

The Spirits of Buffalo

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I recently moved to Springfield from the little town of Buffalo, Illinois. My paranormal experiences, of which there were many, took place in the old Victorian style home I lived in before moving in May. The house, built in the 1880's, is located a few miles outside of Buffalo near an old cemetery. I am told that at one time where the house is located was near the center of Buffalo, which basically relocated after some fires. Apparently there was a house on the spot of this home which burned down during the fire so this is at least the second structure on this spot. I have tried to research this, as well as the history of the house, but as of yet have been unsuccessful.

I lived in this house for ten years, from the age of 4 until I was 14. I have never been comfortable in this house, which we still own. I have one sister who is 8 years older than me and she told me that I had an "imaginary friend" from the age of 4 until I turned 7. I have no recollection of this at all but she said she would come into my room and ask me who I was talking to and playing with and I always told her it was my friend. I do not believe it was my imagination with everything else that happened in this place.

A great deal of the activity seemed to revolve around my sister's bedroom on the second floor. I never liked that room and she did not either. She said on several occasions she would see a figure in her doorway. It looked like a little girl with brown hair and a white dress. Once my sister moved out my dad decided to do a little remodeling and he encouraged me to move into that room. I did so for a month or so but could not sleep in there. It had curtains where the closet door used to be and they terrified me. I just sensed something very unpleasant there. I had closets in my old room and never had any feelings like that. I would get up every single night to go sleep on the couch downstairs once everyone else was asleep. I would be up in the morning before anyone realized what I was doing. After a few weeks of this I decided to try moving my bedroom into the basement where I had more room. One day my friend Scottie heard a male voice which sounded like it was coming from my room downstairs. If I were not home yet some of my friends would come in and wait for me. He assumed it was my dad, but he was not home at the time. That certainly made a believer out of him. Some of my friends and I formed a band and would practice in my basement. We would record our music and along with it recorded many strange voices, and noises. Many of my friends refused to even come near my house after a time.

I saw other strange things while living there. I believe I saw the little girl my sister spoke of in a doorway. One day I saw an unexplainable white mist swirling in the hallway. It looked to be the size of a child. I thought maybe I was imagining it so tried to debunk it. I was thinking maybe it was an odd reflection or something. I took pictures many pictures but never could come up with a logical explanation. The attic was another place I would not go. It was a frightening place like my sister's room. We would sometimes hear footsteps and loud banging noises coming from the attic. Things would disappear like keys for no reason, or mysteriously be found in other places. I remember other members of my family at times blaming me for moving things which I never touched!

I eventually moved back into my original bedroom which was most comfortable for me. The most frightening thing I can imagine happened to me in this room on our last night in the house. We were moving the next day and in the middle of the night my bed started shaking violently. It left marks on the floor from the way it was bouncing up and down. I sat up and saw

a black transparent mass. Like any kid would do I pulled the covers up over my head. It then felt like snakes were under the blankets. I was so absolutely terrified that I could not move or act. Morning finally came. It was the longest night of my life. **I WILL NEVER GO BACK INTO THAT HOUSE!!**

The story does not seem to have ended there with the house. Since moving away we have been renting the house. Several people have moved in and just as quickly moved out. The longest anyone has stayed was two months. No one ever says why they are moving, they just say personal reasons. That is what my dad says anyway. He has always tried ignoring the experiences we have had in the house, being skeptical and always coming up with potential scientific explanations. Perhaps he has been told things by the former tenants and does not want to encourage my beliefs, or perhaps those moving out do not want to talk about it because of fear that people will think they are crazy. Could be the experiences are so troubling that they do not want to speak of it?

The final strange story took place just weeks ago. The house has sat empty for a few weeks now. Despite that we had a fire in my sister's room recently. Mysteriously the fire is contained to that one room; the very room that has terrified me for so long. The fire department and electricians could find no explanation for it. For now the room is blocked off and we intend to keep it that way!