

True facts of Psychic abilities that are not Schizophrenia but in fact legitimate proof that the voices you hear are considered voices from beyond. The Afterlife is real. You'll see what I have experienced and your eyes will be wide open.

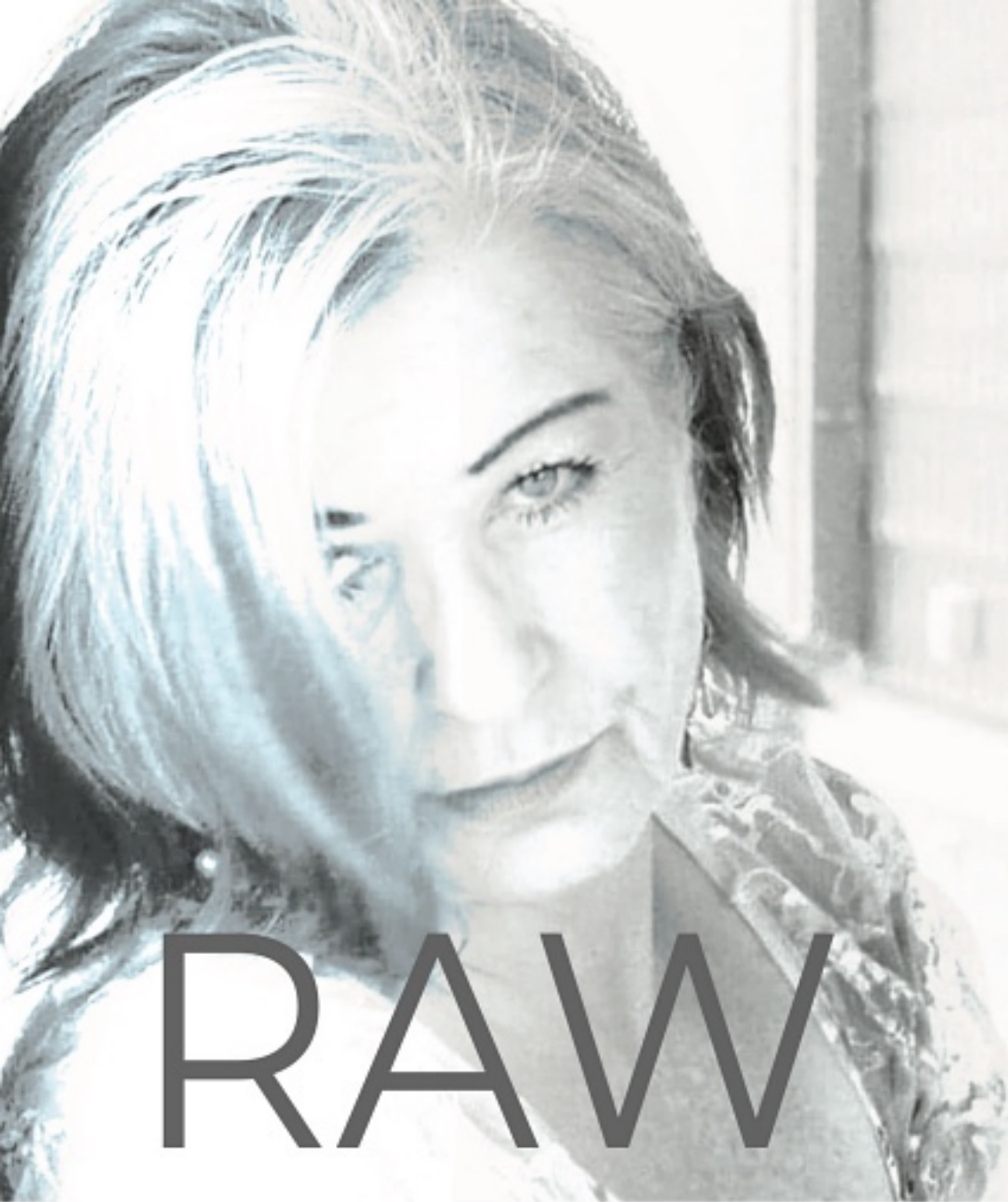
RAW: Afterlife vs Schizophrenia My Truth

