

## [Transcript] Morbid / Episode 472: Listener Tales 75

You're listening to a Morbid Network podcast.

Mike Williams set off on a hunting trip into the swamps of North Florida where it was thought he met a gruesome fate in the jaws of hungry alligators, except that's not what happened at all.

And after the uncovering of a secret love triangle, the truth would finally be revealed.

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Hey, weirdos, I'm Alena, I'm Ash.

And this is Morbid.

It's a listener tale.

I fucking love listener tales, and for some reason I feel like we haven't done a listener tale in so long.

Thank you.

When we said it was listener tale week, I was like, wait a second, it's been four and a half years, though.

Truly.

Since the last one.

I don't even.

It was with John Lee Brody.

Yeah.

And I think the one before that was with Bailey Sarian.

Because we had guests on them for a little bit, it felt different, like not in a bad way.

But it felt like we didn't do them forever.

Yeah, it did feel that way.

Very strange.

Very, but here we are.

Here we are.

Here we are.

Back in action.

Just Ash and Elaine.

Just Ash and Elaine.

Doin' some listener tales.

I have a new nickname.

Yeah, just call it.

I don't think I've ever called you Elaine in my life.

No one has.

Because Elaine is an entirely different name.

And it's just taking away the uh.

Yeah, you might as well just say it.

I usually call you Lingi, if I'm not saying.

Yeah, you do.

That's true.

You can't say that.

But we think you can't do it.

Listener?

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No.

But Deb Deb put together a good group and a little listener tales here.

Does then she always pour one out for Deborah Deborah.

Always pour one out for Deb Deb.

Deborah Deborah.

And I think you're going to start, right?

No.

No.

Well shit, we're just going to sit here and silence them.

Yeah.

No, we agreed before then.

I would start.

We did.

We had a discussion.

We want to start with the best.

So of course here I am versus the worst, second is the best.

Just saying.

Mikey is the one with the hairy chest.

Mikey was just so immersed in work and he's like what?

He had his headphones on.

He's like excuse me.

I'm the worst.

You're the best and you're the one with the hairy chest.

Yeah.

You're great.

You're great.

All right.

Well the first listener tale is called listener tale mediocre medium the true tale of a second rate psychic and the uncle who haunted her for years before yeeting himself into generations E by sheer will and determination.

Wow.

I would say one more time for the people in the back.

That's a hard no for me.

That's a great title.

Fan fucking task.

I love that.

because now that I'm 27, I am Genreatric.

Oh my God.

What does that mean?

Hey, weirdos, I'll shorten, I'll shorten,

I'm already off to a good start.

I'll shorten this diatribe with the assurance that I have written before.

So I know you are already aware of how much I worship

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at the feet of my podcast princesses  
every underfilled moment of my life.

Damn.

But for the sake of the people involved in this tale,  
I would ask that you omit my real name  
and refer instead to my alter ego  
who rarely makes appearances unless she's drunk.

So welcome to the inner sanctum,  
affectionately known as Esmerelda Tafelmeyer.  
Esmerelda Tafelmeyer.

Obviously.

Hell yeah.

Distant cousin of the illustrious.

Illustrious.

Thank you, illustrious Anastasia Baverhausen.  
Baverhausen.

Insert Will and Grace reference here.

Did you watch Will and Grace?

I did, I wasn't like a, I didn't stay forever,  
but I like Will and Grace.

I never watched it.

It was a great show.

Yeah, I should try.

And the Northwoods, New Jersey,  
which with too many kids and too few fucks left to give.

Hell yeah.

Hell yeah.

While my home altar may be dedicated to Salatia,  
goddess of seawater.

That's beautiful.

I'm obsessed with you.

I am too, you have good vibes.

Rest assured that my brain altar is completely dedicated  
to you morbidly mystical mavens.

I had to swallow a burp.

And your supernatural abilities to keep my life on track.

I'm glad we're keeping your life on track.

Your spine is a rye, as you can tell with me  
swallowing a burp in the middle of my job.

Anyways, that's a purposefully, yes, purposefully.

Purposely.

You got this.

God, I'm ready for you to get this.

Undermedicated practitioner of the art of ADHD,

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even come crunch time.  
I know it can accomplish anything I put my distracted mind to.  
If I just tune into the podcast  
and pour another espresso shot  
into the oversized mug of coffee,  
I've already heated, reheated 32 times today  
because working parent.  
Wow, never related to something more in my life.  
Alina, relate to that so heavily  
because you constantly forget where your coffee is.  
And it's always in the microwave.  
Always in the microwave.  
Yesterday she's looking for it.  
And then come lunchtime, I go to heat up my lunch.  
I'm like, oh, here it is.  
Here it is.  
Yep.  
And then she wrote, or excuse me, they wrote,  
looking at you, Alina.  
See, you get it.  
You know exactly what I'm talking about.  
But any who, please don't get bored  
and not open this double spaced 14 point font attached  
to the potafa.  
I promise it's not a continuance  
of this word soup I've served you so far.  
I love it.  
Okay, promise may be too strong a word, but I digress.  
I'd say feel free to edit for brevity, but let's face it.  
If you've already read through the appetizer,  
I highly doubt you'll shorten the dessert.  
The tail is a lengthy one coming in at around 16 minutes.  
Yes, I timed it.  
But I am a fast reader and talker,  
so maybe more like 16.  
No, I'm not because never be sorry.  
Because you said sorry.  
Yeah, did I skip over the side?  
It's been a while since we did a Listener Tale.  
Maybe 16?  
No, I'm not because.  
Because.  
It's silly goofy mood time.  
We've listened our dance time.

Okay, everybody.  
I'm putting my hair up.  
So a little backstory when I was little,  
I used to hear my name being called sometimes faintly,  
sometimes right in my ear, but no one was ever there.  
I had a not so imaginary friend named Bobby  
until my mother, destroyer of dreams, decided to evict him.  
My mother is also a destroyer of dreams.  
Imagine that.  
Are they friends?  
Do they know each other?  
No, my mom doesn't have friends.  
But next friend was Laura.  
But I was sharp enough not to give my mother those deets.  
Fool me once, shame on me.  
Fool me twice, I may end up on a date line special.  
And orange is not my color.  
Hey, yo.  
I knew Bobby and Laura were as real as you and I.  
As real as the man who used to walk past my room every night.  
As real as the indigenous teen who stared at the sky  
from my backyard.  
That sounds like beautiful.  
I know.  
But as far as mommy dearest was concerned,  
if she couldn't see it, it did not exist.  
My little sister, on the other hand,  
was less sixth sense and more nostradamus.  
Wow.  
She had an uncanny neck for pulling  
information out of thin air.  
She could call out the lottery picks five minutes  
before Yolanda Vega called them.  
She knew what hands other people had when we played Gen Rummy.  
Get her to Vegas.  
For real.  
She once stated she was thirsty while we were visiting  
an old Spanish fort and just wandered off.  
When we found her, she was staring into a boarded up well  
saying she didn't understand who could have moved all the water.  
What?  
Yeah, we are freaks, but we've made peace with our demons  
and sometimes snuggle with them.  
I'm literally obsessed with you.

I am too.  
Because I was the decided the awkward child,  
both socially and physically.  
I didn't really have many real life friends.  
Kids in school called me a no at all.  
I was.  
Hello and diagnosed ASD and ADHD.  
I also hear that.  
So don't worry.  
Own it.  
Oh, I've never said that to you.  
And a bitch.  
That too.  
Yeah, I've never heard that before.  
I have too.  
I wasn't.  
I just didn't understand social nuances and masking.  
I also feel that.  
I was very short and my slight frame  
was also rudely referenced by children and adults alike.  
Pull it together, society.  
You said I was too thin when I was little  
and now you say I'm too fat as an adult.  
Pick one.  
Yeah.  
That is literally so relatable.  
So my schedule was always wide open,  
making me readily available for chores and peer tutoring  
and being my mother's favorite victim of opportunity,  
which brings me to my story.  
I'm sorry.  
My tale begins in May of 1989.  
I was 11 years old and my parents  
said they were going to the movies.  
They couldn't find a babysitter.  
And my friendless ass was just disappointing  
my social climbing mother by lolling on the grass  
with a book instead of a boyfriend.  
So I guess she figured I was the next best thing.  
This would be my first time being  
home alone with my six year old sister.  
I'm sorry, but 11 years old babysitting a six year old  
is way too young.  
That feels young.

