

*Annoying Dead People*

By

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All names and places have been changed to protect the privacy of those individuals whose stories and experiences appear in this book.

## *Prologue*

I am a Medium, or Psychic as some prefer to call it. The following are simply a set of 'life experiences' I have decided to share with you. Each chapter appears in no set order so don't think in terms of a timeline.

Open your hearts to new worlds of consciousness; which is simply to say let wisdom and truth guide you through this journey you have placed yourself upon.

Evelyn Adams

## *Chapter One*

Applying for a job online I was called in for an interview. I will not name this corporation, just know it is very large and is involved in the hospitality industry in Florida.

I am a Medium or what many today simply call a Psychic, who sometimes feels compelled to use my gift's when those from the unseen world wish to communicate with those among the living, as it were. Being clairvoyant and clairaudient; which simply means I can see and hear the dead as some folks refer to them; I prefer to call them spirits. Because of my abilities the dead can and quite often do show up

at the most inopportune of times, which can be annoying to say the very least. So I just try and go with the flow and see what happens.

The Human Resource person; a very nice, well spoken lady who seemed to be in her early to middle thirties came into the waiting area and called my name. We exchanged pleasantries as she led me back to her office.

Sitting down inside her small office which contained only two chairs and a small desk she first looked over my resume and then began the interview process.

"I'm Maria Hernandez, and I see here that you have applied for the front desk customer service position, is that correct?"

"Yes, I'm very comfortable when dealing with all types of people, no matter what their culture or nationality might be."

"Tell me what did you least like about your last job?" she continued.

As she finished that question I could now psychically see an older woman who was now standing to her left side. My first thoughts were; please go away, I really need this interview to go well, I need the income, and I mentally relayed that information to the elderly woman.

The older lady smiled and said she truly needed to make contact with my interviewer. She stood there, her form radiating peace and compassion, yet her eyes showed the desperation in her need to make contact. Knowing full well from past experience what might happen if I

make her presents known, I still felt compelled to try.

"Did you not understand my question?"

Maria asked politely. She had taken notice that I was staring at what appeared to her as the blank wall on her left side. She at one point momentarily glanced to her left to see what I might be looking at.

I broke off looking at the older woman and then answered her. "I'm so sorry, but this may seem very strange, but there is an elderly woman standing by your left side...she is telling me her name is Camila and that she is your mother. She is wearing a blue dress with a red rose pinned on it. She also has a white hat with a short white veil."

Maria looked to her left again, then back to me. "I beg your pardon? How do you know my mothers' name?"

"Camila is saying how sorry she is for not coming to your wedding...that she truly thought Alfredo was not the man for you to marry. She felt in her heart he was no good and would cause you great harm. But now from the other side she can see into his heart and she sees the love he has for you. She now knows he would never harm you or the children. She is asking for your forgiveness..."

Maria had a very surprised look upon her face, to say the very least. "Is this a joke?"  
Maria asked in a serious tone. "How dare you bring up the memory of my mother...you have

no right...this interview is over. You need to leave and I mean right now!"

Maria had tears welling up in her eyes; I could tell there was a lot of emotional baggage she was still carrying around from her relationship with her mother. "Your mother wants you to know..."

"Get out right now...I will call security if you don't leave right now!" she threatened as she picked up the phone.

As I went out the door I looked back and Maria was now sitting, her face buried in her hands as tears rolled down her cheeks between the soft sobs.

Getting into my car I couldn't help but think; there goes another good job...I hope Camila is happy now, because no one else is.

Early the next morning there came a knock at my front door. I opened it to find a man in his late thirties who had a very serious expression on his face.

"Are you the one who came to see my Maria yesterday?" he said speaking very rapidly.

"Don't lie; I know you're the one who upset my Maria!" he burst out yelling.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" I asked softly through my shaky voice.

"I'm Alfredo, her husband." His voice was gruff and angered.

"I was only trying to..." he cut me off in mid-sentence.

"You're a goddamn witch! That's what you are...stay away from my Maria!" He screamed as I closed and locked my door.

