radiance gleaming about them, illuminating their hideous devilish features, like demons, trying to cover their identities.

He glared at them, studying them, wondering what was there, and if all the ghost stories he had heard through his life were of real occurrences, and that they were of something else entirely.

The deep blackness about him was so vivid and things so real and unreal, and deadly, he felt shudders of horror.

For an instant one altered in form, and turn to a more demon energy formation, and they all stood back from them, wondering what it was, and what it intended to do, and how to handle it.

What amazed him the most was all of them, including the psychic researchers, could not properly recognize them, and openly admitted that they were something new.

He moved up close to one and examined its ghostly demon figuration and tried to grasp everything he could, which he could recognize, and he wondered what all the scientists about the world would think of it, and he realized all the scientists and others about him were all staring at him and it, and he realized how close he had gone, and that the others were far further back.

While he started moving away he examined it up close and saw it was like it was made up of a mass of a strange red energy being generated by something somewhere, and to his amazement it exploded into a frenzy of activity, doing things, and as he watched both of them vanish their facial features became visible and he realized that they were staring straight into his eyes, with horror and vengeance.

Chapter 25

The Cavity

The next morning Eisenberg could not believe the activity the place had, with the others up early searching everywhere, and he quickly had his breakfast and rushed up the stairs to the top floor determined to do something, after all the thoughts he had the night before of what existed there, and he now realized the danger of the place and that it could very well escalate into a full scale haunting.

At the top floor he got another surprise, and was left amazed as he approached the central region, where the hauntings had occurred, as Kurt and some of the others were frantically yanking up carpets and were trying lift the massive stone slabs of the floor, directly over the spot where the haunting had been, and he stood watching them, wondering what would occur and what could be buried away there, and he listened to Kurt talking of the cross mark he had found there on the treasure map.

He stood astounded, recalling what was there the night before, and he spotted some of the scientists in the surrounding rooms at work checking their equipment

and findings, and wondered why the occurrence never occurred during the day, and only a specific time at night.

In the end he grabbed a seat and sat watching them removing the large slab, and felt the warm day edging in, and watched the sun blazing in at the end of the corridor.

“We will soon get this place searched properly if we all carry on like this...” Kurt moaned, and for a few seconds he wondered what he meant, and just nodded in agreement.

Eisenberg just wandered around nearby rooms that they had not entered and randomly stopped at paintings and antiques, with surprise, wondering what they were worth.

The things in Howard Eisenberg’s room had been the last things he had considered, but had found nothing of value, but he knew he was immensely wealthy and could easily have left something worth something, and something that could easily have vastly increased in value, and he studied a painting and wondered what it was worth, and he quickly phoned an old friend on his phone and sent photos of it to see if it was of value, and while he waited for a reply call he decided to keep searching everything that looked valuable.

Later he was surprised, before he hung up, to hear that the mansion and the occurrences were on the news, and it was in some of the papers, and he realized there was a danger of others appearing, and perhaps searching for the treasure.

While he searched, going off along the corridor, going into the distance, repetitive forceful hammering appeared and occasionally interrupted him enough to stop and listen and wonder why they were making so much noise.

He realized how much he liked treasure hunting and the quest and even the discovery of the paranormal occurrences and trying to figure out what would occur, and the solution to it, and realized he liked quests, the exhilaration, and the thrill of it gave him adrenalin. He was sure he would eventually find stuff all over the place and that he just did not know what he was looking for.

While he considered the place from different perspectives the sounds in the background escalated into a fury of rummaging and banging, which eventually made him come to a halt, stand alert and listen, and start making his way back.

Some of the others from below emerged at the top of the stairs, searching about, listening for where the sounds came from.

While Eisenberg approached Kurt he watched a cloud of dust come up and go everywhere, and listened to an immense bang.

He rushed up, and entered the dust cloud, coming along the corridor, while searching for what had happened, and he watched the scientists in the rooms either at the doors or shutting the doors.

“What the hell happened?” Eisenberg moaned loudly, glaring about him, cleaning the dust from his eyes, and saw Kurt and others completely covered in white dust.

Eisenberg watched them not reply and watched the dust cloud settle, and saw a massive hole in the floor, where rock slabs had gone crashing down, where there was a dense cloud of dust that mysteriously moved around, and he jumped when there was a bang from something below, and at the hole’s edge he felt shudders going through the floor, and heard sounds of boulders shifting about below him.

Kurt stood steady, while the others about him looked bewildered and glanced about them, observing everything, and Eisenberg just thanked them for the discovery, and for locating a hidden chamber he spotted below.

When the dust cleared a large black hole remained, which they were unable to penetrate with their eyes, and they stood trying to see what they could, and what they had smashed the floor away to reveal, and Eisenberg searched for a torch, and a scientist eventually walked over with one, and Eisenberg took it and bent over the hole and searched below, and wondered why it was so deep, and at the bottom all he saw was dust and rubble, with whatever was there buried below.

Chapter 26

The Lost Chamber

Eisenberg measured the floor with amazement and realized that he had not considered there really being anything there, and realized how the place had affected him, and realized there were places all over the building where there were places like it, and where the walls were far thicker than they should be, where there could be secret chambers and tunnels, and he wondered what they were for and why the builders had created them.

He realized that in historic times they could have thought differently and have been for ventilation and entrance points to somewhere where people might have hidden if attacked in wars, and he realized there must also be a ventilation or tunnel there going below, for the ghostly formation sounds to get below.

It was phenomenal how thick the region had been there and he had not fully noticed it, and it now looked large enough to conceal something significant away, and he wondered why someone had gone to such lengths to conceal it.

Eisenberg tied a rope around himself and got ready to follow Kurt down and started lowering himself down, and again he wondered what the hell Kurt was talking about, as he now seemed to be carrying out an alternative plan, and he watched him fiercely rush down, over the edge of the hole, and start shifting downwards to what was buried below, and Eisenberg followed him downwards, watching him go down, while watching the startled faces of the psychic researchers and scientists nearby.

When he hit the bottom, near Kurt, he was so absorbed in what was there and wondering what they thought was there that he hit the ground with a thud and fell over sideways, and over into the dust and rubble, and rushed onto his feet, and started cleaning the dirt from his clothes, and looked up and saw their startled faces looking down at him, and gasped and started to search about him.

It was hard to figure out why it was so beneficial to him to do such things, and even find the treasure, as he never entirely needed it, and he started looking for proof that it was more than just part of the structure of the building and suddenly spotted Kurt in the darkness doing something, and he suddenly saw things about

him as his eyes adapted to the dimness there, and he tried to see what was there but his vision and mind could not grasp what was there.

When he removed his torch and it lit up the region across Kurt's front all he saw was what looked like a strange wall going all the way round them, and saw something uniformly covering all the walls, except what looked like a doorway, and he watched Kurt remove something and saw it looked like a white blanket over the wall in front of him, and he revealed shelves of books, and Eisenberg swiftly removed other sheets of material from the other walls, and shelves surrounding them, and realized it had to be a form of library, and that the door was now hidden away behind a wall, and he wondered why someone had hidden it away and gone to such lengths to build a wall over the front of the room and hide it away, and he opened the door and examined the brick wall and the bricks and realized it was really old and definitely from the original building.

Eisenberg wondered if they were making a mistake and if the place was in fact something else that they never realized existed.

Kurt examined the book in the shelves at a distance and moved gradually around them, checking everything he could, scarcely grasping the concept of why such a place had been built, and tried to recall something, and Eisenberg started removing books from the shelves randomly, trying to grasp what they were about, and what the people that lived there had been like and were doing there, but he barely grasped anything as they were all in another strange language, which he could not grasp.

Kurt started talking to the others up above, and told them what he had found, and they discussed the doorway, and they went down from above to the lower floor, to where the door was, and started examining the wall behind it.

Eisenberg spotted something and he moved in closer and realized that someone at some point had made an opening at the bottom of the wall, and a hole large enough to let someone in, and had entered there, and had filled it in afterwards, and by the materials it was made of he realized it could have been done recently, and he watched Kurt get a pick down from above and start smashing the bricks away, and he eventually left through a hole he made in it.

When Eisenberg got out he wondered why the haunting had come from there, and wondered if there was something hidden away there, or beneath the rubble, or behind one of the shelves, and he realized it might be small, and he wondered what the hell it could be.

Chapter 27

The Hideous Sounds

As Eisenberg awoke out a strange dream he considered how tired he was and what they were doing, and thought of other similar situations that he had done, and thought of other times he had awakened in the middle of the night, and as he recalled everything, and current state of the haunting, he gasped and suddenly

realized that he could hear sounds emerging from further along the corridor and he jumped out of bed, and rushed over to the door, and gasped when he heard the sounds, and they seemed magnified, and at the door he heard them blaring out through the corridor.

It mildly amused him as he recalled who was in the rooms near the sounds, and he realized that the sounds reminded him of his dream, but he never noticed a connection.

“What hell!” he moaned, shoving his clothes on, and rushed out into the corridor, and watched Kurt and the two paranormal researchers standing nearby, wide eyed and repetitively whispering to each other.

As he approached them they moved away towards the stairs and he followed them, and gasped and realized what the haunting had been like, and what they had done there with the scientists, and he realized he wanted to know the outcome of the occurrence, and wondered why the ghost figures had returned, and he realized that if they were the real thing they would be trapped there, haunting there night after night, and he felt sorry for them and realized there could be a way to allow them to leave.

At the top floor he stood and watched Kurt and the two paranormal researchers moving along the corridor ahead towards them at the center of the mansion and as he moved along he heard the sounds at their loudest that he had heard them, wailing and screaming, and felt the vibrations going through the floor with astonishment, and he tried to grasp if they were screaming in pain or enragement, and further along he realized he could not grasp what most of the sounds were or were coming from, and he wondered what the hell they were, as none of them had given any proper explanations of anything.

The disturbance or sounds seemed as if it had different states and often altered, and he imagined it as a warp through space and time causing many different things to occur and create sporadic sounds about the place, and he wondered what the hell their supernatural actually was.

Suddenly he spotted Kurt and the two psychic investigators had stopped and he looked ahead, staring through the blackness and at lights shifting about, and he rushed up to Kurt.

In the darkness at the end of the corridor the two ghostly figures seemed to be in frenzy and shifting wildly about, and he noticed they kept being stopped leaving a particular zone, and he realized they must be furiously fighting or furiously trying to escape from there, and he wondered who or what they were, and why they were there, and he tried to recall what he seen of them when the scientists had been there.

“What the hell are those things up to?” he finally muttered, staring, bewildered, and wondering what the outcome would be.

“This place is a hell of a place!” Kurt mumbled.

“Have you any history of the place?” he asked, wondering if he or the psychic researchers had uncovered anything, as he was sure it would be recorded by someone somewhere.

He realized that he really felt like going back to bed, and that it had been a long day and the next day would even be longer, and he watched the ghosts figures furiously shifting about, as though at a hyper speed and he realized that he could

not properly see the things and that they were unrecognizable to them, and that their appearance in the mansion had things missing, which he was sure were at where they were, and he realized they were something else and their appearance was entirely different from what was visible, and like seeing someone on an infrared or X-ray screen, and the sounds were absolutely absurd and unrecognizable, and he realized if they could grasp why they were there and where they were they could start solving what was occurring and how to handle the situation.

The things were shifting about absurdly and he wondered if they were in pain, and if something was torching them, and he realized if they were dead and ghosts that they might very well be in the deepest depths of hell, and he realized that they might be able to exorcise them.

Chapter 28

The Ancient Books

When Eisenberg entered the library with the others in the morning he examined the massive entrance hole in the roof they made, and the pile of rubble across the floor, and wondered if the ghost figures had reacted to it and the other things they had done there, including what the scientists did to them on the previous night with their equipment, and he realized if they were ghosts and had supernatural powers that they make them pay for it.

He examined under the rubble, looking for anything below, and he examined the stone floor and the rubble, and he sensed something unusual, and that it was in fact the books, and he looked about the room, and where the hole entrance into the library went, and watched the light coming in.

Something seemed different in the library and he watched the others bring in a table and chairs and put them at the central point where they had cleared, and they sat about the table in the seats, and made themselves familiar with their new surroundings, and Eisenberg went over and grabbed a pile of books and dusted them and piled them on the table.

It was incredible! All his relatives were searching the mansion everywhere for treasure and had even persuaded the servants, cleaners, and psychic researchers into joining in, and many of them entered the room.

The books he took amazed him with their age, as they were far more ancient than he had imagined.

He consistently wondered why the books had been hidden away there, and wondered if there was some law and crackdown on them for some reason, and he kept wondering why they were hidden away, and he realized that the books he got were virtually unreadable, and in another language.

He suddenly realized that the books were uneven and hanging over in places and that the last time he had seen them he was sure they had been straighter, and wondered if something had caused it.

There was something about searching for some things that he never liked, which frustrated him, when he could not find anything. There were far too many things that suggested too many things that could be anything. The mind could turn anything into what looked like something or a clue if he wanted something badly enough.

He could be following false clues that never existed there, and making major mistakes there for years! He decided to check the main books and anything that looked like a clue, and decided he would call it a day after a certain amount of time, if nothing was discovered by them.

They searched through books for anything and kept finding they were empty and in another language, which they suspected was a really early language.

As far as he was concerned successful treasure hunting normally had proper information of treasures, and not strange riddles. They found treasures and lost artifacts with knowledge and traced them with advanced technology.

If they could only properly trace the original owners and builders of the original building, which the psychic researchers and scientists had achieved the greatest results with, after using all the means available to them, but they still could not grasp who the hell the mansion owners had been, and what they had been up to, and he realized that they had to bring people in that could read the language in the books, and the others agreed, and he decided to wait for them to get them and bring them in, and they decided to look through the books for anything of interest they could find.

Chapter 29

The Second Map

Eisenberg sat with his mouth open when he opened a book that looked somehow different from the rest of the books and he tried to grasp why it was.

He saw that it was made different, and had a different shape, and was clearly from a later time, but what was the most curious was the fact that the dust on it was far less, for some reason, and he was sure that someone else had put it there, at a different time, and he curiously examined it and played with it and realized that it looked as if someone had put it there at an even later time than he thought, and even looked like the person added some of the dust artificially, and he sat wondering why the hell they would do it.

He started studying the contents, going through it, and started to realize that though it was the same language it was different, and had different paper, and he was amazed that there was a bump on the cover, where he felt something concealed, and he used a blade to cut it open, and pulled out a small piece of folded paper.

He sensed something and sat staring at it, while the voices of the others altered to mumbles and background sounds.

He unfolded and stretched it out, perhaps done for the first time in hundreds of years, and held it up to the light and saw its details clearer, and some of the others gathered around him, and they examined it.

“It’s an old drawing of the mansion!” Kurt replied, standing behind him, seeing something that confirmed his beliefs.

Eisenberg realized it was and proved it and wondered why someone had made it, and of part of it, and after studying he was sure that it was more than that and that it could be from an ancient plan of the top floor, from a large map, which he was sure was showing where something was, and he knew it because it was important and that the person that put it there had it hidden in the book. It had some detail to it that he studied and tried to recognize, and he proved it was accurate, and he realized the original building was basically the same in places.

