[Snap Judgment]

**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*.

From Luminary, you've crossed over to Spooked.

[upbeat music]

I live on a lake, Lake Merritt in Oakland. It's a strange lake, an urban Lake. Beautiful veneer hiding decades of industrial runoff, abandoned vehicles, bodies, but it still manages to support a variety of wildlife. Duck, geese, pelicans, gulls, hungry scavenger birds. They'll eat anything. They go through trash next to the rats. They snatch stacks and juice boxes from screaming kids. They huddle at night though next to homeless people, as if tamed by the city, as if domesticated. But twice a day, at dusk and dawn, these birds, they do more than scavenge. They hunt, soar over the lake, barely beating wings, searching, searching, searching and dive straight down, piercing the water. Gone. Gone, gone. Then, they emerge, more often than not, something wiggling held fast in their beaks. What did they catch in this lake? I'm not at all sure but there it is. There it is, they feast, expressionless. Not surprised they are provided for, not triumphant, not sad. Even here, in this place, surrounded by skyscrapers, tourists and municipal buses and taco stands, even here, the hunter finds her rhythm.

[Spooked theme begins]

Spooked starts now.

[Spooked theme continues]

Oh, it's time. Gather around the fire. Speak only in whispers. I know you have kept the faith, you have waited. And sometimes, patience is rewarded. Snap Judgment proudly presents Campfire Tales, amazing stories to help the brand-new season of Snap sister program, Spooked. Real stories from real people who can barely believe it happened themselves. And I am so very glad to let you know that an old friend of ours start us on this journey. Sensitive listeners should note this show does contain reference to graphic material. Dan, take it away.

**Dan:** I was a young rookie policeman working in Clermont County. This particular day, I got a call and the dispatcher said, "Code 1," which is, "No lights and no siren, but get there in a hurry." I went to the address. Nice house, huge front yard. One great big giant hickory tree in the front yard, facing the river. I knocked on the door and an elderly lady, my age now, 60s probably, come to the door. She reached in and grabbed me by the shirt, drug me into the house and says, "Please help me, please help me."

It took a minute to calm her down to find out what was going on. All the excitement was over a bird in the house. It was just a little sparrow. What was important to her was that we got this sparrow out of her house without hurting it. It would be a terribly bad thing if we hurt this bird. A bird in the house means someone was in jeopardy. And if that bird dies, it means that person is either dead or is going to die. It's a superstition. I wouldn't say I believed it, but I had heard it, and I thought it was odd. Anyone that lives in small places along the river, they have their own set of superstitions. Some of them have to do with a river and some of them don't.

It took me a while, but I used a broom and my hat. At the time, we wore the cowboy style hat like a sheriff would wear. When we finally scooped this bird toward the front door, once I got the bird moving toward the door, she calmed down quite a bit, and was just talking in my ear, talking rapidly right over my shoulder. "Be careful. Don't hurt it." We had the screen door standing open. And I got the bird out of the door, but it flew out the door and flew straight into the hickory tree that was in the front yard and it hit the tree and dropped dead. This poor old lady was just beside herself. Because it was killed going out of the house, that was just as bad being killed in the house. I had to comfort her for a few minutes and calm her down. After a few minutes, I left and I told the dispatcher.

And then, she gave me another call which was a dump truck sitting in the middle of the road on the four-lane highway in front of the power station. So, I went down there as fast as I could. When I got the side of it, I could tell that it was an accident. There was debris laying around it. I dodged something in the road bigger than a breadbox. I wasn't sure what it was. It could be anything. It could be a lump of coal. I just went around it. I remember thinking I had to sweep that out of the road. I got up behind the dump truck and got out and as I walked up to the driver, he's hysterical. And it took me a minute to calm him down. He's pointing under his truck. So, I had to get down on a knee and look under the truck, and you could see the remnants of a Corvette.

A Corvette had come up behind him, and for whatever reason, didn't touch his brakes and ran directly under the dump truck. It clicked in my head. I know what I just dodged. I could have run over it again very easily.

