HELL 1666 AMSTERDAM

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Barry Cussel

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BARRYDOOR
UITGEVERIJ

This novel is dedicated to my beloved wife Teddy, who gave me our wonderful daughter Nina – a daughter of whom I am endlessly proud.

Barry Cussel

"Hell 1666 Amsterdam" *represents both a logical and an unexpected continuation of the story begun in the first book. While the first part of the trilogy focused on a mystery woven around an enigmatic ring, the second expands dramatically in scale, transporting the reader into a unique, sinister version of an underworld – a literal Hell, located directly beneath Amsterdam.*

In this novel, Hell is not merely a metaphor or a spiritual notion. It is a tangible place with its own physical reality, though made of an unknown substance unlike that of the human world. The matter in this realm is altered, and the bodies of the beings who inhabit it – including the abducted characters – are different: more ethereal, resistant to time, and somehow bound to the will of the ruler of this dimension.

The world of Hell is constructed as a reflection of seventeenth-century Amsterdam – the same streets, the same buildings, but infused with dark, distorted energy. The architecture is nearly identical, yet the atmosphere is dense, grim, and heavy with frozen fear. This is no coincidence – the city was intentionally built as a mirror of the upper world, symbolizing the connection between the two realities.

At the heart of the story lies the Ring – a mysterious artifact that turns out to be not only a key to knowledge but also a literal portal between dimensions. Through it – and through the so-called spheres – one can traverse into the underworld. These special devices function as interdimensional gates. However, this journey is not a matter of choice: the protagonists are abducted by the servants of the being who rules Hell – the powerful and enigmatic Cassul. He is a ruler who does not employ violence in the usual sense but subjugates others through control, manipulation, and the force of his will imposed upon the world.

Held in Hell for forty years, though time flows differently in the real world, the characters undergo a profound transformation – both physical and spiritual. They must face not only their imprisonment but also the challenges of their new bodies, their relationships with one another, and the desperate search for an escape from a place from which few have ever returned.

Gradually, it becomes clear that the Ring is not merely a means of traveling between worlds but contains within it a code or mechanism capable of unlocking the very structure of reality itself. It was crafted to respond to thoughts, desires, and fears. Through it, one can not only escape but also alter the very nature of the boundary between worlds – something that Cassul clearly fears.

Part 1

Amsterdam, 1666

The girl walked slowly past the window of the studio, located directly opposite the shop where she worked. She knew that one of the young artists, a student of Master Van Rijn, was there. She knew that this same student, named Johannes, was watching her pass by the perfectly clean glass. She also knew that he liked her, which is why she walked so slowly, with a smile on her lips. The young woman's name was Katarina. She was considered one of the most beautiful women in Amsterdam. No one had ever managed to win her smile, let alone her body. Katarina was an eighteen-year-old, innocent girl, raised with the moral values of the time.

She entered the shop for paints and rare pigments, which still belonged to her grandfather, but her father was the general manager. In time, the young girl hoped to inherit the shop and run the Amsterdam trade in precious pigments from Indonesia herself, but until then she had to learn the craft well. That is why she worked every day in the shop with great responsibility and curiosity. She asked her father about everything, about the origin of each pigment or even ordinary locally made paint.

The girl quietly closed the door behind her and headed for the warehouse, where her father spent most of his time preparing the goods for sale. She passed by the saleswoman, who had already started work, greeted her kindly, and told her that she would be back as soon as she had seen her

father, mentioning that she needed to speak to him urgently.

In fact, before she crossed the threshold of the shop, she had seen Master Van Rijn enter. She knew he would go to her father and that they would talk about various things. She knew they would also talk about young artists. And she wanted to hear something about Johannes. Just saying his name made her tremble, excited her to madness, and made her dream about him.

Katarina quietly and slowly descended the stairs to the basement, where the storeroom was located. Holding her breath, she hid behind the door leading to the room with the paints ready for sale. There she heard her father and Van Rijn talking loudly.

"Look, master, I can't give you paint and pigments for free anymore," said Willem, Katarina's father, adding in a slightly firmer tone, "You have a lot of orders that you need to pay me for."

"Yes, I understand, but you have to understand my situation too, Willem," the master began to justify himself. "My family has nothing to eat. The order from the mayor of Amsterdam has already been accepted by the councilors, and now all I have to do is paint the picture, and we'll settle up in a month, two at most. My students will help me.

