

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.

Binge all episodes of Over My Dead Body Gone Hunting right now, ad-free on Wondery Plus.

Guys, July 25th, the paperback of The Butcher and the Ren is coming at you, and this is a huge deal because paperbacks rule, first of all, and second of all, paperbacks are awesome.

You can really shove them.

They're easy to carry around.

You can shove them in your bag, and you can bring them everywhere.

She's motioning back pocket.

I am.

I don't know why, but I think it's pretty small, so you can put it in your back pocket,

I think.

You know, you got a big back pocket?

Shove it right in there.

You can put it wherever you want.

I don't care.

Just read it.

But read it first, preferably, but do what you want because I support all of you.

But the cool thing about this one, besides being able to put it wherever you want, is there is a sneak peek of this sequel, the second book, The Second Butcher and the Ren Book.

There is a sneak peek chapter in the paperback edition, which comes out July 25th, so go get it, and then you can read a sneak peek chapter of the second one, and you can be like, I read that chapter, not a view did, and then everybody who else got the paperback can be like, I did too, and then you guys can talk about it, but everyone else will be like, I don't know what that chapter is, and you'll be cooler.

And right now, I'm one of the only people that can say, I read that chapter and nobody else did.

And now you can too.

Get on my level.

Get on Ash's level, July 25th, the paperback book edition of The Butcher and the Ren, go get it, everywhere.

I love you guys.

Books.

And literacy.

Hey, weirdos, I'm Ash.

And I'm Elena.

And this is Morbid.

Special Morbid though.

It's Listener Tales, which means is brought to you by you, for you, from you, and all

about you, baby.
We love Listener Tales.
And you love Listener Tales.
Everyone loves Listener Tales.
I could go on forever.
And you know what?
This is a nice little break.
We've had some pretty brutal cases lately.
Yes.
So we decided that we were going to do a Listener Tales episode that is completely based on
haunted
houses.
Haunted shit.
Haunted shit.
We love it.
We've got some good ones coming at you.
We're going to start this right off with a bang with one entitled Listener Tales.
A sentient meat product.
No, thank you.
A mythological creature from Ireland.
Sure.
And a very tired English human.
Yeah, anytime.
I'll take it.
The only thing I don't want in that lot is a sentient meat product.
In that lot.
In that lot.
I know.
I felt the English.
I felt the English there.
So it says, hello, ladies.
All four go the gushy stuff, except to say you deserve all the praise you get and more.
Wow.
Oh, it's really nice.
I've loved being on the journey with you and listening to you grow and become even more
skilled as both host hosts.
Wow.
Both hosts and researchers.
Alina, congrats on the book.
You're amazing.
Oh, thank you.
Ash, you're amazing and deserve all the kudos there is to give.
Wow, thank you.
Congrats to you and Drew.

Thank you again.

Sorry you don't get a PDF, but you do get a nice double space word document.

You can mark up and edit and shit.

Read this on the show or not.

Either way is cool.

Hope you enjoy it regardless.

Oh, this is from Alan.

Also, in my mind, a PDF and a word document.

Excuse me.

Wow.

Who are you?

In a word document or just the same thing?

Same thing.

This one's called a chicken wing named Frank.

Oh, I like that it has dual titles.

I like it.

A chicken wing named Frank.

So it says, I have one lengthy tale for you with one or two meandering but relevant detours.

My favorite kind.

I've known from an early stage in life that I have been, shall we say, sensitive to things around me, that most people spend their entire lives in blissful unawareness of.

My first paranormal experiences came in a way it often does for board kids growing up in a shit in shitty neighborhoods with no money for the real thing and almost ever an almost ever present concern for me and my friends.

We often took to improvising and making do as we could for my then best friend that often meant setting fires and using a magnifying glass to torture ants and the like.

Seriously, I'm more than a little amazed that he is in a serial killer by this point in truth.

I don't know that he isn't as we haven't spoken in a couple of decades and now live in different continents as I moved from my hometown of Sunderland in the northeast of England.

You know it.

You're from Mass and you have one of your very own and now live in Los Angeles.

I love that he's like, he might be a serial killer.

Who knows?

I don't know.

Anyway, as I was saying, when we went kicking around causing trouble or running from that fires that had gotten out of control with the sound of sirens closing in, we used to cobble things together to keep ourselves entertained.

One such misguided example of this was a phase we went through of homemade Ouija boards.

Oh no.

We would cobble them together from letters drawn on scrap paper and then ripped down to size and arranged in a circle.

That makes it ten times scarier.

So chilling.

Yeah.

A shot glass for a planchette thrown into the mix and we would yell at ghosts for attention.

Wow.

When typically damp English summer, we got to doing this almost on the daily and contacted what claimed to be the same spirit repeatedly.

I cannot for the life of me bring its name to mind.

So I'm just going to call the little fucker Casper, even though he was anything but friendly.

So as subsecrets, I like that word, go, it is quite frankly, shite.

What is it?

I don't know.

Look it up, man.

You just taught me a new word, Alan.

I know.

Do you want to hear it?

I want to hear what it is.

It's how you say it.

Sub-requit.

Sub-requit.

Sub-requit.

It's nickname.

Sub-requit.

Sub-requit.

Alan, you just taught me a new word and I appreciate that about you.

My Sub-requit is ash.

Oh, shit.

Sorry, you had a phone call.

Sorry.

It was a work call.

So.

So that makes it better.

Don't at me.

Don't at me about my work call.

I don't really know what you can at me at this point.

I was just going to say, can't you even at you?

You can at me on Instagram, but.

But don't.

Don't about that.

Don't do that.

Don't do that.

Don't about that.

You can at me about it.

I might see it.

So anyway, anyway, literally, during one of these ADSE fueled communions with a denizen of hell, shit started to get wild.

My mother.
I love that denizen of hell.
I know you're really good at writing.
You are, Alan.
Because you're English.
My mother, bless her innocent heart, like to collect porcelain dolls for what I can only presume as reasons of closeted sadism as those fuckers are terrifying.
One of the little shits lived on top of the Welsh dresser in an alcove in the corner of the living room.
And I swear to God, this thing's head started rotating a la Regan from the Exorcist.
No, thank you.
My friends booked it, leaving me to dismantle the board and close the unexpected portal to hell that had just yawned open its maw in the middle of the living room.
And I joined them outside.
What was to me at most two or three minutes, they swore blind I had been gone something closer to 20.
What?
For lost time.
Oh, and as a side note from then on, every time it was thunder and lightning from then on, a baby could be heard screaming from my parents' bedroom.
What?
The fuck?
Oh, my God.
Also, sorry if you hear crackling.
I'm readjusting.
Either I have some kind of dubious gift or I opened a door.
I have been unable to close on that day as ever since I've been a fucking magnet for spectral bullshit.
Oh, anyway, now I have rambled enough time to get to the to the grist.
When I was 21, I moved to the United States and via four years working on cruise ships in a wander around various states, I ended up in California, which is where I am now.
California.
There you go.
Me entering to the point, I was living in a house in Temecula.
Sorry.
I almost said Temecula.
Honestly, did the inside voice in my head?
Temecula.
Temecula, yeah.
Temecula.
Here it is.
I was living in a house in Temecula, which the landlord sold without warning, forcing me to move in with a friend one town over in Marietta at short notice.
The house was something of a menagerie.

Oh, I love that word.

I do too.

It's a good one.

