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Listen, guys, I've told you about my Audible experience, so I figured I would call a close friend in today so I could hear about hers.

Hi, it's me.

I'm the close friend.

It's her.

And right now, I am currently listening to The Troop by Nick Cutter, and I highly recommend it.

It is so good.

It's so brutal.

I started reading it because Stephen King said to read it, and I was like, all right, Stephen, I'll read it.

It lives up.

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Guys, did you know that research actually shows people who travel are some of the happiest people on earth?

I love to travel.

And when it comes to traveling, we all have a happy place.

You can see yourself already there, and you're just like, oh, my God, get me to it.

But then you start planning the vacation.

You're picturing your feet in the sand, the sun in your hair.

I hope you have sunscreen on.

And then you're like, oh, my goodness.

Is it going to be super-duper expensive to get there?

No.

No, it's not, because guess what?

You're going to use Priceline to get to your happy place.

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That's huge.

And 40% off car rentals.

I personally use Priceline whenever I'm booking a trip.

If I look at the money that I spent on trips, BP before Priceline, and AP after Priceline, mama, the savings is unreal.
Priceline's technology reveals more deals with every step.
So if I book my flight and then I add on a hotel or a rental car as part of the package, those deals get even better, and I can save up to \$600.
And guess what?
That's \$600 more dollars to bring on vacation with you.
We love to see it.
So visit priceline.com slash morbid to go to your happy price this summer.
Connecting with plastic card should be a thing of the past.
Instead, pay the Apple way.
Apple pay is easy, secure, and built into iPhone.
All you have to do is set it up.
Just add a card in the wallet app and you're good to go.
Hey, weirdos, I'm Ash.
I believe that.
You didn't expect that.
And this is morbid.
Listen to our tales in case you couldn't tell.
That's why it's so silly goofy.
We just had some Wendy's up in here.
We had Reese's.
Some of you are already yelling at me for saying Reese's.
Oh, yeah.
You say Reese's?
No, I say Reese's.
Oh, hell yeah.
That's my sister right there.
That's part of that.
Mikey is giving a face.
Do you say Reese's or Reese's?
Reese's.
Yeah.
See?
What do you mean Reese's?
There's a big old argument that it's actually Reese's.
Because of that apostrophe, it makes it like belonging to Reese, which I believe is correct.
Grammatically, I'll give it to you.
But in reality, it's Reese's.
Yeah, it's like, I don't know.
It's a thing.
Because they are not Reese's pieces, even though, yes, that makes more sense as well.
It's Reese's pieces.
Oh, yeah.

Fuck yeah.
You will not change my mind.
Don't try.
They are Reese's pieces.
That's the way it is.
You know?
That's just the way it is.
Things are always going to be the same.
It will always be Reese's pieces.
We're never going to get away from that.
Well, this is Listener Tales.
And guess what?
We handpicked a bunch of good ass Listener Tales for your little buttbots with the help of one.
Dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub.
And today we decided since it's August, which basically means it's fall, that it is Halloween.
Halloween?
I'm ready for Halloween.
Halloween's here.
And I decided that this year, I think I decorate mostly pretty early in September, but this year, September 1st.
Oh, yeah.
Let's fucking go.
Halloween's already started creeping into my house.
I'm also going to your worst nightmare, but like my most beautiful mayor, Mickey's not so scary Halloween party.
Yeah.
I'm going.
You're going to have a lot of fun.
I mean, I'm the most fun ever.
And I'm going to wish that for you.
Thank you.
I'm going to manifest that for you.
Your girl ordered a lot of ears.
I love that.
Thank you.
That makes me happy.
I'm glad.
Yeah, it does.
Thanks.
And I mean, it's just anything Halloween makes me happy.
All this stuff is out at like Bath and Body Works and like we need to go to Home Goods together.
Yeah.

We got to go to so many places.
Let's go get Halloween decorations after this.
We're going to take Sheena and Trid.
Trid.
To haunted houses this year.
Oh, baby.
You know, Sheena Melwani, that beautiful Luna Moth.
That's the latest Luna Moth.
And that's my she-she.
We're going to take her to some haunted houses.
Hell yeah, brother.
Because it scares her and it's fun.
It's so fun.
She has like a genuine terror.
Yeah, it's wonderful.
It's great.
She's a very fun person to take to a haunted house.
We're sick twisted people, OK?
We are.
But you know, here we are.
We're going to do some Halloween tales.
Some of these are loosely Halloween.
Some of these just mention Halloween very briefly.
But some of them are straight up Halloween.
So let's go.
I think like that's basically the theme is like it says Halloween in the tale somewhere.
Perfect.
So I have to start this off with a literal bang.
Oh, OK.
Because this one's called listener tales.
The time I got shot in the head and had no idea.
OK.
So.
All righty.
Whoa.
So the way that this listener did attach beautiful question mark font size 14 double
spaced read time six minutes 57 seconds pictures included.
That was just in the header.
Yeah.
That's a college student right there.
They went for it.
That's somebody with a degree right there.
Yeah.
You know what?

Your name is Allison.
Because you told me I better use it.
Allison.
Allison.
Yeah.
Max likes your yabos.
Allison.
In fact, he loves them.
So.
Hello.
My favorite way to start my name is Allison.
And you better use it.
Allison.
Allison.
Allison.
This star this story.
I almost went.
This story is far too ridiculous.
That anyone I know who hears it will absolutely know who I am anyway.
To follow in suit with all the other listeners who write in.
I cannot thank you both enough for being such a positive light.
Even when telling some of the darkest tales.
I'm a teacher hero.
And the last few years have been extremely difficult and debilitating.
However, during this extremely tough time, you and your podcast have given me something to consistently look forward to as both an escape and a place I can count on for acceptance and support.
Hell yeah.
Oh my.
Allison.
Come to us for that.
I fucking love you.
We accept you.
We support you.
You can count on us.
You're a teacher.
You're a badass.
We love you.
I've been working on submitting this story for almost a year because, well, life sometimes gets in the way.
But I've been going through a lot in my personal life and you have both helped me realize that sometimes you just need to put your happiness in yourself first.
Fuck yeah, Allison.
So here it is, bitches.

Let's go.

Yeah, Allison.

I wasn't sure which story I should write to you.

There was the time a kid hopped up on drugs, rear-ended my car off the highway and left me trapped in a swamp in the dark while he tried to drive off so I sat in darkness alone until a creepy white van of men climbed down into the dark ravine I was stuck in and saved me through a window.

Not so creepy after all.

Send that one in.

Please, send that one in.

The time I was one of the students accused of bringing bullets to my high school and was out of class to be locked in the cafeteria and have all of my belongings searched by teachers, police, and administrators.

No, it was not me.

I am just the unluckiest human.

And it just so happens that I was one of the few students out of the class when they found them because I have the bladder of a two-month-old and was on one of my casual trips to the bathroom from class.

Jesus.

Or the time I was at work after school and I was trying to give directions to Vietnamese-speaking parents via map quest to find their daughter's sports game.

No, this was not going well.

And no, it was not successful.

I'm so bad at directions.

When suddenly a parent ran in the building yelling that the buildings all over the city were blowing up and we needed to evacuate immediately without any further context. What?

So in complete chaos, confusion, and fear, myself and another teacher that was still at work had to try and rescue all the kids that were staying after school that day from the gas explosions in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

I remember that, I feel.

Holy shit.

I definitely remember that.

Holy shit.

Damn.

I decided to go at the time I was shot in the head and had no idea it happened for months. Months?

Allison?

You got stories.

My girl.

Life sister.

Share the story.

Sister Allison.

What's going on over there?

Sister Allison.

So here we go.

It was Halloween.

See, this one, it actually was on Halloween a few years ago.

And I was at a party in Alston, Massachusetts to set the scene this year and every other year in college.

I had picked an extremely original and modest costume, a sexy cat.

We've all been there multiple times.

I had also been just a wee bit intoxicated on Rubenoff, which let's be honest, is a mere name change from drinking rubbing alcohol.

Yeah, Ruby's not where it's at.

At the end of the night, I love that you just used like a cute little nickname for Rubenoff.

You're like, yeah, Ruby?

Ruby?

Ruby?

Ruby?

Rubenoff for sure.

I know Ruby.

I know Ruby.

Unfortunately, I know Ruby all too well.

Not good.

That's so casual.

At the end of the night after the party, I was waiting with two of my friends on a street corner trying to hail a taxi back to the house I shared with five other girls to have some type of after party.

Fun fact.

I recently learned from your podcast that apparently, and in all shock to me, I guess I lived in a brothel then.

Well, shit.