His thoughts were wild and he wondered what the person had been up to. The other original mansion, moved there, had to be the most haunted hideous place in existence. And he wondered why there were so many secrets buried away about the place, and he had consistently sensed it since he had arrived at the place.

Kurt looked at it strongly for a moment and took it off the table and held it over his light, and he considered faint lines on it for a moment, and looked baffled about something.

“Could this be connected with the treasure?” he moaned, desperate for clues.

Eisenberg eventually took it and wondered what he meant, and examined it for clues to its identity, and why it was there.

It could be more valuable as assumed but on the other hand it could be anything. They both studied it from different angles, until they started losing interest.

“Doesn’t that look like your treasure map?” Kurt moaned, when he realized it, and Eisenberg looked at it and was surprised it did, and that he had not noticed it, and he removed the treasure map, which he had found in the grave in the cemetery, and thought it was a rough copy of it but after close examinations he saw it was not and he realized there were two treasure maps.

Chapter 30

The Quest

Eisenberg strolled about the building amazed at how far the others were going to search the place, and even saw the cleaners trying to remove a cupboard to search behind it, and he decided to talk them into it as he just wanted to complete the task, even though he discovered strangers frantically yanking up floorboards at a region on the bottom floor, and realized they were locals, and builders or something, and in the end decided to leave it as if they found anything he was sure he would hear of it.

While wandering up the stairs he heard to a repetitive forceful hammer that appeared away in the distance somewhere and he occasionally stopped to listen

and wondered why someone was so determined to break through something, and where the hell was it coming from, and he eventually realized it was coming from outside of the building.

He realized how much he liked the adventure and even the strange mind-boggling paranormal occurrences and trying to find out what it was and solutions to it.

At one point he was sure there was stuff all over the place, after seeing the reactions to things by others, and the locals seemed to think there was far more.

While he considered the interior from different perspectives, and climbed higher up the stairs, the sounds in the background escalated into a fury of rummaging and thuds, which made everyone he saw look alert and listen, and wondering what was happening and what they had they missed.

It sounded as if they had found something and were trying breakthrough to something to get it.

In the end he marched down a corridor to where it was coming from, confused and wondering what was there, and met someone, and he was surprised to find out someone was on the roof and he realized that there could very well be an attic on the building, going over the center zone of the top floor.

He started to wonder why they never thought of there, and realized nothing was up there, and the mark on the map was on the top floor, and he realized that it could have been in the ceiling, and above them all along, as the person might have just put it there, and wanted to conceal its exact position.

There was little room from the ceiling to the top of the building and anything there would be really small, but he realized there could be something.

Chapter 31

The Attic

Eisenberg stood on the roof staring and checking the estate all around him, and he climbed into a hole in the roof they had made, and crouched down and entered the darkness of the attic.

Further along he saw light and there was a cloud of dust appearing, and heavy thuds emerged and accelerated, almost climaxing at one point, and he sensed that they might be about to uncover something, and he tried to move faster, watching he never put his feet through the floor, even though he was sure that it was wood, and planks of wood below it.

He watched the men working there, glaring down at something.

Further on he saw them crouched around a hole in the attic floor, surrounded by a cloud of dust, and he tried to work out where it was situated in the top floor and gave up, and watched one continue to smash away the floor and increase the size of the hole, and he moved nearer, as he heard and felt shudders going through the floor, roof, and air, and heard of crash down below somewhere near them.

Their looks slowly altered from bewildered glances to observing something in the darkness there, and he examined all the chunks of rock and pieces of plaster scattered everywhere across the floor about them and he wondered who the hell had put them there, and knew that it had to be one of his relatives, and surely Kurt being involved, and knew it had to be at about the center of the building.

When he reached them he saw the large black hole up close and wondered what they were doing, and investigating.

What had they discovered was concealed below the floor and he watched one eventually shine a dull torch down, and clearly never saw anything.

He measured the floor with amazement and realized the size of the hole was large and that there must be far more secret chambers all about the mansion.

He had still not fully considered the implications of it, even after measuring walls and regions all about the place. It was phenomenal how thick the walls and floors actually were, and he wondered why the occupants wanted to conceal so much, and he saw Kurt appear behind him, and heard him talking, and realized it was him behind the workmen searching there, and he started to realize how deadly the place was becoming.

Chapter 32

The New Paranormal Investigator

Eisenberg sat in the ancient library watching a paranormal researcher, who was searching through the books with amazement, and he could not even recall him, as there were so many there now, and realized Kurt had put him there, and he realized that he was actually reading the books, and for Kurt.

“What do think?” Kurt eventually asked the new paranormal investigator. “Tell him what you’ve found!”

The paranormal investigator looked up, and placed the book down, and replied, “It would be a shame to ruin this place ...”

Eisenberg sat confused and realized how long he had been away from them, and realized it was not really long, but realized a lot of things had happened, and eventually asked, “What’s been happening since I’ve been away ... Can you actually understand the writing in the books?”

“Yes! He has been...” Kurt replied.

“So what’s the stuff about?” he eagerly asked, determined to get an answer to what he had been trying to solve for hours.

“Much of it’s supernatural stuff ...” the paranormal investigator replied first.

“Stuff such as witchcraft, voodoo, devil worshippers...”

“Yes! Ancient stuff!”

“What did you get?”

“They were into really heavy stuff...”

“What like?”

“They seemed to have killed large amounts of humans... We still have not found out what they were...”

“The original occupants?”

“Probably all the occupants that lived in the castle for centuries...” the paranormal researcher replied, holding up the book he had, and showing his alarm at the discoveries he had made.

“Castle? What castle?” Eisenberg asked, concerned.

“This castle! Alright the building they made this building out of when they reconstructed it here...”

“Was this a German castle?” he asked, curiously.

“This was a Transylvanian castle... These books and the library are from there and were in the original building...”

“What else?” he gasped, realizing that it was a castle.

“Well they seemed to be really eminent and mind-boggling and they seemed to have some form of science, which I’ve been trying to grasp... It was really far out... I’ve not fully grasped what they were or were doing, and what happened to them...”

“Were they some form of royalty?”

“I believe so! Or had become royalty after many wars and killings—and had ruled ruthlessly for centuries...”

“What do you think it is then?” he asked whispered, confused, not fully grasping what was there or what he was explaining the place was.

“What’s what?” he asked.

“The ghost figures and occurrences in this place?”

“That’s something else I’ve not been able to answer... These are notes I’ve taken of things I’ve found...”

Eisenberg reached over and took his notes and started reading through them carefully, ignoring many, which were connected to the paranormal researcher, and sat staggered at things, and realized how haunted and deadly the place actually had been, and might return to in the future, and realized that he had hardly read the majority of the stuff in the library, and knew there was far more.

Chapter 33

The Complete Map

The next morning Eisenberg studied the new paranormal researcher as he walked into the library and wondered who he was, as none of the others had heard of him, but he knew he was good and knew far more than the others, and he trusted Kurt, and was sure he had put him there for a reason.

He watched him search through the books, with amazement at the speed and amount of books he had searched.

“What do think?” Kurt asked. “Tell him what you’ve found!”

“This place is hideous...” the paranormal researcher replied, gasping at the things he had read. “They must have killed thousands... What I don’t get is their

true identity... I've not been able to trace them to anything really... Other than some wars they fought... And even they did not know who was fighting them, and there were accounts of them massacring massive armies and there being no survivors..."

"Is there anything else on the wars in the books?"

"There's little on and there seems to be some sort of cannibalism they carried out... They mention them feasting on the bodies of the soldiers..."

The paranormal investigator looked energetic, as though he wished to do something, and he had noticed some of the others were losing hope of finding anything new, and he watched him place a book he had down on the table.

"It would be a shame to ruin this place!" he silently moaned, and Eisenberg recalled his reply and wondered what the hell he was talking about.

"It's incredible that this stuff is full of supernatural stuff?" he moaned, wondering what else was there.

For moment Eisenberg wondered if he was trying to get valuable books, but he doubted it, and he wanted to thank him for spending so many hours trying to solve and uncover what was buried away there.

"There is a lot of supernatural stuff... The rest is stuff by other people about other things..."

"Stuff like witchcraft..."

"Ancient stuff from Transylvanian..."

Eisenberg removed the map he had found in the library and spread it out on the table and used a magnifying glass to study it, and realized it looked different with the extra lighting now in the library, and he managed to recognize things on it with fascination, and sat wondering what it had been used for, and he knew the book it was in had nothing, as the paranormal investigator had studied it scrupulously and had found nothing.

The fact that the original map was relatively similar drew his attention to it.

"It'd also probably destroy what's there if you used explosives to blow it..." the paranormal investigator continued, and Kurt nodded back, and Eisenberg realized that they had been talking about something, which he could not grasp.

Eisenberg sat confused and suddenly recalled where he had put the original map and got it out the bottom of his inside jacket pocket and placed it over the table.

He sat surprised, as both of the treasure maps were so similar and he could not grasp why, and he flattened them both out and was surprised that their sizes were identical, and he had thought the new one was far larger, perhaps as it had been squashed and crumpled more.

The amazing thing was they actually fitted together, and the more he flattened them and fitted them together the more he was positive they were once joined together, and he started to study them and realized they were a complete map of the original top floor of the castle, even though both looked about the same.

Yet what he could not grasp was why they were there, and why one half was hidden in a book and why the lawyer gave him the other one, and he wondered why it was not a better drawing, and he wondered if Howard Eisenberg had been more confused than he had been, as there was no suggestion of there being

anything on it and he had checked the original map scrupulously with everything he could think of and it surely never held much.

Eventually Eisenberg got the plan of the top floor and compared it to the map version and tried to spot any differences, and scrupulously studied it centimeter by centimeter.

In the end, at a distance, going over it again, all he could see was what looked like an the ink mark at the center of both of them, which was on both maps, which was on the original map beside the cross mark, at where the hauntings and library were, and he studied it with a more powerful magnifying glass and was amazed that it actually had a shape, which had been smudged and altered when both parts had been separated, and he realized it might just be the library, and drawn wrongly.

It was located at the exact center of the original castle, and he eventually pushed it away from him and realized it had to be in the library after all, and he wondered where the hell someone of ancient times would hide something in the library, and he decided to search everywhere in the library they had not searched.

Chapter 34

The Real Center

“What the hell is this place?” Kurt moaned out loud, playing with the map, with both maps stuck together, and Eisenberg wondered why he reacted strangely.

“It’s great during the day,” he uttered back, and thought of trying to explain something, and he stopped, as though he wanted to avoid saying something, and he kept wondering if Kurt knew something about the place he never.

While they approached the center of the building, where the large cavity now was, where the deformed ghost figures still emerged at night, floating in midair, as though the floor was beneath them, they wondered what they were missing.

Eisenberg watched Kurt approach the place and wondered what the hell he was hiding away now, and if it was the same thing as before, even though he had found many things he had already been keeping to himself.

“What is it you’re looking for?” Kurt moaned, looking at the place, now with some depression, and shrugged.

“This is not the center of the building!” Eisenberg announced, and pointed at the map. “The exact center is over there!”

They both went around the hole in the floor, and Eisenberg recalled all the scientists that had been at work there and realized that they had been searching the wrong place and the place behind a wall further along at the side of the corridor was, and they came to the place where there was a large region between two rooms, and they entered one room, where they saw a small hole drilled into the wall, and they examined it.

“You’ll not be able to enter there!” Kurt moaned, shrugging.

“Why not?”

“We drilled there to send in a camera. But couldn’t get through! It’s solid! We think it’s some form of metal... That’s what we found up in the attic...”

Eisenberg recalled it and realized with surprise that they had been searching there, and probably had worked out it was the center point.

“What now?” Kurt asked, curiously.

“We can have the inside checked with something...”

“We tried everything! But for some reason nothing shows up at that zone.”

“What about sonar or something?”

“Nothing works! But we got the depth of the wall and inner solid chamber, and found it was its thinnest at the top in the attic, and about only a tenth of the thickness, and they’ve been working on getting through it...”

Chapter 35

The Chamber Shell

Eisenberg crouched down under the attic roof and watched the workmen drill furiously into the shell of the room below them.

Again he wondered how the hell the occupants of the castle had managed to build the chamber shell, and realized they should have removed the outer wall surrounding it and examined what it was, and he wondered how the hell they were going to enter the thing and get safely out, and if there was anything inside they would have a hard job getting out the blasted thing.

Suddenly he saw more workmen appear from the roof overhead, bringing in ropes and the way for them to descend into its confines, and he was sure they had something to lower them down and hoist them up, and he gasped and wondered what they thought existed there.

As the cloud of dust about them started to disperse he heard them trying to decide who should go down and realized none of them wanted to do it, and he realized how much the place had affected them, and he for some reason wanted to do it, and he made his way over to them, crouching below the ancient roof, and he was amazed that he never even needed to say anything, and as though they were waiting for him to do it, and they immediately started attaching a harness to him and he moved into the hole going into the blackness below, and he gasped at the size of it and that he might not be able to get out of it, or get trapped going through.

It was what he had been waiting for though, and it was the climax to all their investigations, and he fitted everything he needed about him, and loosened himself up and started squeezing his legs and body through the hole, and as he went down he examined the thickness of the shell that they had drilled through with some astonishment, and wondered how the hell they had manufactured such a thing, and accepted that it might not be what it seemed, and made differently, and he shifted into the blackness below, and it engulfed him, and they started lowering

him faster, and he looked down into the sheer blackness as though he was hanging over an abyss, and it went out into infinity.

Above he felt dust falling and spotted the workmen sitting around the hole on the attic floor, and he tried to work out what the hell the building had been used for and why it was so different, and wondered if it just belonged to some wealthy eccentric person.

While his speed slowed he watched the hole decrease in size and he heard and felt shudders from the rope from the drill being used on something else and he tried to work what they were doing, and he smelt the surrounding stale air, and heard surrounding shudders about him from the drill vibrations, and he felt dust and small stones come down over his head.

Chapter 36

The Hideous Chamber

Eisenberg stood confounded, like he had died and was standing somewhere in hell, surrounded by impenetrable blackness, waiting to be given his punishment for entering the chamber.

When he grabbed his light from his jacket and put it on its dimmest setting, and waited, and turned it on, and saw nothing at first, and barely able to see, and examined all the chunks of material and pieces of wood scattered across the ground, from the hole overhead, and he wondered who the hell had put the place there, and how the hell he had ended up doing what he was doing, and he could not fully grasp what dangers there were, and even if any really existed, and he still had not been able to prove the ghost figurations could physically affect them, and he wondered if they were actually the real thing and that the media and the era had altered them beyond recognition.

A deep thud echoed down and he looked up startled in time to see something flying through the air and land next to him, and realized one the workmen had dropped a ruler into the chamber, and he watched one gaze down at him through the hole, and he shifted position, and away from the debris, and he vaguely saw shapes about his side and stood transfixed trying to identify them.

The ebbing radiance of his light surprised him and he could not grasp why he had one with the batteries going dud and he quickly turned the brightness up to see what was there but the power of the batteries was too low, and he played about with it until he had it at its brightest, and he walked over to the objects he saw, scarcely grasping the concept of why such a place existed.

The solid walls echoed sounds of his movements that took strange tones, and he strained his eyes increasingly to see further, but there were no real features to anything.

