

Who was there?

My family is a magnet for the paranormal and last winter my elderly mother broke her foot, so I moved into her place to take care of her. She has Alzheimer and at that stage she also had a bladder infection I didn't know about right away, and those can cause all manner of weird things in the elderly like hallucinations and mood swings and confusion. All of which my mother was experiencing. She would see people on the front porch who weren't there, once insisted cats were trapped in a shed out back, and she could hear them crying although again nothing there and so on. So I kept taking her to different doctors to try to find out what's going on. Now let me take you to the flashback.

I've been there about a month when I'm in the bathroom one night getting ready to take a shower. I put on the bathroom fan and suddenly I hear footsteps running down the hall. I yank on my robe and yank open the door, trying to figure out what's going on because there's nobody there but me and my mom. And with a broken foot she's not running. There's nobody there. Close the door, take a shower, and then as I get out of the shower I hear what distinctly sounds like little kids giggling outside the door. Again I freak out, yank open the door, nothing and no one is there. I grab up a bat that my mom kept in her bedroom and then go from room to room searching to see if anyone got in. Nothing.

I tell myself it's the sound the fan makes in the bathroom, and it's just me imagining things. And I go to bed, nothing happens the rest of the night. However, over the next three days every time I go into the bathroom and turn on the fan I could swear I hear kids. But not loudly, sort of in that quiet giggly way when you have a bunch of little kids sneaking around trying not to get caught and having fun. I take to leaving the door open and nothing, but the minute I close the door they're back. I even shut the fan off, but still I hear those noises the minute the door is closed, but nothing when it's open.

I don't really get scared, because I don't sense any maliciousness to whatever is doing it. And I've encountered malicious spirits before, so yeah I just keep thinking this might or might not be something. I'm not really worried, but it's just kind of unsettling to be using the bathroom and hear what sounds like a group of little kids moving through the house late at night.

A week after these phenomena has started I have to take my mom for a doctor's appointment. I load her in the car and as we're just turning to go onto the main road, she looks back at our house and says, "Hah, you little bastards run!" I look in my rearview mirror to see what she's talking about and ask her what's up.

"Those little brats that've been jumping on the beds and running down the hall and making all that noise finally left. I told them they'd better be gone before we got back, or I was calling the Sheriff to come and get them."

I slow the car down, pull off the side of the road, and ask my mom what she's talking about. She proceeds to tell me that occasionally a group of kids would "break in" to her house, run from room to room, hide under the beds, and generally just make mischief at all hours of the day and night. My mom then tells me, "It lasts until I'm no longer amused then I tell them to get out before I call someone to take them away." I ask my mom how long this has gone on. She tells me she doesn't remember.

I then stare at her, and ask her "Are these ghosts, are you seeing ghosts, Mom?" Because yeah, this is not the first time in my family something like this has happened.

She then shoots me a disgusted look and tells me, "Ghosts? Jagmeet, honestly you are just crazy sometimes, you know? There's no such thing as ghosts." She then starts to mutter about her crazy daughter, the one who apparently sees "ghosts" and we drive on with me freaking out wondering what just happened.

That day after we return home I again go through the place looking for unlocked windows or anything, nope all shut and locked. I go into the bathroom, turn on the fan and wait, nothing. And I've never heard them again or anything like it since even after I moved in fully to take care of Mom permanently.

Apparently those little bastards took my mom seriously that time and have not come back since.