

The most frightening  
experience of my life



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The most frightening experience of my life I have heard many people telling some frightening stories that they experienced in their lives. But those stories are not as terrifying as mine. It occurred in a foggy night in a small town called Lujan in which i was accompanied by my boyfriend and my brother. Whenever I hear about Lujan cemetery, it makes me recall a set of unpleasant feelings like fear and unease that I had once when I was there.

That day, in the morning, I was travelling with my family and my boyfriend to a peaceful and small town called Lujan. While we were on the way, i was looking through the window; the leafy and fruitful trees daintily were swinging with the cool breeze. My father told me that day was the anniversary of my grandfather's death. We decided to visit his tomb. Trough the day, my family and I were visiting all my relatives that resided in that place. At dusk, my parents were very busy to go to the cemetery.

I suggested going at nightfall but they told me that I did not have to bother dead people at night, because many strange things could happen. I assumed that all those things were only superstitions. Finally, my boyfriend, my brother and I agreed to visit Lujan cemetery. At night, we were walking on a path that led to that cemetery . The sky was full of thick clouds and it was slightly foggy. The leaves and the twigs were ominously quiet, the air was freezing and we were chilled to the bone. At last, I saw a giant rusty gate. We supposed that it belonged to the cemetery.

When we enter I could appreciate that it had a spooky appearance that it made my hair straighten up to see such terrifying place. Inside, we saw many rows of gravestones with extremely enigmatic carvings on them. When

we were passing by the tombstones, suddenly we heard a strange noise coming from of a tomb. I felt a strange sensation and I was about to faint. We ran as quickly as possible screaming desperately, going out the cemetery. Outside the cemetery, we were still running, out of breath, we were near of having a heart attack.

We could not sleep in the whole night, wondering what could have done that creepy noise. The next day we told this experience to my relatives and one of my uncles found out that strange noise was made of a body that was scratching the coffin. It occurred because that person supposedly died from a heart attack and their relatives buried him the next day. The night that we went to the cemetery, the man's heart revived, and the man woke up and scratched the coffin in a desperate attempt to go out. He finally died from suffocation.

After hearing that, we never visited that place anymore. After this experience, not only I learnt not to go to the cemetery at night but also not to disobey parent's orders, if I obeyed my parents I would not have this kind of experience. It was a pity that I could not visit my grandfather's tomb and I never will do that due to the fact that I am scared of going there again. All these fearful events accompanied with awful feelings make my experience the most terrifying of all. Antonella Nievas.