

Nuns Get Manicures Too

By Anonymous

When I was a freshman at Saint Mary's, I had several incidents where I would wake up in the middle of the night and see a nun-like figure standing in my doorway. One morning, I woke up and had three gashes on my leg, seemingly in the shape of fingernail scratches. I wouldn't have been worried except at this time in my life my nails were always chewed to the quick and completely unable to break skin. (Trust me, I tried to replicate it the next day). To this day I am convinced that the ghost in my room did it.