

The House of Terror on Lakeview Road

by

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In 1990, my family moved to the most haunted house in Hattiesburg. Located near the old Hercules chemical plant, it was easily the most impressive house on Lakeview Road. Complete with a circular drive and manicured grounds, surrounding properties couldn't compete with the attractiveness of the large, white ranch.

Although I was thirteen at the time, I figured that my folks must have been doing pretty well in order for us to afford such an upscale abode. Despite the glittery allure of the house, we quickly found out that it wasn't all gold. For six trying days, our faith was tested. We were tortured, tormented, and torn until we finally saw the light and got the heck out of that place. My name is Chris, and this is my story:

Day 1

I lazily carried the last silver stool into the house and placed it in front of the black bar in the sunken den. Using the back of my hand, I wiped the warm sweat off my shiny, brown forehead and headed into the kitchen. I was so thirsty.

While looking in the fridge, I wondered which drink would quench my thirst. There was a pitcher of sweet tea, a jug of milk, a carton of Jungle Juice, and three bottles of water. However, the Redpop-Faygo drink at the back of the top shelf seemed most appealing of all. That was my choice.

Just as I finished off the carbonated beverage, Momma walked into the kitchen. "Chris, there is one more box in the trunk. Go ahead and bring it in."

I sighed. "Momma, I'm tired. Why do I have to go get it?"

She rolled her eyes. "Your daddy is putting the beds together and your sisters are taking baths. Just do as I say, son. Understand?"

I nodded. "Yes, I understand, Momma. I'll go get it."

I was about to go back inside when I heard a strange noise. Just as I dropped the box on the ground, the porch light went out, leaving me all alone in the hot and humid Mississippi night.

Before I could react, the area around me suddenly lit up. Right before my eyes, were two nuns sitting on bicycles. They both held flashlights.

“What are you all doing out here?” I asked them.

They didn’t respond, but I needed an explanation. I tried to look them straight in the eyes, but the glares from the flashlights were too bright. It was impossible to see their faces.

As I struggled to get an up-close glimpse of the women, they both said in accord, “Foolish boy, see its ways. It will take your life in seven days. Avoid its wrath before the final night. To save your family, follow the light.”

Day 2

Early the next morning, someone awakened my family by playing C.F. Gounod’s “Funeral March of a Marionette” on my sister’s piano. With the exception of my youngest sister, Kendra who was still asleep, we all arrived in the foyer simultaneously. However, the music stopped. As we stared at the black baby grand, none of us could make sense of what had just happened.

Daddy pressed one of the white keys and lifted the hood of the piano to inspect the interior.” I don’t know what the heck is going on here, but one of you kids had to be playing this thing.”

Momma grabbed my sister Jasmine’s shoulder. “Jas, were you playing this piano? It wasn’t me or your daddy, and Chris doesn’t know how to play.”

Jasmine shook her head. “No, Momma. That wasn’t me. I promise. It wasn’t.”

I sighed. “It wasn’t her, Momma. Jas and I got up at the same time. We both heard it and came in here just like you all.”

Daddy closed the lid and scratched his head. “Well if it wasn’t any of us, it had to be something or someone else. This makes no sense.”

Day 3

The next night, Jasmine and I were home alone. She was sitting in the recliner while I was on the floor. While watching Nickelodeon's "Are You Afraid of the Dark," my stomach growled.

Jasmine threw a pillow at me. "Boy, stop making all of that noise down there."

I turned around and looked at her. "I can't help it. I'm hungry."

Jasmine laughed. "Yeah, I can tell. I am hungry too. Where are Momma and Daddy? I thought they were just going to the grocery store. They should have been back by now."

Before I could respond, car lights flashed through the blinds, accompanied by the sound of a vehicle pulling into the back carport. "They are here now, Jas. Come on!"

Jasmine and I slipped on our sneakers, opened the back door, and ran outside to help with the grocery bags. However, there was no car. There was no Momma, Daddy, or Kendra either. There was nothing. Just a thick fog.

Jasmine appeared shaken. "Chris, what's going? Where are they? Where is the car? We both saw and heard the car."

I nodded. "Yeah, we both did. Jas, try not to be scared. I won't let anything happen to you. Come on. We need to go back inside."

Day 4

Growing up, my sisters and I were involved in so many different extracurricular activities. On that particular night, Daddy took Kendra and Jasmine to Mr. Fujisawka's house in Oak Grove for piano practice. That meant Momma had to take me to my baseball game at Jaycee Park. She hadn't even started the car when I realized I didn't have my glove.

"Momma, hold on right quick," I said. "I left my glove in my room."

To my surprise, she smiled. "Son, you better be lucky I have to use the restroom. Come on. We have to hurry."

Just as I walked out of my room with the old, brown glove, I heard Momma scream. “Momma, what’s wrong? I’m on my way.”

When I ran into my parents’ bedroom, Momma quickly grabbed my arm. “Chris, look at this! Who would do this to our room, and what are those cats doing in here?”

I was in utter shock as I looked around the bedroom. Not only were all the dresser drawers open, but clothes were scattered throughout the room. Even more frightening were the many black kittens running around.

I hugged Momma and started to cry. “Momma, I’m scared. Why does this stuff keep happening in this house?”

She held me tightly. “I don’t know, baby. We need to get out of here now.”

Before we could move, we heard heavy footsteps in the hall. Momma quickly shut the door and we retreated to a corner. As we stood there, the sound of the footsteps moved to the attic above us. We then heard voices coming from there, followed by some evil laughter. We were so hopeless and alone. It was nothing we could do.

Later that night, Daddy checked the entire house, including the attic. He didn’t find anything suspicious or out of the ordinary. Still, I was scared.

