

EDITED AND FORMATTED FOR ENGLISH (USA)

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HOUSE SITTER



“You know, it’s quite ‘funny’... A memory of mine that brings me somewhat joy and, without fail, a chuckle is a memory I wasn’t even involved in.

I was told the story and have since incorporated myself to ‘make believe’ that I was present for the interaction.

Weird, no?”

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“If you’re curious, as I believe you would be, the ‘memory’ in question took place back in middle school. The group that experienced the interaction had just gotten off the train, having been on a school fieldtrip.

Where that fieldtrip took place, I can’t remember, despite also being present.

I was not with the group when the interaction took place either, I was most probably hiding far away from them. There was no way I’d ever be ‘allowed’ to linger with that group.

Adolescents can be cruel at times.

Anyhow, upon exiting the subway and at the zebra crossing, what was described to me at a later point in time, was as an overweight, short, grotesque man sporting a heavily stained, white in color tank top.

The tank top was barely long enough to cover his protruding, hairy gut.

Grouped in a bunch at the zebra crossing, it was explained to me that the grotesque man tapped several of the boys within the group on the shoulder to gain their attention.

Once attention was gained, he simply vocalized ‘Hey Boys’, then lifted one of his legs into the air and let rip a loud, prolonged fart that was... Apparently... *Guinness Book Of World Records* worthy.

Quite odd, no?”

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“Why I hold onto this memory... I, honestly, have no idea.

Why I pretend like I’d been involved with the interaction and tell the story as if the grotesque man had tapped me on the shoulder... No idea.”

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“It goes beyond that, you see... On occasions there are times where I don’t know what direction is up. There are times where I don’t know what direction is down. There are times where I don’t know what direction is left and there are times where I don’t know what direction is right.

I also, on sporadic instances, freeze.

Frozen solid.

Incapable of movement, no matter what I try, including the attempt of wiggling my toes.”

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“I tell you all this because despite it all... I am, wholeheartedly, one hundred percent certain that the following event that took place, did indeed take place.

One hundred percent certain.”

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“6478 Asscot lane.

6478 Asscot lane is where it all went down.

But before I delve into why I was at 6478 Asscot lane, let me explain... Well... A ‘kink’ of mine. I have this ‘problem’ where I like to go into people’s homes.

Now, now before you jump to any hypotheses, I don’t break into people’s homes and steal things like your petty house thief...

Nor do I partake in what the youth have now began to call ‘Phrogging’ ...

No, no. I go into people’s homes and play... ‘House Sitter’ ... If you will.

Rest assured; the occupants of the home are never present when I play... ‘House Sitter’.

I am also, without fail, long gone before the occupants have returned home and as mentioned prior, I never take anything.”

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“Well... I never take anything of major importance. I do help myself to meals and sodas from time-to-time, so, in a sense, if the occupant of the home held their canned tuna fish, or their frozen meatloaf in the highest realm of importance, then I guess I did ‘steal’ from them.

And I will admit that I do, from time-to-time, mess with the home a little to throw the occupant off.

Nothing major, mind you... A little jest, if you will.”

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"I'm talking about moving folded clothes from one drawer to the next, switching faucets around so that the cold faucet was now on the hot side, and vice versa, and my personal favorite... Swapping out their branded items.

Whether it be food from their pantry, their toothpaste, or laundry detergent, among other daily items, I would swap them out with a completely different brand. The newly branded labelling would also be quite obvious.

I must also inform about a time where I stumbled across the occupants feeble attempt at a hiding place for their excess cash.

It was \$1700. \$1700 in total.

I did take the cash and kept it with me, not spending a single dime, until near nine months had passed. I then returned the cash to the exact same hiding spot with a note informing the occupant if they had missed them.

I do wonder what their reaction might have been with something major like that, especially since I also left some photographs of the cash in 'candid' locations... Atop the Empire State Building being one of my favorites... But, alas, I have long since moved on."

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"I sense that you're curious, so I will continue. When it comes to the home I would choose to play... 'House Sitter' ... Within, I'll let you know that there wasn't anything special, or finicky to the selection process.

Nowadays, it has become harder for selection. What with the introduction of cameras and those fancy monitoring doorbells. Quite the annoyance.

But prior to, when nothing of that sort was in nearly every single home, I'd simply pick a home that I found... 'Interesting'.

By interesting, I don't mean homes with luxurious comforts, swimming pools, hot tubs and other amenities like A1 home theater systems... No, no. I honestly don't care for any of that.

The home, simply, had to be of 'interest' to me."

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"Which is what perplexes me and leaves me asking myself on the daily... Why!?"

Why was I so transfixed on 6478 Ascot lane!?"

Why did it have a pull like no other!?"

Why could I never get it out of my mind!?" "

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“I had played... ‘House Sitter’ ... Within 100 plus different homes, but they all paled in comparison, feeling wise, to 6478 Asscot lane.

Despite how hard I tried to ignore it...

Move on from it...

Distance myself from it...

I would always find myself wondering back to 6478 Asscot lane.”

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“I’m telling you, mesmerized would be an understatement with how I felt when I gazed upon the home.”

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“And the home wasn’t anything remarkable, which baffles me further.

It was quite small and pathetic looking, if being quite honest. No modern features, or stylish touches to it at all.”

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“I’ll ‘paint’ you a picture. Visualize an asymmetrical, traditional cottage look and you have your visual of 6478 Asscot lane.

The home couldn’t have been more than 1000 square feet either.

