

Walking through the old house brought upon a feeling I could not quite put my finger on; similar to nostalgia but with an eerie wariness humming underneath. Being in the north, it was curious that the house I was exploring had a theme of tropical fruits like kiwis, bananas, and pineapples decorating the place, but I pushed the thought aside. Whoever had previously owned the house obviously had outrageous wealth, probably equal to someone with aristocratic roots. The sheer size and detail of the house pointed to as much. If I paid little mind to the scattered rat droppings, indoor foliage springing up through the carpet, and broken windows, I could all too easily imagine servants running around, preparing massive dinner parties for the elitist of society. And the masterpiece paintings only added to the eerie, abandoned, elegance.