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It feels way too young to be home by yourself.  
I only had to watch her till we went to bed, about three hours.  
And it was still daylight when they left.  
So I was reasonably confident that everything would be OK.  
At the time, my uncle, my mother's brother,  
often couch surfed at her house.  
A street soldier for the mob, he had a bit of a checkered past  
and was a frequent guest of the state, if you know you know.  
Since my sister and I were so young,  
if Popo came looking for him, I thought you called him Popo.  
People have different names for their family.  
I don't know.  
Uncle Popo came.  
It's ironic.  
If the Popo came looking for him,  
my mom would say they were special security escorting him  
to some government event.  
If he was sentenced to time, my mom  
would call these stays off at college.  
Much to my mother's chagrin, the nerdy book  
room that I was felt so impressed with my uncle's  
dedication to higher learning.  
I would often brag about his staunch commitment  
to academia.  
Friends of the family would ask my mom,  
how's your brother holding up?  
And I would happily cheer about how smart he was.  
I'm obsessed with this.  
My parents would roll their eyes and reply,  
as well as can be expected.  
Secretly, I knew they were probably just  
jealous of his intellectual prowess.  
Fucking amateurs, am I right?  
You are right.  
But anyway, back to the nighting question.  
I love you.  
You're so much fun.  
Hi there, morbid listeners.  
It's Ash and Alina.  
As you all know, on our show, we share a passion for all  
things spooky, the paranormal, and of course,  
some mind-blowing true crime cases.  
There's another podcast that we think you will all enjoy  
called Suspect, Five Shots in the Dark.

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This latest season looks at a case with two victims, one murdered in cold blood and one imprisoned for a crime he didn't commit.

It follows Leon Benson's story, a man who spent more than half of his life, a total of 24 years, in an Indiana state prison for the murder of Casey Shane, a man he never met.

There was no physical evidence, no known motive, and no one coming forward with information.

He was sentenced to 60 years in prison, all because one person swore they saw something.

But what if she was wrong?

From Wondery in Campside Media comes season three of the hit podcast, Suspect.

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I was about three quarters of the way through my stint as honorary member of the babysitters club and was doing quite well if you asked me.

My sister and I had already eaten about half the contents of the snack cabinet and, brilliant as we were, carefully hidden all the evidence and wrappers

behind the healthy cereal boxes that my mom insisted on buying and that no one in our house ever touched.

My sister was safely tucked away in bed and I was in my bedroom with the lights out, brave bitch in the TV on.

Back then there was actual music on MTV.

So I was quite contentedly eating candy and watching Madonna worship a crucified man while undulating in black lace on my screen.

I was obsessed with that music video.

I don't think I've ever seen that music video.

Well, we're gonna show it to you after this.

I love that. I can't wait.

It's iconic.

You know, totally appropriate viewing for an 11-year-old in the 80s.

As one does, I reached over to my dresser and grabbed my heavy silver plate brush, the one that everyone's nana bought them in the 80s.

Yup.

Ma still has hers.

Yup.

And I started using it as a microphone



and dancing around on my bed to make my two by four  
of a prepubescent body create the moves  
that was watching Madge effortlessly perform  
while probably actually looking like I was having a seizure.  
Of course, as we all know,  
it is only when we are dancing like nobody is watching  
that someone will inevitably be watching.  
Spinning madly, I shot my best sultry look  
over my bird bone of a shoulder  
just as my bedroom door was opening  
and my uncle peeked his head into the room.  
To his credit, he didn't laugh at me.  
He just waved and walked back out into the hallway,  
presumably to lay on the couch  
and watch them inappropriate programming of his own.  
Knowing he was probably tired from all his studying,  
I turned down the volume and tuned in whatever mundane  
and disgustingly family friendly TV show  
that would have been popular in that era  
and waited for my parents to come home  
and hopefully pay me for my superior babysitting skills.  
About an hour later, my mom came into my bedroom  
where I was now dutifully in my PJs,  
brushing my knee length, stick straight hair  
that I would give almost anything to have back.  
My third pregnancy fucked me up, y'all.  
One day I had luscious cascade of sleek hair  
and by the end of those nine months,  
I had a curly mess reminiscent of Deborah Messing  
in the unflattering college flashback scenes of Will and Grace.  
I feel that's so hard.  
Your hair looks great though.  
I gave my hair to my kids.  
I know, I'm glad that they at least have it.  
That's funny, I literally told them that today.  
Yeah, I was like, enjoy it.  
I was like, you guys have beautiful hair,  
you stole it from my mom.  
My mom was not pleased that the TV was still on  
and semi-loudly admonished me for not being in bed yet.  
I apologized and silently seethe that this would definitely  
dash my dreams of being financially compensated  
for my efforts and warned her not to talk too loudly  
because my uncle was sleeping on the couch.

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Ladies, when I say I should have just yes-mammed  
my way under the covers and shut the fuck up,  
I mean, I should have yes-mammed my way under the covers  
and shut the fuck up.  
My mother stood stock still,  
a look of absolute rage on her face.  
Oh no, I don't like this at all.  
My mom exists in a world where there are only two occasions  
worth moving at the speed of light.  
One is trigger warning, the rope drop at Disney World.  
That is a trigger warning.  
Sorry, Alina.  
And I must shamefully confess that trait  
has somehow been passed down to me.  
Thankfully, being a Disney adult is the only toxic trait  
I have inherited from my eggdarker though.  
And the other is disciplining her children.  
Oh no, I'm really upset about this.  
No matter how prepared you may think you are  
for this woman's outburst of fury, you're wrong.  
We're talking breakneck speed here.  
One minute you're standing at the top of the stairs  
talking on the phone,  
and the next minute you're dangling above the staircase  
suspended by your little house on the prairie braids.  
Oh my God.  
I hate this.  
On this particular occasion,  
she employed the old swipe and strike  
and one deft maneuver she swapped me on the head  
with my own brush. Oh my God.  
Before I even had the good sense to duck.  
Assuming my error had been telling her to lower her voice,  
I hastily apologized and assured her  
I was just trying to be helpful.  
That's awful.  
But she wasn't having it.  
This is really terrible.  
She leaned over the bed and coldly informed me  
that she did not know how I had found out  
where she had really gone that evening.  
But that joking about her brother being in the house  
during her brother's funeral wake  
was neither amusing nor acceptable.

Oh wow.  
Okay, that's horrifying in every way.  
That can be horrifying.  
All the ways.  
I'm really sorry.  
That like broke my heart to think of you like apologizing  
for just saying a sentence like.  
And it's just like so sad to like think of you  
one second dancing to Madonna in the next second.  
And the other second being blacked in the face  
with a brush because you spoke to your mother.  
Yeah, I'm sorry.  
That's fucked up.  
But yep, I saw my uncle in my room the same night  
he was having his visitation at the funeral home.  
I know he wasn't trying to start shit,  
but damn, if he needed to say goodbye,  
he could have at least waited  
until I knew he was gone.  
Am I right?  
I know he wasn't trying to start shit.  
I tried to explain it to my mom  
that I did not know how I had seen him  
or how to make it happen again  
to which my mom remarked that she guessed  
I was a mediocre medium, wasn't I?  
No, you're a great medium.  
Yeah, she's being a coon.  
Having no idea what a medium was,  
I gave up and went to bed.  
And then you just went to bed.  
That just like breaks my heart.  
Yeah, and what a way to tell you that your uncle's past.  
What did size have to do with seeing people  
nobody else could see?  
Ha ha.  
It's true.  
So yeah, I now knew for sure I could see dead people,  
especially that particular dead person.  
Over the next 10 years,  
he would turn up in my living room, my hallway,  
my bathroom mirror,  
which TBH scared the ever-loving shit out of me.  
We had a little chat after that,

