

The Mysterious House

It all happened when I was 9, my family and I went on a trip to the northern areas of Pakistan. We went to Naran Kaghan. It was such a beautiful place. We decided to spend a week there. It was also my summer vacation. On Sunday, we packed our bags and started our journey. It was a long way. I spent most of my time looking outside the window. I barely talked to anyone because I am a type of a quiet person. We reached there on Monday morning. My dad had rented a house which was located on a hill. We were almost 200 or 300 meter above sea level. There were 6 rooms, 2 bath rooms and a kitchen. There was a good supply of gas and water. There was a room in the backyard. I thought it was a store because there were some boxes, a broken bicycle and some old furniture. I first took a bath to get fresh. Then I munched on the snacks I had brought with myself. I went for a stroll outside to get some fresh air. There was a forest about 4 or 5 miles away, which was home to many beautiful animals. I came back after a while and watched TV. Then I went to my room and slept. I woke up in the morning and had some delicious pancakes. After that I played with my siblings and also played some games on my PSP. I was sitting in the door with my sibling, drinking hot chocolate. Suddenly, my eye caught some flames emerging from the store in the backyard. My brother saw it too. We screamed "Help! Help! The store is on fire. Water! Someone come." Suddenly, my mom and dad came running. My brother and I helped my dad to extinguish the fire. My mom found a fire extinguisher in the kitchen and immediately handed it over to me. After an hour, the fire was extinguished. My dad took a torch and went inside the store, while we stood at the door. After 10 or 20 minutes, He came outside and said "Hmmm! No source from where the fire could start. No match stick, no lighter, petrol, gas cylinder or anything." We all looked at each other in fear but said nothing. Afterwards, we all went to sleep but I was unable to sleep because there were a thousand thoughts and unanswered questions in my head. In the morning, I went to check the store room. I opened the door and saw that the furniture was burnt to ashes but the boxes and cycle stayed in the same condition like before. I found a picture on the floor. It was blurry and in black and white form, so I left it there and went outside to take a walk and get some fresh air. I noticed a baby cat on my way back home after a small walk. I always wanted to have a pet therefore I took advantage of this chance and took her home. I gave some milk to the baby cat and caressed her. Suddenly, I heard a loud knock at the door. I opened it and found a teenager at the door. He was in a bad condition like he had not taken a bath since a week. His hair were short and his complexion was dark. He was wearing a printed shirt, shorts and slippers. My mom came from behind and broke the silence. She asked, "Who are you? What do you want?" The boy calmly said, "I belong to a poor family. I want to support my family. Can you give me a job while you are staying here?" My mom asked him some questions and agreed to give him a job as she

considered him a blessing. I was suspicious therefore I kept an eye on him. It was our 3rd day of stay there. It was almost 5 o' clock. The flames and smoke started to rise from the store again. My brother and I helped my dad to extinguish the fire. The house keeper (Akram Amjad) also helped us. After an hour or so, the fire was extinguished by our combined efforts. That old, rusty and broken bicycle was still in the same old condition unaffected by the fire. There was no source from where the fire could start and our minds were unable to solve this baffling mystery. We wanted to leave that place as soon as possible. The next morning we packed our luggage and called the house owner to hand over him the keys but the phone was unanswered after so many attempts to reach him. My father decided to hand over him the keys by himself. He got into the car and drove to that place where he met the house owner and he handed over the keys to him. To his surprise there was a grave on which his name was carved and the date of death was 2 years ago. My father was so scarred, he wanted to take us away from that place in the first instance. He drove back to us and asked us to get into the car. My mother searched Akram in the house to pay him for his services but to our surprise Akram was nowhere and where was the cute little cat that I took home? She was also nowhere. With confused minds we get into the car to follow my father's order. On our way back my father explained his experience of finding a grave where he received the keys from house owner.

My brother asked” “ Daddy, What was written on the grave?” my father said, “ Akram Amjad ,Date of Death: 5th January 2014.I still remember all of it as it was the most horrible experience of my life.

