



Curiosity compelled me to venture closer to the old, crumbling house at the end of Maple Street. As dusk settled in, an eerie atmosphere enveloped the abandoned structure. Driven by a sense of adventure, I pushed open the creaky front door and stepped inside. Thick dust filled the air, mingling with the scent of decay that permeated the space. In the dim light, broken furniture lay scattered, and the wallpaper hung like tattered memories. With each creak of the floorboards, the silence seemed to deepen, as if the house itself was alive, watching my every move.

Strange markings adorned the walls, their meanings lost to time and neglect. A sudden chill swept through the air, accompanied by a soft whisper that brushed against my ear. I turned to discover nothing but darkness, yet the feeling of being watched intensified. In a shadowy corner, a dusty mirror caught my eye, its surface clouded and mysterious. As I peered into it, the reflection shifted. I could see not just my own face, but a fleeting image of a girl in a white dress, her eyes wide with fear. My breath caught in my throat as she reached out, and the mirror rippled like water.

Compelled by a force I couldn't understand, I reached out to touch the glass. The moment my fingers made contact, the room shook, and the lights flickered. I stumbled back as the air filled with whispers—voices overlapping, pleading, echoing through the walls. Shadows began to flicker at the edges of my vision, darting away whenever I turned.

I stumbled into the dark and empty kitchen, where a heavy wooden table was set for dinner. Ghostly apparitions of a family materialized around it, their faces solemn and eyes filled with sorrow. They seemed unaware of my presence, trapped in a moment of time, reliving an event from long ago. I could hear their muffled conversations, tinged with an overwhelming sense of loss.

Feeling a surge of courage, I called out to them, but they faded like smoke, leaving behind a profound sadness. The house felt like a vessel of memories, holding onto the past with a grip that refused to loosen.