

ONE OF OUR MANY HAUNTINGS

Posted by Cotton - 22 Jan 2013 20:24

Still May 27th, 2012

We have a intercom linking the workshop and garage to the house for convenience and to listen for the different alarms set in each building. I walk past the intercom this particular late evening and hear familiar sounds of hand tools being shuffled, the sorting of screws and maybe even a measuring tape being recoiled, but strangely in the pauses I don't hear the clock ticking. These are sounds I've grown accustomed to with Doug (my husband), out in the shop. But not this time. This time... well this time Doug is in bed. I listen more intently and the noise grows in duration and loudness - I call Doug to come to the intercom. He listens and is rewarded with very loud heavy noises, he begins to dress, I grab the stick by the door and together we go out into the still falling rain and strong wind. It's so cold. I hadn't bothered with shoes and was wishing I had.

We listen at the door there is no movement or noise, but then the wind and rain outside sort of take over all noises. Doug unlocks both garage and shop so that the alarm can be shut-off. First we shine a flashlight in, seeing nothing Doug turns the shop lights on and we enter. The clock is silent, it's hands are still, the battery is dead we suppose. We stand and listen... you can barely hear the rain outside and there surely is no other noise in the room - nothing, it is silent. Both of us shrug, turn out the lights, set the alarm and race back to the house where it is dry and warm. The intercom is silent.....for a moment. Then it all starts over again. Doug depresses the button and says, "the shop is closed for the night." That gets us a whole lot more shuffles, rattlings and bangs. I try by saying it's enough for tonight, the sounds seem to fight with my words which is impossible, the intercom works one way at a time and I had the talk button depressed! Doug reaches over and shuts the switch off, "It will be quiet now," he says as he makes his way back to bed.

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Re: ONE OF OUR MANY HAUNTINGS

Posted by kirlybab01 - 02 Feb 2013 22:14

The landlord here used to have an intercom system hooked up here but in many of the rooms now the boxes are no longer hooked up. One of the rooms with just wires hanging out of the wall is my room in the basement. However, sometimes during the night I will hear talking and someone asking for someone to come upstairs (various names that I have confirmed lived here at one time or another) but there is no one upstairs at the time and, as I have said, the intercoms no longer work and all that is in my room are wires.

go figure

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Re: ONE OF OUR MANY HAUNTINGS

Posted by Cotton - 02 Feb 2013 22:31

I so hear you what you're saying! About six months ago we looked after four cats and kept them in the heated shop. Though we visited them often in a day one would on occasion still cry out for attention. They had learned quick enough that we could speak to them from outside the room so he would call when lonely. Over the past few weeks I have been hearing him call. The intercom is off and the cat is gone and has been gone about two months now. I am not the only one who can hear him either, our four cats come and sit under the intercom when the other calls. I even went and checked the shop the first time it happened, and no, no one was there. The house does however have what I call phantom noises. A radio that plays in the early morning, like when a radio is used as an alarm clock. You get used to the low mutterings of the news and the weather etc., we don't turn our radio on until I am up and making coffee. Thanks for sharing your event.

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Re: ONE OF OUR MANY HAUNTINGS

Posted by kirlybab01 - 02 Feb 2013 22:39

It sounds like your "phantom noises" might be what they call repeaters. They are a spirit who is stuck reliving a moment over and over again. Try snapping some random pictures in the room that you hear the radio in at the time you hear it. You may just catch something spectacular....

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Re: ONE OF OUR MANY HAUNTINGS

Posted by Cotton - 02 Feb 2013 23:18

Thanks for the idea. I will try to collect my wits the next time the radio wakes me! Instead of turning over to go back to sleep I will grab my iPad and hold my finger on the camera button, easy enough to take several photos and will post if anything worthy should show up.

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