

SOMEBODY IS IN THE HOUSE

Somebody is in the house and I don't know who it is. I hear footsteps, stepping in and out of rooms, opening and closing doors again, breathing steadily and slowly. They turned on the TV. The quiet buzzing static flows in-between the space of the floor and the door into my bedroom. Why has the person inside the house not checked my room yet? The TV gets turned off again and with it the static leaves.

Somebody is in the house and I don't know who it is. They got something from the fridge and are now gnawing at it. The squeaking of the sofa and the slamming of some china onto the table led me to believe it is a six foot tall and one hundred and fifty pound person. The slurping and biting is so audible that I can visualize it right in front of my eyes. They are eating a meaty bone. I drool a little bit.

Somebody is in the house and I don't know who it is. At least I am sure this couldn't be anybody I know. People I know know me. And they know that they have to give me a heads up before they enter this house. This house is sacred to me, a holy abode for me and me alone. Nobody transgresses the area without severe consequences.

Somebody is in the house and I don't know who it is. I don't know if this is even my house after all. I have sat here thinking about it. About this person in the house. Am I in the wrong building? This is clearly all very familiar to me, from the comfortable sizing of the room to the pleasant choice of furniture and trinkets left upon numerous shelves. This is my house. And I think I know who the person inside my house is.

Somebody is in my house and I might know who it is. They have finished eating. I have a slight suspicion on who exactly the person inside my house could be. Of course, I have no clue, there is no keyhole I could look through in this shut bedroom, no peek I could take that wouldn't immediately expose my location to the person outside. The question to that is if I even need to be afraid of having my position be known.

I am in my house and I know who it is. I have finished eating. I have a slight suspicion on who exactly the person inside my house could be. Of course, I have some clue, there is a keyhole I looked through into the shut bedroom, a little peek I took that exposed the only location the other person could have been inside here. Now the question is whether I should get them to come out or not.

I am in my house and I don't know who it is. I took a wrong step backwards and fell across my sofa. The intruder in my bedroom came out. I believed it to be a house invasion but it didn't seem to be. They were holding a chair with a confused look on their face. I have seen them look through my window before. Not once, not twice, but every single day. I have also heard their voice through the voicemail before. Not once, not twice, but every single day.

I am in somebody's house and I don't know who I am.