Sprawling in home to assorted weirdos.

I need to paint you a picture of the layout of this rather large cookie cutter deposit at the end of a cul-de-sac.

Downstairs had a full guest suite attached to the main house, but fully equipped as a functioning studio apartment.

Upstairs my bedroom was directly above that and located halfway down an open hallway that overlooked an entrance hall.

Before coming to my room at the top of the stairs, you passed my friend's C's bedroom and then her daughter L's room.

Then after passing my room, separated by a shared bathroom, was my friend's younger sister D's room.

Keep this layout in your mind as it becomes important soon.

Another important thing to note is that all the adults in the house bar my friend's husband M, who was a combat veteran with severe complex PTSD, and D, who was trying hard to be a model and succeeding only at being a problem, were casino, were casino dealers or supervisors at the same time, at the same casino and as such all worked nights.

Now back to the downstairs studio.

Living there was a lady named T, her teenage son, and her toddler son.

T, T and T.

There you go.

All in a studio mind you, with one bed.

Oh my god.

Weird setup.

I am something of a magnet for neglected strays, which I don't mind as I love kids.

And every afternoon when I would sit on the couch in the entry hall reading before work, the toddler would come and hang out with me.

Being a mini person in Vietnamese, so trying to learn two languages at the same time, he wouldn't say much that I understood.

However, occasionally he would point at the empty air and say, the lady, the lady, put that in your noggin and let's ratchet this up to 11.

No.

Lying on my bed one night on my day off, and with the window open for air because fuck the desert, I heard T's voice directly yelling below me yelling, if you don't shut up and behave, you're going back in the closet.

Yep, toddler in the closet.

No.

Of course, I told C the next day as it was her house.

I also, when driving to work with another friend, R told her what had happened the night before.

Immediately she tells me her mom, who is a medium and lives with her, woke up last night from a dream screaming about how she had to help the boy in the closet.

What?

Okay.

Shit had just gotten very real.

Apparently, an old lady had come to her in her dream and led her to a house where she was told a boy was locked in a closet inside and was in danger.

Oh my God.

Her mom agreed to come to the house and try and help that night after work.

Fast forward eight or nine hours and the three of us, me, R, and her mom are standing at the front door.

Opening said front door, and at this point, naively still not taking this as seriously as I should be, I take off my suit jacket and walk straight upstairs to dump it on my bedroom floor.

Halfway up, I suddenly hit a cold spot, like beyond colds, the kind of cold that makes your chicken skin handbag pull your bull, bollocks up into your abdomen for safekeeping.

He's talking about a scrotum.

I was really, really trying to figure it out on your face.

I was like, I chicken skin chicken skin handbag, pull your bollocks up into your abdomen for safekeeping.

So he started to talk.

That is a phenomenal way of saying that apparently, at least according to mom, I had just walked right through her.

Mom starts having a chat with this discount lullarona and finds out that it is toddler's grand on the dad's side, and the boy needs to be helped as he is being abused.

Oh, sweetie.

Apparently, this tetetet didn't go over very well, as when mom asked her to trot off into the light, she grew angry in her old mom, who is a tiny old cancer surviving Filipina lady who is clinging to life out of stubbornness more than bigger into the wall.

My God.

At this point, all hell breaks loose.

R is crying.

Mom is moaning.

I'm swearing.

Lost as to anything else to do, and after checking on mom, I paced around and happened to pass the door to this clearly cursed guest studio.

Now, it was my turn to be roughed up a little bit as I felt a force on my shoulders pushing me to the ground.

Anyway, after much praying by mom and puckering of bunghole by me, the wraith left and it was all over, or so we thought.

Then after child services became involved and C made T move out, God only knows what happened to that poor toddler.

I still carry no small amount of guilt and regret over the whole situation.

It was a mess all around, and I can only hope he is in a better place.

Oh, my God.

For a brief period, there was relative calm and harmony in the house, at least as much

as they could be given the circumstances of the misfits clustered there together, slowly but steadily, a heaviness settled over the house, a brooding presence, one that was a fleeting glimpse out of the corner of the eye when walking through a door, or the burning of eyes boring into the back of your neck when sad alone in the evening.

Tensions ratcheted up, M and C split with M moving downstairs, D was a near constant shit stirrer, L a young teen never left her room, and I did much the same.

Things continued to escalate exponentially.

The hallway upstairs became heavy with a feeling of dread that clung to it in a thick miasma.

Miasma is one of my favorite words.

I like miasma.

Also a good ghost song.

Now every time that one comes on, I just go, miasma, she does, can't confirm.

Now I said we all worked nights.

This of course meant that whenever I got home, it was already dark, and CNN's sloppy housekeeping meant a lack of bulbs.

Okay, quick aside, for real, that house was both cavernous and unkempt.

There was once a half eaten chicken wing left by the front door that was there so long,

I gave the little fella a name.

Frank and I were tight.

Right up until my desire to not have rotten food on the floor overrode my reluctance to clean up after a grown ass woman.

Frank, you're out of here.

You're out of here, Frank.

Anyway, the result of this was me walking the green mile to my bedroom with only the company of the light on my phone.

At least I wish that had been my only company.

Every single time I walked that corridor, I did so with someone walking right at my back inside my bubble of personal space and close enough to feel hot breath on the nape of my neck.

That made me have to do a little wipe it off the back of mine.

When one night, and almost at my bedroom door with phone in hand trying to pierce the black, a text came through and I stopped to look at it.

This caused the thing at my back to stop too, and by this point, accustomed as I was to the lack of boundaries, I thought whatever let me reply to this.

It was at this point that it touched me.

Its hand, a macabre spider clamoring its way over my shoulder, up my neck and onto my cheek.

It is every parent's nightmare unfolding in South Jersey.

The search is on for an 11-year-old Cape May County boy missing since yesterday afternoon.

It's hard to imagine losing a loved one, a wife, a husband, a child.

For many, it's their biggest fear.

Amnriisa Jones, host of The Vanished, a podcast that tells the stories of often overlooked and unsolved missing persons cases.

Every week I dive into a new case, sharing the details of their mysterious disappearance,

including interviews with family, friends, law enforcement and even suspects in an effort to reveal the truth.

And I'm proud to say that this podcast has aided in a number of arrests.

It's important to me to remember the human behind the headline and help family members find their vanished loved one, or at least a sense of peace.

Follow The Vanished wherever you get your podcasts.

You can listen ad-free on Amazon Music or the Wondery app.

Now I admit, this is fucking horrific, and I was suitably terrified.

It's just that writing this now, I know what is next, so it feels somewhat insignificant by comparison.

Oh god.

Anyway, after that night, I decided it was time to speak up.

D was, like I said, an instigator, but for some reason her and I had an understanding and a weird connection.

Not going to lie, a good 40% of that was, for me, was the booty.

That thing was dummy-thic.

Thank you for saying it.

Please say that entire sentence for me.

Not going to lie, a good 40% of that, for me, was the booty.

That thing was dummy-thic.

I was obsessed with you.

So it was her that I brought it up to, and it turned out she was, it turned out she was been having an even more torrent time as she was seeing smoky apparitions coming out of the walls and wandering the house all the fucking time.

Yikes.

Yeah, I was just going to say, as soon as we could, we tracked down C, and I told her we needed to fix this shit.

Now remember, we were shift workers with different days off, and although we all lived in the same house, we could go days without seeing each other, which will hopefully explain why we hadn't told each other what had been going on sooner.