By Cheryl Ann Fletcher

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RAW

THE AFTERLIFE vs.
SCHIZOPHRENIA

CHERYL ANN FLETCHER

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Chapter 5:

Pat's Twisted Warnings

The doctor turned to my mother and said it wouldn't have taken much more to have severed my head by the attached dumbwaiter bar, and where that would have taken me, I guess we all know that. So I lay there thinking, little did he know where I had already been. My mother was crying and asked to use the phone. She frantically went to the nurse's station. I heard her say I will be in tomorrow, and I can explain everything tomorrow. She asked how Crissy was, and it sounded like she was pretty upset and crying, and her dad was, too.

Mom hung up the phone and told the nurses what had happened. I thought, good; now they will shut their mouths about me. The doctor and the nurse cleaned my back with warm water, iodine gauze, and tape. The doctor told me that I would heal well and he wanted the nurse to take me to an X-ray to ensure that I didn't break my arms. My right arm was bruised with no breaks, but my upper left arm had a hairline fracture. My neck was okay, but I did have a bruise around my throat, but the back of my neck had skin that had bunched up and was all wrinkled. The doctor put me in a sling and told my mom to keep me from any activity for a few days.

We left the hospital around 7 p.m. The nurse wheeled me out, and we got into the car. I realized leaning to the back

of the seat wasn't going to happen. Mom insisted that I lay on my stomach. That sucked because it would be hard getting out of the car once we got home.

The ride home was quiet, with no music or talking. I fell asleep. I woke to mom pulling into the driveway, and our dog Pisces ran out. My sisters and brother came out and helped me into the house. I settled in, we ate dinner, and everyone wanted to know what had happened. Mom talked about how I could have had my head torn off because I wanted to play in a dumbwaiter with Crissy.

Pat asked if I choked when the bar caught my head and throat. My mom told Pat it strangled me, caused me to blackout, and I had become lifeless for a while. I didn't understand why Pat found that to be interesting. I thought about that as I drifted off to sleep. I had a dream that there were so many gray people in our house, and I didn't know them. They had no faces, and something twisted their language, because I couldn't understand any of it except Pat's. I fell asleep on Pat's bed, and after I woke up, he was messing around with his car models, and mom had left for work.

My sisters were busy with breakfast and planning what they would watch on T.V. My brother Pat and I were close. He always let me drive his motorcycle at camp, and he's also taken me on fast rides. So it was cool to hang out and watch Pat melt the car model with a candle so he could stick them together and look like they had crashed. He said I could manage if I didn't reach across and get burnt by the

hot wax. Well, that didn't last long. I had reached over to grab the model box he was getting ready to build, and he was crossing over my arm with his hand simultaneously, and he accidentally dropped a glob of hot wax onto my left forearm. I screamed in pain, and he grabbed me, took me into the bathroom, and ran cold water on the hot wax. It fell into the sink. He walked me out of the bathroom and asked my sister where the band-aids were. She got one for me and put it on. Pat told me he didn't want me to return to his room and told me that I should go eat breakfast.

I always got to the cereal before anyone else, my favorite was chocolate. We all sat around the table eating breakfast, and I favored listening to my sisters talk about their boyfriends and my silly sister complain about her waitress job at King's. I finished first, got away from the table, went in, and got out of my pajamas. Mom had left my clothes on my bed; mom and I shared a bedroom like my sisters and brothers. I was heading to the restroom and could see Judy's house, and I wished she was up. I couldn't wait to play and do our Barbie and Ken wedding, but mom said I had to stay home and rest. So I watched cartoons, colored, and hung out with my sisters until mom came home. I knew she would be mad if I went outside to visit other friends I had across the street, so I felt stuck and wished I could change everything back to who I was.

