

I never intended on putting this to print but here is one of many encounters I've had with what I will never really fully understand. Up until I was 15 my parents and I lived in a ranch style home in Waterford Michigan on a street named Doremus Ave. The house was built around 1955 and had a crawl space and all the normal creeks and knocks throughout the night. Nothing special just your average 3 bedroom home. Waterford was back in 1650 used by the Native Potawatomi and the Ottawa Indians as a hunting and fishing territory.(if this is mistaken in any way please correct me. this is the only history I could find about the area) I remember I was about ten years old and I used to fall asleep in our TV room that had a day bed and wallpaper of what looked like a scene of many trees and plants.

I guess it was much easier to maintain than a real jungle in my mother's eyes. So I dozed off about 10pm after watching a Pistons game (BAD BOYS era!)And around 1am I hear my dad get up to use the rest room and I see him walk past down the hall and I hear him close the bathroom door. I turn onto my back and I lie there until I went back to sleep. After about 5 minutes I feel the bed move as if someone was leaning over the rail above my head. I clear my eyes and gain focus and I see hovering above me is a dark shadow. Thinking it was my dad I ask what's wrong and get no response. I hear my dad in the other side of the house in the kitchen and my mom moving around in their bedroom. The dark figure just leaned over me and I hear the water from the kitchen sink from the other side of the house. I knew it wasn't my mom because she was in her bed and it was not my father.

I lied flat on my back in fear and then I noticed the smell of what was like a rotting animal on the side of the road. I tried to hold my breath but couldn't because I was in so much fear. The figure peered into my eyes and all I could see was a dark outline. I noticed outlining the facial area was what looked like long hair and feathers. I could still remember the one feather sticking out to the left side and being able to see my ceiling through the texture of it. I began to feel a pressure in my chest as the figure hovered above my face and then I heard my dad walk down the hall into his and my mother's room and I closed my eyes for at least a few seconds and when I open them the figure was gone. After that night I felt a presence I never felt before in that house. I would come home from school or wake up the next morning and find objects in my room misplaced. We had a detached garage where my dad had his band equipment and drums and I would hear what was like someone hitting the drum or the sound of one of them being knocked over. We were all inside in bed and the garage was fully secured but sure enough I would go out there the next morning and find sticks or a drum lying on the garage floor. As I said this was one of many encounters I experienced in that house.

Every person always has that corner of your eye experience when it comes to the paranormal. After my first encounter with whatever it was sharing my home with my family and I, I grew accustomed to them. Often when I was playing in my room on the floor with my 500 Lego's or whatever I would notice something standing in my doorway. It was either very tall or slender with what looked like a staff or spear in its hand or it was the size of a male child of about 8 years of age. Either one it was always dark and its eyes were bright enough just to see where they were on the shapes face. I knew it was there because I would feel it watching me and I got chills. If the room grew cold I wouldn't notice it due to the fact I love the cold weather. Whenever one of my parents would walk down the hall to their room which was across from mine it would disappear. I often had these visits due to the fact I rarely went outside and was an only child. Now yes I have a very vast imagination and this was in no way my subconscious conjuring up an imaginary friend. I had friends at school and such but once a nerd, always a nerd. Give me my Legos and ninja gear and you can keep your muddy jeans and skinned knees I say. (At Least until I discovered the female race at about 13 then that was my focus in life!)Anyways back to the story. Sorry. One late afternoon I was in my room practicing with my plastic throwing stars and I threw one and it went out into the hallway. I chased after it and when I stepped out into the hall I felt a strong pressure on my shoulders. Like something stopped me mid-step.

I looked up and saw those eyes. Deep and almost tinted in an orange red color. I was frozen for a good 2 seconds then it left. I reached down and grabbed my throwing star and ran into my room and grabbed every foam and plastic weapon I owned and sat against the side of my bed. After about 10 minutes I gained the courage to exit my room and go to the bathroom to wash up for dinner. After my shower I went to bed at about 930pm. I lied there in bed and kept my eyes on the doorway. I knew if I kept direct eye site on it nothing would appear. After that night I would fall asleep watching my doorway. When I woke up the next morning for school I saw my throwing stars neatly arranged at the foot of my bed. I thought maybe one of my parents moved them after stepping on them or something but why the neat side by side grouping. They hated my fascination with Ninjas and all that entails with martial arts. Maybe whatever it was that was watching me used items like these to hunt and survive when they were alive, if they ever where in fact alive at one point.