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wherein I heartily encouraged him to move on.  
Don't show up in mirrors, man.  
But overall, I accepted it.  
I chatted out loud while doing dishes and vacuuming.  
And one day, he just seemed to have taken my advice  
and left, as one does when one is deceased.  
Or so I thought.  
I'm done, done.  
Fast forward a few months,  
and I was working through a mind-numbing divorce.  
Oh my God, I'm sorry.  
I moved with my children into a 200-year-old farmhouse  
surrounded by cornfields.  
That sounds lovely.  
The motherfucking dream.  
Yeah, yeah, I know.  
Today, me is smarter, but yester-decade,  
me was young and dumb and full of romantic ideas.  
I get it.  
I get it.  
And don't call yourself an idiot, you're not.  
No, you're not, you're very smart.  
Excuse me, that was really a funny  
clearing of the throat.  
That was funny.  
Excuse me, while I'm funny,  
that house was beautiful.  
And thankfully, so were its ghosts.  
My older daughter would often tell me  
about the woman who would sing to them,  
and she would play endless games in her room  
with her imaginary friend, Teddy.  
I'd like to think I'm a good mother.  
I know you are.  
I definitely know you are.  
But I'm pretty sure a good mother would have called a priest  
or an exorcist at that point.  
But nope, not me.  
Someone wants to-  
No, they were being nice.  
Yeah, exactly.  
And they're making your kids happy, who cares?  
Someone wants to keep my kids out of my hair  
so I can have some me time.

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Fuck yeah, I'm in, even if they happen to be unalive.  
Like, just stay away from the light, Caroline.  
Other than that, have at it.  
I love you so much.  
So one day, my mother calls me and invites us to dinner.  
Oh, no.  
Oh, don't go there.  
Don't go there.  
Reluctantly, I agreed.  
My mom was not the best company,  
but back then she liked people to believe  
that she was a great cook.  
So she'd order for, what an asshole.  
She'd order for bougie ass restaurants  
and replayed everything.  
And I'm always-  
That sounds like something she'd do.  
It does.  
I know her now.  
Yeah, I get her.  
And I'm always down for some free fancy pants cuisine.  
So we went.  
Upon entering the dining room,  
I noticed that she'd hung a photo  
of my late uncle up on the wall.  
Before I could even explain who it was,  
my older daughter exclaimed,  
It's Teddy.  
Oh my goodness.  
I'm sorry, what?  
No, darling, it is most assuredly not Teddy.  
But there it was,  
the sudden realization that his name  
was something similar enough to that,  
a small child could have misunderstood  
or mispronounced it to be Teddy.  
Wow.  
My uncle had not moved on, he had moved in.  
I kind of love this.  
I do too.  
I hope you do too.  
Yeah, because it sounds like he knew  
that like you needed protection  
or like something to make you happy, you know?

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Then he's hanging out with your kids,  
just being a nice uncle.  
And like giving you time for yourself.  
Like, I love your uncle.  
Shortly after this enlightening occasion,  
I moved again, this time to a late community.  
My Nana passed away and sightings  
of my uncle became rarer.  
Satisfied that he had gone on with his mama,  
I looked forward to occupying a space  
where I knew everyone I lived with  
and everyone had a pulse.  
Until I realized that I may have jumped the gun.  
One day I emptied my kitchen counter  
in order to deep clean the Formica.  
Formica.  
Formica.  
Yes, Formica.  
We're just classy like that.  
What is a Formica?  
I don't know how to describe it.  
How would you describe Formica?  
It's kind of like...  
Linol...  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Linolium-y?  
Linolium-y.  
A little bit, yeah.  
Oh, okay.  
So to clean that.  
To clean that.  
Oh, it's like what the kitchen counter is made of, I see.  
Okay, okay.  
So yeah.  
Placing the last item on the kitchen table,  
I grabbed a rag and some bleach  
and turned back to the just cleaned off countertop  
to find it no longer cleared.  
In a straight line from one end of the counter  
to the other was a series of dimes.  
They say that dimes are used by like the dead to communicate.  
It was still early days for the interwebs,  
so I asked Jeeves.

Oh my God.  
If you know, you know.  
If you've listened to that Megan Thee Stallion song,  
love that.  
What that could mean and was relieved to find out  
that it was a good omen,  
a message of love from the other side.  
Satisfied, I was not living in the Amityville Horror House.  
I swooped the dimes into my pocket, pocketbook,  
tossed it on the table and cleaned the countertop.  
Whap!  
Something collapsed on the linoleum floor.  
Startled, I spun around to see what fell.  
It was my pocketbook.  
Now this thing wasn't teetering on the edge of the table.  
It was dead center of it.  
And none of the other items were on the floor.  
So even if it had somehow slid across the surface,  
it could not have averted all the other items  
without pushing them down as well.  
No, this thing was clearly lifted  
and dropped onto the floor.  
I hurriedly collected the dimes back out of my bag  
and put them in a mason jar in my window sill  
where they remained for years without further incident.  
I love that.  
After that, for the better part of a decade,  
I experienced nothing out of the ordinary.  
My older daughter did, but we worked through her fears.  
And while hers never completely went away,  
she did learn how to manage it well.  
Wow.  
I joked to myself that while I was maybe a failed medium,  
she was an accomplished small.  
Oh!  
That's really cute.  
And I kind of love that you took your mom's, like, insult.  
Insult and made it a nice memory for you.  
It made it a nice.  
It made it a nice.  
You made it nice.  
Over the course of several years,  
she would tell me about impending storms  
and natural disasters, people who were,

who would soon be pregnant.

And if she saw anyone who had messages for us,  
our Nana, our grandfather, friends who left too soon,  
et cetera, et cetera, nothing terribly scary,  
just random info.

My younger daughter also developed a limited ability  
to see a deceased friend visited her room,  
excuse me, to see a deceased friend visited her in her room.

But by the next, sorry,  
but by the time the next kiddo in line was born,  
the trait seemed to have died out of the bloodline.

Things had so completely settled down  
that I never even thought to tell my now husband  
about any of it until we were pregnant  
with my youngest child.

Shortly after finding out he was a boy,  
we were trying to, we were trying out different names.

For some reason, it was really nagging at me  
to name this one after my uncle.

The pull was so strong, I even dreamed about it.

One day, my husband suggested  
my uncle's name out of the blue.

I happily agreed and told him the whole story.

I thought it would be a nice way to honor the man  
who checked up on us so steadily and for so many years.

So when the time came, that's exactly what we did.

I love that.

I do too, but, oh no.

Well, ladies, that may have been a teensy mistake.

This is a roller coaster.

This is.

From the time my youngest would talk, oh my God.

From the time my youngest could talk,  
he would say the creepiest things.

One time he asked if we could take the train,  
trigger warning, to Disney World.

Like we did before.

I told him we always drove there  
and that he had never been on that train.

He went on to correct me telling me  
that of course he had been.

The interior was blue  
and the blanket we had on his seat was blue velvet.

Wow.



Electricity shot through my body.  
I remembered that ride.  
It was an extended family vacation.  
Everyone had been there,  
but it happened when I was four years old.  
Whoa.  
That's freaky.  
I steered him away from the train conversation  
and told him we would most assuredly be going to Disney,  
but by car.  
My son agreed that that would be okay.  
And then asked if he could ride with another family member  
like he used to on the ride down.  
Holy shit.  
Again, this child has never ridden with anyone but us.  
But sure enough,  
he perfectly described the brand new Oldsmobile  
we'd taken to Florida with that family member  
when I was around six years old.  
Wow.  
He eventually dropped it.  
But later on he asked if he could get new Mickey ears  
with his name stitched onto them like he used to have.  
Oh God.  
Now I already warned you that I'm a Disney adult.  
So yes, my kid already had several sets of Mickey ears,  
but they were all themed ears like R2D2 and Toy Story.  
None were just regular ears.  
He had never had a pair with his name on them  
because the 21st century is scary as fuck.  
And there are too many weirdos  
who could use that info to harm him.  
I'm not stupid.  
I listened to more big podcast y'all.  
I told him he could get new ears,  
but that he had never had ones like he had described.  
And the new ones probably wouldn't be like that either.  
He rolled his eyes at me and said that he did too,  
in fact, have a pair with his name on them.  
And then calmly pointed to a photograph of my Nana  
and said, back when she was my mom, remember?  
Whoa.  
He said, you were a baby and we all went to Disney World.  
And she said, we should all get ears

with our names on them.

