[Snap Judgment intro]

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** For a while, it's kind of a lark. I've talked about seeing this band, A-ha, live in concert. You might know the song, *Take On Me.* [in a singsong voice] *Take me on*. Whenever I bring up seeing them, people are all like, "A-ha, that one-hit wonder. They still around? Ain't they from Iceland or something?" "Norway. They're from Norway." "Where's Norway? You're corny, dude." Whatever. Then, I hear they're going to be in Napa, not too far from Oakland, a new friend who somehow has never heard of him either, I convince her to go with me. We arrive and there's a sea of happy as far as the eye can see filing into the outdoor theater, grinning, laughing, everybody electric with anticipation.

And the rumble of the bass. The shouting, stage lights flash on, and they're stepping out of my childhood through the smoke. A-ha strolls onto stage and along with 5,000 of my newest, closest friends, I lose my mind. I'm jumping, singing, *Blue skies, Blue skies.* That is crazy. I didn't even think I knew these songs, but I know these songs. Every word steered into my mind from a different age. *Living a Boy’s Adventure Tale*. I'm loving it. I'm grinning at my friend, who's laughing at my joy at these songs she's never heard.

I don't know why. I don't see it coming. I don't. They sing, *I know I'll be hunting high and low*. *High*. I'm staggered like a gunshot. I feel my legs collapse beneath me in the middle of this concert. I'm on my knees, shaking, suddenly sobbing because, no, this isn't my favorite band. It's his favorite band. My brother, the only other person in all of America who knew A-ha had 10 studio albums. My brother, who ripped his jeans to create an outfit exactly like the guy on stage. My brother, who should be on this lawn dancing next to me, instead, somehow, he's whispered, tugged, cajoled, led me to be right here, right now. It feels like he's almost, almost, almost next to me on this lawn. But almost isn't good enough, and I wail.

Raw as the day I got that phone call, I wail. Snot running down my nose like there's no more air left in the world. Raw. Ocean of sadness raw. He loved this song. *For you I'll be hunting high and low.* [sobbing] *There's no end to the length I'll go to*. I can't even imagine the spot I'm putting my friend in, hauling her to this concert so I can collapse on the ground and lose my mind. I can't, but she is so kind. So kind. She's like, "Hey, I get it. It's no problem. No problem at all. If we need to just go." I'm trying to catch my breath. I tell her, "No, I'm so sorry. But right now, this is exactly where I have to be." Spooked starts now.

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Repeat after me. The is the present. The present is the past. Hold on tight as we cross the void and journey into the land of Snap's evil twin podcast, Spooked. For this week's Campfire Tales episode, we begin with Laura Packer. Not many years ago, Laura realized that her friend, Kevin, was becoming more than just a friend. Snap Judgment

**Laura:** It took us a couple years to realize that there was something else there. I remember noticing that tingle kind of at the back of my neck when he was talking. I had just come out of another relationship that had ended pretty badly, and I wanted a break. But there were these feelings.

We went for a walk in the woods at about midnight, and it was very cold. I was standing there looking at the moon, and he walked up right behind me, and I could feel the heat of his body. Very slowly, he put his hands on my shoulders, and I leaned back against him and I said, "I shouldn't do this now." He said, "Is there ever a right time?" I was very still and then I said, "Okay." We held hands as we walked back to his apartment and necked for a really long time.

Holding him was like embracing a tree or a mountain. It just felt so safe. By then, I knew that I was falling in love with him and he was falling in love with me. It was a really fun wedding. I was barefoot because I don't like wearing shoes. Kevin was wearing a pair of jeans and one of his Hawaiian shirts. We said our vows. We promised to shovel snow and shovel shit together.

[applause]

**Laura:** We kissed, and we turned and looked at everybody, and they were all laughing and crying and cheering and that was it.

[tense music]

**Laura:** I found us a house. The first floor was open and bright, and the second floor had a room that would be a great office, and another room that would be a great guest room. And then the third floor had an enormous closet with a high bar that would work for Kevin's clothing. There was room for this tall man to stretch and not feel like he was going to break something. The kitchen fit me well. I could reach things readily. The only problem with it is the way the cabinets were set up. If they were open, the corners were at the exact height to bang me in the eye or in the forehead.