My mother raised all of us by herself. We lived on welfare and ADC, but my mother did work as a hotel maid to help supply us with things beyond what the state could do for seven children. The Housing Authority gave my mother a

voucher for the maximum housing for a three-bedroom house. So we all had to share bedrooms, which I didn't mind because I got to be with my mom.

Later in the day, Judy knocked on the door. She said she wanted to talk to me, and I went out onto our porch. Judy became distraught seeing me wearing a halter top with bandages on my back and my arms all bruised. She kept looking, and I told her what had happened. She asked if it hurt. I asked her if we had time to play with our Barbies, but I could tell by her reaction her visit wouldn't last long. I asked why and she said she couldn't come over anymore.

I was confused. I wondered if she got into trouble and might be grounded. Then, she said they were moving out of state tomorrow because her dad accepted a new job at a funeral home in Missouri. I told her to wait for me and that I had to get her Barbies and clothes. When I came back out, she was on the porch swing waiting. Judy was sad. I saw it in her eyes, and we hugged, and she left.

I got my clothes out for the next day. It was a rule that you had to do that before bedtime. Watching T.V., playing with my dog, and playing with Barbies felt different now that Judy is gone. I saw my mom arriving home around 5:30 p.m. I knew mom would get into the house and open a bottle of Pepsi. Then, she would sit down, have a few cigarettes, and check on me. I had to sneak home and act like I had been lying on my bed all day. My friend was moving, and my other friends across the street weren't

home yet. Then, mom opened the door and came and sat beside me on my bed.

Thank God she had to go to the restroom; otherwise, I couldn't have gone in the back door and headed to my room. She came in and told me that I wouldn't be able to go with her to work anymore because her boss, Crissy's dad, was upset with us both about the accident, and he didn't want us playing together anymore. I started to cry. I hurt all over, and now my burnt arm was stinging. She was mad when I told her about the model glue burning me. She got up and went into Pat's room and yelled at him. She told him he's never to burn them in the house again, and told him to get all the models to the basement and to take all the hanging noose down from the ceiling. She reminded him that the last house fire the boys caused was because the candle wasn't put out from burning car models and that we had lost everything. After that was all done, she changed the bandages on my back and looked at the blister on my left forearm. It was the size of a quarter raised and filled with water. It was gross. Mom said if it

wasn't better in a few days, we'd go to the doctor. Thankfully, both my back and my burnt arm healed up within a few weeks.

Chapter 7:

Her Regret

I decided to walk over to Judy's and kill some time until mom was ready to take Pat to work. While walking, I saw their vacant house and wondered why and when they had moved out already. So I went up the stairs to the porch, and her dad came out and said that Judy was gone. I said okay, turned around, and walked away, but I looked back, and he put some boxes in his pickup. Then he went back to the door and locked it.

It would be over 30 years before I would learn the real story about why they left so abruptly.

I walked back home, but kept looking back at the house. I felt very drawn to it, but I didn't know why. I waited for Bill, Judy's dad to drive off, and I walked back to their house. I strolled toward their home, fearing he would come back and catch me. I kept hearing a voice softly saying to go to the basement and I would stop and look around because the girl's voice was right in my ears. I thought my sisters were sneaking around trying to scare me, but I quickly realized they hadn't left the house. So I walked to the basement window, and a long light flickered on the ceiling revealing black coverings on the walls. I didn't understand why it looked this way, but I left after that. I felt scared. On the way home, I felt like I was losing all of my friends. I felt nervous, and my stomach wasn't feeling very good. When I

got home, my sisters were heading out to ride their bikes, and Pat was writing on a notepad in his room. I asked him if we could go on a cycle ride, but he didn't have any gas. I was bored, and it wasn't even lunchtime.

I turned on the T.V. and watched a soap opera. Afterward, I went outside and swung on our rope swing. Pat came out and was heading for the tree house he and my other brothers built. They only allowed boys in it, but he wasn't aware I would go when my brothers and sisters weren't home. One time I found a magazine with naked girls and took one to Mom, and she laughed. She never told who found it, but my brothers got into trouble. I didn't know why my brothers wanted to look at naked girls.

