Never Trust an Abandoned House

by Francesca De Caro

It was in the middle of the night when I finally decided that I was going to do it. I was conscious of how dangerous it could be, however it did not bother me at all: my curiosity overcame any other feeling inside my mind.

Notwithstanding, considering that you might be wondering what on earth am I talking about, let's just commence with the beginning of it all. Two years ago, I moved from my small town in Italy and started a life here, in London. My neighbourhood is considerably nice, not too fancy and expensive-looking, neither like those places that seem to have come out of a horror movie. Everyone who lives here is welcoming and friendly and we all pretty much know each other. Nevertheless, there is a building in our neighbourhood, specifically the one directly in front of my accommodation, which is said to have never been inhabited. This has always felt extremely weird to me, above all due to the fact that everyone seems to avoid it, and the children who play on the street claim it to be haunted. I have personally never seen a movement around it, as well as inside it; or at least this has been the situation until around three weeks ago.

I was sleeping, when, around three in the morning, my cat started meowing all over my lap because she wanted a snack. Consequently, I woke up and, peering outside to understand how late in the night it was, I saw it.

There was a light; a small, weak but clear light coming from the abandoned house. At first, I thought that I must have imagined it, therefore I gave another look. However, this time the place appeared dark as always. "Is this my mind playing tricks?" I thought.

Although, this did not feel right. I was sure of it: I saw it.

I fed my cat, and then I went back to bed, giving just another glance at the window in front of mine; still nothing.

In any case, the next morning, on second thought, I decided to let it slide and forgot about it. Until it happened again.

This time it was late in the evening and I was coming back from a dinner I had with some friends. I was tired and a bit tipsy due to the couple of glasses of wine that I drank earlier; hence, I was not paying attention to what surrounded me, though I should have.

I went up to the door of my house, and while I was turning the key inside the keyhole, I heard and unexpected noise from the building across the street. I instantly turned my head towards the nature of that loud and strange sound, and once again, I saw a light. This time it was not immediately put out,

consequently I was sure of it being there. It looked flame-ish like, as if it was not and electrical device rather than a candle or an oil lamp.

Regardless of how my wanting to know more was getting stronger more and more, another noise coming from my house made me lose attention. I was not worried, because it was probably the cat that was hungry therefore I looked again at the window of the abandoned building, yet this time there was no light.

I tried to talk about this events with the other neighbours, although none of them seemed to care, since for them that has always been there, left out by the whole world.

Despite this, I had a weird gut feeling and I wanted to go and check even if it scared me as hell. Nonetheless, I had made up my mind only tonight. I finally decided to understand what was happening in the house across the street after not only seeing the light once again, but also because I perceived some movements in the darkness of the place.

Let me get this straight though. I was anxious. However, I was not as anxious as I was excited. Therefore, I got dressed, and, just for safety I took the baseball bat my brother brought me from the US, along with my pepper spray, a gift from my college friends. Then I switched on my phone light and exited my house. I was thrilled, and felt like in one of those true crime podcasts from YouTube. I crossed the street and reached the front door of the abandoned building. At first, I knocked; yet, no one answered. Consequently, I opened the creaking door whispering "Is anyone here?". Obviously, no sounds came back. When I was inside was the moment I heard some steps from upstairs and suddenly the thrilling became fear. I had the strong desire to go back home, but something stopped me.

I collected myself and went up the first step: I had started this, and now I could not escape.

What I saw left me speechless. There was a girl in the middle of the room and with her a younger boy, they were dressed with clothes covered in dirt and around them were two blankets and a pillow full of holes, moreover, there was a candle and a box of matchers.

This scene made me understand it all even before hearing the story. I put away everything but the light, and reached for them. They were scared, and after me introducing myself gently, they did that too and told me their story: they were from a poor family, and after their parents died, they were sent in foster care, but managed to escape and found a shelf in the abandoned house.

That night, after their story, I made another decision: that I would help them.

Therefore, I brought them home with me. In no time, I understood the value of my choice, and how special these two kids were. At the end, even if there was no mystery and no serial killer, curiosity might have killed the cat, but it sure saved some friends.