"Yes. Your students? They pay you, don't they?" Willem got angry and was about to raise his voice when Van Rijn almost shut his mouth with his hand and shouted in his face:

"I'll pay you!" Then, with a humble look, he added: "Just let me do the pigment and powder mix this time. I helped you get her in, didn't I? All my students helped you.

"Yes, I remember. And I am grateful to everyone for that," said Willem, adding, "but we have to eat too, master! My daughter wants better and better fabrics for her dresses. Where will the money come from?"

"Your daughter, Katarina? She really needs nice clothes," laughed Van Rijn and continued sarcastically, "But she can do without them. She walks around my studio naked.

Willem couldn't take the insult and grabbed the master by the throat, hissing through his teeth:

"What are you talking about? You and my daughter?

"Oh, for God's sake, let go of me," Van Rijn insisted. "It wasn't me, but my apprentice Johannes who said he was with her, naked. She was posing for him. And then..."

He couldn't finish because Katarina's father hit him so hard in the face that the master fell to the ground. Blood began to gush from his nose. The father was frightened and grabbed a rag, pressing it against his nose. The blood wouldn't stop.

Van Rijn got up and wanted to leave the room, but he staggered and fell next to a wooden table covered with a cloth. On the table was some expensive pigment that had just been ground into powder. Van Rijn grabbed the cloth and fell to the floor again. The pigment and blood mixed together and the painted tablecloth fell onto the master's face. He looked at the newly formed mixture with visible enthusiasm. He got back on his feet and shouted like a madman:

"I've found the color I need. Willem, you are my savior! This paint is perfect for the mayor's order. A discovery!

"I'll give you a discovery!" shouted the shopkeeper angrily, but when he looked at the color of the paint, he

gasped too. "I think I'll forgive you, my dear friend. This new paint will make us a lot of money. It's incredible!"

Embraced and visibly pleased, they headed up the stairs.

Katarina listened to what was happening behind the door and didn't know what to do. This accusation by Van Rijn and his student had crossed all boundaries. She wanted to open the door and start defending herself. But she hadn't done anything, and that hurt her. How could Johannes tell such a despicable lie? And she liked him so much. She was devastated. Her heart was broken.

However, the hysterical bonding between the two men over their discovery was a reason for her to remain silent. The girl quietly climbed the stairs and entered the store. She changed in the dressing room and stood behind the counter.

"What's wrong, Katarina?" asked the other saleswoman, who had obviously seen the color drain from the girl's face.

"Nothing, nothing's wrong, thank you."

"But you look a little pale, dear!"

"My father is coming up from the warehouse with Van Rijn. Tie your braids and get to work, Emma!" Katarina scolded her, but then winked and added, "They are very cheerful. They discovered something great, a new type of paint, and by accident. On my back, on the lie of the master's apprentice.

"What lie, Katie?" asked the saleswoman, immediately pricking up her ears.

"Well, they made it seem like I was naked in the master's studio, posing with his apprentice. A vile lie!" said the girl, but thinking to herself that if what Van Rijn said was true, she wouldn't be unhappy at all.

"No, that can't be true, because it was me, Katie," murmured the saleswoman and continued to explain in a low voice. "I was with this Johannes and posed for him. Then he took me to the other room and almost raped me. Luckily, the maid came in, so I escaped. I didn't want to tell you because I see how you look at him when you pass by his window. He really is a scoundrel.

It was as if everything had ended for Katarina. She felt dizzy, swayed, and fell softly to the floor.

Her father was just coming out of the storeroom with Van Rijn and saw her fall. He ran to her. He shook her gently, but she didn't come to. He left her lying on the floor and wondered what to do.

"Quick, call Dr. Mark!" he shouted, turning to Emma.

"I'm on my way..." replied the girl, but when she saw that his daughter had opened her eyes, she added happily, "But I guess there's no need, she's come to."

Katarina looked around and saw the people gathered around her. She pushed herself up and sat on the wooden floor. She shook her head to get rid of the intense pain and looked imploringly at her father.

"How are you, dear child?" Willem asked gently, leaning over the girl.

"I felt sick, Dad, and my head was spinning, but I'll be fine," she said, hiding the real reason for her fainting.

"Are you pregnant?" he whispered in her ear, "by the Master's apprentice?"