Pat pushed me on the swing for a while, and I remember asking him when I could go up to the tree house with him. He said it's not for girls. I felt the sun growing hot on my back, and I tried to get the swing into the shade, but the rope would only go so far. Finally, I hollered up at Pat to come out and swing me off the building. We would all do that on the weekends, where we'd crawl up the ladder to the building behind our house and swing off the building. It was my brother's idea to do this, but my mom would get so mad when we would. I was excited to feel the rush, so we did it anyway. It seemed like forever, but Pat finally came down. He said we couldn't swing off the building because mom was probably on her way home, and he had to get ready for work. I sometimes wished he didn't have to work at night, but dishes and cooking for a hotel was all he could do because of his arm. And the night shift job was what he

took. Then he said he would always be beside me when I swing.

Pat went into the house, and it was quiet outside. No birds, no cars, nothing. Everything felt still. I was a little scared to be out by myself, but I couldn't figure out why. I was sad and decided to get off the swing and go in. I thought Pat was acting weird because he never refused to push me on the swing. Maybe he wasn't feeling good; he didn't look right. I glanced back at the tree house, and I could swear the trap door was left open. I never thought that would happen. I was heading in the back door to tell Pat, but mom pulled up in front of the house and honked. I ran out to the car and asked mom if I could ride along to take Pat to work, and she said I could. I opened the car door of our Country Squire Station Wagon which was big enough to take all of us kids and friends to school, and a lot of room for all the camping supplies. I always felt like it was a hearse because it was so big.

I got in the front seat and sat next to mom, and she asked me about my day. I told her I didn't have much to do all day. I felt sad that Judy wasn't around and that my other friends weren't home across the street. I kept looking up to the porch, and Pat was taking a while to get to the car. Then, my mom started honking the horn. I could tell mom was getting mad, and I didn't dare say anything because she was the type that if you did something wrong, she would make you get your switch off the tree for your spanking. Mom opened a bottle of Pepsi with her bottle

opener from her glove box and lit a cigarette. Finally, Pat came out the door and got into the car.

My mother looked at Pat as we were pulling away and said it was almost 5 p.m., and he might be late to work because he took too long to get to the car. I looked up at Pat; he didn't look like my brother; he looked ash gray. Also, Pat had not combed his hair and didn't smell very good. My mother asked Pat if he had showered today, and Pat said he didn't have time. I sat between them, as their conversation seemed stressed. Pat acted like this was the last place he wanted to be. He kept looking out the window, at that moment the only thing I wanted was to hold my brother. Finally, my mother asked him if he'd cleaned out his bedroom and all the models and all the nooses. Pat just stared straight ahead and said no, there were more important things that day to do. I learned years later that he'd taken the time to say goodbye to several people.

Suddenly, mom backhanded Pat and hit him right in the face. Her arm hit my nose, and her hand hit him in the mouth.

I screamed, "Why did you do that? He is going to die." My brother yelled at my mom for hitting him and said she would regret it. I cried so hard, and we were pulling up to the hotel where Pat worked as a dishwasher, and Pat told me with his eyes that this would be the last time I see him. I watched him enter the hotel and put on his apron in the doorway. This night was the beginning of his end.

