

About the Author



Simon Coe

Mr. Coe is a Magnum Cum laude graduate of West Coast University. His career has followed an eclectic path, working on projects sponsored by the DOD, NASA, USAF, and international-based programs of foreign governments. His novels are drawn from experience and the cultural lore of Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia. He lives in Southern California with his wife Louise.

You may write to Mr. Coe at Simon.Coe@archebooks.com

ArcheBooks Publishing
4305 State Bridge Road
Suite 103-121
Alpharetta, GA 30022
www.archebooks.com

Cover Design by R. Gelinax
© 2003

Printed in the USA

The Dacha

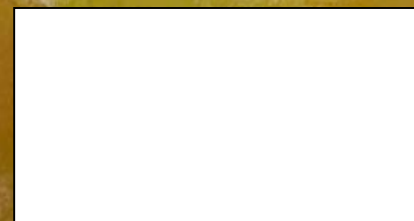
In 1851 Colonel Alexei DeLensky is given a Dacha, a magnificent hunting lodge to be built on his property in the Caucasus mountains. What he doesn't know is that the exquisite mansion was made by the forced labor of countless Gypsy peasants, its mortar literally made from their ground bones and blood. It is a cursed dwelling filled with unspeakable horrors.

In 1981 Victor DeLensky, Alexei's grandson, journeys to Southern California from his home in England to settle the estate of his recently deceased father. The Dacha has been relocated to California, and rebuilt, stone by stone, timber for timber. Victor has no idea of the nightmare that awaits him. He doesn't understand the sacred Exorcism seals that are never to be removed from certain items, specifically a Karabaugh carpet, consecrated by a Zoroastrian witch a century earlier that allows it to serve as a window to the netherworld, a portal for two deadly demons, one of lust and another of cannibalism, to cross into the world of the living in search of human hosts—and victims.

“Raw and Terrifying. Not for the young or faint of heart!”

“Read this one with the lights on.”

“Graphic and chilling.”



ISBN 1-59507-012-5

ArcheBooks Horror

The Dacha by SIMON COE

ISBN
1-59507-
012-5

ArcheBooks

The Dacha



A NOVEL OF ANCIENT EVIL

SIMON COE

US \$25.99
ISBN 1059507-012-5

Excerpt:

An avalanche of pleasure flowed through her body, her pulse quickened and she sensed a rising sensual urge. She watched her hands slide down her body, a tingle like the fluttering wings of a butterfly ran through her. For but a second, her building state of rapture was interrupted with a premonition of danger, but the warning was useless.

From the darkness behind her, two dark hairy hands clamped firmly around her head; the massive grip completely encircled her skull. A spike of fear made her breath catch in her throat, her heart pounded in her ears.

Mama—mama!

Reaction was futile. At the instant the horny fingers closed over her eyes, a dark power overwhelmed her ability to resist. The ominous force hopelessly engulfed her.

To the awareness remaining in her mind, it was as if her head was thrust into the center of the Milky Way. A hundred, no, a thousand tiny stars twinkled before her—they were everywhere. They all flashed at once, then diminished until they were infinitesimal pinpoints on a field of velvet. Something snapped in her ears and the tiny points whirled around her like the swirling rings of countless atoms. The center of her forehead burned painfully—

...within the Dacha evil awaits.