

r/Paranormal

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Haunting I'm finally ready to talk about her (self.Paranormal)

submitted 2 months ago by 090799103119

I will preface by saying I think I'm silly to believe in ghosts and I get embarrassed to speak about it. The alternative to believing I was haunted is admitting I am much more mentally ill than I thought. Which is absolutely possible. You're welcome to offer logical explanations.

This took place over a few years in a farmhouse in the desert of Arizona. It was newly developed land, we moved into the place when I was fifteen. At the time, I was going through a lot emotionally and smoking a lot of weed. That might explain some of my personal experiences so I'll try not to dwell on them too much.

The house was set up almost plantation style. It was very wide and narrow, a big wraparound porch and lots of awkward corners. The front room was a tall library with an open balcony to the upstairs, which ran into long skinny bedrooms. My parents room was closest to the stairs and attached to a nursery with a sliding en suite door. My brothers (two years younger) and my room were at the end of a dark hallway. That side of the house never got sun so it was bad vibes all around. Downstairs, there was a fucked up Harry Potter style closet, a sunken living room, a kitchen in the center of the house, and a sunken playroom for the baby.

It honestly started the first day we moved in. My brother and I were the only ones in the house, unboxing plates. The place was so empty everything echoed. I swear it sounded like a little girl laughed, like a creepy track you could get off an app or

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something. Keep in mind the TVs were not plugged in, we were on an acre of land far away from the dirt road, and my brother was way too stupid to pull a prank like that.

I started hearing voices at night. This wasn't unusual, I honestly used to freak myself out so badly I think I made up noises to scare myself. My parents had raised me not to talk about things scaring me, to tough it out and be a big girl. It was fine most of the time during the day. Everything came at night. I remember distinctly when it started messing with me in bed.

In solidarity, my brother and I kept our bedroom doors open for the hallways nightlight, and in case we needed to call for each other. We had a pretty fucked up childhood that might have contributed to all the codependency I'll describe during this. I was falling asleep, but not quite out. I felt the blanket slipping off the bed and reached down to grab it. This was common, I didn't have a bed frame with a foot. It kept slipping no matter how I tried to tuck it. In classic horror movie fashion, the last time I pulled it I felt tension. There was nothing it could have been caught on. I feel like the second I went from confused to terrified it bounced back to me. I don't know how to explain this well, but I was sure someone was under the bed pulling it from me.

Later I moved another nightlight into the bedroom. It was a kind of spooky amber orange and I convinced my parents to let me paint the walls cherry red. Again, I was almost asleep but not quite asleep so I don't think it could have been sleep paralysis. I heard the carpet rustle and maybe joints cracking. It sounded like my mom had come to check on me. I opened my eyes and immediately froze. I don't think I've ever been more scared in my life. There was a woman crawling across my floor, from the far side of my room to the foot of my bed. She was pale and stringy haired like she was going bald. I couldn't see her face. I don't know how I fell asleep. I couldn't scream or move. I think she disappeared under my bed. Again, this could be a hallucination.

My baby brother was about seven months old when she started coming out during the day. My mom was a teacher at the time and

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was able to stay home with us during summer vacation. It was lunch time, we were watching a movie quietly downstairs while the baby napped. There were noises upstairs, like something dropped to the ground. We listened for a second before my mom ran up. She thought the baby had fallen out of his crib.

We opened the door and found him asleep. There was some weird shit on the floor, it took us a while to figure out it was dry wall or something. There was a crawl space to small attic where the ac and insulation could be reached. It was barely big enough to get into and a good 9 feet from the ground. It also had to be pushed up and slid over to open. There was a visible gap. The carpet was a really ugly dark blue, so we could see white fucking spots on the ground like something was dragged from one side of the room to where the crib was. It stopped right in front of it. My mom checked the closet and called my stepdad. He couldn't leave work, so we stayed downstairs until he got home and checked the crawl space. We have never had animals, it's really difficult for most things to live in AZ so wildlife is pretty rare in that area. He didn't find anything, or signs of anything living up there.

This happened every other day for two weeks. We really didn't know what to make of it, my mom thought it might be the ac suctioning the opening up. It stopped and didn't happen again for two and half years, when my baby sister was born and stayed in the same crib. Again, it happened on and off for a few weeks and never again. The AC never popped that opening open again.

To keep my own solo experiences brief, I had a period of three months where I straight up did not sleep. I went crazy. Every night I felt like my bed was shaking. The instant I laid my head dead it would vibrate, the metal frame would sway, I'd feel like some was pushing the mattress between the baseboards, or sitting on the corner. I had my brother touch the frame one night to tell me if the shaking was in my head or not. He said it wasn't, but I'm not sure if he was just playing into it. I thought I might be having seizures or something. At one point, I got so frustrated I started

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sleeping on the couch downstairs with the dog. I started hearing whispers too. Not a noise that sounded odd, but someone calling my name. My name has three fucking syllables.

