

Crackers and Doors

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This story takes place late one night in December of 2012. My best friend Tajzin had come over to spend the night. It was late and I decided to take a shower before going to bed. My friend and younger sister, who was 7 at the time, were in the living room listening to music and dancing. The next thing I know they both come running into the bathroom hysterically screaming and crying. They were yelling that someone had opened the door to the bathroom. They told me how it started creaking and when they looked over it was slowly opening on it's own as if someone were opening it. I heard nothing of course being in the shower but I got out immediately. I cannot put into words the terror that they were displaying that night. This had never happened before or has it happened since and I have no explanation for the door opening like they say it did. I do know that the door was tightly shut when I got in the shower. My parents believed us but figured there must be a logical explanation.

I may have thought the door was their imagination, or some fluke, had it not been for some things that had taken place earlier in the day. The first bit of strangeness about that day was the fact that I remember thinking nothing weird had happened since the night we played with the Devil's Cards (see [The Devil's Cards](#)). The Card incident had happened about two months prior. As I am thinking this I walk into the kitchen and get some crackers to snack on. A few minutes later I notice the package of crackers lying on the floor in front of the pantry shelves. I just figured I must have somehow been responsible and placed them back on the shelf. The shelves are very wide and I carefully put the crackers on the back of the shelf against the wall, where they are always kept. Well I ended up picking them up twice more that day, and finally gave up and left them on the floor. I guess perhaps I was in denial because I just figured somehow it was my fault. Like I said earlier I was the only one home that day. When my mom got home and asked me why they were on the floor I explained what happened. She believed me and we just forgot about the incident. I find this day to be more interesting than frightening in thinking back on it!

(Note: I have experienced things since I was a very young child. I was around 7 years old when I went to my grandma's funeral. I got home and I saw my grandmother sitting in a chair across the table from me. I saw her looking at me for several moments. Was it my imagination? I don't know. I have not been to a funeral since; I have a fear that if I do something will pop up.