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Through the Looking Lock

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Through the Looking Lock

Due to his work in the city, he was unable to visit the house in person, but this did not matter because the real estate men went to his house to show him the photos of the interior, the plans, and even a short video recorded in an almost archaic VHS format. The house had been reduced in price several times, according to the people of the real estate because of how isolated it was from the rest of the population, otherwise, they found no other explanation.

As all the processes of buying a house, in the beginning, it was slow and seemed to have no end, but as if it were the first day of summer for a schoolboy, in the end, that long-awaited day arrived. The house was just as they showed to him in the photographs. Cozy, small (just on one floor), and hidden deep inside the forest. He had to take a detour from the county road and drive ten minutes to get there, but it was worth it because there he would finally rest in peace.

Everything was covered by a layer of dust, which surprised him, as usually real estate companies send someone to the houses to clean them before the buyer arrives, but that was not the case. Nor did it disturb him too much, he thought that cleaning the house would be a good way to begin to know each other. The tables, the wallpaper with floral patterns that covered the walls, even the bathtub was dirty; but in the end, everything was clean. That task occupied him all day. He was tired, so he dined lightly and went to sleep.

It wasn't until it was completely dark when he realized how isolated that little house was. The forest made no noise and it was a moonless night, but that was what he was looking for. He was sleeping deeply until some point of the night when some blows woke him up. Knock, knock, knock, knock. Four strong blows that made him jump out of bed with his heart beating fast. His first reaction was to go to the door and see who had knocked on those strange hours, perhaps someone who needed help. But on the other side of the door, all he found was the darkness of the night and even deeper darkness that came from inside the forest.

The next day he slept late and woke up tired, not wanting to go for a walk in the woods, as he had planned. He stayed at home investigating the noises of the previous night. First, he wanted to check the outside, check that there was no branch hitting a window, but there was nothing. Then he thought maybe the noise had come from the inside. The house was quite old, he could appreciate it by the state of the wallpaper and floor.

He inspected the whole house and found nothing outside its place until he reached his room. The bed was unmade, he thought he had made it, but that was what least surprised him. It was something that seemed to have been overlooked in the cleaning of the first day: a relief behind the wallpaper. Because of the way it had, it looked like a door. He didn't understand how he couldn't have noticed something like that. He ran in search of the papers of the real estate, and as he remembered, on the other side of that wall there

should be nothing. Maybe in the past, it was a wardrobe or something like that, not anymore.

But curiosity began to run through him. He wanted to see first hand what was on the other side of that door. He made some cuts in the wallpaper with floral motifs where the door lock should be. He almost jumped when he saw that the lock was large enough to look through it. It was almost unnecessary to approach the eye, but he still did. And the real estate papers did not lie, through that lock, all he could see was a wall made of brick.

He spent the rest of the day calmer, despite not finding the source of the blows. He even encouraged himself to take a walk into the woods until bedtime. That left him exhausted and he fell asleep as soon as he lay down on the bed. But like the previous night, the blows woke him up. Knock, knock, knock, knock. On that occasion, he could wake up before the blows stopped and he could identify the origin: the door behind the wallpaper.

He wanted to turn on the light, but it didn't work. He had no flashlight near, so he had to go in search of a candle. The flame trembled as if someone was trying to turn it off. But the low light it emitted was enough for him to look through the lock. He was breathless when he saw that the brick wall he had seen in the morning was no longer on the other side, now there was just deep darkness. However, the flame of the candle was insufficient to see what was on the other side.

He decided that the most sensible thing would be to wait for the morning and call the real estate because they would give him an explanation. But with the arrival of the new day, all he had were more questions. The company did not pick up the phone at any time. He also called the town hall to which the house belonged to and they didn't pick up the phone either. The hysteria was increasing, tranquility was all he wanted. He thought that if the door had a lock, there should be a key. Before searching for it, he looked again through the lock one last time, and like the first time, what he saw was a just wall made of bricks.

The key appeared soon, it was on his bedside table. He tore off the wallpaper and saw a door full of mold. It had no knob and seemed to be older than the rest of the house. The lock opened easily and then the door opened. As he had just seen, what was on the other side was a brick wall, nothing more. That reassured him a lot, it was starting to get late, but the next day he would go to the real-estate agency to put an end to that stupid thing. They would send someone to remove that door and the noise would stop at night.

And that night, for the third consecutive night, the blows woke him up: knock, knock, knock, knock. The door was closed but he was sure he had left it open to avoid that. He had a knot in his stomach when his bare feet touched the cold floor of the little forest house. On that occasion, he had a flashlight on hand so he could see well through the lock. But what he saw was an empty room. It had no windows or furniture at all. He couldn't see anything hitting the other side of the door and as soon as he stopped looking through the lock, the flashlight went out. He lit a candle, which on that occasion trembled more than the previous night, and he prepared himself to enter the room with the intention of ending all.

His hands were shaking when he tried to put the key in the lock. But with a movement made with one of his wrists, the gears gave up and the lock was unlocked. The door slowly opened. A breeze of air came from inside, which caused his candle to go out. The interior was completely dark and he could not see what awaited him on the other side. He shivered and he wanted to light the candle again so he could see well. But as soon as the light flame had lit the room, he regretted it all.

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