[Snap Judgment intro]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** There are communities where you will never experience the divine unless you first pour libations. Not bread, not meat, not prayers, not offerings. You must pour the liquid. Nothing else will call the God. And with other groups, the ritual must begin and end with fire. There is no substitution. If there is no fire, there will be no God. And as whole peoples are wiped from the planet, whole tradition swallowed. We've lost so much knowledge, so much access, but I know this, several cultures have revered Gods that only answer to the thump of a communal drum. As I was reminded just the other day, walking through my neighborhood and happening upon a drum circle, this pounding incantation, this rhythmic plea for the God to appear. You can't do this alone. There'll be no answer to one person playing in solitude.

Only the rhythm of a collective will wake certain powers. And the rhythms sparring beats joining together, breaking off the joust of drums and sound and thin as the beat builds to a frantic staccato, a woman leaps into the center of the circle. She dances, thrashes with the fury, transformed as if inhabited by someone, something, a power controlling her as one would a marionette. The drummers, they welcome this new visitor with reverence, joy with rhythm. They play in celebration of the God's presence amongst them. Even now, with all we've lost, not everything is forgotten. Not yet.

Today, Snap Judgment features supernatural stories from our evil twin podcast, Spooked. Spooked starts now.

[Spooked theme music]

**Glynn:** When you make a call to the powers that be, perhaps, it's not a God that hears your cry. Our storyteller is a member of the Pawnee Nation, and he knows better than to go looking for trouble. But sometimes, trouble finds him.

Spooked.

[intriguing music]

**Speaker:** My cousin called me up and he told me, “Let's go singing.” He picked me up and we drove six, seven miles [car driving] deep into the mountains. They had a Sundance arena up there. The Sundance, it's a spiritual gathering. If you have somebody who's sick or anything like that, you go in and you pray for them, it cleanses your body, it helps people.

We were there in the evening time. There's no lights, no electricity. The lights that they did have were from headlights. So we'd pull up into this field. You could see shadows and outlines of people dancing and singing. It's in a big circle. Only ones that are allowed in the circle are the dancers. There must have been about maybe seven singers to eight singers there already. They were sitting there singing, and you can hear their whistles. They have whistles that they blow. We walked up and we draw them the circle. We started singing with the drum.

Singing constantly for hours on end with two-minute to five-minute breaks in between songs. Get something to drink and continue to sing again. Everybody has notion of a Hollywood Injun, the hiya, hiya, hiya. It's not like that. It's your heartbeat. Every time you hear a bump, you're in your heart, you hit the drum. This is the rhythm of everything. That's the main rhythm of life.

I'm having a good time. You're sitting there singing, you're with friends, you're with family, talking, laughing, and everybody got quiet. I could smell something bad. I was like, “What is that?” Just like this wet dog, mildew smell, stagnant water. All these different smells mixed into one.

Some of the old folks, you could see them whispering around to one another. Everybody straightened up like when a principal walks in the room. I turned. When I turned, I’ve seen this big figure standing behind us, between 8 to 10 foot tall. He was big, tall, and furry. He was walking toward the entrance of the sun dance. I couldn't see his face. I just saw the outline of him. I knew it wasn't a bear. I've seen bears before, and bears don't walk like that. They'll walk on their hind legs, but they stumble around. This thing walk like a man. I knew what it was immediately, is bigfoot.

When I was a little, everybody tells stories, “Don't be going outside at night, don't whistle at night, don't run at night, don't be looking out the windows. Bigfoot be looking in.” Every tribe has a different name for him, Sasquatch, Bigfoot. A lot of them call him BF or Big Guy. Other people, they kind of look at him as a messenger of death. We got scared and froze. The elderly people, they come walking over to, “Keep singing, keep singing. Don't stop.” It goes back to, “Don't run from a dog. Just stay calm, just relax.” So we powered through it. We kept singing, but everybody kept looking over their shoulders to see where he's at.

He come up to the entrance, and he looked at everything, looked at everybody, and everybody just spread apart, made way for him. It was terrifying. Nobody bothered him. Nobody said anything to him. I kept thinking, “I can't believe what I'm seeing right now.” Just stood there and stared at him. As quick as he walked into the arena, he turned around and walked off, and he was gone. His odor kept lingering. He really stinks.