[suspenseful music]

I went back to pick up the debris. It was the head of the driver, which had been smashed about two-thirds of the way flat and was laying in the middle of the road. I got the driver calm down, got him out of the road. He was wanting to help but couldn't. He was shaking and very upset, white as a ghost. You could tell nothing like that ever had happened to him before. Once he realized that there was no one alive under there, he just sat down in the grass with his back to me and just sat there.

I retrieved the head and I got it out of the roadway through the corner. It's not like today, you didn't carry rubber gloves. You use what you had. If you had a piece of cardboard, that's what you would use. But I didn't. So, it was a matter of under the neck and the hair. We had the Corvette pulled out from underneath. I ran the license plate number and I found the driver's license for the man. It was the same address I just left.

It was this lady's youngest son from the bird incident. I drove back to the house and she was standing in the front yard as though she were waiting for me. And when I pulled up, I started toward her and she held her hand up like, "Don't make me wait any longer." I said, "It was Billy, ma'am." She just nodded her head, turned around, went to the house and went in and closed the door. I did knock on the door but she wouldn't answer, she was done with me. I'd done my job, so I left. That was my first journey into superstition, except it didn't feel superstitious. It felt natural. By some method of nature, she had knowledge. It didn't feel strange at all.

[ominous music]

Thank you. Thank you, Dan, for sharing your story with the Spooked. Now, the original score for that story was by Maryam Qudus. It was produced by Anne Ford.

[ominous music]

Watch out, beware. But beware of what? Find out when Snap Judgment's Campfire Tales episode returns. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back to Campfire Tales, a special Snap episode featuring amazing stories from our sister program, Spooked. Yes, you can subscribe to the podcast. We continue down to Spooked Silk Road with Mike. Mike had just arrived in Santa Fe. Why is he in Santa Fe? Because Mike and his wife have decided it's best to take some time apart. You know what that means. Mike's about to move into that one-bedroom apartment, that small one-bedroom apartment. He's feeling lonely, but I'll let Mike take it from here. Spooked.

**Mike:** I'm feeling pretty bummed about it actually. I'm not feeling hopeless. But some of the crummy parts about moving, like bringing boxes up and everything like that, it didn't really prepare me for the emotional state of being alone for the first time in a long time. So, I am feeling lonely.

[intriguing music]

Before I even get up the stairs, I hear a voice that says, "Hi, Mike." And I turned around and it's someone I know. It's Becky and her mom, Susan. Becky is a woman that I had worked with when I lived in Albuquerque. Becky had some health conditions from birth. And she had been in a wheelchair pretty much her entire life. She wasn't supposed to live beyond five years old, but here she is. Susan says, "Oh, you're living here?" And I say, "Yeah, I'm up here at the top of the stairs." And she says, "Well, that's crazy. I'm at the foot of these stairs." And I'm just like, "Huh." Before I even get the first box up, I have some friends who live like literally right next door. It totally lifts my spirits.

We're standing there and we're talking, and Susan says that she's actually taking some time off of work to be able to spend more time with Becky. I have a box in my hands. So, the conversation doesn't last very long. They go on their way, I carry the box upstairs.

[footsteps, door unlocks, door creaks]

I open the door, and I just see a big empty apartment. [door shuts] It doesn't feel particularly warm and inviting. But I realize I still have a lot to do as far as unpacking goes, and as far as getting settled goes. By the end of the day, around 10:30 or 11:00, I'm just exhausted. I don't even make the bed. I just plop out onto the mattress and go to sleep.

One of the things that's really nice about living in this apartment is that Becky and Susan are there, and it's really nice to just see a friendly face. I come down the stairs one day and Becky is sitting outside. She and I strike up a conversation. I say hi, she says hi. She had just got back from visiting the fire station south of town. She's telling me about one fireman in particular who she has the biggest crush on. It just makes me smile. It's cool to hear about someone who has some interests that are cool and kind of innocent. I definitely feel like I'm a better person for having Becky in my life.

Her mom has pulled me aside and told me about how Becky's health is going downhill. So, I want to keep things light and happy.

One day, I'm coming down the stairs, and I see Becky sitting out in the plaza and I go over to say hi. And she just reaches out to give me the biggest hug. It's the kind that if I tried to pull away from, there's no way to pull away from it. She knows that it's the end, and I know that it's the end, and I'd like for it not to be, but this was the last time we saw each other. She died, not two or three days later.