C said she wanted to get a priest involved.

She was raised Catholic, and well, she owned the house.

Think back if you will, think back if you will to Frank, then think about how utterly lazy this cow was.

So guess who went to the church?

If you guessed me, ding-ding.

You win a prize.

Yay.

Muggins here takes a trip to the local Catholic church.

Now you have to understand, I don't like those places.

Same.

I always feel like I'm going to catch fire.

Also same.

Same.

I really only have one thing to say about that priest.
He told me, and I quote, because you are baptized a Methodist, you don't have a sophisticated enough relationship with God, and that is why this is happening.
Fuck you.
Fuck you.
And he said fucking wank splat.
Wank splat.
Wank splat.
I like that.
I'll spare you my retort and just say I left without looking back.
Why did you spare us your retort?
You honestly tell me it.
Tell me.
Fuming.
I told C we were going to do this my way and being the spooky fucker I am.
We went to the witchcraft store in Oceanside.
Hell yeah.
We need to be friends.
I'm extremely anti-religion, but not anti-deity, and I do have a spiritual side.
Relatable.
I'm familiar with the tarot, having found an ancient rider weight deck behind a brick in an empty house a friend moved into when I was 16.
That's cool.
That's really fucking cool.
That deck is older than me and has history seeped into it.
It has now found its way to Los Angeles where I take care of it.
I'm saying this because I am familiar with the whole reading paliver and thought I knew what to expect wrong.
As soon as we walked into that store we were screeched at by what I can still only assume was a banshee who had given up on the whole death malarkey and found gainful employment.
After scaring the cats, she extended a claw right at me and at D stood next to me and said, you cannot live together.
Too much emotion.
One of you needs to move out.
Okay, lady drama, but you have my attention.
We did the whole here's what's going on thing and sat down for a reading.
If the howling woman was to be believed, D and I both had a sensitivity.
No shit.
And because of feelings between us, it was just being amplified in a feedback loop.
And we were pulling every spirit in the area towards us.
Look at you two and you're lusty lust cause of all kinds of fucking shenanigans.
You guys kind of like caused a hell mouth.
You did good for you.
Yeah.

Look at you guys.
It was good to be though, maybe, if you create a hell mouth.
So I think so.
And you created a hell mouth together and he referred to my booty as dummy thick.
I would think, you know, I think we're meant to be.
So he said, make of this what you will.
It's what she said.
Who the hell knows?
She was right about one thing at least.
That was for sure.
Unresolved tension there.
Oh well.
Oh no.
Is this going to turn into a fanfic or what's going to happen?
Long story slightly less long.
They agreed to send a team to the house to do a ghost busting after the upcoming weekend, which happened to be Thanksgiving.
Being English Thanksgiving is always a little lost on me and as much as I enjoy it when I get together with friends for it, I never feel the lack if I spend it alone.
The rest of the house being all family went home to El Centro, leaving me having declined their invitation to join them and having to work anyway alone for four days.
Thanksgiving night, the first fucking night I get home from work around two in the morning.
Lock up the driveway, put my hand on the doorknob and this wave of absolute terror washes over me.
I'd be like, well, hotel it is.
Yep.
I don't have adequate words to describe how strong it was.
I was trembling, crouched down to the ground, trying to curl up fetal without getting on my side.
Oh my God.
I have never felt anything like it and I knew if I went in that house something terrible was going to happen.
Not being a complete idiot and having seen enough horror movies, I knew well enough to back the fuck off and retreat to my car, smart.
I was already calling a friend for a place to stay before I got off the driveway.
When I got to my car, I turned around to lean on it while I waited for him to answer and looked up at the window at the end of that fucking hallway to see.
I'm still not sure how to describe it.
It was like I saw negative space where the shape of a man should be.
I knew something was there watching me.
That's a really good way of describing that.
Unfortunately, I had to go back the next day for clean clothes, et cetera.
When I got back, making sure to do it in broad daylight, I parked on the driveway, which I never did, and ran inside and straight up to my room slamming the door behind me.

As I hurriedly changed into a clean shirt and tie, the entire house was shaking and crashing.
I could hear banging and slamming against the wall facing that bloody hallway.
I noped the fuck out of there as fast as I could and didn't go back until the following Monday.
The day Ghostbusters were coming.
It's giving Casita, right?
The house is mad at you guys.
Angry Casita.
I mean, the end of the end of El Canto.
Yes, spoiler alert.
When they came, they rang the bell because that's what people do when they come to your house.
I answered and I shit you not.
The five of them stepped into the entry hall, looked at each other and immediately left.
That's right.
They took one look and scuttled off.
Are you kidding?
No explanation.
An hour later, the door knocks again and they are back apologizing for running off.
They explained that they had not been ready for how bad it was and needed to prepare more.
I could have told you that.
Yeah, you could have been like, hey, we'll be back.
Shoot a text.
I don't know.
Or maybe they're believers and they're like, I'll be right back.
For some reason known to no one, C wanders off, leaving me to do all the talking.
Seriously, this bitch.
They do their thing, which takes about three hours and involved a lot of sage and candles with added chanting.
When they had finished and came to report, it turned out we had a total of six spirits in the house.
I honestly thought they were going to say more.
Yeah.
The one following me was a child killer in life who had been executed.
Fuck that.
He had attached to me because he had sensed vulnerability.
Here's where I tell you that I was abused as a child by an overly friendly teacher.
I'm so sorry about that.
That's so messed up.
And that's really fucked up of that ghost.
Yeah, of course it is.
At the end of the hallway was a mischievous but harmless male ghost who missed being alive and made all the noise trying to get our attention.

Oh my God.

He had been who I saw at the window and he never left that spot as to do so would have meant he had to pass by the killer who he was afraid of.

Oh, sweetie.

I just got chills.

I did too.

Downstairs there was an old lady and an unrelated old man who were just lost.

Outside my bedroom was the ghost of my dad who had sensed I was in danger and came back to protect me.

My body is warming.

Full chills.

So hard right now.

It's going warm.

He regularly fought with the killer and kept him out of my room.

Holy shit.

That is a dad.

In El's room her grandfather was doing much the same thing for her.

There had been not one but two vortexes in the entry hall downstairs and that coupled with untrained abilities on the part of me and Dee had been a huge pillar of light pulling everything and anything in.

They said they had closed them but if neither myself or Dee or preferably both of us left they would not stay closed for long.

I took their advice and moved the fuck out as soon as I could into a place where the food didn't hang around long enough to gain sentience.

Oh and you never got to hook up with Dee.

Damn it.

Darn.

This is my story.

I'm going to include a couple of short things as a follow up just to show how often this shit happens to me.

However, feel free to leave this part out in the rare event you want to read this behemoth out loud.

We do.

I just did.

So let's see.

Oh there's not much on this so I'll read the rest.

The place I live in right now is next to Sony Pictures in LA on the same street in fact.

It started I started life as accommodation for cast members way back in the day.

When I moved in I felt the familiar presence of not being alone and always being watched.

One night in the early weeks I was woken up by a voice screaming leave in my ear.

I said I worked in casinos while I left that and I'm now working on a PhD in clinical psychology.

Badass.

Casual.

My focus is adult behavior and survivors of childhood sexual abuse.

You are a badass.

You are.

I was in COVID limiting my lab time.