I would be in my room, door open, doing something at night after my parents went to bed. It was a female voice but it sounded off. I don't know how to explain it. The downstairs really scared me after the lights went out, so I never went down but I did walk to the balcony to look down. I never saw anything, but the whispering would stop when I got close. My brother started hearing it too. He's kind of weird, his life's dream has been enlisting in the army, so his reaction was always getting his knife and walking right downstairs to confront it. He'd turn on the lights and look around before coming back up. He slept on my floor a few nights because he was convinced 'she' wanted me. We had prior 'haunting' experiences which led to my parents making jokes that the ghosts follow us. They didn't pay much attention to it at this time when it was quiet.

One night my parents went out with the babies. My brother and I were in our rooms, doors open per usual. We started hearing something weird, I thought it was the wind. It got louder until it was clear a woman was fucking wailing. I know it sounds crazy, but it was so clear. We hid in my room for what felt like hours, calling my mom. For some reason it didn't occur to us to call the police. The crying stopped. We hatched a plan to run for the stairs and out the nearest door. All of the lights were on in the house and my brother had his stupid knives. It's like it knew we were going to leave. We heard shuffling outside the door and maybe breathing. It could've been the air conditioning. We kind of decided that we were ready to die, unlocked the door and booked it. The crying started again and it was clear it was in my parent's room.

We stood outside the property line for an hour waiting for them to come home, watching the house. No one could've gotten out without us seeing. We had huge windows lining the upstairs hallway that showed everything with the lights on. My

parents made fun of us, and still do about that night.

A few other incidents include my baby brother talking to the 'man' upstairs. He'd stand in front of the balcony and talk up to someone. He told us the man was hiding in my room. He talked about the man in the window and would ask 'who's that?' directed at the doors at night. I don't want to talk about all of it, but there were so many instances of voices, doors slamming, and things being knocked over in my room that I thought I was losing my mind. I moved out at 18 and came back occasionally, usually to babysit.

Apparently, my reluctant believer mother and absolute skeptic stepdad watched a coffee pot 'jump' off the counter. They also were sitting outside having a fire open evening when they saw a figure in the balcony window of their bedroom. It was a tall man, but my stepdad still needed urging to go upstairs. It appeared a second time, closer to where the nursery door was. My mom said she had horrible dreams about a man in the corner of her room after that. She was present for many of the times we heard footsteps upstairs, doors slamming when the AC was off, etc, but she always denied there being anything wrong.

My parents left town with the kids for a week. At this point I was 19 and living happily an hour away. My mom begged me to check on my brother and stay a few nights for the weekend. I arrived during the evening after I got off of work. I asked how it had been alone, he said he was fine he just didn't go upstairs at night and 'minded his business'. He said if he ignored it and tried not to get scared then it ignored him. He felt safe with the dog. We were watching youtube and eating when we started to hear a deep noise. At first I thought it was a bike or one of the small buggies people drove out there. Then I noticed it was holding a tune.

It was humming. The dog had a weird thing about staring into the bathroom if the door was open, which was scary at night. This time, the door was closed and he still stood up and stared. The noise was so deep it sounded like it couldn't be human but it was definitely melodic, there's nothing I could figure out to explain it. My brother and I just

kind of looked at each other. Then a door slammed upstairs and we decided to fuck off and go on a walk.

When we got back, I decided I would sleep in my parents room. It didn't feel right to stay in the kid's room, but looking back it would've been best to stay close to my brother. I fell asleep surprisingly easy. I guess about two hours passed before my brother slammed the door open. The house smelled like it was burning. Not really like a fire smell, but like burning plastic and trash. I was panicked, I was the adult and didn't know what to do. We checked the house, I turned off the air conditioning thinking it might be on fire. We opened all the windows and fell asleep on the couches downstairs.

The next day the smell was still lingering but less overwhelming. The air conditioner was fine when I turned it back on. Like usual, the day was fine. That next night my brother and I went on a Jack n the Box run. It might have taken thirty minutes. We arrived home to a mess of blood, vomit, and shit. The dog was sick all over the living room. We immediately took him to an emergency vet certain he was dying. They checked him for everything they could and gave him a clean bill. When we got home, all hell broke loose. My brother and I were cleaning up the mess with the doors open for air flow. There was absolutely insane banging noises from upstairs. We hadn't locked up on the way out, my brother thought someone had snuck in and was trashing the upstairs.