One of the workmen suddenly shouted and a beam of light shot about the walls and down over him, and the light directly in his eyes, and he threw the light straight down to him to get, and he rushed straight over to it, and he played

around with it and slowly turned around, with the light blasting straight out, and saw what he thought were giant coffins, going around in a circle, with an even larger central one, and he slowly marched over to them.

While he approached the first he realized it was a solid stone tomb, and he counted twelve of them going in a circle around a thirtieth central one, and was amazed at their perfect symmetrical positioning, and he even wondered where he was in the building, and why it was like he was somewhere else, and he tried to grasp if there was anything else, and wondered why the hell it was only tombs, and why they were so hidden away.

He examined the strange stone and its perfectly cut edges and wondered why it was so immaculately cut and could not accept it was cut by hand, and he felt its smoothness with his fingertips, and tried to find anything on it that gave the identity of the person, and he searched increasingly trying to grasp why they had been put there and why.

His close examinations gave little and he started going around the circle of tombs, occasionally glancing at the central one, and its immense size, wondering if it belonged to a king, and he started searching them for their names and dates.

With a piece of paper and pen he drew a vague plan of them and walked around them looking for any entrance points to them that he might have missed, positive that there had to be something, and he found nothing and they looked perfectly sealed and he wondered what the hell the structure was for, and climbed over one and into a gap between the outer tombs and the large central one, and shifted around the gap examining the other side of the tombs, and found them the same.

He suddenly spotted writing carved into the large central tomb near its base and he knelt down and examined the small writing with his torch and saw he never knew the language and carefully wrote it down on a piece of paper, and started examining the writing on the piece of paper for anything, and spotted a crack near the top of the large tomb when the torchlight went there, and hidden in dirt over it, and saw there was a stone lid over the tomb.

He placed the torch on the floor facing up at the lid and started pushing the lid up, and shoved at it until it went up, and he could get his hand inside, and he pulled it sideways, and pulled it sideways until he had successfully pulled it over to the side, and away from covering the contents of the tomb, and rested on the floor with the torch, ready to reveal the contents of the tomb, and recalled the ghost figurations, and stood and shone the torch inside the tomb.

Chapter 37

The Supernatural Being

Scientists shifted all about the chamber adjusting and setting up equipment all over the area of the tombs, and by their descriptions Eisenberg knew their technology had gone far beyond anything that they previously had, and most of

the scientists had been changed for far more advanced ones, and most were thunderstruck by the giant supernatural being resting in the central tomb.

They used new drilling equipment to tunnel through the thick metal shell behind the wall in the corridor, and created a doorway into the chamber from the corridor.

Nobody had given him any explanation of what was in the central tomb! Nobody had even touched it! The only thing that had been touched had been the treasure chest he had found buried in it, and he kept realizing repeatedly that Howard Eisenberg had been right all along, and there was treasure buried away there.

The jewels themselves were staggering as most belonged to rich kings and powerful people who had been killed in wars and by other methods, and the contents were worth incalculable millions.

He had also taken a diary he found with it, which was in a strange language, which he never grasped, but the paranormal investigator, who translated the books in the mansion library, was able to translate a few lines of, and claimed the supernatural being was Dracula.

The other tombs were full of the remains of strange women that had wooden stakes embedded in their chests, which they were sure were vampires, but the scientists and others had not bothered with them and left them for the archaeologists to investigate.

Kurt and others were astounded there was a treasure after all, and wondered what the lawyer would do, as they were all getting a share, and Eisenberg realized he never really wanted to spend his life running the companies for Howard Eisenberg.

The disturbances clearly escalated and the paranormal scientists that investigated the ghost formations appearances claimed they were two of the women vampires in two of the tombs, which had abnormal skeleton formations, and they believed that they were something else, and not human, and believed they were trapped in a form of limbo state between life and death.

Eisenberg watched scientists set up equipment at the haunted zone, where the ghost figurations emerged, over the library, as well as at the real central zone at the tombs, and he sensed an upcoming catastrophe.

Eisenberg went over what they told him of what they were doing and what all the equipment was for, and he accepted it if it solved the haunting problem and explained what was occurring, but not if it made things turn into a new state, and a highly deadly state, and he gasped at the amount of problems they had and wondered if things were going in the wrong direction from what they wanted.

The paranormal scientists and technicians rushed about setting up equipment all around the corridor and tombs, while testing and checking everything.

He realized paranormal existed and realized that they had not entirely believed it until then, and had vague fantasies of things, and no real definite thoughts it was a real problem.

He kept examining the equipment, and places they had hidden away to monitor everything, and he watched all the scientists and technicians and became positive that they had found far more than they indicated, and were keeping secrets.

When it grew late, at the time the haunting occurred, there was something strange about the occurrences and tombs that he could not quite grasp, and he

sensed something was going to occur, but he could not grasp it, and he was sure that they might not do it if they avoided doing certain things.

In the corridor they detected reactions, and that they were making an appearance, and they turned off all the lights, and hid away, and silently waited, and Eisenberg checked his watch and realized it was at the same time the last visitations occurred, and he watched the scientists silently activating and checking equipment, and what was occurring about the zones, and he watched them desperately reacting and one whispered in another scientist's ear, making the scientist look surprised.

While the ghost formations emerged he realized they somehow looked different, and their features altered, and looked confident, and as though they were about to do something, and watched a scientist's face turn dramatic, making him wonder what the hell was going on, and if they had put their foot in it again, and he stood staggered waiting for something to happen.

He slowly sensed something there was different, and it sent a chill through him as he felt they were in great danger, and when he thought of what could occur he realized there was nothing they could do, and his eyes for no reason fell upon a brightness through a crack in the door, and he moved closer, and saw bright ghostly figures shifting about, and that they were turning solid, and he watched the scientists check stuff as they monitored everything.

He saw the two strange ghostly figures doing something and shift away along the corridor, as though they were somewhere they could not recognize, and had different surroundings, and he suddenly saw they had bright red eyes that were glowing, and tried to grasp what they were.

There was something that he just could not grasp and they moved and did things far differently than anything he had seen, and at times they shocked him and the scientists with their lethal appearance, and they could not grasp what they really were, and he sensed something far more powerful behind them, and that they were obeying something.

For a moment he saw a change in their ghost figures as they entered the chamber with the tombs, and he rushed out the room with the scientists, and watched horrified scientists in the chamber with the tombs race out the opening, and he heard them explain what happened when they removed the wooden stakes from the two vampire creatures.

When they reached the opening of the chamber with the tombs, Eisenberg watched the two ghostly vampire figures scream as they approached the large central tomb, with the supernatural being, and he watched them remove what looked like a stake or something from its heart, and leapt back, and they watched its massive shape rise out of the tomb, and he wondered what the hell it was, and felt its powers and fury, and it viciously altered its shape and its powers increased, and it shifted into a dark region at the back of the chamber.

At one point it altered into a mass of a strange red energy that exploded into a frenzy of activity, doing things, and he watched it alter into a far different formation, with horror and vengeance.

He knew it would get out the chamber, and realized there were only two entrance points to the chamber, for it to get away from its hideous confines, and Eisenberg tried to find a place to shift over to, and he wondered who the hell had

managed to confine it there, and he watched it alter into a large black flying demon creature, and it shifted up into the attic, and the two vampire creatures followed it.

In the dark sky over the mansion, in the room next to the chamber, they watched them vanish into distant black clouds, and Eisenberg realized it was going in the direction of New York.

Epilogue

The King of the Vampires

Out of the blackness of night a vampire creature shot through the dark clouds like the Grim Reaper and swooped down and landed on a pointed mountain peak high over the world.

Amidst awesome darkness its black formation formed into a humanoid creature as it visualized its first appearance thousands of years ago, and it realized it had forgotten its supernatural origins, and it was mysterious and obscure, and it had memories of the Carpathian Mountains, where it believed something occurred.

For the first time in its existence it saw its obliteration and violently shuddered and its shape altered as it almost lost control.

The world still seemed unrecognizable and it was staggered by the hidden dangers to it and it monitored its formation and considered how recent occurrences could possibly have occurred, and the humans, which it fed on, had ways of destroying it, and they had destroyed most of its vampire creatures, and they had been turned into ashes after hideously being destroyed.

It instantaneously changed into a bat formation and leapt up into the air, and raced away towards its castle, buried away in an immense wood, hidden away from discovery, and it entered the trees at an unknown unexplored region, and it shifted into its long black shadows like a strange black ghost formation.

It contemplated the real dangers to its survival and eternal life and it began to contemplate how it could survive.

Its supernatural species was so ancient it could not believe it had a beginning.

Memories of the strange human creatures swirled through its thoughts, and their villages and armies it had destroyed in wars, and their strange folklore and rituals mystified it, and it recalled what they had altered into, and the ways they used to destroy the other vampires creatures.

It had been contacted by unknown humans by an unknown form, of supernatural origins, and it had chosen not to make contact, and it had not entirely grasped their extraordinary powers, with an unknown extraordinary technology, and it had been lucky as its castle was barely visited by them and it knew they feared it.

It had always had vague memories of it being trapped on the world, as a strange celestial object lost out in space, and it realized it had to fight to survive further

than it had done before, and it wondered if it could, and it thought of escaping from the vicinity and discovering somewhere else.

The moon shifted overhead above the treetops as it formed a monster shape creature as it flew through the trees, and it watched the castle emerge through the trees ahead, and it suddenly sensed something, and it took comfort in the moon's existence with its familiarity, and it resembled a stellar sight it never grasped.

Its strange shadows shifted about the lower trees below in the moonlight, probing out everywhere, and it studied everything in its surroundings, expecting hideous encounters, and it thought of all the ancient wars and deadly encounters it had won.

In the trees at the front of the castle it landed hard and instantly formed into the most deadly hideous supernatural monster it had ever contrived and propelled itself forward and smashed through the trees and its body adapted to its new form and formed more powerful legs and razor-sharp claws.

Something strange paralyzed it, and it could not break free, and it detected a form of energy, an energy formation it never recognized, and it felt it withdrawing energy from it, and it used the remains of its energy to alter into its human formation and saw humans appear from the castle, with a strange technology it never realized existed, and watched as they surrounded it, and it tried to look like one of them, and show it was one of them, and the wood and strange beings vanished, and it went into a dormant state.

PART II

The Celestial Orb

Prologue

I – New York Dracula

A monster black shape shot out of the dark night over New York and shifted through black clouds like a monster Grim Reaper and swooped down and landed on top of the Empire State Building and stood balanced high over the world.

It reformed into its humanoid Dracula formation as it recalled its reawakening and ancient memories, and memories from thousands of years ago, and its supernatural origins, mysteriously lost in blackness, and yet it still had memories of the Carpathian Mountains, and what it believed could have occurred there.

It recalled its death at its Transylvanian castle and the strange humanoid beings that killed it, and its realization before it died that they were not the humans it fed on, and for the first time in its existence it had seen obliteration, and it violently shuddered and altered its shape and stood examining the colossal civilization sprawled across its front, and going below.

The world was unrecognizable now and even though it was staggered by the hidden dangers it knew it could survive and it considered how the occurrences could possibly have occurred to transform the world, and humans, which it fed on, and it thought of its vampire creatures.

It swiftly changed into a bat formation and leapt up into the air and shot away towards its hideout, buried away, hidden away from discovery, and it flew into the black clouds, and shot in and out of clouds, like a black demon.

Again it contemplated the dangers to its survival were immense and began to contemplate how it could survive.

It was of supernatural origins and so ancient it could not believe it had a beginning source.

Memories of the strange way it reawakened went through its thoughts as it tried to grasp something it had missed, and it considered how it got there, and how they had revived it, and its thoughts of the ancient villages and armies it had destroyed, and their folklore and rituals.

The world mystified it, everywhere, and left it staggered, and it wondered where the unknown humanoids had gone, and wondered what they had done with it, and it realized they had some unknown knowledge of the supernatural, and it had not entirely grasped their extraordinary powers, extraordinary technology, and it had been lucky.

Its vague ancient memories of being trapped on the world, and it being a strange celestial object lost out in space startled it, and it realized it had to fight to survive further than it had done before, and it wondered if it could, and it thought of escaping.

The moon shifted out of the clouds as it shot down into a desolate wood, and it shifted through the treetops as it altered its formation to a black flying monster creature, and it watched a structure emerge in the trees ahead, and it landed near it and instantly formed into the deadliest hideous supernatural monster it had ever contrived and propelled itself forward and it smashed its way through the trees, knocking them down and smashing them into pieces, and formed powerful legs and razor-sharp claws.

I – The Celestial Orb

The artifact looked deadlier than he had ever seen it, and was pulsating with energy, which looked and sounded like it was on the brink of a colossal explosion, and Eisenberg, Kurt, and the paranormal investigator timidly shifted into the Extraterrestrial Investigation Center research chamber.

At a closer investigation they stood confused as they believed something was occurring as scientists were nervously standing around it monitoring it, and they spotted vigorous activity all about the place, and they started working like crazy activating and checking things, and they realized that they had done something, and that it was the reason that they wanted them there, and they took them over to the side and seated them.

The artifact altered shape and appearance at a frenzied rate, of which there was little to indicate the outcome.

At times he thought he saw a shape of something inside it.

It looked powerful, and deadly! Perhaps unstable! By their previous investigations and what the scientists claimed he was sure they gave an energy force, and that they were feeding it energy that it used, and he realized it was perhaps the reason it could not do anything and had been dormant, and he realized the dangers of its revival, and if it exploded, and he wondered why the scientists were so confident about it.

With horror, at the side of vision, he saw a group of scientists and technicians move in with new equipment, and they started arranging it around the energy bubble, and he gasped, and wondered what they were doing and dealing with, and for a moment thought he saw something inside it shift.

Famous scientist in and rushed into places and he realized something really was going happen this time, and he watched someone film it, and what might be an incredible historic occurrence, and the discovery of it, and he realized from nearby scientists that it might prove what it was, and he watched someone else filming it, perhaps for the media, which some scientists were considering using if they wished it to be known.

The scientists occasionally gave detailed explanations of things they believed were occurring, and watched it creating magnificent optical effects, making things

distort, and it looked like it could rupture the fabric of space, and played with it, with properties of altering and suspending it.

Scientists started carrying out complex experiments on it, and they showed detailed information accumulated.

Suddenly computers and equipment all over the chamber burst into life, and he spotted one go over millions of special sequences and he studied it, and he was sure they had got control of the artifact somehow and had it carry out some functions.

The sheer magnitude of it left him staggered and he expected something to occur, especially from its lethal reactions, and he could not believe it could hold so much energy and not explode.

The center turned bright and expanded, and it became louder and brighter, and the floor shook, and started knocking everything furiously around, knocking scientists about, and many fell over, and a sudden shockwave blasted through the whole building, throwing everything about, and it died away.

The chamber turned silent, and they started to recover, and he noticed some scientists dramatically activating equipment and he checked where they were staring and saw the artifact had turned solid, and was open, and saw something inside, and he tried to identify it, but could not, and saw it was alive and hideously staring out at them.

Chapter 1

The Magnetic Phenomena

“They’ve discovered signals from something believed to be of unknown origins...” a scientist explained, vaguely.