As I stated in my previous posts I began noticing my toy weapons and even martial arts gear appearing near my bed when I would wake up in the morning. This time when awoke for school I noticed my real pocket knife that I had on my desk next to my bed. I put it in my desk drawer and left for school. Most after school time consisted of homework then I started spending more time outside. I began using my knife to make spears out of branches and anything like that. My desire to be outside and in the woods grew. I felt more at peace there. One night I went to bed and stared out into the hallway keeping eye on my doorway as usual and eventually fell asleep.

At about 3am my dragon poster I had on my wall above my head fell on my head and I heard a deep growl like an aggravated beast and felt a pull at my arm. I flung off the poster and kicked off my blankets and I saw it, the tall shadow standing in front of me. This time its fingers were long like claws and the eyes was a deep red. It was only there for a second but it felt like hours and my parents ran into my room and turned on the lights and grabbed me to see if I was ok. I looked at my arm and I had a red mark. Not a hand print or scratches just a red area on my forearm. My mom said it was probably from the edge of the bed when I jumped up or the wall. The next morning I found the thumb tacks I had holding my poster on the other side of my room. It didn't just fall off it was torn off.

As I stated in my other posts all these events did occur at 9 Doremus Ave throughout my childhood. The house is still there. Who lives there I have no clue. I will say though that every family that lived on this block when I was growing up split up by divorce and some form of tragedy. A few days after I had this experience a man that lived down the road where it turned to dirt and dead ended had his newly finished elegant home burn down to a crisp with no sign of arson or faulty wiring. From what I remember hearing my parents and our neighbors discussing was that an old burial ground was excavated when they began clearing up the debris from the house fire. Rock formations and a few bones is what was said to be found. Could be true I am not sure but I do know one thing is that something was definitely not right on this street or neighborhood for that matter.

So now my parents at this time have invested in a night light for the hallway and tear all my posters off the wall and discard all my weapons and anything having to do with any kind of martial arts. It was now late September of 1989. My father decides to bring in a "Psychic" because he too has been seeing things happening in the home. My mother being the strong catholic says he is crazy and not to have that fake woman come to our home. Anyways the lady shows and walks around the house. She keeps holding her nose because she smelled dead animal smell and sulfur. (I never knew the connection with sulfur until I started watching Supernatural. Thanks Sam and Dean!)

She said she could hear a child crying and a deep grumble and growl whenever she neared my room. She steps in and says she feels anger and pain from whatever is there. She pauses and bolts out my room and out the front door. She said she wanted to see me at her office and she will never come back to our house. Later on that day our Priest from our church shows and he is in his late 60's and told my mom on the phone earlier that our home needs a blessing and he will come over.

So the man gets out his car and steps onto the porch and walks in and pulls out his Holy water shaker and begins to pray. After about 3 minutes of walking around he gets near my room and cups his hand over his mouth and runs out the door. We go out with him to the front yard. He stares at the house like it just punched him in the gut. He tells my parents that we need to move immediately and to bring me to church.

The Priest said he would never return and that he would pray for God to protect us and especially me. So that night I get into bed and my dad comes in and tries to reassure me. He tells me to pray until I fall asleep. He then stood up and put some crystal on my window sill. I asked him what it was and he said that the lady who was here earlier gave it to him. So did manage to fall asleep even after all this. At about 230am I woke up to the sound of that crystal falling off the sill and it landed on my desk. I dismissed it and turned to face the wall to fall back asleep.

I felt a pressure on the edge of my bed and thought it was my mother coming to check on me. I tried to turn over but I couldn't. I felt a firm grip on the top of my head pushing me into the wall. I tried to push back and just felt cold. The grip gave away and as I was about to turn over to see what was there I felt my head get smashed into the wall. I couldn't move for at least 10 seconds. All I could feel was constant pressure on my head. I gave up trying to push back.

Once the pressure stopped I just lied there with my face up against the wall. A cold air came over my back as my blankets was pushed to my feet. I began to pray under my breath and must have passed out from the shock or something. I woke up the next morning and found the crystal from my dad on the floor behind my door and I looked in the mirror in the bathroom and saw a red mark on my forehead from the last nights encounter.

