

SIN TÍTULO

I have enough reasons to answer, when someone asks me, that one of my worst fears is to spend one night alone in an empty house.

It was a dark night at the beginning of November. My parents were at the wedding of my second cousin, where they have to go in order not to upset my grandma. Both me and my old sister flat-out refused to appear between that unknown family. When this happened and we had the house alone, we used to take advantage of the situation and invite home some friend with benefits, flirt or girlfriend. Although that night was the exception that proves the rule. My sister went to a party at her girlfriend's house all night long. At that moment I had a bad and painful rupture with my girlfriend, so I preferred to stay in my house rather than going out with my friends. I don't know if all of this could have been avoided if I had gone out that night. I prefer not to think about that possibility.

I spent most of the afternoon laying on my bed, with the blanket even though it wasn't cold. But I was sad and moody because of the rupture and everything. My street was oddly quiet and hollow. I watched 90's series old chapters, which didn't made me think. I got up twice to go to the bathroom, and sometimes I used my phone to answer my parents: "Everything is ok at home, enjoy!". I went to the kitchen to eat some cookies and I also closed the living room's window. The atmosphere was sank into silence and calm, nothing could have predicted the storm. I even get to fall asleep for a few hours. But at the moment I woke up, the nightmare started.

I woke up in my obscure bedroom, pasty mouth and accelerated heart. I get rid of the bluish blanket in order to go to the bathroom. I felt a great dizziness and fear when I faced the large corridor. I had to reach the last door. I have never felt that way before, but I needed to turn on the light so I can feel secure again. When I was approaching the switch, at a meter of distance of my hand more or less, the doorbell rang. That little ring which normally announced good things, friends visiting, mail delivery, home delivery, didn't announced anything bening this time. The corridor was still in the dark and I sensed that I wasn't alone. I turned around slowly with my tense muscles and tried not to make noise. I walked towards the wood entrance door. Then I looked through the eyehole.

I have never felt my heart throbbing at that speed and gelid sweat on every inch of my skin.

A man totally dressed in black clothes was standing in the middle of the street, a little bit far from the door. He was facing backwards. While I was looking at him, the streetlight started to flicked, until it tuned off, leaving the street drowned in the dark. I looked away quickly and I touched my chest to control the accelerated beats of my heart.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang again, the damned doorbell. It sound higher and more acute than the first time. I stand completely still in front of the door. I rapidly looked through the eyehole one more time, I wish I had never done that. I saw his face, it was a scare centimeters from the door, but I didn't hear him moving. Because of the fright, I drew back abruptly.

His face has been firmly fixed in my memory forever, I could never forget it.

The third time that the doorbell sounded , I paled. How close he was going to get?

I felt like a few seconds were everlasting. The corridor light turned on in my back. I turned around and I saw him standing in the middle of the corridor, right where the bathroom door was. He smiled at me while he lower his hood.

This is the last thing that I can remember before passing out.

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