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Grandma's Shaking Ghost

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Amber Utterback
Logan, Utah
November 17, 2018

Grandma's Shaking Ghost

Memorate

I am Amber Utterback. I am from Corning, California. I am currently a senior at Utah State University set to graduate in spring with a degree in art history. I belong to an LDS family. In my free time, I enjoy painting animals, practicing my digital art, and riding horses. I am the oldest biological child of two, but have three older step-siblings. I got married a year and a half ago and can't wait to graduate.

When I tell this story, I am usually at my grandparent's house comparing notes with my husband, cousins, brother, and mom about all the creepy stuff that has happened in that house. It usually comes up when my friends are over too, since my grandparent's home is on our property, just down at the bottom of the hill.

My grandparents moved a mobile home onto our property when my dad got sick. They now permanently live on the bottom of our hill. My cousins, my brother and I would spend the night almost every weekend in the summer. My grandparents have a coveted guestroom that we would all fight over because one of my cousins snored and we didn't want to share the living room with her. One night, I was the lucky one so I got to sleep in the room by myself. It was at the end of the house and the twin bed was set right up against the window. I always made sure the blinds were firmly closed. That night I was woken up out of a deep sleep because my bed was shaking. Violently. I looked down and could see a dark shape with arms pushing on the foot of the bed, causing it to go up and down as quickly as possible. I pulled the blankets over my head, but still couldn't sleep because of the shaking. I was faced towards the window, but I glanced over my shoulder and standing in the corner of the room was a dark human-like shape with a ghostly version of my grandma's face as it's face. Since then, I refuse to sleep in there alone, but I've seen the Grandma ghost multiple times.

When writing this story, I tried to include a lot of information because I want people to believe it just as much as I believe it. It doesn't have the same energy or nervous adrenaline that many other ghost stories have because I was writing it rather than telling it. My brother has seen grandma's ghost, even though she is still alive, and I have too. I firmly believe something is mimicking her and I tried to convey that while writing this.

Amber Utterback
Utah State University
Introduction to Folklore
Dr. Lynne McNeill
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