[Snap Judgment intro]

**Glynn:** We are thrilled to bring you this morsel from the Spooked table. But if you need more monsters, if you need more demons, if you need more Spooked, subscribe while you still can. Just go to *luminary.link/spooked*.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Back in the day, for a few years I just kind of wandered all over the world, doing part-time jobs, sleeping on friends' couches. I didn't know what I was looking for. Didn't have a lot of money for lunch or the train fare, whatever. But still, I always allowed myself one splurge. Books. I love books. I do. The smell, the bindings, the stories and novels. I've purchased Buddhist texts in Korea, books on flower arranging, stacks, stacks of classic science fiction and fantasy. I've bought books in braille, and I can see just fine, I just like touching them. New books, old books, whole collections from a Japanese flea market. A secret forbidden book, chronicling the political history of Malaysia, collected notes of Charles Darwin, slave journals. In Taiwan, I find an eejit Chinese volume, detailing the acupuncture meridians of the body in extraordinary detail. It was last printed over 100 years ago.

And because I don't have a home or whatever, I pack these treasures away. I send them to my mother's place in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for safekeeping, hundreds of books. Each one with their own story, of how they were bought, bartered, bet, or traded for. And I packed away as gifts to an older me because I have a vision, where I'm content, happy, gray haired, wandering through a library of my own creation. Reading sometimes by myself, sometimes out loud to my loved ones. I see this place, I see this clearly as I see my own hands. I know that someday, I want my children, my children's children, their children in turn to know they can walk through many worlds. They can press through time and space if they learn to love these books as much as I do.

One day, I'm sitting eating an apple minding my own business when I get a call from my mama. She's a deeply religious woman. "Son, [unintelligible [00:02:57] ladies, we've got to divine it." And the church things I hear in the background, clapping and praying, divine it. "That’s right. He says the devil, the devil up in my house." "Hmm. The devil, huh? Really?" "That’s right. The devil in my home, walking about on my clean kitchen floor. He follows. His cloven hoofs right through the house, over rugs, down the stairs, [unintelligible [00:03:27]." "Mm-hmm." "And you know what we discover right on top of your pile of papers?" "Mama? Mother?" "*Satanic Verses*. *Satanic Verses*. How you going to bring the verses of the devil into my Christian home?" "Mom, um, Satanic Verses, it's not what you think it is. It's a book by Salman Rushdie, and he--" "I know what the verses of Satan now, boy. I know Satanic Verses are going to burn. Just like the rest of these books." "Mama, mama, mama. Leave the books alone. You can have Satanic Verses. Take it. I don’t even leave like that book. But just leave everything else alone." "It's got the Satan. It's going to burn in the same holy fire. I just thought I'd let you know." "Mama, leave my books alone!" "Goodbye, son." Mother! Mother!" [phone hangs up] "Mama! Mother!"

I call back. I call back again and again, and it's like I'm standing in the middle of this vision of my beautiful library as it burst into flame. [burning] I feel the heat on my skin. The smoke burns my eyes. I don't call her anymore. I don't wonder if she did it. I could almost hear her Satan laughing. [evil laughing] Laughing. And then, after a good long while, I started laughing too.

[somber music]

Oh, yes. You have waited long enough. The pumpkins are carved. The scarecrows are hanging. The night has a cold bite, even as the days grow shorter. Tis the season for our evil twin podcast, Spooked. Real people share their brush with the supernatural. My name is Glynn Washington. Snap Judgment presents, Spooked - The Torment. Be afraid.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Now, our story comes to us from the other side of the world, Durban, South Africa, where Austin Francis and his dad, they're close, they're tight. And Austin's dad, he's a real adventurous type, not afraid of anything. Austin wants to be just like him. But he's about to learn how much there is to be scared of in this world. Spooked. Please understand, our next story is terrifying. Sensitive listeners are advised.

**Austin:** My dad was basically a very strong man. He was an oak. He was the strength of our family.

[somber music]

**Austin:** He loved birds. He loved wild birds of South Africa, and he used to go out collecting birds. He was trapping them, swapping them out with his friends in the bird club. That was his passion, is birds.

