

## 2. THE HAUNTED NEIGHBOURHOOD

My friend and former next-door neighbour John moved to another area of the city a few months ago and put his old house for sale. Last Sunday, his real-estate agent, Olga, who happens to be a friend too, held an open house. Early on, I saw a considerable crowd of visitors, a rather unusual circumstance. I decided to join in.

- What a beautiful home. I would make an offer if it were not because of the noise, someone said.
- What noise? I asked
- The noise. Can't you hear it? It's a low frequency humming. You really have to pay close attention to hear it.
- I've never heard it. Do you actually hear it?
- Not I, but a friend has told me and I came to check.
- Did your friend hear it?
- No, but he has it from a very good source.
- I know, intervened Olga. A professor at the university did some measurements.
- Any results?
- Negative. But she keeps trying.

That night I called John over the phone to ask him how he was doing.

- How do you like your new neighbourhood?
- Not much. It's far from everywhere. Also, the house is rather small and my neighbours constantly party until the small hours. I miss the old place.
- So why did you move?
- The noise.