



**PSYCHO THRILL**

ROBERT C. MARLEY

# Tell-Tale Twins

BASTEI ENTERTAINMENT 

# Contents

Cover

What is PSYCHO THRILL?

The Author

Psycho Thrill — Tell-Tale Twins

Copyright

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

# What is PSYCHO THRILL?

PSYCHO THRILL is a series of horror novellas — from the classic ghost story to the modern psychological thriller and dark fantasy. Each of the novellas has been first published in German and has been translated into English for the first time. Among the writers are popular German authors, as well as newcomers to the scene. Each story is self-contained. PSYCHO THRILL is produced by Uwe Voehl.

# The Author

**Robert C. Marley** (1971) is a writer, crime historian, master goldsmith, manufacturer of magicians' props, and member of the Magic Circle. He has always loved Edgar Allan Poe and Sherlock Holmes; he even has his own crime museum. When not writing, inventing new magic tricks, or traveling in Great Britain, he teaches self-defense techniques to children and teenagers. He lives with his wife and their two sons in a very old town in eastern Westphalia.



**PSYCHO THRILLER**

# **Tell-Tale Twins**

**ROBERT C. MARLEY**

**BASTEI ENTERTAINMENT** 

# BASTEI ENTERTAINMENT

Digital original edition

Bastei Entertainment is an imprint of Bastei Lübbe AG

Copyright © 2014 by Bastei Lübbe AG, Schanzenstraße 6-20, 51063 Cologne,  
Germany

Written by Robert C. Marley

Translated by Toby Axelrod

Produced by Uwe Voehl

Edited by Amanda Wright

Project management by Lori Herber

Cover illustration: © shutterstock/ Willem Havenaa /Eric Isselee

Cover design by Christin Wilhelm, [www.grafic4u.de](http://www.grafic4u.de)

E-book production: Urban [SatzKonzept](#), Düsseldorf

ISBN 978-3-7325-4760-9

[www.bastei-entertainment.com](http://www.bastei-entertainment.com)

# 1

*Baltimore, October 8, 1849*

On the night after his funeral, the man who had once been Edgar Allan Poe stood leaning on his walking stick at the wharf, looking out over the dark water toward the ships anchored in the port of Baltimore, under an overcast sky.

If someone had told him a week before that within seven days he'd have to fight against a horde of black, worm-like demons and attend his own grim funeral, he would probably have died laughing. But he didn't feel at all like laughing anymore. Because that's exactly what had happened: his struggle with the demons and hasty burial, no love lost. He felt empty and depressed, not unlike a figure from one of his own stories. It defied common sense. The worms were bad enough, but the funeral had shaken him to the core.

The day had been dreary, wet, and cold, and hidden among the large numbers of onlookers, he himself had watched as his own plain oak coffin was lowered into the ground. There weren't many mourners among the crowd. His cousin Neilson Poe was the only relative who had made his way to the Westminster Presbyterian Cemetery. Henry Herring had come along with his daughter, Elizabeth. Also Collins Lee, a former classmate from his university days in Virginia, and Thomas Adams, president of the New York Insurance Society; the latter probably just to ensure that Edgar Poe really was dead and that the insurance payment was truly inevitable. A few doctors and a handful of students from the Washington Hospital had shown up as well.