

Terror in My Bedroom

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When I was 10 years old, which would have been four years ago, I experienced something unexplainable and terrifying. My cousin was staying at my house because my aunt was watching my sister and me while my parents were out of town. This would have been on a Friday because my parents were away for a weekend trip. My cousin was just was 9 years old at the time.

Like a lot of children at that age we were having a great time goofing off, bouncing on the bed and silly things like that. We happened to be home alone for just a few minutes while my aunt ran down the street to drop my sister off at a friend's house. While bouncing around we were both suddenly yanked off the bed. We were pulled off onto the floor on the same side of the bed as if our legs had been pulled out from under us. I landed hard onto my back, I don't remember how my cousin landed but it was hard.

I looked down at my legs where it seemed the invisible force had grabbed me and to my horror saw all kinds of scratch marks. They looked similar to claw marks from what I recall and were all over the bottom of both legs. The marks lasted a day or two before disappearing. My cousin for whatever reason was not scratched.

We were terrified and ran crying and screaming out of the house where we sat until my Aunt returned home. It was not long but it seemed an eternity. She would not believe us when we told her why we were outside, not even after I showed her the marks on my legs. She went inside to check the house out and written on the living room TV in my mother's makeup were the words "they will pay". My aunt thought that we had written it because we liked to get into my mom's makeup. It was not us!

Sadly my aunt never believed any part of the story. She felt that I had scratched myself. My cousin and I were both angry about that. My parents returned Sunday night and had the same reaction as my Aunt. My cousin and I felt all alone! I did not go into my room for over a week. It took me awhile to get comfortable in my own room once I returned... I never had anything happen again in that house, which we no longer live in.

I do recall hating the basement, which had a typical creepy feeling to it. My sister's bedroom was in the basement and she would never sleep there. We will probably never know why that happened that day, and just hope that nothing like that happens again. The event certainly has increased my interest in the paranormal and drives me to find out more.