We finished the song. After the song, we all took a five-minute break. Everybody was in shock and awe, “Did we just see what we saw?” The old folks, they came around, “You guys did good. You did real good. Everything's fine. You're okay. He's gone. You're okay. And don't be telling everybody on the news about this.” We just laughed about it and just enjoyed singing again. I wasn't really dying to tell anybody. Years ago, our community had a really large problem with people looking for Bigfoot.

People would go on private property, and they would ask questions they shouldn't be asking. They would go into areas that weren't allowed to anybody other than tribal members. Nothing was off limits to them. I don't care whose field I go through, whose house I go to, I'm going to get my evidence. That's why we don't speak on it that much. But anyway, thought that was the only time I was going to run into him.

Fast forward years later, I was working at a truck stop around 12 miles outside of town. Me and my coworker were working. It was just us two. Late at night, it really dies down. The gas station had put in new pumps outside and they had brighter lights in the parking lot, so you could see everything. There's nobody really much out there. We're sitting there, and we're just waiting for time to drag on. I'm sitting there talking to my coworker, and I look out the window, the window is black. We can't see anything. I was like, “Why are the lights out?” He's like, “I don't know. Maybe the lights blew out.”

So, we start flipping the switches, [flipping switches] and we couldn't figure out what was the matter, what were all the lights? And so both of us had our hands cupped, looking out the window. All of a sudden, the night starts to move. We're like, “What?” So we back up and looked. We realized what we were looking at. He was so wide, he took up this big bay window. That bay window is probably about seven and a half foot, and he was well above that. He backed up, and he bent down and looked at us. The only thing that separated us was a little pane of glass. You can't really see nothing but the reflection of his eyes. Brown, big eyes looking back at you, and it scared us. I was scared about him breaking the window and reaching in. We start screaming. [groans]

I locked the front door, and he just stared at us through the window. We didn't know what to do. We climbed over the counter, and we looked at him for maybe 15 seconds. All of a sudden, he just walked off to the side. I walked out of the way of the window. You could see the lights behind him after that. Fast as he was there, as fast as he was gone. It took us a good minute to figure out what we wanted to do. I was like, “You want to open those doors, keep going?” We looked at each other, and at the same time, “Nope. We're closed.” We counted our till fast, and we were out of that place in under five minutes. Both of us were scared, running to our car, trying to figure out where he was at, in case he was right around in an area still. “You got to watch me when I go to my car.” “Yeah, you watch me. Make sure we get to my car, okay?”

When I was flying down the road to my boss's house, I was like, “I can't believe this. This is happening again.” I went back to the elder telling me, you're fine, and I kept saying that going down the road, “I'm okay, I'm okay. I'm fine. I'm okay.” We pulled up to the boss's house and she was like, “What's going on?” We told her what happened. She said, “Well, you did the right thing. Good call.” It took a lot of convincing to get my coworker to come back to work, to work nights after that.

Years later, they built on a casino next door to that truck stop. I worked there as a cashier. I just came into work. A friend of mine, he was a surveillance officer. He said, “Come here, come here, come here. Come and look at this. Come look at this. You got to come see this.” They had cameras all over that place, inside and out. So I go in the little surveillance room, and he pulls up the video. Right behind the casino, they have a big dumpster back there, 8-foot, 10-foot tall. Next door, the gas station, they make hot food, chicken, corn dogs, burritos, things like that.

At the end of the night, when they don't sell anything, they throw it in the trash in the back, in the dumpster. I'm sitting there watching the video, and you could see him at the corner of that video. It was dark, but then one big, huge outside light in the corner of the parking lot. So you could see his silhouette of it real clearly. He was really furry. He's dark. He was tall, reached in, no problem. Like he'd done it several times, he just grabs a bag out and he walks off. My friend looks at me and says, “You know what that is?” I was like, “Man, that is crazy.” My coworkers goes, “Yup, that is.” He reached over and hit delete.

They had an unwritten rule. “If you see anything on the cameras like this, delete it.” They don't want evidence, because it goes back to people wanting to see this thing and act a fool. In my personal opinion, when people go looking for them, they're looking for them for the notoriety, the fame. They need that validation. The ones that don't have an agenda, they always tend to run into them. Says, “The luck of the draw just falls in your lap.” I'd rather avoid them at all costs, but you never know. I've seen him twice. Nothing bad's happened, but I'm not going to press my luck.

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** Thank you so much to our storyteller for sharing his experience. The original score for that piece was by Yari Bundy. It was produced by Anne Ford.

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** Now, don't go anywhere, because after the break, we're going to meet some people who have a much closer connection to the ancestors than they might like. Snap Judgment.