Eisenberg accidentally gasped loudly, through his teeth, as he sat eating his breakfast, in the mansion dinner room, knowing they had detected something incredible, sensing something new was emerging, and he wondered what the hell could be there, and wonder if the place could become so dangerous that he would have to move out.

From what Kurt said he knew they had been using some new form of technology, and he tried to recall more of what he had said, and realized that they used the technology at different locations in an investigations, and wondered where, and what had been detected.

“Tell us of the extraordinary magnetic phenomenon found!” another scientist nearby asked the scientist.

Something about their reactions confused Eisenberg and he wondered what the outcome would be!

“A form of powerful magnetic influence, or even something of that nature, has been detected... We’re trying to check it, with what we have available...”

“So whatever it is—it has incredible power...” the second scientist answered. “At what location was it discovered?”

“We were examining one of the shafts going straight through the mansion... We were checking the lower region... To see if there is anything there—and detected it.”

“What could it be off...? There has been a lot of equipment put here...”

“Well we have not *fully* checked that possibility... We need more time... Whatever it is it’s really powerful!”

Eisenberg tried to grasp what could be there, with fascination, realizing someone could be doing something there now, and he tried to recall who had been near the lower region, and what the hell could produce such an effect, and realized the amount of technology that was now about and realized he would have to leave it until they investigated it further and got further information on it.

“It could be a natural occurrence of course...” the first scientist stated, and looked through some of his documents and checked findings on things.

“The magnetic field of the Earth for one thing...” the second scientist continued, making them wonder what he was suggesting.

“Even so it would be beneficial to check this disturbance and record it for science!” the first scientist replied, slightly smiling, and Eisenberg spotted a sly smirk he gave, and wondered why he had done it.

He continued eating his meal and wondered what he thought was there anyway, and watched the first scientist’s eyes light up when he noticed something in the documents, and Eisenberg realized that he was unsure of what he had and that many scientists exaggerated a great deal of their findings and much of it was hard to investigate, and if they were exaggerating things.

The first scientist seemed to spot the second scientist mocking him, and replied, “Incidentally, when we increased the power of our equipment the fluctuations of energy became more powerful, and some of the equipment barely functioned...”

Eisenberg sat confused wondering what he was talking of, wondering what the hell he was trying to suggest, and recalled him from his earlier work and that he had come out with some exaggerated findings.

The scientist saw his reaction to him and began talking to the other scientist about the technology and archaeology.

Eisenberg realized he had ways of examining what was below the building, and wondered if he thought anything existed there.

“Magnetic methods of prospecting detect underground features by locating magnetic disturbances they cause...” he continued. “Forms of radar detection can be used—but also with inaccurate and little results...”

Eisenberg wondered if they could have examined inside the vampire chamber at the top floor, where the tombs were, before they had entered it, and if they could check all the hidden places around the mansion.

The second scientist in the end turned to the first scientist, and replied, “Surely sooner or later something will emerge that can scan more accurately, deeper, and faster—and from airplanes, helicopters, and drones—and far better than what’s around, and confidential stuff—which might be used by the military...”

Chapter 2

The Mysterious Shaft

The discovery was remarkable and Eisenberg had been unable explain anything of it—and he stepped into a large cavity—dug into and under a bottom floor central mansion wall.

He examined the equipment the scientists had fitted, and in the surrounding room, and tried to grasp what the two scientists were now talking about, determined not to let them confuse him any further with confused vague scientific descriptions.

He realized the equipment was not as advanced as they had suggested, and realized they were now speaking of bringing in new vastly more advanced equipment, from another major important project, to examine what was there, and he realized they might be connected to military scientists, who wanted to investigate it, and he wondered if it was anything to do with the vampire creatures and their rampage through the city, as things were getting out of hand, and some people who had seen their vague features and abilities believed they were some form of mutant monster creature.

The magnetic phenomenon was strange and new and incredible but he kept wondering what the hell it really was and why it was such a great find to the two scientists, and what they were keeping secret, and why they wanted it so much.

He occasionally worried about how dangerous it was, and if it was dangerous, and why they kept trying to cover up something about it and he wondered what it was worth to them, and if it was just them trying to make a major discovery, and he even wondered if it had a use as a new form of highly advanced military weapon, and he was sure they never had an account of its appearance there.

When some military scientists arrived he moved back, and watched on astonished, and tried to grasp what they were keeping confidential, and wondered if it had a military source.

What the hell could be buried away there with such power, and where the hell was it actually located, as they were unable to trace the source, and the power created to make its magnetic phenomenon had to be immense.

One of the military scientists curiously picked up some dust off the ground of the cavity, inside the shaft, in the central wall, and threw it over the floor examining it and how it fell and if it had any influence over it, and he spotted it slightly repelled it, and it fell slightly sideways to the ground. He straightaway saw it clearly could have some form of defensive powers, and perhaps even do damage at close range, but what the hell was it and why was it there, and why were they so interested in it, and for the military.

Eventually Eisenberg got curious enough to walk up to it, after they were in the room beside it, and out the way, and he went into the shaft and started touching the floor and he felt heat from the ground, and though the floor itself was warm, and he felt something heat his hand and as he withdrew it, and something slightly pushing away his hand.

If it had not had such properties he wondered if they would have properly noticed it, and he was baffled why they had such an interest, and why they were there, as they now seemed far different from the other scientists, and their original work was not properly mentioned anywhere, and he wondered if it was of supernatural origins, as the vampires were.

He considered if it could be something left by the builders, but could it be in the original castle the mansion was made out of!

Was it actually buried directly below and part of the building or perhaps somewhere else in the mansion—with something transmitting some form of energy to the spot?

It amazed him how many scientists actually arrived, and he saw the two scientists trying to keep others at the mansion away from it, and he wondered what they were not saying, and he went over their thoughts of it and it being something new, and he was sure that many of the others doubted many of the things put forward by them, as explanations, and he considered if they were just reacting to there being so little of anything out of the ordinary.

Many of the scientists in the end started heated debates on its origins and many came out with elaborate claims and showed they were unconvinced of what the two scientists claimed was there, and some openly criticized the lack of proof of what was there.

It was no surprise that their work elsewhere grew less, and they allowed them to examine it more, and they started checking the effects it had on things and made crazy attempts at giving equivalent things that it could be related to, but they never fully achieved their goal.

In the end they seemed to all accept that they had something new, which needed researching, and remained in doubt at how exaggerated some of the findings were!

Chapter 3

The Underground Disturbance

“There must be something recorded of this somewhere?” Kurt announced to one of the scientist critics, and both still did not know what to think.

“I’ve had people searching everywhere,” the critic scientist replied. “Without any real results! Perhaps someone in some other field can help?”

“So far I’ve not heard anything yet!” Kurt replied, confused, wondering what they were talking about, and wondering why they were going on about some magnetic influence that was not connected to what he was searching for, and again he went over the facts, and examined one of the documents on the information they got, trying to grasp something.

“We better wait,” Eisenberg continued, “before we can comment further!”

After all the findings they had gathered they were all wasting time examining an energy disturbance.

“There has to be something!” Kurt moaned loudly. “Something hidden away in some out-of-way place that can explain what it is! Massive unread scientific archives exist everywhere...”

“What were the findings from *all* the data that was recorded by scans of it?” Eisenberg asked firmly, as he read through the documents he got.

“There was not anything or anything worthwhile!” Kurt moaned firmly. “They had a problem with the scans though...”

The scientist who found the discovery replied, while approaching them, “Yes! The equipment mysteriously stopped functioning properly and only gave strange, almost incomprehensible, images of below... All the other attempts at scanning it also received the same output... They’ve not properly explained it, and going by the scan they eventually got, they only found some form of powerful magnetic like influence—acting upon it...”

“What could create such power? Kurt moaned, trying to get answers. “It has to have a tremendous energy source!”

“Looks can be deceiving!” Eisenberg replied. “You may be dealing with some old lost confidential technology or something... What if someone hid something here because they could not destroy it...”

“Someone could have been be experimenting with something and dumped it here?” Kurt moaned.

“We’re waiting to have many things clarified,” the scientist continued. “So if you can help we would be grateful! We’ll also make enquires to find if someone had something...”

Eisenberg wondered what they would find there to explain what was there. Would they in the end just put forward theories about it if they found nothing?

Chapter 4

The Confidential Equipment

Eisenberg was surprised to discover large vans driving away and passing his taxi, as he returned to the mansion, and realized the scientists working in the shaft were behind them being there.

At the mansion he found all the scientists setting up large highly advanced equipment that he had never seen before, and after not being able to recognize anything he started listening in on the conversations of the scientists and started to realize the stuff was far more than he thought, and of a highly confidential nature, and belonged to somewhere important that he could not identify, which they avoided properly saying.

He was sure an advanced department of the government or connected to the military was involved, and gasped when they took stuff out from crates, realizing the value of it, and trying to grasp the function of it, and wondering what he was getting himself into.

He was amazed later to find their scanning abilities included interdimensional scanning, and he stood trying to figure out if there was other dimensions, as he thought there were only theories of it existing, and if it did in fact check other dimensions what was there and in what did they believe they would find buried away below there.

What use did the government or military want scanning of other dimensions for, and what use could there be that made it so valuable? And he considered the military's use of it!

It was far more advanced than any of the technology they had shown elsewhere, and he started wondering what they were up to and if should even consider stopping them.

He was sure they were getting a glimpse of something existing, and he stood back and watched them at work and wondered what the hell could be there, and wondered if the vampire creatures were connected to it, and if they were something else, and what could be there that was connected to them.

In the room next door he had his dinner, instead of in the dinning room, watching them at work, waiting for something to happen or them to reveal something.

The scientists finished setting everything up around the room and in the shaft and he suddenly spotted that they had in fact detected something, and checked if they were just testing the equipment out.

The scientists were packed together and talked over theories about it and he spotted one filming what was happening, and he considered an earlier idea he had about setting cameras up around the building to check for anything they might have missed, especially at night.

Chapter 5

The Disturbances

“Presumably supernatural presences will act on things and produce effects to indicate their presence,” the paranormal investigator moaned, as he entered where Eisenberg was, in the room next to the room with the scientists at work at their equipment, monitoring beneath the cavity.

“Perhaps even influencing the air, scents, sound waves, static, the light spectrum...” the paranormal investigator continued.

Eisenberg realized he could not properly grasp anything, and he knew they were keeping what they were doing and the majority of their findings confidential.

“This is highly advanced and far more than anything I’ve encountered!” the paranormal investigator gasped. “Going by what one of the scientists told me the equipment can scan and check everything that is about to a far greater degree... Presumably to find out if they are missing anything!”

“Perhaps they don’t want to say anything more because they do not actually know what it is!” Kurt announced, entering the room, “They do not like saying anything until they can prove their assumptions...”

“You believe they have something and have found something new?” Eisenberg continued, wondering if they had altered their perceptions of what was there.

“Going by what I’ve heard, I’d say if there is something there, whatever it is stopped them detecting it and they have to use interdimensional scanning technology!” the paranormal investigator continued. “Which leads us to the next question! Why whatever is there is hidden away there?”

Eisenberg realized he had been frequently hearing gasps from the scientists at the shaft, and he immediately watched them there as he considered what could be behind it, and the power of it, with it being able to create such power.

They seemed confused and considering what they had and Eisenberg considered going in and finding out.

What was he missing? What were they missing? What were they doing there? Could they be about to revive more vampire creatures or something?

“It seems to be really heavy stuff...” the paranormal investigator silently announced curiously.

“What could it be?”

“The vampires killed large amounts of humans... We still have not found their full identity...”

“The original occupants, who must surely have put whatever it is there.”

“This was a Transylvanian castle... The books and the library are from there and the original building...”

“What else?” he gasped, realizing its identity again.

“Well they seemed to be really reputed and mind-boggling and they seemed to have some form of science, even a new and ancient unknown science, which I’ve been trying to grasp... Some stuff is really far out... I’ve not fully grasped what as they give little away, and what they fully were or were doing, and what happened...”

“Which leaves me wondering what they were and doing...” he whispered, confused, not fully grasping what was about to happen.

“These are my updated notes I’ve taken of things I found...”

Eisenberg took his notes and started reading through them carefully, ignoring things that were irrelevant, and sat down staggered at some recent findings, and realized how deadly the place actually had been, and might return to in the near future.

Chapter 6

The Confidential Project

Eisenberg sensed something and sensed that the scientists were not saying something new, and it gave him shudders, as he sensed it was deadly, and he tried to grasp what they thought was deadly.

While he watched the equipment they had he considered what was being detected and could happen, and heard two scientists talking and realized how far they were going to avoid saying anything, and covering something up, and he realized they were also avoiding putting their foot in it by making unwanted claims.

The scientists kept grabbing his attention as they were more highly advanced, and seemed even all to be chosen for being highly advanced, and perhaps even being leading scientists in what they did.

“Is this stuff classified?” Kurt finally asked one, examining the equipment about his front.

“It’s highly classified...” he replied.

“But we’ll surely get stuff, eventually...”

“Since you’re going to get stuff anyway, you can sign our secrecy document and we’ll give you some of it... And what you should actually know...”

Kurt nodded his head, and so did Eisenberg and the paranormal scientist, and the scientist left and quickly returned with the documents, and Eisenberg read through it, surprised at some the stuff in it, and how far it went, and he, Kurt, and the paranormal scientist eventually signed the document, wondering what the hell they were up to, and how exaggerated it was.

The scientist showed them some confidently documents and Eisenberg read through them swiftly, and the scientist told them, “We don’t always deal with classified projects and most of our past projects have only helped some, and we have handled some eminent stuff...”

Eisenberg started to realize there was little, than he already knew, and he was sure they were exaggerating it, but realized they were still not saying stuff, and perhaps for other reasons, and he wondered how they originally intended doing what they intended without it becoming known, and he realized what they had discovered was an underground magnetic field or form of force, but he read on trying to get what was being hidden.

Chapter 7

The Underground Discovery

Eisenberg read through some of the documents with surprise wondering what the hell they were really up to.

From what he read they dealt with potential extraterrestrial encounters as well, and going as far back as the seventies, and he even questioned the scientists if they were investigating the vampires and was surprised that they never knew what they were talking of, and he questioned them about the deaths in New York done by them and they immediately stopped saying anything, and he realized they

might be investigating them, and was sure they never thought they were vampires or of supernatural origins.

They seemed to be only involved in potential alien encounters, and he wondered if they had actually encountered them, and in the end was left confused, and he noticed they were trained to deal with them, and communicate with any extraterrestrials through communications, which went far beyond physical communication.

“You’ve the technology to communicate with extraterrestrials?” Kurt finally asked the scientists, who seemed to be only interested in communicating with them.

“And perhaps make a first contact situation occur...”

“With what?” he moaned back, at their lack explanations.

“We haven’t found a way to communicate with it though!”

They all stood staring at him wondering what he was talking of, and the paranormal scientists refused to say anything.

When they never said anything, the scientists continued, “It has not replied to anything we’ve done, which we have gone by the instructions we have... We’re unsure what it is...”

Eisenberg smirked and replied, “So we are trying to find a way to talk to something of extraterrestrial origins now...”