[chirpings]

**Austin:** He built himself a massive aviary. It was in the backyard of a massive walk-through aviary.

[somber music]

**Austin:** He used to go out like 4:00 AM just to catch the first flock of birds that's coming in to feed on a grassland on a farmer's patch. I only went to do this with my dad one time, and I think I must have been 10 or 11 years old. It was cool, going with my dad out in the dark and knowing where we're going. I knew we were going to catch birds, but I never knew the destination.

[footsteps]

**Austin:** He knew exactly where to park, which fence to cross, how far in to the field he would go and [unintelligible 00:08:28], set up his birdcages. He was just running back and forth, removing the birds from the trap, putting them in another cage and we waited. And it went on until we had about two cages full of our wild yelloweye finches.

[birds flapping feathers]

[upbeat music]

**Austin:** It was an adventure for me. It was a little more than adventure in a way. We're out in the countryside and we're doing cowboy stuff, I think. It was cool, I enjoyed it. I was enjoying the darkness, and I love the stars. It was amazing until first light. And then, I realized I was in someone's farm. It was a ginger farm, and you dug your hands into the ground, you can pick up ginger roots. At first light, I realized that we were illegally on someone's farm [chuckles] catching birds.

[somber music]

**Austin:** That was my dad. He'd go all out for his birds. He would cross the river just to set up his trap cages to catch birds. That's how he was.

[clock ticking]

**Austin:** When I was about 23, my dad used to have these night terrors.

[eerie music]

**Austin:** Our house is basically silent, nobody snored. It was a quiet house.

[screaming]

**Austin:** And then, my dad would scream, yell. And that will shake the house up and we'd all jump out of bed to see what's going on.

[screaming]

**Austin:** And he'd be yelling in the sleep. It scared both myself and my sibling. We were like horrified. "What's wrong with dad? Is he ill? Why is he screaming like this?" It went on for a while, and he never spoke of it. It sort of bugged me, as I needed to know what the hell was going on. The fact that I wanted to know, it lingered in my mind all the time. But in an Indian household, it was just taboo for kids to ask the adult question. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays were leisure days for me, myself and my friend. We'd go out clubbing. We used to club a lot.

[car passes]

**Austin:** One night, I came home just after 1:00 in the morning.

[door opens]

[clock ticking]

**Austin:** I fell asleep.

[screaming]

**Austin:** And I heard my dad yelling. He started screaming and yelling.

[screaming]

**Austin:** His screams were fearful as if he was being harmed or he was afraid of something.

[screaming]

**Austin:** I sensed that something was terribly wrong. It was not just a bad dream. Something was disturbing.

[screaming]

**Austin:** I thought I should stand up for him.

[eerie music]

**Glynn:** Will Austin take on whatever or whoever is hurting his father? Find out when Snap Judgment, Spooked - The Torment returns. Stay tuned.

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment Presents Spooked - The Torment, amazing supernatural stories from our sister program, Spooked. When last we left, Austin's father was experiencing night terrors that make him scream in his sleep. The family just thinks it's nightmares. But Austin, he thinks it's something else entirely. Spooked.

**Austin:** Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays were leisure days for me, myself and my friend. We'd go out clubbing. We used to club a lot.

[car passes]

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[screaming]

**Austin:** And I heard my dad yelling. He started screaming and yelling.

[screaming]

**Austin:** His screams were fearful as if he was being harmed or he was afraid of something.

[eerie music] [screaming]

**Austin:** I sensed that something was terribly wrong. It was not just a bad dream. Something was disturbing.

[eerie music] [screaming]

**Austin:** I thought I should stand up for him.

[eerie music]

**Austin:** I usually sleep with a pocket Bible on my bed. My hand reached instinctively for the Bible. And it was like, "Here I go. I'm on this mission to confront whatever or whoever was hurting my dad." It's like I knew what I needed to do without thinking about it. I stepped out of my room. What caught my eye was a green luminous light that was coming from the lounge.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** I take two steps into the living room, and on my right perched within the light-

[snarling]

**Austin:** -was this creature.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** He was a big guy. He was a big, muscular guy. He had the body of man but his face was that of a beast. He had pointy ears, yellowish sharp teeth.

[snarling]

**Austin:** His eyes were yellowish with red outlining. He had green scaly skin, you could clearly see his scaly skin. He had long dirty nails, and he had a goldish bracelet from his shoulder to his elbow, a full, long bracelet. It had some kind of engravings on it. There was little twirly kind of stuff that was on that bracelet, which I could not identify. I could see his breath. The lounge was so cold. It was a summer night. The house was not cold. We didn't have any air conditioning. The lounge was cold because of him.