I was conducting interviews in my apartment with people I know so I could pitch an idea for more formal research later.

When I was editing footage of one of my interviewees pausing in the recounting of their abuse to cry.

There was a distinct female voice that said go ahead.

I'm listening in the background.

What?

Oh chills.

I had a psychic out again for this and it being LA it was of course one of those TV ones.

That's just how the ludicrous place works.

She showed up on my doorstep beating a drum and dancing while chanting.

Great impressions for new neighbors.

Lastly I took a trip to Nashville recently as a friend's kid was about to give birth.

And as I've known her kids since they were young she had asked for me to be there.

Somewhere in New Mexico I dozed off in the passenger seat and woke up to a dude sat between me and the driver where the middle seat would be in a truck with a bench seat.

He had a camera and was taking pictures.

Then to look at me and fade it out.

What?

My stomach even just went whoa.

I know that was a wild one.

Was I wanting that or the stomach?

It was.

It was.

It was.

It was.

It was.

It was.

It was.

In Nashville I had taken a nap one afternoon and upon waking wandered through the living room and joined my friend outside for a smoke.

Walking through the pregnant daughter was snoozing on the couch and an old man was standing looking down at her smiling.

I said hello and he turned to look at me and said hello back.

When I asked my friend who he was no old man was over visiting.

Another ghost.

Oh my God.

Just smiling down at a pregnant lady.

Oh that's sweet.

My most recent experience as recently as last month I woke up in the middle of the night to someone stepping on my bed as if they were going to climb up between my legs.

Not scary.

I just said stop that and dozed back off.

Stop that.

Stop that.

Just dozed back off.

I think it was just an entity not used to being perceived.

My gift.

If you can call it that seems to be getting stronger as I age.

I've now progressed to being able to see what before I could only feel and I'm not sure how I feel about it.

Thanks for taking the time to read what is way longer than I had planned.

Feel free to use my name, Alan.

Thanks Alan.

Alan good fucking luck brother.

Your fucking stories are astonishing when you write so like beautifully.

I love when I can see it all in my head.

I know.

I can see that place in my head.

That's like my favorite thing ever.

And those ghosts like write a book about that.

Please.

Because that sounds like such a cool idea.

Like you should write a book about those particular ones.

It would be cool to write something about like a gaggle of ghosts in a place.

Gaggle of ghosts.

You know.

I would love that.

That's really cool.

I know.

I'm nervous for you Alan.

But I feel like you've got a handle on it because you were like stop that.

Yeah.

And you're referring to somebody's booty as dummy thick.

So I think you're fine.

I think you're okay.

I'm not worried about you at all actually.

Dummy thick.

I think you're gonna be alright.

And that was with two C's y'all.

And what?

So that was especially thick.

I love Alan.

Alan for life.
Alan for ever.
That was amazing.
All right.
I claim this one and you might be disappointed.
Listener tale.
How do I break it to my family that me shitting my pants in first grade led to a red-eyed demon guy haunting us?
How do you?
And for all you folks that can't read this along with me, it's shitting S-H-I-D-D-I.
Shitting.
Shitting.
Shitting.
It says hello.
Attached.
It sounded like grew.
Attached is the size 14 font double space potafa hope y'all enjoy and much love.
Much love.
Hello my lovelies.
My name is Natalie.
Natalie.
There you go.
You can use my name.
And I'm from Mass.
Hey Mass Jesus gal.
Hey.
Unfortunately from Western Mass where it's all farms.
Hey I'm going there tonight.
Going there tonight though.
But who doesn't love the smell of fresh cow shit at 7am on the way to work?
Who doesn't?
No hate to cows because they're cute but man they're stanky.
Truth.
You know I kind of want cows.
Yeah.
I like really want like baby cows and like I know they'll grow up.
I was just gonna say they will not stay baby cows.
No I'm aware.
But then I could continue to have baby cows.
Baby cows.
They're innable for that I guess.
You sure do.
Yeah.
And a much bigger yard.

And an experience with that kind of shit.

Yeah.

But I do want baby cows.

So I know every listener tale starts.

I do want baby cows though.

I do want baby cows at the end of the day.

I'm just gonna start getting like weird contacts on Instagram.

Sure are.

Anyways.

I know every listener tale starts out with gushing over our love for y'all but I'm still gonna do it so suck it.

Absolutely.

I was first introduced to you guys by my sister and I fell so deeply in love with the podcast.

I love the way you guys write and talk about these cases.

Please don't ever stop.

Aw thanks.

Thank you.

I got my mom hooked on the pod and the first episodes I had her listen to was the John Wayne Gacy series.

Probably ruined her lovely flight to Tennessee but sorry not sorry mom.

Yeah that probably that was an interesting flight for mama.

I even got my boyfriend to listen to some episodes with me.

Side note he usually doesn't like podcasts and doesn't believe in paranormal spooky ghosties like what?

Who am I dating?

And he loves the pod too.

Aw I love it.

Thanks everybody.

Every time there's a new episode I get so excited to listen to y'all's banter it makes my heart so happy.

Thank you thank you thank you.

You make my heart so happy.

Agreed.

Anyways.

Here is the time that me shitting my pants in the first grade led to the big scary red eyed demon dude haunting my family, smiley face.

My sister was also drafting a story about this but that was a while ago and I don't know if she sent it in so sorry sis I love ya.

I love it.

So it all started on that day in first grade.

The one where you sit in a circle on the hard floor sharing your name and your favorite color.

Now it is important to say that I have had GI issues ever since I was born and also had terrible acid reflux relatable on the GI issues.

So whatever little Natalie had eaten that morning, boom, straight to my asshole, ready to come out like a rocket.

Needless to say, really had to shit.

I remember sitting on my knees bouncing up and down anxiously waiting for the right moment to ask my teacher to go to the bathroom.

Isn't it so fucked up that we have to ask another human being for permission to use the fucking facilities?

You wouldn't have never had to shit on the floor if that was the case.

No you should never have to ask you should just be like I'm going to the bathroom because if somebody needs to take like a little kid you know or or anything like even if you're an adult go to the bathroom.

Just go to the bathroom.

Little me was experiencing social anxiety very young and was gaining consciousness at the time and realized I could talk whenever I wanted to and it wasn't just automatic and that made me nervous.

So I die in question of miss can I please go to the bathroom?

Was lodged in the back of my throat fighting to come out.

Oh that's so sad.

I had waited until I really could not hold it any longer and finally asked my teacher.

She said no.

Oh fuck that teacher.

No.

I hate that's bullshit.

Don't tell a little first grader they can't go to the bathroom.

Honestly one of the first things I'm going to teach my kids when they go to school is that like if anybody ever tells you you can't go to the bathroom laugh at them and make your way to the bathroom.

Yeah one thing you shouldn't say no to is a little kid saying I have to go to the bathroom.

Seriously like what the fuck do you think you are?

That's bullshit.

Excuse me miss teacher but what you're going to deny that I have to shit right now this second in my pants?

Yeah.

Okay the lady easily could you know what though I bet after this she never said no to anyone probably not.

You taught her a lesson.

This lady would have easily been the beginning of my villain story so not being able to go to the bathroom I had no other option than to shit in my pants.

There probably was another option but oh well that was dramatic I love you.

So after it happened my teacher then told me I could go to the bathroom.

That is like cruel.

Yeah she's a bitch.

Like so she gave you a nice traumatic embarrassing moment that was like now you can go fuck you teacher.

