

# My Most Terrifying Moment

By Dawn Shorts

“Fine! I’ll get it!” I shouted, stomping to the basement door. With one hand I opened the door and with other hand flicked the switch to turn on the basement light. Going down a few steps I was surprised by the sound of the door closing and the light going out at the same time. I went to the door to find that it was locked. My sister, Susan had locked me in the basement! I wasn’t angry, I was terrified. I just knew that the evil in the house had been waiting for a time like this to get to me, to hurt me.

The evil was voices, like the voice that had called my name, “Dawn.” My five-year old brother went running down the attic stairs calling, “Mommy.” So he had heard the voice, too. I knew Mom wasn’t home yet. We hadn’t heard her car drive up the long grand driveway. I called down the attic stairs to my sister, Janet, but she wasn’t answering. I found her frozen in shock at the bottom of the attic stairs by the laundry chute. She had been throwing clothes down the chute. I shook her and shook her and yelled, “Janet! It’s okay, it’s me!” She finally came out of it, terrified. “The voice came from right behind me”, she told me.

My sister, Linda was the only one to see a spirit. In the middle of the night she woke up to seeing a girl standing in her bedroom. She thought perhaps it was the outside lights playing tricks, so she closed her eyes, but when she opened them again the girl was still there, yet closer to her bed. Closing her eyes again, she was too terrified to open them, too terrified to go to sleep, just waiting for something to happen.

Though the voices were female and the entity Linda saw was female, it was a male spirit I was terrified of and had nightmares about.

So standing in the pitch black, I imagined something coming up the basement stairs to get me. But then I realized it was so pitch black something could already be on the top step with me right in front of my face. I have no memory of what I actually did; I only know I lost it. In the distance I heard Mom saying calmly to my younger sister, “Susan, let Dawn out of the basement.” My traumatic ordeal was over.