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# The House on Raven Hill Road

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## Introduction

The road tightened as it climbed, a narrow ribbon shouldered by pines that pressed in as if they'd grown together to keep her out. Claire drove with the window cracked in spite of the cold; the air was salt-stung and damp, and somewhere far off the harbor's foghorn sounded like the memory of a warning. Ravens traced slow arcs over the ridge, black shapes against a bruised sky. When she turned onto Raven Hill Road, the old wooden sign creaked on its rusted chain, and her mother's house rose from the slope the way a photograph rises from bathwater—familiar and a little distorted, as if it had been waiting for her to return and confirm it still existed.

Grief had not come like a wave. It had come like frost, silently and all at once, numbing the edges of things. Claire felt it most in the small rituals: the way her fingers hesitated on the keys, the checked breath before she cut the engine, the scan of the rearview mirror as if she might find her mother seated there, unsmiling, ready to correct her posture. The gravel crunched under her boots, sharp as broken glass. Behind the curtained windows, the house did not move. A single raven on the gatepost watched her with the frank curiosity of something that had seen arrivals and departures and knew which mattered.

The front door stuck in the frame, swollen with years of salt and weather. She shouldered it open and the smell met her: old lemon cleaner, wool, cold ash, and something metallic threaded thinly through it, a scent that tugged at her without offering a memory. The air held its own chill. The entryway was the same: the umbrella stand with one bent rib, the framed lighthouse print faded to a blue-ghost, the runner rug that had always wrinkled in the same place and still did. Time here was not stopped so much as looped, a quiet insistence that nothing had changed, not really, not where it mattered.

She touched the wallpaper by habit—her mother's roses, peeling at the seams, their edges browned like the edges of old letters. On the hall table, a neat line of mail waited beneath a heavy object Claire did not remember a name for. It was a carved wooden box, no larger than her hand, dark with oil and use, its lid incised with a raven whose wings were crossed as if mid-turn. She slid it an inch to feel its weight. The lid resisted when she tested it, the latch catching on something she couldn't see. She told herself she would open it later, when the light was better, when the house felt less like a room she ought to whisper in.

She moved through the kitchen, past the calendar still flipped to October, the square around the twelfth outlined in her mother's sharp pencil. The sink gleamed in a way that made Claire smile without warmth; Grace Bennett had polished even what no one

would see. Through the wavy glass of the back window, the pines leaned and conversed in wind. Across the road, a curtain stirred and stilled. The town, or at least the piece of it that lived within eyeshot, was already inventorying her. She could feel the stare of a neighbor through the seam in the drapes, the itch of it on the back of her neck. She had not been gone long enough to be a stranger, but too long to be claimed.

Her mother was everywhere and nowhere. A pair of glasses folded on the counter, precise. A stack of clipped obituaries with notes in the margins. The smell of her perfume nowhere, the bottle capped and full. Claire set her bag down and stood for a moment, letting her breath find a quieter pace. She counted cabinets, an old trick for unhooking herself from the thrum under her skin. The foghorn pulsed again, distant and sure. An answering croak came from the eaves, the sound caught and tightened by the wind so it seemed to echo inside the walls.

Upstairs, dust had settled in a fine skin over the banister, interrupted only by the soft arcs of her own fingerprints as she climbed. The hallway was narrower than she remembered, the ceiling lower. A hairline crack ran the length of it like a thin seam stitched in plaster. Her bedroom door still held the sticker she'd pressed on it when she was ten, a cartoon raven with a balloon. She did not open it. Not yet. In the guest room, sheets were folded military-flat on the bed, and the closet smelled of cedar and old wool—a smell Claire associated with winter and silence and rules.

When she came back down, evening was already pooling in the corners. She flicked on a lamp whose shade cast the room in a soft, tea-colored light that made everything appear older, more fragile. On the key hook by the door hung her mother's ring of tarnished keys, each one tagged in a tidy hand: shed, cellar, gate. One was unmarked, its metal worn smooth, as if it had been used often and without thought. A small charm dangled from the ring, a raven cut from thin brass, the edges nicked where a thumbnail might have worried it. She took the keys, felt the weight settle in her palm, and understood with a sudden, hollow certainty that whatever this house kept, it expected her to carry.