Within a week of moving in, I was walking into the kitchen and I wasn't paying attention, and Kevin had left the cabinet open, and I slammed into it, and got a gash in my forehead. I called for him and I said, "You've got to stop doing this. When you do it, I get hurt." He smiled and he apologized, but he would forget fairly often. I would close them and remind him and close them and remind him. I was very cranky about it, but he got the hang of it after we'd been there for a while.

We had lived together before, but we had roommates living with us. Having it be just the two of us meant that we didn't have to worry about someone else in the house. It wasn't like we went out of our way to burp and fart at each other. [burp and fart sound] It's just that we stopped worrying about it in front of each other. [burp and fart sound] If he let one loose that was really bad, I would usually ask him if something had crawled up his butt and died. If I let loose one that was really bad, he would usually ask me if I was planning on fumigating the entire house.

We moved into the house in January. By August, he was starting to have some back and stomach problems, and it just kept getting worse and worse. Every doctor we went to said, "Welcome to middle age." It was around 10 o'clock at night. I went upstairs to our bedroom and he was kneeling on the floor, writhing. He said, "Don't touch me." I knew he was in pain. I started crying. I said, "Could we please go to the emergency room?"

They sent him for an x-ray, and then they sent him for an ultrasound, and then they sent him for an MRI. About half an hour later, two doctors walked in and closed the door and told us, "People don't come back from pancreatic cancer." They said, "We're going to find a bed and admit you." He was there for three weeks. We hadn't talked much about his dying because he hadn't wanted to. Whenever I tried to bring it up, he would say, "No, I'm going to fight. I'm going to fight." But by then, it was really obvious. The cancer had stolen his voice. He could barely speak. He could kind of whisper. I asked him, "Do you believe there's an afterlife?" And he said, "Yes." And I asked him what he thought it was like, and he said, "Someplace beautiful."

My beliefs about an afterlife at the time were, at best, nebulous. It had never really mattered to me before, but it was mattering more and more because Kevin was going to die soon. By now, I was crying and he was crying. I asked him to let me know that he was okay if he could. He nodded. I said, "You know you're going to have to make it really obvious, because I'm tentative about this stuff?" He looked at me, and he smiled this big smile, and he nodded, and he said, "I know." And then, he said, "I can't breathe." There was fluid filling up his heart and his lungs. He died five days later.

Kevin had died at 06:20 PM. And the next day, when there were lots of people in the house, people from his work and friends in the community, at about 06:18, I thought that we should do a toast. I needed to say, "The world now has had 24 hours without this magnificent man." I told everyone to get up, and to stand into in a circle, and that we were going toast Kevin with his favorite terrible liqueur, 99 Bananas. And then we passed the glass from hand to hand to hand to hand, each of us taking a little sip. Profound sorrow and extraordinary gratitude, and that's what I was feeling.

It ended up back in my hand. I took my sip from it. As I took the sip, I was looking across the room at the mantelpiece over the fireplace. There was a picture of Kevin on the mantelpiece. The picture fell over face down with this little smacky sound, plop. There was a beat after the picture fell over. When everyone was quiet, one friend came over to me and said, "Did you see that? I think that was Kevin." I said, "Whatever. Someone must have just bumped into it." The thought of him being in any form but alive and healthy was not something that I could even come near.

On the first day of Shiva, my friend, John, rode over on his bike. He leaned the bike on the front porch, leaning against the living room window and then came in and said, "Laura, look out the window." I looked out the window to where John's bike was and there was a cardinal sitting on the crossbeam of the bike.

[bird chirping]

**Laura:** The bright red male cardinal looking into the house, tilting its head back and forth, and sometimes tapping on the window with its beak. He said, "People say that cardinals are visitors from the dead. What do you think?" And I said, "Yeah, it's a cardinal. Kevin's dead." And that's how I felt. On good days, I was flat. On bad days, I was throwing up because I was crying so much. I mostly sat on the couch and watched really bad television. But when I did go out, there were always cardinals. There were always some in the front lawn, they were in the trees, they were on the porch, more than I had ever seen before.

One night, about a month later, I had been up for a lot of the night crying. I got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, and then walked back into our bedroom and stopped, because I didn't believe what I was smelling. I was smelling Kevin's farts, that kind of rich and unpleasant smell I used to tease him about. But I stood there absolutely shocked at this aromatic presence in our bedroom that just filled it up. I just knew it was his smell. I walked out of the room and it smelled perfectly normal, like, wood and dust. I walked back into the bedroom, and there it was again. I told myself that I was hallucinating, that I was grieving so hard that I was just making it up. It wasn't real.