“We believe so!” he replied firmly, hoping for an answer. “What else could it be?”

Eisenberg gasped, wondering what they were investigating, and if they were trying to communicate with something of supernatural origins, and wondered if it was connected to the vampires.

“Thanks!” the paranormal investigator replied firmly. “If you want my thoughts... I’ll add that I believe that what’s active there is the equivalent to our subconscious mind, while it might be in a type of sleep or suspended state, which acts as its defense and carries out functions. I think it can be reawakened...”

Eisenberg wondered what the hell they had found, and if they thought it was something else, and was unsure what he should say.

“So we’ve to contact its subconscious?” Kurt replied, also wondering what they were talking of.

“Right!” the scientist replied. “We have tried to communicate with it telepathically, using some special equipment...”

Eisenberg wondered how it functioned, and wondered if they could have used it on the vampires, or still use it on them if they got close enough, and wondered what the hell the things would think.

“It must have a physical presence then?” the paranormal investigator asked.

“Of course!” the scientists replied, surprised, wondering who he was. “Why would it not? We’ll find it down below...”

Eisenberg sensed there was far more, and he could not grasp why it was there, whatever it was, and he knew he was still avoiding saying something, and he knew they would have to wait for them to tell them what it was, and he kept wondering if they were in danger and how dangerous it was, and realized how he had underestimated the vampires, and he wondered again if they were something else, and of what origins.

While he considered what could happen and what to do next Kurt and the scientist started consulting, and he joined in, trying to get more on it, and made an agreement with him on what to do, and he realized he had given them permission to get whatever was there, and he wondered if it could destroy the old mansion, which he was sure was now worth far more, especially with it being known as Dracula's castle.

Chapter 8

The Lost Treasure Discovery

Eisenberg rushed in the mansion library watching the paranormal researcher, sitting silently at work, deeply engrossed in something, and exploring books piled up in front of him, and Eisenberg sensed something, and noticed that he had recently made some form of discovery, and he watched Kurt enter.

"Have you found anything new?" Kurt moaned, at the paranormal investigator. "Tell him what you found earlier!"

The paranormal investigator glanced up, and reluctantly placed the book he held down, and replied, while examining him, "This place astounds me, and these books are beyond anything I have encountered... They also seem to hold things about things I cannot grasp... They are either avoiding saying things or they do not know what..."

Eisenberg sat down and listened on confused and realized how long he had been away from them, and he realized a lot of things had not yet been uncovered, and perhaps happened, and he asked, "What's been happening since I've been away...?"

Even though the ghost visitations of the mansion were no longer occurring he still sensed something was there, and some form of presence buried away somewhere, and that something might occur, and though it was Dracula's castle, rebuilt into the immense haunted mansion, it was as though something else existed there, and as though a combination of two supernatural presences existed there, and it was as if they reacted separately, but on occasions seemed to combine in a complex combination.

"I've found a great deal..." the paranormal investigator eagerly answered, determined to give an answer to what he had been trying to solve for hours. "But what I want still has not emerged!"

"Much of it is supernatural stuff..." Kurt replied first.

"Stuff such as witchcraft, magic, devil worshippers..."

"Ancient stuff!" he moaned back.

Eisenberg examined the library roof overhead, and the work of the workmen, who had only recently completed repairing the library roof, where they dug through into the hidden library from the floor above, and he examined how clean the library was now, especially with all the rubble gone, and the recently completed new doorway into the outer room.

The paranormal investigator briefly examined him, with a glint of horror, and reluctantly put the book he now held back on the table, and asked, “This all astounds me, and the stuff in the books is beyond anything... I cannot grasp something... Could you tell me anything else you know of this place? Anything unknown of your uncle and this place... Any history...”

“Well, where will I begin... I’m a New York private eye and I inherited this immense ancient mansion, which I believe is built far differently than anything I’ve encountered, and I’m engrossed in exploring it, for many obvious reasons—especially after the discovery of that ancient treasure map, and I’m still exploring all its strange rooms, and all the occurrences, and legends, trying to solve what actually is here, and our encounters with the strange unidentified hauntings, as well as the extraordinary ghostly energy formations of the vampires, and Dracula, and think that we still have not explained the strange hauntings the vampires made, and it is unheard of, and does not fall into what is known of them...”

“So that’s why we are here!” he moaned back. “The leading paranormal scientists and investigators still at work here, searching for something they do not quite grasp...”

“Correct! Some still do not think anything supernatural has occurred, and their explanations are startling...”

“They go to any length to discover proper proof of the existence of what they really believe is here—with the foremost in technology and equipment to investigate everything properly, and regularly investigate the recordings and information from the encounters—and the strange extraordinary ghostly formations, and the source in the lost chamber, where Dracula’s lost tomb was uncovered, and they accidentally revived it...”

Eisenberg still could not believe that his uncle, Howard Eisenberg, had them chasing after Dracula’s treasure all along—as it never added up—and he believed that the real treasure was somewhere else—and he still attempted to locate it!

The whole affair seemed a jumbled mess, and even the media reports of what was there was astonishing, as they never believed anything of the occurrences.

He intended to one day solve everything, and what Howard Eisenberg had hidden away, as the treasure chest he had buried away was said to contain something else, which was part of the treasure quest competition he had given them, and he could not believe the outcome.

Howard Eisenberg, the fanatical billionaire, the vast business owner, had died and had gathered them, him and his six cousins at his New York lawyer’s office, where his lawyer had played an old video Howard Eisenberg had made many years before, and he had given them all one of his mansions, and he, John Eisenberg, had inherited the immense haunted mansion, and Howard Eisenberg had given them a treasure hunt competition with it, which the winner was to inherit all his businesses from, and they were given a clue, which led them to another clue, which they found at a lake, which led to other clues that led to his haunted mansion, and the last clue had been a treasure map—of the top floor.

The paranormal investigator lifted his book up again, and asked, “So you’ve still not heard anything new on your uncle, Howard Eisenberg?”

“Correct! His lawyer has given nothing on who is to get to run his businesses, and the others are confused by the events, and the lawyer refuses to say anything or reply to any communications...”

“Maybe I can help you...” Kurt replied, and picked up his phone and walked out into the outer room, and had a silent conversation with someone, and eventually marched back in.

“Howard Eisenberg is still alive!” Kurt announced, and Eisenberg gasped and looked up startled.

Eisenberg was astonished but never fully believed it and thought he might be up to something, as he was reacting peculiarly, and he decided to find out what it was.

“How do you know?” the paranormal investigator asked, after nobody said anything.

“I was talking to him on the phone...”

Eisenberg sat shocked, as he had not seen him reply as authentically to anything without it being true, but he had been at Howard Eisenberg’s funeral and his lawyer would surely know.

After a long time, the paranormal investigator asked, “Where is he then?”

“He’s in his office, running his businesses...”

Eisenberg knew it was true and gasped out loud, and then at all the things that had happened, and he wondered if the mansion he had inherited would be given back to him, and he realized that it might even be a good idea as it would solve many future problems.

“Where was he then?” Eisenberg finally asked.

“Hiding! I’d guess...”

“Hiding from what?” he gasped, studying Kurt’s face, and he wondered what the hell he was talking of.

“Mainly us and the media...”

“You think he was...?”

“He was...”

“Well, I think you should explain, if you can—and what is happening...”

“He faked his death... Did it legally... I think! One reason I believe he did it was to get us to do what he wanted...”

“Which was...?”

“Other than a few major business things he was finally doing it for, I think he wanted to find the treasure or whatever it was, and perhaps sort out his death before it occurred. He told me we still own the mansions he gave us, and has now worked out what to do with his businesses after his death... And who to have run them, and what who should own...”

“And his lawyer knew of it all along...” Eisenberg gasped, realizing that he had known he had been alive.

“Yes! He knew, and gave his word not to ruin his plan... As I did, after he told me everything...”

“You mean that you knew all along he was still around?”

Eisenberg sat with his mouth open thinking of all the occurrences that had occurred.

He started to recall all the strange occurrences and considered if he had been behind them, and asked Kurt, “Did he have anything to do with the birds at the lake—where we found the first clue—and the media coverage...”

“He did! The birds were put there, and the clue... I gave him the information he needed... He wanted you to have the mansion to investigate it, as you’re a private eye, and with sources...”

Eisenberg realized that the other clue, and grave with the oldest grave marked on it, was put there by him, and the postal worker with the parcel who had arrived.

“So he must have had me watched...”

“Correct! That was what I was also to do... We were basically to find the lost Transylvanian treasure... Dracula’s lost treasure... He originally found out about this place when he was younger... He had always wanted to solve the mysteries... What was really here! This castle had fascinated him, and he had studied its history, and everything he could find about out about it... He had later bought it and had intended to solve all the mysteries but had not been able to... He had come up with the basic plan of getting us to get it, and had put many of the people that were investigating it here, and he exceedingly wanted to find out what was haunting it... He had been working on the project and getting the solution as we explored it for him...”

“Who put this castle here...?” Eisenberg asked, curiously.

“There is far more history to it than you think... It was owned by rich and famous people... The rooms and place was once full of people, and activity, and the grounds regularly had parties, full of people... Yet most avoided the top floor at night...”

Eisenberg did not know whether to be happy with the situation or not, and wondered what else he was missing.

“So was Howard Eisenberg happy with the treasure discovery?”

“Yes! It was him that we got the cash for the treasure from... He bought it off us!”

“Were you searching here for it before I arrived here?”

“I once checked... We watched you here, and were before I arrived here at night—when you were wandering around the corridors, and it was us who left the window open—you discovered the draft coming from...”

Eisenberg realized he might be missing something, and that they wanted something else, and he went over everything and wondered what it was.

“What does Howard Eisenberg want now?” he finally asked.

Kurt smiled, and thought of what to say, and replied, “He wants you to investigate something else...”

Eisenberg sat back and wondered what the hell else he could want, and why he was not content with what he had.

“What else does he need?” he moaned.

“There’s another map...”

“Another map! Of what?”

“I don’t know! I believe it’s another treasure! Howard Eisenberg believes it exists... He claims it belonged to an old Red Indian that located some form of treasure...”

Eisenberg knew he knew more, and replied, “Tell me more or I’ll not bother...”

“What I heard was ancient Red Indians passed on accounts and stuff in folklore of lot treasure and supernatural occurrences and many searched for the source, though little exists to prove anything, and what is behind it is vague and confused...”

“Go on, tell me more.”

“Old folklore has descriptions of lost treasures and strange accounts and explorers searching for what was behind it, and out of the ordinary accounts of supernatural findings and of an old Red Indian that was once believed to have encountered something, and treasure, and drew an old parchment treasure map.”

“What is known of it?”

“Many fundamental facts are missing that would allow anything to be located—and nothing is known to answer the queries of the treasure hunters, who have risked their lives in deadly attempts to discover it.”

“So why do you believe we can find anything then?”

“The region it is in is clearly thought to be a dangerous place, which accounts for why it was time and again told of, and people were believed to have been killed by something.”

“Something!” the paranormal researcher moaned.

“Accounts have little, especially later on, and might prove what was killing them no longer existed, and strange claims of supernatural phenomena are told, and some newspapers conclude it was ancient superstitions of the region and tribes, and ghost stories, even invented to scare travelers away by natives, and due to the desolation of the region.”

“Sounds as though there’s something...” the paranormal researcher continued.

“Early colonists and travelers exploring and traveling through or settling in the region mentioned old myths and accounts of deaths of people, and some mention hideous occurrences...”

Eisenberg wondered where the hell the place was, and sat confused, and tried to recall anything like it.

Eisenberg watched the paranormal investigator stop what he was doing, and put the book he had on the table again, as Kurt put his hand in his inner pocket and removed an old piece of crumpled parchment, which was ripped and worn all over, and barely held together, and he sensed it had some importance, and Kurt placed it in front of Eisenberg, and flattened it across the table, and Eisenberg looked at the condition of it with horror, realizing he would have to work out what it was, and could barely see anything on it other than vague lines, drawings of ancient and vague things, but he saw it was a map of some place with small hills and trees.

Chapter 9

The Treasure Investigation

What confused Eisenberg the most was why Howard Eisenberg had given them the old Indian treasure map, which he got a photocopy of, and he now wondered what the hell he was up to.

Kurt, and Howard Eisenberg, seemed to be insisting that there was something at the mansion that could solve the mystery, and his observations of Kurt confirmed it could be in the library.

The only thing he could think of was getting accurate maps of the whole region, and perhaps old ones, where there might be trees marked on them, and the only reason there could be anything in the library was someone that built the mansion out of the old castle, or later, had put something there, and he was left confused, and wondering why they were so sure anything existed as there was nothing that indicated anything was there.

Eisenberg recalled some of the recent findings the paranormal researcher had come up with, and of the kings Dracula had taken vast treasures from, and he was sure there was far more, and he was sure Howard Eisenberg might think so, and he sat considering where it would be, and wondered if it was in the mansion and if Howard Eisenberg had come up with a plan to get it, and wondered what the hell the new map was for, and realized there would be more to follow if it was.

It was astounding what they had done but he was sure they were missing many things and about Dracula and the vampires, and he still had vivid memories of Dracula and his two vampire creatures flying away into the dark night, flying towards New York, and them wondering what the hell they had released on he world.

He was sure it was their biggest mistake, and he and the others searched for an answer to the problem, and he was sure it was now the main motivation of the paranormal investigator, and finding a way to destroy it.

Its first killings had been strange deaths marked in small news stories, and the investigations of it showed it could be some sort of creature, and they had tried to identify it.

Yet the killings about New York became worse, and dark sightings of Dracula had been witnessed, and many thought it was the devil itself, or some monster out the depths of hell.

There were now deaths from it occurring all over the city, and now almost every night, and the deaths and occurrences were now clearly being covered up, and some police who witnessed it had been unable to describe what it was, and what could be behind it.

What was incredible was it seemed to be carrying out an ancient plan and like it had done things like it in ancient times, and some accounts mentioned in the mansion library were similar, out of the ordinary accounts of events at the original castle, and they were now unable to fully grasp what the vampire wars had been like, and what had been occurring.

He believed they could eventually return to the castle, and desolate estate, to get it back, and he had been considering different plans to handle the situation, and escaping.

What was incredible was, when he spotted Kurt's newspaper, and asked to see it, he knew there was something in it that he never wanted to see, but had to, and he studied the front page staggered at the coverage of the vampire attacks, and

wondered if Kurt had deliberately bought the newspaper for it, and that the other newspapers might not have much, and he read through it staggered at their plans of capturing it, and that they gave detailed accounts of groups of people being attacked and others being killed by them, and he realized they were becoming far more powerful, and he knew they would return.

Chapter 10

The Tunnel

Eisenberg was blinded by a black abyss rapidly surrounding him, when he was lowered down through the tunnel, and examined the sides of the tunnel above him, in the little light there, and saw where it had been drilled.

He gripped the rope and harness on him hard as he spun round, and fixed his boot against the tunnel wall to stop it, and looked up to the top of the tunnel and through the hole there, and listened to two archeologists over him conferring and arguing on what way to lower him.

He could not believe the events of the past days, and the way they had introduced the workmen and drillers, and proceeded wreck the region around the shaft, removing walls and drilling deep into the foundations of the castle.

