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The Other in the Auditorium

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ShadowFire, Clarkston, Washington, November 22, 2006

The first time I even realized that the old auditorium of our school was haunted was during a fall play near the beginning of November. Before I can account to you the details of these encounters I must explain a few things. I can see auras. An aura is kind of a light that forms around anything living, once living, or in contact with something living. In the case of something living it contains an array of colors that correspond with the emotions one is feeling. In the case of un-living things, like objects or spirits, it is a faint white glow. And in the case of bad things it is a strong blackness that can even be seen in the dark. My eyes are now trained to see auras only when I want to, so during the play I looked out to the set with no distracting colors. Seated to my right was my mate, A. (I shall call him as I do not wish to post real names) T. was to my left, and P. was sitting in front and one seat over from me.

I was decidedly enjoying "Dracula's Widow" when a scene came where a small mirror hanging on the set wall was knocked down in accordance to the play's script. I could feel a sudden tension about me. Then A. said to me in a low voice, "I want you to look around the room and tell me if you see the aura of someone other than our classmates."

At his implications I looked around, focusing my eyes on the level that auras appear on. First, looking to the right of our group, I saw a slender aura of a spirit in the second top top row of seats. Five rows below that I saw a larger one.

By now P. had seen what I was doing and informed me that he had also felt a disturbance. P. was an empath. I then looked to my left and to my horror, saw the darkest aura I have ever encountered sitting right next to T. Then it moved and was gone. My eyes could still see a wave in the air where it was. It was keeping me from seeing it! For some reason this frightened me even more. The play only had a few more moments to go, and I whispered to my three companions of what I had seen. A. protectively moved closer to me, not only because I was his mate, but also because I was the only girl in our group; so I was considered by the men more vulnerable. So we waited out the play to the end.

After it was done we hurriedly rose from our seats and walked to the exit. Turning back I saw the black aura again. It was following us! I told my friends and we quickened our pace, hoping that the spirit would be gone as soon as we left the school.

As we entered the courtyard I turned back. It was right behind us. We ran the rest of the way to A.'s car and he drove each of us home. All the way home I felt a disturbing cold enshrouding me and an unusual prickling down my body.

A few weeks later A., T., M. (another friend of mine who was the head of a paranormal investigations team), and I went back into the auditorium. It was dark and deserted. M. had brought a digital camera and a specially designed audio voice recorder. I "opened my eyes" and scanned the room. The same two white auras that were in there during the play were still there. At first I could



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not see as what we now referred to as "The Other." M. took pictures of where I said the spirits were and showed all of us the odd white circles on the screen. Those circles would be the heads, as that was the strongest part of the aura.

I was not worried until M. started doing something that no one should do: He started taunting the spirits. Then I saw it. The other was sitting in a seat right in front of us. I tried to warn M., but he demanded a reaction from the spirit that he could see. I saw the horrible dark aura rise and draw near. Then I looked at M. as he fell back onto the floor hard. T. helped him up and I looked up to see The Other still progressing toward us. We hurried from the auditorium.

We have not been in there since because the principal keeps it locked during school hours because someone told him we were in there. But M. is working on getting us back in with more equipment. It makes me frown that there is such a horrible thing right in my high school.

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