I finally fell asleep a little before dawn and woke up in the midmorning. I got up to go downstairs to get some tea. And so, I went down from the third floor to the first, turned the corner, and was walking into the kitchen, and something whacked me in the head. I looked up, and every cabinet in the kitchen was open, including the cabinets on top of the fridge that I could not reach. I started laughing and crying at the same time. He knew it had to be really obvious, so he made it really obvious. It was a turning point for me. It's not like I stopped grieving or stopped missing him, but things were a little easier. I was able to hold a conversation with a friend. I was able to drive by some of the places that we had liked without having to pull over and sob. I knew that he continued in some way and that all the love that I still felt for him was not just echoing in an empty universe.

He died in the end of March and in May, we had a service in Boston. I decided to drive from Kansas City to Boston. I stopped in Buffalo, New York, and visited some friends of mine who lived there. We were sitting out on the porch. This woman walked by. She looked and said, "Hey, how you doing?", and then kept walking. My friends said she never talks to us. My friends said that she was a neighbor, but not a particularly friendly one, not someone they knew. About an hour later, she came back, and she walked right up onto the porch.

She was a middle-aged woman, slender, a little hunched. She stood right in front of me, and she said, "You're not from around here. So, I wanted to come over here and find out who you are and what you're doing in my neighborhood." She had such a big smile, I didn't feel threatened or anything. She was just curious. She and I started bantering back and forth. She asked, "Where I was from?" And I said, "Kansas City." And she said, "They have some good barbecue there." And I said, "Yes, they do." And she said, "But it's not as good as mine." We just went back and forth. When it was starting to wind down, she looked at me and she tapped her chin and she said, "Kevin says hi," and off she went.

I had never seen that woman before. My friends swore up and down that they had never talked with her. It made me feel warm, and loved, and happy, and satisfied that he came back to say hello. It made me think that wherever he was, he was probably having a great time, because he was someone who liked playing and liked learning new things. And I could very easily imagine him in the afterlife saying, "So, can I do this? How do I do that?", and just having a good time.

About a month later, I was in Atlantic City visiting my parents. I was walking on the beach. I was feeling really sad. Kevin's favorite thing in the world was the ocean. And it was the first time I had been to the ocean since he died. There was a family nearby. The father of the family was tall and broad and built like Kevin, and I started crying. The mom of the family came over and asked me what was going on, and I told her. "My husband died a few months ago, and he loved the beach, and I miss him. And your husband, he looks just like my husband, but I miss him so much." I said, "I know this is really weird, but do you mind if he gives me a hug?" And she said, "Oh, honey, of course. Of course, you can have a hug." She yelled for her husband. He came over, and he gave me a hug, and it was that same sensation of wrapping my arms around a tree or being held by a mountain. Held me while I sobbed.

When I finally was ready to let go, he was crying and his wife was crying, and they hugged, and we gave each other these awkward smiles like you do when you cry on somebody you don't know. They started to walk away. And then, she stopped and she said, "This is going to sound really weird, but was your husband's name Kevin?" I burst into tears again. Her husband looked at her and said, "I told you you had a gift." The only way she could have known was because Kevin told her.

Every time one of these strange things has happened, I feel this joy and sorrow at the same time. This joy that he chose to do this and this awe that he did it, and then this wave of grief that he wasn't there. But I wouldn't turn it away. I would never turn it away. I don't hear from him much these days, but it's okay. Wherever he is, he's okay and I get to be okay too.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Now you know what love smells like. Laura Packer, she's a storyteller in Minneapolis. You can learn more about Laura at her website, *laurapacker.com*. The original score for that piece was by Leon Morimoto. It was produced by Anne Ford.

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** Now, we're just getting started. Because after the break, magic, danger, and the best neighbor ever as the Snap Judgment Campfire Tales episode continues. Stay tuned.

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to the annual Snap Judgment Campfire Tales special, this week, we're featuring stories from our evil twin podcast, Spooked, which, by the way, is available on all podcast platforms. Now I remember a time when kids could make a little cash by delivering newspapers to people's houses every morning. And sensitive listeners, please note this story does contain descriptions of a child in danger. I'm going to let Alyssa Van Pelt take it from here.

