

MORTHAR

6th December, 1987

Dear diary,

I'm Molly Hooper and I'm fourteen. I live in a small village in the outskirts of Stockholm. As Christmas approaches, all is covered with snow and it looks like a pretty little village... one thing people don't know is that we have a curse. Every year, over these days, a villager dies, without any reason ... so we gave a name to our curse: Morthar. The most terrifying part is that we don't know who Morthar has chosen until this person dies.

As usual, this year, no one knows who Morthar is with... nobody but me. This is why I'm writing here, I need to talk about it even if I have to destroy it later. Morthar first appears on 1st December and it warns: You can't ask for help or tell anything. If you break its rules, it'll kill your family... and the last rule **"every night, you'll have to solve an enigma, if you don't, I'll kill you. Remember, I'll be watching you"**. There're six enigmas, but every night they become more difficult. Tomorrow, 7th December, I have to solve the last one: **"Would you know how to kill me?"**

It'd be easier not to burn this diary so that people could read it, but my family would die. Maybe if I killed myself, I wouldn't answer its enigma and it wouldn't kill me, so I'd win.

What about you? What would you do?