After the service, Becky's mom, I think she has a lot of memories in that apartment complex. And so, she packs up her things and moves about an hour south of Santa Fe. And that night, I have the weirdest dream.

[somber music]

It's a nice crisp fall day, I'm jogging. [running] I remember the leaves crunching under my feet. I remember feeling the breeze on my face. [panting]

[sinister music]

And a crow lands on my shoulder. I can feel its claws and I can feel its feathers brushing up against my cheek. And eventually I say to the crow, "Okay, time to go," and I try to brush the crow away. And that's when the crow just digs in harder.

[sinister music]

When I wake up, I can still feel the claws from the crow on my shoulder. But I look over and there's nothing on my shoulder. It just feels wrong. I look over and I see that my dog is just sitting by the bed trembling. He's an older dog at this point. So, part of me thinks that he has to go to the bathroom. I get up and he just bolts to the door, and we go outside. It's just past dawn, which is about the time I get up anyway.

[birds chirping]

It's a beautiful morning. There's a tree outside my apartment and it's a songbird tree. It's a tree that the songbirds have nests in and you can hear them chirping throughout the day. The dog [whimpering] just wants to get away from this. We're walking along the trail, and we come along a coyote fence. Sitting on this fence, there are crows. And they're sitting there, and they're just looking at us. I've never seen them in a group this big before. It's not uncommon for crows to sit in a row. They will sit in groups. But what seems weird is, they're all staring at me. They're not focused on anything else. They're not looking for a new place to fly or they're not like squawking at each other. All these crows are looking directly at me. I'm not sure what's going on.

The crow in the middle just turns and starts squawking at us. [crow cawing] And that's when my dog runs away from the crows. I don't know why he's all of a sudden scared of this crow squawking at him. We spend the next hour pacing. The dog comes to the base of the stairs to the apartment, puts maybe one paw on there and he won't go up any further. I'm able to coax him to come back up to the apartment and he doesn't leave my side the entire morning.

[tense music]

After that morning, the crows take over that songbird tree. So, the chirping, within the span of a couple hours, gets taken over by crows squawking. Now that I'm working from home, I'm starting to notice that these birds, they're everywhere. They're squawking, they're yelling. Even the neighbors are noticing. [door opens] I open the door and I see a neighbor from across the way in a bathrobe just yelling at the birds, just like, "Quiet down, your damn birds. Just quiet down." It takes some getting used to but I like working from home. [door shuts]

One day, I notice that the vibe in the apartment gets weirder and it doesn't feel friendly. I'm working at the computer at home and I have a picture of my parents on a bookshelf. And the picture [swoosh and glass breaking sound] just flies across the room. My first thought is, "Well, that's weird. I wonder if there's a draft here or something." As I'm thinking about this, I hear a crash outside. I go to open the door, and I see that the light fixture outside my front porch has just shattered. There is glass all over the place.

I go to get a broom to sweep it, and I get a call from our IT guy at my office. And he says he doesn't know what I was doing, but whatever it was caused this huge surge that basically shut down our entire system throughout the state. I feel like maybe I'm cracking up. It's just these things around this place, I can't make sense of it anymore.

A couple of months after this experience, it's about 10:00 at night, and I get a phone call. I answer the phone, and it's this disembodied voice. It's a female's voice, and it's just saying, "Hello, hello." It sounds like the voice is talking through a fog. And I'm trying to talk to it but after a couple of minutes, I say, "I'm sorry. I'm going have to hang up." I put my head back on the pillow, [crash sound] and I hear a crash. I assume that the dog has tried to break into his dogfood. And so, I roll over to get out of bed, [bed creaks] and he's sitting at the bed right next to me. [dog panting] And he's looking kind of confused. He looks at me and tilts his head.

My heart's going a mile a minute. I'm terrified. I walk down the hall. I make the turn into the kitchen, and all of my cupboards are wide open, and all of the pots and pans that are hanging are just swaying back and forth. They're just rattling. I'm freaked out at this point. I close the cupboards, put my hands on the pots and pans to stop them from swaying. And I'm thinking, ever since I've moved into this place, it's been weird, with weird dreams, with the crows, with things being thrown across the room. And then every time, every time I'm somehow able to convince myself that this place is normal, and that I can make this work.

