

Overcoming Ancestral Bondage

Story of an African Princess



Annette Nsoh

Chapter 1:

The Beginning - Faceless Demons

HERE THEY COME AGAIN.

The faceless men are after me once more.

Did I say, men?

No, I meant demons. Otherwise, what do human beings look like that? These strange creatures were very tall and lanky. Dark and shadowy figures with no face. All they had was one eye in the middle of what should be a face, but without any other facial features. The back of their heads was the same as the front, except there was no eye at the back. I knew they had to be black people because of the black kinky hair we Africans have been blessed with.

They wore what looked like a trench coat which was down to their feet. I could describe them clearly now because I have seen them many times.

I do not know how many they are, but there must have been about ten of them. All they did was chase after me, and I ran as fast as I could get away from them. I do not know how I did it, but I succeeded each time, and am thankful for that. The aftermath is always the same. I wake up in a cold sweat, terrified of these recurring nightmares that would not stop. I looked at my husband, Adam, who slept soundly beside me. I was careful not to wake him up. I snuggled closer into his left shoulder, as far as I could get with my big pregnancy bump in the way.

I was four months pregnant.

We had discussed these dreams before so there was no reason to disturb Adam's sleep yet again because of another occurrence of this nightmare. We agreed to leave the bedside lamp on, and I was glad for that at least. Imagine waking up in total darkness after the nightmare I had.

I shuddered once more just thinking about that dream. I said a quick prayer and lay there staring at the plain white walls. What are these ominous-looking creatures and what do they want with me?

Why do they keep appearing in my dreams? I have spent time researching the meaning of dreams on the internet, but I found no plausible explanation.

I had no clue why this was happening to me. It had to be something evil based on the dream.

My husband did not believe me when I said I was having the same dream every night and he thought I was crazy when I attributed it to evil attacks.

'You sound crazy, Annette. No one has the same dream every night' said Adam self-righteously, as if he knew everything.

'I am not crazy. It is the same dream because the same demons chase me in my dreams every night' I tried to explain.

'There you go again! What demons? Do you listen to yourself?' he asked in disbelief.

'How else can I describe the faceless creatures' I replied with a sigh.

I was tired of having the same conversation repeatedly.

'It must be a figment of your imagination caused by pregnancy stress' he said dismissively.

'No, it is not my imagination. It is a dream, a nightmare,' I said indignantly. I could not help myself.

Adam noticed I was getting upset and he stopped. 'Ok, whatever! Just don't go around telling people about it' he said quietly.

'Why not?' I asked in surprise.

'Because I do not want anyone thinking I am married to a lunatic'. He said haughtily as he left the room.

I sighed as I sat down heavily with a protective hand on my baby bump. Why did Adam not believe me? Why would anyone think I am a lunatic just because my dream is unusual? Does that mean no one would believe me at all? I felt more helpless at that moment.

He was my husband and should have been more supportive since he could see how these nightmares were affecting me. He could have sought some medical help for me at least. Instead, he shrugged it off and called me crazy. For the umpteenth time in our marriage I realized my husband did not understand me and I did not understand him. It was a difficult marriage already, and my recurring nightmares simply made it worse.

Adam was a German Caucasian man who had lived all his life in Germany. He did not believe in evil spirits and witchcraft the way we Africans do. Looking back now, I can not blame him for that. How could he believe something so unfamiliar to his culture and background? He simply attributed my nightmares to pregnancy stress.

I understood Adam's point of view because I was incredibly stressed at the time and almost depressed. Who wouldn't be if they had these nightmares every night and were petrified to go to sleep? All the same, there must be another explanation.

I rolled my eyes at the thought of it. Pregnancy stress indeed! I disagreed with that because this was my second pregnancy and I never experienced that the last time. I had my daughter, Sarah, some years ago and it was a peaceful pregnancy without any 'drama' so to speak.

There appeared to be no solution in sight for me because the dreams continued to reoccur daily and the only constant thing about the dreams was the presence of the faceless creatures pursuing me. I prayed even harder for the nightmares to stop, but it did not. I was always anxious whenever bedtime came.

I had no one else to talk to at the time. We had moved from the city of Freiburg to the village of Unterkirnach in West Germany for Adam's new job. Therefore, I was far away from my friends. My family lived far away in West Africa, Cameroon to be precise. It was 2006 and phone calls overseas were an expense I could not afford at the time.

I knew explaining those nightmares would require long conversations. Therefore, I had no choice but to keep the issue to myself and not bother my family with it.

My only recourse was to hope that the nightmares would stop after the birth of my son.

Surely, if the nightmares were due to pregnancy stress, then they should cease as soon as I gave birth. It was simply logical.

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