Welcome back to Snap Judgment, the Inside Out episode. This week, we're featuring supernatural stories from our evil twin podcast, Spooked. Now, you see, according to multiple traditions, possession is not necessarily a bad thing. As with everything else, it depends. Lane is a practitioner of traditional Filipino tattooing. Over the course of his career, Lane has encountered the spirits of ancestors while he's tattooing. Every once in a while, Lane discovers the person he is tattooing is inhabited by something that is definitely not the ancestors. Spooked.

[pensive music]

**Lane:** I spent 20 years doing research on Filipino tattooing. After I got the book published, I thought, “Okay, well, got *Filipino Tattoos: Ancient to Modern* out there. I've done my job.” And then my mentor at the time, he said, “You collected all this information, you published it, but now you need to put it into practice.” I was pretty resistant to that. For me, being half white, being raised in the diaspora and not in the homeland, I'm like, “Who am I to do any of this cultural restoration other than scholarly stuff?” But in 2012, my dad was diagnosed with a very aggressive form of cancer called mesothelioma. It's pretty much a death sentence once you're diagnosed.

The oncologist wanted to do radiation treatment for him in the hopes of extending his life. They made all these marks on his body with a sharpie, and they said, “Mr. Wilcken, we'd really like to tattoo these radiation targets on you, so that we don't have to do the measurements every time.” And my father said, “Well, let me go home and think about it.” He called me up, and he said, “Lane, they want to tattoo these radiation targets on me, but I don't want a man I don't know with a machine I don't know touching my body. You've been studying tattooing all these years, you tattoo me.” There was a little bit of a moment of terror. I had never tattooed anyone before, but who was I to deny my dying father?

I went out to the backyard, my mom has some orange trees growing back there. I picked the orange thorn off of the tree, took a wooden dowel, drilled a hole in it, pushed that thorn through. It's a very simple tattooing implement from the Philippines. The best lighting in the house was actually the kitchen. And so we just spread a little blanket on the floor. My dad laid down, and my brother, John, he started to stretch the skin, so that the tool can enter and exit the skin cleanly without getting snagged. We were both very, very nervous. I was doing my best not to tremble, and then I asked my dad if he was ready. He said, yes.

I had a little container of ink and dipped the thorn into it. I just said a quiet little prayer in my head asking, whoever was listening to please guide my hands and my tools, and I began tapping. My first initial taps were ginger, and then I realized I was hitting too softly. I had to hit a little bit harder to break the skin and get the ink in. There's a little layer of the skin that pops a little bit when the thorn or the needle punches through. I felt that, the mark was there. My dad looked at peace as he laid there. It felt like a sacred moment. We tattooed only three little targets on his body, two dots and an X.

When we were finished, my dad just got up and very nonchalantly said, “Thank you, son.” I don't know why he was so casual about it. Maybe it was his way of keeping things light because of the impending finality of all of this. That was the first tattoos I had ever done, was on my dying father.

Some months after my father had passed, I shared my experience with some of my friends up in Northern California. People began asking, if I would be willing to do ritual tattooing for them, what we call batok in the Philippines. There was a definite change in me after that experience with my father. I realized I could do it. I could do the work. My confidence grew, and it just snowballed from there.

[engaging music]

I have a lot of people, both from the Philippines and the diaspora in the States, primarily, that come to me for traditional tattoos. There are many reasons for getting tattooed. One is for, lack of a better term, tribal affiliation, community affiliation, but also there are blessings that can be bestowed through tattooing. There's actually medicinal tattoos that happen as well. This is a spiritual practice. It's not body art in the way that we see tattooing in Western culture. If you're coming to me to look like The Rock or Jason Momoa, you went to the gym, you got yoked a little bit, and now it's time for a tribal, no, go somewhere else. [laughs] I'm not going to do that.

I remember the first person, aside from my father, that I tattooed. I was at a retreat at one of our elders’ houses in Northern California. During that retreat is when I was supposed to tattoo a couple of women in the living room. Before we tattoo, we did these prayers to summon the ancestors. Part of the chant that I do, it asks for the spirits of the mothers and the fathers, all the relations, to participate in the tattooing. We face west, which is the direction of the afterlife in our belief system. There are food offerings to the ancestors. I tell them, “This is the food that we have set aside for you that we're going to share with you. You're welcome here.”

