

Today has been one I thought would never come, but now it has I feel nothing much about it. The whole affair, in the end, was completely anti-climactic. After waiting some time for Mr. Pravnik on the steps, in the drizzle, the deeds were handed over, and as I watched him walk back down the drive after little small talk I was finally left alone with the big house. My father hasn't left it in a bad state. I never worked out how he kept it up all by himself at his age. I suppose now it's a matter of working out what to do with the old place. It doesn't seem right to sell when he worked so hard on preserving it to be just how his father kept it... I wonder what will happen after me? I couldn't stay there the night, so I'm writing this back home now. I'll return tomorrow I'm sure as I attempt to reaccustom myself. I can never sleep in new places. Think I can hear the water boiling over on the stove - better attend.

- S

Being back in this house is strange. Just in the last few days it feels as though I've been transported back to a different time, every detail of the building maintained just so in museum-like care. The whole thing's a trick on the mind, it being exactly as it was in my childhood, I suppose my memory thinks I'm actually there. Even this morning, as I was sat in what was my father's seat eating my breakfast and reading the paper, I had this sensation. It felt as though there was life in the room, like every other chair was filled and there was this sense of joy about, loosening up the stagnant quiet. I swear I could even smell the roasting meat and imported fruits in the air. I don't know if that makes sense, but the feeling was like that I knew as a child at Willowfield, back when the house was bustling and full. It must be some psychological muscle

memory - I remember what I should be experiencing in this setting, so my mind fills in the blank. Does that exist? I'm standing now in the kitchens, another newly empty space. Long gone is that heaving staff. Instead, here I am making my own tea, scrambled eggs on toasted bread that, just moments ago, I cut the mould off. What would my father say?

- S

There's someone else in here. At least one person. I keep seeing movement in the corner of my eye, I keep hearing chatter, and music. Fires start in rooms I won't have been in all day. The clocks don't move. I took a few into town, assuming some coincidental malfunction, but the repairman just looked at me as though mad as, I look down, and see the hands ticking normally. I know I sound paranoid, but there's so many rooms how am I to keep watch of all at once? I'll update if anything changes. Must get back to my work.

- S

One good thing about this house is the work I've been able to get done here. The story is writing itself now, it seems. Bad news is these visions are only getting worse. The music is deafening at night and I haven't slept in weeks now. The green walls all seem to be getting greener, making me nauseous. I haven't been eating either, I know they're doing something to my food. It moves. I've hidden myself away in the study, keeping the door locked so in the relative quiet I may focus on work. Seeing as the house is the only thing occupying my mind of late, it is

that on which I am now writing and I have found my memories of the place to be far more expansive than I had ever thought. It is as though I am channelling the building's memory, rather than my own, and everything the manor has seen, I have seen also. I'm losing it, I know. Can hear dripping again upstairs. Must go up to check situation tomorrow.

- S

They tricked me! I've been hours up there, trapped. I went to investigate the dripping sound expecting a leak and, to no surprise, found a large damp stain on the nursery ceiling, so thought to explore the attic above into which I have not been since returning to Willowfield. As I ascended the stairs, I could hear the drips dripping in increasing volume, so knew the source must be approaching. However, when I finally arrived, the dripping stopped, and after scanning the whole dim space I could find no leak. It was then I returned to the door and found the thing jammed. Or, not so much jammed as I could feeling something - or someone - pushing against it. There was a weight on it. A warmth. However much I pushed, the thing pushed back twice as hard. Eventually I grew tired. At least I could finally sleep, but when I did all I could dream of was this wretched house, back when it was alive with hundreds of guests and

all was laughter and drinks and dancing. No one could see me, though. Like I was haunting my own past somehow, a ghost from the future. The music remains the same. By the time I awoke, and my captor had released me, it was dark out. Who knows how long I was up there. It

could have been days. Or weeks! Or months... I've shut myself back in the office. I couldn't think of anything to do but record this while the memory is fresh. If I leave it, I may not get a chance...whoever is here clearly does not like me

- S

I got out of bed at a normal time and sat for breakfast in the dining room with the paper. Having cleared up, I went to the study to begin my writing for the day and have been able to get a good bit done. After finishing the passage I've been toiling over for the past week or so, and a lot of back and forward, I feel it's come to a good place so decided to finish up a little earlier today. It is dark out now. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] That's all for now.

- S

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