

An excerpt from "Ghosts"

Dire 51: ...you know, that explains a lot. I could never tell exactly why I was creeped out by your house, but now I know. I never wanted to say anything to you about it at the time either, because I thought you'd think I was crazy. Frankly, I'd forgotten about it until now...

I guess it's time to share my ghost story now.

I used to live in a small cottage in Deland, back in 2002-03 - in fact, I'll bet several of you remember it. It was on property that had been used for centuries, but as of now is being used by a religious organization that runs a church out of one of the houses, and rents the rest of the houses on the property out to low income families.

We lived there for a little less than a year. There was one cottage on either side of us - one was being rented, but the other was being used as a museum, with a lot of Native American artifacts inside (it was the pet project of one of the church members). The museum was in the cottage that was right next to the woods.

This was when I was working overnights at the outsourcer, and on my nights off I would usually stay up after my ex-wife and oldest daughter had gone to bed (to do otherwise would have thrown me off schedule). I would usually play games, listen to music and read or watch TV until almost morning.

Looking out at that museum sometimes from the kitchen window that faced it in the middle of the night... sometimes it was just damned eerie. Structurally it was built just like the rest of the cottages on the property, but there was such a feeling of foreboding surrounding it at night...

...and with increasing regularity in the dead of night, I swear I could feel someone - or something - watching me, and the feeling always came from the direction of the kitchen.

I'd just be sitting there playing *GTA: Vice City* or something, and then - bam. Someone's watching me. Of course, I'd turn around and look, and go into the kitchen and flip on the lights, but there was never anyone there, inside or out. Then I'd look out at the museum and just be creeped out, because that feeling would just hit me full force.

As the months passed, that feeling got stronger and stronger. Finally came the night we were moving out, in January of 2003. We spent the better part of the night loading the truck, then went to sleep for a few hours. About six or so we were up, and I finished loading the last of the stuff on to the truck. The house was empty.

The ex went to go buy breakfast for us - she took the baby with her, leaving me to perform a final look around the house, to see if there was anything we missed. About halfway through my circuit of the house, the feeling of foreboding I would get whenever I looked at the museum in the dead of night just hit me full force - except that now it was in our place.

I quickly finished up and headed to the door, then took one last look inside as I was shutting the door. I recall getting incredibly freaked out by the feeling I was getting just from looking inside our place. I slammed the door and locked it, then got into the truck and locked the door.

Then I realized I had take a piss... but one look back at the house was enough to convince me to hold it. The ex pulled up a couple minutes later, and as she was getting out of the car, I rolled down the window and said to her "Let's just go, okay?"

The last time I saw that place was in the side mirror of the truck a couple minutes later as it was receding in the distance, and I swear I have never been so happy to leave any place behind. I don't know what was going on there, nor do I want to know. It's like something wanted us out, and whatever it was, it had slowly been moving from the museum to where we were.

I just hope I never have to set foot anywhere near that place again.

In other news, I saw a ghost cat here recently, and something keeps closing my closet door at night. I always leave it open, but when I get home in the morning it's closed. This isn't a door that will just get pushed shut by air from the fan or anything like that, either - especially considering that the fan that is blowing in its direction would blow it open because of the way it's facing...

Knight717: Oooooohhh..... that's spooky.

zatharus: Damn... I wish I had something to contribute to this thread...

cosmo: OK. On the closet thing, I will swear in front of a grand jury, that neither I nor my wife goes into his room. I am almost positive that my daughter doesn't do it (although you just can't trust a 1-year-old).

I have never seen the "ghost cat", as Rob likes to call it, but since Rob's sighting, I am almost positive I have experienced it.

One night while lying in bed, I heard one of our cats hissing and growling. I got up to beat her ass and it was then that I heard an ever-so-slight rapping, like the sound of fingers drumming on a door, coming from down the hall. I walked out into the hallway to see our cat in super defense posture staring at the door to what is now Rob's room. She was hissing like she had to defend her territory against some unseen intruder. I turned, got back into bed and thought to myself, "Please stay down that way. I don't want to see you."

I have had no other "eerie" experiences since then.

On a side note, the cat in question, Ashley, does seem to have a bi-polar disorder of somekind. She freaks out for no apparent reason and constantly attacks herself. I passed it off as a factory defect. (I've been waiting for a recall.)

I am now leaning toward possession. It would explain alot.

Knight717: Chris, That shits funny!! You stuck Rob in that room?! BWAHAHAHAH!!!

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