

Short Story - I am an haunted house

My heart has been broken many times in my life. I'm familiar with the bittersweet taste of freedom when a partner leaves and a relationship ends; I must admit, sometimes I crave it, yearn for it. There was even a point in my life where I was a fiancée. It's now a distant memory that I don't even cherish anymore.

However, all of those experiences are meaningless compared to the loss of a friendship. For 15 years I called her my best friend and she abandoned me when I needed her the most. I am so naive.

I'm driving alone to the countryside. She used to join me on those adventures, but today, she's nowhere. She evaporated like water and I'm still here like a stone.

She shattered not only my heart but my confidence and my trust. She stole everything in my heart and reduced it to ashes in her wake. I found a profound emptiness in me that I didn't know I was carrying. Everything reminded me of her and I have no one to confide to anymore. Her friendship shaped me and now, I'm nothing. I am left with dust, neither joy nor hope warms my days. I am full of faded memories, ghosts of another life.

I should arrive at my destination soon. It's getting dark and the woods are unfamiliar to me. Am I lost? I can't trust my mind right now. Was I always so faded? Am I transforming into a ghost? Maybe, I am a mere idea of who I used to be.

So be it.

Since I'm turning into a phantom myself, I decided to write about them. This idea of dissipating into the universe provides me with some comfort and I willingly let myself drown in it. I am exchanging my pain for breadcrumbs of creativity.

I parked my car upon reaching my destination— an old house isolated from civilization. This familial home, once charming I'm sure, is nothing more than woods and scandals. I've heard all the stories, that's why I'm staying here— the murders, the families running away in the middle of the night, the screams. There's nothing better to feel alive than walking with death.

And, as if the house knew I was coming, a silhouette appeared in one of the windows, welcoming me at the doorsteps of my bleak fate. I smile.