

Dangle Veils

by Gyanban

January 6, 2006.

Just after the winter holidays, Ms. Syrine Videl walked into that college, something had changed its fortunes since then. Since she joined as many as 11 of the best lecturers had left St.Ives College. Just one remained from the old batch. But it was not until June that year, that Principal Laura Sebastian realized the connection. Nestled in the hills of Nainital, St.Ives was not a very famous college, but over the years it had earned a good reputation, a healthy mix of international students testified its success at the international level. The college came on the map when one of its students went on to become a TV anchor with a respectable news channel CNN. Since then many success stories had emerged. But all that was about to change.

March 24,2006.

As time passed by, most professors couldn't fathom what to do with Syrine. She proved to be academically brilliant. Topping nearly everything. Yet her name was always associated with the worst pranks in the history of the college. She never ever got caught. It was a strange dilemma for the principal. After all she couldn't rusticate someone just on suspicion. There was no evidence. For the few people who knew Syrine, they would always say..she is a very nice and simple girl. While some thought she was up to something - behind that calm and quite exterior there was a little devil hidden in her.!

As the clouds drifted into the classroom, there was a light drizzle outside, and a chilly wind blew across the floor of the room. The

clouds outside were getting darker, and the tube light in the room brighter. Syrine sat calmly composed with her eyes lowered into a book. She was a striking beauty - It was easy to get lost between her eyes and lips. Always dressed in *angelic* white dresses with light shades of pink that blended into her skin ever so smoothly. You couldn't tell the difference. Long wavy hair, a sharp nose, eyes brows drooping and eyes like an innocent doe. The honey brown mole accentuated her lower lip.

April 6, 2006.

A few days later, a strange incident happened at the college. The girl's hostel heard many shrieks, saw blood stains on some walls, and some wooden cupboards were scratched with nails, as if to say something. Some said they saw a ghost, some say they felt something creeping up their body while they slept, while some dismissed it off as a prank. Then one day one of the girls disappeared. A frantic search resulted nothing. Police were doing the best they could. The girls family sent out messages on TV. But nothing yielded. She was gone.

This sent shockwaves across the parents and teachers alike. There were some who immediately took their wards off campus, some joined another school and some who remained, remained there because they couldn't go anywhere else. Fear, had gripped the college.

Principal Sebastian was worried. She did not know what effect these events would have on the way college functioned. Teachers were leaving, students disappearing and horror stories from the hostel would all add up to a fear factor with the parents. This had to stop. But how? She didn't know even where to begin.

May 9, 2006

It was a loud scream at 2.30AM in the girls hostel.

One by one the all the rooms switched their lights on. The girls came out in the corridor puzzled and terrified. Some teachers who lived near the campus rushed immediately. What they saw next, sent shivers down their spine. Two girls lay on the floor with their stomach ripped open and blood oozing out. Their eyes had been gouged and their face turned blue. The blood stains seemed to form a word or two on the floor.

Dangle Veils.

No one could understand. No one wanted to understand. They were all gripped with horror, fear flowing through every nerve in their body. Could it be a serial killer? Could it be an animal ? Could it be an accident? Or was this a prank gone bad ? There was no evidence of a break in, or a fight or any resistance. Nothing was broken, no sign of struggle..it almost seemed that it happened to them willingly or by someone they knew ! All sorts of stories did the rounds over the next few days. This latest episode had drawn the attention of the media. Cameramen and journalists covered the story. Detectives intensified their efforts.

June 5, 2006. 6PM.

A few days later, Principal Laura Sebastian got a call. It was from one of the last remaining professors of the original batch. Hariman Snata — the only foreigner in the faculty. He used to teach History at the Kapodistrian University in Athens. His research had brought him to India a few years back.

'Madam Sebastian — I have been following the incidents of the last few months and have something to share with you.' Hariman said in a deep baritone.

'Yes professor —I am so worried about these ghastly incidents, any help will be appreciated' the principal said with a sense of resignation.

'I must see you right away Madam Principal'

'Well, I am in my office till 7 PM' the principal said and hung up.

The history professor walked in wearing a corduroy trouser and jacket, with a black polo t-shirt inside. His short crew cut hair had just begun to show a tinge of salt n pepper shade. A Broad forehead, a large frame which stood at 6 feet 2, and hands which were strong enough to bend iron. A light after shave fragrance drifted through the air. Probably Polo Black. In short, a classic misfit being a history professor, could have easily been in Hollywood.

They sat quietly by the sofa in the principal's office sipping coffee.

'It s the girl madam Principal.' Hariman said.

'Which girl ? What are you talking about?'

'Syrine.'

'What ? And how would you know, what's the evidence? I knew she was up to some prank but this is beyond her league. What with those gruesome murders, the sign..nope I don't think she did it. Besides she is one of our best students' defended Laura.

'what I am about to tell you madam principal, might sound rather weird .But I have studied the case history closely and I am certain

my observation is correct.' Hariman said looking coldly into her eyes.

'She *is* the devil incarnate. Don't you see it in her name?'

"Syrine Vidal" — that's a regular catholic name. What's wrong with that? You have a funny name too isn't it? Laura said getting a little irritated now.

"No madam- you have no clue what you are dealing with here"
Hariman's eyes glistened as a distant light flashed into his eyes.

He scribbled something on a piece of paper and when Laura read it, she felt a jolt of lightening go through her body.

'Syrine is an anagram for Erinys —

which means the "angry spirit" in Greek mythology. They appear in different places at different times, nobody knows where they come from and where they go. Oh and Vidal is Devil really.'

Erinys Devil.

Laura Sebastian's eyes spoke a 1000 words but her voice failed even one. She was shivering uncontrollably. The room was spinning in front of her eyes.

"then ww-what did the sign on the wall mean?"

"Dangle veils?" she stammered as tears rolled from her eyes.

'Ha ,ha that was clever of her' Hariman smirked.

It meant **Devils Angel**.' Hariman said taking out a pocket sickle.

'If she's is the devil's angel, who is the *devil*?

Principal Laura Sebastian never got to know the truth before she died. Her skull was pierced open and eyes were gouged. As if someone had stuck a sickle on the top of her head and pulled it down fiercely.

But professor Hariman Natas still gave her the answer at the stroke of midnight.

"Ahriman Satan" he said on **06/06/06**.

Gyanban thoughts —

1.Hariman Natas was an anagram for Ahriman Satan. Other anagrams were Syrine Videl - Erinys Devil & Dangle Veils - Devils Angel.

Ahriman means the chief spirit of darkness and evil in Zoroastrianism. His essential nature is expressed in his principal epithet-Druj, "the Lie." The Lie expresses itself as greed, wrath, and envy. To aid him in attacking the light, the good creation of Ahura Mazda, the Wise Lord, Ahriman created a horde of demons embodying envy and similar qualities. Despite the chaos and suffering effected in the world by his onslaught, believers expect Ahriman to be defeated in the end of time by Ahura Mazda. Confined to their

own realm, his demons will devour each other, and his own existence will be quenched.

2. There were 11 apostles of Jesus, the 12th betrayed him - Judas. An oblique reference is made in the story in the forms of 11 professors leaving.

3. The date June 6, 2006, where the story ends was known to be the devil's date considering 666 is the devil's number.