[eerie music]

**Austin:** When I stepped into that living room, I caught his attention and he stared me down from head to toe and looked at me. I had the Bible clutched in my right hand to my side. And then, he looked at the direction of where my dad was sleeping, through the wall that divided the living room from my dad's bedroom.

[snarling]

**Austin:** And when he stared in that direction, my dad began to yell and scream.

[screaming]

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** In my normal state of mind, I would have brought the house down. I would have sworn, used languages my mom would hate. But that night felt different. I was so cool, collective, and knew that I had to do this. In order for me to get to him, I have to pass a couch that was between us, a long couch. I walked around the couch to approach where he was. He stopped and looked at me.

[snarling]

**Austin:** And he started to snarl, pretty much the way a wild animal that there was cornered by hunters or something would snarl that threaten you as if, "I'd hurt you, I'd kill you," or, "I would attack you."

[snarling]

**Austin:** I stopped halfway, he probably thought that I'm no threat to him and he continued to stare to his left at the wall where my dad was sleeping.

[snarling]

**Austin:** It was as though he could see my dad through that wall. And when he did that, my dad instantly yelled all over again.

[screaming]

**Austin:** To think that something like this affects my dad, my hero, I was upset. I was livid. I had to take the thing on.

[eerie music]

**Austin:** I continue towards him, and I walked around the couch. No qualms about it, I walked straight up to him and I looked at him straight in the eye.

[snarling]

**Austin:** He snarled at me in a threatening manner and showed me his ugly teeth. And I didn't care, because I was willing to sacrifice myself for my dad.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** I just stated, [unintelligible 00:20:52] the blood of Jesus. And I touched him on his thigh with the Bible.

[snarling]

**Austin:** I heard the singe, like where you take a hot iron and muck coal or something. It singed. And it yelped as if in pain, and the lights gradually closed in on it, sucked him in, and shut. That was it. He was gone. My dad stopped screaming.

I walked to my dad's room, and he was quiet. I placed the Bible on his side pedestal. And I just touched his forehead to see if he was okay. My dad slept soundly. He was fine. I felt immediate change in our lives, because if my dad is fine, everything is good. We're good. And I went off to my room. I slept like a baby.

[somber music]

**Austin:** I woke up the next morning in shock, like, "What just happened?" My dad was having breakfast at around 9:00 AM or so. I walked up to him and said, "Dad, are you okay?" He said, "Yeah." "What happened this morning, last night?" And then, he says, "Son, every night, there's this green guy that's sitting on my chest and squeezing my throat." And I finished off his statement and said, "Green guy, pointy ears, gold bracelet on his arm," and my dad's jaw dropped. And he said, "But-- uh, what?" I said, "Dad, I confronted him this morning." And he left his breakfast, he said, "Let's go to my room. Get me my diary from the bookstand." He opened his diary and he said, "This guy?" And I said, "Yeah, that's him."

[eerie music]

**Austin:** My dad has been making sketches of him. Every time he had confrontation or nightmares, he was sketching. At first, they were rough sketches. My dad was just trying to remember what this demon looked like, and he would make wild sketches. I was in awe, and I looked at the sketches rather in depth. He did a sketch of the demon with a bird on the left-hand side flying away, flying off. And then, there are like three more or four more sketches of the demon. The sketches were getting closer each day, until his final sketch. The final sketch of the demon was sort of a bust version, just the shoulders and chest. You could see his pointy ears and a sharp teeth, and his eyes, the demonic-looking eyes. I tap my finger on his diary, and I said, [snaps finger] "That's him. Yes, that’s him."

[snarling]

**Austin:** That was him. My dad, he stood there in total shock. He never thought that I or anyone else would have experienced this thing. And I said, "Dad, he won't be bothering you anymore."

[somber music]

**Austin:** I was quite confident in myself. It was really a good feeling.

[somber music]

**Austin:** The next day, my mom decided to call the pastor over to shed some light on the incident. I gave him the entire rundown. He listened carefully, and his conclusion was that the Holy Spirit came over me to protect my dad, which explains why I was so calm and I did not freak out in any way and why clutched the Bible.

