

I experienced the worst daymare that I will never forget. When my dad passed away in Haiti; none of my siblings wanted to go to the funeral room to assist the inert body preparation for the viewing. Despite all the issues I have with the dead body and sinister place, I decided to be there. As soon as I stepped out of the car, my heart pulsed. I took a deep breath to walk inside of the lobby. There was no one there to direct me to the room I was supposed to go to. I was walking slowly towards a corridor while saying repeatedly: "is there anybody here?" No one answered. The place was deadly calm, I was nervous thinking that I was maybe at the wrong place. I kept my eyes straight forward to avoid any surprising encounters. I remember; I passed by several rooms, I felt cold air coming from the bottom of the doors with a weird smell. However, the doors were locked so I could not get in. I started to have chills on my entire body. I crossed my arms and held both sides of my humerus. I kept walking in the hallway repeating the same thing louder: "is there anybody here?" The more I was walking through, the more chilling my body felt. When I almost reached the end of the corridor, I found the room door wide open with no light. I looked around, no one was there. I leaned forward between the door frame to look inside of the room. I saw an inert naked body lying on a stretcher. I felt something coming from the sole of my feet to the top of my head. I pulled back as my body went into total shock to welcome the craziest chill that I have ever experienced. I started shaking, sweating, and my heart was beating faster. I felt an atrocious pain inside of my chest like a tight twist toward my lungs. Somehow, I did manage enough courage to run back to the exit where I came from. Suddenly a blackout happened. All the lights in the corridor went out. I fell. I crawled back until I reached the wall. Next thing I knew a pound of disbelief invaded my being as a shadow walked towards me. I embraced my knees against my chest for comfort. I was scared to death. From nowhere I started screaming at the top of my lungs "help! Help." The gentleman that oversaw the corpse stood right before me. He turned on his flashlight asking me: "What is wrong Miss Lady." I did not have the strength to talk because I was shaking. He walked me back out of the funeral office to my car. I ended up not assisting my father's preparation corpse.