What the fuck am I supposed to do?

If this specific teacher is listening right now fuck you.

Fuck you.

Your booty is not dummy thick.

No it is not.

Man I wanted to slap her but off I went waddling to the bathroom.

I did in fact flush my underwear down the toilet because I really just wanted to hide that

I just did that.

Oh I want to hug you.

They probably did find out after having massive plumbing issues but I digress good I hope they did.

Yeah they deserved them.

I had my mom pick me up and we drove to visit my uncle at the house he was working on at least I think that's what was happening I don't know I was young I don't know how we got there but we somehow ended up at this three story house that my uncle was renting out as apartments.

I remember playing outside and barely remember anything about inside this house but I remember it being spooky.

Just forward to a few years ago I found out that this house was hella haunted the third floor specifically so my uncle he was very much in tune with the paranormal I used to babysit for him and before he left to work in the mornings he would tell me stories about that house it all started when he first began working there he always felt a presence and it quote unquote lived on the third floor he told me it had red eyes and that's the only feature of this entity that he could make out besides a dark shadow.

I did some research and demons with red eyes were once a legend known as the legend of the weed road ogon maybe which began in the Flanders region of Belgium in the late 17th century after reports of children who went missing and were believed to be victims of a cannibalistic shapeshifter damn it's said that he seeks his skin to become whole again as the demonic figure he once was Jesus that's giving Buffy yeah it is serving watch the rewatcher if you're not watching it yet yeah it's funny as fuck you like listener tales you'll like that you will love the rewatcher go listen wherever you listen to podcast wow that's really nice and my fucking psyche that was just in there yeah I think I say that in my sleep during the 20th century the ghostly being became known as the necker the necker as part of a story told to children who stayed up past their bedtime that they would be eaten alive if they didn't go to sleep that'll get you off to dreamland kind of scary but then this information plays a huge role later on he knew not to mess with it and he would try to ignore it but mr. demon man had other plans my uncle would be working on something and would look up and find himself walking across the room whatever this entity was was taking the form of my uncle like imagine seeing yourself but not yourself standing right in front of you now I would have peace the fuck out this is when my uncle knew that this was more serious than he thought we never went back to that house after that one day my dad however would go occasionally over to help my uncle with the work my dad was also very religious and also very in tune with the paranormal there was one day they were working on whatever project and my dad remembers having this one intrusive thought just completely

overtake his head it was almost screaming at him it was telling him that someone had hung themselves in the attic and to go help them whoa he couldn't take it anymore and he told my uncle knowing he would get it they ventured to the attic and there was a rope what from a crossbar on the ceiling my uncle said he had never been up there since he started fixing the place up and he didn't know it was there below the rope there was a box of old handwritten papers but they never figured out what they were that's so spooky and so tragic oh this aspect of the house was never fully figured out and we have no idea how it plays into the rest of what happened so spooky after the house was completely renovated and ready to be rented out shit started to go downhill I think my uncle had made the tenants aware of the entity but I can't quite remember it was mainly the women that would be affected it started with sheets being tugged in the middle of the night oh I don't like it and then it progressed to grabbing the ankles I hate that leaving bruises on their arms one story my uncle told me really gave me the chills this only happened to one of the women she woke up in the middle of the night feeling really cold and off like something was watching her she was suddenly pinned down to the bed by her wrists and ankles and couldn't move her chest felt heavy like something was pressing down on her she tried thrashing around to get out of the grip of this entity it let go and the easy feeling she felt before was gone she called my uncle the same night to tell him what happened he went the next morning to swear the entity out of the house there are so many other stories he told me about this house but those are the few that really stood out moral of the story is this entity was no fucking joke now let's go back to my stanky younger self I was wondering I was like how does this connect I was like where does the poop correlate the visit was short-lived and we went home and red eyes happily came home with us oh what a dick what a dick indeed things quickly started to progress my sister's hair would be pulled I would be pushed on the stairs I remember being in the shower and feeling something grab at my shoulders sounds pervy to me me too shit was wack truly no one really knows this because it still scares me to this day but this was also the time where I started experiencing sleep paralysis I'm sorry I know or so I thought but now I know it was this entity tormenting me I would wake up not being able to move and when I looked around I saw the dark shadow and red eyes

staring at me from the corner this dream would happen at least once a week I always had weird dreams so I didn't really think anything of it at the time but this tormenting behavior continued for a few weeks until my dad faced it eye to eye it was around five or six in the evening and he was making dinner he started to feel uneasy like something was watching him he looked over at the doorway that led to the porch and there it was standing in the porch directly in line with the doorway watching what it had never showed itself the whole time it had been at our house and we didn't know it was the thing tormenting my sister and I my dad had put the pieces together and he was pissed I mean for obvious reasons like if something was tormenting my young children I'd go full mama bear and square up with any demon hell yeah let's go let's go cage match my dad swore the entity out of our house and it left as simple as that damn your dad is powerful he is whatever this thing was only wanted to mess with people and I'm happy it was nothing more than that where it left to we don't know but it was probably mad that my stinky ass walked into his home and stunk up the place and wanted to get back at me so sorry fam although this isn't the although this isn't the reason demon guy followed us back home what a coincidence it was that the same that it was the very same day I shitted my pants for a few years this happened my sister and I and sometimes my dad would feel uneasy whenever we drove by the house I don't get the feeling

anymore which makes me wonder what our demon friend is up to now hope he's living the life not being perverted or fucking with people's lives me too but that's my story if you want to hear the other tales of the house or my uncle's other paranormal stories let me know and I'll send them in we do send them in send them in best wishes and I hope y'all keep it weird but not so weird that take it away ash not so weird that you're a teacher that tells the little kid that they can't go to the bathroom so then they end up shitting their pants in your classroom and you're like oh actually now you can go to the bathroom definitely keep it so weird that if that happens to you you flush your underwear down the toilet because fuck that school and that whole entire system but don't keep it so weird that you bring a red eyed demon home with you because you really don't want to experience that and it sounds kind of messy by yeah you know you know you know what

I mean don't don't do any of that I hadn't done like a good one in a while wow that was really good and Natalie damn it's all I have to say just damn damn Natalie Natalie

Natalie so should I read because you'll read the other one should I read about the time I bought a demon house yeah or living in a notoriously haunted house you read whatever your little black heart desires I'm gonna go with notoriously you know what it just like spoke to me I thought you were going to yeah and it made me want to say notorious there that's what I was thinking I was like I know Duran Duran it's called um it's called we like we right you know I'm making a motion between our two heads and I'm like it's called something I can't telepathy there it is there it is telepathy ESPN ESPN or something it's like I have ESPN or something so living in a notoriously haunted house yeah hope you guys enjoy this listener tale about the five years my family spent in the most well-known haunted house in our county oh my god I thought that said country and I

was like in our country like what the fuck all right let's see you can probably tell from the title that this story is a doozy I can't let me tell you my life has been one hell of a wild ride the five years my family spent in this house is just the icing on the cake but first allow me to introduce myself hey y'all my name is mary grace and I'm from a small town in South Carolina that's such a pretty name mary grace I know mary grace feel free to say all that out loud I found morbid about a year ago when my commute to work was an hour and I desperately needed to kill time