**Alyssa:** When I was in middle school, my friend, Jenny, had a paper route. Her family was going to be going on vacation for a week, and she asked if I would substitute her route for her while they were gone. I've always been a morning person, and I thought it sounded like an adventure. And of course, there was a little bit of money involved, maybe 15 bucks or something, but that was big money to me [laughs] at the time. I was going to buy some sour straw candies and some makeup, the really good stuff with all the sparkles. [laughs]

Before her family had left for vacation, she walked me through the route and shown me all the houses that I was going to be delivering to. The route was about a mile long. Jenny said it usually took her about an hour. I felt pretty confident. I was going to be wearing rollerblades to speed things up.

First thing in the morning, my alarm went off. I threw on my shorts and my t-shirt and my bandana and my rollerblades and headed out toward Jenny's house to start rolling the papers up. I opened the bales. I rolled the papers. There were about 50 of them. You would roll up the newspapers, put a rubber band around them, and then just stuff this smock with these huge pockets front and back full of newspapers. I'd headed out on the route.

[upbeat music]

**Alyssa:** It was summertime, so the sun was out. It was a lot of fun to go and get the papers on everybody's porch. It was nice to have a little bit of responsibility, and not have an adult looking over my shoulder. I was feeling pretty boss girl. I was approaching this house in particular. It was a house I'd passed a million times without noticing it. Single-story house. It was blue. They had a long concrete walk up to their porch, and you wanted to try to get the newspapers on people's porches. I rolled up that long walk, dropped the newspaper on the porch and heard a car pull up behind me. I turned around, and this guy gets out of the driver's seat. He says--

**Male Speaker:** Hey.

**Alyssa:** The man was average height, white guy, younger, balding a little bit, thin. I'd never seen him before. And he waved, and he said--

**Male Speaker:** Do you live around here?

**Alyssa:** And I said, "Yeah." And he says--

**Male Speaker:** Do you deliver the newspaper?

[sinister music]

**Alyssa:** He sounded really friendly, even neighborly. And I said, "Yeah." And then, he lunged closer, grabbed me by my shoulders, and threw me in the trunk of his car, and shut the lid. I woke up in my bed like, "[gasps] Oh, my God. Okay, that didn't just happen. It was just a dream. This is just a stupid dream." It was about 4 o'clock in the morning. And at that point, there's no sense in even trying to catch another few winks. I just got up and started getting ready for the route.

My dad was up and he was in the kitchen, puttering around the kitchen, getting ready to make some breakfast. I came out and was like, "You're not going to believe this dream I just had." I told him all about the dream. I was hoping that he would help calm my nerves, reassure me that it was just a nightmare. He was listening and laughing. He was like, "Listen, it's just a dream. It's just a nightmare. But if it makes you feel a little safer, take this knife with you." He literally opened the cutlery drawer and handed me a steak knife. It was like a cheap steak knife with a wooden handle. I didn't feel like he was taking it seriously, but it did make me feel a little safer to have it with me.

I just carried the knife in my hand, and I went out the back door, strapped on my rollerblades, and headed out to Jenny's house. The newspapers were there, and I opened the bales, and I rolled the newspapers up, and put on the big old smock. I was loaded down with newspapers front and back. I put the knife in my smock in between the newspapers and I headed out.

I didn't feel the way I did in my dream. In my dream, I felt free and so grown up. And now, I just felt scared and small, like somebody could grab me around every corner. The house that was in the dream was only a couple blocks from Jenny's house. What was going through my head was, "I have just got to get this newspaper delivered to this house. As soon as that newspaper's on the porch and that man is not there, I'll be safe, it'll be fine. It was just a dream."

I just kept my head down, rolled up to the porch, and dropped the newspaper on the porch. I was so relieved like, "Ah, this is over. I can finish my paper route and go home and eat some breakfast." That's when I heard the car pull up behind me. I turned around and I saw him, a white guy, average height, thin, balding a little bit. That feeling when your blood runs cold, I felt that. It was the man from my dream. Son of a bitch. He was getting out of his car, approaching me, and he waved, and he said--

[mysterious music]

**Male Speaker:** Do you live around here?

**Alyssa:** I wanted it to be different than it was in my dream. I wanted to change the script a little bit. So, I said, "No." And he says--

**Male Speaker:** Do you deliver the newspaper?

**Alyssa:** And I said, "No." This is absurd. I'm on rollerblades, and I'm wearing a huge smock full of newspapers, but I was so scared. I grabbed that steak knife my dad had given me, and I held it out, and I said, "Don't come any closer to me. Do not come one step closer to me, or I will stab you. I swear to God, I will stab you." His expression didn't change. He just got in his car and drove away.

