[Snap Judgment intro]

[absorbing music]

**Glynn:** Back in the day, my girlfriend at the time, she's got some friends and they're all kind of woo-woo or whatever, but I don't mind a bit 'cause I'm all in love. And these friends are crazy. They're crazy into this pamphlet taking over every bookstore, every health food shop, and every yoga studio in the country. It's called *The Secret*. *The Secret* says there's this thing, it's called the Law of Attraction. Purported to be a rule of the universe that says whatever you think about, whatever you fill your mind with, you will attract. What you're supposed to do is visualize what you want, then watch in amazement as your life attracts those things. [scoffs] Okay, well, whatever.

The book says a good way to do this is to create a vision board. A vision board is a board with pictures of all the stuff you want to attract. This is getting to be a lot of work, but I do it. I cut pictures out of magazines and stuff of what I want in my life, and I tape them to a piece of cardboard just like you're supposed to. I do it because she asked me to, and I'm in love. Then of course, I promptly forget about it completely because fads, fads they come and go.

I forget about it until very recently as I'm cleaning a closet, preparing to move away from that person whom I made that vision board with those many years ago. And I look at it again. This faded piece of cardboard with pictures of sheet music, cameras, microphones, photos of black men bent over tables, writing stories. Images of a stage show at the Kennedy Center. A drawing of a fancy dinner jacket. So many pictures of someone writing something. Sometimes with a pen, sometimes on a computer.

Looking at this board, this board I made so many years ago, it occurs to me that everything I put on this piece of faded cardstock, every single image has come to pass. The writing, I've bent over many a desk writing, the microphones, the cameras. I have shoes exactly like that. I own a jacket identical to the one in the picture. We played the Kennedy Center in Washington DC where I got to tell stories on a stage with Questlove and Black Thought from The Roots. Everything has come to pass. The law of attraction. What you demand of the universe, you will call forth. And it is too late, it is far too late to turn back time, to return and tell myself, "Brother, you're making the wrong board."

I don't care about the shoes, the stage shows, I don't care about cameras, fancy jackets, I don't care about any of it. When so many people are lost to me since making this art project, so many relationships severed, broken. So many things I can never undo, and so many things left forever unsaid. Please, please, please put them instead on this piece of paper.

My name is Glynn Washington. Be very, very careful what you ask for when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[Spooked theme playing]

Snappers, a different type of story comes from a very different type of experience. We've got some big news because Snap Judgment's evil twin, the ying to our yang, the doppelganger, the trickster, the shadow, Spooked, at long last has broken free. Its own weekly show available on podcast platforms everywhere. No paywalls, no bars. It's not just for Halloween anymore. And we are so proud. Completely different flavor of Snap storytelling.

To celebrate, we're going to begin down south, way down south. Guillermo, he's a radio host in Yelapa, Mexico. And he works at Radio Centro, one of the biggest media companies in Mexico. The office is filled with little recording booths. Guillermo is broadcasting his show live. He's on air, talking to the masses. I want to let Guillermo take it from here. Snap Judgment. Spooked.

[riveting music]

**Guillermo [via translator]:** It would be around 10:45 PM, I was hosting this show called Clásicos Radio Centro Radio Centro, Radio Centro's Classics. I was playing music in Spanish, 80s and 90s ballads. I was able to see who came up the stairs because the doors were clear glass. Someone went up, I could just turn my head and see who it was. Sometimes, it was just a security guard.

Let's hear this hit from the 80s. This is by Luis Miguel. The song is *Ahora Te Puedes Marchar, Now, you can leave*.

I was presenting this song when I hear someone coming up the stairs.

[footsteps, climbing the stairs]

I immediately cut the mics so the sound won't bleed into them. I turn to look at the door and see no one. I was certain I heard something on the stairs. I play a song, I get up and walk towards the door, and what the hell? There's no one. But then, I hear the steps again, right in front of the stairs, 10ft away from it. I'm like, "Someone's walking up the stairs, but who is it?" And then, I hear [footsteps going upstairs] upwards, then two or three steps downwards, then upwards. I say to myself, "All right, let's see what's going on." I get out of the booth and get closer to the stairs.