Outside, the light thinned to iron. The ravens on the ridge shifted and complained, black leaves rustling themselves into a darker tree. Claire sat on the bottom stair with the carved box placed beside her, its lid turned just so, as if the bird might lift its head if she watched long enough. The town's quiet crept in, the kind that wasn't empty at all but full of held breath—of footsteps she couldn't see yet, of names she hadn't spoken aloud in years. She drew her coat tight, tasted salt, and listened to the wind sift through the pines until the house seemed to lean closer, as if to hear what she would say back.

## Chapter One: Names in the Guestbook

The house settled around Claire with a sigh, the old wood groaning as the evening wind picked up. She had eaten a quick, tasteless meal of takeout in the kitchen, the plastic container a stark contrast to her mother's immaculate ceramic plates. Now, with the dishes rinsed and stacked with almost surgical precision – a habit she'd inherited, much to her annoyance – she felt the pull of the house's deeper mysteries. The carved wooden box still sat on the bottom stair, a silent sentinel. She decided to begin with something simpler, something that felt less like an invasion and more like an inventory.

Grace Bennett had always been meticulous, a quality Claire often found exasperating in life, but now appreciated as a roadmap to her mother's final days. The small office off the living room, usually locked when Claire visited, was now open. It smelled faintly of lavender and old paper. A sturdy oak desk dominated the room, its surface clear save for a leather-bound guestbook. Claire's mother had always kept one for visitors, a quaint tradition that felt out of place in their quiet, often solitary lives.

Claire ran a finger over the embossed title: *Bennett Family Guest Book*. It was surprisingly heavy. She opened it to the first page, dated nearly forty years ago, and began to turn through the delicate, yellowed leaves. Her own name appeared several times in childish script, scrawled alongside her father's elegant hand. Other names were familiar: distant aunts and uncles, neighbors who had long since moved away or passed on. The past spilled out in a silent procession of greetings and well wishes, a ghost party in faded ink.

Then, on a page from what must have been her tenth year, a name jumped out at her, a jagged scar on the smooth paper: *Lily Porter*. Below it, in a slightly wobbly hand that was clearly Claire's own from that age, was written, *and Claire Bennett*. They had signed it together, a shared memory Claire had somehow locked away. A faint drawing of a small bird, perhaps a raven, was scribbled next to Lily's name, its wings outstretched as if taking flight. Claire's breath hitched. Lily. The name was a whisper in the back of her mind, a phantom limb that ached without full comprehension.

She remembered Lily only in fragments: a flash of red hair, a chipped front tooth, the sound of laughter echoing through the pines behind the house. Lily, her best friend, inseparable until... until what? The edges of the memory were frayed, burned away by something she couldn't grasp. The last time she'd thought of Lily, truly thought of her, was a lifetime ago, a conscious effort to push the name and the girl attached to it into the deep recesses of her mind. The town didn't speak of Lily Porter anymore, not openly. It was a wound that had scarred over, a secret shame.

Claire continued to flip through the guestbook, her fingers trembling slightly. The entries grew sparser as the years went on, Grace's social circle apparently shrinking, until the last few years contained only the occasional signature of a plumber or a delivery person. No more Lily. No more shared names. The book ended abruptly, the final entry dated just a few months before her mother's death. It was as if Grace had decided, at some point, to stop recording her life.

Leaving the guestbook open on the desk, Claire moved into the living room, drawn by an invisible thread. She picked up a framed photograph from the mantelpiece - a younger Grace, smiling faintly, her arm linked with Claire's father. Her father, long dead, his face already a blur in her mind. She turned away from the photograph, her gaze snagging on a small, leather-bound journal tucked between two heavy encyclopedias on a shelf she'd never paid much attention to. It was thin, no more than an inch thick, its cover worn smooth in places.

Curiosity warred with a strange reluctance. This felt more personal than the guestbook, more intrusive. Yet, the house seemed to hum with unanswered questions, and this journal felt like a key. She pulled it from the shelf. On the front, in faded gold lettering, were the words: *My Thoughts*. It wasn't her mother's neat, spidery hand, but a more rounded, less formal script. She opened it, and the first page confirmed her suspicion.

*October 17th, 1998.* The date, scrawled in a child's uncertain hand, sent a shiver down her spine. Below it, in the same hand, were words that were unmistakably her own: *Lily and I played house today. We found the secret place in the woods. Mama says we shouldn't go there, but it's our best spot. Lily thinks the ravens watch us.*

Claire blinked, a sudden dizzying sensation washing over her. She didn't remember writing this. She remembered playing with Lily, yes, but not this specific entry, not the "secret place," and certainly not the date. She turned another page.

