



A SONG
RISES
FROM THE
FORGOTTEN
UNDERGROUND

THE CALL
OF THE DOLL

RYPHNA ST-JOHN

The Call Of The Doll

A song rises from the forgotten
underground

Ryphna St-John

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/thecallofthedoll>

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Les Anges D'Or

Sleeping Dolls

To the friends who always believed in me
To the fans past, present and future, who always ask for
more stories

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The Call of the Doll

Akazia's steps were assured, paced; the sound of her heels reverberating against the musky stone walls. Henry hurried up, just behind her.

The corridor was dark, dusty. Creepy, Henry thought as his mentor went forward. Only feeble sunrays came from tiny light wheels, high into the ceiling, leaving most of the hall in relative darkness. The apprentice shined the faint ray of his pocket crystal toward the shadows, unveiling a dummy roughly his size. The feel of the dead, mechanical eyes of the statue on him gave him a shiver. Nervous, he jumped and quickly swooped his light to another shadow, certain that something had moved.

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