

Tuesday, March 2, 2010

THE BATTLE OF NO NOSED SUMMER AND MY IMAGINATION

I am a self-admitted sissy. I can handle killing roaches, will ignore spiders, have no issue eating alone anymore, will cut through an alley at 2 AM by myself, and can talk to a wall...things that many people are afraid of. However when it comes to anything that is completely ridiculous, that is where my fears come into play. I am afraid of dolls, dying naked, driving over a bridge into water, ghosts, getting stuck under a semi, living past 50 and I'm kind of freaked out of sandwiches (what IS in between the bread?).

What's really bad is that my idiot fears combined with my wild imagination are a very dangerous weapon. I can walk down an alley and I will envision kicking someone's ass if I get attacked, but the other day as I walked into my mom's house and saw a disturbing blinky doll in a box in the garage, I kept picturing her climbing the stairs to try to get me. Thank god you practically need a ladder to get into that bad.

I admit it's ludicrous, but it's just how I work!

My roommate was gone this one night about a week ago, so I'd been playing on Facebook for a bit. My friend suggested this page about people who laugh at inappropriate things so I check it out. When I go to the page, some people share their stories of laughing at inappropriate things, but a bunch of people post the following:

WHENU R READING THIS DONT STOP OR SOMETHING BAD WILL HAPPEN! {SORRYABOUTTHIS} THIS GIRL'S NAME IS SUMMER SHE'S 15 YEARS OLD & hasBLONDEHAIR ,MANY SCARS no NOSE OR EARS.. SHE IS DEAD. IF U DONT COPYTHIS JUSTLIKE FROM THE RING, COPY N POST THIS ON 5 MORE SITES.. OR..SUMMER WILLAPPEAR ONE DARK QUIET NIGHT WHEN UR NOT.....EXPECTING IT BYYOUR BED WITH A KNIFE AND KILL U. THIS IS NO JOKESOMETHING GOOD WILLHAPPEN TO U IF YOU POST THIS ON 5 MORE PAGESee More

My heart stopped. It's the little girl from The Ring's best friend or a different version of Bloody Mary. What the hell is WRONG with these people? Why do they do this to me? It scared the shit out of me! Yes, I know these stupid "Do this or this will happen to you" things aren't real, but STILL fake or not we're talking dead girls with no noses! How can that not be terrifying to even imagine???

I immediately got off that page, signed off and turned up the TV real loud to anything that would distract the story going on in my mind where I wake up to this dead girl with no nose who kills me. I started picturing the scenario and grew intensely more afraid of going to bed that night. So what do I do? The most asinine thing possible...I did a little pseudo-speech/prayer in my mind.

"Okay Summer, I'm sorry you are dead and missing your nose. Mine isn't too hot so you may appreciate the lack of one. Honestly, there are many benefits to missing a nose, especially if you're around someone like me after they've had turkey meatballs! It's rancid! Seriously, do you even need a nose after you're dead? Can you smell things when you're dead? I apologize, as I've gone off track now. Anyway, I'm sorry that I did not repost that message on Facebook about you. I just feel like it's so junior high. Know that it did scare the hell out of me, so if you're vindictive you can get a laugh out of that at least. Please don't kill me, or if you do please don't let me see you before you off me. Seriously, at least let me die in my sleep and not have to see a nose-less ghost before I die. Thank you, Ms. Summer. Amen or something."

Throughout the night I'd get distracted and be okay until I pictured no nose dead girl standing by my bedside when I awoke in the middle of the night. When it came time for bed, I mustered up the courage to turn off the light (I've managed to wean off a nightlight since I moved in to my friend's house, though it's because the light on the side of my neighbor's house shines in my room). As soon as that light went out, I threw the covers over my head and made a small breathing hole while encasing the rest of my head in a comforter. I hummed for a bit before I finally fell asleep, hoping that I would not awake to the scariest thing short of being attacked by a blinky doll.

The light woke me up the next morning. I was alive and alone in my room. Yee-hah! My speech to Summer worked! I had once again survived the curse of my own imagination. However, now she's on my mind again. What if I can't sleep now because I'm thinking about her again and get freaked out again? Okay, I must cover my ass again.

"Dear dead girl without a nose..."

Blog Export: The Heather Chronicles, <http://www.heatherchronicles.com/>

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 17:51

When you are reading this don't stop or something bad will happen to you.my name is summer I am 15 years old, I have many scars on my face no nose or ears..I am dead.if you don't post this in 5 different sites like the ring post this 5 times or when you least suspect it I will appear near your bed and kill you.this is not fake if you post this on 5 different sites something good will happen
Anonymous on Mar 30 2010, 00:44

EVIL! Mean! Mean! Mean!
Anonymous on Mar 30 2010, 10:42