

## Ghostly Encounters

*by Linda Nelon*

Slam! The cup of coffee dropped out of my hand onto the Persian rug. Startled I shot out of my wingback chair to investigate. An interior door had slammed closed yet no breeze had entered the house. Being alone, there wasn't anyone else to close the door. Remembered my father talking about a house settling; so I assumed that is what happened. In the last several months, I enjoyed being on my own decorating my new home and entertaining family and friends.

Being 21, I leased this house in a quiet, wooded neighborhood with streets lined with dogwood trees near Asheville, NC. My home was one level of living space; however, as some mountain houses are built, there was a two story drop below in the rear.

Spring turned into summer. And with my girlfriends as soon as the temperature reaches 68 degrees, we lathered up with baby oil to sunbathe for the perfect bikini. One morning as I prepared to meet the girls; I looked out of my bedroom across the living room. In front of the glass doors, stood an old, small man about 5'5" in a light robe and pajamas looking outside at the patio. I did a double take, and he was gone. I wasn't scared. I didn't know what to think. No more bourbon and branch water for me, is what the girls said when I told them what I saw.

Several more months past when late one evening I was in my bedroom which had two windows on opposite sides of one corner of my room. The house

roof was high pitched and below the bedroom was the two story drop to the ground. Suddenly it was as though a huge fist was pounding on the left window, then the same on the right window, back to the left window. The strikes on the windows were a distinct sound pattern. Imagine an invisible triangle with a strike at the bottom left, to the top, and down to the bottom right. I had no idea how this transpired. Logically, I knew there would have to be two people on the roof over each window with long sticks to pound the windows in the same sound pattern. Also, physically, it was too far from the ground for anyone to be able to hit the windows with the precise sound pattern. When I called my boyfriend he was angry and thought it had to be friends playing a joke. He came over and looked around outside and finally agreed with me. Determined to protect me; Joe stood guard in the living room that evening.

The circle of friends began to venture out by going to grad school, taking a career move to other states, and one couple wed. It was a sunrise ceremony at a Methodist retreat about two hours away. And after the wedding we partied into the wee hours of the next morning. So the next day I treated myself to a lazy day. I settled into bed, prepared to finish a novel. Suddenly I felt someone sit down on the edge of the bed. I saw no one but heard telepathically, "Get out, I mean it, get out!"

Frozen with fear, I could not move. I prayed, "Please God, if I am dreaming, please let me wakeup." With my heart feeling as though it was coming out of my chest, I finally got up and ran out of the house. Got into my car and drove to my best friend's house. I knew I could stay with her for a few days. Since I had a deposit with first and last month rent; I could not afford to lose that money. I had to stay until my lease expired.

The last of August I decided to have an end of summer gathering before everyone went their different ways. Good conversations, lot of pictures, laughter and great food. After the party dissipated, a few of my friends were in the kitchen, I went into my bedroom. Suddenly the pounding on the windows happened in the same sound pattern. This time the pounding was more intense, deafening, and the room seemed to shake. A blood curling scream past my lips. All my friends ran in my bedroom to find out what was going on. I said, "Something wants me out of this house."

That night I left and never returned. My family went back to the house to collect my possessions.

### **Afterword**

Later, I learned that the owner of the house had passed away in Florida during the time I leased the house. A friend who was in divinity school, told me

about a professor at Duke University who was studying phenomenon occurrences and suggested that I contact him. My response, "I may believe in spirits but I don't want them contacting me! I just want to forget about what happened."



My name is Linda Nelon and I have been fortunate to have a lovely daughter and true friends and family, which make my life a garden. While being with an airline, my family and I had the opportunity to travel to places some only dream of going such as Paris, London, and the Hawaiian Islands. Originally I came to Florida from Asheville, NC, prior to Walt Disney World. I had the pleasure of being an assistant system coordinator with Walt Disney World and witnessed it being built from the ground up. At Walt Disney World's grand opening I saw all the movie and TV stars that I had watched since childhood. As other events happened in my life, I worked with other corporations and local government. In August 2011, I decided to take early retirement and be free from all clocks.