

Hollow House stood at the end of a lonely street, its dark silhouette a stark contrast against the moonlit sky. The old mansion had been abandoned for years, its once grand architecture now marred by decay. Local legend had it that the house was haunted by the restless spirits of its previous owners, the Hollow family.

Despite the warnings, a group of four college friends—Sarah, Mike, Jess, and Tom—decided to spend a night in the mansion as part of a dare. Armed with flashlights, cameras, and a Ouija board, they entered the house, ready to debunk the ghost stories.

The air inside was musty, and the floorboards creaked under their weight. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and the walls were covered in peeling wallpaper. The house had an oppressive atmosphere, as if it were alive and watching them.

“Creepy place,” Mike said, trying to mask his unease with bravado. “Let’s find a spot to set up.”

They chose the parlor, a large room with an old fireplace and dusty furniture. Sarah placed the Ouija board on a coffee table while the others set up their cameras. They sat around the board, hands lightly resting on the planchette.

“Is anyone here with us?” Sarah asked, her voice steady.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then, the planchette began to move slowly, spelling out “YES.”

“Who are you?” Jess asked, her eyes wide with excitement.

The planchette spelled out “HOLLOW.”

A chill ran through the group. They continued asking questions, learning that the spirit claimed to be Rebecca Hollow, the youngest daughter of the family. She warned them of a dark presence in the house—her father, who had gone mad and murdered the family before taking his own life.

Suddenly, the room grew colder, and the lights flickered. The fireplace, which had been cold and empty, burst into flames. A deep, menacing voice echoed through the room.

“Leave this place!”

Panic set in. The friends scrambled to gather their things, but the doors slammed shut, trapping them inside. The house seemed to come alive, the walls vibrating with an unseen force. Shadows moved independently, forming grotesque shapes that reached out to them.

Tom tried to force the door open, but it wouldn’t budge. “We need to get out of here, now!”

Sarah, desperate, shouted, “Rebecca, please help us!”

The flames in the fireplace roared higher, and the room shook violently. The friends huddled together, feeling the malevolent presence closing in. Just as they thought all hope was lost, a soft, ethereal light filled the room, and the shadows retreated.