Not so fun fact, listener-tale connection from terrifying home invasions, listener-tale.

When my story took place, I lived on the same street in Boston like Emily did.

What?

And I was only about two houses down from where she lived the exact same time her house was broken into, and I had no idea it happened.

That is not a fun fact.

That is wild.

Also, that is the story we just looked it up because we're like, why does that sound familiar?

It's the one where her and her boyfriend like chased a would-be like rapist out of their house and then they were featured on like the front of the, what was it the?

I think it was the Herald.

The Herald.

And she was like, I literally looked like shit.

You looked great.
You looked great.
But you were like, what the fuck?
I was not prepared for a photo op.
I was not ready for my close-up here.
So that was Emily.
So that's wild that you were in the same two doors down from her at the same time that listener-tale happened.
This is wild.
Connection.
I have to say, it was extremely haunting to find out that we had been living right next to her, also in a brown stone with a fire escape up to our house.
Holy shit.
Additionally, two of my roommates had actually turned where that back door opened, where that back door opened into a shared bedroom with their beds on the opposite side of the door, which in hindsight would have made us a perfect target for that creed.
Yep.
Because that's pretty much exactly how we got into Emily's house.
Oh, sluck.
But back to the story.
While waiting for the taxi, some people were getting a little too rowdy with their spooky spirit and alcohol consumption.
And a car drove down the street past us, actually throwing beer bottles out of their car window, you know, like normal people do.
Why do people do things like that?
Then all of a sudden, and in one quick moment, I heard a mind-numbing, piercing sound blaring in both my ears.
Just imagine a dog's worst nightmare, or when you get ringing in your ears, but amplify that by a thousand.
My ears hurt, disoriented.
I innocently looked at my friends and said, hey, am I bleeding?
Oh my God.
My friend then proceeds to immediately rip off his shirt and wrap it around my head.
Why did he do this, you might ask?
Well, because blood was pouring out of my skull.
That's a good reason.
That's a great reason.
In my fine college-daged drunken mind, my first thought was that someone had hit me with one of those beer bottles causing the pain and blood.
I also did not even consider the idea that maybe I should receive some medical attention.
I was incorrect about both of these things.
So what exactly was my medical plan?
Go back to our brothel, put a bag of frozen peas on the wound, and play some Candy Crush.
Oh my God.

Because for some reason, I thought I was invincible, especially when crushing those candies.
Fast forward.

About a month or so later, I was shopping with some of my friends, and one of them looked at my head and goes, oh my God, Allison, there's a huge bug coming out of your skull, you know, as friends do.

The way I would have shot myself if I was you, Allison.

According to popular belief, I personally would never like to imagine the mere possibility of having a bug resident in my skull.

No.

So naturally, I freaked out and looked at my head in a mirror, and what did I see?

Something animalistic looking protruding out of my head.

Oh my God.

And this is like a month later.

Also Allison sent a picture.

She has pics.

It's terrifying.

Pics.

It happened.

Not knowing what it was, and just deciding to believe my completely medically unqualified friend that there was something disgusting and alive turning me into a mutant conjoined twin, I brought this case to my mom who works in the medical field.

After speaking with my mom, we did not know what it could be, but we assumed that it was definitely linked back to that Halloween night because, well, on that night, my head was bleeding profusely, and it was in the same location of this, quote unquote, bug.

We cracked the case.

Oh my God.

Unbeknownst to me, my mom later told me that when I showed up at her house to inquire about the fact I was turning into a two-headed insect woman, she left out the fact that she had actually thought there was a nine-inch nail stuck in my skull and thought it looked like someone had shot me with a nail gun.

Um, but what if it was, mom?

Mom!

So we then proceeded to see a specialist to figure out what in the fuck was going on.

Come to find out this entire time, I had been shot in the head with a BB gun, and there was a bullet still lodged in my skull.

What the fuck?

I had to have surgery to have it removed.

All the while, I just thought someone had hit me in the head with a bottle, and or Charlotte from Char's Web was chilling in my dome piece.

Just imagine if I had been called down as a bullet suspect now instead of during high school.

For real?

They're like, well, I think she's got them in her face.

You've got it on you.

The doctor was able to safely remove the remaining piece of the bullet, which had compacted itself into my magically hard skull, brag alert.

And luckily, no, it was not nine inches.

Thanks again, mom.

Although I am now left with just a little skull where I was struck slash shot, it has been a great story shared by many of my friends to peers and coworkers, has been used in countless games of two truths and a lie.

I was going to say that.

It now serves as a cautionary tale to not drink Ruben off, especially while dressed like a slutty cat.

Why?

Because sometimes people might just decide to shoot you in the head.

I never found out who decided to shoot me that night or why.

Did their catches die and my outfit triggered them?

Did I take the last pair of cat ears at the store?

Honestly, the possibilities are endless.

Oh my God.

But what I did find was a silver lining.

I'm an extremely short individual.

Hashtag representalator.

And I realized that based on the location where the bullet hit me, if I had just been a little bit taller, the bullet most likely would have hit me directly in my temple.

And I would have died on a street corner in Kat lingerie.

Sorry, mom and dad.

That would have been really fucking traumatic.

I have included a photo of the bug bullet still lodged in my skull as well as pictures of me and my pup because, well, I just love him so freaking much and know you would too.

I love him.

So there you have it.

Stay weird, but not so weird that take it away, Ash.

You go out with your friends and you're shitting on Ruben off and somebody shoots you in the face and you have literally no idea and then you find out months later because, oh my God, there's a bug man crawling out of your head.

I am beyond words.

You're beautiful.

You are.

And your dog is beautiful.

Your pup is, you are a beautiful pair, the two of you, that there's a legit picture of her with a BB gun in her head.

Holy shit.

Right there.

It's there.

Wild.

Alison, that was unbelievable.

Alison has like a really nice shade of blonde.
Like I like that shade of blonde.
You do have a great shade of blonde.
Look at you.
Look at you with your blonde.
Look at you.
You and your puppy match and I love that.
You look great.
You survived getting shot in the head.
You got tails that I would like to hear even more.
Yeah, please write in all those other ones.
Because damn.
If you look at the picture, which we are, the, if that, that is so close to her temple.
She's right.
She's speechless.
Yeah, that if she was a little taller, that would have hit her in the temple.
100%.
Oh God, that made my head hurt.
Oh, and just, oh my God, like, the, like, picturing the sound.
Yeah, no.
Oh, horrible.
I will not.
I'm so glad you're okay, Alison.
Seriously, Alison.
Alison.
Alison.
With HelloFresh, you got farm fresh, pre-portioned ingredients and seasonal recipes delivered, you know where, right to your do us step.
Skip those trips to the grocery store and count on HelloFresh to make home cooking easy, fun, and affordable.
That's why it's America's number one meal kit.
I'm about to say a beautiful sentence to you.
Are you ready?
Fall is right around the corner.
Do you see it?
It's coming.
And HelloFresh is here to help you plan for the busy season ahead with tasty dishes delivered right to your door.
Simply choose your recipes, pick your delivery date, then lay back and enjoy the last days of summer, knowing that dinner is covered.
I personally think that the key to dinnertime success is variety.
If I'm eating the same thing all the time, I am bored with the capital B. And HelloFresh helps me out with that.
I keep my taste buds on their toes with 40 chefcrafted recipes to select from every week

and they are all flip and delicious.

Whether it's family friendly, fit and wholesome, you and I will always find new and exciting recipes to try and love.

Drew and I are straight up obsessed with HelloFresh.

The amount of meals that I'm just like, I would never think to cook this, but it is delicious.

Like actually the pineapple fajitas that they have are literally one of my favorites.

I order them almost every time we get a HelloFresh kit.

Go to HelloFresh.com slash 50 Morbid and use code 50 Morbid for 50% off plus free shipping.

Again, that's HelloFresh.com slash 50 Morbid and use code 50 Morbid for 50% off plus free shipping.

HelloFresh is America's number one meal kit.

You can host the best backyard barbecue.

When you find a professional on Angie to make your backyard the best around.

Connect with skilled professionals to get all your home projects done well.

Inside to outside, repairs to renovations.

Get started on the Angie app or visit Angie.com today.

You can do this when you Angie that.

All right, I'm going to read this one called my sleep paralysis demons remind me to engage in self care because it's me.

I was hoping that I literally picked that for you.

I'm obsessed.

Thank you.

It says, hello ladies.

My name is Veronica.

And yes, you can absolutely use my name Veronica Veronica.

I am a 32 year old living in Las Vegas.

Oh, you want me to say it a certain way, Nevada, Nevada.

How do you say it?

I never know how to say it correctly.

