

Mike and Katrine had always dreamed of a quiet life. After years of bustling city living, they finally found their sanctuary in a charming, slightly weathered house on Willow Lane. The house was nestled at the edge of a dense forest, its white picket fence leaning slightly to the left, and its garden overgrown with wildflowers. It wasn't perfect, but it was theirs.

The house had a history, as all old houses do. The previous owner, an elderly woman named Mrs. Hargrove, had lived there for decades before passing away. She had left behind a lifetime of belongings, and Mike and Katrine spent their first few weeks sorting through dusty boxes, old photographs, and peculiar trinkets.