The first woman that I worked on, she was a mestiza. She was half-white, like me, and really did not know much about the ancient Philippines. Didn't know much about our history, didn't know much about our attire. She's laying face down on the ground on a blanket. As I began marking her, she became very relaxed, and she says, “I'm seeing something. I'm seeing myself in a cave. There's this old man, and he's wearing a red loincloth, and he's got this red turban on his head. He's watching and inspecting the tattooing.”

I had goosebumps. I felt little chill go up the back of my spine. Her lineage was from the Visayas, which are the central islands of the Philippines. And from her description, I recognized that this was attire of an ancient Visayan chieftain. There was no way for her to know that, but I knew it because of my research. To have an elder looking over your shoulder is a little bit intimidating. But I have this thought, “Well, Lane, you asked for them to come in your prayers, and they came. Why are you surprised?” [chuckles]

I think this is just my own personal weirdness, but I wasn't necessarily afraid of ancestors coming and joining me. It was more of a confirmation that what I was doing was right. But sometimes we also have to deal with those that are not necessarily invited. They're usually the ones that are hiding within a person. It doesn't happen very often. It's very rare, but it does happen.

A few years ago, I was contacted by a woman who happens to be a Christian minister that I had previously met on one of my book tours. She called me up, she said, “My daughter wants to celebrate her second year of sobriety, and I was wondering if it would be okay to receive batok for that.” I said, “Sure.” That's certainly a worthwhile reason to adorn somebody. I made sure that her daughter was of age. [chuckles] I don't tattoo minors. She said, “Yeah, she's 24 years old.” And so we set up the appointment. I was to meet with her at a friend's house in Los Angeles.

So I'm waiting outside for them to arrive, and the car pulls up. I see the woman that I know get out of the car. And then this other person gets out of the car with her. At first, I was wondering, “How old is this person?” She's small, petite. As she's walking towards me, the way that she's carrying herself, it seems like a teenager, maybe somebody in middle school. And I used to teach middle school, so I'm really familiar with how kids carry themselves. Introductions were made. I'm like, “Hi, I'm Lane.” And she just said hi, very quietly, mouse-like. We got in the house. I asked her mom again, I'm like, “How old is she?” “She's 24.” “Oh, okay.”

I trusted the mother. She'd been to several of my talks, and we'd seen each other at community events, but there was just something off about it. We start talking. The conversation was mostly on my end with the young woman either nodding or very short, curt answers. A lot of giggling. She had a hard time looking at me. But we went ahead and we drew up the design, which went down her spine. She gives me the thumbs up approvals to go ahead. We do all the prayers, and we begin tattooing. My friend, who's hosting me, she's stretching, holding the skin along with the mother. I was going along, everything was going fine, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. I get about halfway down the spine, and the ink will not go into the skin. At first, I thought, “Did I lose a point off of my tool?” Inspected the tool, still sharp., put some more ink on it. Tap, tap, tap. Nothing would go in. I took my hand and hovered it over this spot.

In a lot of our indigenous ways of doing medicine, the sensitive, someone who has the ability, can feel disturbances in the electromagnetic field through your hand. I had learned over the years how to do that. And so I place my hand near her body, and I feel something there. It feels like a tingling sensation at first in my hand. I was actually expecting to maybe pick up trauma or an emotion that she had shunted to that part of her body. People tend to put their stress in a particular part of their body. That's what I was originally expecting. But then this image was very forcefully placed into my head. A little girl, face ashen, gray, dirty, angry. It hits so quickly that I literally reel back a little bit like, “Whoa. What is going on?” That's when I knew, “Okay, there's somebody else here.”

My friend who was stretching, she looks at me, I could tell that she picked up on it too. She and I just looked at each other and like, “Oh, crap, we got to do some work.” So I put my hand over that spot that the ink wasn't going into. I feel something enter in through my hand. The sensation is analogous to when I get a shot. You feel them push the fluid into you, I feel something foreign go into my body, and go all the way to my heart, and then I burp, [burps] and get it out. My friend and I, we started extracting it. [burps] We're burping. Burp, burp. “Oh, excuse me.” Burp. We don't want to alarm the mother, so we're trying to do this on the slide. [burps] Just keep burping, burping.

My friend gives me this look like, “Let me take the bulk of the work. You still have to tattoo.” So she starts burping a lot. Burp, burp, burp. “Wow, I don't know what I ate.” Burp, burp, burp. And finally, she says, “Will you guys excuse me?” And she goes out of the room. She walks up the stairs, she goes into her own bedroom. I hear the door to her bathroom open. She goes in there and lets out two gigantic farts. She comes back down. Of course, all of us, we pretend like we didn't hear nothing. I dip the tool in the ink, and the ink goes right in.

