In the town where I lived there was an abandoned apartment with two-floors. It had broken windows and dirty, crumbling walls, so no locals would ever go near it.

One day me and my friend decided to explore the place. It was still early in the afternoon and there was a lot of light, so we ventured to the second floor.

And there on one of the doors we found some graffiti.

We went closer to have a look and found some words that said:"I am in the room ahead."

We decided to go through the door.

We walked until we reached a fork and on the wall it said:"I am on the left."

We were getting slightly scared but decided to turn left.

Then we came to the place where there were rooms on both sides of us.

And on the wall it said, "My head is on the left and my body is on the right."

My friend, as soon as he saw it, lost nerve and ran away. But I decided to stay and, mustering all my courage, walked through the door on the right. I walked to the farthest wall in the room and on the wall it said: "My body is underneath." I looked down and on the floor it said: "My head is coming here from the room on the left. Don't look behind you."

Quickly I flung myself through the window and ran away.

Since then I have never been near the place.