It says Nevada, not, not Nevada, Nevada, Nevada, okay.

It's Nevada.

Trust me after living here for over six years, I've learned that Nevadians get a little bit testy about the pronunciation.

Everybody does.

They do.

We all get pissed that everyone doesn't talk the exact same way.

We're, I don't know why, but we all, I mean, I don't, but like, but everybody does it.

Everybody's pissed that we don't all say the same words the same way across the fucking board.

I've said, I've said Nevada my whole life.

Me too.

I've never said Nevada.

And you know what?

Whatever.
But you know what Veronica?
For you.
For you.
For you.
Nevada.
Nevada.
It's losing all meaning.
It truly is.
Well, it says, I just want to clarify that despite what the media tells you, Vegas locals do not live in hotels.
We absolutely avoid the strip at all costs.
And we know it's hotter than Satan's asshole after eating Taco Bell late at night.
We don't like it either.
Yeah, I'm not going to lie.
Kind of sucked there.
And I hated it.
I unfortunately moved here from San Diego, California to fortunately begin my wonderful life with my now husband.
I love that.
Congrats.
Since moving, I have graduated with my master's in human and social services.
Oh yeah.
Veronica, I'm going to say Nevada for you.
You earned it.
You get three hoos.
And I am currently working on my fucking doctorate in human services, focusing on prevention, intervention and advocacy.
Hell yeah.
Veronica.
You're the baddest bitch.
Damn.
I have come a long way in such a short amount of time.
So I can't say I completely hate Vegas, but I definitely don't plan on being here for the rest of my life.
I have attached a pot of foe with a listener tail attached for your reading pleasure.
It's a long one, but I'm hoping it's worth it.
It's going to be worth it.
It's going to be worth it.
It says, so this is the part where I tell you guys how absolutely amazing you both are.
Thank you.
You are Veronica.
You've accomplished a lot.
I was going to say, look at everything you've done.

You're amazing.

You're amazing.

I stumbled upon Morbid about, excuse me, around the pandemic, and I immediately knew that I'd found my people.

As the token spooky bitch in my family, Elena, I have turned everyone onto Morbid, including my own mother.

My husband will often ask me if I want to put the girls on and do a puzzle or just sit and talk about the episode.

I love that so much.

Amazing.

Amazing.

We even turned our daughters nine and 12 into Morbid listeners and they love you guys.

We love them.

We love them.

We once took a road trip from Las Vegas to Southern Oregon or Oregon, if you're nasty. Then down the California coast to San Diego and then back up to Vegas and they asked if we could listen to Morbid the entire 20 plus hours of that drive.

I'm obsessed with them.

I promise I vet the episodes before exposing them to certain ones.

I trust you.

I trust you.

We usually just go for the spooky ones when the girls are around just to be safe.

We'll do more of those for you.

We will.

We love the spooky ones.

Now on to the reason as to why I am writing this listener tale.

You see, I've always been a bit sensitive to energy, whether it's people's energy or the unexplained.

I wouldn't say I see dead people.

I'm not as cool as the kid in the sixth sense, but I definitely sense shifts in energy or see shadows move from the corner of my eye.

Now I should note that I have always been a spooky bitch.

I have always loved the paranormal, horror, true crime, etc., and you honestly will probably find me with that type of book in my hand looking at you, Alayna.

Hell yeah.

The Butcher in the Ren at the [tinyurl.com slash The Butcher in the Ren](https://tinyurl.com/slash-the-butcher-in-the-ren), except don't go to that link because I think it's not in that service now.

So just go to Barnes and Noble or Target or a store near you.

Anyway, so it was pretty clear to me early on that not everyone is as sensitive to these things as I am.

I need to take a breath because I just had so many words at once.

You said a lot of, I'll vamp for you while you say those words.

The second book will be coming out at some point, so be ready for that.

I'm ready.

And you're really smart.

Me?

Thanks.

Yeah, you too.

Okay.

When I was around 12 years old, I began experiencing sleep paralysis.

Me too.

That's horrible.

Were you that young when it started?

Yeah, I was.

I think I might, I was around that age, I think.

Ooh.

Yeah.

That's terrifying.

It started out as small episodes here and there, so I dismissed it as nothing serious.

While I knew what it was, I never thought it was a big deal.

With my episodes only happening occasionally, I didn't think it could get any worse.

Boy was I wrong.

As I got older, I began to surround myself with the wrong people.

When I was 17, I went through a fairly abusive relationship, I'm sorry, that I kept secret for years.

During that time, the sleep paralysis increased to the point where I would jolt awake screaming or crying almost every night.

About a year later, I found myself in another relationship that lasted for almost seven years, which also turned out to be emotionally abusive.

Geez, I'm sorry.

You did not deserve that, and I'm so sorry.

Again, my sleep paralysis became worse, and there would be times that I would wake up completely paralyzed and feeling like I was being suffocated.

Then in 2016, I reconnected with an old friend from high school.

That friend is now my husband.

Oh, stop, I love that.

Obsessed.

My husband and I have known each other for most of our lives.

That's beautiful.

We dated shortly in high school before you moved to Nevada.

Oh my God.

Nevada.

You deserve it.

You deserve it.

We still can't agree on who broke up with who back then, but he a thousand percent broke up with me.

Nevertheless, we stayed in touch occasionally throughout the years as friends.

In July 2016, I came out to Vegas after a breakup and asked if he wanted to catch up.

Look at you, bitch.
Fuckin' second you.
Second you.
You're just making things happen.
Killing it.
Today, we've been together for seven amazing years.
I love that.
And I now have the pleasure of being a bonus mom to two beautifully brilliant girls that I love with all my soul.
I'm going to cry.
I love this so much.
Side note, we got married at the courthouse on December 13th, 2019.
It was a Friday the 13th and had a big wedding on Halloween 2020 in Crayob.
It was amazing and our wedding photographer dressed up as a banana.
That's amazing.
I'm not sure how it gets any better than that.
It doesn't.
To be honest.
No, it does not.
Since being with my husband, I have only had sleep paralysis once.
It was at the beginning of our relationship and we were dating long distance at the time.
I was in Las Vegas visiting and job hunting so I could move.
His room at the time was set up where the bed was directly next to the door.
This detail is important later.
It was about 4.30 in the morning and I heard him call my name.
This is weird because he typically leaves for work at 4 a.m. and it was just us in the house.
I remember thinking to myself that maybe he forgot something so I opened my eyes.
The second I did, I quickly realized that I couldn't move.
I immediately knew what was going on and began to panic, but I still heard him calling my name.
I began trying to wiggle my toes, fingers, anything that would break the paralysis but nothing worked.
That sounds like the most horrific, oh, I can't imagine.
This time went on for about a minute and then I began to feel a warm sensation all over my body.
I attempted to move again, I still couldn't move my body, but I was able to move my head.
I slowly turned my head toward the door to see if I could turn on the light and when I did, I saw a solid black shadow standing in the doorway looking at me.
The door was cracked about an inch and it was still pitch black, but the figure shadow was unmistakable.
Listen, I know I'm absolutely blind without my glasses, but even my blind ass knew that this figure was not my boyfriend.
Whatever it was, it looked like it was waiting for me to acknowledge it so it could enter

the room and it was calling me.

I kept thinking in my head, go away, you're not welcome over here, over and over in my mind.

It felt like forever, but eventually the paralysis broke and I was able to move again.

The second it broke, I looked at the door and the shadowy figure was gone.

While I don't have sleep paralysis anymore, I'm still fairly sensitive to surrounding energy and I often experience lucid dreams when I'm stressed.

Me too.

Interesting.

Being a doctoral student, I think it goes without saying that it happens fairly often.

I occasionally have a recurring dream of an old woman looking into the kitchen window of our home.

Sounds creepy, right?

Well, that's what I thought too, but when I see her, she has an oddly calming presence that makes me feel like she isn't here to cause any harm.

She never speaks, never tries to enter my home.

She just looks at me and sometimes will gesture if she's trying to tell me something.

I feel like she's one of your early spirit guides.

I kind of love her.

I do too.

I told my husband about her and at first, he didn't like it.

I don't believe him.

Me either.

Drew would be like, fuck off and please don't tell me that.

No way.

For a period when he was younger, he lived in Italy where he says he experienced a lot of unexplained things.

Since then, he's very hesitant about these types of interactions.

So when I told him about the old woman and my dreams, he was quick to tell me not to let her in the house or even to speak to her.

Then the day occurred that forced me to come to terms with my sensitivity.

I had the dream, like always, the dream typically starts with me waking up in the middle of the night and going down and excuse me, walking downstairs to get water.

When I walk into the kitchen, I see the old woman looking into our window.