"What are you talking about, Father!" she replied angrily, stood up, and turned to everyone, including the customers. "Come on, the show is over. Anyone who wants to buy something can go to Emma. I'm going out for some fresh air."

She did as she said. She walked out demonstratively and headed for Van Rijn's studio. She wanted to hear the truth from Johannes himself.

Her father and the Master followed her unnoticed, knowing she would go there.

Part 2

Katarina quickly found herself at the new building at 13 Keizerracht Street. There was an inscription above the tall wooden entrance door: "Ano 1666." She knocked insistently. Soon a maid appeared, wearing a white cap typical of Dutch servants and lace embroidery on her dress.

"I'm here to pose for Johannes, the student," said Katarina haughtily, adding, "I already have an appointment with Mr. Van Rijn."

"The master is not here, miss, and I cannot let you in without his permission," the maid began to apologize.

"Yes, that's right. He's with my father, across the street," Katarina began in a friendlier tone. "I work in his paint shop. You may have seen me before."

"No, I haven't, miss. I'm new here. I've only been working for a few days," said the girl anxiously, looking around and adding in a quiet voice, "It was because of this Johannes that they fired the previous maid! But he's so handsome! If only you knew how handsome he is..."

"I know, I know! I've seen him before."

"Oh, if only I could pose for him just once," the girl said enthusiastically, raising her voice. "I'm not afraid he'll rape me. Quite the opposite, in fact. I'd like him to do it. That's why I'm here. I like him so much."

"All right, all right. I'll put in a good word for you," said Katarina, leaning conspiratorially toward the girl. "Just let me talk to him. After I pose for him, I'll tell Master Van Rijn how beautiful you are. I even have a pearl for you. You'll put it on your ear, and he'll paint you.

The maid took the bait and let her in, despite the master's strict prohibition.

The studio, intended for the students, was on the ground floor of the house. The basement was used to store paints and canvases. On the first floor was the hall with many paintings hanging on the walls, purchased by the Master. On the second floor were the living room, the kitchen, and the three bedrooms of Van Rijn and his wife.

Steep stairs connected these floors, but this was because in Amsterdam at that time, houses were built this way in order to pay lower taxes. The Dutch have long been renowned for their practicality and thriftiness, which borders on stinginess.

The two girls rushed with laughter and giggles to the Master's students' workshop. However, they found no one there. In the middle of the room was a large table covered with many paints of different colors. Several brushes were also carelessly thrown next to a white, still unpainted canvas. Near the window, however, there was already a canvas on an easel with an almost finished painting.

Katarina approached the painting and looked at it closely. She couldn't believe that her face was depicted there. The face on the canvas and hers were so similar that it couldn't be anyone else. Her face was beautiful, with delicate, refined features, both in the painting and in reality. It was no coincidence that all men, old and young, stared at her as they passed by. But she paid no attention to these facts, thinking that it was only natural for men to do so when they passed by a woman.

The maid also saw the resemblance and said with a smile:

"You must have been here before, miss! That magician, Johannes, painted you quite well."

"I've never been in this house," Katarina began to explain. "God is my witness."

"Then how did you end up on this canvas?" the maid insisted.

"It seems he painted me from memory when I passed by here, by the window," said Katarina quietly, but with a hint of wonder, and added, "This Johannes seems to have a pretty good visual memory, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does, but why didn't he paint me?!" said the girl. "I'm here all day.

"He'll paint you! Don't worry!" laughed Katarina and asked, "What's your name?"

"Sarah, my name is Sarah."

In the corner of the studio, another painting was visible, but it was completely covered with black cloth. It was clear that Johannes still did not want anyone to see it. The girls looked at each other and walked towards the painting at the same time.

"You must be here too, Sarah," said Katarina hopefully, "in this painting."

"Yes, yes..."

"Let's see!"

The two girls simultaneously pulled back the black cloth, revealing a painting that neither of them would ever forget for the rest of their lives.

A golden ring with Greek labyrinth patterns was painted on a black background. The painting was so real that a ray of light falling on the canvas reflected in such a way that the whole room glowed and dazzled the girls' eyes.

At that moment, Johannes entered. He was a well-built young man of about twenty-five. His face had regular features, which made him very desirable to both the women and the young men of the city.