[somber music]

**Austin:** It sounded a bit corny to me. It wasn't what I wanted to hear. His explanation didn't quite gel with me. This was something that I was waiting for and all this while that my dad was having the night terrors, it grew on me. It stayed on my mind that I need to know what is bothering my dad, and I wanted to get to the bottom of it.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** However, he said this in closing, "When it's my time, the same demon would come for me. When I'm at my weak point or when it's my time to go, cross over, a demon would be there to take me." That was it. He prayed. He prayed for my dad. He prayed for the family and he was gone. The demon, it never came back. My dad totally stopped screaming and he was at peace afterward. I know it never worried my dad again. But I feel that although that it didn't return, it may have had a dire effect. My dad was soon after diagnosed with cancer, and it was in the last stages and it was too late for treatment, and he soon passed on afterwards.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** I was raised Catholic, but my grandparents, my dad's mom and dad, were Hindus. The tradition in Hindu culture is whereby the priests would do an exorcism on someone that's possessed or remove demons from homes and release the demon into the rivers.

[snarling]

**Austin:** Away from basically civilization, from houses and stuff like that, they would go off to a far river and release the demons into the river. And my dad, those were his places to catch his wild birds. And I assume that this is where this thing latched on to my dad.

[snarling]

**Austin:** Perhaps, the demon knew that my dad had a weakness and decided to attack him because he probably knew that my dad was dying. My dad never knew this. We never knew this until he got really sick.

I acquired a job out of the province and I had to move. I was in my own place.

[footsteps, opens the door]

**Austin:** It was two months later, and I went back to the house after my dad's passing. I was hurting inside, because they were empty spaces in that house because he was not there. It felt hollow, it felt quiet. I stared into his bedroom and just realized that he's not around anymore.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** I walked to the lounge and I think secretly, I called out to that demon as if, "Are you still around? Are you hiding from me? Did I defeat you? Did you take my dad?" I still go to the house and I spend some nights in the lounge. I bunk on the couch sometimes just to see to get in touch or know.

[suspenseful music]

**Austin:** I think that's my one wish, is to face him head on again. If I were to see him, experience him, or sense him in some way, I will definitely take him on. I promise you that.

[suspenseful music]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Thank you, Austin, for sharing your story with the Spooked. Original score for that piece is by Leon Morimoto. It was produced by Zoë Ferrigno.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Now, when we return, a mother and a daughter both know their family home is haunted. But they don't want to share that secret, not even with each other. Spooked.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment. I'm Glynn Washington. Today, we're bringing stories crafted in the dark of night by our sister program, Spooked. Now, have you ever heard them say, "What you don't know can't hurt you?" Now this story, this story may make you reconsider this piece of received wisdom. We begin with Jennifer.

**Jennifer:** As a parent, you always want to protect your kids. Looking back, maybe it is best to just be forthcoming and not try to protect them.

When we first bought the house, I was aware that there had been a death at the home because my husband actually went to school with the young lady that passed away there, Libby. They were friends and he would go pick her up at her house, which became our house, and they were close for a while. I did feel a little hesitant to move in because of the story he had told me. He was aware that she had passed and there was always something mysterious about her death. She died in the barn behind the home. But he did knock the barn down completely. He said it's not part of the home. We remodeled the home extensively. So, it felt like a new home initially.

Taylor, my oldest daughter, was our only child when we purchased the home. We decided because she was so little, I didn't think it would serve a purpose other than scare her if we mentioned anything about the history of the home. We just wouldn't mention it or bring it up.

[somber music]

**Eliza:** At first, when Jennifer and her family moved in, things were peaceful, normal, quiet, but that didn't last too long. One night, after about two years of living in the house, the family was asleep. This is Taylor, Jennifer's daughter. She was about seven at the time.

**Taylor:** We heard just the loudest crash, [glass breaks] like there was a window shattering. My father immediately gets up. He grabs his gun, because we're in Texas, and he starts searching the house because he thinks there's an intruder, he thinks someone's breaking in. He looks around and he can't find a single thing. The next morning, when he wakes up, he notices that a family portrait of ours is missing from the shelf. He goes over to see where it is, and he sees that our family photo just has fallen face forward so you couldn't see our faces, like someone had just pushed it over, face forward, and it's smashed.

