

The Christmas that turned out to be Halloween (PRIMAL SCENE)

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PRIMAL SCENE walk in on folks



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I always imagined my parents to be saints , someone with sanctity, and virtue , that's because they never showed public display of affection (PDA). But i saw their true colors on a fateful Christmas night .

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I was around 8 years old or something and it was Christmas eve, I was tucked in bed early around 9 or 10 pm by my Grand Pa, however like every other excited kid I could not get sleep thinking about the presents and gifts that I would be getting. My parents and my Grand Pa were awake hosting a party for their friends that evening.

No matter how much I tried to remain awake I fell asleep. I must have been asleep for at least 2 to 3 hours because when I woke up it was silent night with no sound of cars passing by or the noise of the people going by my house (indicating it was well past midnight)

Anyway I tiptoed towards the drawing hall where the Christmas tree was. I was really cautious about not waking up my parents or my grand pa.

As I approached the room I heard strange noises coming behind the sofa (couch) where the Christmas tree had been placed.

The decorative lights on the Christmas tree blinked rhythmically, sometimes casting light to make the surroundings visible for a brief moment and then going out to leave the room in complete darkness.

The first thing I noticed was the bare legs spread apart (it was my dad lying on the floor behind the sofa and his upper body was not visible to me as the couch blocked the view)

The other thing I noticed was my mom's head that made various facial expressions that seemed confusing to me at that time.

Her hands sometimes went up in the air while sometimes she held the couch tightly as if she was going to lose balance and fall off.

The sounds like gasping and heaving mixed with the the blinking lights that fell occasional on my mom's head made me cry as I thought my dad was punishing my mom.

I wanted to reach out and help my mom but I was afraid of my dad. I held the railings of the staircase tightly and tiptoed back to my grandpa's room to get help and save my mom.

I went to his room and saw him asleep in his bed I tried to wake him up but in vain he was in deep sleep after the last night party. (Phew! Not that I have grown up and think of that night, I thank the wine that made him pass out)

I decided to go back to rescue my mom myself (I know that's cute as well as a stupid idea: technically its known as Oedipus complex)

As I reached the staircase my heart skipped a beat to hear my parents giggling and laughing away. What surprised me even more was, when the lights on the Christmas tree blinked to reveal silhouettes of my parents without any clothes on.

Needless to say I was even more baffled to see my mum seated astride my dad riding like she was on a pony with her hands high up in the air (I guess she enjoyed cowgirl position with her hands up in the air a lot, maybe it was because of the body structure of my parents, my dad was healthy while my mum was skinny little woman)

I don't know what happened (or maybe I don't want to know what happened) next as I had a lump in my throat and I was about to cry out loud but I went back to bed and TRIED to cry myself to sleep.

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But obviously the images of the incident haunted me and more over confused me . Needless to say I stayed awake with a heavy pounding heart that was clearly audible to me.

The next day i was woken up by my mum and dad who by the way looked quiet cheerful. my mom could not stop giggling for even a second which made me more confused as i had the theory the night before of my dad torturing my mum.

I had a high fever and my grand pa blamed the ice creams that i had the day before.

As i became mature and came to understand what happened that night I became rather curious about how people act so innocent and yet they can be full of desires that they express with some one they truly love .

And as you can guess the Christmas was never the same for me anymore

Christmas tree brought back some haunted memories(now repressed memories)

I have seen my parents in the "ACT" few more times when we were on road trips and had to stay in motels but that's a story for another time

if you had any similar experience and wanna pour your heart out feel free to chat with me

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