Now ladies, I have no personal knowledge of these ears.

However, I do have personal knowledge of photographs of a family vacation to Disney when I was a baby.

A vacation my uncle attended.

A vacation wherein my Nana bought everyone ears with their names on them

so we could take a family portrait with them.

Wow.

I have to assume that this was what my son was referring to.

Again, I'm sorry, what?

This is wild.

That's, it's wild, but it's also so fucking cool.

Oh, it's so cool.

Like, I can't imagine it being in that moment.

Yes, because you're like, oh my God.

You are actually reincarnated.

You're my child.

I was like, uncle?

You're my child, but my uncle.

Other strange things have been my son's ability to identify photos of people who passed long before he was born, random memories that he could not have, and knowledge of events that predate his birth.

When my grandfather passed away a few years ago,

my son told me not to worry

because Pop Pop was hanging out with Joe

full on last name now.

Come again?

Joe was my grandfather's best friend.

Joe died long before my son was born.

I have no photos of Joe,

and since I no longer had any relationship

with my mother anymore,

he would not have seen a picture or heard his name either.

My son could not have known about Joe,

and yet here we sat in stunned silence,

my son's pensive and mine apprehensive.

Wow.

Another time he asked me to make pasta fissure.

You didn't even have to give me that pronunciation

because I fucking love pasta fissure.

Oh, I love pasta fissure as well.

And he asked if she could make it like when he was little.

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I never made pasta fissure, y'all.  
Oh, I added the y'all.  
No one in the family did aside from my Nana.  
When I clarified once again, he said,  
oh yeah, I meant when I used to be little.  
Oh my God.  
The other time, when she was my mom.  
Wow.  
I sadly informed him that the recipe was lost  
when she passed away,  
and he calmly informed me that it was in the green box.  
What the fuck?  
What green box?  
I was perplexed.  
Later on, I mentioned it to my husband  
who suggested he may have been talking about a green box  
we had recently come across  
when going through some of my grandfather's belongings.  
Sure enough, I went downstairs, opened the box,  
and what did I find?  
Spoiler alert, I make pasta fissure now.  
I'm upset.  
That's awesome, and I would love some.  
I love this.  
Also fun fact, I also found coupons from the 1970s  
and a mail order hardcover cookbook offer for \$199.  
Oh my God.  
Ha, ha, ha, wonder if I could still cash that baby in.  
Try it.  
And whom do I have to thank for that?  
These days, my son does not remember  
as much as he used to about when he was being raised  
by my Nana.  
Whether one chooses to believe that it's true or not  
is completely up to themselves.  
I, for one, am a believer, make me too.  
And I think it gives me a unique perspective on life  
and death, definitely.  
I don't claim to know where we go,  
but I know for a fact that one way or the other,  
we do go on.  
On the upshot, at least I know to keep an eye on my son  
to keep him from repeating his last life's mistakes.  
But on the other hand, it's more of a smidgen weird

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to think that I am currently raising someone  
who knows more about my childhood than I do.  
That is very strange.  
And who has known me longer than I have known him.  
That's wild.  
That's a wild statement.  
And that, my morbid mistresses,  
is my long ass story of being a mediocre,  
I just burped through that, I'm so sorry.  
You are like, I'm a burpy, lurpy.  
I mean, what else is new?  
It is my long ass story of being a mediocre medium  
who was haunted by my own uncle,  
who was so desperate for a do-over  
that he heated himself into my son's body.  
Oh, and in case you were wondering,  
and in case you were wondering,  
my sister still has mad skills.  
Her favorite parlor trick to date  
is waking up to a roulette table,  
walking up to a roulette table,  
laying an obscene amount of money down  
and calling it accurately color and number alike.  
Wow, that's crazy.  
She doesn't do it often.  
She doesn't need the money.  
I think it's just a fun little rush for her.  
I love her too.  
Maybe she does it for her friends.  
Maybe she does it for the clout.  
Fuck, I don't know.  
Maybe she does it for the gram, as the youngins say.  
But she's still got it.  
Love you both so much.  
And if you happen to read this on the podcast,  
thank you so much as well.  
Love and mush Esmeralda Tafelmeyer.  
Esmeralda.  
Don't forget to keep an open mind and to keep it weird,  
but not so weird that, take it away, Ash.  
But not so weird that you ever are mean to your kid like that  
because I really hated that part  
where you got hit with a brush  
and you should have never gotten hit

with a pretty brush either.  
Like, that sucks.  
But do keep it so weird that your uncle reincarnates  
into one of your kid's proddies  
because I think that's really fucking cool.  
And how awesome to have all those memories  
and find the pasta visual recipe.  
That is great.  
Yes. All of that.  
I love you Esmeralda.  
I think you are amazing.  
That was such a story.  
That was incredible.  
And I believe you.  
I believe it.  
I believe you.  
And those stories are like some of my favorite kind.  
All right, so my next one,  
because Esmeralda just really laid the groundwork  
for a great episode here.  
Truly.  
My next one is entitled, A Forest Full of Bodies.  
Oh, yeah.  
Hey, Lena and Ash, I've attached my 14-point font,  
PDF of a listener tale.  
Oh, yeah.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
I love it.  
It's a weird one, and it's long.  
What?  
You said PDF, because it does not say put-of-a.  
It says PDF.  
It always says put-of-a.  
But I know that if you read it,  
you won't cut it down for time,  
because you're great like that.  
Thanks for all you do.

I'm horrified.

Let's see.

You'll get over it.

I know it.

Oh, my God.

Do you hear her?

Do you hear her?

Hi, Lena and Ash.

I feel very unqualified to write in,  
because the stories you read on the show  
are always so well-written.

But this story is so crazy.

I've never heard it covered on anything  
other than local news,  
and I think it's right up y'all's alley.

Ooh.

My name, you can use it, is Erin.

Hi, Erin.

I like how you spell it.

And I grew up in a small town in northwest Georgia.

Just in case you read this on the show,  
I feel obligated to say that there are some  
really nice things about growing up and living  
in a small town, and that the south isn't a monolith.

Yeah.

There are so many good people here,  
and some of us have chosen to stay so that  
we can bring out the best parts of our communities  
and squash the yucky parts.

Hell yeah.

I traded my original small town for another one  
when I moved to Alabama for law school,  
and I love my people here.

Sorry for my tangent, but it makes me sad  
and a little frustrated when people paint the south  
with a broad brush, and assume we're all  
intolerant backwoods assholes.

Well, thank you for painting it another way.

Yeah.

Anyway, my listener tale is about a backwoods asshole.

Or at least a seriously unwell man  
who lived about 15 minutes from my childhood home.

Did you really still out on which one he is?

Because he's never given an answer

for why he did what he did.

But boy, did he do it.

Uh-oh.

I was about six or seven in 2002,  
when the news first broke that almost 350 bodies  
had been discovered in the woods in a community so small,  
it doesn't have its own zip code.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

What the fuck?

I never heard of this.

Neither have I.

It all started with a concerned propane delivery driver.  
He called in his concerns to the county sheriff's department  
after making two separate deliveries  
to a crematorium in Northwest Georgia.

Some deputies went out, but apparently  
didn't find anything weird.

It's unclear what he saw that was alarming,  
but I've always wondered if it was him who called in the anonymous  
tip to the EPA in Atlanta in early 2012.

Either way, someone called in the tip telling the EPA  
that something was seriously wrong at this crematorium.

After receiving it, the agency set officers out to investigate,  
and they found some skeletal remains.

That was just the beginning.

Officers returned to the crematorium after that.

This time, they discovered much more than a skull  
and some other bones.

What they found would change the lives of thousands  
and would rock the community forever.

What did they find?

339 bodies decomposing in the woods.

Holy shit.

What?

339 bodies.

The scene was so massive that a federal disaster team  
was called in, and a portable morgue  
had to be brought down from Maryland.

