

Enough is Enough

We received a call from Clark N. who lives in Grand Junction. He was searching the internet for a solution to his problem and came across our website. He was upset and his family was scared. They were packed and ready to move out of their house, out of the area.; Enough was enough; they have had it with living in a haunted house.

The N. family moved into a rental house. It was cheaper than most of the rental property of comparable size and location and was vacant, ready for immediate occupancy. Seeing this as a bargain Clark immediately secured it for his family. Clark, in hindsight, thought that it was odd that the agent for the real estate Management Company just gave them the keys and told them to walk through the property, unsupervised and return the keys afterward. They returned to the real estate office pleased at their good fortune, paid the one-month security deposit and started to move in. Just a few days after settling in strange things started to happen. Following is a narrative of the sequence of events as reported to us during an interview with Clark N., his wife Carla and also present was her 3-year-old daughter Amy.

Upon moving their belongings in Clark and Carla saw they had some cleaning up to do from the previous tenants. In one of the back bedroom closets they found some adult Depends (diapers), some unused syringes, assorted medical thing's and adult clothing. In one of the other bedrooms were kids toys and

clothing. They quickly threw out these items and after working the whole day made their new home livable. After a week the N. family turned their rented house into their home.

The three of them were sitting in their living room one evening. The front door was open to let the cool night air in to replace the hot dry air of day. Amy wandered over to the screen door. Looking at the thick bushes that surrounded the front stoop her eyes squinted, her head tilted to one side.

See Clark, see Hal.

Clark rose from his chair and went to the door expecting to see someone there. He glanced around quickly and then fixed his gaze at the point where Amy was pointing.

See Hal said Amy staring up at Clark.

Clark adjusted his vision by squinting and reopening his eyes, He saw nothing. Amy perplexed by Clark's ineptitude to perceive what was obvious decided to take matters into her own hands. Wide-eyed she returned her attention to Hal, put her tongue between her lips and blew raspberries at him.

Over the next couple of weeks Carla realized that Amy, while playing alone in her room was becoming increasingly chattier. On one occasion Carla inquired about with whom she was having a conversation. Amy looked at the window and said the boy. She then grabbed her backpack and put it on. Turning to the window she said, come on, let's go. It was about this time that Amy awoke one night and bounded out of bed screaming.

Amy freaked out according to Clark. She ran past her mother as if she didn't recognize or even see her. It took a long time to calm her down and because she is only three they could not get her to explain what frightened her so.

Along with the changes in Amy's behavior the parents began to experience strange activities. It started with what sounded like chains rattling in the attic crawl space. A few days later they heard what sounded like someone rummaging in the kitchen and footsteps coming down the hall. One evening while in bed they heard music as if from an old record player. A voice accompanied it but it was indistinct and no clear words appeared to be uttered. Clark went around the house to investigate and noticed the bathroom door was moving on its own, back and forth, back and forth, ever so slightly. The music stopped and its source was never discovered. On another occasion while in the living room Clark and Carla heard a screeching. At first they thought it was a cat. Listening more attentively the sounds started to take on form. Carla believes she heard help me mommy, help, help! Where it came from they are not sure, they couldn't pinpoint its location, it seemed like it was inside than outside. This was a constant frustration to them. Every time they attempted to locate the origin of the sounds it would move.

Visual incidences were reported. Carla as she was falling asleep testified that a shadow appeared that resembled a dog. She believed her eyes were playing tricks on her, however, later she awoke to the sounds of a dog pattering around the side of the bed but saw nothing. From that day forward, periodically, the

distinct smell of a funky, rotten dog fills the house. Increasingly, she noticed shadows out of the corner of her eye. While in the back room one night she turned and saw a pure black, tall and thin shadow standing there, indistinct as far as features just a pure black figure. Exiting the room quickly she headed straight for her bed, leapt in and covered herself in hopes that this action would protect or at least comfort her.

The family had been watching television together one evening. Clark came out of the bedroom and headed down the hall towards the living room to join them. As he passed the bathroom door he noticed it was partially open. Being polite, he passed rather quickly when he saw his wife rising from the toilet. He came into the living room to see Amy and his wife both sitting together on the couch. He ran back to the bathroom threw open the door only to find it empty.

The discomfort level was very high now. Clark and Carla realized that they could not stay any longer. Enough was enough. They made arrangements to move, Clark gave his notice at work and they notified the agent for the house that they were breaking the lease. At this point they didn't care if they lost the security deposit they were gone.

Unfortunately, when we got involved they had already decided to leave. We arrived and interviewed them the night before they left. Our small team spent the night at their house in hopes of capturing something on film or tape. Nothing materialized that

night and as we wearily left the next morning they were right behind us with all their worldly possessions packed into the car. They closed the book on this chapter of their lives.