"Who are you? Do you want to play? Why don't you come on up? There's two of us. We can make it a party."

I walked backwards and I threw myself on a nearby couch and stayed there, waiting.

[running footsteps]

Then, I heard someone running up the stairs, all the way to the top. I just froze. I just felt how my body froze up because obviously there was something there.

[ominous music]

I'm completely sure that it's a ghost. I imagine that it was a boy who was playing on the stairs at that moment. Maybe a six- or seven-year-old running up and down the stairs. What I do is try to talk to him and establish a connection with him.

[suspenseful music builds up]

I'm totally afraid, trust me. I'm curious nonetheless to find out what he wants, what he needs, how I can help, why he's there. I told him, "Come closer and tell me what you want." But then it runs downstairs until I couldn't hear him again. I got up from the couch and went to the booth again, but I didn't close the doors. I waited. "He has to come back," I thought. If he's playing, he's got to come back. He didn't.

**Fernando:** After the incident, Guillermo asked coworkers if Radio Centro was haunted, and they all said yes. Everyone who worked there knew it. Guillermo asks about the footsteps on the stairs.

**Guillermo:** One of my coworkers told me, "I think it's a young man. Some people have seen him. He's like 15. He plays a lot on the stairs." "Well, it must have been him," I said, "He was really close to being in front of me, but I couldn't see him."

There were many rumors that right there at the station, there was a kid all soaked and wearing white clothes. There was also a lady and a man. Everyone knew that ghosts were roaming around. For many, it had become familiar to hear or see something strange, to the point that they weren't paying attention to that and just focusing on their work. They had stopped trying to focus on what that was.

**Fernando:**  The ghosts didn't stop Guillermo from coming in every day, playing music and working on radio spots. He loved his job. He started working for a famous long-playing show called *Tell It Tonight.* *Tell It Tonight* was all about the paranormal. Listeners would call in and share their stories of ghostly encounters and ask for the host's advice.

**Guillermo:** *Tell It Tonight* had gotten really good fame. *Tell It Tonight* had been on the air for quite some years. I'm talking about six or seven years. It was probably not the best job in the world, but it was the most exciting not knowing what was going to happen that night.

I was helping the host because you had to be running around recording all the listeners calls and you would have to chitchat with the listener. At the same time, you were setting the recorder, the effects and the music bed and then on to record another thing. Pick up the phone from another line. It was stressful.

Suddenly, one day, I arrived at my scheduled time and the host didn't come. This guy didn't show up. So, what happened? He wasn't going to work there anymore. Well, that was a surprise to me. I was stressed out.

**Fernando:**  By default, Guillermo became the new host of *Tell It Tonight*.

11:01 here at Radio Centro. I'm Guillermo [unintelligible 00:12:56] and this is *Tell it Tonight*. It came in and it burst up top. It was a show signature. It was a theme song from the *Addams* *Family* movie. No operator. Back then, you were announcer, operator and you did everything yourself. When it was your turn in the booth, you handled all the equipment, the listener phone line, the microphone, and then you went on the air too. So, running the show on my own was stressful with so many gadgets to operate by myself.

[engrossing music]

I had been running the show for only one week. It was a Friday, midnight. I was finishing the show. The national anthem was playing to conclude the broadcast, and the phone rings right at that time, at midnight.

Well, I said, given the time, I thought it was very strange. And I asked, "Radio Centro. Good evening." And he tells me, "What's up, Guillermo?"

When I heard the voice, I jumped out of my skin, man. His voice was hoarse, yet soft and quiet at the same time. That's the way he always speaks. It was a person that called himself Mr. X.

