

The House In The Fog

Written By: Caleb B. Benning



The date was October 29, 2022. Thirty years ago, to the date his wife had passed away. Mr. Ludwig had not quite gotten over her sudden death, but he had moved on, as all people eventually do.

He arrived at the cemetery late at night where she was buried, and slowly crept up to her gravestone. He left a bouquet of roses upon her hedge stone, then proceeded to live. They blended in with the years of accumulated flowers- most of them now but a withered leaf. "Luuuuddddwiiig." He thought heard an eerie voice call him. "Dang hearing aid actin' up." He adjusted the dial on his hearing aid and continued to his car. "LUUUDWIG."

The voice was louder and seemed... close. He turned around and gasped. He saw a large brick structure in the distance. Like the house he and his wife shared many years earlier. "My- our... House?" The voice persisted- growing louder and louder with more ferocity. Ludwig stared in awe at the horrific sight of his old house. The house his wife passed away in. "That house was torn down 20 years ago. Saw to it myself."

Instinctively, he crept closer and closer to the house. Both terrified and amazed at the marvel. Trees crept closer to him. Their branches resembling curling hands reaching out to him. Clouds began to swirl; the Earth began to shake. Fog thickened around the house and seemed to cover the world. Ludwig was dragged inside the house by what felt like wind. The door shutting behind him. "Let me out! Let me out! Ludwig pulled out his flip phone, but before he could call for help, his screen shattered in his hands. Blue-flamed candles lit the halls.

Guided by voices that felt familiar, he walked through the dimly lit halls until he reached a dusty, battered, red, cobweb filled couch. "Hello Ludwig." "Martha!" Ludwig reached out to her in the fog, longing for something that was already gone. A silhouette of his wife sat crisscrossed on the beat-up couch.

Ludwig reached out for her and grabbed her hand. As soon as he touched the figure, his hand began to burn intensely. "Gah." He sucked on his hand to make it feel better, but his lips began to burn as well. Screaming in agony, he collapsed onto the floor. Now, more ghosts crept closer and closer to Ludwig. He was helpless. Helpless and alone. He reached his hand out to one of the ghosts in a last effort for salvation. The burning spread through his body. He became motionless, as his limp body was approached by the ghosts. They loomed over his body and... the house began to shake violently. The wind picked up, and the trees began to sway. Just as soon as it arrived, the house -and Ludwig- were nowhere to be seen.