I stood in the same place, shaking, holding the knife for a few minutes, and I went and sat on the curb to stop shaking and pull it together. Like, there's no way that that just happened. If I hadn't talked to my dad that morning and told him about my dream, I might not have even believed it myself. And then, I finished the paper route. I had made this commitment to Jenny, I didn't want her to get in trouble. I bladed home, dad was in the kitchen, and I told him exactly what happened. His response was a whole lot of "Uh-huh. Sure." I didn't feel like he really believed me.

I told Jenny about what happened, and she was really freaked out. Jenny and I looked pretty similar, and it was her route. He had probably been stalking Jenny. I kept an eye out for that guy for a long time, but I never saw him again, and I never found out who he was. What was it that saved me? Why did he just get in his car and drive away? It couldn't have been a steak knife. This is a grown man versus a middle school girl. I just don't know now. There's all these terrible things that happen in the world, why would I be protected on a paper route? I don't know. But I know because it was the exact same situation as in my dream that if it had played out the same way, I would have been in that man's trunk.

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** We are so glad that Alyssa's okay and so grateful she shared her story with Spooked. That original score was by Yari Bundy. It was produced by Anne Ford.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Now, after the break, we're heading straight into a storm. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment. You're listening to this year's annual Campfire Tales episode, featuring amazing stories of the mystery from our sister podcast, Spooked, revealing a wholly different kind of connection, exploring very different types of relationships. And speaking of relationships, Roberta grew up on her grandparents' farm in the 1940s, rural Kentucky. It was an isolated place. Sometimes, a desolate place, the kind of place a little girl could really use a good neighbor. Snap Judgment.

[somber music]

**Roberta:** To get to school, I had to go through three pastures, pass a dark grove of pines. I would hurry by those woods, on down that dirt road a little bit to the main highway. And there, across the highway, was the one-room school that I attended. Ooh, there were so many times I was caught in a storm going or coming from school. There were no shelters. Between school and home, we would get those violent thunderstorms. I would just be terrified.

The good thing about going to a one-room school was that the teacher could let us go home early if she wanted to. Didn't have to call the Board of Education or the Superintendent. She could just say, "Hurry home." So, most of the time I'd get home before the storms hit. Sometimes when it was storming, I'd have a little bit of luck. My neighbor, a man named Jim Cravens, who lived on the next farm, would be going town, and he would walk with me. He liked to make sure that I was okay in the storms because he knew I was scared.

He'd say, "Roberta, if you're ever caught out in a storm, don't get under a single tree, because that's more apt to get struck by lightning." They call those trees widowmakers, because they'll blow over in a storm and kill whoever might be trying to shelter under them. So, I always call him my storm walker. He was a rough man, I mean, a big man. People wouldn't know. They didn't want to cross him or anything like that. But he and my dad were good friends. He was just always nice to my sister and me.

Back then, they would have cloth sacks for feed for the horses. The cloth would have pretty designs on it. It would be just like going to the store and buying so many yards of material to make a dress. If you bought three or four of those sacks that had the same design, you could make dresses or whatever you wanted to out of them. Jim would save those, and give them to my mom, and she would make little dresses and things for me. I felt so dressed up.

I was sitting in school one spring day. I was looking out over Russell Creek Hill. I saw the ugliest, nastiest-looking cloud I'd ever seen in my life. It had the black-blue base, but there was green and yellow mixed in with it. An ugly color. And the clouds were swirling. The teacher saw that cloud too. She said, "Now, kids, this is going to be bad. Now, you've got the time to get home if you hurry. Don't you stop and play anywhere along the way. You go straight home." She didn't have to tell me. I was running down that road as soon as she let us out.

I cut across the highway. I just kept running and running. Holding my side, it would hurt, I'd run so fast. I knew I was in trouble. The cloud was not going toward the school anymore. It had come to a little stream, and it had changed its course. And now, it was coming right across the field, right toward me. Now, I looked around, and the thunder started booming, and the lightning was flashing, and I simply had to have shelter. I did the one thing I'd been told never to do. There was one big pine by the road, and I got under it. I got as close to the trunk of that tree as I could and I just huddled there, crying. The roaring got louder. I didn't know what to do or where to go.