Oh, that'd be so creepy.

I don't like that.

However, this time something felt different.

I immediately knew something was wrong.

Oh, fuck that.

I read the next sentence.

My whole body just went whoop.

Oh, yours went whoop.

Yeah.

This wasn't even a whoop.

It was like whoop.

My mind.

I'm stressed.

The old woman began pointing at the front door as if she were telling me to open it.

I must have gave her, oh, I'm so stressed.

I must have gave her, Jesus Christ, I must have given her a weird look because she pointed again with more urgency.

I shook my head and began to walk away when she began pounding on the window and yelling at me to let her in.

I have chills over my entire body.

Yeah, my whole body's chilling.

The pounding then moved to my front door and grew louder and louder.

I went to our living room, which is right next to our kitchen and huddled up on the corner of the couch to get away from her, quote unquote.

I instinctively knew that this was not the old woman, but some entity pretending to be her and trying to enter my home.

Ooh.

Suddenly the pounding stopped and everything went dead silent.

I stood up and began to start towards the stairs to go back to bed.

I know what you're thinking.

How the hell do you just go after bed after that?

To go back to bed after that?

But I don't make the rules in my dream world.

When I reached the first step, I heard from the other side of the door an old woman's frail voice.

Oh.

Why won't you let me in?

Oh, God.

I called for my husband and the second I called his name, I woke up and there he was, snoring away right next to me on his side of the bed with our beagle in between us.

A beagle.

I immediately felt a sense of peace and looked over at my bedroom door.

There, standing in the doorway, was my cat.

He was standing facing away from us as if he was guarding the door.

I still see the old woman on occasion, but she's just back to her normal self, just standing there and never speaking.

Her presence is still calming and I'm not afraid of her despite the terrifying dream.

She even came the nights I found out two of my uncles had passed away and she just smiled at me and nodded as if to tell me that they're okay now.

Oh, I got chills.

That's beautiful.

I'm happy that you could separate that scary-ass dream from her because, like you said, it wasn't her.

My husband and I have discussed these events at length and I think a lot of my experiences

had to do with being constantly surrounded by negative energy, trauma, and stress.
Now when they happen, if they're particularly bad, I just take it as a reminder to engage in self-care and be mindful of what's going on in my life.
I love that.
Well, ladies, there it is.
My long-winded story about how my sleep paralysis demon reminds me to engage in self-care and kick out the negative energy in my life.
The people-pleasing side of me says to apologize for the long story.
No.
But I already hear what you're going to say, so I won't.
In typical fashion, I have included pictures of our fur babies.
Hell yeah.
Hell yeah.
For your viewing pleasure.
Our beagle's name is Luna.
Oh, the beagle.
The little black cat is Nox.
Nox.
My chunky little bodyguard.
Although my daughter says he's likely my familiar.
Oh my god, I love your daughter.
And our sweet little angel rabbit is Severus.
Severus.
Oh, I'm sorry.
We sadly lost Severus in January 2020, but he still makes his presence known.
And yes, all our animals have Harry Potter themed-have a Harry Potter theme.
I was going to ask.
Anywho, thank you both for all that you do and for taking the time to read my story with all the love and spooky vibes.
Veronica.
Veronica.
Oh my god, your cat looks like my Luxie.
All your animals are beautiful muffins.
Oh my god, I love them.
And you are also a beautiful muffin.
You're a beautiful muffin.
I love the one of the beagle and the cat sitting next to each other.
Right?
That's so cute.
Oh my god, they're so cute.
Wow.
Oh, and Severus is adorable.
Thanks for that, Veronica.
That was terrifying.

That was a interesting one, though.

Yeah.

Well, my next one is going to be called Daddy Issues, Death by Elevator, and a message from Beyond the Grave.

Let's fucking go, girl.

Let's go.

Hello, my wonderfully weird, spooky, sassy soul sisters.

My name is Roxy, and you can use my name and any other names used in the story.

I'm just the biggest fan of the pod and the two of you.

You guys are my besties, and we hang out and laugh three times a week, and we've never even met.

But it feels like chilling with my homies, so that's what I'm going to call it.

Chilling with my hilarious spooky homies while talking about murder.

So thank you for your delightfully morbid banter and your compassionate storytelling.

You guys are the friggin' best.

Never, ever changed.

Change.

And Elena, congratulations on the book.

Thanks.

I saw it in Target the other day.

I loudly exclaimed, hey, I know her.

LOL.

And you know, I bought me a copy and can't wait to read it.

Thanks.

I've attached a double space pedafa of my listener tale, and if you read it on the pod, I just might explode into a million pieces.

But after I put myself back together, I will share it with everyone I know because girlies, this story is wild.

Oh, hell yeah.

This is a very long, deeply personal story that twists and turns for over 20 years of my life and involves a seance, an elevator shaft, and a possible murder.

Well, shit.

Writing it all out was strangely therapeutic, I'm glad.

And I still can't believe that it all actually happened, but it did.

This reads out of round 15 minutes long, but it'll be worth it.

So strap in weirdos and hold onto your butts.

I feel like we haven't said hold onto your butts in so long.

We really haven't.

Hold onto your butts.

Hold onto your booty.

So to begin this story, let's jump into our time machines and travel way, way back to a time before the internet and social media and disinformation had polluted the human landscape, a pure and magical era of grunge and gangster rap, jelly shoes and pencil-thin eyebrows, baby doll dresses and an MTV that actually played music, a time when a sweet innocent 12-year-old me played with pogs and tomagaches, collected everything Lisa Frank

watched Dawson's Creek and plastered my walls with posters of Jonathan Taylor Thomas and Hanson.

A golden age of humanity.

The 90s.

I knew you were going to sing it.

I just felt every part of that, the pogs.

What is pogs?

It's really hard to explain.

I honestly, I don't know how to describe it.

If you look them up, they're like little discs and you would collect them.

They had all different kind of things on them and then you would use a slammer to slam the pogs.

It was a game.

You would trade them.

No, they're called pogs.

But they're like you would trade them back and forth.

So you get like slammers, which were medley and kind of heavy and the pogs were like slimmer.

Pogs and slammers.

Well, you can get them on Amazon if you want some.

I might buy some pogs and slammers and just show the girls and they'll be like, that's weird.

Make them play with pogs and slammers.

I don't even remember how to play.

I just remember trading them was a huge deal.

Want me to get you some?

I can get them to live on Thursday.

Get me some pogs and slammers.

I just bought you some pogs and slammers, okay?

Here you go.

Like, okay.

Mikey just looked over and was like, what the fuck are you two talking about?

Are you guys okay?

All right.

Do you ever look at your bank statement and you're like, wait a second.

How have I spent that much money this month?

There's literally no way.

You know what it is.

It's all those subscriptions that you forgot about.

You sign up for something and then two weeks later you're like, you know what, this actually isn't what I thought it was.

But then you forget that you're still paying for it.

And I noticed them on my bank statement all the time.

And then I heard about Rocket Money.

Rocket Money is a personal finance app that finds and cancels your unwanted subscriptions,

monitors your spending, and helps you lower bills all in one place.

That's called a dream, baby.

But no, it's real.

It's real life and it's Rocket Money.

Over 80% of people have subscriptions that they forgot about and chances are you're one of them, like the Stars app just to watch that one show or that free gaming trial that you never actually used.

I sign up for so many of those that I never end up using.

But good news, Rocket Money will quickly and easily find your subscriptions for you and for any that you don't want to pay for anymore, just hit cancel and Rocket Money will cancel it for you.

It is that easy.

Rocket Money also helps you manage all your finances in one place and automatically categorize your expenses so that you can easily track your budget in real time and also get alerted if anything looks off, which that is a great idea.

Like you definitely need to keep tabs on that.

Over 3 million people have used Rocket Money, saving the average person up to \$720 a year.

You know what you could do with that money?

Save it.

Or go somewhere.

I don't know.

You could do a lot with that money.

So save that money and go crazy with Rocket Money.

Stop throwing your money away.

Cancel unwanted subscriptions and manage your expenses the easy way by going to rocketmoney.com

Hey weirdos, before we get back to our regularly scheduled programming, I wanted to let you know that Wondery's shocking true crime podcast, Over My Dead Body, is back for a fourth season that will literally give you literal goosebumps.

The newest season covers the story of Mike Williams.

It was Mike's six wedding anniversary when he set off on a hunting trip into the gator-infested swamps of North Florida.

He figured he'd be back in time to take his wife Denise out to celebrate, but he didn't come back.

Friends and loved ones feared he met his fate through bad luck in a group of hungry alligators, leaving his young family behind.

Except that's not what happened at all.

