

We arrive at the Remington estate well after sundown. It's dark out tonight, there is a new moon so there is minimal light. It's a tad chilly outside, but nothing my team can't handle. The four of us are each carrying a backpack with our own individual gear and whatever food and drink supplies we think we'll need. This particular job we are planning on staying five nights and four days. We slowly make our way up the dirt driveway, careful not to make too much noise, as we are recording everything, in hopes of catching super natural voices on our recording devices.

As we walk up the driveway, we are able to notice some trees and shrubs. It's difficult to see anything even with our flashlights because it's so dark outside. It seems like there is a lovely garden out front, but we won't be able to tell for sure until morning.

The closer we get to the old mansion's porch, the more activity Devin's electromagnetic field meter shows. "It looks like there is more than just empty words behind the myths surrounding this building," Devin states, excitedly.

"Good," Marsha chimes in, "I'm still so disappointed that our last job was nothing but a bunch of false rumors."

As part of our mission, if we can't find any real paranormal activity then we disprove super natural myths so others like us don't waste their time and money investigating. We post all of our findings online and we have a good reputation for being extremely accurate. I respond to Marsha's comment, "We have a pretty good rate of finding real activity. Much higher than most hunters. Plus, we knew going into this that a lot of people make up stories for publicity. Try not to let it upset you too long."

"I understand that Penny, I really do, but it was so elaborate and detailed that I thought for sure it was the real thing. It's hard to pass off anything of that scale as truth without some minuscule mistakes catching our attention," Marsha broodingly states.

Dean is following up the rear. He has a thermal scanner that he likes to use while we investigate. Being behind us allows him to get a reading of our body temperatures versus the surrounding area. It gives him a better idea when there is something creeping about. "So far, I haven't picked up any definite movement. The energy around this place is swirling with various temperatures. There isn't much of a breeze out so it's definitely paranormal movement. It doesn't seem to be taking on a form though," Dean gives his own input.

The driveway is fairly long, we parked at the very front of the entrance so we can investigate the front yard on the way to the building, back in the day this mansion was a popular spot for balls and dinner parties. It's rumored that the lady of the estate would choose a victim for each event she held. Each victim disappeared from some gruesome fate that the lady chose for them. We are going to do some investigating in the day time to see if we can't recovery any bodies but for now we want evidence that spirits still haunt these grounds. Thermal swirls and emf meter readings make us hopeful, but they still don't guarantee ghost activity. We will scout out each floor and depending on our findings we will chose a location to set up our camp site.

As we reach the porch, my guts turn to ice. I can feel the presence of an evil force and it is making me physically ill. "Do you feel that?" I ask, almost afraid to move forward.

The others don't feel anything, but they ask about my experience. Dean didn't catch anything thermally that could have been touching me. He did notice a slight dip in my body temperature though.

The porch is almost stripped bare from weathering. It's very creaky, as we walk across it. It's still very stable, considering how long it has sat without use. The mansion itself is mostly made out of stone, so we aren't as worried about the inside. The front entrance has two hardwood doors, beautifully engraved with intrinsic designs. Each door has a wolf head with a door knocker in its mouth.

"Okay," Devin starts speaking before we enter the mansion, "this place has four levels, it has a basement, ground level, second floor, and an attic. As always, we will start from the bottom and work our way up. Everyone has their maps out? Good. The nearest stairwell, leading to the basement is in a hallway between the entrance hall and the kitchen."

We all quickly scout out the stairwell that Devin pointed out. We will record along the way but we will investigate more thoroughly after we finish with the basement.

"Is everyone ready?" Devin asks our team.

After everyone has their maps secured and their equipment ready, we walk through the front door. Inside it is dusty, as to be expected. The hardwood floors have faded red and gold throw rugs. The entrance hall has an old wooden table and an old sofa that looks to be French and from the eighteenth century. It also has two wood chairs across from the couch. There are extremely old paintings. They look like they could be what the countryside used to look like back when this estate was still in use. There

is also an old family portrait and another portrait of a beautiful woman dressed in a beautiful golden Victorian style dress.

