

Artyom G.

The Attic Door

My name is Sean. I've got a small family: mom, dad, elder sister and me. We lived in a nice two-story house. From 11 to 13 years old I had my own room on the second floor. I liked it, it was cozy and had a good view from the window. But there was a small door that led to the attic. At some point, it became a habit for me to constantly close it when I entered my room. I didn't really think about it, because it seemed to me that my mother simply forgets to close it when she goes from the attic. After some time, I joked about it when my mother rebuked me in a mess in my room. I said: "I always close the door when you go upstairs, maybe you'll start to do it yourself?" - What do you mean? - Every evening I close the door to our attic behind you. My mother looked at me misunderstood. - For several months I haven't gone up to the attic, what are you talking about? I decided to ask my sister about this, but she didn't go up there. When I asked my father, he also said it. After that, I began to pay more attention to this door. For a long time, I thought, speculated, set up experiments. I decided that I could understand something if I left it open. One day I opened it and went to school. When I arrived, it was also open. Checked after dinner – open, before sleep – still open. I lay in bed and couldn't sleep. This strange door always occurred to me. I decided to check what was happening there, turned towards the door to the attic... And I saw a face looking at me. Huge faded eyes in the dark, with small pupils and an empty, creepy look. I dashed off in shock and woke my parents. They didn't believe me, and my sister laughed at me. I could no longer sleep there, and we exchanged rooms with my sister. But now we've moved to a new house, a little larger than the past. Then our new math teacher, Mr. Calvin and his wife Ms. Jean bought our old house. A lot of time

has passed. I forgot about it and attributed everything to a wealth childhood imagination. In the last year of study, I started to love the subject of Math, and Mr. Calvin became my favorite teacher in the school. And then, at the end of the year, my friend and I took our camera and went for a walk around the city, recording all sorts of ridiculous nonsense. And so, we found ourselves in front of my old house. We decided to look at him from the inside, what he looks like now. It was so interesting to walk on it and shoot everything. I talked about everything that was done by the hands of my father, and that the new owners changed in their own way. Then Ms. Jean led us upstairs to show her sewing workshop. That was my room! I remembered that door and jokingly asked her: "Have you noticed anything strange in this room?" Her face turned white as a sheet of paper. "What do you mean?" she asked directly on my camera. At first, I tried laugh it off, but in the result, I told everything about this door to the attic. - Oh... Every time I come here to sew this door is open... And on the third day of our move, our dog ran into this room, but didn't want to leave it. He began to bark loudly and get nervous I couldn't calm him down. And then the dog ran away from the room and has never since approached it. My friend and I were in shock. I didn't show this video to my family, so as not to disturb them... To be continued.