He was the son of a very influential member of the Amsterdam city council, who was also close to the mayor and his family. From an early age, Johannes was renowned for his gift for painting portraits. At school, he had painted all the teachers so well that most of them predicted a great career for him in the arts.

Amsterdam, in that fateful year of 1666, was one of the most famous cities in the world. It was the golden age of the Netherlands. Every day, ships brought vast riches from all over the world from the conquered colonies. Gold was turned into buildings, and everyone was building bigger and better buildings called pandes. They were built with panache, power, and money. Of course, a lot depended on the city council, so the officials, chosen by the rich, served their constituents unconditionally. Johannes' father was one of them. He was an unscrupulous and arrogant man with a dark past, but he was loyal to the mayor and had earned his place on the council. When it came to where his son would learn his trade, the mayor recommended him to Van Rijn. Everyone in town knew that there was no one greater than Van Rijn in the art trade. But everyone also knew that Van Rijn was the most unpredictable and difficult man to understand. Under pressure from the mayor, the Master was forced to take the young man on as an apprentice.

"Which one of you dared to remove the black cloth from my painting?" Johannes asked angrily. He had not yet seen Katarina's face and thought that, apart from the maid,

the other girl was also a maid. However, when he saw Katarina, he softened his tone and added: "Ah, you are here, miss? I hadn't seen you. I apologize.

"I dismissed him," said Katarina shyly but with dignity, "but I don't regret it. What you did was amazingly beautiful..." She was about to ask his name, but he beat her to it.

"Johannes. My name is Johannes."

"Yes, Johannes, you are really good at drawing," said the beauty timidly, but then she paused and added sharply, "Except that in the other painting, it looks like it's me you've drawn? And without even asking me!"

"I don't need to ask anyone," the young man snapped. "I'll paint whoever I want."

"Paint me?" the maid interjected with a smile and wide eyes, adding, "You don't need to ask me. I have a pearl in my ear!"

Johannes stared at the pearl and said mockingly:

"That pearl is really worth something. But you're not worthy of it! Where did you steal it from?"

"I didn't steal it! This kind lady gave it to me for a little while so that you would take pity on me and paint me."

"I would paint you, but only the pearl... ha ha ha," he laughed in her face and gestured toward the door. "You can go back to your work in the kitchen now; you don't belong here."

The servant pouted and almost ran to the door. She slammed it shut angrily, turning to Katarina and tossing her the pearl:

"Did I tell you?! Nobody wants me! Even with a pearl..."

"Don't you dare come here again without me calling you!" Johannes shouted after her.

At that moment, Katarina wondered how it was possible for so much beauty and so much inhumanity to be combined in this young man. Did it come from the upbringing of his parents, who were among the richest in Holland, or was he just a boy who carried evil within him? These unpleasant conclusions overwhelmed the girl, and she wondered what to do. Despite everything, her animal instincts prevailed. She couldn't resist Johannes' charm and decided to have him for herself at any cost, even if it meant a bitter end.

"Every frog knows its place," she whispered in the artist's ear, and said to the servant in a softer tone, "Your turn will come, don't worry, dear."

After the door slammed shut, a silence fell over the studio that lasted longer than it should have under normal circumstances. The two looked into each other's eyes and didn't move an inch. They were as if frozen. The girl was breathing heavily and excitedly, while the young man was in a state he had been in before, but now it was different. He wanted this girl for himself. He wanted her to be in his prison forever, not to see or be seen by anyone else in Amsterdam.

The silence was broken by the tolling of the bell of the newly built Protestant church called "New Church," located a stone's throw from the Master's studio and home.

Katarina seemed to start and sought Johannes's gaze.

"I don't know what to say. I have no words to thank you for the beautiful painting in which you used my face," she said and moved closer to the young man.

He had been waiting for this. He gently took the girl's head in his hands and caressed her. She rolled her eyes and looked at him again, then pressed her lips to his. He did not

pull away, but he did not do anything else either. He knew it was dangerous to do anything with this inexperienced girl. Their kiss lasted more than a minute.

"Do you want to go somewhere else, Katarina?" he whispered in her ear and added, "There's no one at our place. Only the servants, but they're downstairs and won't disturb us."

The girl was stunned by the kiss and wanted these moments to never end.

"Take me wherever you want!" she said, and they left through the back door of the courtyard. They headed for Johannes' house.