Mr. X was a regular of the show before I became the host. I think he went on every week as a guest host who would answer the listeners' calls. Mr. X helped the previous host of the show. He's a specialist in paranormal phenomena, special energy, shamanism, everything that there is to know about the subject. He has had that gift for many years and has helped many, many people here in Yelapa and in other cities. He didn't even let me speak. "I've been listening to you all week. I know that you're on the show now." I'm like, "Yeah?" "And you're probably going to need help." I tell him, "Yeah, you said it, man." He said, "How about you come tomorrow to my house? I live in a neighborhood near the radio station. We meet there, we talk in full about what the show is about, and I can tell you how to manage it." And I said, "That's excellent."

**Fernando:** The next day, Guillermo wasn't feeling so great. His body felt sore and stiff. But still, he didn't want to miss his appointment with Mr. X. So, he went to the man's house.

**Guillermo:** It was just a normal house. It was a one-story house with many rooms and a long hallway. We were in his mustard yellow living room. You see this house and you don't think that Mr. X, a person who talks to ghosts, lives here.

Sitting down, I tell Mr. X, "You know what? I haven't been feeling well lately. I feel like I have a weight on my shoulders, a pain, like I'm carrying someone." He comes and stands in front of me as I'm sitting on his couch. He lays his hand on the back of my neck. Suddenly, I see that he's moving, like being given electroshocks, contracting his body. He lays his hand again on the back of my head, and again he contracts his body. I asked him, "What's hurting you? What are you feeling?" He said, "I'm feeling how open you are. Whichever energy passes by, you are pulling it towards you, be it good or evil."

**Fernando:**  Mr. X said that Guillermo had psychic talents and that he was intrigued. He said he'd like to keep helping out on *Tell It Tonight*, as our regular guest host, Guillermo was thrilled and relieved to get some production help.

**Guillermo:** The guest show appearances would vary. Sometimes, we would say, "Next week, how about Monday, Tuesday, and Friday? And then, Tuesday and Thursday for the next one?" We switched it around, or just did it Wednesdays and Fridays.

Thanks for being with us here at 12:10 AM. We welcome Mr. X.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** After the break, back to the radio station for this Spooked special. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back to Snap Judgment, the "be careful what you ask for" episode. We're featuring supernatural stories from our evil twin podcast, Spooked, now available weekly. We're in a radio station in Mexico with Guillermo, and some things are not as they seem. Snap Judgment.

**Fernando:** One night, Guillermo was at the radio station. It was just before *Tell it to Tonight* came on, and he was lining up a few promos that would play on air. He was hosting this episode alone, without Mr. X.

**Guillermo:** We ran some promos covering all the shows that people could listen to throughout the day. The last promo was the one for *Tell It Tonight*. I hit play to start the first promo. Then, the second. The third promo was about to play when the machine jumped, and we hear the organ, like the music from the beginning of the promo. Knobs went up to maximum volume, drowning everything out. I get super hot, like my temperature shot up. The audio is still loud. I turn down the speakers. I let the promo run, and when I hold onto the table to lean back and stand up to refresh myself, I started to feel very ill. In that moment, I feel as if someone is leaning on my back. I feel a chest against my back and breathing right in my ear, here on my left side, I hear it. [hard breathing]

And with his hands, he started to squeeze my head. I push myself up and backwards so I can free myself from this entity. I get up from the chair and I head to the double door booth. I open the door outwards and the other one inwards. I stand in the gap between those doors and tell him, "Get out of here. Do me a favor and get out of here and never touch me again. You hurt me. You don't have the right to hurt me or touch me even. Get out of the booth and get out now." I feel how he approaches me, lays his hand on my stomach to push himself out of the booth.

I was soaked in sweat. My shirt was literally stuck to my body, as if water had been sprayed on me from a hose filled with sweat. The temperature starts to get back to normal in the booth. I leave the doors open. I go in, unbutton my shirt, and take it off just to have my t-shirt on. I had a glass of water there, I remember. I grabbed the glass and splashed the water on my face. I want to-- I don't know, get out, get some air. I'm still in shock about what has just happened.

**Fernando:**  There were three other production booths on that floor, and they all had transparent walls. From the other booths, two radio hosts are watching what's happening to Guillermo.