you guys were exactly what I was looking for I've been hooked since day one and now I listen to every one of your episodes while I'm going to bed at night side note not the best time to listen to stories of people being brutally murdered yeah I think they just did a study about that you guys are all fucked yeah apparently you're all fucked yeah I cannot tell y'all how many times I've considered writing about my haunted experiences but even thinking about some of the things that happened put an uneasy feeling in my stomach ooh today however I am determined to get it all out in writing so here's to trying it all started in august 2011 about three months before my 12th birthday November 6th my family had grown tired of the violence that had surrounded us in in our charlotte new north carolina neighborhood the last straw was drawn the day my mother was held at gun

point in our front yard effort after bravely confronting the man she saw running away with my brand new bicycle the one they had spent months saving to buy me my god I love that she was like listen up here like I will fuck you up we moved in with my grandparents that night and then to a different state entirely within weeks I was just about to enter middle school and my sister the 10th

was the 10th my sister entering the 10th grade at the time so we were not thrilled about the move to say the least shitty timing however my parents needed to heal from the violence and fear they had endured and somehow mostly shielded my sister and me from good parents I know right a Victorian

home in the heart of a small town seemed like the place to do it hell yeah it does so in we moved box after box we made the nearly 200 year old house a home this is like the beginning of the scariest movie it absolutely is love it I remember feeling like I was in a castle we went from a thousand square foot home to a nearly four thousand square foot one seemingly overnight damn I was in

awe of it from the grand entry way to my massive bedroom with six windows I couldn't believe it was all ours I remember wondering how my parents could afford a place like that but I didn't want to question it I wouldn't find out until much later that the rent was extremely low due to the inability to keep tenants occupying the space aka keep them from running out the door muttering about

ghosts that's right we had moved into a haunted house let's go strange events began occurring almost immediately after our move it started small one day my uncle noticed candlesticks on the ground in the dining room he figured they had fallen from the candle holders on the mantle so he simply picked them back up and put them back in the candle holders as he walked out of the room he

heard something smack the window he turned to look and the candlesticks were on the ground again but

this time on the other side of the room things like this continued the candlesticks were moved or thrown so frequently that my mother eventually put them in a drawer in the butler's pantry chairs would often slide across the room glasses mysteriously fell from the cabinets and shattered lights turned themselves on and off at will and playing cards would often be found spread neatly across the living room floor one day I arrived home from school and went up to my room to feel to feed my I almost said feel my gerbil to feel my gerbil to feed my gerbil as I did every day I was shocked to find and honestly I never had a gerbil I don't know are they soft they're probably soft right I think our gerbil is like the big hamsters big hamsters yeah like the big hamsters probably soft so what's the other the other rodent that I'm thinking of guinea pig yeah yeah I think maybe what are gerbils I don't know remember when I asked where hamsters came

from yep I remember that but you know what oh yeah they're same yeah Mary grace was shocked to find that the gerbil had passed away during the school day oh my god I'm sorry heart broke him by the loss of my first pet I found a shoebox and buried him in the backyard oh then I went downstairs to what we call a sitting room this house had so many random rooms to feed my turtle you wouldn't believe my shock to find that my turtle had passed the very same day you poor little baby oh my god I chalked it up to bad luck for my very well-cared four pets and buried him next to the gerbil oh my god I can't imagine how you felt that's awful a few weeks later I woke up in the middle of the night to a hand pressing the side of my face down into my pillow I bet that also felt pretty awful that probably wasn't great I remember being paralyzed in fear until the next morning came I was still shaken when I came down for breakfast and my mom said do you remember sleepwalking last night I was confused as I'd never done that before she continued yeah you came to my bedside and told me there was a man in your room I told you it was a bad dream to go back to bed you turned

around and left the room my dad then added it's the weirdest thing mom told me about the sleepwalking

and it happened at about the same time that your dog came flying downstairs and curled up in a shaking ball in my lap I feel it is important to note that dog hated my dad and never ever sat with him yeah it is that's a very important note that is an important note soon after that I hate this I stopped sleeping much I bet it seemed that every time I closed my eyes I would have an overwhelming feeling that someone was running towards me oh night after night I would sit in my room awake with the lights on until eventually exhaustion would take over and I would crash until

time to get up for school one night I sat awake in my bed rereading to kill a mockingbird when something outside caught my eye I looked out the window next to my bed to see a woman in a red dress

standing on the sidewalk across the street she had her hair fastened in a neat bun and her dress seemed old-timey I guessed a Victorian style she had stood there as if she was waiting for a ride I watched her for a minute or two and then her eyes shifted up to my bedroom window I ducked down as quickly as I could hoping she hadn't seen me spying when I sat back up she was gone I don't like that I had all but forgotten about her about her oh excuse me I had all but forgotten her about a year later I signed up to be a storyteller at the town's Halloween cemetery tour that's fucking awesome that's really fucking awesome I went in a week before Halloween to find out which person buried in the confederate cemetery I would be impersonating her name was Mary her name was Marie Wallace the older of the Wallace sisters during the war her dad left home to fight with the confederacy one day she received correspondence from him that he would be returning home very soon so she put on her favorite red dress did her hair nicely and walked to the town so that she may meet him when he arrived in a company him home he didn't show day after day she put on the red dress and went to town and day after day she waited for her father who never returned Marie became known as the woman in red that was the

lady outside your window that's so scary and so sad yeah legend of the town says that on some nights passerbys will see her standing in town waiting for her father who never returned when I read this information about her my jaw dropped I know with my whole heart that I saw her that night

before I heard even before I had even heard a whisper of this story I saw Marie Wallace clear as day stuck in a loop of hopeful anticipation oh as I grew older I became more and more accustomed

to our living situation I never did sleep with the lights off in my room but many nights I would fall asleep with the lights on and wake up with them off and the doors of my wardrobe in my room standing wide open I don't like that the wardrobe was there when we moved in because I had no closet

I decided to keep it it had a hook lock on the front that I always kept hooked into place but somehow it never failed that I wake up to the wardrobe doors standing wide open many nights as I laid awake I would hear the laughter of a little girl it would sound like a ball bouncing outside of my door oh we believe the little girl to be Marie Scott very popular name at the time Marie was a five-year-old a five-year-old who died in the house she was cooking over an open flame with her mother when suddenly her dress caught fire and she burned to death Jesus Christ

there are accounts from the town's doctor in our historical library that read no amount of morphine could stop the screams of little Marie the heat of the flames melted the fabric to her skin she perished after a mere three hours Jesus my whole body is chilling oh that's horrific in total we know about 20 deaths in the home damn after Marie's death you better believe I am looking up this home yeah are we about to cover it after Marie's death the family turned it into a boarding house and then eventually it became a birthing center after returning to a single family home this sounds like the murder house from AHS yeah many of the day you're right many of the deaths were of course mothers and babies however one death in particular happened in my bedroom a woman was

struck by a car in 1930 and was put in my room to rest it is said that she died before the doctor could arrive oh that's freaky eventually due to matters out of our own hands we were told to move and given very little notice to do so the sweet landlord that we had fostered a friendship with past and 94 years old and her strange son got the house we were living in so once again we packed up our lives to move when we started packing the activity in the house got insane I was shoved down the stairs by something that I could clearly feel but not see and I fractured my wrist oh wow my sister came home from college to help with the move and complained that she could not sleep because she was being woken up at night by women crack cackling at this on the screen porch connected

