



My Life Being A Sensitive

By Thadeus Parkland

My Life being A Sensitive

*Spirits exist around us every moment of the day -
we are never truly alone.*

*Just like our living counterparts - some are evil and
some are here to help us.*

You must be sensitive to the difference.

Chapter 1

Be aware.

A simple white clapboard house with black trim and dark shingles, bought from a Sears Catalogue circa 1940, sat on Marsalis Street in Fort Worth, Texas. A quiet suburb on the East side of downtown made up of working-class families. One unfortunate residence survived mishaps that impacted its inhabitants for years. The unassuming residence maintained its secrets between the living and the dead until a boy with a gift arrived. He would ultimately reveal and bring to an end the horror held within.

The second owner of the white clapboard house was a woman in her mid-thirties. She moved into the residence with her husband and five children, intent on making the structure a home. A place for her family, a domain she could control. It was appropriate to assume the new residents had no knowledge of the house's sordid history. With its series of past events, this new address might have been considered *malum-in-se*; pure evil in action. It stood to reason the new family had not been warned about the previous tenant or the horror that had taken place on this property. Had they been made aware, one would surmise they would have never agreed to call it home.

An occasional light left on in the night, a random toilet flush after everyone was in bed, a faucet dripping; these were all commonplace events. All easily explained in a house with seven people living in it. The parents who worked different shifts to avoid each other and their offspring; a gaggle of children spanning twenty-five years, did their best to survive. All this contributed to a place where someone was always coming and going. So much movement made the unusual appear normal at the white clapboard house, for something odd often occurred within its four walls.

The oddities ignored, unnoticed if you will, by the family members living in the white clapboard house. No one bothered with the comings and goings of the dead until the year I turned five.

I was the fifth child to be born into this family; my arrival would be a nuisance to my four older siblings who were all busy with their own lives. The eldest girl was 10 years my senior, the ages of the others counted down to a brother who was five years old the day I arrived. He had the pleasure of being the baby in the family, until I came along.

It is important to note my parents did not intend to have another child. Their focus was on things other than another mouth to feed. Proof I was not planned for was in my nickname, Boo Boo.

According to the Websters unabridged dictionary:

boo-boo
/'bōobōo/

noun: Informal

a mistake, an error, a stupid or foolish mistake, a blunder.

My early years consisted of being passed from one sibling to another as far back as I can remember. Each of them managing my existence with as little effort as possible. They were simply following my parents' leadership style; stay busy leading one's own life. This left little time for any attention paid to me. Looking back, I have concluded my sisters and brothers did the best they could with the information they had, and for that matter, I guess my parents did as well.

It was the Jones' era: all focus and effort were to be put into keeping up with them. House, car, clothes, outward appearances were all that mattered. How other's perceived us carried high-value in our lives.

As they attended school and work, I was left to my own devices most of the time. I was never in danger as there was always someone around; there was just limited interaction with me. Maybe all this alone time was why I began to notice others around me. The ones that my family couldn't see, or perhaps just wouldn't.

The first recollection I have of those on the other side was when I was five. The house we lived in had a smaller abode located behind it; it was aptly dubbed the "little house." Originally built by the property's first owner, it was intended to serve as a small guest house. No running water or plumbing, merely a place to lodge, and perhaps space to heat up one's morning

coffee prior to joining the family they had come to see.

It was a summer evening, probably July, as best I recall as my birthday had recently passed, and classes had not yet begun. In its usual upheaval of comings and goings, the family was in a constant state of chaos.

The street lamps illuminating gave the signal to the neighborhood children, it was time to return home. Seeing the bulbs begin their arc towards brightness, my two older brothers peddled their bikes home after a day of shenanigans with the neighboring youth. In their plight to ensure they were indoors before dark, they left their transportation lying in the front of the house. Barreling through the front screen door and into the room shared by the three of us, they kicked the toys I was playing with to various corners of the room. It certainly was not my fault my toys were strewn across the hardwood floor between our beds and considered to be in their way. I believe it was on purpose that my oldest brother, storming in with reckless abandon, kicked one of my favorite playthings under his bed.

