

### Answer 3 questions

Who lives in the house across the street?

Why don't they come to the neighborhood parties?

Why have I never seen them leaving their house?

Some years ago, some months before attending college, I used to visit my grandma every weekend. She was an 80 years old living in a suburban neighborhood, she was a lonely woman. Sadly, I had the impression the end was nearly, some years previously she had been diagnosed with cancer. She couldn't stand up for several minutes, she really needed help for the most basic human being necessities. My mom tried to visit my grandma after her work, however for my grandma it wasn't enough, she needed more human interaction. Almost all her friends had passed away, and my grandma was slowly falling down in a depression. Nonetheless, I knew she was a Pandora's box, she had a secret and she had hidden it for several years. Since I was a kid I had had the curiosity about the neighbors across the street and the story related to my grandma and my grandpa who had passed away a lot years before.

One afternoon, I faced my grandmother, and asked her seriously why the house across the street was apparently empty but she used to say everytime I used to visit her that the neighbors will come to visit her home one day. She glanced furious at me and said "you don't know anything about it, a lot of time ago they were the best friends of the family until your grandpa died". I was shocked when I heard those words, my mother never wanted to tell me that story, but I knew it wasn't right at all. I decided not to bother my grandma with more questions, so I changed the conversation theme. However, something inside me wanted to discover the mystery about the neighbors across the street.

Some week later, I had planned a strategy to visit the neighbors. I would buy a dessert, and I would visit their home to invite them to grandma's home. Before a formal invitation, I told my grandma my plan. She was an old lady and I wouldn't want to cause a displace to her. Then I saw in her glance, in her old face full of wrinkles, the look of regret of someone who failed another person. She told me everything. I will never forget those things I heard that night, they were already dead inside their home and my grandma confessed that she was responsible.