[somber music]

A couple of days later, I get a knock at the door and I go and open the door, and it's Becky's mom. She had just showed up out of the blue. The last time we spoke was shortly after the funeral, but we hadn't really talked face to face since then. She said she was in town running some errands, and she felt this need to come see me. She sits down and she tells me that she's been having the hardest time sleeping. She keeps having dreams about Becky being surrounded by birds. She says, "I know it's going sound weird, but I think Becky is trying to communicate to her through birds."

She tells me a story about one of Becky's friends. She's trying to cross the street one day, and all of a sudden, she puts a foot out and then a bird smacks her in the cheek. She has one foot out in the road and as she's looking at the bird, a car zooms past. The bird had kind of saved the friend's life. It doesn't all make sense. It doesn't all add up to me yet, but everything with the crows started after Becky died. Eventually, Becky's mom gets up to leave and heads back home, and I hear the crows outside. So, I opened my apartment door, I look out at the tree and I see the crow standing there eating a rabbit carcass. And I decide-- my camera's right there. So, I just reach over and grab the camera and take the shot. [camera clicks]

I just posted to social media. It just says, "Crow outside my apartment eating a rabbit carcass." Some likes start rolling in, people start liking the picture. I get some comments that say, "You gross," or, "Wow." And I get a comment from a friend who I hadn't talked to since grade school. They said I needed to talk to them. I sent her a message and said, "Hey, what's up?" She says that she can communicate with the other side now, and that my apartment has competing spirits. I would have been really skeptical if a friend I haven't talked to in 30 years comes out of the woodwork and says that they can communicate with the other side now. But after everything I've been through, I'm just blindly accepting.

She says that I have a good spirit and a bad one, and she says that she gets kind of a female vibe from both of them. The good spirit just needs some help going to the light. The bad spirit was old, like an ancient spirit. I don't think it sounds sane, but I think it makes as much sense as any other explanation I've heard. And so, I do all the things that my friend suggests that night.

My friend gives me two rituals. The first ritual is to help the good spirit, who I'm thinking is Becky, pass into the light. And so, I find a quiet place in my apartment, and I sit and I start to pray. I pray to St. Michael and thank him for protecting Becky, and I ask to help guide Becky to the light. I encourage Becky to turn her attention to the light.

After a time, I just opened my eyes. My hope was that the house would feel different and that I would see this light and that there would be this pressure or this weight lifted. The reality is different. I'm disappointed because I wanted to feel something different, but everything feels mostly the same as before.

I wake up the next day, I go about my day. And then after a few minutes, I start to notice the quiet even more and I realize there are no crows. If there wasn't really a doubt in my mind before that the crows and Becky were somehow connected, this just drove it home for me. This made it feel real.

The next ritual that my friend gives me is to help purge my house of the bad spirit. This one is more involved. I go to the cathedral in Santa Fe where Becky's funeral was and I get some holy water. And I go to a local store and buy a bundle of sage. I bring these home and I begin the incantation. I say, "Protect my house from evil spirits, fill my heart with light and love." I say that over and over and over again. I shake the sage all throughout the house, and just keep repeating, "Fill my heart with light and love. Fill my heart with light and love. Fill my heart with light and love light." And then when that's done, I take the holy water and I do the same thing.

It's hard to describe but the atmosphere of the house does feel a little different after I'm done with all of this. The best I can describe it as it feels like a pressure has been lifted. I think the rituals worked. I think that I have purged my house of whatever evil spirit was haunting this place.

The next morning, I messaged my friend and she says that I need to go through the same ritual again the next day. And then it might take more than one time to do this. And so, I do it again. I do this for two weeks. For the next six months, there's nothing. The house is peaceful. The house is quiet. I'm able to sleep at night. There's no nightmares. My dog dies, which is really sad, but there's nothing going on that's scary or unexplainable in the house. I decided I don't even need to look for another apartment and I just resign the lease.