And after 17 years, a kidnapping, and the uncovering of a secret love triangle, the truth would finally be revealed.

Enjoy Over My Dead Body, Gun Hunting, on the Wondery app or wherever you get your podcasts.

You can listen to Over My Dead Body early and add free on Wondery Plus.

Get started with your free trial at Wondery.com/slash/plus.

Just to add a bit of backstory, I was living with my mom, two little brothers, and my stepdad, whom I had always believed to be my dad-dad.

My mom married him when I was too young to remember, and they had my brothers, and we were a family.

And I just always thought he was my dad.

Well, then he can be your dad.

Yeah.

My mom never had the heart to tell me about my real father and how he abandoned us when my mom was just 16 years old and very pregnant with me.

Oh, that's awful.

He was a much older man, and my mom was an infatuated young girl.

She was completely in love with him.

She had believed that he loved her and would be there for her to be a father, but her teenage dreams were shattered.

He wasn't capable of being a husband or a father.

He was a self-selfish womanizer, and he just couldn't be tied down.

So he flew the coop.

That's an old-timey way of saying that bitch ghosted his pregnant teenage girlfriend for drugs, women, and freedom.

Ugh.

This absolutely devastated my mom.

She was 16 and pregnant, alone and completely heartbroken.

But instead of drowning in her pain and sorrow, she did what she had to do.

She grew the eff up and took care of her daughter because she's a badass queen mama bear.

And even at 16 and with a broken heart, she could not be stopped.

What a fucking strong ass girlie.

She gave me the best life she could, and I freaking love my mommy.

Oh, my God.

I love that.

That is really sweet.

That just, like, touched my soul.

That's adorable.

I'm so glad.

Ugh, I love that.

Eventually, she moved on.

She married my stepfather when I was three, and she hid her pain away and focused on her family.

And she never told me about the man who crushed her and left her alone while she was pregnant.

I mean, I can't imagine there's ever a right time to tell your young child that their daddy isn't their daddy and that there's some strange man out there that shares your DNA and looks just like you.

And you have the same weird walk, even though you've never even met.

Oh, that's weird.

Which brings us back to 1995.

When I was 12 years old and completely out of the blue.

We're like almost the same age, girl.

I was 12 years old and completely out of the blue, my real dad called.
He wanted to meet me.
Oh, that's a really bad time.
That's a bad time.
I was shocked and confused and it took a lot of very uncomfortable conversations with my mother, but she told me the truth about everything and told me that it was up to me to decide if I wanted any type of relationship with this stranger.
She is such a good mama.
She sounds like one.
And that she would support whatever I chose.
She was a good mom and she wanted me to be happy.
Oh my God, I love your mom.
At the end of it all, I decided that I just had to know.
I don't blame you.
So I decided to meet him.
And this began a strange and dysfunctional relationship with a father who would later make me regret ever meeting him and leave me with a lifetime of trauma and daddy issues.
Once a deadbeat, always a deadbeat, I suppose.
It has taken decades of therapy, but eventually I've learned to forgive and heal.
He also was damaged and abandoned by his father.
And as we all know, hurt people hurt people.
But this story isn't about him.
The story is about his mother, my guardian angel.
The grandmother that I never got to meet, but that has loved me for my entire life.
May.
Oh, I love that name.
As I got to know my new dad, I learned of a long lost family that I had never met.
My dad had two younger sisters, Kathy and Sandra, or Sam, as everyone called her.
They lived in Tacoma, Washington, and so did their mother, May.
We lived in Southern California, so we began writing letters.
So for Ash and any other young ones that may be listening,
letters are how people used to communicate in the before times.
It's basically an email that you write on paper and put in the mailbox
and then literal pigeons deliver it to you.
LOL, the 90s were wild.
Contrary to popular belief, I have written a letter before.
Anyways, I began to get to know my new family.
We talked on the phone and wrote letters for a few months,
and I learned that my grandmother, May, had been desperately wanting to meet me.
She had been furious with my father for abandoning me
and had begged him to do the right thing
so that she could be part of her only granddaughter's life.
Oh, that's like heartbreaking.
Right?

My father's terrible life choices had taken its toll on their relationship,
and over the years they had barely spoken.
May cried on the phone when she told me how badly this had hurt her
and how much she wanted to be my grandma
and make up for all the time she had lost.
Oh, I love May.
So we made a plan to meet, and my mother agreed.
I would fly out to Washington for my 13th birthday in a few weeks
and meet my new family.
Back then, you had to actually buy paper tickets to fly.
That is really wild how much that's changed.
I was going to say that I've never experienced.
So she bought them and she mailed them to me,
and I anxiously awaited my new adventure
with my sweet loving new grandma and my new aunts.
I was so excited and I imagined all the fun things we would do together
and the memories we would make.
Everything was going to be great, except that it wasn't.
Fate had something else in mind.
Oh, no.
A couple of weeks later, I'm sitting in science class
and my name comes over the loudspeaker.
I'm sitting in the hall of the principal's office.
As I open the door to enter, I see my mother there.
Her eyes wet with tears.
She can't look at me or speak.
The principal or counselor or whoever the fuck twat was,
who comes over and sits down in front of me,
you know, the cool adult way,
or excuse me, the cool adult way,
backwards in a chair.
They always think that's like a lesson below or something.
That's going to make it chill.
You just look dumb.
Sit in the chair the right way, asshole.
He takes a moment and then he says something.
I'll never forget.
My heart, there's no easy way to say this,
so I'm just going to tell you straight.
Your grandma fell down an elevator shaft.
She's dead.
I feel like he could have cut that a little differently.
I feel like there's no easy way to tell her that,
but I don't know.

I don't really know if you needed to know in that moment
that she fell down an elevator shaft.
Your grandmother passed away.
Correct.
Yeah.
Seriously, that's what he said.
Cold as ice and without blinking, it was chilling.
This man was hired to work with children.
I'll never know.
I looked at my mother.
She just starts sobbing.
Now this next part still confuses me to this day.
I suppose being a child and having my first experience with death,
all these grownups looking at me, waiting for a response,
and the cold away in which I was just told the most horrific thing
I had ever heard in my life.
Something snap crackle popped in my brain and I started laughing.
Yes, laughing like a complete fucking psychopath.
Upon hearing the news of my grandmother's tragic death,
I began laughing maniacally.
I would bet that counselor guy changed his methods
on delivering tragic news to children after that fucking day.
I'm fairly sure I scared the absolute fuck out of him,
and he probably thinks I grew up to be a serial killer by digress.
I totally understand that though.
I'm the same way.
I don't handle news well like that,
and I don't handle emotions well like that.
So yeah, my mom saw her daughter's brain break into pieces,
and she snatched me up and yeeted me the fuck out of there
while I laughed and cried and screamed through the hallways of my middle school.
May was dead, and I never got to meet her.
Oh, that hurts my heart for you.
The next few days were a blur.
I talked to my dad and my aunts, and everyone was completely destroyed.
My aunt Sam was extremely close to May.
She had been with her moments before this happened.
My dad never got to make amends with his mother.
Everyone was just in complete shock and sick with grief.
She fell down an elevator shaft.
What the actual fuck?
How could this happen?
Just fucking how?
No one wanted to talk to me about the details of her death.

Understandably.

I mean, I was so young, and this was just so fucked up.

All I knew was that there was a faulty elevator in her apartment building, and she stepped in, and it wasn't there.

My God.

She fell five stories to her death, and that was it.

But there was so much more.

I never got the real story until many years later, when I was a grown woman, but that comes later.

Oh?

The next part will forever just trip me the fuck out.

So remember when I said my grandma bought me tickets to come meet her for my 13th birthday?

Well, I got on my first plane ever with the paper tickets that May had bought me, and I used those tickets to go to her funeral.

That's so fucked.

So I fly to Washington.

My dad picks me up at the airport and takes me to meet with my aunts and their husbands.

It's also strange and sad.

I don't know any of these people.

They hug me, and they cry a lot.

I don't really know how to act.

I want to cry with them, but I'm mostly just confused.

I mean, I just met all of you, and now we're all crying together.

And also, she fell down an elevator shaft?

What the fucking fuck?

That's way too much to process.

Anyway, after the initial awkwardness, the trip actually ended up being pretty awesome and quite memorable.

I slept at May's apartment with my dad.

I got May's room.

It smelled like rose water with a touch of cigarette smoke.

Queen.

She had a cute little shit all over her apartment, you know, like chachkies, but mostly funny gag shit, like a dick clock and a tiny statue of Jesus smoking out of a box.

Hell yeah, May.

She was definitely my type of lady.

I love May.

My new...

I love May.