to her bedroom just women cackling out on the bed just vibing out there just vibing just having a fucking time they're probably playing cards or something hell yeah just cackling talking about the lady down the street and she's cheating on her husband you know they were just sitting there gossiping yeah drinking sweet tea oh living the crawl space into the attic was constantly coming open furniture from downstairs was being found in the hallway upstairs what furniture that was no more than 60 pounds became far too heavy for two people to pick up it goes on and on I've never heard of that that's wild you have also never heard about that's insane on moving day I loaded all of this my things to the foyer downstairs and did a quick sweep of the upstairs after all the boxes from the foyer when on a trailer my mom told me to do another sweep upstairs in perfect teenager I rolled my eyes and stomped back up the stairs you would never believe the way my heart started racing when I found a pile of moving boxes neatly stacked in the center of my once empty home

or room I quickly loaded them onto the trailer and then told my mom that I was going to walk to the new house two blocks away still in the historic district after I left my mom began waxing the floors upstairs or downstairs she loved that house and wanted to leave it as close to perfect condition as she could oh midway through waxing my granddad a hardcore non-believer and all things

spooky yelled my mom's name in an alarmed tone it wasn't till then that my mom realized all the hair on her head was standing up straight as if someone was above standing above her and pulling it oh my god she quickly reached up and started smoothing it down at this time the front door swung open and then slammed shut and the old-timey manual bell started ringing like crazy they both

made a beeline for the front door my granddad said the last thing he saw before slamming it shut was a snake sliding down from the banister of the stairs what okay craft I'm screaming holy cannoli so that's my story there's so so much more that happened while living there but I just picked out the things that still stand out in my mind I hope you enjoyed and that didn't freak you

out too much it did nowadays I get to sleep soundly in the dark snuggled up to my soon-to-be husband June 4th 2022 baby you're married your husband congratulations I love and actually it's like a little over a year happy year anniversary oh yeah I was like no it's not it's like a month no it was last year yeah I love this man with my whole heart and honestly wish I could introduce the whole world to him just so they could know how amazing he is oh my god your love is beautiful I love your love thank you thank y'all for enduring my lengthy tale keep it weird I like Mary so sweet Mary grace that was compelling it was amazing incredible I can't believe you endured that I seriously I'm amazed by you that that was such a cool story holy shit that's that's a lot damn holy shit we have time for one more we have time for one more let's do one fucking more let's do one fucking more I'm excited about these hauntings I love haunts but I don't want this one is called listener tale about the time I bought a demon house yay demon houses hello oh I see a dog sorry a douche I'm busy I see a dog sorry I'm busy it was a dog that this person said hello ladies I've attached up part of a and a couple of pictures to go along with the tale about the time my husband and I bought a demon house with a ghost-infested dresser it's a wild ride hello ladies my name is Desiree yes you may use my name and I have been obsessed with the podcast for at least a year now and it has been the highlight of many road trips for me thank you thanks you guys are the absolute best at what you do and it's honestly the best part of my day to get to listen to you thank you thank you okay okay enough of me being gushy about how amazing you are I recently listened to the listener tale from Brad and his crazy house and I just knew that I finally had to submit mine I remember Brad's tale that was wild that was wild actually it's in this folder hearing his story made me feel so validated for what I went through so Brad if you're listening to this you're not alone and living in a crazy ass house we are in this together bud I want to apologize in advance because this story is a little long but I can assure you every bit of it serves a purpose I'm also not a writer so if there's any errors in this sorry y'all I never claimed to be a writer never apologize don't apologize as far as trigger warnings go I might I mentioned night terrors thoughts of suicide and blood but only mildly anyway here we go I met my husband Drew ah Drew Suvor Drew Suvor Drew Drew when I was 15 dating right away I met my soulmate and I'm so thankful that I had him to go through this experience with you all of your loves are beautiful I know the theme is Ellen in C and her like no D or D excuse me her stupid thick no no dummy thick dummy thick booty I'm like here for all of your loves I love love even when it's about dummy thick booties well we got married we got married in 2013 when I turned 20 and and bought his grandparents home where his father and his siblings had grown up we couldn't have been any more excited however that was short-lived because we barely had signed the papers for the house when one of his aunts asked me if I was sure I wanted to move into a haunted house oh come on cue me looking into the camera like I'm on the up on an episode of the office like is she fucking serious like she waited till we signed the papers like Stanley is he the fucking serious guy come on oh wow you just looked like him you did you did the mouth thing that's Stanley yes exactly me being me I just thought she was joking that was until nearly every sibling had chipped it sibling had chipped in at some point about their experiences as well they range from hearing voices to being held down in bed I feel like this should have been said before we agreed to buy the house but whatever

I told myself I'd just be Zach Baggins for a bit after all how bad could it be me saying that line was the worst thing I ever could have said we've all been there yep now my husband and I did what every good horror movie tells you not to do and we decided to renovate the entire house oh no not just a few cans of paint and new appliances kind of renovation but we completely you're waking them all up I'm worried that was probably our first mistake but sue me for wanting to have the house of my dreams never never if I was going to be living in a haunted house then I was damn sure going to make it worth it hell yeah we decided we were going to get the downstairs where our master bedroom and main living space was use the upstairs for storage and update it as we

could in one of the bedrooms upstairs there was a very beautiful very old dresser that had plate stating and it I can read it was a very old dresser that had a plate stating it was made in 1912 it was strange to me because the mirror wasn't even hazy like most old pieces tend to be and it was huge it was so big that they actually had the upstairs built around it because it wouldn't fit down the stairwell that's awesome it's wild something about that seemed weird to me too but whatever it was just a dresser yeah it's important to note that during this time my husband worked out of state in Pennsylvania so he was only home on one or two weekends a month which meant that I

was alone in that house quite a bit during the day I would go into one of the bedrooms upstairs to try to unpack our things but but I would always avoid being up there at night I can't describe it but there was just a bad feeling up there so much so that I couldn't even walk by the bottom of the stairs after dark either we had a small yorkie yes I will attach a photo just for you oh thank you I was literally so excited who wouldn't walk past the stairs either he would walk up to them then back his way into the next room without taking his eyes off the top of the stairs he had never even tried to step so much as a paw onto the steps but one day he got brave he made it to the very top of the stairs before something startled him and he jumped from the top and fell all the way down the wooden steps with such force that he slammed into the wall at the bottom he was completely

fine thank god but he never went over there again Mike he just almost shot himself right he almost shitted his pants shitted shitted the whole time I almost shitted also shitted worried but the whole time we worked on the house we experienced small things but we didn't draw attention to it footsteps

flickering lights those kinds of things I told myself that that was as bad as a sorry that if that was as bad as it got then I was fine it was weird but I could deal with it one night not too long after moving in I was asleep in our bed when I could hear what sounded like footsteps above my head from the upstairs bedroom but I wrote it off saying it was probably just the house cracking and popping I made it in instead of the house was built in the 40s so it was older and not unheard of to make some noise I went back to sleep not giving it another thought until the next day when I went upstairs to unpack more things and there was a tote sitting in the hallway that I most definitely did not leave there again I was determined not to draw attention to the happenings so I just moved the tote back in the room that night the same thing happened only I could hear heavy things being moved across the floor I got out of bed and locked my bedroom door because yeah ghosts totally can't get through locked door right enter I roll here honestly I feel that way too though and stayed up the rest of the night listening to the movement upstairs the next day sure enough all the boxes and totes had been moved to one side of the room away from the dresser

