**THE ABANDONED HOUSE**

PART 1

My parents had been looking for a house for a long time. One which was close to my school and Dad’s office. They weren’t able to find one easily, but after a long search, they found a decent one. I liked it, but the part that spooked me was the abandoned house behind it. My room was at the back of the house, so I could clearly see it from my room.

By the way, my name is Kshitij and I am ten years old. Usually, I don’t get scared of these type of things because of the number of horror movies I watch, but this one spooked me out. It was dark brown and over ten people could live in it. There were three windows facing me, each on one of the floors. It was covered in webs and there were dark woods behind.

“M-mom”, I stammered, “The h-h-house back th-there, its fre-freaking me out.”

“Come on, it’s just a house. Go and unpack your stuff,” she said calmly.

“Can I get your room and you get mine?” I asked cowering. She started unpacking without answering. I knew I couldn’t get another room.

A few days passed and I got used to the room. I wasn’t too frightened now. One night at 9 o’clock, as I was trying to sleep, my eyes flitted towards the window. On the top floor window of the house, I saw someone staring at me. I ran towards my parents’ room and knocked hard.

“Mom, please open. Mom, open quickly,” I said frightened.

Soon the door was opened and I saw my mom standing there a bit irritated because she had already gone to sleep. I told her what I had seen and she came up to my room and looked out of the window.

“There’s nothing there. You must be imagining. Just go to sleep. You have a long day at school tomorrow,” she said sleepily.

“But, I’m not imagining. I actually saw something!” I said.

“It must be a kid pranking you. Its Halloween time,”

“Oh, yeah!” I muttered to myself.

The next day, I decided to go to the house and find that little prankster. I needed to catch him/her so I can report him/her to his/her parents and get them grounded without candy. Soon, when it was pitch dark, I took my torch and headed towards the house. As I was going there I felt courageous. When I opened the door, it made a creaking noise. The house was so dark that I felt like a coward now.

Shining my torch around, I climbed up the stairs and soon found the window through which I could see my bedroom.

“There’s nothing here,” I said to myself. As I said that, I saw myself walking into my room followed by my mom! I was shocked and started shouting. “Mom!” I screamed. I ran down the stairs and tried to open the door. It wouldn’t budge. I put all my power and screamed at the top of my voice, but the door wouldn’t open.

I ran back upstairs. I saw that thing which looked like me. It looked at me and I saw its face turn black into the face of the ghost.

PART 2

“Kshitij, get ready for school!” Mom screamed. The ghost Kshitij was still in the house. He was in deep sleep. “Why aren’t you ready for school?” Mom asked, walking into the room. “I’m not feeling well,” the ghost said. They had a conversation and Mom told the ghost to rest and if the condition gets worse, she’ll book an appointment with the doctor. She had no idea that he wasn’t her son.

Soon, it was dinner time and Mom had cooked Kshitij’s favourite dish. As soon as the ghost put it in his mouth, he spit it out. “I’m not feeling hungry,” he said wearily and went back to his room.

When Mom and Dad went to sleep, the ghost went hunting. This ghost’s food was human flesh and killed about two to three people each night. When he finished, he would sneak back in home, take a shower, and take rest in Kshitij’s warm cosy bed. This continued for four days and poor Kshitij was still trapped in the haunted house.

One night, when the Ghost was out hunting, Mom had a strange dream. It was a dream in which Kshitij was trapped in a house and shouting for help. She suddenly woke up and decided to check if ‘Kshitij’ was fine. When she went to his room and saw that he wasn’t there. She got scared and searched around the house.

When she looked out of the window at the garden, she saw Kshitij eating flesh of a dog with blood covering his face and hands.

As he was getting up, Mom ran back to her room. As he went in for a shower, she sneaked into the room. “My son would never do that,” she sobbed, “Who is this person?” Just as her head lifted up, she saw Kshitij in the top floor window of the abandoned house, waving. She got up and got back memories of when Kshitij was talking about a person standing at that window.

“What are you doing here?” The ghost asked, suddenly. “Oh, I just came to tell you that your dad is sick and I have to go to the pharmacy to buy him some medicines. Would you like to accompany me?” The ghost nodded his head and came to the car.

“You know, your father was telling me that he was missing your childhood days a lot and he still remembers what you used to call your favourite car. Fera, instead of Ferrari. It was so cute.” Mom said.

“Yes, I remember, I loved playing with it,” the Ghost replied.

“Oh, but Kshitij never had any cars and hated them,” Mom said.

“So, you found out!” the Ghost said, opening his mouth revealing very sharp teeth and two long canines. Just as she was about to get attacked, Mom jumped out of the car and locked it. Then, she put petrol all around the car and lit it on fire.

Soon, Mom and Dad broke into the haunted house and rescued me. I was very weak after staying in the house after four long days. Mom and Dad couldn’t even recognise me! Soon, we shifted out of the house and decided to live somewhere else. A few days later, I got to know the story of the abandoned house from an old neighbour.

The story was: There once lived a very old lady in that house. She lived alone. There were very strange rumours about her. But, she used to eat the flesh of people, and one day the people of the town started disappearing. The local police couldn’t figure out who it was, until a milkman working early in the morning saw her eating a fat baker. The police decided that putting her in the jail wouldn’t help much so they sealed the doors and windows of the house. But one day, she returned in the form of me.

Meanwhile, in the car which Mom had burned, the old lady, rises, hungry.

**THE END**