



A HORROR STORY FOR HALLOWEEN: “THE DWELLING”

I perfectly remember that cold winter night. It was January 13th, 1860, the same day that Paul and I had just got married. We were deeply in love with each other and had decided to spend our honeymoon somewhere remote from the city and the people we knew. We were invited to the luxurious mansion that his uncle, Lord James, had in the country, and we accepted as we did not have any other better choice.

After leaving the train station, we had to walk for a long time among the woods that led directly to the house. I will never forget the thick mist of that scary silent night, when we were able to perceive the most insignificant sounds of Nature. As I was very frightened, I asked my dear Paul to put his arm around me. Suddenly, we saw a dim light far in the distance that seemed to come from the mansion we were looking for. We sighed and smiled at each other because we felt relieved. However, it was a short-lived feeling since as we were approaching the dwelling, we found a cemetery just in front of the house. Paul tried to comfort me but I did not like the idea of sharing the place for our honeymoon with the dead ancestors of my husband. As we were passing by all those graves, it started to rain heavily and I could see how a rusty cross was beginning to lean forward and backward as though somebody were pushing it from below. That sight made my hair stand on end but Paul tried to convince me that it was only the blowing wind.

We arrived at the house at last and Lord James welcomed us with open arms. He was standing at the hall with Joan, his new wife, and Veronica, his stepdaughter. They were really kind to us but there was something in the way Veronica looked at Paul that made me feel terrified. She was a short blond girl whose eyes seemed to be hiding something.

We went upstairs to our bedroom and I lay down on the bed for a few minutes. It was bitterly cold and I realised that the window was wide open. I went to close it but I saw something that gave me the creeps: there was a hole next to a cross, just as though somebody had been digging a tomb up. Maybe I was going too far imagining things... That's why I decided to relax and try to enjoy my first night at the house. After a while we joined the other for dinner. Everything was alright then and I was beginning to feel calm again. Nevertheless, the light of the candles suddenly went out and we were in complete darkness. I tried to hold my husband's hand but I could not find him. Then a fork of lightning lit up the room and I saw that I was alone in there. I could not find any logical explanation as I was scared to death. Leaving the room in a hurry, I decided to look for Paul in order to run away from that horrid place. I began to call him loudly without any answer, but then, there was another bolt of lightning and I could see Veronica and a strange man who seemed to be at death's doors and whose clothes were torn. They were walking hand in hand towards me and I suddenly remembered that tomb I had seen from the window. Yes, it was a zombie, I was sure. I tried to run away but I felt how the zombie grasped my arm heavily. Being scared out of my wits, I began to cry and just at that moment, I opened my eyes and saw how Paul was grasping my arm trying to wake me up. I had fallen asleep when I lay down on the bed and, from that very moment, everything had been part of a nightmare.

I held Paul tight and, after a while, we joined the others for dinner. Suddenly, the lights of the candles went out...

Fuente: http://www.isabelperez.com/hotpot/horror_halloween.htm

