

Title: Old stories of a forgotten village

Author: Luis Arturo Acevedo Acevedo

Old stories of a forgotten village



My fundamental thanks to those who live all the processes of my life, my family: to my wife Eliana, who always understand and patiently respect my immersion for hours between books, leaving other pleasures for later, for example, the Sunday walk or the summer ice cream. To them my infinite thanks for your understanding and support.

To my parents and to our productive talks and useful life advice, where I often took refuge pleasantly.

To my brothers, of whom I have learned a lot, who unwittingly infected me with the passion for writing

To the work friends who trusted me to carry out the knowledge and translate them into books

To the acquaintances, to their questions, concerns and demands, that they have taught me so much.

To all those entrepreneurs who fundamentally taught me that dreams with action are productive realities.

To my clients, who every day allow me to work in order to elaborate better products

To all of you who invest their time in reading these ideas, thank you very much for being there,

and welcome

Old stories of a forgotten village



The information that will be presented below does not indicate that they are true facts; it is the product of stories told and heard, in order to make known that precious hidden and enigmatic treasure that exists in each area of our region.

In what is now the south of the abandoned village of La Serranilla, in front of the El Progreso store, in southern Colombia; there is an old house, from which only ruins can be seen from the outside.

A gate barely hides an entrance into the unknown. Perhaps the strangest cases and difficult to verify or explain due to the lack of disclosure or oblivion that has been given.

It is not known precisely in what time the first supernatural phenomenon of this house happened, but the legend tells us that in the street (now in front of El Progreso) they were playing some children, what started as a game, ended in a uproar and scandal.

One of the children threw a stone towards the interior of the house, and a moment later, it returned with the same force to the outside in the street, just as a car passed by, causing a tremendous displeasure to the driver because this stone broke the windshield, giving a brake and going down quickly to find the culprit.

Among the uproar some witnesses along with the children had said that indeed, the stone had been thrown into the house, but that it had returned mysteriously; to what the owner of the car, I do not hesitate to go to claim the aforementioned.

Giving strong blows to the gate without receiving any response, they soon told him that nobody lived in that house and that he was not known as an owner; outraged by such ridicule in the public thoroughfare, he had no choice but to leave the place.

There was a time when the garbage truck was slow to pass through these streets, and the neighbors, from that house then, had, among other things, waste like old cardboard sheets, boxes; trash not so scandalous and proper to be thrown around without anyone noticing, to which they did not hesitate to think, to throw it into the patio of the house, from its own roof, and very late at night so that no person from that way he would realize what was planned, they threw the garbage; but what was the surprise of the neighbors, that at dawn, they complained that there was garbage outside and that it looked bad on the street; and indeed, the trash was outside the house, as if they had taken it out.

Strangely surprised by what happened, they soon confessed that they had thrown the

aforementioned into the patio of the house by the roof, but they did not believe what they were seeing, the air could not have lifted the sheets or boxes, because no sound had been heard At night, in addition to take it out they should have opened the gate and it would have sounded quickly.

The strange facts began to occur and it did not take long for people to ask themselves, what will be inside, or how will it be, to what all the anecdotes or stories told by the adventurers, among which were (boys band, paratroopers or simple onlookers) managed to enter the house, it was summarized in the following:



"Who knows how we did it, the joke is that we could get into the house"...

"I alone climbed up the wall and fell inside" ...

Once inside the house, they began to feel strange dizziness, symptoms of bad pressure, desire to faint, some of them blurred their sight, others saw everything around them writhing and suddenly, the surprise of their life, when magic art, they appeared outside the house, as if they had never entered.

However, many have chosen not to talk about the issue, which has been forgotten, although it is said that anyone who comes to spend a night in that house, without sunrise outside of it, then it will stay with her. For many there ends the story of "The mysterious house", or "The house where they take you out", better known; but behold, perhaps one of the many answers throughout this strange mystery.

With the arrival of the railroad to the town of La Serranilla, it was used by an infinity of people, a wealthy foreigner, probably Spanish, who had previously visited the town, had fallen in love with the area and the climate of the region, so of a wedding gift for one of his children, he planned the construction of a house, where he would live and bear fruit in a new way, in the now cheerful land of water; the construction would occur; When the important work was finished, the foreign son arrived with his wife and son on the way, the house already prepared with servants and an old steward, they were the first people who, together with the couple, started life inside the gift home.