To further the details, the home had a low-pitched gable roof, boxed-in tiny porch, an off-white picket fence and a bright yellow tall-front door.

The bright yellow did stand out a bunch, considering the outer home planks were painted a dark gray, but, alas... I still can’t say, with full certainty, that, that is what drew me to it.

In fact, no! It definitely wasn’t what drew me to it.

Nor was it the broad Oak tree that took up most of the front yard, with added homemade rope swing.

Nor was it the exterior multicolored river-rock chimney.

No.

None of it.

And yet there I stood... After scoping the home; as I did with all... Fully gloved right-hand resting atop the off-white picket fence and ready to make my way inward."

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"Now if you're curious, as I believe you would be, I'll give you a brief rundown of what I would do to scope a home.

I would generally employ one of the following three main tactics.

To know the others, I'd have to start charging you."

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"No sense of humor, I take it? Pity...

Nevertheless, tactic-numero-uno: If the home was near a park, directly across the road would be best, I'd simply set 'camp' in the park and scout the home from whatever park bench, or tree I could find.

Playing a meditating yoga 'fiend' was my usual go to and, funnily, I'd even have people within the community, usually stay at home mothers, come join me from time-to-time.

Tactic-numero-duo: If the location permitted it, I would dress in homeless garble and set 'camp' near the home and 'parade' as a homeless person.

Wittily, any money that I made playing... 'Homeless'... I'd leave at the home when done playing... 'House Sitter'.

Generally, the money was left on the soap holder in one of the showers, or in a cooking pan, placing the cooking pan by their front door; if you were thinking of asking.

Tactic-numero-tre: I would dress as a deliveryman and constantly go to the home to deliver a package.

The package was self-purchased.

Usually a nice box of chocolates, a plush bear, or a single rose with a note expressing they were from a 'secret admirer' would be what I'd wrap up for delivery.

It was actually quite nice garnering the people's reactions in wondering whom might be the non-existent admirer.

In doing either one of those, I would keep track of how many occupied the home, what time they would leave for work, or other commitments, when they'd return, scope the neighbors to see if they were nosy, or observant, adhere to any cameras and neighboring cameras and hit the jackpot when I'd see the occupants leave with suitcases packed."

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“With 6478 Asscot lane, I would only observe one individual going into the home.

Every Sunday, without fail, they would arrive at 1:00pm and leave after several hours, not returning until the following Sunday at 1:00pm.

From my other scoping mechanisms, I was fully confident that this home was empty and that I'd be uninterrupted until that individual made his weekly Sunday visits.

Which brings us back to my fully gloved right-hand resting atop the off-white picket fence.

Having now made my way through, I next ventured to the back, carefully avoiding one of the Oak trees low branches.

Standing by the back window... Now avoiding the dirt garden, the sunflowers and all its grime... At just after 3:30am on the Monday early morning, I began to shimmy the window upward as it had not been locked.

This would make my method for entry... Effortless.

It further bewilders me how many occupants, willingly, leave their front, or their backdoors unlocked too...

Don't get me started on the spare keys being placed in the most ingenuous of hiding spots.”

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“Not that I was ill-prepared for locked doors, or windows, mind you... My backup had an array of tools to get into a home with the best of locking mechanisms, however, it was always nice when entry to the home took little to no effort.

I also found that 3:30am was the best time to enter a home.

At 3:30am everything in the suburban streets was a 'ghost town'. Too late for anyone to be making their way from a night out and far too early for anyone to be getting up for their morning commute.

Bliss.

Now hopping into the home, I was actually quite surprised that it was well heated, all things considered.

Once my eyes had adjusted to the somewhat dark interior of the home, illuminated by the outdoor streetlights, I found the pinewood flooring offered a few creaks here and there.

What dumbfounded me though was the furniture. Or should I say, lack thereof...”

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“From a visual aspect... Especially when glancing through a window from the outside... The home looked to be fully furnished with décor and nicknacks, but when inside the home it was of a different story.”

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“For an example... Heading toward the sofa couch and coffee table, as I was in a sitting room of sort, before my eyes were not physical renditions of the furniture. Instead, before my eyes, were strategically placed cardboard cutouts of a sofa couch and coffee table.

The corner plant, being some kind of Areca Palm variant, that finalized the look of the sitting room was also a cardboard cutout.

And I knew the cardboard rendition of the plant to be a variant of Areca Palm as botany is a hobby of mine.”

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“No thoughts on my love for botany? I guess you might be far too curious if I was concerned over the depictions before me and the answer to that would be... No.

My initial thought was that of being in a potential display home, or something utilized for staging purposes.

When I looped through the home, I found there to be four different types of rooms. The rooms were all connected to each other, revolving around a large central pillar.

To ‘paint’ it, the sitting room had an open flowing door that led to a bathroom, with the same design and concept of door leading to a bedroom, which then led to a kitchen.

Each room had cardboard representations of their respective amenities.

Frustratingly, the toilet too was cardboard, with added cardboard plunger. This meant I would have to leave the home to do my business, thus disturbing my relaxation whilst... ‘House Sitting’.

If I had continued onward the faux kitchen would have taken me back to the sitting room, however, what I spotted on the pillar left me in awe.”

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“And what was on the pillar, might you wonder... A radiant silver, 10-digit keyless locking mechanism. It shone elegantly in the near dark environment and it captured my attention in its entirety.

I had to, immediately, observe this oddity.

It was the only real thing within the place.

FOR FURTHER INFO

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