

I once was a normal boy.

I played with my sister in our loving family of 3. My mother, my sister and me. I went to school every weekday, and spent weekends having fun. We were always having fun, friends always round, laughter was always in the air. But then they stopped coming round. My mother locked the door more often. She started becoming paranoid.

My mother had been fighting with schizophrenia for a while now, but it's getting worse daily. When I got home from school I always see her talking to someone around the corner but I never saw them.

Then one day she broke.

She came up to my sister and I while we were playing and shouted at us. She accused us of breaking into her home, stealing her belongings and killing her husband. She ran to her bedroom. She found the gun.

Panting, she raced back down to me and my sister. Without hesitation, she aimed at my sister and fired. In the same breath, she switched her aim to me and shot.

Later, she realised what she did and couldn't live with herself. She grabbed her matches and threw them at the downstairs curtains. They exploded in flames. But my mother sat upstairs on a rocking chair with me and my sister as corpses in her arms until they were engulfed in flames.

Now I wander the burnt, black, empty halls alone. Aimlessly. I can hear my sisters' laughter slowly turn into screams in the room where we always played. But I cannot help her. I cannot do anything. I am trapped just watching not being able to do anything. My mother has the same fate as me but still cannot see me. She has not forgiven herself and blames it on the people that enter her house. Manipulates herself that they were the ones that murdered us.

My mother drives the guests insane and makes them pay for the crime that she committed. She slowly, progressively, makes them think they are cursed by her. Cursed to see her in the corner of every room, cursed to see her standing, screaming, over their bed. Yet still they only see me in the corner of their eye, crying with a bullet hole in my head trying to save them from inevitable death. But when they turn around I disappear.

I will be forever cursed to see these people getting tortured while I sit, watching, not able to help.