Thank you for patiently listening to this unusual and unrelated experience to game development.

And this story, in fact, is a supernatural experience, a true story about my mother.

I dedicate it to my dear friend who loves hearing supernatural stories.

I made an agreement to share it here with him.

Now, from my mother's perspective…

This incident happened during the summer over 20 years ago.

At that time, shortly after graduating from university, I was staying at a friend's parents' house on Gulangyu Island.

It was a beautiful villa that had been unoccupied for a long time.

My room was on the second floor, while downstairs, there was an ancestral altar belonging to the landlord auntie's family.

Every now and then, the landlord auntie and her children would come and burn incense to pay respects at the altar.

Because I graduated from an art academy, I was skilled in calligraphy and often practiced it in my room.

One day, while I was sleeping, I had a strange dream. I dreamt that I was in a pitch-black room, unable to see my surroundings clearly.

But I could faintly hear a woman crying.

At that moment, I felt something was off, but I didn't know what to do.

Then, the woman suddenly spoke.

She cried and said that she was the mistress of a certain generation's head of the family in that household.

They were deeply in love, but due to the family rules, her name couldn't be written in the genealogy.

She knew that I was skilled in calligraphy and hoped that I could write her name into the family records.

Then, it should be burned for her in front of the family shrine on the first floor.

When I woke up, I felt a chill throughout my body.

This dream felt too real.

However, at that moment, I simply thought it was just a dream and didn't dwell on it too much.

I had the same dream again the next day.

The same place, the same voice, and the same request.

I couldn't ignore it any longer.

When I woke up, I asked the landlord, Auntie, if such a person existed.

(I remember that the woman's surname was Zhu.)

Auntie's face turned pale upon hearing my question because she had also had the same dream.

However, the content was slightly different. In Auntie's dream, the woman only cried and didn't speak.

Afterward, I followed the woman's request and wrote her name in a copy of the family genealogy, then burned it for her before the family altar.

I also prayed for her to find peace and not be lost in this world.

Since then, I never had another dream about that woman.

Strangely enough, everything about her gradually faded from my memory, just like a dream, after her passing...

(The End)

Grandfather's Story, to be continued

(It happened a long time ago, I need to inquire further)