Then above that roaring, I heard this snap, like a dead piece of wood snapping. I looked up, and there was Jim. He had on his farm clothes, a shirt and the overalls. It was like when you're out in the rain and the rain starts and you're not really wet yet, it was that kind of wet. But he was motioning for me to follow him back in those woods, like, "Hurry. Hurry. Listen to me. Hurry. Follow me." I ran out from under the tree. I ran into the edge of the woods, and he pointed to a little ditch, a little gully that had been washed out by other rains. I got down in it and I covered my eyes. But I did look back just once, just in time to see that tree that I'd been huddled under fall over in the wind.

I remember that rain beating down on me, tingling, like little pellets of something. I stayed in that ditch. It seemed to me like it was forever. When it was over, I looked around and I thought, "Where did Jim go?" But I didn't have time to worry about where he took shelter, because I heard my dad calling for me.

**Roberta's Father:** [far off] Roberta?

**Roberta:** I ran out of the woods into the pasture and my dad was coming. I ran to him, and he picked me up, and carried me home. I was so tired, I went to sleep. I didn't sleep very long, probably half an hour. When I woke up, I was safe inside that little farmhouse. Mom had saved some supper for me and my favorite dessert, dried-fried apple pies. I was just eating that food, just shoveling it in. I was so hungry. Mom and dad were telling me how proud they were that I'd known what to do when the storm came. I said, "I didn't. I didn't know where to go until Jim came for me." Mom and dad looked at each other kind of funny and mom said, "I don't know what you thought you saw out there today, honey, but I was going to tell you when you got home from school today. Honey, Jim couldn't have come for you. He died at noon today."

People said he had heart dropsy. I don't know what the term would be today. Mom explained that that meant he had fluid around his heart, and it would smother him. Sometimes, he couldn't breathe. I just sat there looking at her and then started crying.

Now, a lot of years have passed since that time. I taught at Southern Middle School here in Louisville. Sometimes, a tornado would be coming toward the school, and the kids didn't want to admit that they were scared, but they would be asking me, "Do you think there's storm walkers here?" I would talk to them about, "We each have our own personal storm walker. It might be our mother, our father, a teacher, a friend, somebody who helps us through all kinds of storms. Not just a thunderstorm, but all kinds of bad things that might happen to us."

I don't travel now much. I'm 83. But every time I go back to my hometown, I go to his grave. I usually say, "Jim, you saved my life. I thank you for being my very own personal storm walker."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** The queen of the cold-blooded tales herself, Roberta Simpson Brown. She's a storyteller and author in Kentucky. Her storm walker story originally appeared in *The Walking Trees* from August House Publishers. That original score was by Yari Bundy. It was produced by Anne Ford.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Oh, like I said, if you need more Spooked, be afraid. Each and every week, listen everywhere, any platform. But let somebody know. It's the only way this works. And maybe you've heard stories of something more than a connection between people, more than a bond, where one person experiences or feels something, sees something, and that sensation is instantly transmitted to the other. Most often, this is coming upon by people who are identical twins. But some say there are other instances as well. And if you have your own story about this phenomenon or if you know someone who does, please tell me about it, *spooked@snapjudgment.org,* because there's nothing more amazing than a Spooked story from a Spooked listener. Remember, if you need more Spooked in your life, and I know you need more Spooked in your life, Snap Judgment presents Spooked podcast, drops weekly for free on all podcast platforms. Get it before it is too late.

Spooked was created by the team that always carries around an amulet for protection. Except, of course, for Mark Ristich. He says he knows a special dance that will save him in the end. We'll see. There's David Kim. Teo Ducot. Zoë Ferrigno. Anne Ford. Erik Gagnas, Leon Morimoto, Marisa Dodge, Miles Lassi, Yari Bundy, Doug Stewart. The Spooked theme song is by Pat Mesiti-Miller.

My name is Glynn Washington, and this path through shadow does not have markers or way signs. The ones you see are tricks meant to deceive, despite how things appear, you will never walk the same path twice. In many ways, this journey can only be taken alone. So much is smoke, mist where shortcuts are certain ruins. So, we seek a crutch, and guide map, and elevate those who tell us lies. We want to make this easy, but certain things cannot be made easy. I don't have any answers, but I do have one small bit of advice. Never ever, never ever, never ever turn out the lights.

*[Transcript provided by* [*SpeechDocs Podcast Transcription*](http://www.speechdocs.com/)*]*