**Guillermo:** They call me from booth to booth, "What happened?" He says, "I mean, we saw everything. Are you okay?" I said, "No, I'm not okay." "What happened?" "Well, someone just jumped on me," I tell them. "Yeah, we saw that you were leaning down on the console, and we saw how you wanted to stand up and just couldn't and thought that maybe you were just fooling around. So, we wanted to wait and see." I tell them, "You know what? Stay locked up. Don't leave the booth, and don't come over. Too much shit is going on. Don't come close." "But what happened?" "I'll explain later. Stay calm. Don't come out until it's time to leave and we'll all go together." "Okay, if you need anything, call me." They hung up, they continued.

Then, all I did was go back on the air. I introduced the show and turned off the mic. I went on with the music. I can't remember if it lasted 20 or 25 minutes. I could not go on the air yet. I didn't want to. I was dazed. I decided to play an old segment of the show and I left the booth. I sat outside a bit more relaxed. It was very clear to me that it had been an attack, that it had been a being that was so strong, so angry, I felt it, the hate of this being. Then, I let the call end. I went back in, finished the show normally and left.

This was on a Friday. I was really freaked out all weekend. Whenever I heard a noise, I felt that this guy was coming again, wanting to hurt me. I stayed inside my house all weekend. I didn't want to go out. I think that's when I called Mr. X to tell him.

**Fernando:** Guillermo asked Mr. X to help him deal with the entity at the radio station. This one scared him. Mr. X agreed. He would come in and see what he could do about the entity.

**Guillermo:** It's Monday and he comes. I'm in the control booth. In front of me, I have the console and the crystal wall. On the other side of the crystal wall is the guest booth, where Mr. X is behind one of the mics. Behind me, there's another crystal wall that divides the station owner's office and the control booth. So, we're live. I'm chatting with Mr. X. We're in the regular show, just like any other day. But in the meanwhile, we receive a call from the audience. We're talking to this person and from very, very far away, I hear some banging. I heard boom, boom, boom. I heard them far away. What I did was turn down the volume. Then, I hear it very close.

[booming sounds]

It stopped. I put my headphones back on and I continued talking to them. We were chatting again. I hear again, very insistently, such pounding. At that moment, I start to feel the same heat I began to feel when the attack happened. Mr. X, I look at him and he does a hand gesture, meaning behind you. I turn back and see the crystal wall. The knocking is coming from the boss's office. He makes a gesture, telling me to calm down. He signals me to wait to go on air. I put music on. He tells me to extend the cut. He's coming over. "I know what those blows are. I also hear them," he says, "I know who is doing the hitting."

**Fernando:** Mr. X could see that behind Guillermo, behind the booth's wall of glass, that something was present there.

**Guillermo:** He came to my booth and told me, "He's there, mad as hell. Can we get inside the office? Maybe I can cool him down and ask him what he wants." I tell him, "That's not possible since the office is locked down and I don't have the key." "Boom, boom, boom. That is what you can hear," he said, "It's here. I feel the heat. It's him again. I can assure you he was the one who attacked you. Get out of the booth. Leave me inside. I'm going to talk to him." I told him, "Okay, if you can, all right."

I left the booth. He turned off all the lights. He explained that when you want to see someone or distinguish it, the darker it is, the better, because they see the plasma from the being. Then, he turned off the lights quickly. I got out. I left something playing on the air. When he came out, he told me, "He left and if he ever came back, he won't bother us again. I talked to him." "What happened?" "Well, it's someone that's very angry. He won't tell me why. He's got a lot of hate in him, and he's just looking for someone to take it out on. They did something very bad to him," he says, "because he's got a lot of hatred inside."

"You know what? He doesn't want me to help him. He just doesn't want to be helped. He doesn't want to get out of your boss's office and doesn't want me to go inside. The least I can do is ask him to keep a distance since we're not harming him and he's not harming us. He's an old person, about 60 years old, very tall, dark skin and a strong built, like one of these big rural farmers with sunburned skin. Imagine him a revolutionary from that time. That's what his features and appearance were like."

