

# PODCAST LETRA

Leonor was moving again. Her mother loved restoration, so her predilection for old houses pushed the family to lead a rather nomadic life. It was the first night they slept there and, as always, her mother had left her a little light bulb to scare away all her fears. Every time they moved, she had a hard time falling asleep about her.

The first night she hardly slept. The creaking of the windows and her parquet continually woke her. It was three more days before she started to get used to the noises and she rested from tought stopping

. A week later, on a cold night, a loud crash startled her. It was stormy and the window had been opened wide by the strong gale. She hit the light switch, but it didn't come on. The noise sounded again, this time, from across the room. She ran up and, with the palm of the hand extended on the wall, she began to walk in search of her mother. She was completely in the dark After two steps, his hand bumped against something. She felt it and shuddered at once: it was a lock of hair.

Frightened, a flash of lightning illuminated the room and she saw a boy of the same height in front of her. She started running down the hall, screaming, until she ran into her mother. "Have you seen it too?" She asked him.

Without even packing their luggage, they ran out of the house. They returned at dawn, shivering and with wet clothes. They found everything just as they had left it ... except the mirror in the girl's room. A lock of hair hung from one corner and the word "OUT" was etched into the glass.

The family moved permanently to leave that nightmare behind. Leonor had started going to a new school and she had new friends. One day, the Spanish teacher gave them some old newspapers for an activity. The girl gasped when, on one of the covers, she saw the same child once more, under the headline: "A minor appears dead in strange circumstances."