I got up the courage to tell my dad and he didn't say anything at first then he suggested us to go and see his Psychic friend. I agreed. When we went to see her she asked me if I liked to imagine things and if I had imaginary friends and all that to rule out if I was just a lonely child. All negative on that sister. I was always in my own brain and could sit for hours just thinking and using my mind to entertain me. But never to the point of harming myself.

She said we had a child entity in our home and that was why I always would find my toys moved and the other was much older, much more non-human. To this day I remember her saying that to me, Non-human. She tried to hypnotize me but I kept laughing at her and when she would attempt to read my thoughts she couldn't. After this session (one of many) she told my dad that I had a very strong mind as was her toughest case yet.

The next week my mother came home from church with a half-gallon of holy water. She used a wash cloth and rubbed down my whole room and doorway. She gave me a glass full and I drank it. Nothing happened and it tasted really good I thought. That night which was a Wednesday; my mom said some prayers with me and hung a necklace with a cross on it on my bedpost. She said if I feel scared to hold it and pray. I went to sleep and woke up the next day just fine. After about a month of seeing my dad's lady and my mom's prayers I thought I was safe. I was wrong. More to come

Going into late October, my favorite time of year that is, I managed to accept the fact that my house had something living in it other than my family. I knew what not to do to upset it or them. I knew if we had tried to expel it from the house it would harm me.

My father by this time was fully involved with his Psychic adviser and saw her weekly. He would also call her daily for advice on just about anything. When he took me to see her I would make stuff up about interactions I had with the "Being" and that things were just fine. She then would try and hypnotize me or have me hold a crystal and visualize my body being cleansed of the evil energy.

We never went to church anymore and my mother worked so much that unless she prayed with me at night God never was mentioned in our home. I was mainly left to myself for any spiritual influence.

One Sunday I was playing in my room and I felt the need to lie down in bed. I faced my wall and I felt the cold on my back. I didn't dare turn over in fear of what might happen. My body began to shiver and I felt clammy. The inside of my chest felt like it was unable to hold my heart due to how hard it was pumping. I smelled that same rotting dead animal stench.

I could hear like a faint chanting in my ear like it was coming from far away. Before I knew it I began to start repeating the chant. It wasn't English or anything I ever heard. I must have passed out again because I woke up hours later. I walked out of my room and my mom said I had slept all afternoon as it was now 7pm.

I ate dinner and showered and went to bed. My father was out in our garage and my mom was in bed. It was now 10pm and I got out of bed and sat on the floor next to my bed. I remember sitting there and staring face to face with the tall dark shadow as it was sitting in front of me. It was watching me and I could hear the whispers again.

My dad came in around midnight and he said he saw me rocking back and forth and whispering at the center of my room. He said he picked me up and put me in bed but when got up at 5am to leave for work because I was on the floor again. I only remember getting on the floor and seeing the shadow's eyes and the whispering before I would black out.

That day my dad took me to see his Psychic and he told her how he found me the night before. She said the demon was trying to entice me to allow it to enter my body and possess me. The rest of the week I didn't want to leave my room and missed school. My parents said they would find me on the floor in my room rocking back and forth and that I had urinated myself. This I don't remember but they were sure something was wrong with me.

My mom prayed over me and poured Holy water on me but nothing happened. Maybe her faith was not strong enough or maybe she was not saying the right thing. My days mainly consisted of being outside playing with my knife and making wooden weapons. If I did go to school it would get into fights and was angry all the time.

For an 11 year old I was a fairly accurate at shooting a bow and arrow and knife throwing. I never picked up a crayon or anything else a regular 11 year old would do. I wanted to hunt and scavenge the woods at any chance I got. I was not myself.

It seemed like every place I went I saw the shadow. Like it hitched a ride with me outside the house. When I was at school I would see the tall figure at the end of the hall or in the mirror behind me in the restrooms.

I hated it more and more and I knew it wanted to take over me completely. I would tell it to leave me alone all day every day. One day I was riding the bus home and a few of the kids was going through their daily routine of picking on me as being the only Latino in school and short and with glasses. I was the

poster child for nerds everywhere. One of the boys made it a point to push me off the bus and kept pushing me until I fell.