I was lying in bed listening to Power 108 on the radio, hoping I would fall asleep. I could tell that Jasmine was still up because I could see the light on in her room. For some reason, I stared at her door.

Just as Tom Cochrane’s “Life is a Highway,” blared from the radio, the shadow of an old, hunched-back man appeared on Jasmine’s door. It moved at a very slow pace. There was then the shadow of a short, elderly woman and that of a very small girl. I quickly pulled the covers over my head and cried myself to sleep.

Day 5

After only a few days of living there, I really hated that house. I was scared of it. It was the summer time so I knew that Momma and Daddy had to work. Still, I couldn't understand how they could leave us alone at that house after everything that had happened.

As usual, I was babysitting my sisters on that day. It was almost time for Momma to get home. I was lying in bed listening to the radio. Kendra and Jasmine were off doing their own thing.

Just when I sat up to change the radio station, I thought I saw Jasmine walk by room very quickly. She was wearing her old, red play dress. A few seconds later, Kendra walked by and waved at me. I heard the front door open. Then it closed.

A couple of minutes later, I walked into the kitchen to pour myself some Kool-Aid. To my surprise, Jasmine was sitting at the table eating a fried bologna sandwich. I was confused.

I scratched my head. "Jas, what are you doing in here?"

"Duh, I'm eating," she said. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

I sighed. "But I thought you were outside with Kendra. I saw you two walk by my room. Then I heard the front door open and close."

Kendra appeared confused. "Chris, I don't know what you are talking about. I was in the den watching The Brady Bunch. I just came in here to fix me a sandwich."

I gasped. "What?"

Kendra stood up. "Chris, what's going on? Where is Kendra?"

Before I could respond, we heard the loud sound of a car horn. "Come on, Jas!"

Just after we ran outside, we saw an older, black man speaking to Kendra. His white Cadillac was parked in the middle of Lakeview Road. The driver's side door was open.

I ran up to the man. "Sir, what are you doing with our sister?"

The man stood up. "I'm Leonard Johnson, son. I ain't doing anything to this little girl. She was walking in the middle of the street, and I almost hit her. Are your parents at home?"

I shook my head. "No, but Momma is on her way. I'm babysitting."

The man smirked. "Well, you need to do a better job at it. I almost hit your sister with that car. Now, you all get on in that house and lock the door until your parents get home."

My sisters and I stood near the piano in the foyer. I was so upset with Kendra. Before I could say anything to her though, Jasmine got close to her face.

“Kendra, you could have been hurt out there,” she yelled. “Why did you go outside by yourself? You know Momma and Daddy don’t allow you to do that.”

“I didn’t go outside by myself, silly head,” Kendra said, nonchalantly. “I went outside with the Lady in Red.”

“The Lady in Red?” I asked. “Who is that?”

Kendra smiled. “You are a silly head too, Chris. You know who the Lady in Red is. She is the old woman who lives in my closet. She tells me stories and plays with me. Sometimes, she’s mean though. I don’t like to play with her when she’s mean, because she hurts me.”

Day 6

Earlier that night, a fire started in Kendra’s room and nearly burned the whole house down. Thanks to a passing motorist who called 911, firefighters quickly made it to the scene and extinguished the flames before they could spread. The investigator concluded that faulty electrical wiring had caused the blaze. Thankfully, no one was hurt. Jasmine did have to sleep on the couch in the den though.

A lot of commotion in the den woke me up later that night. I quickly ran to the room and found Daddy aggressively yelling at Jasmine. Momma was in there too, but she wasn’t saying anything. She was holding Kendra though.

I rubbed my eyes. “Daddy, what’s going on? Why are you fussing at Jas? What did she do?”

Momma motioned for me to be quiet. “Just hush on up, Chris. We are handling this.”

“But, what did she do, Momma?”

Daddy turned to me. “I’m just asking your sister why I found all these burnt matches in her room where that fire started. I think she started that fire.”

Momma interrupted. “That doesn’t make sense, Robert. The firefighters and the investigator would have seen those matches. My baby didn’t start that fire.”

I slowly walked over to Jasmine, who was sitting on the sofa. “Jas, did you start that fire?”

To my surprise, she slowly nodded. “Yes, I did.”

I was confused. “But why, Jas?”

She looked up at me with a strange look on her face. “Hoc factum est mihi, id facere. It made me do it. Hoc factum est mihi, id facere. It made me do it. This is its house.”

Daddy moved closer to Jasmine. “Who are you talking about, Jas? Whose house?”

Before she could respond, the entire house went completely dark. It was as if someone had flipped the breaker box. While we stood there, the temperature turned very cold inside the den. The smell of rotten eggs suddenly immersed the air. We heard several footsteps in the attic above us. Muffled, distorted voices surrounded us, but we couldn’t make out what they were saying.

Just as the house started to shake, a deep, murmuring voice said, “This is my house and my playground.”

Before we could move, two lights appeared in the middle of the darkness. They looked like glares from flashlights. Two female voices then said in accord, “He owns the day while it steals the light. Abandon its lair and follow His light.”

We complied with the voices and quickly followed the two lights out the back door until we safely made it to the Ward’s restaurant located behind the house. Daddy used the payphone to call Uncle Harold to pick us up. He arrived in no time.

After that night, we never returned to that house on Lakeview Road. Daddy and Momma made the decision to cut our losses and make a brand new start. Luckily, for my three older brothers, they were away at college so they never got to experience any of those terrifying moments. Over the years, other families moved into that house, but they never stayed for more than a couple of months. The place was even used as a day-care once, but that didn’t last long

either. I wasn't sad at all when I learned that Hurricane Katrina had completely destroyed that house of terror.