if that wasn't scary enough there were thousands of dead flies on the opposite side of the room that's when you know oh and that probably smelled so yuck as that's a diamond oh I hate it if there's one thing I've learned from spending my free time watching ghost hunting shows on television it's that dead flies are commonly associated with demonic activity or evil see you know nasty I never grabbed a vacuum so fast in my entire life if I could make it to fly like the witch on hocus pocus I would have flown around that room with it that's how fast I was it's a hell no on the demon flies for me I wish I could say that was the last of dead flies in that room but no every day there were more and more no matter how many exterminators I called or how much I vacuumed it was only in that room which made that room feel just as creepy to save time on this story we're gonna fast forward about a month or so just because I'm fast forwarding trust me crazy shit happened daily and it was really taking its toll on me mentally my friends were being absolutely amazing throughout the whole whole ordeal I'll change their names only because I didn't get their permission but if they listen they'll know who they are without them I truly wouldn't have made it on nights I was completely alone I would come home from work eat dinner and

lock myself in my bedroom and pray that the activity would just stay minimal I wouldn't come back out

until morning one night my husband's cousin Bailey came down to visit us while Drew was home from work we were playing cards late into the night and just as things were dying down we heard a sound I will never forget for the rest of my life oh god the most inhuman growl came from

the top of the stairs echoing throughout the entire house it was so guttural and loud that I was almost certain that somehow a fucking grizzly bear had found its way into my home I'm scared I don't

like it we all locked eyes with each other and didn't move an inch the growl lasted for several moments and then dead silence came back over the house which almost felt scary or yep sometimes silence is like so loud after something like that yep the three of us went upstairs to make sure there really wasn't an animal but we couldn't find a thing that sounds still haunts me oh I hate it me too needless to say I wasn't staying alone in the house very often after that my friend Shayna and Hayley stayed quite often so I wouldn't be alone one night Hayley and I had fallen asleep on the couch after binge watching quite a few episodes of Outlander I was in a deep sleep when Hayley woke me up in pure terror her face was so pale and she was shaking like a leaf she hadn't really experienced anything for herself until this moment so she was completely scared she told me frantically

that she had heard a lady whistling and it was coming from toward the stairs that was new you're like oh shit you're like oh you do I hadn't heard that so even I tried to convince her that she was dreaming until the whistling started again it began in one of the rooms upstairs and was moving closer to the stairs and getting louder can I just also say that I fucking hate whistling I hate this kind of whistling I hate any whistling anytime drew whistles I'm like stop that I grabbed Hayley's hands and we ran out onto the front porch where we stayed until the sun came up she didn't stay any she didn't stay at night anymore and I can't say I blame her God bless Shayna though because she stayed nearly every night she could just so I wasn't experiencing what I did alone she was worried about me knowing that I wasn't my usual peppy extrovert itself I was becoming really drained mentally and was beginning to take a toll on

my psyche oh no I was having night terrors about being chained up and not being able to escape I was sick to my stomach almost constantly I honestly felt like I was losing my mind it was like I didn't have control over my body anymore and I felt so isolated I was beginning to feel depressed and suicidal I was so desperate for an escape even typing this out I have tears rolling down my cheeks because the thought of ever having to experience any of this again truly shakes me my god I want to hug you I do too it's okay you're never gonna have to do this again you're good you're safe you're so safe again to shorten this story I'll tell you about the worst night Shayna and I had growls things being moved flickering lights etc we were exhausted the activity had been constant that night she had woken up and come into my room after the growling

started and where we were sitting on the edge of my bed debating on getting a hotel to be quite honest from this viewpoint we could see the main bathroom downstairs across the house suddenly the main bathroom door slammed shut with such a force that it shook the walls and rattled photos on the walls we barely had time to look at each other before my bedroom door was being slammed just as loud oh I hate it I really hate this this is such an angry entity yeah our screams erupted throughout the house yet not a single neighbor came to check thanks neighbors way to

go for real when I went to open my door it wouldn't budge it was like something was holding it from the other side I was frantic trying to get it to move Shayna and I were both crying and desperately trying to get out when it finally let go I ran outside and collapsed in the yard I'm not a highly religious person but I was praying harder than ever just trying to make it all stop which led to Drew and I having the house blessed that didn't work either holy shit now I could sit here and tell you about every single detail that ever happened but I want to wrap this up so you don't have an hour long tail just on my account even if we did it'd be fine you could be the next brad hell yeah just know there's so much more to this story that I can bear to write I'll leave you with the two final instances that ultimately led to Drew and I high tailing it out of there your dream house I know I'm so sorry that that happened yeah Haley came over and told me she'd help me move move things into the less creepy bedroom upstairs so we could just close off the room that had held such bad feelings and maybe if we could close it off then the activity would cease for a bit or at least be less active as we were moving things she placed her hand on the creepy dresser I previously mentioned

and she instantly gasped she told me she saw a woman in old-time clothing holding a knife hiding from a man what she was completely convinced that the woman that that was the woman we had heard whistling I don't know how much I believed in clairvoyance before then but personally that definitely made me think twice about it holy shit that's wild that same evening I went to dinner with Bailey and when we got back to the house there was a dinner knife stabbed into my back door shut up oh my god no I didn't go inside that night thank goodness I I would yell at you if you did and stayed with her drew was coming home the next day and I was going to tell him that I could no longer stay in the house the next morning I went back to the house just a short time before a drew was due to be there I was cleaning up around the house and found a few items of clothes I needed to take upstairs I told myself I would just run up there toss the clothes and run back down halfway up the stairs I felt what I thought was a cobweb across my cheek so I swiped it away when I noticed there was a little droplet of blood on my hand what I go to the creepy dresser to inspect where it could have come from that's when I see in the

mirror there was a small but deep gash on my cheek I'll attach a picture but it doesn't do it justice how deep it was it was like somebody had taken their fingernail and stabbed it deep into my face oh yeah holy shit I couldn't believe what I was seeing I backed away from the dresser and I could feel such a dark presence I raced to the bottom of the stairs where I could see drew pulling in the driveway to sum it up we sold that house in less than a month and moved even sooner than that I was

done being counted yeah drew felt so horrible for not being able to be there for me but he never once hesitated to be my support or to answer any phone calls or face times at all hours of the night if it weren't for his love and support and that of my friends I never would have survived I'm so glad you have those people around you you deserve it and that is the end of that demon house tale to end on a lighter note I did get the home of my dreams this time no demon ghost poltergeist infested dresser included keep it weird y'all yay oh that makes me so happy and also makes me happy

that scratch is so scary that that gash really deseret that's your name I was like I want to make sure I can say it oh my goodness deseret I'm sorry that you guys all had to deal with like crazy ass hauntings in your house you guys handled it like champions I know but it's like supposed to be the one place that you can like get away from all the crazy ass shit in the world but then like if it's the one place where all the crazy ass shit in the world is where do you go it kind of looks like everybody ended up in the right place though yeah it's like they all ended up where it's supposed to be anywhere yeah I love it I love that I love you guys I want to write a ghost story now I know I love a good ghost story feeling so haunted oh you have everything good job that's my favorite one um well we love ya and we hope you keep blessing and we hope you keep it weird but it's so weird that you live in a haunted house because oh my gosh it sounds so scary and I would be pooping my pants all the time or excuse me shitting them but make sure that your

booty is dummy thick yeah baby

make sure your booty is dummy thick k k k dummy thick k k

um

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