*October 20th, 1998.* *Lily dared me to touch the old stone. It felt cold and bumpy. We made a promise not to tell anyone about it. It's our secret game.*

A game? A secret game? The journal felt like a direct transmission from a part of her past that was locked away, edited, or perhaps simply forgotten. Her memories of Lily were so vague, so shrouded in a hazy anxiety, that reading her own words felt like uncovering a foreign language. She sank onto the dusty couch, the journal resting heavy in her lap, the ravens outside beginning their evening chatter.

A sharp rap on the front door startled her, making her jump. She wasn't expecting anyone. Through the wavy glass panels flanking the door, she saw a familiar silhouette. Martha Caldwell, the nosy neighbor from across the street, stood on the

porch, a casserole dish clutched in her hands like a shield. Martha, with her perpetually pursed lips and eyes that missed nothing.

Claire opened the door, managing a strained smile. "Martha. I didn't realize you were coming over."

"Well, dear, I just heard you arrived. Saw your car, naturally. Thought you might appreciate a little something warm after your long drive. Grace always did appreciate my tuna noodle bake." Martha pushed past Claire, her gaze sweeping the entryway, lingering on the open guestbook visible on the desk. "My goodness, the house is in a state, isn't it? Such a shame. Your mother always kept it so... spotless."

Claire forced another smile. "It's a lot, yes. Thank you for the casserole, Martha."

"Don't mention it, dear. Just doing my part. It's a sad business, this. Terrible about Grace. Sudden, too. Though, I always did say she was too frail for her own good, keeping to herself so much. Not natural, I always said." Martha paused, lowering her voice conspiratorially, though they were the only two in the house. "You know, the last time I saw Grace, she was looking rather... distressed. Had a strange look in her eye, like she was seeing ghosts. Reminded me a bit of when Lily Porter disappeared, all those years ago. You were quite the pair, you and Lily, weren't you? A real shame, that was. Never did find her, did they?"

The casual mention of Lily, right after Claire had rediscovered her name in the guestbook and her own diary, felt like a deliberate blow. Martha's eyes, bright and unblinking, fixed on Claire's face, searching for a reaction. Claire felt a cold sweat prickle her skin. "Yes," she managed, her voice a little too thin. "It was a long time ago."

"Oh, a very long time ago. But some things, dear, they just stick with a town. Especially when no one ever gets answers. And you, well, you were a funny one after that, weren't you? So quiet. So withdrawn. It was quite upsetting for your mother, I recall. Almost like you'd forgotten something important." Martha's gaze sharpened, her head tilting slightly. "You don't remember much of it, do you? That night?"

Claire felt a wave of nausea. The question was too direct, too pointed. "I... it's hazy. I was only ten."

"Ten is old enough to remember things, dear. Some things, anyway." Martha's voice was laced with an unsettling blend of pity and something darker, more accusatory. "Well, I suppose it's best forgotten. For everyone. Just wanted to drop off the casserole. Do let me know if you need anything. Anything at all." She gave Claire a tight, knowing smile, then turned and bustled out, leaving the lingering scent of tuna and unspoken judgment in her wake.

Claire closed the door, leaning against it, her heart thumping against her ribs. Martha's words hung in the air, thick and suffocating. *You were a funny one after that. Almost like you'd forgotten something important.* The journal in her hand felt heavy, filled with forgotten promises and secret games. She looked down at the entry about the "secret place" and the "old stone." What had they been playing? And why did her mother forbid it?

She wandered further into the house, a sense of unease growing with each step. The air seemed to grow heavier, colder, as she approached the back of the house. There was a small, narrow hallway there, leading to a door she hadn't noticed before, tucked away almost deliberately. It was slightly ajar, a sliver of darkness visible within. A faint, cloying odor emanated from it, something metallic and faintly sweet, like old blood mixed with dust. It was the same scent she'd noticed in the entryway, only stronger here, more defined.

Her hand trembled as she pushed the door open the rest of the way. The room inside was small, windowless, and utterly black. But the smell... it was overwhelming now. She reached for the light switch, her fingers brushing against cold metal, and flipped it. A bare bulb hanging from the ceiling flickered, then bathed the room in a stark, unforgiving yellow light. It was a storage room, filled with boxes and forgotten furniture draped in white sheets. But on the floor, in the very center of the room, was a dark, irregular stain. And leaning against the wall, almost hidden by a dusty old rug, was a heavy, rusted metal trunk, its lid clamped shut with a thick padlock. The metallic smell was strongest here, emanating directly from it, undeniable.

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