**Jennifer:** That's when we were first made aware that something wasn't quite right there.

[somber music]

**Eliza:** But still, Jennifer and her husband agreed they wouldn't indicate to Taylor that anything was wrong. And when they had another child, Joseph, they decided they would keep the secret from him too.

**Taylor:** It was just a normal afternoon. We were just hanging out.

**Jennifer:** And I was not feeling too good. I was napping in our bedroom.

**Eliza:** That's when Joseph came running into Jennifer's room.

**Jennifer:** And woke me up and was crying. He was very shaken. He said, "Mommy, mommy, there's a lady in the living room."

[suspenseful music]

**Eliza:** He said that there was a woman and she had no feet. She had long blonde curly hair, and she was just floating across house.

**Jennifer:** And that she turned her head very sharply and just gazed at him. So, he closed his eyes and started to cry, and when he opened them, she was gone.

I felt pretty darn terrified after that, to be honest with you. That did shake me up. So, I knew for sure that he was talking about Libby when he described what he saw in the living room. He had not heard anything about the situation there. He knew nothing of it. We had never brought it up.

**Eliza:** But still Jennifer didn't say anything. She kept quiet, year, after year, after year. As their kids got older, they felt more and more that something or someone was in the house with them.

[disturbing voices]

**Jennifer:** I've heard voices. I've heard knocking on the wall.

**Taylor:** Banging on the wall, like someone was just banging with their fist as hard as they possibly could against the wall.

**Eliza:** But still, Jennifer didn't tell Taylor and her brother that she believed Libby was haunting the place. But she believed that what the kids didn't know, couldn't hurt them. And then, when Taylor was a teenager--

**Taylor:** I was laying in my bed and I was facing the wall. All of a sudden, I feel this pressure on top of me, and I was still wide awake. I feel this pressure and I'm terrified. I don't know. I just can sense that something is in the room with me. All of a sudden, I just hear this deep gasp for air. It sounded like [gasps] like someone was dying, taking their last dying breath. But it just happened once and then I turned my body, and I see this black, shadowy smoke-like mask just kind of implode into itself and then it just sucks down into the ground and completely vanishes.

This wasn't Casper your friendly ghost action. This was a ghost who wanted your attention and to torment you a little.

**Eliza:** Taylor decided she would keep this experience to herself. She worried that if she said something, her parents wouldn't believe her. Or, they would just ignore her.

**Taylor:** They were in the kitchen talking about it and I had been in the other room watching cartoons. And as I walk in, and I don't think they realize that they were saying, "Oh, you know, it was a suicide. And Chuppies, he knew her." Chuppies is my dad, that's his nickname. I was like, "What are you guys talking about?" "Don't worry about it. Don't worry about it. We're just telling a story."

**Eliza:** But Taylor was pretty sure her parents weren't just telling a story. They knew something about the house, about the haunting. And then--

**Jennifer:** Middle of the night, dead asleep, and I woke just suddenly, and she was hovering over me, kind of like the way a skydiver hovers as they're descending. I could see her very vividly, she wasn't in spirit form, she was very much flesh and blood. She was looking at me very intently. She had these just locks of very, very dense, curly blonde hair. She was very young looking, like a very young-looking adolescent, almost childlike. She was wearing a very flowy blue and white dress. She was just staring at me. I felt a piercing look towards me. It wasn't friendly by any means. I started screaming, and my husband turned on the lights. And she went away.

[suspenseful music]

**Jennifer:** I was extremely shaken. When I told my husband what I saw, he was in shock. And that's when he said, "You just described Libby."

[suspenseful music]

**Jennifer:** Our kids did start to ask questions about who this lady was. As a parent, you always want to protect your kids. There was a part of me that didn't necessarily want them to feel scared or spooked.

**Taylor:** I do feel that I was always thinking that truth about why my house was haunted.

**Jennifer:** But in the end, I mean the truth usually surfaces anyway.

**Eliza:** One summer, Taylor had surgery on her leg, and she was lying in bed. Her doctor had put her on bed rest.

**Taylor:** In my bed all day, in this room alone on the other side of the house from everyone else, I would keep the shutters closed, I was just kind of always in the dark.

**Eliza:** Lying in the dark, all Taylor could think about was the ghost in her house. "Who was she?" Now that she had a lot of time on her hands, she decided she would try to find out.

**Taylor:** They found an archive of newspaper issues from way back in the 60s. I was spending just hours and hours searching and searching until finally I got to an obituary page, and I remember seeing her name for the first time. And there was almost this relief to it.