His rage was strong, before returning to his car he yelled through the door, "You will burn in hell!"

My hands were trembling and I had trouble catching my breath. I wasn't sure what Maria had said to her husband about our conversation the day before, but I have had similar reactions like this before. But this is the first time anyone came to my home. I guess Maria let her husband see my resume which contained my address and other personal information.

Three days later I received a phone call; to my surprise it was Maria Hernandez. She

wanted to apologize for her husbands visit to my home. Apparently after she informed him of what took place several arguments ensued between them and some other family members as well.

I told her it was not my intention to cause her, or her family any stress or grief concerning her deceased mother. I wasn't really that surprised when she asked if I was a psychic and could she come to my home for a private reading to discuss Camila. I said it would be fine and we set a date and time.

Two days later in the evening I heard her pull into my driveway. I invited Maria in and I put out a bowl of potato chips and we each had a glass of cold Pepsi poured over ice.

"I wish to apologize for my husbands' behavior; his beliefs come straight from the Catholic faith as do many of my other family member's beliefs.

My two younger sisters however do not follow the old religion; they call themselves 'spiritual, but not religious' as many of the young do in today's world. I too do not follow the old religion.

After much discussion they have convinced me to listen to what you have to say; to not let my fear keep me from the truth."

I thought to myself that when Maria said 'after much discussion' she really meant to say after much yelling and arguing between the family members she decided to call me.

"Your husband did frighten me I must admit, but you don't owe me an apology. I knew when I started to tell you about your mother things might get ruff. So let's just start with a clean slate." I said smiling.

"Do you want money from me?" Maria asked in a low voice.

"Oh, heavens no, I only told you about your mother because she wouldn't stop pestering me during the interview." I was surprised as we both laughed.

"Yes, that was my mother alright; she never knew when to stop talking." We again laughed together.

"I hope you are prepared..." I said looking over her right shoulder.

Maria looked at me then turned to look behind her. "Is she here now?"

"Yes, she is."

Maria started to cry softly as she turned to face me, "Please tell her I forgive her."

"She can hear you, so you may say whatever you wish." I said in a reassuring tone. "Camila is saying how sorry and how wrong she was about Alfredo and that she only wanted what was best for you. She loves you very much."

Maria was wiping tears from her eyes, "I love you too very much Mama."

I now could see standing next to Camila a little boy, he looked to be about four years old it seemed to me. He was holding Camila's hand and was smiling. Mentally I asked Camila who

the little boy was. She said it was Maria's little boy. I asked what his...

"What is my mother saying?" Maria interrupted my thought.

"Well, there is a small boy who is about four year's old standing by your mother. She says he is your son."

"What...my son...how can that be? I have two daughters and both are alive! I have no son. I don't understand?" Maria seemed completely caught off guard by her mothers' statement.

"Your mother says you became pregnant four years ago and you did not want another child; that your two sisters took you to a clinic where you underwent an abortion. You did not want Alfredo to know so you all swore yourselves to secrecy. You felt your husband would not

understand due to his strong belief in the church ways. Your mother says you do not believe in the Catholic faith because she raised you in another faith. She says you only became Catholic to please your husband and his family."

Hearing this sent Maria off the couch as she fell onto her knees sobbing uncontrollably. I rushed to her side trying to console her. After several minutes she regained her composure and got up from the floor and sat back down.

Maria explained she felt she did not have the time or strength to take care of another child. She was afraid to tell her husband, so she told her sisters who said they would support her decision and help her make arrangements to go to the clinic in another city. Alfredo had left to

go work at a construction site in another state during this time.

She did not know the tiny fetus was even a male she said in between bouts of crying. Maria asked if her mother and the boy were still present in the room, and I told her yes they were still here.

"Please ask my mother what she calls my son?" Maria asked in a calm voice.

"The boy, she said, named himself; he is called 'Alfredo Benito Hernandez, Jr.', he took his fathers name. They simply call him 'Junior' and your mother says he loves you very much. She said he comes at times and sits next to you and holds onto your arm to express his love for you. She says you have felt this before, have you not?"

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