The team began trying to identify the remains,  
but the task was impossible in many cases  
because so many were in such advanced stages of decomposition.

Of the 339 bodies that were found, 226 were identified.

It makes me so sad that there were so many left unidentified,  
but that is incredible that they could get 226.

It turns out that the crematory's owner, Brent Marsh, had been essentially hoarding bodies instead of cremating them.

Why?

When families would come to retrieve their loved ones' remains, he would simply give them an urn full of concrete dust.

Oh my God.

113 sets of family and friends will never know if they received an urn full of dust.

Oh my God.

That's fucked up.

Marsh was charged by the state of Georgia with 787 separate counts, including abuse of a corpse.

If the internet is correct, the county DA even created a new law in order to prosecute him.

Marsh pleaded guilty, but never offered an explanation.

When entering his guilty plea, he said, to those of you who may have come here today looking for answers, I cannot give you.

No, you definitely can.

You need to give people some kind of fucking answer.

I do remember one rumor that he wanted to see how bodies decomposed in different conditions and created his own makeshift body farm.

There's like real body farms, though.

Right.

With people who have volunteered to do that after death.

Exactly.

And have let it down and have given their consent.

Wow.

But I don't know how true that is.

There were lots of rumors about the situation, including one that his father, from whom he inherited the crematorium and who also installed septic tanks, put bodies underneath those too.

Did people investigate that?

It's all even more confusing when you consider that it would have been easier for Marsh to properly cremate the deceased than it was for him to do what he did.

Apparently he claimed at one point



that the crematorium wasn't working,  
but it was tested and found to be working fine.  
And even if it wasn't,  
proper maintenance would have kept it in good shape.  
About five years later,  
Marsh's lawyers claimed that Marsh was suffering  
from mercury toxicity.  
They said that the ventilation of the crematory  
was not working properly,  
and he received mercury toxicity  
from cremating those with mercury fillings in their teeth.  
What?

I don't know if mercury toxicity can make you stage  
339 people's bodies on your property,  
but that explanation seems sus to me.  
Either way, we've never received an answer  
about why it happened,  
and the friends and families of the 113 unidentified people  
have never found out  
if their loved ones were properly cremated.

Oh, that's so sad.  
And to think that people  
had their loved ones cremated there,  
thought they did,  
and you don't know if what you have is concrete dust,  
or your loved one,  
and if your loved one is possibly one of the ones  
that just decomposed in the woods somewhere.

No, that's so horrific.  
And to think that every time you pass by  
an urn of your loved one,  
you think, oh, hi, someone's there.  
Yeah, but maybe they're not.  
And then now every time you're walking past that,  
you're like, are you there?

Are you there?  
Is that you in there?  
That gives comfort.

That's so fucked up.  
Several civil suits followed as well,  
and as part of one of the settlements,  
all of the buildings on the property  
were torn down a few years later.

Good.

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As for Marsh, he was released from prison in 2006,  
and still lives in the county somewhere.  
He will be on probation for 75 years,  
which should be longer than he's alive.  
No, he should have been in jail the rest of his life.  
He was recently denied an early end to his probation,  
which put him back in the news.  
I scrolled through the comments on one of the news stories  
and saw person after person commenting  
about how they still lacked closure,  
because they still didn't know if the urn they were given  
contained their loved ones remains or concrete dust.  
Oh my God.  
I don't know how you heal from that,  
but I hope time is making their grief  
a little more manageable.  
That's how I feel.  
If you've read this far, thank you,  
and thanks for telling the whole world  
about the 113 people who will never know.  
They deserve to have their story told.  
Keep it weird, but not so weird  
that you leave 339 people's bodies in the woods  
instead of treating them with the respect they deserve.  
Love and light, Aaron.  
Like, what the fuck goes on in some people's brains?  
I, how are you that evil?  
I, and to do it that many times and forever long, he did it.  
And then to say you don't have an answer  
as to why you did that,  
and no offer of like, I'm so sorry for what I've done,  
even though that never helps, but it's like, try it, man.  
Like, seriously, I'm,  
I wanna look further into that case.  
I wanna talk about that more,  
because that's- Wow.  
That's a wild one.  
There's gotta be more, like, I need to know all about this.  
Seriously, that's just really heartbreaking  
to think that there's that many people out there  
second guessing if they have their word.  
13 people who have no idea.  
And then like, if you're sitting there wondering  
if that's concrete dust,

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I feel like part of you would wanna like,  
get rid of that urn, but then you'd be like,  
fuck, what if it's not concrete dust?  
Yeah.  
Is there any way to have ashes tested?  
There must be a way that you could test it, I would assume.  
Right?  
But I don't know how to be on either.  
And then imagine having to go through that process.  
Yeah.  
Oh my.  
Oh man.  
That was a wild story.  
Thank you for sending that in there.  
And that's wild.  
But yeah, I think you should definitely look more into that.  
Maybe.  
That's an interesting.  
Cover the whole story.  
In a horrifying case.  
If possible, yeah.  
All right.  
Wow.  
My next one is the time my mom made a ghost listen.  
And it starts off, hello, my kindred spirits.  
Oh, I'm a New England transplant  
by way of KS in Oregon.  
Say it how your mama taught you,  
because local dialects and all, okay, so it's Oregon.  
Hell yeah.  
And really, we all know what the fuck you're saying  
either way.  
I love you.  
I literally love you.  
Honestly, I don't even know why I've never made that point.  
Like you guys all know what the fuck we're saying anyway.  
Well, and also my dad, literally the other day,  
we were out to lunch with him  
and he was talking about something and he said,  
Oregon, and I was like, Oregon.  
I was like, there it is.  
That's where it came from.  
I was like, that's where we got it from.  
I was like, all right.

And he was like, that's how I say it.  
I forget he had an explanation to us  
to why he said it that way.  
Yeah, I don't know.  
Yeah.  
Anyways, I've lived in the Boston area  
for almost 23 years now.  
So this is my home.  
I found you two in your underwater era.  
Actually found you about five episodes in, dammit.  
I've been listening to other true crime podcasts  
and Morbid showed up as a you may also like suggestion.  
Turns out the algorithm was spot fucking on  
and I've been listening ever since.  
My middle one, Liberty.  
Yes, you can use all the names.  
Mine is Abby.  
Hi again.  
Hi.  
But Liberty, who was 15 at the time  
and I would often listen to you while I was making dinner  
and she would just help or just chill with me.  
Because this was back when we only got one episode a week.  
No complaints, we all got to start somewhere  
and now you spoil us.  
And 15 year old could totally commit to once a week  
and hang out, sorry.  
And a 15 year old could totally commit to once a week  
hang out with mom in the kitchen.  
You two have banter that is so familiar to us both  
as this is how my neuro spicy offspring,  
my little sister and little old me tend to converse.  
I love that.  
Anywho, you two and all your new buds,  
Deb Deb, Mikey and all the new friends to the pod  
that have popped in have become family to Libby  
and me and both of us are so happy  
for your success and continued growth.  
Wow, you're wonderful, Abby.  
That was so sweet, thank you, Abby.  
Now on to the meat of it.  
My family is well gifted in the art of healing  
in intuitive ways and because of this  
have had many encounters with spooey and unseen.

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Some really disturbing, some just like,  
oh sure, mister or miss ghosty, I hear you.  
No, really, I hear them and my sister sees them  
and together we are the super ghost duo.  
Sorry, I did mention neuro spicy.  
One track mind is not mine.  
Now, if I can focus for just long enough,  
I will tell this tale.  
I was about a twinkle in the eye of my parents  
meaning I was about three years away from being born.  
One of my favorite stories happened to my family.  
I loved this one when I was growing up.  
Well, I loved all the ghost stories my family had  
as well as dinner conversations of my dad's day of work.  
He was a paramedic and would always have some gory tale  
like when he had a trainee and they showed up to a call  
and the guy was just chilling in his armchair  
holding his entire guts because his stitches had popped  
and well, it all spilled out.  
Oh my goodness, that's heinous.  
But now, but that is not the story for today.  
Thank you.  
And I'm honestly glad for that  
because we're eating lunch soon.  
But okay, it was the early 70s  
and my mom and dad had just gotten married  
and found a home they could afford.  
The house had originally been a home to a loving couple  
who had a whole last life in that house.  
The wife had died in the house for shadowing  
and the husband could no longer live in the house.  
So rented it out for a while to anyone who wanted to rent,  
you know, the 70s of it all.  
No credit check, no references and no worries.  
The last tenants that occupied the house  
were utter human trash for many reasons  
but I just need one, they mistreated their dogs.  
Oh yeah, that's it.  
That's all I needed to know.  
Yep, hate that.  
One thing they would let, excuse me,  
one thing they would do with their dogs  
was they would let them defecate and urinate just anywhere  
and then these absolute good for nothings

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would just put a wooden board over said bodily functions.