It still amazed him the way they still never fully knew or said what they thought was below, and why they were going to such an extent to do it, but he realized it had to be something, and what the scientist told them, and of alien origins.

The actual depth surprised him and them, and why it took so long to get to what was there, and he wondered why they never thought it could be destroyed by the powerful drill blasting through the ground.

They had found little there so far and it had taken a long time arranging the exploration of it, and he had been unchallenged with his insistence in going down, and the archeologists agreed to help him and to follow him down later.

It was incredible that they never had any working lights, with after all their technology, and he was waiting to get one, and he wondered what else they could have missed.

He heard someone appear above, and watched Kurt emerge, and his light beam down and illuminate him, and he wondered why they never just waited until the morning, as most of them were too sleepy, especially after a long day working there, and could make mistakes, and they would do things better.

He grabbed the light off him when he lowered it down to him on a rope, and realized it had already turned dim, and gasped realizing it could go out at the wrong time, and he checked his communicator and spoke to one of the scientists in the room beside the shaft and checked it was safe to go down, and was surprised his attitude had altered and was reacting more, and considered why, and he just started lowering himself down, and followed the scientist's instructions.

It was an ultimate discovery and exploration and he wanted it to be done right, and to give the discovery everything it deserved. Yet he was utterly confused at what was actually being discovered and would happen, especially after finding so much there already.

Chapter 11

The Celestial Discovery

A deep thud echoed down from overhead as the scientists at the top of the tunnel gathered there to look down and he wondered why he was carrying out such a task.

He recalled how secretive the scientists were and knew they intended to cover up what was there and he wanted to see it and find out what he could from it, and he pointed his light directly down for the first time, and quickly landed at the bottom, and was surprised to see something artificial buried beneath solid and crumbled mud, and he bent down and started wiping away the dirt and dust at an area the object was the most visible.

The low radiance of the light was no longer enough to allow him to see much, and he realized how tired they all had become and that they had not even bothered getting someone to get a proper light.

Some dust entered his throat making him gasp, but he ignored it, and speeded up and shifted away large heaps of muck around the area, and felt the rope shift, from above, and he inhaled more air, and detected it was more stale.

What was the outcome? Would they even find anything? What the hell could it be, and be doing there?

Strange echoes from overhead came down entering the strange silence and he bent over and examined what he had revealed of the artifact and was surprised it had a strange surface and felt rubbery and he felt a strange current, and was surprised its surface altered, and changed color, and when he put pressure on it his hand sank into it, and examined it considering if it was some form substance.

Yet its surface hardened and he felt it was an artifact again, and realized the scans of it showed it was.

He realized he had no real explanation of what it was, and was sure it was unknown, and he was surprised it became so hard he thought they could not penetrate it.

He wished he had forced the scientists into giving him the scans of it they were hiding, as they insisted it was, and he sat down and rested on an area of muck.

He suddenly recalled the incredible magnetic field or powerful force detected from it and realized how powerful it was, but he was sure they explained why it was not dangerous, and he realized from what they told him earlier that they would not fully know, and he realized why they never went down the tunnel, and realized how highly advanced the scientists had become.

Chapter 12

The Artifact

Eisenberg was amazed when one of the archeologists started declaring to having found something unusual, and Eisenberg went back down the tunnel to investigate it.

The archeologist had started removing debris from the artifact, and pointed at the black surface it now had, and Eisenberg checked the cavity they had drilled and dug out, going around the entire artifact's now circular shape, and going down around its sides, and he watched the other archeologists digging deeper around the sides to get below it, and examined one of the scientists staggered face as he studied the object with profound fear and confusion.

He spotted an archeologist touching it for the first time and quickly pull his hand away from it, and look staggered and confused, feeling the extraordinary energy pulsations now going through it, which they sensed had far more magnitude than they had encountered, which confused them.

Its identity left them staggered and trying to realize what it was, and he watched them occasionally considering it, and in the end ignore it, and continue to clear away the dirt from it.

Eventually more scientists came down from above and started examining it, and some joined in and helped clear the dirt and clean it, and help hoist the rubble up in buckets, while trying to get a close look at it, and examine it up close, which mostly left them confused, and eventually Eisenberg realized the artifact was slowly being removed from beneath the ground, and would be soon hoisted up the now giant tunnel, they had dug wider, and the main problem was what weight it actual was, as its altering states also changed its density, and weight.

What staggered him the most was the scientists and just about everyone with them did not believe it had any supernatural origins or powers, and was surely entirely of alien origins, and he could not believe that anything of such a nature at the haunted mansion could not be, and it staggered him.

At the top of the tunnel the other scientists were in the room monitoring it and what was occurring there, and any reactions from it, and he discovered they were receiving better views of it, and were seeing its perfectly symmetrical shape.

Chapter 13

The Alien Code

Eisenberg looked down the tunnel at the empty chamber beneath the mansion, still glowing in bright light, beaming out from spotlights below, and he spotted

some equipment the scientists had left behind in the excitement, and he shifted away from the top of the tunnel, and away from the shaft.

He checked how much damage they had done to the historical building, as he moved away to the lounge, where they had taken the artifact, and gasped when he saw it resting in the middle of the large lounge room, and spotted one of the scientists through a door, along a corridor, and realized how late it was, and realized the amount of action there would be there in the morning, when they brought in their new equipment and began their proper investigations of it.

For some reason its energy seemed to have died down and he walked around its giant shape wondering why, and why it had altered into a giant black solid object.

He shifted back and watched it in the dim room light with amazement, astonished that the fifteen-foot perfect symmetrical black object even looked like a strange black flying saucer, and he wondered if it had taken the shape for a reason or there was another reason for it, and it was perhaps its real shape, and he wondered what the hell it was, and how it got the power it had.

It could have powers that lasted centuries or it could get it from some other source.

“So do you think they have the technology to communicate with it?” Kurt asked, swiftly entering the room from a corridor.

“I don’t know if they have the means to revive it... But if they do they may be able to create a first contact situation...”

“So what’s happening?” the paranormal scientist asked, coming in behind Kurt, anxiously examining it for the first time in amazement, waiting for a reply.

“They might not have found a way to communicate with it!” Kurt replied first. “It has not replied to anything! They have also gone by all their instructions ...”

“So they are still trying to find a way to talk to it...” Eisenberg replied, showing confusion.

“Correct!” Kurt replied firmly.

“Incredible!” the paranormal scientist replied. “I’ll add if what’s active is the equivalent to our subconscious mind, while it is in a type of sleep or dormant state, and it carries out various functions, I think it might even be here for a reason, especially by it being buried away there! But why was it there? I think it might fully activate by physical contact by some means...”

Eisenberg was confused, and started to examine the problem in more depth and wondered what would happen if they could not activate it.

“I think we should try to enter it!” Kurt announced, to their amazement.

“How’ll we go about doing that?” Eisenberg moaned, confused, and tired. “The thing could be indestructible! They could not damage it and it instantly fixes anything done to it...”

“They found a region on its top central region that has markings near it, which they believe is sensitive to reactions from something, and I believe that it’s to open it...”

“We could use different things on it...” the paranormal scientist announced.

He started getting something out his bag and wrote ideas down, and started work on opening it.

Eisenberg watched one of the scientists suddenly come in from another room and he whispered something in Kurt’s ear and he suddenly reacted to it, and

looked aware of something, and he eagerly agreed with the scientist about something and they left to do something in another room.

The scientist returned with Kurt with boxes and they started setting up equipment at the region on the top with the markings, and when they finished bringing in equipment and setting it up, they activated the equipment, and a laser beam blasted out at the region beside the markings, and started firing thousands of coded laser sequences.

“What’s it doing?” Eisenberg asked the scientist, wondering if he had found something somewhere.

“The procedure we use has advanced far further than you think! We analyzed the region near the markings and believe that it is activated by a laser sequence code!”

Chapter 14

Dracula’s Return

The moonshine shifted over the dark clouds as Dracula shot down into a desolate wood from the sky, and shifted through the trees as it altered its formation to a monster creature, and it watched the mansion emerge in the trees ahead, and it instantly formed into the deadliest hideous supernatural monster it could contrive and it smashed its way through the trees, knocking some down and smashing others into pieces.

Though as it approached the mansion, and was about to smash its way in, the mansion’s shape became familiar, and it stopped, staggered, and tried to recall something, but it could not recall what its familiarity was, and it altered its formation back to its normal formation, and reformed into its humanoid formation, and recalled its reawakening, and ancient memories, and memories from thousands of years in the past, and its supernatural origins, mysteriously lost in blackness, and the structure looked familiar, but its memories damaged, and yet it still had memories of the Carpathian Mountains, and it studied the mansion in the trees.

It shifted on, nearing the mansion, and it recalled its death in the woods at its Transylvanian castle and the strange humanoid beings who destroyed it, and it violently shuddered and altered its shape more, and stood examining the colossal mansion sprawled across its front, near its small graveyard, as the moonlight beamed down illuminating the gravestones.

The world was so unrecognizable now it could recognize little, and the hidden dangers to it seemed immense, but it believed it could survive and it considered how the world could possibly have transformed so much, and the humans had altered into something else, and it thought of ways of destroying it, as it thought of its vampire creatures.

It rapidly altered into a colossal bat formation and leapt up into the air and flew away back towards its hideout, buried away, hidden away from discovery, and it

flew up into the black clouds, and shot in and out of clouds, like a monster flying demon.

It contemplated dangers to its survival, and contemplated how it should survive.

Vague memories of its hideous death continuously went through its thoughts and it tried to recall something it had missed, and over and over it considered how it became existent again, and it wondered how the humans, whoever they were, at the mansion had revived it from death, and it tried to recall everything that had occurred at the mansion and realized it would have to find away to investigate them, and would have to avoid destroying them.

The world left it staggered, and it wondered if it could find a way to detect the unknown humanoids that had captured and destroyed it, and realized that it might be able to detect and trace their supernatural powers.

Chapter 15

The Artifact Investigation

Eisenberg watched Kurt enter the library absorbed in some problem, and sat in his seat, and he watched the paranormal researcher at work again, searching through a book with amazement, and Eisenberg could not even recall Kurt so troubled looking by so little, and realized I had to be something.

“What do think?” Eisenberg asked him. “Do you think they will open the artifact?”

“I don’t have a clue!” he moaned back, sitting back in his seat, and checking what the paranormal researcher was doing.

“Has it altered again?”

“Yes! And this time it does not even resemble an artifact, and the scientists look like they’re back at the start again, investigating it over again, and what it really is...”

“What’s it like?”

“It looks like a blob of translucent jelly...”

“What’s wrong with it...”

“It is completely empty inside... And no longer gives anything... No magnetic type field... And has barely any gravity... And it sometimes floats...”

“Perhaps if it has intelligence... It could be trying to cover up its identity... It’s been attacked by lasers and everything else they have thrown at it...”

“You’ve a point there!” the paranormal investigator replied, looking up from his book. “I think it has intelligence... What I don’t get is why it’s here... Was it with the original castle or was it put there by the mansion builders? And why is it there?”

“We might never know!” Kurt moaned.

“How are the scientists taking it?” Eisenberg asked.

“I do believe, if they remove it from here, to where they want to investigate it, and if they don’t get anything from it, and it is perhaps damaged, or unable to properly function, that they might be investigating the thing for decades...”

It was incredible! He had ruined the outcome of the events, and he considered how they would handle the situation, and considered it from different perspectives.

The paranormal investigator eventually answered, “I think they’re waiting for it to do something... And that it will alter again, and perhaps enter different phases, and perhaps finally make an appearance.”

“It could be investigating us,” Kurt replied. “Without being noticed, and intends to go dormant and into hiding if it discovers or discovered we are a danger to it...”

Chapter 16

The Treasure Map Discovery

Eisenberg sat examining the old Indian treasure map wondering why nothing had turned up of where it was.

What confused him was why Howard Eisenberg gave them it, and why he was avoiding meeting them, and according one of the others he was expecting them to trace where it was, and he wondered what the hell he was up to now.

He seemed to insist that there was something at the mansion that could solve the mystery, and the library seemed to be the only logical place where there could be anything, and again he wondered who the Indians were that made it and why.

The only thing he had thought of was getting accurate maps of the whole region, and Kurt had got them, and he had finally got them off him when he had given up searching.

At first he studied them blankly, and realized there was few, and they had little detail of the region, and he showed them to the paranormal investigator and he admitted they showed little, and if it was there they would probably not be able to find anything with them, and he sat considering where a proper map might be available, and again checked internet maps and found little.

He decided he should hire an airplane to photograph the region, and considered the height the map was from the ground, and what it would come up with.

The only reason there could be anything in the library was someone that built the mansion had put something there, and he was left confused, wondering why there was anything as there was nothing that indicated anything.

He again recalled the findings the paranormal researcher had come up with, and of the kings Dracula had taken vast treasures from, and he was sure there was far more, and he was sure Howard Eisenberg might think so, and he sat considering where it would be, and wondered if it was in the mansion and then wondered what the hell the new map was for, and realized there would be more to follow and it might be the first clue.

It was astounding what they had done, and he was sure they were still missing things about Dracula, and he still had vivid memories of Dracula and his two vampire creatures going away into the dark night, flying out towards New York, and them wondering what the hell they had released on the world, and him realizing it was becoming true, and he realized that the police had not captured or even clarified what it was, which was astounding, and their views of what was there were far different from what was occurring, and he realized they might be hiding what they believed it was, and something else, and perhaps even someone using a disguise to confuse them.

The paranormal investigator looked up, and finally put down the book he held, and moaned, "It's incredible that this stuff is packed with supernatural stuff! Why?"

Eisenberg recalled that he now was also searching for valuable books there as well, but he doubted if he now fully thought there was, and realized it could be a fantasy that he liked, and he realized he wanted to thank him for his work on solving what was buried away there, and realized he should get a share if he found it and that he might perhaps come up with something, and just did it, and he started searching more.

"There is really a lot of stuff here..." The paranormal investigator announced, looking everywhere, looking where to begin, and started going through what he found.

"What do you think?" Eisenberg replied.

"This stuff is mind-boggling... But much of it's is really hard to grasp... It's about another place and time—where they did things differently..."

"Ancient books from Transylvanian..."

Eisenberg removed the map again and spread it out on the table and used a magnifying glass to study it, checking everything now, and even marks on marks, and realized it looked different, and tried to grasp where it was, and why it was there, and he was surprised when he managed to recognize something he had not seen before, and sat studying it with fascination.

Once again he realized it to be in the vicinity of the mansion, as all the information given to him came from Howard Eisenberg and he was sure he was indicating it was at the mansion, and he believed he might have originally bought the mansion to get it, and he went over the trees and realized they would be different, and looked for permanent landmarks such as hills, and tried to recall what he had seen in the region.

When he told the paranormal investigator it and again showed it to him he was surprised that he studied it and recognized it this time and told him where the hills on it were, about the mansion, and he left Eisenberg wondering how he knew as he had not traveled about it, and the paranormal investigator pulled out an old book he had with regional maps, and showed him one of there, and an old photo of it on the opposite page, and showed him the landmarks on it and that they were on the map.

Chapter 17

The Two Treasures

Eisenberg sensed Kurt knew something, and noticed that he had recently made some form of discovery, and he watched Kurt enter.