The bedroom consisted of a bunk bed across from a separate twin bed, which is where my oldest brother slept; my toy was now located underneath it. The walls, initially painted white, had grown to be a dingy yellow over time, their color faded from the mixture of age and three messy boys. The ten-foot area between the beds was flanked by two large windows that sat side by side in the middle of the off white walls. Their span was from floor to ceiling facing to the back yard. The large uncarpeted floor in front of

the large windows was my favorite place to sit and play while enjoying my trinkets. I felt safe in this spot with its full view of the yard, the little house, and the garden just beyond it.

My toy soldier lying on his side under my brother's bed begged me for retrieval. I began my journey to rescue the little green man from under the mattress and boxed springs just as I heard my mother calling for my brothers.

Wooden sandal in hand, the matriarch of the white clapboard house blew into the room where she began scolding my brothers for leaving the bicycles in the driveway. From where the bikes landed, they blocked her pursuit of parking her car in the garage. This had been noted many times before as a no-no. Chasing them out of the bedroom with her punishment tool ready to strike, she looked back into the room for me. But alas, I had disappeared under the bed and was now being comforted by my little green army man. My miniature friend and I avoided involvement in the ensuing tribunal about to begin due to her being inconvenienced.

I quietly laid there for a few minutes while the shouting and gnashing of teeth were in process. I heard my oldest brother arrive in the back yard, this allowed me to hope I was in the clear. I proceeded to crawl from my hiding space to observe the judgment dispensed through my room's double-hung windowed safety. My oldest brother was always eager to please my mom while my other brother gained sadistic pleasure, seeing just how far he could push things. The first bike arrived in its storage place without issue, neatly propped in front of the little house, held up-

right by its kickstand. Enter bike number two, quickly rolling down the sidewalk without a rider. A perfect aim with a direct hit into the first one, the bicycle derby instigated by brother number two, had begun. My mother lacked a sense of humor that day; the banging of the bicycles into one another triggered the release of her built-up tension. Translation, my brother's backsides were the recipient of her wooden shoe. The sound of the hardened shoe sole smacking against bare flesh uncovered by short pants did not catch my attention. I was enthralled by the four red eyes looking out from the little house, just above the mangled bicycles. The glare of the glass from the window they stood behind blocked most of their details. I managed to decipher a simple flowered house dress with a white collar and one-half of a dark-colored bow tie on the companion.

The red eyes above the half-bow tie turned to look at me, the collared frock eyes followed; as soon as all our eyes met, they were gone. I don't remember running out the back door of the house into the backyard. I don't recall telling my mother what I saw, but I do remember getting drawn into the shoe attack and told I was to never speak of it again.

From that day forward, I hated going into that little house. Each time I did, I felt their presence in the place. I knew they were watching me. Beyond sensing them around me, the bow tie or frocked sets of eyes remained unseen. I was never quite sure whether I should fear them or fear talking about them. Not understanding their presence or motive, I was diligent in my efficiencies when visiting the little house.

Years passed, my parents divorced, my siblings either married or joined the military; the end result was most of them moved away. Even as the number of residents in the house dwindled, the odd incidents of lights being turned on and the toilet flushing at odd hours continued to occur. It had become the norm, and I thought little of it at the time.

Christmas Day the year I turned thirteen, my oldest brother bought my mother a clothes dryer. This was a wonderful gift as we had continued to utilize clotheslines for drying our garments year-round. The new appliance needed a home; it was decided the little house would become the laundry room. With the last sister in the house getting married that following summer, the open-ended task of laundry duty was assigned to me. This required I spend additional time in the little house, way more than I wanted.

Each and every time I would enter the little house, I could sense they were there. They never revealed themselves to me when I was in their proximity, eventually, I came to realize they meant me no harm.

My mother, now a divorced white female, (her declaration - not mine) worked most of the time to make ends meet. This left one older brother at home with me to manage the house and take care of the chores; now, he did not see duties as a necessity and welcomed the rapture from mother for his ignoring her assignments to him. In some sad, sick twisted way, it was his way of getting attention from her. It would be their feuding that would summon the floating red eyes to the little house once again.

Mom and my brother began arguing over him not washing something she had asked him to. Intent on avoiding the imminent maternal explosion, I walked out the back door of the house while they fought. I moved down the curved sidewalk towards the laundry room in hopes of resolving the core issue prior to it escalating.