Ew.

That's so gross.

One thing I-

That's so much, that's more work than cleaning it up.

That's more work than taking them outside.

Yeah.

One thing I never thought to ask and now I must,  
where the hell are they getting all these boards from?

Truly.

After seeing this house, my mom and dad decided  
this was the house for them  
because they love to restore just about everything.  
Healers, we love a project.

I love that.

And so the house with all its ick, ick  
because no one touched the toxic mess  
that those tenants left was their first home.  
Side note, as a real estate broker of over 14 years,  
I cannot believe this was allowed  
but again, the 70s of it all.

They began immediately to restore the house  
by first making it safe to live in  
by removing all the poop and potty boards  
and ripping out carpets to restore the hardwood.  
Once it was habitable, they moved in.  
Now to understand the rest of the story,  
you will need to have a visual of the layout.  
There was a basement because all spooey stories need one.  
First floor and second floor.

The first floor was sort of split in half  
with the kitchen on one half and living room  
on the other half and dining room on the front of the house.  
The kitchen and the living room were separated  
by the stairway that went to the second floor.

There was a door at the bottom of the stairs  
and it opened up to the kitchen.

At the top of the stairs was a small hallway  
with two bedrooms off of them.

The kitchen also had a door that opened to the basement.

Well, it was a basement, but not like folks think today.

It was one of those with a dirt floor  
and sooty walls from the heating system.

Not a welcoming place, that basement.

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Okay, my parents move in and begin to tear off the wallpaper, put new wallpaper up, paint, put furniture where they want it, you know, make it their own.

My mom says it all started with the living room and putting furniture where they wanted it.

Turns out the ghosts like to redecorate and move the furniture around at night to where she wanted it.

Yes, my parents were sure it was the dead wife.

So in the morning, my mom, who was now preggers with my older sister, would put the moved items back and just go on with her day.

I think the ghost did not like her nonchalant attitude of just putting it back over and over again because the ghost turned it up a notch.

The next thing to happen was, remember the door at the bottom of the stairway that opened to the kitchen?

Well, that door took to opening, then slamming closed over and over and over again every morning.

At what time in the morning, you ask?

Around 3 a.m., of course.

With a swoosh open, a pause like the ghost needed to gain enough energy to slam it closed again and again.

It would last a few minutes and then stop.

One time, my parents had just repainted the kitchen wall white, and the morning after another door slamming fest, they found what looked like a hand, like the whole four fingers in the thumb, dug across the wall in soot from the basement door to the second floor stairway door.

Oh, I hate that.

That's so creepy.

Oh, that sounds like, you know, who's house.

Oh, I hate it, I hate it.

With the face?

Yes.

Mom and dad kept living there and fixing the house, and it was looking damn fine.

My sister had been born, and now the door slamming was starting to really upset my mom because my newborn baby sister was in the room on the other end of that small hallway,

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and every time that door at the bottom of the stair slammed, my mom, the badass, would rush down the hallway to save the terrified newborn.

Oh.

The basement, well, that is a place my mom would not go into, but my dad and my mom's brother had to fix or build something down there, honestly, can't remember.

While down there, they discovered a two by four hole dug into the dirt wall of the basement,

and they found it because while down there working, they noticed a breeze that came from that direction.

Basement should not have breezes, just saying.

No, they should not.

No.

This is a no-pull.

That is a no-pull.

And they should have left it alone, but, you know, they didn't.

They opened it because the dirt hole had a cover, and my dad owned the house, and the cover now.

He owned that cover now.

Exactly.

So yeah, open it.

Nope, holes should never be opened.

And found what they assumed was the previous owner's son's military medals.

That's really cool.

That's wild because of the time, the conflict or war they were associated with.

Well, the moving furniture started to do some new things after this.

The kitchen table chairs would be stacked in inhuman ways in the morning.

It was now really upsetting my parents, and my mom decided it was her house, and this needed to stop.

Hell yeah.

So she had a conversation with the wife that died in the house.

She said, look, I know this was your house, and you must have loved it, but we are now the owners.

We love this house and are just trying to fix it after all the abuse from the previous people that lived here.

You need to understand that the door slamming



and the furniture moving are scaring us.  
We want to stay here and continue to take care of the house,  
but won't be able to if you do not stop scaring us.  
What a badass.  
And that's such a nice way of saying it.  
Like, I know this was your house, and you loved it.  
We love it too.  
And we love it too.  
And she's being like, because she's probably  
pissed at the previous owners that completely  
desecrated that house, so she thinks they're just  
going to do the same thing.  
Exactly.  
She's being like, we want to fix what they did.  
Like, we don't want to be like them.  
Now, this, I suppose, could have backfired,  
but the ghost listened, and my mom  
said the energy of the house immediately lifted,  
and it actually looked brighter in the house after.  
Did the ghostly stuff stop?  
No, but it was different.  
Now my mom would hear my sister wake and cry,  
not because the door was slamming,  
but just normal baby things.  
Just baby things.  
She would get up to comfort her to find the cradle  
rocking on its own with my sister in it on so many occasions.  
Oh, my goodness.  
Sometimes she would wake up, just as mothers do,  
and go check on my sister to find her sleeping soundly.  
But the rocking chair in the room, I just got chills.  
I have chills all over.  
It would be rhythmically rocking.  
Like, there was someone watching over my sister sleeping.  
Oh, my god.  
That would scare the shit out of me.  
I'm not going to lie.  
But I love it so much, especially if it's like a good feeling.  
But it's beautiful, yeah.  
My mom always thought that the woman who once  
lived in the house, who raised her family there  
and had her debt there, was just trying to protect the house  
as it had been so disrespected before.  
Definitely.

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Once my mom told this woman that my parents just wanted the same opportunity for our family in that house and that my mom would love and protect this woman and protect the house, this woman became an ally and appeared to love my family.

Oh, my god, I love this.

I mean, how many people can say they had a ghost grandma?

I love that.

But that's what she became to my family.

Eventually, my dad had a job opportunity to relocate.

And so they left the house.

And my ghost G-ma behind all before I was born.

Bummer, I know.

Who's a bummer?

Aw.

But thanks for reading my story.

And next time, I will tell the story about the time

I saw what I now think was an angel,

but what my six-year-old organized religion-saturated brain thought was a fire demon, a diamond, in my grandparents' basement.

And don't forget to keep it so weird, but excuse me,

and don't forget to keep it so weird

that you tell the ghost to stop scaring you

and make a new supernatural family member.

I love that so much.

That's beautiful.

Like, I love that so much.

That was a delightful tale.

It really was.

Wow.

Dang.

I would almost say leave it on that, but I have one more.

And I love the subject line of this one.

I was going to say in the subject line, it's great.

You can't leave this one hanging.

Oh, but seriously, thank you for that.

That was amazing.

I know, I love that.

And your mom sounds like a badass.

I know, I love it.

We needed a good mom's story after that one.

Yeah, right?

So this one is entitled,

The Night My Husband Became a Scooby-Doo Villain.

Yeah.

Which is always a welcome thing.

Hey, weirdos, I've got a tale for you  
about the night that my husband was possessed  
by a Scooby-Doo ghoul during an attempted break-in.  
I'll attach the story and also a super creepy photo.

Much love to you ladies.

Hope to hear this on the podcast one day.

Here it is.

Oh, my goodness.

Oh, that's a fucking terrifying photo.