He went up to check and I hung downstairs ready to call the police. Nothing happened, nothing even seemed out of place. We kept cleaning but the noise started almost immediately. It kind of sounded like someone was shouting behind a wall of cement. I couldn't tell the gender. My brother told me he had been fine until I got there, that I could leave if I wanted. I totally did, and I didn't go back.

My parents sold the house this year. During the interim of the move, they stayed in an Airbnb. My brother lived really close to his work so he stayed in the house with the dog for a few weeks. This story is just his own so I'm still not sure if I believe it. He's kind of weird but not one to embellish.

He had been hearing the usual things, even his name being called in the night, but ignored it all. His friends had been coming over to keep him company. The last day he was supposed to finish moving, he brought a friend. He says he felt they were being watched the whole time they cleared the place out, and his friend left him to lock up. They got into the car facing the house when they noticed the blinds were open, they were definitely closed on the way out. His friend claims he saw them open from the side of his eye.

My brother says there was a woman squatting in front of a downstairs window, close to where he had just left from. She was pale, her nose was hooked, and her hair was black and stringy. Again, classic horror movie ghost. He said she had black eyes with visible white dots in the middle (inside out eyes as he called them). And she was smiling. He says it took him a second of shock to realize she was looking right at him. He felt sick, like she could walk right out and get him. The burned rubber when his friend snapped out of it and they screamed at each other all the way down the road about what they saw. He called me right after to explain it, but I was with friends and not really willing to listen. What fucks me up is that my mom thought he had a psychotic break, he went into his room and cried all night at the Airbnb. She thought something happened with his girlfriend. My brother is not a crier. I haven't seen him do it since we were little.

When we got together and talked about it, his eyes teared up then too. He said he didn't know why but he knew she wanted to kill him. He drew a picture of her, let me know if you're interested in seeing it. It's not great but it still fills me with the deepest foreboding. It took me a while to realize that I saw her too, just once in my bedroom almost five years ago. Seeing her suddenly made sense. I knew it didn't feel like a woman, but it felt feminine. It felt like something pretending to be a woman.

Anyways, I know this is long. Feel free to offer your opinion. My ex brought this up today, we dated all through high school and had a few experiences together that she recounts as her only paranormal

encounters. I would love to still think this was my own delusion, but it was shared by too many people to be. Maybe a few things are explainable but most of it isn't. It's affected me so deeply I'm still terrified that if I think too much about her she'll follow us a state away.

I also forgot to mention we heard word from neighbors that the previous family had twelve people (Mormons) living in a house we could only fit six into. They were really weird according to multiple families and they 'moved in with 5 kids and left with 4'. We heard a toddler drowned in the upstairs bathtub. No idea which one or if this is true, we couldn't find any documentation.

That's all I have, I'll answer any questions.

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[–] [Mandakinss](#) 2 points 2 months ago

I hope you're enjoying texas, weird thing- I got the distinct image of a creepy horror movie esque woman crawling around my floor right before I read this. Ive never had this feeling before and I quickly brushed it off like "if there was anything, itd be one of the cats" it's not something my imagination usually conjures to freak me out, and for it to happen right as I clicked your story to read is bizarre af

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 2 points 2 months ago

Ooooooh no!! I hate that :(

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[–] [Kaito-Jin](#) 3 points 2 months ago

Okay that's enough for today I'm off to [r/eyebleach](#)

Holy fucking shit this terrified me. Reading this at 2am in a dark room wasn't the best idea. I just turned on the lights lol also please share the drawing

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 2 points 2 months ago

I'm so sorry lol <https://imgur.com/gallery/8nPpUun>

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[–] [Kaito-Jin](#) 2 points 2 months ago

It's good and holy fuck I can only imagine how this woman must have looked in real life

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[–] [SwordfishGypsy](#) 2 points 2 months ago

Wow. This sounds horrifying and y'all probably survived there so long because you guys were so non chellant (although I'm annoyed with your mom and step dad for dismissing you and making fun of you) and didn't freak out and feed it. I would love to see the picture your brother drew.

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[–] [adamdc1351](#) 3 points 2 months ago

I can't not believe you! I'm going to be in Mesa in a couple weeks and this makes me want to find this place!

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 1 point 2 months ago

I wouldn't go back if I was paid to tbh

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[–] [adamdc1351](#) 1 point 2 months ago

Have you found any more info on the place? Would you be willing to share info about the place for me to do my own research?

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 1 point 2 months ago

I haven't done almost any research about it aside from googling the death we were told about. I don't think I'm comfortable sharing the exact property location or address due to it being so recently owned by my parents. But I appreciate that you're interested in looking into it!