About a week or two after I sign the lease, I go to bed early. I'm in that near sleep state, the one where it's you're not quite awake and you're not quite asleep. All of a sudden, I hear this very clear, calm voice say, "If you want to see what's haunting your house, you should open your eyes now." And so, I open my eyes, and I see my alarm clock. It says it's 12:35 in the morning. I roll over and I see, hovering over my bed, a giant smokey bat. It has a wingspan of seven feet, it's huge, and it's just staring at me. I'm terrified. I roll over the bed, under the bat, I can feel the smoke on top of me, and I crawl outside. I'm sitting out on that porch for hours. I feel scared, because this is the first time that there's been something that's scary enough to make me leave the house. I never wanted to go into that house again. But then I looked down, I realized that my feet are bare, I don't have my shoes on. I don't even have my keys to lock the door, so I have to go back inside.

I finally build up the courage to go back in and I turn on every light in the house. And I realize whatever was there that woke me up is gone. I don't go back to sleep that night.

I have a new neighbor who had moved into the apartment after Becky died and after Susan moved out. I tell the neighbor the story of everything that's been going on in the apartment. She says that she's had some experiences of her own, not in this apartment, but before. She says she has a shaman friend who she'll hook me up with. I talk to the shaman and he doesn't sound surprised by anything that I'm going through. He basically says that whatever is living in the house is an old spirit. It's something ancient. He describes it as a sticky spirit, and it likes my energy, particularly when I'm scared. At this point, everything seems to click with me. One was protecting me, that was Becky. The rest of it feels everything that I couldn't explain by that good spirit, I could totally explain by a spirit that's trying to scare me.

I walk into the house and the pressure is back. I start the smudging and praying process all over again. That night, I go to bed, and I wake up and it smells like [beep] is smeared all over my walls. It was up in my nose, like my eyes were watering. It was foul, it was overwhelming. I get up open a window. And I know that the smudging and the prayers and the incantations and the holy water, I know that all of this is working and that I'm making it mad. I don't even need to talk to the shaman again, because what I'm doing is working. So, I just keep doing this ritual over and over and over again every day. Then, two weeks later, it just stops entirely.

I decide to end the lease. I'm packing the last of the boxes to go to my car. I look up and there are two crows hanging out at that tree by my apartment. They come flying towards me and they keep flying towards me and flying towards me, and they get so close that I have to jump out of the way. I drop the box, I pick it up. And I almost have to like laugh to myself a little bit because it does really seem like what happened to Becky's friend when it was trying to protect or save, but I don't know what to make of it now.

On the one hand, it's very comforting because Becky and I were friends and we got to tell each other stories. We got to share some laughs. Those little kindnesses, those genuine moments, they make a difference. But on the other hand, it's a little frightening just because we need protection from things we can't entirely explain.

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Thank you, Mike, for sharing your story with the Spooked. Understand, Mike is a Spooked listener. We love, love, love to hear from our listeners. That story, the original score was by Lauryn Newson. It was produced by Alyia Yates.

[upbeat music]

Do not touch that dial because it's been confirmed, all dogs can go to heaven. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back. My name is Glynn Washington, and you're listening to the Snap Judgment Campfire Tales Special, featuring stories from our sister program, Spooked. A brand-new Spooked season is launching right now. Stories crafted in the dark of night just for you. And I don't want to give too much away about this next story. I just want to plainly state that not everything hidden is scary. Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

**Kristen:** I'm 22 years old. I'm living with my mom and dad in Northern New Jersey. I had dropped out of art school. So, I was working at the mall. I was working as a makeup artist. I was just trying to figure out what I'm going to do with the rest of my life. I had gone down the shore that summer a couple times. That's what you do in New Jersey. You just drive around in your car and go hang out with your friends. And when people's mom and dad are out of town, they would have parties.

Janine is very good friend of mine. She's somebody that I had met waitressing at a job a year earlier. She invited me one night to one of her friends from high school's house, her friend, Yvette. And I had never been to Yvette's house before, and I'd actually only met her a couple times. I have to work at the mall that night. But after I get off work at 9:00, I head straight over to the party.

I pull into the neighborhood and it's a very nice suburban neighborhood. Big beautiful split-level homes, big yards, long driveways. It's dark out by the time I arrive. Janine had told me earlier in the day that when I got to the house, just to head straight to the backyard. So, I get out of my car, and I start heading towards the driveway. And I see this dog about 30 feet away from me on the driveway. It's a collie dog. It looks like Lassie from the 1950s TV show. Brown and white and very fluffy. Those dogs have a longer snout. And they kind of always look like they're smiling. When their mouth is open and they're panting, they have this little cute smiley look to them.

