The ghastly smell encompassed the motionless house, the howling winds slithered their ways through the creaking cracks of the ajar door. The moonlight punctured through the shattered windows, and the cold, humid air surrounded the ancient castle. Droplets started to form in the night sky, soon enough, water poured through the sky and the ground was soaked. Lightning pierced through the atmosphere, as thunder roared past the building.

The Rogers were on a roadtrip to a nearby seaside, but they were lost. Their phones died, car broke, and were broke. Coincidentally, the castle appeared into sight, where else to stay other than this? So they stepped out of the car and trudged towards the castle. The walk was arduous, they were blinded by the water, and the climb towards the towering castle was the longest climb of their lives.

As they slowly approached the mystical castle, all of a sudden, the rain stopped, and they were let into the house. It was like a dungeon. He rubbed his drenched hands against his soaking clothes, and stared blankly at the never ending corridor of darkness. He was startled, but at the same time, he has the responsibility to take care of his family, so he pulled on a confident face, turned towards his fear, and let his family inside.

Their footsteps seemed louder than usual, the sound of it ringed through the empty hall, other than that, nothing was heard. A sudden crack was heard as they stepped on the already broken floorboards. Sweat and rain dripped across his frightened face and landed on the tip of his shoes. Unanticipatedly, he heard the squealing of the door hinge from approximately 20 metres above, and as any curious human would do, he, leading his family, went on to discover the hidden secrets.

He dragged his hands across the dusty railings of the wooden stairs, as he hurried his family. The old, unused floor was screaming as they walked across it, and soon enough, they were standing feet in front of the ghostly door. His heart was in his throat, beating ever so fast. He, went and explored the room, while his family stayed out. The door knob started to turn as it gradually shut itself, or is it? He was trapped. The room was filled with darkness, the only source of light was the narrow stream of light coming from under the door. What should he do?

He stood there thinking, but all the thoughts that came to his frightened and sumbstrucked mind was fear. He stood there. Shocked. After a while, a ghostly outline of a person appeared in his sight, he felt a sudden shock of cold and shivers. The figure approached him, then he knew for sure, that the ghost figure would be the last thing he will see before he passes out, or his death. And sure enough, he was correct. He passed out on the spot only to wake up to seeing himself at the exact same place.

His family was standing outside in awe, what could they do, all they heard was their heart pounding and the screams from inside the room. They cried for help, but no one came. Obviously no one came. What is happening, what is going to happen? They stood there helpless. But they can't just watch their family member get murdered. A minute has passed, nothing has happened, another has passed, nothing has happened, an hour has passed, but still, nothing was heard coming inside the room, what could this mean? Is he already gone? Could this be another death in this house?