

# The Not So Empty House

The night was still and calm. A light, cool breeze rustled the dead leaves that crunched beneath the teenagers' footsteps. The full moon illuminated the sky and shone down on the old structure.

"We really shouldn't be here dude. You know what they say about this place!" exclaimed one of the teenage boys.

"Come on Damon, Eric's right. Let's just go back to the hotel," Alison suggested, shuddering as a gust of wind whipped around her small frame.

"Come on guys! Or are you chicken?" teased Damon, a smug look on his face.

The three teens stood outside the abandoned mansion, filled with curiosity and wonder. Were the legends true?

"Let's go!" Damon declared, trudging up the stairs.

Alison and Eric followed closely behind, like lost puppies. The tall door creaked open, echoing throughout the large entrance, along with the tapping of the teens' shoes. They looked around in bewilderment.

"This place is huge!" said Damon, his voice bellowing in the massive room.

"And filthy," Alison muttered, running the tips of her fingers over a table, leaving two clean lines amongst the thick dust. She rubbed her fingers together, cringing in disgust.

"Right then!" Damon said, dropping his backpack in the centre of the room. "Let's get started," he announced as he began to unpack a bag containing several candles and what looked like a large board.

"What's with the board?" Alison asked, concerned.

"That's not just a board..." mumbled Eric. His eyes widened in surprise. "Where did you get that?!" he demanded.

"Found it in the attic. It's saidporn to communicate with ghosts and stuff," taunted Damon. "Let's test it shall we?"

He carefully placed the board on the dirty floor and arranged the candles around it, lighting them.

The burning smell of wax and smoke, wafted by the teens' noses. Damon raised his head and glanced at the other two, concern etched across their faces. The two stared at each other and sat down slowly, close to the board.

"Do you know how to use it?" questioned Alison with a worried glance.

"Of course I do!.. Well, kinda". The three teens suddenly jumped, fear struck their features, as a loud bang was heard.

"-It was probably just the wind or something!" stuttered Eric.

The room suddenly fell silent, more so than before. Alison's heart pounded heavily in her chest. The group exhaled nervously and noticed the cloud of breath in front of them. The room temperature had dropped significantly.

"This isn't happening... This is not happening!" exclaimed Alison. She suddenly fell deadly quiet before inhaling deeply as if suffocating, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

"Alison?", questioned Eric.

"Hey, Alison!" yelled Damon grabbing hold of her lifeless body, shaking it roughly.

"Come on this isn't funny!" he shouted.

Alison began to tremble violently, her body spasming uncontrollably.

"Alison!" cried Eric.

She fell still. Slowly sitting up straight, her blank eyes stared straight ahead.

"Alison?..." whispered Damon.

She quickly turned her head towards him. "Alison's not home," she said with a deep demonic voice.

The boys' eyes widened in shock. Eric gathered his courage, "Who is it we are talking to then?" he requested, his voice shaking slightly.

Alison slowly turned her head towards Eric, tilting it slightly, "My name is Hannah. I am the owner of this mansion. Who are you?" she demanded, her voice a mixture of deep voices intertwined with each other.

Eric wet his lips and spoke clearly but stuttered a little, "I'm Eric a-and this is Damon".

"Please! Give Alison back! She didn't do anything wrong!" yelled Damon.

Hannah shot a cold glare towards Damon. "If you care for her, you will leave this place and tell no one of what you saw or heard," instructed Hannah.

"Ok! Ok! We'll never come back, just please! Let her go!" pleaded Damon.

Hannah tilted her head back and inhaled deeply closing her eyes before collapsing. When her eyes opened they were the bright blue of Alison's. She exhaled deeply, coughing furiously.

"Alison!" Damon cried, squeezing her tightly into an embrace.

"Oh thank goodness!" sighed Eric.

Alison's cheeks flushed bright red, "Hey! What's with you?!" she asked.

"You don't want to know", remarked Eric.

Damon finally released her from the hug, his cheeks crimson red. "Sorry 'bout that...", he mumbled.

The three teens looked back towards the board.

"Let's end this," muttered Eric.

They all nodded and gathered around the board, placing their fingers on the piece of wood. They glanced at each other and synchronised, "Goodbye". With that the piece of wood slid over the words at the bottom of the board. 'Goodbye'.

The teens never returned to that place nor spoke of it. But one thing remained certain, on that night in the mansion, they were not alone.

By Portia Robertson