It was late fall, the early evening air was crisp with a bit of moisture hanging aloft. I remember wishing I had grabbed a sweater as my T-shirt was allowing the fresh air to stiffen my young nipples. I opened the front door of the little house and immediately felt a significant temperature difference between inside and out. The rooms were sweltering, high with moisture, creating an oppressive damp heat that hovered in the air. My immediate assessment was the clothes dryer vent had clogged, causing a high moisture level in the room. As I turned on the light switch, heading for the laundry devices, I noticed the dryer door was open, and the washing machine lid up; there were no clothes in either of the machines.

Looking at the empty machines, I began to sense the red-eyed couple were present, although this time, the energy was very different. I heard my mother's verbal assault towards my brother as they marched their way to the little house. The closer they got, the warmer the room became. I stood there, all my thirteen years of fear coming to the forefront; something terrible was about to happen. My brother reached the threshold of the little house just as my mother pushed him at full force through the opening while screaming at him; she was entirely out of control. He fell through the doorway, his toe catching the lip of the door seal. Tumbling forward, his balance lost. He

attempted to steady himself on the round table in the middle of the room ahead of hitting the ugly green tile floor. The sound of the bone snapping was so loud, I felt as if it was I who had broken an arm. Mother, in all her rage, lifted her arm to strike him again with her favorite weapon of choice. As her hand began to swing downward, it suddenly stopped. Her arms were abruptly lifted upward, both now above her head, held by an invisible force. The shoe in her left hand was visibly removed from her grip before being thrown through the window on the far side of the room, landing somewhere in the garden just beyond. I watched her feet rise from the floor as she kicked and screamed, begging for freedom.

As the shoe exited the window, the red eyes and bow tie appeared. I was looking into the red pupils but not afraid; a soft pair of hands gently rubbed my shoulders, petting and soothing me.

My mother continued to ascend until her hands were pushing against the ceiling, her legs continuing to flail around, she turned her head to look at me. Her eyes were drawn to something beyond me. Suddenly she was released from her captor, falling to the floor. She landed on her bare feet, stumbling backwards across the tile and out the door. Turning away from my brother and me, she quickly ran from the room, leaving us behind.

The red eyes were now gone.

I quickly crossed to my brother in an attempt to comfort him; he was out cold. It was either the pain of a broken limb or a head injury that took him to unconsciousness. Perhaps it was the fear of seeing mother

float upwards. I began calling his name, working on waking him. Once he regained awareness and could manage a sentence, I helped him stand up as we made our way to the white clapboard house. Walking through the back door into the family room, we found our mother standing in the middle of the family room, fully dressed to leave. Hair combed, lips on, and purse in hand.

“Get in the car; we need to take you to the hospital to have that looked at. I can’t believe you tripped over the door ledge. You are such a clumsy boy.”

As they backed down the driveway and were making their departure towards the local emergency room, I began to feel despondent. All of a sudden I didn’t want to be left alone. As I had done many times over the years, I sought refuge at a nearby neighbors house. A wonderful couple in their sixties, a man and a woman whom I considered to be my grandparents, if not by blood, then by fate. Being after dark, Pa Day was concerned to find me knocking at their door. It was apparent something was seriously out of order. He ushered me through the door with a pat on the back. Just as he had done when I was three years old, and he found me wandering the neighborhood all unattended. Being quick to know how to soothe me, Ma Day was in and out of the kitchen in a second, returning with a slice of chocolate pie for me to consume.

Finishing my pie, I placed the fork on the plate, which now resided on the couch’s arm. Wiping my mouth with my shirt sleeve, I remained silent. Being the kind people they were, they allowed me to just sit there for a few minutes, everyone in dutiful silence. Pa Day reached for his clicker and silenced the tele-

vision, letting the room become free of noise or distraction. Remaining on the couch, quietly staring at the floor, I was summoned back to reality when Ma Day broke the silence by asking what had happened. I was hesitant to tell them Mom had pushed my brother, causing him to fall. It had been made clear to me from as far back as I can remember that what happened in that white clapboard house on Marsalis St.; stayed in that white clapboard house. I paused for another minute while deciding to tell them about the red-eyed couple in the little house. My young self reasoning they would dismiss the story as me being a silly boy, and that would be the end of it.