Part 3

It was located on a street called Herrenracht, at numbers 362 to 368. His family lived at number 366, while the other numbers were not in use. Their doors were locked, but their interior space was fully utilized, with all four houses connected to each other by internal entrances. This created a huge three-story building with many rooms, like the palaces of King Willem III. The artist's father was a merchant of the highest class, whose trade consisted mainly of importing goods from the newly discovered eastern colonies of the Netherlands. He was also one of the founders of the United East India Company, the largest trading company at the time. In addition to trading in goods, he was also a dealer in paintings and a collector of the great artists. The Cromhout family was considered one of the wealthiest. Therefore, it had enormous influence in Amsterdam, which was the fourth largest city in the world and flourished during these golden ages.

The distance from the studio where Johannes was studying to his house was no more than five hundred meters. They only had to cross the picturesque bridge connecting the banks of the artificial canal. Both were so caught up in love and passion that they did not notice the Master and Katarina's father walking not far behind them. They followed them closely. The father was amazed by what was happening. All sorts of thoughts ran through his head. What if this young man, who had been labeled a rapist, raped her too? His daughter, who was still young to him,

Katarina. Another thought crept into his head. What if they became relatives of the powerful Cromhauts?

The young man turned around, looked around for acquaintances and witnesses to the fact that he was bringing an innocent girl into his home, and, finding nothing suspicious, headed for house number 362. He was the only one who had a key to this entrance. His father had given him the ground floor of this wing of his empire so that he could paint and store his canvases there. He wanted his son to become a great artist like Rembrandt van Rijn.

Johannes unlocked the door with ease, picked up Katarina in his arms, and carried her up the stairs. The girl was silent, frozen, both out of fear and out of a tremendous desire to be with this young man. She was afraid because she had never been with a man before and did not know what to do. She was also afraid that this young man would only want to play with her and then abandon her. She was just the daughter of a paint shop owner and nothing else.

The ground floor of the house was littered with canvases and paintings, most of which were unfinished. Katarina looked at them and found almost one thing in common in all of them. Faces crying out for help. Black was the predominant color, which made the paintings even darker. In one corner of the room, however, there were also unfinished paintings, but of a completely different nature. They were splashed with very bright and cheerful colors. Then she thought that she already knew this boy. A boy with two sides, with two individuals merged into one body. Katarina was startled by the thoughts that came to her, but it was too late.

Johannes carried her up the stairs in his arms, his face expressionless and listless. His face was like the drawings

on the ground floor. There was no trace of the young man the girl admired. He was not himself. Even the color of his eyes had changed from light blue to gray, even black. Just like all the eyes screaming in pain that he had drawn.

The girl didn't know what to do to break free from Johannes's tight grip. She wanted to scream, but that wasn't in her nature. She tried, but only a few weak sounds came out of her mouth, and that was it. Then she decided that she would need her physical strength and, above all, her mind to dissuade him from what he had planned to do, which, in her opinion, was not very nice.

Katarina somehow managed to get close to his ear and whispered softly and gently:

"Johannes, what's wrong with you? Why are you carrying me so roughly up these stairs? We'll both fall like this!"

"What Johannes? I'm not Johannes," the young man snapped at her and continued in a growling voice: "I'm Jan! Jan Peter. OK!?"

The girl had heard from her father about people like this, who presented themselves as two different individuals, but they were mentally ill and very, very dangerous.

"Let me go, Jan, or I'll scream for help at the top of my lungs," she raised her voice and began to push his face aside with her hand.

"Scream all you want, you little bitch. No one will hear you here. No one comes into this wing. You'll only make things worse for yourself.

"Where are you taking me, Jan? What are you going to do with me?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Prepare to die."

"Die?" cried the girl, now almost hysterical with fear.

"Yes, yes, and how," he muttered, continuing to drag her up the stairs.

They were already passing the last steps of the third floor when she noticed two different paintings hanging on the wall with the image of the young man pulling her. One was in gray colors, with the face almost white, expressionless, ready to accept death. The other painting was full of colors and hues, a painting full of energy and life. The face was painted with great skill and love, smiling and cheerful.

"What are you staring at on the walls? Haven't you seen twin brothers before?" Johannes stammered, turning his head toward her. "My father told me that they painted these pictures.

