

The Ghost



Robert Prins

The Ghost

by Robert Prins

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Lying on my back in bed, I was staring up at the light fitting in the center of the room. Midnight. The light had been switched off for sleep. I was staring because, swirling around the light fitting, was a translucent blue shape. It was like a glowing ring of vapor, cloud or smoke, that swirled lazily just below the ceiling above the bed.

As I watched, the noise began, “Wooo ... wooo ... wooo.” It was not loud, but it was audible. A ghost. I lay there watching, listening. The ghost began to spin faster, its ghostly sound grew louder and the apparition began to swirl downwards little by little toward the bed. The translucent blue swirl grew thicker, bigger and more solid. It began to transform into a smoky swirl, the spinning shape of a flying saucer as it edged closer to me. The voice of the ghost got louder, “Wooo ... Wooo ... Wooo.”

I was beginning to get scared. I tried to sit up, but couldn't. I tried to move my legs, but they wouldn't move. I strained to raise my arms, but they lay still by my side. I was paralyzed! There was nothing I could do. The ghost slowly continued to get closer, bigger and louder. The noises it made intensified. “Wooo-Wooo-Wooo.”

I could feel my breathing becoming rapid. My heart rate shot up. I started sweating. Within moments, the ghost was going to pin me down and I could do nothing about it. I was no longer just scared, I was terrified.

At the same time my wife, Sharon, had woken up because she too heard noises. "Ahooh ... ahooh ... ahooh."

She lay there for a minute or two, wondering if it would stop. The noise didn't stop. Instead, it got more and more intense. "Ahooh, ahooh, ahooh."

I could not move. My arms and legs were still not responding. The ghost was coming lower and lower. I felt like I was about to be devoured. The noise the ghost was making became more intense still, "WOOO, WOOO, WOOO."

Sharon decided she needed to do something about the noise, so she leaned over and shook me.

And then, it touched me! "WOOO, WOOO, WOO!" The weight of the ghost pressed down on my body, from my chin to my feet. A high-pitched scream echoed around the bedroom. At least I still had the use of my voice and I could still use my mouth. The only thing I could do to defend myself was to bite it. So I bit it. The ghost was more solid than I thought.

Just as I clamped my chompers down on the part of the ghost near my mouth, another scream echoed through the bedroom.

I woke up. The ghost had disappeared completely. I could use my arms and legs again. I opened my mouth and released Sharon's arm from my jaws.

Since that fateful evening, Sharon has been much more careful about how she wakes me up from my dreams.



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A high pitched scream echoed around the bedroom.

Midnight. Staring up toward the ceiling, he could see the ghost swirling around the bedroom ceiling, coming closer and closer.

Paralysed from the neck down, he could do nothing about it...

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