The young woman's demeanor changes immediately. She stood up a little more erect. Her voice sounds deeper. She doesn't sound like a little girl. I did not bring it up with the young woman or her mother because I knew their belief system. I would be telling her mother that she has a devil or a demon, and I didn't want to frighten her. I just got back into business mode of getting the work done. Tap, tap, tap, and finish the design up. But we hung out a little bit afterwards. We usually debrief a little bit to just come down from the ceremony. It wasn't the giggly little girl that I had earlier. It was a woman. Seemed very mature. She changed.

**Glynn:** When Snap returns, we're going to face a spirit that isn't quite ready to leave home. Stay tuned.

Welcome back to Snap Judgment, the Inside Out episode. My name is Glynn Washington. It is the season of All Hallowed Eve, and this week we're featuring supernatural stories from our evil twin podcast, Spooked. Last we left, traditional Filipino tattoo practitioner, Lane Wilcken to just help release ancestral spirit from a young woman's body through the practice of tattooing. And, Snappas, she won't be the last. Spooked.

**Lane:** In 2022, a woman came to me for fertility markings. She had no prior tattoos. This was to be her first experience. I normally in Las Vegas, just tattoo out of my home. I converted my garage into a little studio. So she and her husband came through, we're sitting in our little studio, we're sharing a meal together, and then we get ready to start checking all the spots. She changes into a malong, which is like a sarong, or lavalava, or whatever you want to call it. The husband takes out his phone and he begins recording. This is a wonderful experience that they're supposed to be having, getting her markings done. I began checking the different fertility points on her body, energetically.

Normally, I don't physically touch. I just need to go near that spot. I run one finger, usually my index finger, and just scan that little area. I feel if there's a disturbance there, if it's hot, cold, extra tingly, not so tingly. Down from the nipple, there's a little divot in between the ribs that you can feel for, and that is a fertility point. So I hovered my finger over that spot. All of a sudden, she starts burping. [imitates burping] I asked permission, of course. “May I actually touch this spot?” And she says, “Go ahead.” And so I touched it, and she starts burping a lot, and she's like, “I'm sorry, manong. I don't know what's wrong. I just keep burping. Oh, my gosh, manong, I think I need to fart.” And she farts. [laughs]

I look over at Shane, my apprentice, and I just give him this look like, “Oh, boy, here we go.” Because I realize at this point, I'm dealing with an entity. I don't tell her what I suspect is going on. I just start accessing different spots besides that one. And sure enough, it just gets worse and worse. She's burping, I'm burping. She farts multiple times. I get to her back, and I'm right underneath her right shoulder blade, and she starts sweating, and she's writhing in discomfort. She's like, “Oh, I don't know what it is, but get it out. Get it out.” Husband's videoing all this time, and his eyes are really big. I could see the disbelief on his face and shock.

I could tell that this spirit was exceptionally strong compared to some of the others I had extracted in the past. Much more entrenched in her, I called Shane over like, “Shane, I'm going to need your help.” I request the bolo, which is a type of machete that we use in the Philippines. I have one in the studio in a scabbard up on the wall. Shane looked wide-eyed like, “Is this really happening?” But he went right to work. I have Shane burn a bunch of bayabas or guava leaves, and we smudged the bolo. And then I was going to take the bolo and scrape the skin with the blunt side to force it into the arm and then out her hand, a place where I can really physically force this thing out. But the moment that I touch her skin with it, she erupts out in hives. And I said, “Sister, you got a metal allergy?” “No, no, get it out.”

She's got hives all over her upper back and shoulder. And so I put the bolo away, and I tell the skin, “Calm down. Copy me. Calm down.” And the hives go down, and I'm like, “I got to find out what happened to you. I got to find out what happened to you.” She had mentioned before that she had visited when she was four years old, Mananambal, which is like a medicine person in the southern Philippines. I said, “Why did you need to go to Mananambal?” And she says, “Well, because up until I went to the Mananambal, I couldn't be touched by anyone but my parents. I would scream if other people touched me. I get a visual in my own head of this place. It's like remembering a memory. It was in the forest. There was a grass hut where the Mananambal lived.”