My house was the first on the left from the bus stop so everyone knew where I lived. I picked myself up and saw my pants were torn and bloody and an anger grew inside me. I heard a voice in my head saying not to cry and fight. I looked up into my room window from the street and I saw it looking back at me, the eyes.

I ran to the garage behind my house and I could hear the boys calling me a wimp and laughing at me. I found my dad's double edged axe he had in the wood pile. I ran after those kids like a blood crazed savage. All I could think about was how happy I would make the Shadow if I shed blood in front of Him. My father saw me from the house and chased me down. He grabbed the axe and carried me in the house. I tried to free myself to chase after the kids and hurt them.

After finally calming down and my mother dousing me in cold water I dried off and lay in their bed for a few hours. I saw the shadow at the foot of the bed and then it walked over and reached out to me. It was late afternoon and the room was very dim. I felt the cold grip over my face and right arm. I was fed up with it. I screamed out at it. Shouting for my parents I began to feel a grip over my throat.

I couldn't breathe. My parents ran in grabbed me by the arms. From what they told me after I woke up was this, I was speaking in an unknown language and my body was freezing. I was convulsing and tried to get away. My dad held me as my mother poured holy water over me and they both prayed over and over until finally I passed out.

When I woke up my father had opened all the windows and doors and was walking around with a lit bowl of sage and was praying and my mother was wiping down everything in my room with holy water.

That night I saw nothing, and the next night. A few years later my parents split and my dad and I stayed in the house until I was 15. My uncle got out of jail and stayed with us when I was 13. (He introduced me to Hustler Magazine, the other demon in my life) He said when he moved in he saw a dark figure and it was watching him sleep every night. I ignored it and didn't give in to seek out its presence.

My craving to be in the woods and hunt and kill left that day in my parent's room. I am more than certain the shadow was a demon. The smell of sulfur and cold spots don't bother me now, only now I can pick them up much quicker. Ever since my encounter I have been able to feel the vibes of an evil anywhere I go. I don't look for it or choose to want it in my life. Darkness is no longer a problem and I rather enjoy the cold fall and winter nights. I have a very strong faith and can stand up to the Shadows of the world.

Yes I am a Christian but I do recognize the existence the evil. I have seen it up close my friends.

So on the day we moved out my dad's girlfriend and I was packing in the living room and she asked me how it felt. My father had cut the main power from the house and it was early morning. He was disconnecting something from the fuse box I guess. I told her it was sad because I was moving from my home but good in a way to get away from all the bad memories. Just as I said that the ceiling fan began spinning fast and I heard my closet door slam in my room.

We both looked up and she reminded me that my dad had the power cut. I agreed and she got up to check on my dad and I went to my room. I stood in the doorway and there it was, 4 years later and there it was the Shadowy demon. I told it to not follow me and that it had no power over me. I felt the cold rush towards me and I grabbed the cross on necklace tightly and just prayed for strength. It passed me and did not harm me.

My dad's girlfriend came in with my dad from outside. He said the power was still off and has been off. She told him about the fan and it was still slowing down to a stop when they walked in the house. I told him not to worry. It was gone. He knew exactly what I meant and hugged me. He immediately got on the phone with his Psychic lady and told her everything. I stopped seeing her a while after my mother left and I had my paroled uncle to look after when my dad would go see her.

I agreed to see the Psychic one last time and during our session she said she sensed a great peace in me and that my perception to the other side was much stronger. I asked her what she meant and she explained that once you have an experience like I did my eyes will be forever opened to both good and evil. The strength I prayed for was in me and I should be thankful the Demon did not harm me.

So now onto current events, yes I can still remember the eyes of the Shadowy demon and the smell of rotting flesh that was present whenever the Shadow paid me a visit. The only real representation of the Shadow I can imagine is the Native American statue shown in the 6th Sense movie ([http://sensesofcinema.com/2008/feature-articles/m-night-shyamalan/\[1\]](http://sensesofcinema.com/2008/feature-articles/m-night-shyamalan/[1])) shown here. The only frame shot I could find. It freaks me out to a point and when I first and only time I watched that movie and I saw the statue it was like seeing an old friend. That whole experience I had with the Shadow relapsed in me and I stopped watching the movie. The people I was with asked me why I left the room and I told them, "I live that every day, it's nothing new to me." The End.