

RESIDENT OF THE HAUNTED PALACE

Once ravishing and stately palace – now devoid of its grandeur. Formerly wanderers could hear the harmonious music and feel the magnificence of this place from far away. Today from even further they are overwhelmed by its emptiness and deafened by the unbearable quiescence. In now empty windows of the grand palace, you used to be able to see the buzzing interior of the building. Today gold, tomorrow dust, what has happened to this place? What evil things replaced the felicity and calm with obscurity and emptiness? They say that time did not interfere in the palace collapse. So what had? Although no one will ever be able to tell the true story of this howling place – the palace never became truly empty. Even though the laughter and conversations that had previously filled the chambers went silent a long time ago, a lonely soul still wandered there. It belongs to the old, ashy cat. Back in the day, it was seen among the palace residents. Nowadays, you can sometimes see its vanishing tail while looking in the window or its silhouette on the roof as if it is looking out for someone. However, none of the palace inhabitants have ever been found. The cat, like a palace guardian, never allowed anyone to approach the palace, letting no one know its dark secrets. On some quiet, breathless nights a penetrating, sort of wistful wail can be heard from the depths of the palace.

(opowiadanie nawiązuje do wiersza *The Haunted Palace* Edgara Allana Poe)