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hen I was twenty-one, I came to live in London. I was searching for a flat for a long time because I wanted to share it with someone, I wanted a flatmate. Finally, I met a girl called Katherine, an art student like me, from Wales, and we decided to share the flat. She had long brown hair, dark eyes and a slim figure. She was very nice.

At the beginning, the flat seemed very welcoming. Kate and I moved into the flat without problems.

Every morning, Kate used to lie in bed sleeping or looking at me eating and getting dressed, or wondering how she could talk to Kilian. (Kilian was one of my best friends, and she quickly fell in love with him). He was extremely handsome...

Time was going by so quickly.

Kate and Kilian were engaged. I was the captain of a group called "art lovers", everything was going perfectly. It was my first year at university and I was having a great time there. I love London, I love everything there...but the main problem was, that I missed my family a lot and also my friends and country.

One cold winter night, Kilian invited Kate to have dinner and to go to the cinema.

It was the first night that I was alone in the flat... Firstly I was extremely happy because since I had moved to London, I had never been alone, doing everything I want, eating as much as I could, all the time for myself... Great!

While I was watching a film on television, I felt something weird next to me, but I didn't care about it. I thought that I was afraid because of the horror film that I was watching, but... It wasn't about the film.

Then, while I was brushing my teeth, a man with a sad face appeared on the mirror. I thought that he was crying, and I turned myself as fast as I could but, nothing was there. After a couple of minutes, I went to sleep, but the image of the man crying next to me was in my head.

The day after, I told Kate everything, but she didn't believe me, she thought that I was just afraid because the night before I had been alone in the flat. "It's a product of your imagination my darling!" – she said. I was completely sure that everything was real, a man had been right next to me the night before!

I proposed Kate to stay alone in the flat for a night, and she accepted...

At twelve, my phone rang, it was Katie, she was so nervous. She also felt someone's presence. She talked to him but he didn't turn a hair.

In the morning, we went to the library to look for information about our flat or about what may have happened there... We stayed there for a couple of hours and finally Katie found something interesting. Two years

before, a young just married couple, had been living in our flat. One cold winter night, the wife had a car accident while she was driving to go home, and she died. The husband felt completely guilty about the event and he committed suicide.

His lost soul is trapped in the flat, and for this reason, every single winter night, he comes back and cries for his dead wife.

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