

## ***The Black haze***

*Prologue: Once upon a time, in a magnificent mansion lived a happy family of four, one boy, one girl and their parents. The boy was passionate about music especially pop music. They believed nothing could harm them. They thought they were unstoppable. But one day, while everything was peaceful, a dramatic event occurred.*

When I was in college, I hoped to be friends with Justin. After college, Justin, a young man with a passion for singing walked home. I heard a little melody: "Yellow, yellow haze. Lingering as it pours. Yellow, yellow rain. What was it all for?". Strange. But I watched his curiosity grow. He began to approach the mansion with an inquisitive look. He removed his headphones and stopped singing. Suddenly the sky became grey and the atmosphere became suffocating. Justin continued to walk in the direction of the manor. I observed him from behind the broken window. It started to rain, so he ran toward the creepy manor. There were some spiders and it was really dirty. It was not difficult to understand that it was abandoned. The walls were bleak with small fungi growing on them; one door was on the floor, as if it had been forced open. He let out a shriek and thought: What was happening here?

I wanted him to leave before it was too late. The decayed trees started to move as if they were alive as if they were right with me. Now he was trapped, the ancestral curse would befall him. He took a few seconds to look at his surroundings. Suddenly, a sharp bang was heard, it was the door. He was blocked inside so he panicked and became mad. His eyes turned black; his skin turned pale and his hair became straight. When he started to scream, his voice was trembling. These were the first signs of madness. He climbed the stairs with hesitation. The moment he set foot on the first floor; a beam crashed down in front of him. With some fear in his eyes, he abruptly turned around. He turned on his heels, toward the front door, with the desire to escape. The front door didn't want to open; a glimmer of panic crossed his face. Since the door wouldn't open, he searched for a place to hide. His only option was the underground. Before he reached the gloomy entrance of the cellar; brambles grew from the floor and began to crawl up to him. He stepped back and he said "Oh my god! What is that?" His voice sounded like a desperate cry for help. As if the brambles had heard him, they retreated into the floor. He let out a sigh of relief. He was determined to escape. Justin went back hesitantly to the front door. The air was suffocating and there were no lights; only a few faint glimmers under the strange door. He tried again to open the door but it felt as if someone were pushing against it to prevent him from escaping. He understood that he needed to go back to the underground. When he was in front of the arch-shaped frame of the underground; he decided to take the stairs with precaution. At the bottom of the stairs was a long black tunnel. Before he started walking, he turned on his phone's flashlight. I thought he was calling someone, but he was too curious and continued to walk. At the end of the tunnel, he noticed two doors. He went to the right door and opened it. He stepped back suddenly because in front of him was a hole. Why had he opened that door? He should get out of here before the ancestral curse chased him. He said damn and then he slammed

the door shut and went to the left door. Suddenly bats came and turned around him. He sent them away. They disappeared in one second in a puff of smoke. Unfortunately, this did not stop him, and he opened the left door. He was not prepared to see what he was going to see.

When he opened the door; he stared at the figure. His mouth was open; his eyes were wide and revealed a look of terror. He was too shocked to scream. He discovered a girl in a coffin. She was dead. A strange black haze escaped from her heart. The room was filled with black haze and Justin was stunned. I wondered why he was still here instead of running away. The girl in the coffin had black hair that looked dry and damaged with some bits of hair falling on her forehead. She had a gaping hole on her chest. Her eyes were closed but her mouth was open as if she was trying to say something before she died. Her body was thin and she seemed weak. The boy became frightened and realized what he had discovered. He had sworn to never come back. He ran for his life; slammed the door shut, took the tunnel on the other side, climbed back the stairs and went to the front door. I screamed "run" but of course he didn't hear me. He opened the door with difficulty and continued sprinting toward the street. I can only imagine what he thought but what he didn't notice is that I am her ghost.