Oh, my goodness.

What is this?

He sounded like a TikTok sound.

It's like, oh, my goodness.

Oh, my damn.

Oh, I hate this.

Okay.

I don't like this at all.

Hey, weirdos.

I'd love nothing more than to hear you guys say my name.

But since I don't actually know where in the world  
the intruder who's staring stars in the story is, oh my.

I hate that.

I figured it would probably be best to change mine  
and my husband's name for the sake of the story.

That is smart.

Yes.

You can call me Michelle.

Michelle, my bell.

We'll call my husband Frank  
because I'm pretty sure he'd hate it  
and that's hilarious to me.

Frank, it's me.

Frank.

I found your podcast a couple months ago  
and now it's my current binge.

I'm one of those crazy people  
that can only listen to shit in order.

So I'm furiously consuming your podcast practically  
the entire day so that I can catch up.

Damn, that's gonna do something to you.

I know, I'm sorry.

Somehow keeping an earbud in one ear all day  
to listen to you ladies talk about murder  
and or spooky shit keeps me sane  
while I'm doing my day-to-day mom stuff.  
My husband is terrified of me laughing my ass off.  
We relate to that sentiment.  
Let's dive into it.  
I feel compelled to tell you  
to feel free to trim down as much as you would like  
but I know you ladies prefer to get all the tea.  
So I guess just hold onto your butts  
because I tend to be long-winded.  
I feel that too.  
It's a problem that I have absolutely no intention  
of working on me either.  
I'm a stay-at-home mom in Northern Minnesota.  
My husband is in construction  
and is often on the road during the week.  
Boo, I didn't say that, she did.  
However, on the night in question,  
he and his partner made a last minute change of plans  
and said, screw hotels, we're sick of them.  
Let's drive the three hours home  
to see our families for even just a little bit.  
This was obviously a break from their norm.  
So this person may have been watching your house.  
The night that we got the rudest fucking awakening ever  
was in September of 2021.  
Ooh, recent.  
Yeah, being Minnesota,  
there was already a chill in the air,  
leaves changing and falling.  
You know, that good shit we were, it was like.  
Hell yeah.  
This night, however, was warmer than it had been lately.  
My ass was helter-swelting  
and it was making me cranky as fuck.  
Sorry, my mans,  
I know you just drove all those extra miles  
to see me tonight, but don't fucking touch me.  
So I got up to open up one of our bedroom windows.  
No.  
The one on my husband's side of the bed.  
And that is perpendicular to our garage door outside.

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I know, I know, fresh air is for dead people.  
Anyway, I only had the window cracked a few inches,  
but I also had the blinds up a bit too,  
because although I love my cats  
down to the very depths of my soul,  
those dicks will 100% shred the blinds  
trying to sit in the open window.

Wow, yup.

At around 4.15 AM, I was awoken by a banging sound.  
I had figured it must have been either the chipmunks  
that live in our garage,  
despite our best live trapping and relocation efforts,  
or a squirrel.

I had been facing away from the window,  
but I rolled over and amidst my sleepy haze,  
my brain started ringing all sorts of alarm bells.  
It took me a hot moment,  
but suddenly my brain finally snapped to it  
and I realized that there was a fucking man  
at our window.

Oh my God.

Arm leaning against the window,  
just peering in,  
looking like this is the most normal fucking thing  
for a person to be doing  
right before the butt crack of dawn.

Oh my God.

Man, there's a man, Frank,  
where the words that came out of my mouth  
as I'm staring at the man just chilling,  
baseball cap backwards and everything.

What the fuck?

I start smacking the shit out of my husband  
to try to wake him up.

When he awoke and saw this motherfucker just staring at us,  
my dear sweet beloved husband  
tried to muster up a loud and threatening voice.

Oh no.

Guys, he really did genuinely try.

I know.

I gotta give him points for the effort.  
But between the confusion of being woken up  
in such a startling manner,  
brain too sleepy to even fully possess

what he's looking at  
and his voice catching in his throat,  
you know, because he's been unconscious  
for the last eight hours.

Oh no.

What came out of his mouth  
was not my husband's voice at all.

I swear on my mother's grave,  
the voice that exited my husband  
sounded exactly like an old school school we do, Phillip.

Oh no.

Specifically those green ghost bitches with the chains.

I know exactly what you're talking about.

In the episode, A Night of Fright is no delight.

I feel like we should pause and listen to it  
because she sent us the ring video  
and she did not say we could share it.

That's why I'm not gonna play it here.

We should listen to it and react.

We need to.

Closed.

He literally said, who are you all?

Hi.

Oh, what do you want?

I feel like we need like a little clip of this,  
Goolies, A Night of Fright is no delight.

Oh my God.

Oh, what do you want?

Oh man, that was amazing.

And you know what?

You could tell one, he was woke out of dead sleep.

Two, no one wants to see a person at their window.

Of course not.

And he's trying to protect you.

So he's just like, I gotta be scary.

And this is so scary.

You can see the man just leaning up against their window.

And when her husband is like, what do you want?

He doesn't even move.

Ew.

It's so, I'll show it to you in a second.

That's really scary.

So there I am now,

awake enough to be terrified by the man

fucking watching us sleep.  
And I hear, what are you doing?  
And I about shit my pants  
because I thought the man was yelling at us.  
Like, what the fuck do you mean, dude?  
I'm trying to sleep.  
So now Frank is fumbling with the combination  
to the lock box.  
He keeps next to his side of the bed  
that contains his firearm.  
And I'm immediately dialing 911.  
Now you'd think this shit stain would try to book it  
after being called out, right?  
Wrong.  
He didn't even flinch.  
The broad stays at our bedroom window  
and tries to break into our garage door  
that is right next to it.  
He's kicking, pounding  
and trying to wrestle the padlock off the door  
with apparently just his bare hands.  
He is tapped.  
Like that's something's going on there.  
It's scary too because he looks like a normal dude.  
He literally has like a windbreaker and khakis on.  
Anybody who's doing that after being caught.  
Yeah.  
Something's wrong.  
And like knowing that you're calling 911.  
Obviously he's super brilliant  
and well thought out plan doesn't work.  
I'm on the phone with the 911 operator  
giving them our address.  
Well Frank cannot get the fucking lock box combination  
to work when dude starts to walk back down our driveway.  
I'm assuming that Einstein here  
has finally decided to hoof it.  
So I tell the operator that I'll go peek out  
our living room window  
so I can tell them which direction he's headed  
so they can hopefully nab the bastard.  
Now I've always been pretty proud of myself  
for the fact that every time  
I've ever needed to call 911,

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I've been super level headed and calm on the outside  
despite being a panic,  
being in a panic on the inside.  
But when I pulled back that curtain  
to see which way he went down the sidewalk,  
this absolute,  
to see which way down the sidewalk,  
this absolute crumb once,  
I all but shit myself  
because he was standing directly outside the window  
peering in.  
Our faces were inches from each other.  
Oh my God.  
With only a pane of glass in between.  
Did you shart?  
I profusely apologize to that poor 911 operator  
before they disconnected  
because the scream that exited my body  
by its own free will  
will surely must have shattered their eardrum.  
Whoops.  
I mean, I would have done the exact same thing though.  
Back to my Scooby-Doo ghoul of husbands.  
Oh my God.  
By the time he has finally gotten that damn lock box open  
and has his firearm out,  
he's now rushing out to the living room  
and sir creeps a lot  
has made his way to the front door.  
I hear the storm door creak as he opens it  
and then the door handle starts rattling.  
Cue the highest amount of dread I've ever felt yet tonight  
because now I am standing in our living room  
wondering if our old ass door  
that is difficult to latch thus easy to open  
was double checked before we went to bed that night.  
It's part of my bedtime routine  
to check all doors and windows  
so I do it without even thinking about it.  
However, the flip side of that is now I can't remember  
whether it was actually done or not.  
I have done that a million times  
and I know you have too.  
Oh, Frank runs to the front door