Oh my God.

My new cool aunts took me out in Seattle for my birthday.

We all got our belly buttons pierced together.
Remember, this is 1995, so piercings were super new.
And I must say, I was the coolest girl at my middle school after that trip.
We go to the funeral, and of course, super fucking sad.
I meet all my great aunts and uncles and May's friends,
and it's also surreal and strange.
I forever bonded with my new super cool, hip, funny,
and soon to be best friend, Aunt Sam.
Oh.
She has a star character in this tale.
Sam is like 12 years older than me, similar to you two.
After May died, she moved back to California,
and we've been very close ever since.
I love that.
And as I've gotten older,
she's legit my best friend slash soul sister now.
Hell yeah, brother.
It's weird because we both see May in each other.
She lost her mom.
I lost a grandma.
I always needed, but could never have.
And we gained each other.
May brought us together.
So can I get a motherfucking shout out to Sam?
Fucking love you, girl.
Shout out to Sam.
Sam for the fucking win.
Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam.
So before I jump years ahead,
there's one more very strange and dark thing
I must add to the already very strange and dark
and very life changing story about the trip
I took to celebrate my birthday.
Meet my family and put my grandmother to rest.
May was cremated.
She also left her 1994 Bronco to my dad,
and he needed to drive it back to Southern California
along with her ashes.
So this trip, this crazy trip wraps up with a now 13 year old me
in the passenger seat of May's Bronco,
my brand asked new dad driving me from Tacoma,
Washington to San Diego with my cremated grandmother
in a box in my fucking lap.
You seriously can't make the shit up my dudes.

No.

If that isn't morbid, I don't know what is.

That is morbid TM.

And so the years passed as they do,

I stayed close with my new family.

I would go to family dinners and holidays,
and sometimes I would hear things about May's death,
but it was also mysterious.

And no one really wanted to talk about it.

I can't blame them.

This story is all kinds of fucked up.

But from what I could piece together,
the official story was this.

May lived on the fifth story of an apartment building,
so she had to take an elevator to go to and from her place.
Apparently the elevator the tenants used was out of service,
so they all had to use the service elevator
until it was repaired.

The service elevator had to be opened manually.

Never heard of such a thing, but okay.

Super sketch, am I right?

Yes.

So apparently after having dinner with her daughter Sam,
May went home to her apartment where her boyfriend
was waiting for her.

We'll call him Dave.

So apparently this guy Dave was living with May,
which is kind of weird because I stayed in May's apartment
and I remember no sign of this Dave.

Anyway, Sam said goodbye to May
and she went into the apartment building.

Within one hour May was dead,
after apparently opening the faulty service elevator
to leave her apartment.

The elevator was not there and she fell five stories to her death.

This entire story is completely full of holes
and makes literally no sense.

Right, because if she was going into the apartment building,
why would she open the elevator door and go back down?

Yeah, and she knew that the elevator was broken.

Right.

There was a lawsuit filed against the owners of the building
in the elevator company for gross negligence
and a small settlement was given to May's three children.

After legal fees, it amounted to around 50 grand apiece.
If you ask me, that's a pretty shitty settlement
after losing your mom to that kind of negligence,
but what do I know?
When I got a little older and Sam and I grew closer,
I started asking her questions about what she thought
about everything and what had really happened to May.
She told me that she had always had her suspicions about Dave.
He was super possessive and controlling.
He was a freeloader who refused to work or pay for anything.
And Sam just always had a bad feeling about him.
And also, why was she leaving her apartment that night
right after getting home?
Right.
Was there some kind of argument?
Was she so frantic and stressed that she opened the elevator door
and just jumped in without checking?
Was she afraid or was she pushed?
And how come I never met Dave?
Oh, right.
Could it be because he skipped town only days after May's death?
That's right, folks.
Days after his live-in girlfriend died under very suspicious circumstances,
Bucking Dave here packed up and left,
taking everything he could with him,
including draining May's bank accounts.
And the police never investigated this?
Dave was never heard from again,
except when he tried to sue my dad for May's 1994 Bronco
that he felt entitled to for some reason.
Sketchy as fuck, Dave.
Sketchy as fuck.
What the fuck?
There was an investigation, both by local police
and a private investigator hired by the family.
There's no evidence to prove that Dave had anything to do with May's death,
meaning there's no proof, but things still don't quite add up.
And we definitely have our suspicions about what really happened that night.
No, same.
Now let's jump forward a few years to 2018 or so.
I know this story is taking forever,
but trust me, it's worth it in the end.
It's been a ride.
May has been gone for over two decades.

I'm doing hair at a really cool spot in San Diego.
Shout out to all my hairdressers out there.
So I'm at this team building exercise thing at the salon I work at.
The boss lady got a medium to come to the shop
and do a group reading for us.
Super fun, right?
So she gets started and kind of bounces around the room a bit before getting to me.
She looks at me and says,
there's a woman coming through that wants to talk to you, paternal?
Or maternal, maybe a grandmother?
Her name sounds like spring.
Do you know who I'm talking about?
Chills.
Taken aback.
I said, May.
Her name sounds like spring.
Oh my God.
The medium goes on.
She says she's never, she never knew you in life,
but that she's always been with you looking after you.
She says she was there when your son was born
and she watches over him too.
Ruin me.
As you can imagine, I was overwhelmed with all the feels
and the tears just started flowing like a faucet I couldn't turn off.
I was ugly crying all up in that bitch.
I finally got up the strength to ask,
can you tell me how she died?
There's just some really weird stuff surrounding her death
and her family has always wanted to know the truth.
Oh God.
The medium just kind of stared at me for a moment.
She grabbed the top of her head and shuttered.
Then she started to speak, are you sure?
Yes, please just tell me, I said,
trying to bet my best to keep from snotting all over my own face.
She was hit on the head and pushed.
Killed.
I'm sorry.
The room fell silent.
I thanked her for telling me and I ran out.
It was intense, my dudes.
I immediately called Sam and we cried together for a bit
before deciding that we were going to do something totally crazy.

We were going to find out the truth one way or another.
Sam and I would consider ourselves a bit witchy.
We dabble with tarot and spells and all things spiritual and mysterious.
I fucking love you too.
Loves it.
We're woo, woo, woo, woo, yeah.
Halloween was right around the corner.
There it is, Kamen.
Yep.
Or as the pagans call it, Samhain.
Samhain is a time of year when the veil between our world
and the spirit world is the thinnest.
I know you both know what I'm talking about and probably could guess
where I'm going with this.
Hell yeah, brother.
So yeah, we're doing a fucking seance, yo.
Weegee board, candle, circle assault, the works.
We were going to conjure up May's spirit and ask her
what in the actual fuck had happened.
So we began making plans for a Samhain seance
and finally getting the truth.
It was fucking on.
The seance started off slow.
We fucked with the board for a while before getting anything,
without before getting anything beside a few words
and a lot of goodbyes.
No one wanted to talk to us,
but we're persistent little bitches.
So we kept trying and eventually started chanting May's name.
What can I say?
I guess the moment got away with us.
We called for May to come through.
We closed our eyes and put all our collective energy
and focus on her.
And then it happened.
The air got thick in the smell of rose water
with a touch of cigarette smoke filled the room.
Oh my God.
Sam looked up at me.
She's here.
I have full chills on my body.
You know how your body will warm?
I'm getting like warm.
Literally my whole body is chilled right now.

This is a fucking tale.
This is insane.
This is a listener tale.
This is the listener tale.
We started asking questions,
more just to confirm her identity than anything else.
It was May all right.
She knew my son's name.
She knew when she died.
She knew Sam's birthday.
It was her.
We could smell her and feel her presence.
She was warm and comforting.
The planchette moved pretty slowly at first
like it was taking a lot of energy to come through.
As if we were disturbing her slumber.
After a while, Sam finally blurts out,
Mom, were you murdered?
The million dollar question.
The planchette moves swiftly up the board.
Yes.
Sam dissolves in the sobs.
I put her shaking hands back onto the planchette as she cried.
Grandma, I ask, do you want us to find him?
Do you need justice?
The planchette moves again.
No.
And then it slowly spells out the word happy.
Oh my God.
And then she was gone.
We can almost feel her leave.
The smell of roses and tobacco just vanishes.
We hug each other and we cry.
We cry a lot.
After that night, Sam and I decide to let May rest.
We both felt that her spirit is at peace
and that she's okay.
She's happy and she doesn't need justice or vengeance
or whatever or whatever.
Fuck Dave.
He has to live with what he did.
And let me say that both Sam and myself believe wholeheartedly
that garbage human that is Dave murdered May
and got away with it.