I kneel down and I call to it to get it to come closer to me, and it does. It comes about six feet away from me. And he's standing there looking at me. I'm going like, "Come here, bubby, come here," like I want to pet it. [dog panting] He seems friendly, but he wouldn't get close to me. He just turns around and just trots off into the backyard.

[party commotion]

[upbeat music]

I get into the backyard and everybody's back there. It's big party. There's probably about 30 people. It's a beautiful summer night. There's people playing beer pong. There's people hanging out. There's music playing, some really awesome 90s music. [chuckles] There's chairs set up out in the middle of the yard. People were sitting around drinking beer. There were people throwing a football around. There's a big deck, people are up on the deck. I immediately find Janine, she shows me where the beers are. I'm hanging out and having a good time, getting introduced to people.

Over the course of the next few hours, I see the dog and the dog is just having the time of his life. First, it's running really quick doing circles around the yard and then later on, I see it running and catching a ball in its mouth. It jumped up and caught the ball right in its mouth. And I'm thinking, "Gosh, this is so nice that these guys have this party are playing with this dog."

[suspenseful music]

[raining]

It starts to rain. Everybody starts grabbing things to bring inside. I think I grabbed some paper cups and things like that. The rain is coming down pretty good. I'm running up the deck stairs with a bunch of things in my arms. As I get to the top of the deck stairs where it goes into the kitchen, I just happen to turn and look out into the yard, and the dog is just standing in the middle of the yard, and he's staring up at me. Our eyes meet and I'm thinking, "Oh, this poor dog is getting all went and out here in the yard."

[rain pouring]

Now, I go into the kitchen, and Janine and Yvette are cleaning up from having brought everything into the house. And I say, "Hey, Yvette, just so you know, your dog is still out in the yard." Yvette says, "Oh, I don't have a dog." I said, "Oh, well, then whoever brought their dog to the party, their dog is still out in the yard." She looks at me and she's like, "There was no dog here tonight." Janine is standing there too and she's like, "Yeah, Kristen, there's no dog." I said, "No, there was definitely a dog here tonight. Maybe it was the neighbor's. Your neighbors have a dog?" They're looking at me like I'm crazy. And they're like, "There was no dog here at this party tonight. What are you talking about?" I can't believe what I'm hearing because I know what I had just seen. I'm feeling confused. And I'm getting frustrated, and I said, "Well, I saw a dog. It came up to me on the driveway when I got here. And I saw it running around all night. It was playing, it was running. I mean, it was catching balls in its mouth." And then, I said, "It was this collie dog." And then, that's when Yvette stopped and was like, "A collie dog? Did it look like Lassie?" I said, "It looked exactly like Lassie." And that's when she says, "Well, we did have a collie that looked like Lassie. His name was Chancy. But he died a few years ago, and he's actually buried in the backyard."

[intriguing music]

So now, the hairs on my neck stand up. I start to feel like, "Oh, my gosh? What is happening? What did I see? Why am I the only person that saw this?" It's like a very eerie, creepy feeling. Yvette now leads me down this little hallway off the kitchen, and she points to a picture in a collage frame on the wall. And sure enough, there's this dog in one of those little collage pictures. The dog in the picture had that same smile. He had the same coloring. He looked to be the same size and weight as the dog I had seen.

I didn't really have any doubt in my mind, and I said, "This is absolutely the same dog. It was the same dog." I can just tell Yvette is freaked out and shutting down a little bit. She says, "Okay, I don't really want to talk about this anymore." She walks away and goes back to the kitchen and is doing what she was doing before. I was creeped out, but she was very creeped out.

I'm dealing with this disbelief of like, "Oh, my gosh, what did I see?" My stomach is feeling that weird rollercoaster-y feeling where you just feel like you're swirling. I started to think like, "Well, who was throwing those balls to the dog? I know I saw the dog catching balls, but I never saw who threw them."

