



The Reflection of Blackwood Manor

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Morwenna stands in the drafty hallway of her family's decaying estate, where the wallpaper peels like ancient parchment. The silence of the house is heavy, broken only by the rhythmic creaking of floorboards beneath her bare feet.



She enters a room frozen in time, filled with shrouded furniture and the thick scent of old dust. A single candle in a tarnished silver holder provides the only light, its flame dancing nervously against the encroaching dark.



In the corner of the room stands a tall, ornate mirror with a frame of blackened silver. Morwenna approaches it slowly, her long, tangled dark hair falling like ink across her pale, haunted face.



Her reflection stares back with wide, fearful eyes, capturing a girl who looks more like a ghost than the living. She raises a trembling hand toward the cold glass, feeling a sudden, unnatural drop in temperature.



Deep within the mirror's silver depths, two tall, faceless shadow figures begin to emerge from the gloom. They are twisted and elongated, their forms shifting like smoke as they loom directly behind her reflection.



A suffocating sense of dread fills the room as the shadow figures stretch out their spindly, claw-like fingers. Morwenna feels the icy breath of the supernatural on her neck, though the room behind her remains empty.



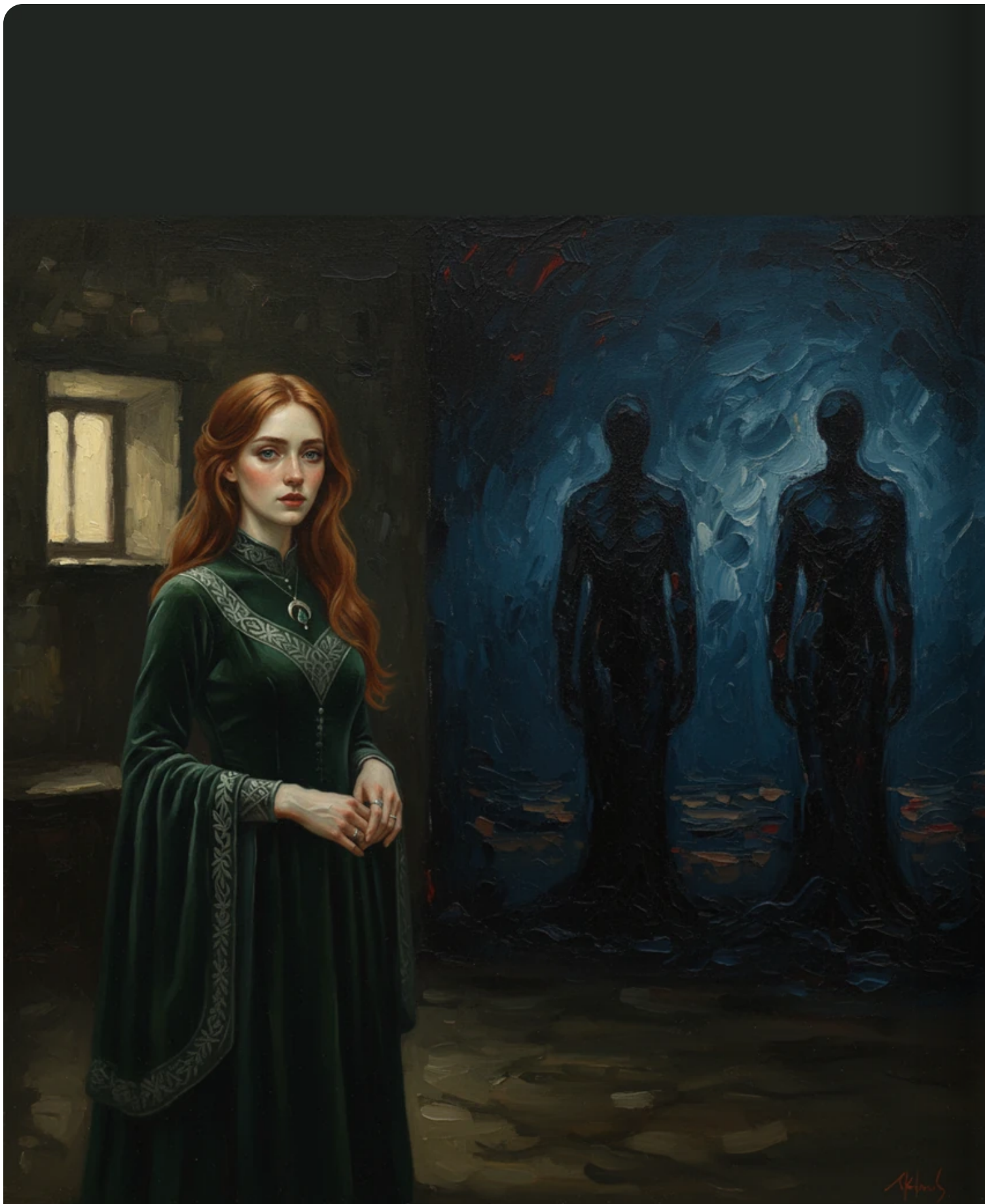
Faint mist begins to swirl around her feet, rising from the cracks in the floor like a ghostly tide. The candle flame turns a ghostly blue, casting long, distorted shadows that seem to move of their own accord.



The antique mirror begins to groan under an invisible pressure, and a thin crack spiders across the glass. Each fracture seems to trap the light, making the faceless figures behind her appear even more terrifyingly real.



Morwenna realizes the shadows are not trying to escape the mirror, but are beckoning her to join them in the dark. The house whispers her name through the vents and walls, a chorus of voices from a forgotten past.



As the pale light of dawn finally breaks through the grime-streaked windows, the shadows dissolve back into the silver. Morwenna stands alone in the quiet room, her reflection now holding a secret that will haunt her forever.