"But that's you in both paintings, Johannes," whispered the girl, knowing from stories that speaking in a quieter tone calms the madman. "Wake up, please, dear!"

"I said, I'm not Johannes!" he shouted and hit her on the head with all his might.

Katarina fell unconscious and slid down the stairs. The madman dragged her up as if she were not a person but a sack of flour. He banged the girl's head against the railing without even realizing it. In his twisted mind, he had taken her for a rag doll that he had to tear apart and bury in the place where there were already other such dolls.

Part 4

This place was upstairs, on the top floor, or more precisely in the attic, where there was only one small room. From the outside, only one window was visible, covered with ornaments typical of the architecture of that century. These ornaments were called "hyveli" and almost all wealthy houses had them. They were made of small bricks and plaster, which glued them together and attached them to the house.

When this little room was still under construction last year, Johannes had become friends with the builder and asked him to make them a kind of hiding place. A small room that no one would know existed, so that only the two of them could hide there and enjoy each other's company. Jan Peter, one of the two in the madman's body, loved only men. The builder, a young and handsome Scandinavian from Sweden, did too.

And so it happened. The Swede built a separate wall, about a meter and a half from the main side wall, thus creating a small room measuring four by one and a half meters. There was no door, but the Scandinavian was inventive and made a small opening in the floor, covered with a wooden lid, which led to the room, called by both of them a "hiding place." He also made a double floor, raising the second one about half a meter so that it could serve as a passageway. This cover was so masterfully and skillfully made that it was indistinguishable from the floorboards.

However, there was no light in the hiding place because the window was in the main room. They only entered the

walled-up room with lanterns. There was no ventilation, so it smelled terrible, especially since there was already a rotting corpse of one or more victims, the mad Johannes, or more precisely, Jan-Peter, the evil personality in the young man's body. Of course, despite his madness, he realized that he had to cover up the traces of his crimes. So, on dark, moonless nights, he would put the girls he had killed in sacks and throw them into the newly dug, water-filled canals of Amsterdam. He always put heavy bricks in the sack along with the victim, which were abundant on the streets of the rapidly growing city.

Katarina was going to be another victim of his sick mind.

After he had almost dragged her to the top floor and was about to open the wooden trapdoor in the floor, the girl came to, opened her eyes, and tried to scream, but no sound came out of her mouth. Her throat was dry from Johannes' grip, who had dragged her up the stairs with his hand wrapped around her hair and neck. Horror and panic overwhelmed the girl. What would this madman do to her, how could she escape his iron grip? Who could help her? Perhaps her father, but he probably didn't know where she was. At least that's what she thought.

Johannes noticed that Katarina had regained consciousness. He sat down next to her on the floor and said:

"Welcome to the gates of Hell, dear!"

"Hell?" the girl wanted to ask, but no sound came out of her mouth, only a quiet, soft whisper.

The madman hit her hard on the head with his fist again, and she lost consciousness for the second time. Her body went limp, and she slumped down in a ball next to the

wooden cover. The cover served as a door, an entrance to the walled-up secret room.

Johannes had almost slipped through it, dragging the girl with him, when loud banging was heard on the front door. "Who could be disturbing him? Or were they homeless beggars looking for a piece of bread?" he thought, continuing to pull his victim toward the hiding place.

The banging stopped.

He carefully closed the lid behind him. Even if someone entered the attic room, he thought, they would not be able to find the hiding place because the entrance-lid was masterfully and finely crafted. It was almost invisible to the naked eye.

Reassured by these thoughts, he pulled the girl into the hiding place, found the flashlight he had prepared, turned it on, and the room was bathed in a dark red light. Two corpses of his victims lay at the end of the hiding place. They had probably been there for almost two weeks because the stench was unbearable.

The madman began to undress the girl, or rather, he tore her clothes off eagerly because it was easier for him, and he couldn't wait to begin his evil deed. He had to go through the ritual he always performed. A ritual he had read about somewhere in a book that revealed the secrets of the devil, a guidebook to Hell. According to this book, he had to kill 666 virgins, take their souls, give them to the devil, and only then could he go to the place his sick mind called Hell.

Katarina was still unconscious. She lay naked and innocent next to him and the gray-hued lantern.

Johannes undressed and, naked himself, positioned himself between her legs and took her virginity. The girl came to her senses, feeling the intense pain, and saw the