

## The House Remembers

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### Abstract

*My Christian worldview shapes how I approach and view Gothic literature and horror, not as genres that glorify darkness, but as spaces that reveal it and make room for honest confrontation with pain. Trauma is often central in these stories, and I believe faith allows us to explore that brokenness while still pointing toward hope and healing. My work embraces the shadows not to celebrate them, but to acknowledge the reality of suffering—and to affirm that, even in the darkest places, redemption is possible.*

**Keywords:** Gothic, brokenness, shadows

The walls do not speak,  
but they echo.  
Each floorboard holds a breath,  
trapped like a whisper never voiced—  
a memory buried beneath centuries  
of polite silence and peeled wallpaper.  
There is always a house  
in Gothic stories.  
It groans not from age,  
but from the weight of what it saw.  
A locked room,  
a shadow moving where no one stands,  
the wind howling like a wound.  
This is trauma,  
dressed in velvet,  
framed in candlelight,  
  
Screaming quietly down long halls.  
We write these stories

because sometimes the monsters  
look too much like us.  
Because grief walks beside us,  
and we need a name for its footsteps.  
We craft ghosts  
because we are haunted.  
By the things we survived.  
By what we buried  
that still claws at the floor.  
Horror knows what it's like  
to carry pain in the body,  
to wake up with dread  
in the marrow of your bones.  
And yet—  
it speaks.  
It says: you are not alone  
in your terror.  
There are others

who build cathedrals of shadow  
just to survive the light.  
And when the sun rises,  
it does not undo the dark.  
But it tells us  
we lived through it.