In the end he just asked him, and sat watching Kurt at the library table as he considered it.

The paranormal investigator glanced over, and continued reading the book he held.

Even though the visible haunting of the mansion was no longer occurring Eisenberg still sensed something was there, and some form of presence, and that something might occur, and it was Dracula's castle, and as though something else existed there, and as though a combination of two supernatural presences also existed there, from the vampire castle and the artifact combined, and he tried to figure out what it could create, and realized the forces it had.

The whole affair seemed muddled, and even the media reports of what was there was astonishing and they never really believed anything was there.

He intended to one day solve everything if he could, and what Howard Eisenberg wanted, and Kurt kept suggesting he knew something new, from Howard Eisenberg, and the treasure.

It was incredible! The old Indian map was of there and the only place there was the mansion, and it surely had to be hidden at the mansion, which was staggering, as it meant that there had been two treasures there all along, and he realized if it was buried by the old Indian that it had in the ground, and under the building, which left him confused, and he realized why it was not found.

"Going by everything told by the Indians..." the paranormal investigator announced, watching him. "What is there is dormant... All the stories show it's deadly... If it's the artifact all along, then reviving it could be deadly beyond our imaginations..."

"It also means the treasure is buried near it!" Kurt replied.

Eisenberg was surprised and realized that it must have gone dormant, or gone less dangerous and from a powerful state, from before the mansion was built on top of it, and he removed the map again and began going over the hills on it and comparing them to the map, and found all the hills on it were there, with a few small ones missing, and he examined the mansion position on the map and was surprised to find a vague dim hill on the map there, and as he examined it more and more he saw it had more significance than he had noticed.

It never looked like the other hills and it was a circle, like someone had marked something there, and it also looked like someone had tried to rub it off, and he carefully measured the position of it and other objects on the map and worked out its position was near the center of the mansion and where the artifact was uncovered.

Chapter 18

The Treasure in the Well

Eisenberg could hardly believe everything that had occurred and it was as if he was in one of his strange dreams and it was shocking that he was hunting another treasure feet away from the tunnel where the artifact had been.

They had worked out the exact position of the circle on the treasure map, and its position had been away over to the side of it, and their metal detectors had detected it under the ground, and they had found a small old water well there, under the floor, and under the ground.

He entered the well with a harness and rope on him and he lowered himself down, and wondered why it was in a well, and realized someone had actually dug a well beside the thing, and wondered how they had survived, and realized it activated and went dormant, going by what he had heard, and he realized that the Indians might well have attempted to dig up what was buried away there, and had got the wrong position of it, for some reason.

He removed muck from him, and ignored it, and studied the well with one of the torches he found, and swiftly fixed the harness more firmly around him, getting ready to go down to the bottom, and heard a vehicle outside the building.

It was an incredible situation, and he could not realize what the full outcome would be! The thing was far deadlier than they realized, and even the main scientists were starting to realize it.

He was determined to discover what was there and he swiftly lowered himself into the well.

He tried to realize what the place was like before the building was there, and it covered over the well, and he listened to his breathing in the silence, silently going through the shaft, and no matter how much he tried to contemplate the artifact's reactions and dangers he could not.

Clouds of powdered dirt consistently came down on top of him and he kept trying to cover his face, and he watched the swirling clouds of dust going through beams of light, as he slowly edged himself down the thin crumbling well, realizing the dangers it had this time, as the other tunnel had been professionally drilled, and it was an ancient Indian well.

Even though he had never been in a well before the well was strange and looked as if it had never had water in it, but most of it was not visible yet, and he swiftly checked its walls to make sure he had not made a mistake and realized the water must have been below, and he started to see signs of water once having come down from overhead.

He recalled all the faint lines on the treasure map, and scribbling, and again was sure it was a map drawn quickly, and was almost incomprehensible, but actually accurately done!

He had considered having the map dated, and having it compared with any Indian maps and drawings.

When he reached the bottom he never saw it and landed on the ground without looking and immediately removed the harness off him and removed a can of beer from his side pocket and started drinking, and started examining the surrounding well, and the ground and lower wall going around him, and examined it in more detail, and recognized part of something covered in a thick layer of dried out muck.

He rushed over and he pulled chunks of muck away, but all he found was a black slab of rock embedded in the dried muck, and that it looked like some form of black stone, but it interested him, and he wondered where the hell the treasure could be, and realized he had not realized how far he had to hunt for it.

While he dug up the muck below him, near the wall, he realized there was no water below, and in it anymore.

For fifteen minutes he patiently dug away at it and removed boulders, and he successfully reached where the bottom had been, and heard Kurt arrive at the top of the well and shout down, and he shouted back that he was still searching.

Clouds of powdered dirt came rushing down the walls and swirled about through the well in the torchlight and he searched above to see if he was coming down.

When Kurt never appeared he raced to find it, and tried to imagine where it would have been put, and he dug down in the exact central region and straightaway started to find pieces of pottery—and was sure it proved that there had been something there—and he wondered what the outcome of it would be, and with astonishment he slowly wrenched up a long slab of stone and started revealing incredible valuable large glittering diamonds and jewels and gold statues.

Chapter 19

The Museum

The Museum captivated Eisenberg as he entered its confines, and he strolled about, and he wondered why he had just unsuccessfully tried to meet Howard Eisenberg, and he wondered why he would not meet him, and wondered if they wanted him to believe he was alive for some reason.

He strolled through the exhibitions eating, and I thought of staying longer to see the other exhibitions, and was surprised when he spotted the artifact exhibition in the distance and nearly choked on his meal, with its glowing shape under the bright lights staggering him, and the people standing around it were speechless, and he was left confused wondering what they thought it was, and realized the dangers of it.

He realized the treasure might be worth more as Indian treasure than what its normal value was, and again realized how much Dracula's treasure could be worth someday.

While he slowly made his way over to the artifact exhibition he removed the newspapers he bought that morning and read the headlines with amazement and of vampire and zombie sightings and realized that they would have to get rid of it.

He was sure they could find a better museum for the artifact exhibition, and realized again why he had gone through with the idea, as well as to get the thing out the mansion before it did something, as he was sure it was deadly, and they had still not been able to activate or open it, and he again wondered what the hell it was.

While he approached it he saw how much it had altered and tried to detect the difference, and why it was there, and realized it looked incredible, and at it he stood glaring at it in amazement, and studied it repeatedly trying to grasp some vague unseen detail to it, and he saw its incredible characteristics and features as he viewed it at angles.

Again it surprised him that the scientists that discovered it under the mansion, with its immense powers, and it surprised him that the scientists had less interest in it now, especially after they had checked it with everything they now had, but he was left confused, and he was sure they would have far more future experiments and investigations to carry out.

While he walked around its glass exhibition case, with his mouth open, he wondered why the hell it was there, as he never fully intended it to go into such an exhibition, but perhaps to some famous research place, and he observed its strange, perfectly symmetrical, black shape glowing in the museum's hall, and he realized the last look it had, and realized its alterations and it altering its appearance could ruin the exhibition.

It was as though it had some form of energy they had not detected, and he wondered why it was there, and it was more of a danger to the public than he had realized, and he realized the mistake they had made, and realized that now it had been discovered, and observed by the public and media, that he should remove it and find a place for it where it was not a danger to the public, and he stood observing it influencing the tourists as they approached it.

Chapter 20

The Museum Conference

When Eisenberg returned to the museum he was left baffled at what was occurring, as nobody had told him anything, and at first he thought it was to do with him removing the artifact from the museum exhibitions.

The scientists were on a stage in a museum hall and were going to show the artifact exhibition to a large audience and were giving some of the latest findings by the scientists.

It confused Kurt and the paranormal investigator as the scientists never really gave anything new and had not come out with anything new for weeks and they

believed that they would have discovered virtually everything of importance; but they realized they had something important.

The audience baffled Eisenberg when he noticed their astonished behavior and vague accounts of the discovery; which they never gave anything directly of anything.

At the side of the stage he spotted scientists shifting something in, which was covered over, and they gradually shifted it into the center of the stage, in front of the audience, which he realized was the artifact; which most of the audience seemed to be watching.

Eisenberg started spotting scientists and famous people everywhere he looked, and the atmosphere was turning unbelievable, and as though something unbelievable and dangerous could occur.

One of the scientists led Eisenberg, Kurt, and the paranormal investigator away and up the central aisle to front seats, and he felt a shiver run through him as he sensed something could occur there, and he could not grasp why, and he slowly noticed the appearance of the artifact under the cover.

The thing seemed deadly now and he sensed its pulsating energy, and he sensed more, and he wondered what the hell they had done to it, and he heard silent sounds from it, which sounded like it was on the brink of something.

He sat examining everything he could, considering what had happened, and perhaps why they had not mentioned anything of the alterations.

When they removed the cover off the artifact the whole hall turned silent and he studied the artifact's deadly appearance staggered, trying to grasp what had happened to it, and saw it looked like it had also turned vaguely translucent and he thought he saw the shape of something inside it, and gasped, and considered what the hell it could be, and wondered if it had turned into its true state, or was turning into it, and after long carefully examinations he thought he saw a life form, in some form of rest.

It looked powerful, deadly, and he swiftly tried to grasp why!

He glared into it trying to grasp a clue about it and he heard some of the scientists and realized that they wanted everyone to get everything about it from the scientists that were going to appear on stage, and he wondered why they were no longer keeping it a secret, and wondered if it was an extraterrestrial, but if it was something else what the hell was it and why the hell did they want the media there, further along from him, to know of it, and he realized the scientists only wanted the media not to get any information until they gave it.

It looked like a form of weird exhibition when they put colored lights over it, and he realized that Kurt and the paranormal scientist only vaguely knew what was being revealed.

On stage, a few scientists shifted over to the artifact, and one gasped when he glanced sideways at the artifact, in its new state, and he ignored it and rushed over to the microphone and started giving detailed descriptions of what they had detected from the artifact, and their detection methods.

Eisenberg saw a group of scientists bringing in equipment, and watched them arranging it around the artifact, and he gasped and wondered what the hell they were doing, and dealing with, and for a moment thought he saw something inside it shift.

He wondered what the scientists were doing with it, and what was happening, and what their confidential research of it had revealed—and them trying to make contact with what was there, and if there was anything there.

The scientists gave vague information on what they had found and their discovery of it, and scientific accounts.

New leading scientists arrived and were allowed to investigate it on the stage and they crowded around it loudly discussing it.

Most of the audience silently watched on in wonder, and many watched on wondering what the hell it was, and why they never properly gave any detailed accounts of what it was, as it was far more different than anything seen, and what was mentioned, and Eisenberg realized that he had not heard anything that could properly explain anything, and he studied the main scientists hoping to pick something up.

Many of the scientists that had been working on it showed detailed information that had been accumulated, and Eisenberg saw that they had been keeping most of their work confidential, and wondered what else they had.

Chapter 21

The Monster Returns

Eisenberg sat down in the mansion library staggered at what he had just found along the corridor, and the Dracula monster in the chamber they had found the vampires in, and had seen its black shape shifting about the tombs.

Its shape was a humanoid formation and he realized how it had altered itself, and just how fast and deadly it now was, and he wondered how they would rid the world of it.

It had been killed before in its Transylvanian castle and he violently shuddered as he recalled it altering its shape and he realized it might have detected him where he was hidden, and for some reason it ignored him, and he wondered why.

He had watched it silently and it alter into a large black flying demon creature, and had shifted up into the hole in the chamber roof, over the tombs, and up into the attic.

In the room next to the chamber he had watched it fly away into distant black clouds, going back to New York.

Eisenberg was staggered at the occurrences, and how easily the vampires could kill, and realized he had not heard them using objects that protected them from vampires.

He tried to solve what the outcome would be, and wondered what the hell the artifact was, as he and the others had not classified it as far as he was concerned, and it had altered into something else, and going by what the scientists had he knew they never, and only had theories, and he could not grasp how perilous it was, and he did believe it could be if it was fully activated.

He picked up a newspaper and spread it across his front, and watched Kurt and the paranormal investigator investigating books, and realized from the newspaper that the artifact had been moved out the museum and over to a special facility, for them to investigate it as an extraterrestrial object, and he wondered if they might even take it to Area 51.

It was amazing the paranormal researcher was still searching through the books with amazement, and he wondered what he was up to, as they had solved most of the mysteries.

It was incredible that Howard Eisenberg had actually arrived at the mansion, and he had met him after so many years, and he had been amazed at their discovery of the Red Indian treasure, and that it had been buried close to where he had eaten his meals in the mansion, and he was surprised at the artifact, and had been unable to identify it, and was having people investigate what they were doing with it.

Chapter 22

The Other Universe

Eisenberg studied the paranormal researcher, and his partially opened mouth, and saw he had found something in the book he was translating, and he waited, and wondered what the hell it was.

He was surprised when Kurt walked in the library and he wondered what he had been doing.

He saw him notice the paranormal researcher and his reactions.

“What?” Kurt asked. “What’ve you found?”

“This place is dreadful ...” the paranormal researcher gasped, reacting to things he read. “I think I’m getting their true identity... I’ve not been able to trace anything up until now... Many of the people they fought did not know who they were fighting, and there are accounts of them massacring massive armies and there being no survivors...”

Kurt just shrugged, wondering what he was talking of.

“There’s some form of cannibalism they carried out... I think... They mention them feasting on the bodies of the soldiers... Them being vampires!”

The paranormal investigator looked energetic, and he watched him finally place the book on the table, staggered.

“I think they were some form of extraterrestrial... Yet from either another universe or dimension... A supernatural universe... Yet with similarities to this universe... I think they got trapped here or something...”

“Dracula might have been altered from being in this universe or something...”

Eisenberg wondered what he had found and sat wondering what it had been written for, and he saw the book was different from the rest, and he saw how the paranormal investigator studied it scrupulously, and he knew it could be a conclusion to something.

Eisenberg recalled when all of the scientists had entered the chamber with the vampire tombs and had set up all their equipment all over the area of the tombs, and that their descriptions of what they had found there went far beyond anything that they previously had found, and most of the scientists working there had been replaced by far more advanced ones, and most were thunderstruck by the giant supernatural being resting in the central tomb, Dracula in his tomb, and what they found out about it.

“What else is there?” Eisenberg gasped, seeking a conclusion.

“There’s more... I think this book was written by one of them... A different form of them or something... Who arrived afterwards... I think they were trapped here, and that they traced them and followed them to this castle in Transylvanian by some means... I believe it was them that captured Dracula and put him in the tomb!”

Chapter 23

The Extraterrestrial Investigation Center

Eisenberg, the paranormal investigator, and Kurt swiftly followed the scientists, who investigated the artifact at the mansion and the museum, through a building and into a massive chamber that was the confidential research area of the Extraterrestrial Investigation Center, and stood staggered at the colossal amount of equipment and scientists, and the inconceivable technology.

Eisenberg was staggered at it all, and began to realize how far they had gone, and how much had been hidden from the public, and stood wondering why they were carrying out so much work, and he realized how deadly the universe could be.

Kurt spotted the artifact first, with groups of scientists surrounding it, with equipment everywhere, and they watched them monitoring its powerful forces, and Eisenberg saw that the artifact itself had altered dramatically since it had been in the museum, and he stood trying to see if he could notice anything.

