

Fall 11-3-2018

Michael's Visitor

Amber Utterback
autterback22@hotmail.com

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

Recommended Citation

Utterback, Amber, "Michael's Visitor" (2018). *USU Student Folklore Fieldwork*. Paper 562.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/562

This G7: Revenants 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.



Michael Keeling
Logan, Utah
November 3, 2018

Michael's Visitor

Memorate

Michael Keeling is my step-dad. He is a contractor and a cowboy. Most nights he takes a couple of horses and goes to nearby arenas to participate in ropings. He has three kids of his own, two boys and a girl. For a while he lived in Chico, before he moved out to Corning when he married my mom. He and his twin brother were raised by a very devout Christian woman whom we call Grandma Nancy. She is a firm believer in spirits and devils.

It took a bit of convincing, but I was finally able to get Michael to tell me this story after much pleading. He only tells people ghost stories when he is in he a really good, story-telling mood. He will usually tell them to my brother and me, our mom, or his employees when they're working on a house. These are on really rare occasions considering that, like his mom he is a really firm believer in spirits and devils and doesn't like talking about haunted things, because he thinks it will bring about bad luck.

I am in bed sleeping and about one or two o'clock in the morning I thought I heard something down the hallway. Right sleeping I could look down our hallway clear to the kitchen and...so i raise up and I look over and I can see something walking down the hallway. At me. And then I thought I was dreaming. You know how you think you're dreaming? I rubbed my eyes and I'm looking and I did that and it was at the foot of my bed. And it was like...it was doing something weird.

With its head?

Yeah.

Moving back and forth or something?

Yeah real slow like[demonstrates bobbing head] I don't know. So our water bed took up like our whole bedroom so I was trying to get the door to shut but I couldn't because it was hitting the edge of the bed. So I ripped it off the hinges and shut my door. And called my mom. I think I called my mom.

And then--when did you talk to Rob?

Oh no that was the time I called Rob! I called him immediately, told him what was happening. He said while I was telling him that story his bathwater came on full blast. So then like a week later when um Robert and um--oh what's her name--his wife were down and she came out of the bathroom--

They spent the night at your house?

Yeah and she said something grabbed her shoulders--she thought Rob walked in there or something.

While she was taking a shower?

Yeah she turned around and no one was there.

Ew.

Here's the thing, we got out of that place.

He told this story hesitantly at first because he didn't like the idea of being recorded. He was fairly self-conscious. He was very deliberate with his words, speaking slowly while thinking of what to say next. He started talking with more enthusiasm as he talked about ripping the door off of its hinges. His tone was completely sincere, noting that he did in fact believe what had happened at his old house.

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