

## What Goes Bump

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Contributor

As a young child I always dreaded the night, specifically bed time. I developed a rather rotten routine. Every night I would linger at the kitchen table spooning my bowl of soggy shreddies, hoping I could cleverly maintain complete consciousness and escape having to spend the night in solitary confinement.

Unfortunately my mother, with her intuitive mind, quickly caught on, and realized that I was just attempting to avoid the inevitable. A 5-10 minute struggle would ensue consisting of screaming, kicking and the occasional bite, which always resulted in me lying in the dark feeling defeated and scared shitless. One may ask, 'why on earth would someone not want to go to bed?'

Well I'll tell you. I was tormented by night terrors! I was visited frequently by Splinter the bath robe wearing over grown rat from the Ninja Turtle, UFO's, and a man who claimed that he would pop my head off with an ice cream scoop. Luckily at the age of 10 (well actually 12) I left my gnarly night episodes behind – or so I thought!

In September I moved into Bernadine Hall along with my very good friend (who shall remain nameless) and present-day roommate. Everything was great until the time came to go to sleep, when what I thought I had rid myself of as a child came back in full. I was faced yet again with night woes; however, night woes of a much different kind! The first night, which marked the beginning of the many debacles, began with me crawling into bed and drifting off into the land of nod, only to be

woken abruptly to the unrelenting voice of my roomie.

"Kim, Kim, Kim!" she cried. "The telephone is for you!" I turned to face the gleaming numbers of my alarm clock - 3:00 am. I quickly retrieved the phone from her hand to answer it. I said hello only to receive the reply of a steady dial tone. I looked over at my roommate questioningly only to find that she was sound asleep. The next day I confronted her about the phantom phone call, and she looked at me puzzled. She didn't even recall being awake the whole night. Thinking that it was an isolated incident I didn't bother to argue with her.

A few nights passed and once again at 3:00am I awoke to the sound of my roommate's voice. I sat up in my bed and winced in the dark in her direction. She was sitting up straight in her bed clawing frantically at the wall. "It's time to go," she said, and then began clawing at the wall like a caged animal. "I can't get out, I can't get out," she shrieked. I told her to stop acting like a weirdo and like a scene from the exorcist she violently threw herself against the pillow. I asked her if she was alright and when she failed to answer, I was so freaked out I actually got up to investigate. When I approached her bed to take a closer look she had her eyes closed and was snoozing away.

As the weeks pass here at Bernadine events like these have been occurring randomly with absolutely no warning. I've had intriguing conversations with my roommate ranging from cookies, to the psychic

power she believes she possesses, only to have her deny they ever happened in the morning. I've awakened in the early morning to find my roommate folding laundry, rooting through closets, or simply standing over me and staring blankly off into space. Random objects have been going missing, which most have been recovered, but in bizarre locations (For example, the remote went M.I.A. for roughly a week. I found it when I was cleaning my closet nestled in a pair of underwear).

However, these events pale in comparison to the next installment of my roommate's obvious late night psychosis. I was dreaming, a very happy dream, you know the kind with the fluffy bunnies planting carrots when all of a sudden a thick smog rolled in preventing inhalation and slowly smothering me. I then frantically awoke to find I actually couldn't breathe. I pulled a purple fleece blanket that had been tightly wrapped around my head away from my face just in time to save my life and see my roommate scuttle across the room and back into her bed. I threw the blanket across the room at my roommate and once again she was unresponsive in peaceful slumber!

The incidents have not subsided. I am still subject to my roommate's nocturnal lunacy. I now am sleep deprived and have one eye open at all times, and keep the remote as well as the closest thing I own to a weapon (my trusty can opener) under my pillow, because I never know when or what my roommate will do unconsciously. I can honestly say that even though my roommate doesn't look or act like a giant rat that knows karate I find her far more terrifying!

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horoscopes, Sagittarius! So what are you doing reading this one? Just curious, are you? Well, you've got the right attitude. You have to always keep an open mind in this life, or one day you will wake up to a vast and mysterious outside world and find you are all alone in it.

*Capricorn* (December 22-January 19): "Cleanliness is next to godliness," said the great English novelist, Charles Dickens. Do you know what is meant by these words, Capricorn? I think it means that when your life and surroundings are kept clean, tidy, and in good order it is possible to function to the best of one's ability. And in functioning to the best of one's ability, one is capable of superhuman, almost godlike feats. As for how to attain and keep cleanliness in your life, I prescribe the following mantra: *Simplify, simplify, simplify!*

*Aquarius* (January 20-February 18): What would you do with one billion dollars, Aquarius. Don't jump to any conclusions now. I want you to consider for a moment this quote by writer Ivan Illich: "Man must choose whether to be rich in things or in the freedom to use them." Now, although the author failed to mention women, there is still great wisdom in his words. Take them with you next time you go to the mall or are asked what you want for Christmas. Be sure not to clutter up your life with things you don't need.

*Pices* (February 19-March 20): "Art," said late Russian writer Vladimir Mayakovsky, "is not a mirror to reflect the world, but a hammer with which to shape it." I want you to reflect on this insight, Pices. You are at a place right now where you have the ability to tap in to a great inner well of creativity. It is important that you are brave enough to let it out, for in doing so you will develop your capacity to change the world. Please, share your vision with us!