When they arrived at it, he spotted them making it make movements, by some means, and that they were carrying out a series of experiments.

A scientist walked over and handed them documents, and he studied them with interest.

One document gave some history of the site and that it had been originally established in the search for extraterrestrials, and basically from research carried out in the last century, and had advanced searching for extraterrestrial civilizations, with help from many countries, NASA, SETI institute, and many others, and had superseded the others in the race to detect extraterrestrial intelligence on other worlds.

They had helped develop many new forms of confidential and known detection methods and at an inconceivable rate and had searched far deeper and with more

accuracy into the depths of deep space, and expanded knowledge of the cosmos, and anticipated many future breakthroughs.

They had repetitively advanced technology to detect inhabited exoplanets, with highly advanced extraterrestrial life, and explored worlds in the depths of newly discovered solar systems, and sent out messages with new highly advanced technology, and into the invisible black depths of space where hidden worlds could exist.

What surprised Eisenberg was they insisted a signal had been detected from a nearby star and they had analyzed it under the assumption it was an unidentified phenomenon, as well as an extraterrestrial phenomenon, and its highly advanced symmetrical pulsations had been documented and they established its properties and significance, with its pulsations beating out through the depths of space.

Yet it never actually showed any extraterrestrial encounters, flying saucer landings, but he knew they had, and sensed it, and that it was little, and he saw their fascination in the artifact, and its existence was unbelievable, and they constantly worked on trying to discover its origins.

Chapter 24

The Extraterrestrial

The artifact looked deadlier than he had ever seen it, and was pulsating with energy, which looked and sounded like it was on the brink of a colossal explosion, and Eisenberg, Kurt, and the paranormal investigator timidly shifted into the Extraterrestrial Investigation Center research chamber.

At a closer investigation they stood confused as they believed something was occurring as scientists were nervously standing around it monitoring it, and they spotted vigorous activity all about the place, and they started working like crazy activating and checking things, and they realized that they had done something, and that it was the reason that they wanted them there, and they took them over to the side and seated them.

The artifact altered shape and appearance at a frenzied rate, of which there was little to indicate the outcome.

At times he thought he saw a shape of something inside it.

It looked powerful, and deadly! And perhaps unstable! By their previous investigations and what the scientists claimed he was sure they gave an energy force, and that they were feeding it energy that it used, and he realized it was perhaps the reason it could not do anything and had been dormant, and he realized the dangers of its revival, and if it exploded, and he wondered why the scientists were so confident about it.

With horror, at the side of vision, he saw a group of scientists and technicians move in with new equipment, and they started arranging it around the energy bubble, and he gasped, and wondered what they were doing and dealing with, and for a moment thought he saw something inside it shift.

Famous scientist in and rushed into places and he realized something really was going happen this time, and he watched someone film it, and what might be an incredible historic occurrence, and the discovery of it, and he realized from nearby scientists that it might prove what it was, and he watched someone else filming it, perhaps for the media, which some scientists were considering using if they wished it to be known.

The scientists occasionally gave detailed explanations of things they believed were occurring, and watched it creating magnificent optical effects, making things distort, and it looked like it could rupture the fabric of space, and played with it, with properties of altering and suspending it.

Scientists started carrying out complex experiments on it, and they showed detailed information accumulated.

Suddenly computers and equipment all over the chamber burst into life, and he spotted one go over millions of special sequences and he studied it, and he was sure they had got control of the artifact somehow and had it carry out some functions.

The sheer magnitude of it left him staggered and he expected something to occur, especially from its lethal reactions, and he could not believe it could hold so much energy and not explode.

The center turned bright and expanded, and it became louder and brighter, and the floor shook, and started knocking everything furiously around, knocking scientists about, and many fell over, and a sudden shockwave blasted through the whole building, throwing everything about, and it died away.

The chamber turned silent, and they started to recover, and he noticed some scientists dramatically activating equipment and he checked where they were staring and saw the artifact had turned solid, and was open, and saw something inside, and he tried to identify it, but could not, and saw it was alive and hideously staring out at them.

Chapter 25

The First Contact Situation

While it shifted out Eisenberg stood horrified and tried to move, and to examine its celestial formation, wondering what it was, and what they had made contact with, realizing it was not solid and was some form of energy formation, and he wondered why it was so different and powerful, and gasped when he thought he saw it had demon features.

Its glowing, altering, hideous shape stopped at the edge of its sphere, which had been the artifact, and he felt energy surges from it and stood trying to grasp what it was doing, and he realized it had to be made of some form of energy, and he considered if it was actually keeping itself alive, and in existence, almost consistently stopping itself vanishing, and he wondered if it could properly exist in the universe, and wondered if it would just vanish into nothing, and they moved

back when it altered its formation, and he wondered how the hell they were going to communicate with it, and if it even used language.

Suddenly he spotted the others react and saw visions emerge all around them, and he saw they were star formations, and flashing about, and he realized it was communicating with them and showing regions of space, and he wondered how the scientists could record the visions, and if they would show up in the film footage being taken, and saw a scientist confirm it, and he wondered if any of the scientists identified the stars.

He was sure it was an exploration of the vast depths of the universe, and he spotted a massive sphere of light glowing and expanding, and wondered what the hell it was, and wondered how it propelled itself across the blackness of space, and if it could even travel without a starship, and floated and shot through space like a ghost going through the stars.

They watched stunning suns shoot by and them increasing in density, and accuracy, and he was sure it was showing them a region of space it existed in, and he saw its powers increase, while it transformed itself, and further from its original state.

Space and time seemed unrecognizable, and mysterious, and he felt he would never fully understanding it, and it seemed to search for a solution to something and suddenly all the visions vanished, and it altered further, and he wondered if they could provide it with energy or something to complete its transformation, and if they should treat it as dangerous.

Suddenly all their technology, and mainly computers, burst into life, and the scientists looked up surprised, as it took control of them, and started giving them information, and taking and searching for information, and he watched it make a gesture and enter the center region of the energy sphere.

The sphere became far more powerful, and its appearance became lethal, and he realized the sphere's original activation was far less, and they stood staggered when its center turned almost blinding and exploded out, and a sudden shockwave blasted out, knocking everything over, and it died away, as it vanished.

Chapter 26

The Time Traveler

Eisenberg sat in the library still staggered at the outcome at what occurred at the Extraterrestrial Investigation Center and still vastly confused at what they knew, and he even believed he was far more in the dark at what it was, and it was doing there.

Once the paranormal investigator arrived, after questioning one of the scientists on the phone, he knew he had something.

“What did they tell you?” Kurt asked the paranormal investigator, as he picked up a book. “Tell us what you found!”

The paranormal investigator glanced up, and reluctantly placed the book he held down, and replied, “This astounds me, and I am still staggered how both events are connected... The artifact could be the only alien arrival this world has had... Those vampires are also astounding...”

“What was the scientists explanation of the artifact and all the information it gave them on their computers, before it left?”

“They are positive! They’re positive it was a time machine pod from the future...”

“It traveled through space and time...”

“From what they got I say it traveled back from Earth’s future... They believe it was some form of mission... They believe that time travel does not properly work... That it experimented with it... Though they can send energy forms, they could not properly send anything physical... They believe it was converted into some form of energy or something—of colossal degrees—and perhaps even virtually forced itself back through time—and that it never properly worked and it surely never arrived where it should, and far further back in time than it should, and with not enough energy to return, or even alter to this place...”

“It was a trapped extraterrestrial time traveler of the future...”

“They found out some other things... Which I believe... They believe it arrived on this world in the future from somewhere... And—going by what they claimed it found—they found the remains of our civilization on the world... They believe they destroyed themselves in some form catastrophe... That there was barely anything left... I believe it left to find out what we were like, and were doing here, and perhaps to make contact with us, and find out why it happened...”

Eisenberg sat back thinking it over, astounded at such a thing could be hidden in such a place, and influence so much, and realized that proper time travel might be impossible, and be far too dangerous if they did manage to recreate it...

He imagined it trapped there as an entity, not existing and existing, through centuries, perhaps thousands of years, unable to leave its confines, perhaps imprisoned for all eternity.

Chapter 27

The Haunted Wood

Eisenberg could not tell what it was and if it was the strange dark wood they had entered, altered trees and landscape, or what was there that was so strange, and he searched around him, through the trees, and searched for the vampires.

Their discovery of the wood had been lucky, and he still wondered if the paranormal investigator had got it wrong, as he claimed the wood was perfectly positioned for the vampires to hide in, for them to safely perform their attacks on New York, and the incredible thing about it was it resembled the wood in Transylvania where Dracula’s castle had been, and it was the drawings of it and finding the giant wood on the television and an occurrence there that drew their attention to it.

What they could find out about it gave little, but they had found a structure in it, and though it was old and derelict they were sure it could be where the vampires stayed at night.

Everything confused him and he started to think that just about anything could occur and realize the danger they were in, and there was no reason to believe they could not exist in the light of day, and that they were just night creatures, and as he led Kurt and the paranormal investigator through the dense undergrowth and tress he started to imagine strange dark figures behind trees, and a mysterious distant light, but everything he found was either vegetation, trees, fallen trees, but he started to realize it was starting to get dark, and the time it took to get through the wood, dense undergrowth, was impeding their progress.

Occasionally he heard distant things being violently smashed, but saw powerful wind surges blasting about, and he started to believe it was the wood itself, or the region, and it had a supernatural presence, either from the vampires or something else there, which could be why they had gone there.

What staggered him the most was how dark it would be soon, and he rushed on, and believed that they might be able to achieve their objective and that there would be an eventual conclusion to the event, and events, but the place was shrouded everywhere with increasing denser vegetation and he even started wondering if they could get through it, and in the distant he heard what he was sure were wolves, and it left him trying to contemplate what was there, and at times sounds emerged like they were coming out the ground, and from underground shafts.

Chapter 28

The Vampire Hideout

Eisenberg thought supernatural regions existed, and that they had entered something, and when they entered the derelict building he was staggered that anyone could build and stay in such place.

It confused him, what they were doing, after all he had encountered, and now believed existed, compared with before, and he did not know what it was, and just tried to grasp how dangerous it was, and he rushed into the building before it became too dark, and to stop the vampires reviving before they found them, and he kept his eye on Kurt and the paranormal investigator.

He considered all the things he had heard of the supernatural trying to grasp what it was he was missing. He was sure they had discovered more than they realized, and he analyzed everything in a far greater degree.

At the top floor, he stopped suddenly, tiredly and startled by something, and he sensed something, and he moved on slowly, as Kurt and the paranormal investigator followed him, and he heard something somewhere.

For a long time he stared into the dimness recognizing little, as he strolled on, and gasped for a few seconds when he thought he was being watched by

something in a region of darkness ahead, and was surprised something appeared there and he saw large box shapes, and kept examining them, and realized that it was tombs, and that they were in the same style as the vampire tombs back at the mansion, and realized that they were placed directly at the central region of the building.

At the tombs he heard silent sounds from something, and realized how dark it was and shifted silently up to them, searching everything everywhere, while he considered putting on his light, but he could give his presence away, if he had not been noticed.

A sudden blast, and explosion of light, left him stunned, while he crept on, and he froze, waiting to die, and die hideously for what he had done, and he stood confused, and saw what looked like a vampire illuminated in bright light standing in front of him, and he wondered what the hell it was, and after examining it closely it looked like a humanoid, and it seemed to welcome him, and he studied it and realized that it was a form of hologram.

It eventually altered, to do something, and do something to itself, and he remained trying to identify it, and he felt energy from it, and sheer power, and it reminded him of the extraterrestrial at the research center, and something about it, which he could not quite grasp.

Chapter 29

The Supernatural Universe

Behind the glowing entity Eisenberg saw a hideous slithering black devilish shape emerge from the blackness, out of a tomb, and he froze, and recognized it was Dracula, as it shifted slowly towards them.

While it crept up he watched it somehow alter, and it froze, unable to move, and the glowing extraterrestrial stood staring at it.

Suddenly he saw visions of star formations, and suddenly realized the glowing extraterrestrial was making contact with them, and showing them regions of space.

He felt energy surges from it and realized he was picking up telepathic messages from it, and it explained it was made of some form of energy, and existed in the past, and he realized it was a time traveler, like the extraterrestrial in the artifact.

Suddenly it altered his thoughts and he realized it was not a time traveler and that time travel could not properly be used in the universe, and only in its own universe, and he realized it was in a supernatural universe, and it had transmitted itself as a form of hologram, from the past.

It told him of an eminent scientist that once existed in its universe, who carried out experiments on transferring things into other universes, and in the end experimented on itself, and altered itself to exist in the universe, but its experiments altered it, and altered it into a monster being, trapping it in the universe, and unable to return to its universe, and its name had been Dracula.

They had found a way to transfer themselves, as a form of energy/hologram, energy formations, and took the form of humanoids, and tried to rid the world of his vampires, and it had been them that had trapped Dracula in the wood at the front of his castle, when he had returned, and they had left him dormant in the tomb, in the mansion/castle, as they had been unable to repair the damage he had done to himself.

They had searched for a method, and had searched the future of the world, and had eventually found a way, and they had someone move the castle to New York, and had placed over the artifact, before its discovery.

Eisenberg realized that the only way they could help Dracula was with the highly advanced extraterrestrial technology from the artifact, and they wanted Eisenberg to take Dracula, now dormant, to the Extraterrestrial Investigation Center research chamber, and with the knowledge they got from the extraterrestrial and artifact, and equipment they now had, to use it to repair and alter Dracula and transfer him back to his own universe, where they would return him to his own time.

Epilogue

The Lost Time Pod

For centuries the energy formation rested trapped under the Earth, and fiercely waiting to leave its confines, and imprisonment, frequently reawakening, with deadly energy surges blasting out.

Its shape inside the energy pod had pulsed when awakened, feeling little awareness, and had found little activity, which it had no real way of checking.

Its energy capsule was molded about it, with only some functions, with little power, and with no proper observations.

It perceived little and its thoughts wandered and it occasionally recollected distorted memories that had turned incomprehensible, from what had led it to its lethal error, and it could barely realize why it had survived or had annihilated itself.

It had activated vague sensors and felt vast unstable energy explosions blast out across dimensions with such force it felt like it threatened to make space and time completely rip apart, and destroy the fabric of space and time, and it had constantly realized it could do little when it had checked if anything had been detected anywhere.

The hideous situation had left it ensnared and recalling the colossal powers it once had and firmly contemplating the dangers and its chances of survival.

Its mission had been unbelievable and it realized how deadly it had been and recalled little of why it had once contemplated there not being any danger.

Its near destruction had amazed it and it frequently realized it had no proper presence and had become a form of unknown energy/formation, altering to something that it never recognized.

It turned invisible, and translucent, and the outer universe vanished from its thoughts, and it occasionally imagined echoes of its voyager functioning and its massive energy pulsations blasting out across the whole of creation.

Its revival attempts sustained, and the Earth and mankind evolved, and it realized its mind-boggling powers were dwindling, and it realized it would one day no longer exist, and it gradually turned itself completely dormant—and for as long as a hundred years—waiting for it to be revived to complete its deadly mission.
