

# A MID-NIGHT CALLER

We invite contributions to this column from our readers. We want them to share with the rest of us any strange experience they might have encountered in their lives. It could be something unnatural or a super-natural occurrence which might have influenced a change in their lives. It could be a real life encounter or it might have happened in a dream. There will be a small prize for every article published.

Here is one sent in by Ibrahim Koroma of Wellington:

I have just arrived at my nephew, Dauda's house. The time was slightly after 10 pm. Less than five minutes upon arrival, someone called me on my mobile phone. It was a female voice. She asked thus: "Where are you presently? I told her I was at home. "Are you sure?" She asked. I was not at home at the time but I told her I was. I got a bit wary, so I asked her for her name. "I'm Hannah," she said. As I tried to enquire further her phone went off.

At that moment I didn't give thought to our brief conversation. But later that night, at about 3 am, my phone rang incessantly. The sharp tone woke me up. I picked it up, rather nervously. I hardly receive phone calls during such odd hours. The strange voice rang through the air. "Are you ready to die?" The caller asked, the same female voice as the one earlier, but with my ears drenched in slumber, I didn't get her clearly. "Do you say if I'm ready to drive?" I asked in a weak voice. "I say are you ready to die?", she said in a much stronger tone. Before I could say a word she has hang up.

It took me close to an hour before I could get back to sleep. I was a bit worried at the strange development. I began to relate my earlier encounter with the strange caller with what has just transpired between us. I was wondering where all this was leading to. Who is this Hannah, I asked myself? Why is she talking to me about death? 'Am I ready to die?' I kept asking myself these questions. I started turning over the name Hannah in my head, but I could not remember having met that person before. The Hannahs I knew in this world do not have that fearful voice or a semblance of it. I kept wondering until sleep overcomes me. But what I did before fallen asleep was to record her phone number.

The following morning my mind flashed back to that strange caller. I was somehow hesitant, but I braved it and called the number. She quickly picked up the phone.

"Were you the one who called me last night?" I asked. She responded immediately.



**"Right now I'm seeing you through my mirror. I can see you, and I can tell you exactly where you are seated and what you are doing at the moment!"**

"Oh, yes", she said and went on to reprimand me. "In fact, you disappointed me greatly," she went on, speaking authoritatively. "We were to meet at the cemetery at 9 pm, but you never showed up. I waited for you in vain. Tonight make sure you don't disappoint me."

For a while I sat quite mute, a little frightened like someone who has seen a ghost. I didn't quite understand what she was saying. And I was not sure I was walking in a dream either. Me to meet her in a cemetery?

"Did you say I should meet you at a cemetery? To do what? I ventured to ask, not sure what would be her next response.

"I'm going to take you to the underworld, didn't I tell you that? This time don't fail to come. If you fail I will come for you. I'll be waiting for you at the cemetery sharp 9 pm. If you fail to come I will go and fetch you."

At that moment, having listened to her I tried to sum up courage. I had no idea what she was talking about. I have never had any encounter with

an underworld agent, neither do I have any idea what an underworld is all about. So I engaged her thus:

"By the way, do you know the person you are talking to," I asked, anticipating a quick answer from her

"Of course!" she replied in a much confident tone. "Right now I'm seeing you through my mirror. I can see you, and I can tell you exactly where you are seated and what you are doing at the moment".

From this moment I felt some eeriness around me. I became scary. Is she being real? I said to myself. I braved it again and asked: "What's your name?" She had earlier told me she was Hannah. I wanted to make sure if 'am dealing with the same person.

"My name is 'Die', she said abruptly. I didn't hear her clearly. "You said you are what?"

"I said I am Die!" She almost shouted on the phone.

"If you are Die, I am Life." I almost challenged her. I believe she was not pleased with my confrontation. Her voice sprang up again. "Look, don't

think I'm joking. Nine o'clock prompt I will come for you. This time I am not going to leave you out".

I was still uneasy and wanted to call off her threat. I engaged her further: "I thought you said your name was Hannah?"

"I am not Hannah. May be you spoke to some other person, not me. I said I'm Die".

My next move was to get her reveal my identity, having said she knew me. "You said you know me, right? Then what's my name?"

"I know you; are you not Alpha?"

I felt relieved. I was now beginning to enjoy the drama. I know my name was not Alpha, but I want to quickly put this drama to an end and I said by way of ending our encounter:

"Okay, I will enquire about you, thank God, I now have your mobile number".

**Editor's Note:**  
In our next edition, find out the new discovery about Miss Die.