I regaled them with the tale of Mom being lifted up off the floor by the red-eyed man and how the red-eyed woman was touching me in a soothing manner. When I finished revealing my wild story, there was a long pause before a response was made. I was afraid I had Boo-Boo'd! Maybe I shouldn't have told them. I raised my eyes to see Ma and Pa Day, looking intensely at each other. Ma Day was the first to speak, "You should tell him. He obviously knows they are there."

"Son, I know you had heard me talk about being on the police force prior to my retiring. One of the reasons I retired was because of an incident that happened on this very street. In the house where you live. Have your parents ever talked about it?"

"No, sir," I stated inquisitively.

Sliding up to the front of his overstuffed chair, he began his pipe packing ritual until the device was full of fresh tobacco. He then reached for his lighter as he

slid himself back in the chair while lighting the pipe. Taking a deep draw from it, he began:

“A couple in their fifties lived there before your family moved in. The woman, as sweet as your Ma Day, and her husband, well, he was my good fishing buddy. He and I would sit on the train trestle by the creek most evenings enjoying beer and pretending to fish. Good folk - they were.”

He paused talking while taking another deep draw on his pipe, seemingly contemplating how to finish his story. Ma Day rose from her chair, retrieving my pie plate and fork from the couch's sidearm, she departed for the kitchen. Once the faucet began releasing its water, Pa Day continued.

“Those lovely people were killed in that storehouse your mom uses as a laundry room. I worked the crime scene and decided to retire that very night. I saw what true evil could do, and it shook me to my core.”

“Can I ask you what they were wearing when they were killed?”

I don't know what prompted me to ask such a question, it just popped into my head.

“That's an odd question - why does that matter?”

“Did she have a collared house dress on, and he a dark bow tie?”

Pa Days eyes shot up over his pipe, looking directly into mine.

“How did you know that? Did your mother tell you that?”

“That’s what I saw them wearing,” I responded.

We both sat quietly until Ma Day retreated from the kitchen. Walking through the doorway, she placed her apron on the hook, drying her hands on it before settling in her chair across from me.

“They never caught who did it or found out why,” she said while settling into her chair.

“Pa Day, why did you ask me if my mother told me what the people who died were wearing?”

He continued to puff on his pipe for a while before answering me.

“A few weeks after your family moved in, your mom knocked on that very front door one afternoon. She handed me a cigar box containing a part of the man’s bow tie along with a button from a woman’s dress. She claimed to have found them in the garden while preparing the soil for planting.

The cigar box and clothing articles were from inside that little house - I saw them when I was there. The bow tie remnant alongside the pearl button were both on the floor in that little house. Both remnants lying in puddles of the blood on the floor; they were right beside the table where the bodies had been placed. The murders had been brutal attacks, but the killer took the time to lay the couple on the table with care. The murderer even made sure to close the dead couples’ eyes and put their arms across their chest.

Moreover, both articles in the box were clean when your mom gave them to me, free from blood or dirt.”

Each of us was startled by an unexpected knock on the front door; Pa Day left his chair to open it. It was my mother.

“I assumed I would find him here. Hope he wasn’t any trouble. His poor brother fell and broke his arm - had to take him to the hospital, but I am sure he told you all about it.”

As only Ma Day could, she shifted the subject.

“Oh no, sorry to hear he’s hurt. Hope it’s not too serious. Boo Boo didn’t mention that at all; he just said you had to run an errand. He was here earlier today when I was baking a chocolate pie; I just thought he came up with an excuse to get a slice. No worries on our part, now you two should run along home. It’s getting close to time for the nightly news.”

Mother and I walked separately back to that white clapboard house; she walked in the street under the lamps and me through the neighbors’ front yards.

Between Ma and Pa Day and the red-eye couple, I felt protected.

It would be twenty-seven years before I would learn the truth about what happened to the red-eyed couple.

**This has been a Preview
of**

**My Life Being
A Sensitive**

In Ebook or Paperback

About the Author



This is the second fiction novel and third book by Thadeus Parkland. The super natural events in the book actually occurred in that house on Marsalis St. where he grew up. While ghost hunting in East Texas one Christmas break, Thadeus revealed these events to friends who suggested he write them down. An experience that occurred on that trip, resulted in one friend describing him as A Sensitive.

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