[rain pouring]

Now, I go back outside in the rain, and I'm standing at the top of the deck and I'm looking out over the whole yard. And I see no dog. I'm searching for this dog because I want to find him. I want to see that he's there. I don't want to believe what I've just seen. I can tell Yvette is giving me a little bit of a side eye. She didn't really, I don't think, like what I was telling her, and I can understand, I can fully, fully understand. I had never been to this house before. And here I am, telling her I just saw her dog in the backyard. So, I just decided to leave.

[rain pouring]

It's still raining. It's coming down pretty good. It's a big summer storm. I'm walking down the driveway, pass the same exact spot I had just seen that dog earlier that night. But the dog has gone. The dog is nowhere to be found.

Fast forward a couple years, Janine got engaged. And being that she and Yvette were good friends. Yvette's family hosted Janine's bridal shower at their house. So now it's going to be the second time I'm going back to the same house. The day of the bridal shower, I get there early and it's daylight, so everything looks different. We're setting things up. I say to Janine, "Gosh, it's interesting being back here. I haven't been here since this strange occurrence had happened." Janine says, "Do you want to go see where Chancy's grave is?" She leads me to the very back right-hand corner of the yard. It's kind of a shady corner. There's lots of trees above it. And there's a little stone that is for Chancy and it has his name on it. I tried to talk to Chancy in my head, [chuckles] which sounds silly, but I tried to say, "Chancy, if you want to show yourself to me again, I'd love to say hi." He did not show himself to me again.

In the time after this happened, I have thought to myself a lot about why was I the one that saw this dog. Yvette remembers Chancy from her childhood being just the sweet, beloved family pet that got very old and unfortunately had to get put to sleep. Of course, the dog that I saw was this vibrant, just energetic young dog, running and jumping and having a great time. Even though he had struggled and had such a hard time in his older years, he showed himself to me, and he was happy. He was a really happy dog from what I gathered that night. I feel almost in a way that it was a sign to me that dogs are going to be okay on the other side.

In the time from when I had had the first experience at Yvette's house, we had also lost our family dog, Gretchen. She was a miniature schnauzer, and it was our family pet I had had since I was in fifth grade. She was very old when she passed, and it was really a hard thing for our family to go through.

One of her last couple days, I whispered to my dog. I said, "Gretchen, if you ever want to come back and say hi to me after you leave, you can, you can come back. I would love to see you again."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Kristen Kent, for sharing your story with the Spooked. Kristen is a Spooked listener. She wrote in to tell us her story. We love when listeners share their stories with us. The original score for that story is by Moises Nunez. It was produced by Zoë Ferrigno.

[upbeat music]

Oh, it happened. It happened. That was just one walk down this dark path we call Spooked. And now, a brand-new season is here. Spooked Season Six is risen. If you need more spirits, more ghosts, more ghouls, more Spooked stories, more spookiness you shall have, available on the Luminary channel on Apple Podcast. Just go to *apple.co/spooked.*

Reminder, you can follow on the show on Apple so you never miss a new release. And guaranteed, guaranteed they will stop you on the street and ask you where you got that cool Snap pin or that stylish Spooked hat. Tell them, *snapjudgment.org*.

Snap Judgment's Spooked was brought to you by the team that refuses to scream Bloody Mary into a mirror three times at midnight. Except for the uber producer, Mr. Mark Ristich, but he's always asking about the cocktail. There's Anna Sussman, Eliza Smith, Chris Hambrick, Annie Nguyen, Lauryn Newson, Leon Morimoto, Davey Kim, Bo Walsh, Teo Ducot, Marisa Dodge, Renzo Gorrio, Zoë Ferrigno, Tiffany [unintelligible [00:48:54], Anne Ford, Doug Stuart, Isaiah Simms. The Spooked song is by Pat Mesiti-Miller. My name is Glynn Washington.

And this is not the news. No ways is this the news. In fact, you could dissect every utterance of Spooked storytelling for clues on how to navigate the dark side and when the creepy monster does emerge from the closet at the stroke of midnight, realize that your repellent charm was actually a summoning spell. But you would still, still not be as far away from the news as this is, but this is PRX.

This episode of Spooked was summoned in the dark of night by Luminary.

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*.

*[Transcript provided by SpeechDocs Podcast Transcription]*