I can see her as a child, can see her parents. I can see the Mananambal, who was male. He had covered her with a lumban[?]. It's a large black cloth that keeps her isolated from any other spirits and closed her off spiritually. But in that intermediary point, before he closed her off, something jumped in and hid. I tell her I have to undo what the Mananambal did to get rid of this thing. She says, “Yes, just get it out. Just do whatever you need to get it out.” I had Shane grab a large blanket. And we covered her with the blanket. She got quiet for a moment, and then all of a sudden, she started speaking in a masculine voice and speaks in old Visayan to me. Kept on saying things like, “bahay ko.”

From what I gather, what this spirit is saying is, “my house.” I was admonishing the spirit to leave, “You need to go. You need to return to where you belong.” And it would tell me, “No, this is my house. You get out. You leave.” Sometimes, sister would become loose again, “[grunts] Oh, tell him to get away from me. Get out. I don't want him here.” And I said, “Sister, I need you to get angry. I need you to get angry. When you're angry, you can force yourself to have a stronger sense of self.” She says, “Get it out. Get it out.” I like, “No, I want you to get fucking angry.” “Get the fuck out.” And then he would come back and speak in the male voice, “This is my house. You get out.”

I realized I couldn't get into a pissing match with this spirit. It's too strong. It's too willful. And so my tactic had to change. I couldn't force him to leave. And so I began addressing him as, “Grandfather, apo, you need to go home. It's okay. Look, the offering is there for you. The offerings have been made. Your family is waiting on the other side for you. It's okay.” He began to sob. [sobbing] I recognized that he was afraid. He was afraid to leave. I just kept on encouraging him, “We've made offerings for you. Your family is waiting for you. It's okay for you to leave.” [sobbing] And I told Shane, open the door to his studio. He opened the door. I could feel the spirit get up, leave her body, and go out the door.

The attention is not on me anymore. I said he's gone. And then I told Shane, “Shut the door, Shane.” And covered sister, she was drenched in sweat. Just drenched in sweat. Lots of exhausted sighs. “[sighs] Oh, thank you, manong.” [exhales] She just kept on doing that. We did no tattooing that night, she was exhausted. I was exhausted. [chuckles] There was no way we were going to tattoo that night. But a week later, she and her husband came back for a debrief with me. We're talking, and I asked her husband, “So how's she been since?” “Dude, she's so much more confident. She's such a powerful woman. She's so strong but would always self-sabotage. She's always been plagued with self-doubt.” And I said, “Well, some of that self-doubt was not her voice. It was the voice of this other being." These entities they ride the ups and downs in a person. They feed off of it. And so it kind of behooves them to create in a person's life a lot of turmoil. She said, “A lot of those thoughts have gone away. I don't notice them anymore.”

This was definitely one of the stronger entities I've encountered, but ultimately could be reasoned with. It wasn't me extracting him. It was his choice to leave. I just helped him make that choice. I've encountered stronger spirits, and I can't get rid of them. They won't let me get rid of them. I'm not trying to scare anybody or anything like that, but we have to know our limitations. Some people I can help, some people I can't.

[pensive music]

**Glynn:** Thank you, Lane Wilcken, for sharing your stories with Spooked. Lane wrote the book on traditional Filipino tattooing. For real, Lane wrote the book. It's called *Filipino Tattoos: Ancient to Modern*. And today, Lane is one of only 20 people in the world who practice Filipino tattooing in its traditional form.

The original score for this story was by Lauryn Newson. It was produced by Zoë Ferrigno.

If you dug this show, know that the Spooked podcast is now available on all platforms everywhere.

[evil laugh]

[Spooked theme music playing]

**Glynn:** Spooked is brought to you by the team that refuses to let any entity take control of their actions except for Mark Ristich. He is willing, but so far, there have been no takers. There's Davey Kim, Zoë Ferrigno, Anne Ford, Erick Yanez, Teo Ducot, Marisa Dodge, Miles Lassi, Doug Stuart, Paulina Creaky, Elizabeth Z Pardue, Aditi [unintelligible [00:47:47]. The Spooked theme song is by Pat Mesiti-Miller.

My name is Glynn Washington, and we tend to think in the binary that the shadow knows all, sees all, and we are but insects to their greater understanding. But the more you study, the rituals, the totems, the dances, it becomes apparent that we are not the only beings that can be lost, and that help can come from this side as well, because our journey is a dance. We're not puppets on the end of someone else's string. They are not genies in a bottle bent on granting us our wishes. This has always been a relationship. And just like any other relationship, this relationship needs boundaries. And I set my boundaries the only way I know how, which is to never, ever, never, ever, ever turn out the lights.

[Spooked theme music]

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