But he will get his in life or the next.
Karma doesn't forget and it will find you.
Yep.
Sam made all of us these cute little locket
with a bit of May's ashes in them.
And I keep mine around my rear view mirror
and I give her love every day.
And I believe she looks after me always.
I never knew her in life,
but she's had such a profound effect on me
and the woman I've become.
Rest in peace, May.
Okay, I know.
I'm crying too.
I had no idea this would be such an emotional roller coaster.
Wow.
I literally really broke down multiple times while writing this.
I just think it's the craziest, most fucked up story ever.
And I sometimes can't even believe it's real
and that it happened to me.
Well, thank you for reading my tale.
I hope you guys enjoyed it
and that it didn't traumatize you too much.
Love both you spooky bitches to itty-bitty pieces.
Stay safe, stay cool,
and always remember to keep it weird.
But not to weird that you abandoned your child
only to come back 12 years later to traumatize her more
with her grandma's funeral
and meeting an entire family she never knew.
And by taking her on a 40-hour road trip
with her grandma's ashes on her lap
and then being a complete ass hat to her
for the rest of her life
for leaving her dead inside
and wondering why.
Fuck you, Dad.
But do keep it so weird
that you become best friends with your long lost aunt
and solve your grandma's murder
by reaching into the veil into the great beyond.
Peace out, weirdos.
Roxy.
Roxy, you're the fucking coolest.

Roxy.
Fucking Roxy.
Roxy.
Holy shit, Roxy.
That fucked me up.
That, I mean,
May forever.
May forever.
You and Sam forever.
I love your relationship.
Holy cow.
I love that you got to have that relationship.
I know.
I love that May told you she's happy where she is,
and that makes me happy that she's happy.
And gave you some kind of peace.
Yeah, that just told you,
you know what?
Don't worry about it.
I'm happy where I am.
Right.
Everything's okay.
And that I've been with you always.
Right.
I was there when your son was born.
Like, that's beautiful.
Like, that, that hurts.
And like, I watch over him too.
Like, that's going to make me cry.
I know.
And then me feel things.
You didn't get a dad out of it,
but you got a best fucking friend sister out.
Hell yeah.
And that is fucking cooler than a dad, in my opinion.
And you have the best fucking mom.
Yep.
And it sounds like your stepdad was pretty great too,
because he was just your dad dad.
He was your dad dad.
He could just be your dad dad.
He stepped in.
He was like, I'm your dad.
Just because your dad like contributed to making you,

doesn't mean he's your dad.
Exactly.
So you, you know what?
You're killing it.
And I love you.
And I love that you're 90s bitch.
And I love, you're awesome.
Roxy.
So thank you for that.
Roxy also brought you back fucking.
What are these?
Pogs and slammers.
Now you get Pogs.
You get Pog retro caps and a neon purple storage too.
Hell yeah.
Roxy forever.
Oh yes.
You're welcome.
I'm so excited.
I'm happy for you.
You can get me a neopet because those just came back.
You actually don't purchase them at all,
but like make me an account or something.
Okay.
I'll make you an account.
All right.
Cool.
I feel as though we have time for one more.
I feel like we do.
Do you feel as though?
I feel as though.
Bishop Gray Academy.
The most prestigious boarding school in the country.
And the most cutthroat.
Bishop Gray is like no other school on the planet.
I'm not supposed to be here, but I'm here now.
And I'm not going to settle for mediocrity.
These secret society people, they prey on scholarship kids.
So you're the Bishop Gray Illuminati.
Do what you have to do to survive, Eva.
That's what I would do.
You're in the night of the war?
I want to take the next step.
Get away from me.

Oh my God.
You have a bright future ahead of you.
Don't fall in with this crowd.
All right.
I'm going to keep with the trend here and do spooky nanny saves lives.
I love that.
Pour one out for nannies and grannies and all of that.
We love nannies.
It says hey weirdos and dev dev.
Hope you lovely people are doing well.
My name is Mickey.
You can use it.
It's a nickname for my great-grandfather.
Excuse me.
Yes, like the mouse.
I've been listening to your podcast since May of 2022.
It was introduced to me by my ex.
Thanks, shithead.
Affectionately.
You parted on good terms.
I started from the beginning and have slowly been making my way through all the episodes.
I have a bad habit of bringing multiple episodes or binging multiple episodes and then forgetting all about the pod for a few weeks.
Please forgive me.
It's okay.
I forgive you.
That's okay.
Y'all are great company on the super long drives.
I go on to visit my parents, keeping me company and from going insane by myself with no one else to talk to you, but my squishmallow road trip companion.
But seriously, you guys are so awesome and put so much effort into your work on the podcast.
It's awe inspiring.
Aw, thanks Mickey.
Thank you.
Alayna, congrats on the success of your book.
Thank you.
I have not read it yet.
Forgive me.
I am a ball of anxiety, TM.
That's okay.
On a good day and struggle with suspenseful books and shows.
But I've heard a lot of wonderful things about it and I have added it to my ever growing to read, to be read list.
Thank you.

Ash, congrats on the engagement.

Thank you.

And if it has happened before you read this tale, the wedding, it hasn't.

But thank you.

I've been meaning to send this tale in for a while now.

It's been sitting half finished for like three months, but I finished it and I'm very excited to share it with you.

It's a bit of a lighter, more wholesome tale compared to some others that you've read and might be a good palette cleanser after a heavy tail.

There you go.

Boom.

It's like you knew.

Attached as a 14 point font double space pot-a-fah for your viewing pleasure.

Woo.

I apologize for how absurdly long it is if you can't tell by now I'm a rambler through and through.

I hope you enjoy this spooky little tale about a spooky nanny, much love Mickey like the mouse.

I added like the mouse part.

Mickey like the mouse.

Mickey like the mouse.

Hey weirdos, this is a pretty long tale with stories within the story.

That's fine.

All about my grandma's experience with a ghost simply known as ma'am.

Ma'am.

I think my family, specifically on my mom's side, is sensitive to ghosts or something, mainly due to the members of the family having some sort of experience or interaction that was not easily explained.

For example, my mom smelling my long dead great-grandfather's cologne in a place he never visited since

he died before it was built.

Whoa, that's wild.

I've even had an experience that maybe could have been a ghost.

In college, I lived in an old frat house turned into a shared housing that was definitely haunted.

But this is not about me, so maybe I'll send in that one on a different day.

Please do.

Today, however, I wanted to offer up a more happy and comforting spooky story that my grandma told me when I was young, probably like third or fourth grade, and that I remembered recently after listening to your podcast.

I was able to catch up with her over Thanksgiving and get the full story, including the history of the house.

I'm sure you get this all the time, but apologies for any rambling and confusion.

My writing skills are mediocre at best.

Never upon this.

I'm true.

Also, this will probably be pretty long, so feel free to skip over one or two of the encounters or any of the added history or commentary and parentheses, though I have a good feeling

you won't.

Hell no.

And I won't.

Anyways, on with the story.

My mother grew up in a smaller city north of San Francisco in California with her parents and sister and a cute, old, little old house on a busy street in the 70s.

Hell yeah.

I've added pictures at the end of the front of the house.

Think cute, vintagey house with a decent front yard, a huge wraparound porch, ghouls, and a pool in the backyard.

Totally cute.

Oh, I haven't looked yet, but I'm excited too.

Total American dream home.

The house had a couple different owners before my grandparents.

My mom and her sister moved in, and I believe at one point it was a government or office building at one point.

Not really relevant, but still kind of cool.

True.

My aunt was either a very new baby or just not born yet when they moved in and shared one of the bedrooms with my mom while my grandparents used the other.

There was an attic, attic, which was later converted into my grandparents' new bedroom and gave my mom and aunt separate rooms.

The bedrooms were in the front of the house facing the road with the living room in the middle and the kitchen slash dining room in the back of the house facing the yard and an unattached garage.

I really hope this makes sense.

It does.

I can picture it.

Right off the bat, things started happening in the house that couldn't really just be explained away.

And I mean like right away.

The first night they spent in the house after buying it, my grandma recalled waking up to hearing all the plates and other dishes that were not quite fully unpacked rattling away in the dining room.

Ooh.

My grandpa was either sound asleep or woke up to it as well.

And my three year old mom and maybe born, maybe not tiny baby aunt were fast asleep in their room.

Nobody else on the house.

My grandma swears it only happened that first night as well.