I think he talked to this being not for that long, maybe five to seven minutes. Mr. X said, "I already told him that I would help him out. I will look for him later, for him to tell me what he wants. But for now, I asked him to respect us."

He simply said that he spoke directly to him and that he would call him later on to look for him, to try to help him out, to see what he wanted and why he had so much hate, why he attacked people and why he was so angry. Mr. X asked him, "Do you want to talk to me? Do you want to talk? Can I help you in any way? Are you looking for someone or something?" But Mr. X says he just received no's. The entity just kept on walking around the office very angry.

I don't know if he left that day. If he went to a different plane of reality, I'm not sure. But he didn't look for me again. Mr. X told me that there are many ghosts like that who just want to take it out on the first person they come across and they will hit them or throw stuff down or slam doors just to release their anger. And this changed me for a while, because when it was about time to get in the booth for another installment of the show, I'd start imagining the smacking on the windows to a point that I'd hand waved to Mr. X when we were on the air. But Mr. X was like, "No, no. Take it easy." On a commercial break, he'd tell me, "Chill out, there's no one."

I think I was like that for a month in which I'd arrive to the booth for the classical show, and I'd play some music and get out of the booth. I didn't want to be locked down in the booth. I went in the booth just to give the hour and then I was out again. It was heavy because for a moment, I even considered telling the station director that I was quitting the show. I thought of saying, "Why don't you put someone else in charge of the show? I don't want to do it anymore." But after talking about it with Mr. X, he told me, "Look, calm down. This happened to me when I got this gift. I wanted to run away from this and didn't want to see dead people like they say in the movie."

**Fernando:** And what happened to the other beings?

**Guillermo:** When he told me about that, I asked him, "How come?" He said, "There's people here that come out of curiosity. They listen and they stay."

**Fernando:**  Like passersby then?

**Guillermo:** Exactly. It's like you're walking downtown, and you see a shop window. You stop to look, like that. He says, "Some days, we will have some people. Others, we won't. Some days, you won't even notice them here. Maybe on other days, they will be sitting right next to you."

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Big, big love to Guillermo. Thank you for sharing your story with Snap. The translation for that piece was by Fernando Hernandez, Renzo Gorrio, and Nestor Gomez. Original score for that story was by Renzo Gorrio. It was produced by Fernando Hernandez.

[upbeat music]

Yes, Snappers, know this. At long last, the monster runs loose. Snap Judgment Presents Spooked. Episodes dropping weekly available wherever you get your podcast. Brought to you by the team that knows exactly what to do under the light of the full moon. Except for Mark Ristich. I'm not really exactly sure what he is up to. There's Davey Kim, Zoe Ferrigno, Anne Ford, Erick Yanez, Teo Ducot, Marisa Dodge, Leon Morimoto, Miles Lassi, Yari Bundy, Doug Stuart, Fernando Hernandez, Lauryn Newson, Eliza Smith, Anna Sussman and Renzo Gorrio. The Spooked theme songs by Pat Mesiti-Miller. My name is Glynn Washington.

This is not the news. No way is this the news. In fact, you keep your grandmother's guardian figurine on your mantle as a blessing. Only to learn, several years later, from your great aunt that this is not your grandmother's figurine. This was crafted by your grandmother's greatest enemy, the next-door nemesis, as a curse to her and her descendants. Oh, no. And you would still, even then, not be as far away from the news as this is. But this is PRX.

[upbeat music]

Snappers, if you've ever been stuck, frozen, unable to move until you heard the end of the story, like, I don't know, maybe right now, that means this show means something to you. It's in you. So, please support the show that makes it happen at *snapjudgment.org*. If we've ever changed your perspective, please put something on at *snapjudgment.org*. Now you can join, win a virtual pitch session, and even get backstage for Spooked live so much more at *snapjudgment.org*. Please hit pause, just for a moment right now, hit pause before continuing with the program and support storytelling that matters at *snapjudgment.org*. Thank you.

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