**TWO NIGHTS OF TERROR**

Irene Riquelme Fernández

 2ºC Bachillerato

«My father said countryside was becoming too small for us. However, I was aware that it was all about finding a job to feed the family, although he never told me. By that time I was just a 7 years old kid. It was the beggining of the 50’s, when my father decided to move to the city of London. I remember that industrialized and urbanized environment, surrounded by darkness, dirt and pooverty, which sickened me like the worst plague. Our new house gave me the same sensation that the city did, summed up to a disgusting and constant morbid odor, an overwhelming silence and a sinister atmosphere, similar to the one of haunted houses.

Time passed, and so did my feelings towards the house. I was starting to get used to my new life style

Bad done. I should have distrusted it, as one day my whole life changed in that house:

It was about 2:00 a.m. Everyone was plunged into a peacefull sleep, even me. But then a strong and short noise interrupted the complete silence of the house. It was metal colliding with a door. I became completely paralyzed, but it took me only a few seconds to recover reason and hide somewhere: the wardrobe, I chose. I putted on a light, long blanket over me and waited for anything. Strangely, I didn’t hear any step, but the sound of a deep, long breathe. Suddenly, the door of my room opened and strongly hitted the wall, causing a deafening noise that fluttered in my head for several minutes. I glimpsed as I could through the door lock, but I could only see the sillhouette of a strange and probably non-human being. “He” stepped forward, looking for me. He knew I was there – I sensed it in his way of breathing, by then much closer to the wardrobe – but, instead of proceeding, he disappeared into a dense mist that surrounded the bedroom. As son as I got rid of it, I ran to my parents bedroom, where I found myself completely alone: they had disappeared. There was no sign of them but a cold tea at my mother’s bedside table, which she might had been drinking before disapearing.

Never, ever in my life I knew nothing more about them. I didn’t even know about the strange “being” (in case it was so). The authorities investigated the case, but no clues were found; shortly thereafter, it was filed and, thus, forgotten. As for me, I was introduced into an orphanage where I lived the worst childhood no one could bear, until I reached a mature enough age to live by my own, always, of course, with the ghost of those who once were my parents.

Nowadays I hurdly don’t remember that event. I am almost a 60 years old woman, with a completely remade life, and, as you see, it doesn’t bother me anymore that… enchantment – some things in life, we will never be able to understand –. The only thing for which I sometimes lose sleep, that is wondering why “he” didn’t go for me too. I was there, in front of him. He knew, we both knew. But he let me survive… Perhaps… I’m afraid I’ll look like kind of a loony, but perhaps he was just waiting for the perfect momento to m»

Look here, officer Jackson. It seems like we have a great clue for the disappearance case.