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Real Stories of Angelic Visits and Visions of the Afterlife

INTO THE LIGHT

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A Demon in My Bed

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Breakdown

Marcia Canales, Puyallup, Washington, Summer of 2000

The fifteen-year-old house I lived in for most of my life has no eerie look to it. No one has died in the house, and as far as I know, there is no obvious reason why it should be haunted. Yet in the quiet I could hear things: my name being called, footsteps, and drawers opening and closing. My brother once told me of a time when he saw feet running at the top of the stairs. He said the feet had on moccasins. I have plenty of stories to share about this house, but there is one that sticks out most. I don't believe it has to do with ghosts, rather, demons that I encountered.

I was thirteen. My great grandmother had passed just a few months prior, and I was thinking about her. She was a Christian, and taught me about God and angels. Whenever I think about her, I think of angels. So that particular night I decided to pray. I prayed to be able to see my guardian angel that night. When I prayed, my breath got short. I crawled into bed and tried to sleep. Then something crawled into bed with me, something I couldn't see, but I could feel it, and it was disturbing. The side of my bed had dipped in and the blanket sort of welted up as if a body was under it. I had this bad feeling but I kept telling myself it had to be my angel. I felt next to me, it was ice cold, I'd never felt so cold in my life. Half my body was cold, the other side, room temperature.

I decided to "hold the angel's hand" and my hand became tingly and numb, so I began to rub my hands together. Now this will sound crazy but its true, I noticed my hand that was in the cold spot had grown two inches longer! I checked and checked to see if it was right. It was.

I turned my light on and looked over at some of my pictures around my room. They were all moving their mouths at once! Saying the same thing, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. It was some sort of chant, though. And then there was this doll that was sitting on my dresser, slowly turning toward me. And suddenly its face turned gray, like death. It was seriously demonic, and I stayed up the rest of the night.



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