We have our tasks divided: two bring beers; one brings candles; one, if he shows up, it's already an achievement... What do I bring? A *Ouija board*.

We meet near an abandoned hospital. We drink, we laugh, we avoid showing our nervousness. We encourage each other, we blame our shaking hands on the cold. As dusk falls, the ash rises, the fog hides us from prying eyes: we become blurred silhouettes of those who perished from tuberculosis. Spectres!

I look at my watch: "It's time." We walk with hesitant steps. We no longer make jokes. The flash of our mobiles shines, splitting the mist in two; luminous stabs of light clearing our way.

As we cross the threshold of the hospital, the atmosphere changes: the air is thick, heavy on our shoulders. We feel we are being watched: hairs stand on end...

Walls with peeling paint, vegetation merging with furniture blackened and rotten by humidity; mould spores rise with every step. We cross the hall until we enter one of the rooms. I *choose* which one.

A latticed window, rickety bedsteads and a wardrobe with unglued doors become our "playroom". We light the candles, I take the Ouija board out of the backpack and we sit around it. I place a glass on the board. We all rest a finger on it. Dead silence, we look at each other.

"Is anyone here?" I ask aloud.

We look around. The candles cast our stylised shadows on the walls. Distrust and fear in equal parts...

"If anyone is here, answer me!"

"Pleeease," adds another in a whisper.

We notice how the glass slides smoothly... It runs across the board, our eyes attest to it: "My son," the letters form.

"And my son?"

"Ha!" I exclaim excitedly. "Very funny... *Who's* pushing the glass?"

A gust of wind extinguishes almost all the flames. The cabinet hinges creak, we all turn around. A guttural sound comes from inside; a hand slides along the ridge.

"Oh shit, bro!" exclaims one.

"Don't... Don't take your finger off the glass! Don't break the bond!"

"The bollocks!" another one mumbles.

They shout, they make faces pale, their faces pale. They flee in terror, their shadows accompanying them... There is only one finger left in the glass: mine.

I hold on for a few seconds. I laugh out loud: "It turned out *better* than I expected."

"You can come out now! What a bunch of wimps... I told you, they were going to piss themselves."

Instantly my mobile rings. I answer it:

"Why are you calling me? What are you doing?"

"What are *you* doing? I've been freezing for twenty minutes in this wardrobe that smells like death and you don't show up. And suddenly I hear shouting."

"Stop messing around. Come on, come out, Nestor, we're leaving."

"What are you saying? If I'm with these, out."

The wood creaks. I glance at the cupboard. A silhouette glides straight towards me. It levitates, the candles don't cast its shadow. The glass begins to move: "And my son? My son..."

My pupils dilate, my face deforms with dread, the candles go out. The glass explodes.

"My son! Come."

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