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I am writing this paper because, after taking a course in Supernatural Folklore and reading various accounts of "how to put a hex on someone" I felt a need to describe my personal experiences, and to explain that most of the strange accessories referred to are unnecessary.

I read an account which stated that the person doing the hexing had to balance on one leg--the left one I think--and extend their left arm fully toward the person they wished to hex. The index and small fingers should also be extended, with the rest of the fingers made into a fist. I don't mean to be too flippant about this but...what is the "hexee" supposed to be doing while you are doing this balancing act?

I am now going to relate my various experiences and the reader may decide whether these were hexes or mere coincidences. Throughout this paper, for ease of communication, I will refer to what took place on each occasion as a hex.

The first time occurred when I was about thirteen years old. I was always a very good student in school, and consequently all of my teachers liked me. I got lots of special attention and privileges from everyone--everyone, that is, except one teacher. One Miss Smith (yes, that really was her name!). For some reason she disliked me intensely, and was extremely unfair in her behaviour toward me. I will not take time to go into any of the things that she did, in fact, I probably could not remember them without difficulty, but I will say that they were very noticeable to people other than me.

One day Miss Smith did something--I don't recall what--but she made me very angry, and later I told some of my classmates that I was going to put a hex on her.

What I did exactly was to stand very still, point my first two fingers on my right hand directly toward the unsuspecting teacher. I don't think that it would matter which hand was used,

however, nor even which or how many fingers. The object is to somehow concentrate the energy toward its target. The main ingredient is the feeling involved. One of the reasons for becoming completely still is so that I could become totally oblivious of everything except my anger and resentment toward the person I was hexing. I waited until the feelings were just about at boiling point and then I "aimed my fingers" directly at the other person, making very sure that no-one else got in the way.

Miss Smith was the first time I had ever tried to hex anyone, and it was done very much as a spur-of-the-moment joke. When we heard that she had broken her ankle later that day I was the class heroine, and basked in the honor. However, I never really believed that it was anything more than a coincidence, and I am sure that my friends probably felt that way too underneath all of the jesting.

The next time that I decided to put a hex on someone was a couple of years later--I do not lose my temper very often!

My father had done something which was, again, very unfair, and I was extremely angry. I will repeat that I never did believe that the first time had been anything more than coincidence, but somehow my feelings of powerlessness on that occasion were eased when I subjected my father to the same treatment as Miss Smith had received. My father broke his wrist that evening! I was shocked. I felt guilty. I still did not really believe that I was responsible, but I vowed not to take any chances in the future--just in case. No more hexing for me...

... until I went skiing in Aspen! My ski instructor was very good-looking and charming, and I liked him very much. I had finally managed to make him notice that behind that clutz on two skis was a cute kid. We were all set to ride up on the ski lift together (and it was a long ride), when some woman started to babble on and on about being afraid to go up on the lift alone.

My gallant instructor offered to let her ride with me. I was furious. After all, she would not have had to ride alone, seats are too scarce for that. She would have been put with someone--why me? I was very, very angry...and I forgot.

The ski lift was the second stage of the journey up the mountain, consequently we were pretty high up before we even left the loading platform. Luckily, however, we ran along some fairly level ground at first and the lift was only about ten feet above the ground for several minutes after we took off. I don't know how she fell off, but one minute she was there, still babbling away, and the next minute she was on the ground. Evidently she must have failed to fasten her side of the bar properly or it had come loose or something. A few minutes later and she would have fallen about 100 feet. As it was, she suffered nothing more serious than a broken leg!

I would like to be able to say that I never hexed anyone after that, but I have done so on a few occasions--never without what I felt to be just cause. The other "coincidences" include a broken ankle, a broken arm, and a burned building (no-one was inside at the time). Whether this is really a power that I possess or not, it used to frighten me and it is not something that I like to talk about. I have learned to live with it, however, and to control my feelings.

Most accounts of things like this happening seem to involve teenagers, especially young girls. I believe that there is a tremendous build-up of tension within the person, and a great and overbearing sense of powerlessness. One day this finally builds up to such a level that it must explode, and if it is directed entirely toward one particular object or person then that object or person suffers. I felt this long before I read anything about the subject, and my theory does seem to be substantiated by the "experts" on the matter.

Well, those are the facts...it is up to you to decide for yourself what caused them.