RAW: Afterlife vs Schizophrenia

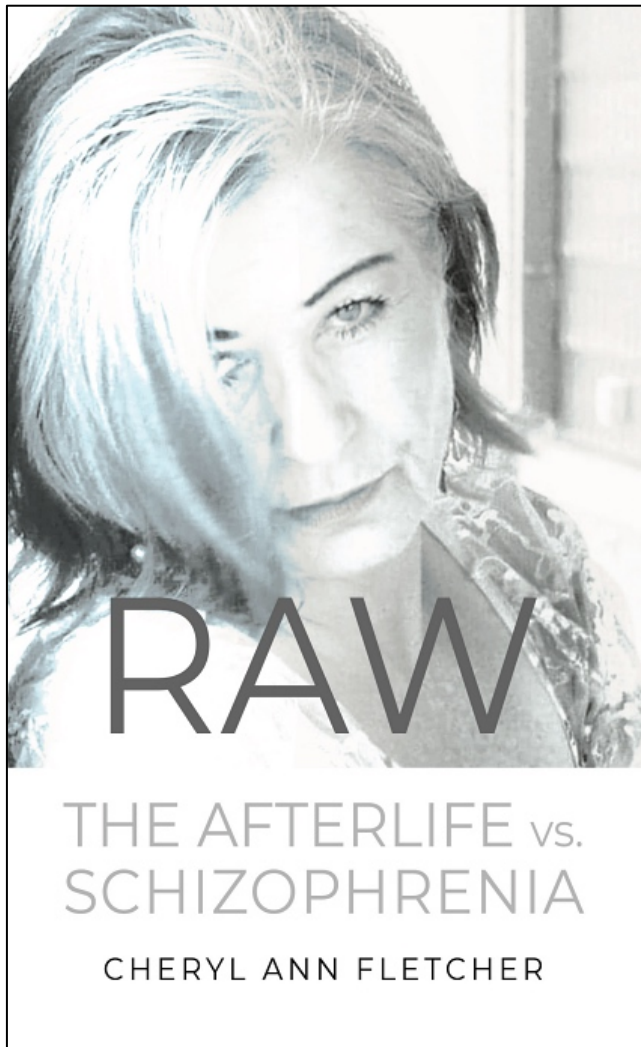
I cried harder on the way home. I couldn't see through my tears, and I told my mom I would never see Pat again. She said you will tomorrow. I knew differently. She would live to regret this day, and I knew it. I became sick and threw up in the car, and my mother pulled over into a gas station and cleaned it up. I went into the bathroom and washed my face. I wasn't about to help her clean it up, and right then, I hated my mom. The drive home was terrifyingly quiet. I knew something was going to happen to Pat, and I wanted to run to him to hold him and tell him to come home. I counted 33 street lights on the way home and three dogs; someone once said it comes in numbers of three.

We arrived home, and I got out, slammed the door, and went on in. Mom came in shortly after, and I decided to lie on the couch. It was time for the news to come on, and I knew mom would want to hear that. She asked if we wanted fried chicken for dinner at our favorite diner. It was Lincoln's favorite chicken place and it appeared that a lot of people would go because the parking lot was always full of cars.

It was still early, and I heard one of my sisters say she had to be at work at 7 p.m. Mom said to take her uniform with us, so she could drop her off after. We left to eat south of town because they had the best chicken dinners and candy to buy after dinner by the counter when you paid. After we finished, my sister told mom she would get a ride home.

I knew she would get a ride from her boyfriend late, and sometimes she would sit in his car and kiss until mom would start flashing the porch light, then she'd come right in. Mom always waited up for us because we were girls, I thought. When we were heading home, mom reminded me that I needed to take a bath. Once I got into the house, I went to the closet, got my pajamas, and went to the bathroom. I ran the tub of water and got in. I washed my hair, shut my eyes, and the lights went off. I yelled for mom, and she came in and asked me why the lights were off, and I said I don't know. She left, shut the door, and told me not to be in the tub too long. I finished up, put on my pajamas, and went into the front room. Mom was watching some detective show, but it was almost over, so I waited because I knew she would watch another right after.

I lay down next to mom and fell asleep. Mom woke me up when the news was coming on. I went on to bed. That is when the dreams started. Restless throughout many nights of seeing things in my dreams that made no sense to me. I would dream of old cars and people dressed like the Mafia people. But I was in these as if they were mini-movies. And I would see things that were going to happen, but I didn't know that then. These soon became visions during the day, sometimes partially there and sometimes just bits and pieces for me to put together. My mind didn't want to shut off, and I kept dreaming throughout the night.



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