She likes to think that it was ma'am making herself known as a resident in the house.
I'm obsessed with ma'am already.
I love that.
She's like, just so you know I'm down here.
Ma'am in the house.
What?
Not in a get out of my house kind of way, but more in a hey, I'm still here.
You're cool to be here too.
We gotta be roomies for a bit, okay?
Way.
Super chill.
After that.
Super chill.
Super chill.
After that, my grandma always felt a somewhat comforting presence in the house.
Never threatening, at least not towards my family.
Never hostile, just there and watching over them.
As time went on, however, it became very clear that while ma'am was watching the whole house, she very clearly had a favorite, my aunt.
Oh man.
Remember, my aunt was basically a newborn when this all started.
Brand new baby in the world.
Ma'am probably thought my grandparents needed an extra hand to keep herself safe and healthy.
My grandma thinks ma'am's love of my aunt is due to the fact that she was the first baby, maybe, to be born and raised in that house.
And that ma'am saw my aunt as her baby too.
And since my aunt was also her baby, she was ma'am's to protect.
Oh, I love that a lot.
One instance of ma'am's protective instincts came out when my aunt was still pretty young, meaning likely under a year old.
My grandma was in the front yard doing some cleaning, tending to the plants and palm trees while my mom played nearby.
My aunt at the time was sleeping in a stroller parked in a sunny spot near the palm trees.
While my grandma's tending to the plants in the yard, she suddenly got an overwhelming feeling of something telling her she needed to move my aunt's stroller.
She took a second to look at my mom and aunt.
Mom was still playing, having a good time.
And my aunt was still happily sleeping in the warm sun.
My grandma brushed off the feeling as, you know, just a weird passing thought.
A few seconds later, however, the feeling came back even stronger.
Something was telling her, hey, you need to move that stroller right now.
Move it.
Oh, that gave me chills again.
This time she listened to the feeling,

moving my aunt and her stroller away from the sunny spot to a more shaded area.

This made her a little fussy, but in the end was really, really fortunate.

As but a few moments later, a big old palm frond from...

Frond.

Frond from one of the trees came crashing to the ground, landing exactly where the stroller was sitting.

Now, I don't know how much you know about palm fronds,

but those suckers can get really freaking heavy.

I didn't know that.

Like way up to 100 pounds heavy.

Holy shit.

I shit you not.

And the palm trees at the house were not short trees either.

So this big palm frond comes crashing down from probably, I don't know,

20 to 40 feet in the air, weighing 50 to 100 pounds,

and lands in the spot my aunt was just taking a little nap in her stroller, literally minutes before my grandma moved her.

Damn.

Can you fucking imagine?

You're terrifying.

Your poor grandma must have lost her shit.

Yeah, I'd be ruined for days.

I'd be like, well, we're a gorephobic.

Yeah, I'd be like, well, my heart stopped three times.

So I'm going to have to rest.

Yeah, we're never leaving this again.

Thanks.

My grandma believes it was ma'am telling her to move the baby,

as if she knew the palm frond was about to fall and wanted to protect my aunt.

Another instance happened when my aunt was about two-ish years old, able to walk but still pretty young and not super aware.

My grandma was out running errands with my mom,

and my grandpa was watching my aunt at the house

while also doing some workout back as my aunt took a nap.

That baby loves to nap.

She loves to nap.

After getting some good work done,

my grandpa decided to lay face down on a lounge chair,

the reclinable type, you know, with the bar in the back

that can adjust the height of the backrest.

Oh, those are the best.

He ended up dozing off for a while.

I assume it was one of the sunnier summer days,

but I'm not 100% sure.

Suddenly, he was startled awake by the feeling of an ice-cold hand on his shoulder.
He looked up and saw no one near him.

He did, however, see my two-year-old aunt
toddling her way down the driveway
toward the very busy street that they lived on.

My aunt must have woken up from her nap
and decided to go exploring,
following the clear path from the back porch door to the driveway.
He ran and grabbed her,
but had no idea where the cold hands on his back came from.

Ma'am.

Ma'am was like, wake up.

Ma'am was like, sir, wake up.

She was like, your toddler is waddling toward the street.

You fell asleep.

The final incident I'll bring up happened
when my mom and aunt were a bit older.

One night, probably when my aunt was about three or five years old,
my grandma woke up in the middle of the night.

Nothing crazy woke her up,
but when she awakes, she realized the lights in the living room were on.
That was weird, seeing as she definitely turned them off
before going to bed,
distinctly remembering going to each light and turning them off.
They didn't have a switch.

You had to manually turn each one on and off.

Not wanting to waste electricity,
my grandma got up and went to turn off the lights.

Since she was awakened up, she decided to also check on my aunt and mom,
who were asleep in their room.

My mom was fine, peacefully sleeping the night away.

My aunt, on the other hand, was not resting well.

Instead, she was fighting a very high fever,
soaked with sweat and super clammy.

My grandma doesn't remember how high it was,
and I don't think it required a hospital visit,
but it definitely could have escalated
if it hadn't been caught when it was.

In the morning, my grandma asked my grandpa
if he had gotten up before her and turned on the lights,
then accidentally forgetting to turn them back off
before heading to bed,
but he swore he hadn't.

My grandma believes ma'am saw my aunt was sick

and turned on the lights to wake up my grandparents
so they could help her.

Wow.

Fucking ma'am.

Poor whatever ma'am.

Ma'am, seriously.

There were a couple other instances,
such as a run-in with a babysitter
who ma'am decided was not worthy
of taking care of her kids,
as well as little things like footsteps
being heard on the porch when nobody was there.

But over time, as my aunt grew or got older,
ma'am's presence slowly faded.

My grandma believes that ma'am was tied to the attic,
and when they renovated it to put in her
and my grandpa's new bedroom,
her presence had all but disappeared.

Now for the history section.

Again, feel free to skip this if the story's too long.

I'm not interested.

I promise I won't be offended.

The house was originally built for a woman
in the early 20th century,
who moved out west after contracting
a lovely little disease known as tuberculosis.

The climate in the Bay Area
was thought to be the best for surviving TB,
and the house was built with a large wrap-around porch
that was large enough for this woman's bed
to be left on it for her to sleep outside,
which was believed to help cure those sick with TB.

Kind of wild when you think of that.

She lived in this house for a while,
but unfortunately lost it due to being unable to keep it
when the Great Depression hit.

Following the foreclosure,
she went to live up in one of the settlements
on Mount Tamalpes,
and the house was vacant until someone else bought it.
After the house changed hands a couple times,
the couple who sold it to my grandparents
had an interesting encounter.

They saw an older woman, still alive in this case,

on the sidewalk, oh my, I'm gonna cry,
staring longingly at the house.
The couple told my grandma about this
after the house was purchased,
believing it to be the original woman
who owned and lost the house.
I've either been a curative TB
or somehow kept the symptoms at bay to live a long life.
My grandma believes that ma'am
is the original owner of the house who returned to her home,
whether due to love for the home or unfinished business.
I'm literally gonna cry.
She thinks ma'am never got to have a family or kids,
so when she saw my aunt,
she felt motherly love towards her
and decided to care for the family.
I firmly believe ma'am existed,
and I like to think she's still checking in
every so often on the house.
I don't know if ma'am is home or not,
all grown up and not living there anymore.
Who knows?
Maybe ma'am stuck with my aunt
to help her watch over my two cousins
while my aunt recovered from back surgery.
Wherever she is,
I hope she knows how grateful my family is
for her care and protection.
I hope you enjoyed this story.
Remember to keep it weird.
Ash, feel free to make your own,
but I thought of this one,
and I kinda liked it.
We're going with yours, girl.
Hell yeah.
So weird, in fact,
that is super spooky,
but super awesome ghost nanny lives in your house
to help you keep your kids safe and healthy.
Oh my gosh, this house is beautiful.
It's so pretty.
I love it.
I love ma'am.
Oh my god, those palm trees are fucking massive.

Oh my god, and your mom and aunt are adorable.
Oh, look at them.
Adorable.
And look at that pumpkin.
I love that pumpkin.
Oh my god,
and your grandparents are adorable.
Hi, Mickey.
That was an amazing story.
That was a great one to end on.
It really was.
What a feel-good tale.
We love ma'am, we love ma'am.
Oh, we love nanas all across the world.
Oh my goodness.
All across the world.
Okay.
Oh, this was a great one.
It was.
It really was.
It was feel-good at one at the end.
It was.
We love you guys,
and we love when you send your listener tales in.
Keep sending them.
If you have a listener tale that you want to send in,
you can send it to MorbidPodcast
at gmail.com with listener tales somewhere
in the subject line.
Yes.
You just looked crazy while I did that.
You did.
But we hope you keep listening.
And we hope you keep it.
Weird.
But that's where you don't send in to your listener tale
because I really want to hear it.
Yee-haw.
Just yee-haw.
I don't even know why.
Hey, Prime members.
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