and flips on the entryway light.  
My mind is thinking, yo, what the fuck, Frank?  
I don't want him to see us.  
But then I see how he's trying to scare away numb nuts.  
He holds his firearm up to the small window  
to the front door  
and aims it directly at the man's face.  
There is no way he doesn't see  
what that he is literally staring down the barrel of a gun.  
My husband was then released by the Scooby-Doo spirit  
that possessed his vocal cords  
and yelled out in a calm but firm voice,  
sir, I will shoot you where you stand  
if you enter this house.  
This next part?  
Side note.  
Side note.  
As I'm writing this,  
I'm realizing what a turn on it is for me  
to have my husband protect our family.  
Hot damn.  
Anyways.  
A minute ago, you were like, don't touch me.  
Now you're like, hey, Frank.  
Now you're like, well, shit, Frank.  
That was really hot.  
Anyways, the 911 operator is now yelling in my ear  
to tell my husband to put the firearm away.  
I absolutely do not have any weapons out.  
The police are on their way.  
I respect you during your job, 911 operator,  
about 1,000% hell nah.  
We have no idea what this man wants.  
One type of weapons he might have on him.  
And what his intentions are for trying to enter our home  
after watching us sleep.  
Exactly.  
And being caught.  
Like he knows you see him.  
Isn't there like a standard ground law?  
In certain places, yeah.  
Damn.  
Fuck that, fuck him.  
In that moment, we didn't give a fuck

if Minnesota is not a standard ground state.  
He was not crossing the threshold into our home  
where three beautiful babies were sleeping  
blissfully unaware upstairs.  
I don't blame you at all.  
I would 100% kill someone where they stood.  
We just shoot for the kneecaps, don't you dare.  
Despite Frank's serious warning,  
stupid face here is still rattling the doorknob,  
which means he is off into outer space.  
Like something bad is gonna happen  
if he comes in your house.  
Look at this next part.  
Pushing and banging on the door.  
Frank repeats it.  
This fucker straight up looks my husband dead ass  
in the eye and says back, so do it.  
Nah, you won't.  
I fucking dare you.  
Bro, there is a real life literal actual gun in your face.  
Probs not the best time to go throwing out dares, huh?  
Thankfully, during this absolutely supercharged  
intense moment, multiple police cars arrived  
coming in hot.  
The 911 operator gets their wish  
as soon as we see the lights.  
And Frank unloads his firearm  
and returns it to his lockbox.  
When our perp notices the lights,  
he goes flying towards the backyard.  
Guys, it was straight up like a scene  
from any cop show ever watching him be taken down.  
He tried to hop our side fence into the neighbor's yard  
and this huge officer just grabs him mid hop  
and slams him to the ground.  
Iconic.  
He got up fighting though  
and in the end it took about six officers  
to wrestle him into the cups  
and drag him kicking and screaming into the car.  
Can you imagine what this man would have done?  
The whole time he was yelling,  
you can't just arrest me, I didn't do shit.  
You can't cuff me, man, I'm just standing here.

No, you're trying to actively break into my home.  
Yeah, ring cameras determined  
that that was a lie, my dude, right?  
Once it was a reasonable time of day,  
I spoke to a detective to get a little more info  
on what the flying fuck just happened  
and snag an email address  
to send our ring camera footage to.  
Turns out this ass hat lives two blocks from us.  
Stop.  
He tested, I'm not shocked,  
he tested positive for drugs,  
although what drugs in particular  
were not shared with me.  
He just seemed so unhinged,  
and to fight the officers like that  
and the fact that they had six people  
who had to hold him down,  
like something was off here.  
Yeah, definitely.  
Once he came down a bit,  
he told officers that he was just at the wrong house.  
No. Okay, sure.  
I call BS on that, but cool, cool, cool.  
Makes sense, I also behave this exact same way  
when trying to enter my own home.  
I mean, I guess because of the drugs,  
it's definitely possible,  
but I can't shake the fact  
that my husband was not supposed to be home that night.  
It's so scary.  
It was very out of the norm.  
And unfortunately,  
it wouldn't have been hard to figure that out.  
I can't let my mind go there too much though.  
I don't even want to imagine  
what could have happened that night  
had the kids and I been alone.  
Oh my God.  
Since then I keep my own firearm  
close to my side of the bed at night.  
That's very smart.  
I don't blame you at all.  
He faced gross demeanor,

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trespassing and resisting arrest charges  
and a couple other misdemeanors.  
He was already on probation  
after causing a car accident well under the influence,  
and he was still let out on bail.  
I was under the impression  
that that would have been a go directly to jail,  
do not pass, go moment, but whatevs.  
The County Victims Advocate we were assigned to  
was supposed to keep us informed on his legal proceedings,  
but basically ended up ghosting us.  
Wow, fuck them.  
I don't know what went on,  
but we were never able to get into contact with anyone.  
And I could not for the life of me find anything online  
about how all that went down.  
Love that for me.  
That's so fucked up  
that they just leave you with literally no answer.  
Where's the trauma that you had to deal with?  
And she's like, does this man still live two blocks from me?  
Yeah, where is he?  
The detective said he was given a strong warning  
to stay away from us.  
Oh, that'll do it.  
Oh, okay.  
Gee, thanks.  
But it would have been highly unlikely  
that he would have been granted a restraining order  
since we did not actually know him  
or have any other previous issues with him.  
Dum, dum, dum, dum.  
It's wild to me that the kid,  
it's always the cause of like,  
well, did they hurt you physically?  
Like, did they break into your house  
and like try to murder you?  
Yeah, they have to hurt you first.  
Well, sorry, we can't stop him from doing that again.  
Until he tries to kill you or get, like, we can't.  
Thanks to being raised by a medium-key doomsday prepper  
for a father,  
although I'd say he's more like the human equivalent  
of a slimy piece of wilted floppy celery.

Oh, no.

I've been described by multiple therapists  
as very hyper-vigilant and at times,  
maybe even a little paranoid.

Let's just say that this did not aid  
in trying to overcome and relax a bit.

I still can't look out that particular bedroom window  
after it gets dark and bills be damned,  
we just turn the AC on at night if it's a bit warm.

Good.

It makes me sad because if there's one thing I love,  
it's a nice cool fresh breeze.

I also love that and it is sad that you can't have that.  
But yeah, more safe.

Yeah, well, that's my story about the night  
my husband turned into a Scooby-Doo villain.

I'll attach the most bone-chilling photo  
of this dingleberry looking in through our window  
and a brief clip of Frank's iconic killing.

I'm so happy that you at least have that, you know?

Yeah, feel free to play it on the podcast  
if the story makes the cut.

All right, we will play it.

Do we want to play it now?

Do you want to finish up the thing?

I didn't read that for a head, so I didn't want to do it.

I'm considering turning it into his ringtone  
without telling him, of course.

Please do so.

I have so many other stories I would love to send in,  
like the ghost I saw in a haunted-as-fuck tavern  
I once worked in, an eerily wholesome message  
from the grave I received from a high school boyfriend  
years after he passed,

a super weird glitch in the matrix I experienced  
involving Burke King, or the ghost light in my house.

Let me know if any of those actually sound interesting  
because I'm sure you get absolutely flooded  
with listener tales, send them all in.

Send all of those in one email.

Immediately.

Just multiple puttaphas.

I'll let you take it from here, Ash.

Keep it weird, but not so weird that.

You travel to somebody's house  
and you fucking stare at them while they're sleeping  
and then you threaten them to shoot you and like, ah.  
We should just play the clip.  
But not so weird that.  
Hold on, I gotta download it again.  
Keep it weird.  
But not so weird.  
But not so weird that.  
We would.  
Hey.  
What do you want?  
Hey.  
Oh my goodness.  
Well, you guys did not disappoint.  
Thank you so much for sending all of those in  
because those were truly iconic.  
I am truly obsessed.  
Yeah.  
That was a really wild episode.  
Absolutely.  
Keep sending them in.  
We're still gonna do them once a month  
and they are very beloved for us.  
They are the most beloved.  
The most beloved.  
But yeah, guys, we love you.  
We hope you could be listening  
and we hope you keep it weird.  
But not so weird as any of the Cree Cree people  
in this set of tales.  
And not so weird that.  
Hey.  
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and what you can do with Wondery.  
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and what you can learn about yourself

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