

Charleville Castle

The sound of the stones hitting the car tires wakes me up from my improvised nap. I look through the window but I can't see anything. The air is foggy and cold. We must be close to the castle. My name is Maeve Chapman and I'm a spiritualist medium. Last week I received a call from a lady who had just moved into a country house in Ireland and said that, although the house had been abandoned for 34 years, there was someone else in the house. She seemed to be worried and terrified, so I couldn't refuse. So here I am, in an old black car, way to Ireland. In fact, I'm impatient to get there, this case intrigues me. I try to relax a bit before we get there, so I take another mini-nap.

After one hour, the car stops in front of a big rusty black fence. The driver tells me that I must continue walking, because the path is really deteriorated and the car could break. I take my bag and all my things and I get out of the car. It is very cold outside and I open the fence which makes an awful sound. I say goodbye to the man and start walking.

Charleville Castle used to be home of a noble family. In 1986 a terrible tragedy happened, the whole family was murdered. They found remains of the bodies of the family such as teeth, hair, or even fingers. The only survivor was the oldest daughter, Charlotte. But no body was discovered. Six people were murdered in the castle. Nowadays, it is unknown how they died, who did it and where are their bodies. Charlotte suicided 10 years later because of a trauma, leaving her 4 year daughter orphan. She cut her hand and bled to death.

I walk a few meters through a forest. All the trees are dry because of the lack of activity in the house for so long. I finally see the castle in the fog and I walk faster. This place is horrible. Suddenly, I hear a noise, like a step. I look around but I can't see anything and I start running. When I reach the front door, I immediately enter the house. I'm surprised that the door is open but I guess that the lady will be inside. I start calling her and shouting, but no one answers so I walk around until I notice that one of the doors is open and I go in. It is the kitchen. It's all dirty, full of dust, but I see something interesting, a knife full of dried blood on the table. It was used a long time ago. I take out my little microphone and wait to see if I listen something. After a minute I hear something: "You belong here..."

Although I'm used to it, this whisper scares me. I hear footsteps behind me and I turn around. I see a lady in her fifties wearing a red long dress and black gloves. She is also wearing a hat that covers most of her face. It is the lady that called me last week.

She takes me to a room in the top floor, where she saw a woman a few days ago. While we are going upstairs, I see another open door that gives off a disgusting smell. I can't see much, but I can distinguish six bed sheets hiding something.

We reach a woman's room, totally destroyed. The curtains are open. I look at the broken objects and I am surprised because they look broken on purpose. A mirror has been thrown recently, because the glass is broken, but there is no dust in it. Most of the objects are clean and new. I take a closer look at the pictures again, and the one of them looks extremely familiar.

Mom. She died in a car accident when I was little and I grew up with a host family. I realize everything: the voice, the manipulated objects and her. Charlotte. When I turn around, she looks at me with a spooky eye and says: "Hey sweetheart, it's been a while". I try to run but she catches me, and a fake hand falls from her glove. She laughs and grabs my neck. Then, she chokes me with the fake hand. I try not to cry and she whispers: "You will finally meet your family, aren't you happy?". Her laugh scares me. I can't breathe anymore. She drags me through the corridor. My head is spinning and my sight is blurry. She takes me to the smelly room, but the smell is almost imperceptible now. Charlotte covers my body with a sheet and my eyes start closing.