

Fall 11-17-2018

Meow Meow

Amber Utterback
autterback22@hotmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all

Recommended Citation

Utterback, Amber, "Meow Meow" (2018). *USU Student Folklore Fieldwork*. Paper 571.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/571

This G7: Unexplainable Phenomena is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Folklore Fieldwork at DigitalCommons@USU. It has been accepted for inclusion in USU Student Folklore Fieldwork by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@USU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@usu.edu.



Amber Uttterback
Logan, Utah
November 17, 2018

Meow Meow

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.

I usually only share this story with people really close to me, after something scary has happened. It is my brother's favorite story to listen to so he asks me to tell it when we share our scary stories with our friends. I only tell this story to those I know believe in ghosts, because if I tell it to anyone else they will probably think I am crazy.

A couple of years ago, I was getting home late from a church activity. We live on a farm in the middle of nowhere, our barn is across the driveway from our house, far enough away that the light from the front porch can't reach the entrance to the barn. We never shut the large barn door--this door is big enough for tractors and stuff to pull through and at night it is pitch black in there. We always enter in through the garage so the garage door is always open too, but my parents never remember to turn the light on for me when I get home late. The driveway in front of the garage was full, so I pulled into the gravel section in between our house and the barn. I had just closed the door to my car when I heard, "Meow, meow," coming from the barn. Now we have probably five cats, but this did not sound like a cat. It very obviously sounded like a person doing a poor imitation of a cat. I stood there for a second, looking at the barn when I heard, "Meow, meow, we're in here." I yelled no as loudly as I could and booked it into the house, where I told my mom and brother what had happened. When my step-dad got home, we made him go

look in the barn, but he didn't see anything. And then he laughed at me. But I will always remember what I heard and the chill I got.

I truly believe that something sinister was waiting for me in the barn that night. We have barely any neighbors, so when I tell people this story, I am always completely serious that some ghost was there that night. My writing versus when I tell it to people is very different. In this I was not hesitant. I wanted to include as many details as I could to make whoever read this believe.

Amber Utterback
Utah State University
Introduction to Folklore
Dr. Lynne McNeill
Fall 2018