

Cheap House

by Mia Kranold, 8c

4 years ago, I bought an extremely cheap mansion with a huge lot in a suburb of Texas. It was very well maintained and who would question such a cheap offer at 23?

And because my parents died young, I wanted to buy something reasonable with the money I inherited.

That turned out to be one of the biggest mistakes I made, I still can't sleep at night because I'm scared that he'll come back.

Here's what happened:

I bought the house at an online auction and immediately called all of my friends to tell them the big news. I was super excited and I could view the house tomorrow and get my keys. Things were going a little too well, I thought. Especially considering my past... I really thought that it was finally my turn to be happy.

The next day I drove with my friends to the new house. It was really lovely and just like the pictures. In fact, I thought I was going to be scammed, but that wasn't the case. I was extremely surprised. The keys to the house were handed to me by a strange guy who looks like he's about to scream in fear. He was shaking all over and he didn't talk much either. I can only remember him saying "good luck".

At that time I thought he was just a freak, but now I can understand him. Poor guy was happy that he no longer had to take care of the house. But back to the Story:

I got the keys and we all went inside. Each of us first went around the house alone to find the best place for the furniture and boxes. We were all amazed by the size of the house, it was even bigger than it looked from the outside.

We carried all the boxes in and opened a beer to celebrate everything and we all got drunk...Very drunk. And for whatever reason, my friend Mike came up with the idea of going into the basement to see if the previous owner left anything there. And as expected, there was nothing more than a small shelf and an ancient broom. What was way more interesting, was the huge wooden door to which we had no key. Mike went to break down the door, but was stopped by Emma who was probably the soberest: "Let's go to bed. We still have a lot to do tomorrow." We listened to Emma and went to bed.

Well, we kinda forgot about the door. We were so busy unpacking all of our stuff that we just forgot. But luckily, Sasha remembered while he was passing the basement. "Hey, did you ask the previous owner for the key?" he asked me.

"Omg no I didn't... I totally forgot about that. But I don't think I can call him right now..it's super late." I said.

Suddenly, Mike joined the conversation: "Who was sneaking around the house last night? You could hear the pounding 2 kilometers away. Was that Emma or one of you guys?" he asked while smirking

"It wasn't me! Whoever it was even knocked on my door...that was really scary and not funny at all!" Emma yelled from the next room.

"I slept like a baby after all those drinks..." I said while cleaning the dishes

"I could hear you snoring. I was awake but I surely wasn't walking around the house, why should I?" Sasha said while going down the basement stairs. "Are you coming with me? I really wanna know what's behind that door...let's just break it." Mike nodded and I dried my wet hands and called Emma.

Emma was skeptical and looked at the boys judgmentally as they tried to force open the door with all their strength and tools

"You are wasting your time. There's something that's blocking it on the other side. Let's just call the previous owner tomorrow and ask if he has a key." She said while rolling her eyes back. And as always, we listened to Emma.

The next morning, we all immediately went down the basement prepared with various tools to open the door. I also called the previous owner and he said something really disturbing "Don't ever even try to unlock the door. Just ignore it. I will not give you a key for that. It's for your own safety." That was spooky. But if I'm honest, we all just kinda made fun of the guy. That statement only confirmed his freak-reputation. But that guy really had good intentions. If only we realized that earlier...

Well, we all went down the basement and found the huge wooden door wide open. "Who did this?" Said Sasha while laughing.

"What..? No one could possibly go down here without anyone noticing! I'm really scared guys. What happened Friday Night and now the mysterious basement door is wide open..we should call the police." Said Emma while looking unsure.

"Well, what could we tell the police? Omg there's a door open in our house aaaa!" Mike said in a goofy voice.

"Let's just look what's inside. I'm curious." I said while grabbing a rusty shovel that just laid on the ground near the door.

We all went inside and Emma waited outside because she was too scared to go in.

It was a long and thin hallway which had led us to a large dark room. It stank terribly and I could swear the rust on my shovel suddenly looked like old, dry blood.

The room looked like some kind of a prison cell with a sink, a toilet and a bed.

"Guys..." Sasha stuttered "Is there someone laying in the bed...?"

I froze. He's right. There really is someone in the bed.

"Sir..SIR! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?" Mike yelled.

The man didn't move a bit.

"Guys let's get the hell out of here and just call the police...maybe he's homeless or something!" I whispered while I hold my shovel tighter.

We got out of that room and called the police. We were absolutely distraught.

Emma called the police and we all watched the basement door to make sure the the guy wasn't going away.

When the police arrived they went down to check in the basement and found nothing more than a strange Halloween mask and some old pictures. They put up a wanted ad but well...we really didn't see much of the guy. But a question that still haunts me:

How the hell did that guy manage to get out? He just disappeared. Did we all just imagine him?

My friends and I vowed to never set a foot in that room behind the door. We also nailed the door shut and put our beds in one big room, just because we feel safer.

In addition, nobody will stay alone in this house anymore.

I know it happened 4 years ago but it keeps me awake at night.

Who was that guy?

How did he get here?

What had the previous owner to do with this situation ?

When i tried to call him and ask him about the incident, his number didn't exist anymore.

That freaked me out even more, I should've know better. And we are basically stuck here because no one wants to buy the house. And why? Because the police made it public and it went viral.

And what sane person would ever want to live here ?