

Title: These Policemen Came From The Cemetery.

Good evening to you all. I would like to name myself Agnes to keep my real identity because it is a deep secret, but I seriously need help that is why I must say to you.

This secret has been disturbing me, and it has been a great issue in my life for a long time now, but I feel by saying it I will get some help. So, the real-life experience that I had and still suffering from goes as.

Growing up as a young lady, my family was well-to-do, we had everything at our disposal, and it was a sweet home, anyone would want such a home. You will hardly hear quarrels from my parents, nor we the children. But if my mother gets angry, it could be chaotic. This anger of my mom was not easily provoked so we enjoyed most of the moments together as a nice family in a 5-bedroom house with two boy's quarters.

One fateful morning, my daddy went out on a quick errand, 30 minutes after my daddy left off, there was a young lady who came to the house and asked of my dad and she added, "My mother showed me this house, and said this was where my daddy was". Upon further interrogation, this young lady insisted that she had not erred in locating our house, I took her to my mother.

I took her into the house for further questioning by my mother and this young lady affirmed what she initially told me to my mother. My mother asked her to come back later to meet my father. When she left, we all knew hell was about to break loose when my dad came back home.

My mom stopped cooking for my dad and would always quarrel with him. This young lady never showed up again, but my mom would not and never stop quarreling, and accusing my dad of having extra marital affair. Soon the house became a living hell with no peace, quarrels here and there, yelling, shouting, and no cooking of food in the house for my daddy, because my dad still denied knowing that young lady.

One morning my furious mom took the glass bottle and reached to my dad in the living room. She yelled at him, and she asked him to tell her the truth about the

lady who came to the house the other day, claiming to be her daughter. Just in the process of my dad saying he had not done anything like that, my mom threw the glass bottle on the floor, breaking it into pieces, took off her cloth, and sat in the broken pieces of the broken bottle, she dragged her buttocks in the broken glass, and cursing my dad in the process. Hmm, it was such an awful scene seeing my naked mom doing that in her pool of blood. After several attempts, my daddy tried to console her, as he denied every accusation my mom made to him, my mother refused to be consoled, and my dad, who couldn't stand the sights anymore, dashed to the room.

After the incident, in exactly a week, my dad suffered a severe stroke and was bedridden, but my mom would never help or care. It took only my siblings and me to take care of my dad. We took my dad to well-known hospitals with the best of doctors, but all proved futile, and the situation grew worse. In all these, my mom was never compassionate or moved to help, nor would she change her mind. We brought in men of God who just came to extort money from us, but nothing positive happened. We took our dad to many herbalists, but my dad's situation grew worse.

My mom surprisingly got up one day and said we needed to find a lasting solution to our dad's predicaments, so, she went out to seek for one. She came back after several hours but with no solution to my dad's situation. Whoever she went to consult said, my father's present state had no solution now, unless we looked out for one ourselves. My elder brother asked, "What could this solution be?". My mom said we just needed to help my dad exit the earth peacefully because he was suffering, as he wasn't dying by himself.

I was like, "what mom?", I exclaimed, I just got angry and left the room leaving my mom and siblings alone. The next day as usual, I was going into my dad's room to go and take care of him, and I noticed there was blood in my daddy's nose, lying still on the bed, I screamed for help and my siblings and mom came to the scene to see what had happened, my mom just said, daddy, is dead. In fact, I couldn't believe my eyes, and we wept bitterly as the whole house mourned. My mom called for an ambulance to pick my daddy away to the mortuary. My mom gave strict instructions to the ambulance to take my daddy's body straight to the

mortuary and nowhere else, she immediately called my daddy's relatives and broke the news to them.

My people, please allow me to skip certain details to make my narration brief. When it got to the funeral day, my elder brother went to take my daddy's body from the mortuary, on his arrival, one of the mortuary attendants said, "Ah! but your dad was not dead when he was brought here, why did you bring him?" My brother didn't say anything and took the body of my daddy home for the necessary preparation for burial. Hmm, secondly, my elder sister said she saw my dad's hand tied to his back with black cloth, and his mouth also tied with black cloth as my daddy was put into the coffin, and when she was about to scream, my mother immediately held her hand, and quieted her, I was just confused not knowing what was going on, and I was uncontrollably wailing.

Fast forward, exactly one year after Daddy's death, my elder brother had a dream that he was standing in front of the house, and some policemen came to tell him he was needed at the court, they placed handcuffs on his hands, and these policemen led him out of the house, they took him to the cemetery, immediately he realized he was in the cemetery, he woke up. My mom immediately replied, nobody can harm you, and nothing will happen to you, do not be worried, she exclaimed. One week after that dream, my elder brother said he felt someone had just slapped him, and he was suddenly paralyzed, suffered a stroke, and died in three days.

Exactly three months after my elder brother's death, my mum told us of a dream, in the dream, she saw our daddy standing across the street and my dad called out to her, upon seeing my dad, she got close to my dad, he told her "I have something to tell you", immediately, she woke up from sleep. My mom suffered a more severe stroke after three days when she told us about her dream.

On one fateful day, as I stood outside making a call, I saw this very young lady who claimed to be the daughter of my father passing by, I immediately called out to her and asked, "You came some time ago looking for my dad, but we never heard from you again". This young lady said to me, "Oh! Sorry, hmm, I made a mistake by coming to the wrong house, the house I was looking for is the one next to yours, I am very sorry I should have come back to inform you guys" she said.

Really? Just look at the trauma and disaster you have taken my family through, only to say this? Thoughts in my head, hmm. Seriously, my mind was moving as fast as the lightning, but the worst had already happened. I then decided to take her to my mother. She spoke with my mom, and my mom told her what she had caused, but all this young lady called to was to apologize and went off her way. My mom passed on the next day.

After my mom's death, life has continued to grow from bad to worse, and battling life. As it stands now, one of my sisters, specifically, the one who saw my dad tied in the coffin, is mad now, wandering in town, and another is also missing. I'm married but have no child, and my husband and I are desperately seeking for the fruit of the womb. I will be okay even if God gives us one child, will be enough for us. My husband is praying every day, and seeking the Lord's face for a child, and from all indications, my husband loves children, but here am I, just because of one reason or the other, I can't give birth.

This is my story not just a story but what I went through and I'm still suffering now, if you have any solution, kindly let me know, I have been to many places but to no avail. Hmm, what should I do now?

As I am seeking for solution, I want you to also learn from this experience of mine, and not to forget to learn from it now, rather than to suffer a similar later, thank you.