



قصة خلف القناع

Lana Aldaaja

Listen closely...

Let me tell you an
unsolved mystery
from a distant winter
in 1922.

A time of secrets,
shadows, and a truth
that still lies buried.





Sultan extended a gloved hand, his finger resting on the worn canvas. “This is the farmstead,” he said. “Hidden where the Bavarian forest meets the snow. Isolated. Perfect.”

Daniel studied the painting in silence. The smoke from the chimney twisted into the gray sky—proof that someone still lived there.



Sultan nodded. "The tracks lead to your door..."

"...but not a single one leads back."

The farmer stared at the snow, baffled by the footprints that came... but never returned.

They listened to
the haunting footsteps
echoing above them.





Two days later...

The snow fell without end,
blanketing the farm in silence.
No smoke rose from the chimney,
no voices crossed the wind.
Something waits inside,
and it has learned to keep quiet.

When investigators finally arrive at the remote farm, they step into a scene that baffles everyone. Someone had clearly been living inside the house, keeping daily routines alive long after the tragedy occurred.



The barn was spotless.
The animals were healthy.
The feed was fresh.
Everything was in perfect order...

But no servant had been seen.
No one knew who did this.

Until now.



Sultan and his officers investigated
in silence, realizing that someone
unknown had been caring for the
estate in complete secrecy.

We searched the attic
and pried up the floorboards.
Beneath the insulation,
we found what we were looking for.



The heavy iron tool
used in the crime.



SULTAN PACED THE STAGE,
EACH STEP HEAVIER
THAN THE LAST.

DEAD END AFTER DEAD END.
THE FILES OFFERED NO TRUTH,
ONLY MORE QUESTIONS.

AND IN THE SHADOWS,
THE INTRUDER VANISHED—
WITHOUT A TRACE.

THE SEARCH
CONTINUES...



SCENE 10 OF 10 – THE END

Sultan slowly reaches up to adjust his mask, gazing thoughtfully at the audience under the soft glow of the remaining candle.

The true identity of the shadow who walked into the snow that cold night remains wrapped in eternal silence.

He closes his heavy storybook with a quiet click, leaving the haunting tale to echo in the minds of his listeners.

“Some stories are not meant to be answered, only remembered.”