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[–] [adamdc1351](#) 2 points 2 months ago

Understandable! I have 0 intentions on finding out or meeting that lady. Just curious how close I'm going to be when I'm there!

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[\[-\]](#) [090799103119](#) [\[S\]](#) 1 point 2 months ago

I can tell you it is Queen Creek and Val Vista! There's a lot of farmland around there. It's my (probably wrong) instinct that the land is cursed. There were several deaths on my street.

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[\[-\]](#) [1547brenda](#) 2 points 2 months ago

This is the most screwed up story ever!! I'm in a dark room and reading this is scary as hell!! Can I share your story?

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[\[-\]](#) [090799103119](#) [\[S\]](#) 1 point 2 months ago

sure! Don't read spooky stuff in the dark :(

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[\[-\]](#) [Imolter](#) 2 points 2 months ago

Is your house on or near the Gila River Indian Reservation? Perhaps you are on sacred land.

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[\[-\]](#) [090799103119](#) [\[S\]](#) 1 point 2 months ago

It is near Mesa but not very. Near Pima county. The reservation is 20 minutes drive, so it definitely may be.

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[\[-\]](#) [090799103119](#) [\[S\]](#) 4 points 2 months ago

I decided to upload the [picture](#) my brother drew of her with a time stamp of the day he sent it to me. This still fucks me up and I don't keep it in my phone. I delete it and just get it from our sent message history. Gives me bad vibes

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[\[-\]](#) [Aromatic_Theory5369](#) 4 points 2 months ago

That's terrifying, amazing storytelling. Im sorry you had to go through all of that. Have you had any other paranormal experiences after the house? And do you mind me asking what town/city in Arizona is it, I live in phoenix and this spooked me a bit.

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[\[-\]](#) [090799103119](#) [\[S\]](#) 2 points 2 months ago

I live out by queen creek but not quite. This is the land out by Pima county. And I have had other paranormal experiences, which makes me wonder if my brother and I just had active imaginations or

something? My aunt is very spiritual and once told me that 'dark things' that live above the 'veil' are attracted to light. Young people have an extremely large energy or light, and when they're damaged in any way through experiences or prior exposure it's easy for dark things to follow them and feed off of it. This probably doesn't make sense but none of what we went through does, so it's my crazy rational. I think she was there before us, but I think the male energy followed from a house we lived in prior.

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[–] [1547brenda](#) 2 points 2 months ago

Does your parents believe you and your brother now? How long did you go through this hell?!

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 1 point 2 months ago

My parents pretend they don't believe us, but I think my mom does. It was a really bad time, I thought I was going insane living there

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[–] [Aromatic_Theory5369](#) 4 points 2 months ago

What your aunt says makes a lot of sense, from what I've read and some of what others have told me. Did you ever research the back ground of the house/property? And i would love to see the picture if your willing.

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 2 points 2 months ago

<https://imgur.com/gallery/8nPpUun> here that is! We did not research the property but I know all like 50 acres belonged to our neighbors family at one point. We tried to find information on the drowned baby, because it would have been recent, but only found articles with vague locations in Gilbert that we couldn't say for certain were it. Aside from that I don't really know how I'd start looking into it.

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[–] [Aromatic_Theory5369](#) 3 points 2 months ago

Wow that really is creepy, if you want, you can go to local tax assessor's office or the register of deeds for the county for where your old place is located. You can search the property records by

address or parcel number for a fee. Some of these offices have free online searches as well, which makes things a little bit easier. Or I'm sure your local library has census records where you could find who lived there previously and see if anything happened. Keep us updated if you do end up finding anything! Stay safe.

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 3 points 2 months ago

Thanks so much for the info! I actually moved to Texas but I'll see if I can find information online. We sold the place in June.

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[–] [superswede80](#) 2 points 2 months ago

Have you ever spoken to your younger brother to see if he had any experiences?

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 3 points 2 months ago

He's only 8 now, so no. I don't wanna give them ideas and he was too little to remember much, I think.

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[–] [superswede80](#) 3 points 2 months ago

Yeah, hopefully he never had anything similar, or won't remember it.

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[–] [EdwardJogg](#) 7 points 2 months ago

If even half of that is true, and I believe all of it, that's some amazing stories there.

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 3 points 2 months ago

Thanks! I appreciate you believing me. I still think some of it might have been us scared kids freaking each other out, but the later half was this year. I tried to only include the things I really can't explain.

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[–] [1547brenda](#) 2 points 2 months ago

How old is your brother that experienced the scare with you?

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[–] [090799103119](#) [S] 1 point 2 months ago

He’s now 19, he was 13 when we moved in.
Two years younger than me.

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