I remember it saying, "Libby died on this date by fire." The fire occurred in a storage room, and the back of the property where they had horses on the property. They kept saddles, they kept feed, they kept hay. The circumstances surrounding her death were very mysterious. When she was found, she was found with a saddle on top of her body and there had been a fire around her. Some speculated it was suicide. Some speculated it was a coverup, that she had overdosed on some sort of drug. It just felt like this one weird piece of the puzzle just fit right in. And I had her name and I knew that she had died by fire, and I knew that she was the one, that she was the one causing all these problems, that this restlessness and this anger was coming from her.

**Eliza:** Taylor held on to this information for three years. She didn't say a thing to her brother, her mom, or her dad. And then, one night at dinner with family friends at their favorite restaurant, she finally had the guts to bring it up. She asked, and her dad broke down and told her about Libby, his friend. And about how, when he first bought the house, he had knocked down the barn where she died.

**Jennifer:** He felt like he couldn't keep it. He felt like there was too much. There was just something there that he that he didn't want around. So, he had them knock down the walls, and he had them take out the slab foundation, cover it with dirt. And he felt like, there, it was done and buried. He didn't have to worry about it. He felt like that would keep everything at rest. He felt like that it would kind of cleanse it, but it didn't. It really didn't.

**Jennifer:** I didn't realize that she knew as much as she knew.

**Eliza:** When did you discover that she knew as much as she knew?

**Jennifer:** When you told me [chuckles] just now. [chuckles] I think we're keeping a few secrets here in this family, but maybe not telling the kids wasn't the best decision. It was good intentions on our part, but maybe we should have explained to it on their terms so that it would give them an understanding and a perspective of maybe why things were happening the way they were happening.

**Eliza:** The family has since put the home up for sale, and they've moved to a different house.

**Jennifer:** We left a few things there, and it hasn't been sold yet. Just as recently as a few weeks ago, my son, Joseph, went to the house to get shoes. He went in, went to grab the shoes, and heard a bang, like somebody's just banging on the wall, but light. And then, as he was walking through the house, it just got louder and louder to the point where it was deafening. And he just bolted out of there. So, I think whatever's there wants to be left alone.

[uplifting music]

**Glynn:** Thank you, Jennifer and Taylor, for sharing your story. Folks, these wonderful women are Spooked listeners. We are so grateful they shared their supernatural experience with us, because mystery is abound. And if you have a ghost story in your back pocket, don't keep it to yourself. No. Share it with the world, let us know at *spookedpodcast.org.*

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Oh, yes. These stores are not just for the Halloween season. Spooked can be enjoyed all year round. If you need more stories from beyond the veil, fear not, Spooked Season 6 is here, available on the Luminary channel on Apple Podcasts. That's *apple.co/spooked*. Not dotcom, dot C-O, slash Spooked. And remember, you can hit follow on the show on Apple so you never miss a new release. And, yes, yes, you will get stopped on the street and they will ask you, "Where you got that cool Snap pin or that stylish Spooked hat?" Head on to *snapjudgment.org* and left the dark side know you're Spooked with some Spooked gear, the t-shirt of your dreams available right now, *snapjudgment.org*.

Spooked is created by the team drawn toward the dark heart of the force, except for Mark Ristitch. He doesn't understand, you can't wear flipflops in the woods. There's Anna Sussman, Eliza Smith, Chris Hambrick, Annie Nguyen, Lauren Newsome, Leon Morimoto, Davey Kim, Renzo Gorrio, Teo Ducot, Marisa Dodge, Zoë Ferrigno, Anne Ford, Doug Stuart, and Isaiah Simms. The Spooked theme song is by Pat Mesiti-Miller. My name is Glynn Washington.

Understand, there's always a fork in the road, whether you see it or not. Whether you are careful, clever or inspired or blind, you only know you have wandered from the path after it it's far too late to turn back. Be prepared. Teach your children so they will know, the oldest and the simplest weapon against the eternal dark is to never, ever, never, ever, never, ever, never, ever turn out the lights.

[Spooked theme music]

**Glynn:** We are thrilled to bring you this morsel from our Spooked table, but if you need more monsters, if you need more demons, if you need more Spooked, subscribe while you still can. Just go to *luminary.link/spooked*.