After staring at the woman in the painting, I get an eerie feeling again. I don't know why, but it feels like she's watching me. I don't see her eyes moving though. "What do you guys think of that portrait of the woman over there?" I inquire, pointing at her.

"It's a nice painting," Marsha comments, "what do you think of it?" she asks in return.

"She is lovely, but I get a creepy feeling from it." I respond honestly.

"I don't see any thermal activity," Dean says.

"No strong emf meter readings either," Devin states.

"Penny, lets get some good pictures and recordings of that area. After we set up camp we can see if we catch any spirits or orbs." says Marsha, starting to take some photos of the spot.

After we record and ask some questions of any nearby spirits, Marsha has a request of me. "Why don't you go stand by the photo and then I'll get some pictures and do another recording. The boys can watch for variations in their instruments. I want to see if maybe they are trying to talk to you directly. You are the only one who seems to be getting any personal attention from the spirits so far."

"Okay," I agree, slightly creeped out by her observation. Typically, Devin is the ghost magnet, that is why he is our leader and walks in front of everyone. We have a strategy of team member placement and the way we investigate that seems to get us the best results. We rarely vary from our team formation and individual responsibilities because there is no need to change what is working for us.

Just as Marsha is finishing up the recording, she gasps. "Penny, you won't believe this, but I think I saw a face in the recording close to your face!" she exclaims.

"We'll check after our initial evaluation is complete, this may be where we end up setting up camp for the night." Devin states, "For the rest of the evaluation, I think it's best if Penny is in the lead since she is attracting all the activity."

I nod because I don't know what to say. I'm a little terrified at the negative energy that has surrounded me since setting foot on the front porch. I don't want to lead, but I know it's our best chance at gathering evidence. I go in front of Devin and lead us downstairs.

As we reach the basement, the stairs touch down on a stone floor. My flashlight starts flickering and

burns out. Devin chides me, "I told everyone to put new batteries in their flashlights before we got here."

"I did," I start defending myself, as he hands me set of new batteries. As I reach for them, down the hall a ghastly grey figure appears and lets out the most horrific, blood curdling scream I've ever heard. I drop my batteries and cover my ears. Everyone else also drops what they are holding to cover their ears. The scream is loud enough to instantly give me a headache. Moments later the figure disappears. The scream had a deafening effect on all of us. My ears continue ringing for a long time, it takes a few minutes before we can actually start hearing each other speak again.

"What was that?!" I scream, mortified.

"I don't know but I think I caught part of it on camera!" Marsha excitedly declares.

"I recorded a huge emf meter reading while it was screaming." announces Devin, "I apologize for earlier, that thing must have drained your batteries."

Dean adds, "I also was able to record a temperature drop. I've heard legends of those kinds of spirits. They call them banshees. I've never heard of anybody catching any legitimate evidence of their existence so I assumed that they were only a myth."

"What do you know about them?" Devin asks, clearly very curious.

"Not much. I've heard that they are harmless and that usually their appearance heralds a death of a loved one. Since I never was able to find any substantial evidence of their existence, I never researched it further. I have no interest in fairy tales, only things that have been witnessed before." Dean responds.

"Good," Devin responds, "if they were dangerous then I was going to suggest we leave. I don't like unnecessary risks. I guess this encounter moves banshees out of the realm of myth. We'll have to do more research when we get home." My heart sinks a little, I'm usually so excited from the thrill of spiritual encounters, but I haven't had a good feeling since we set foot in this place. I was really hoping that we had enough evidence to leave now. Of course, under other circumstances, I would have wanted to stay as long as possible to catch more activity.

"Unless we caught something extraordinary on ground level, I'm pretty sure this will be where we set up camp." Marsha says.

"I concur," Devin says.

We check out the chambers in the basement. Some of them appear to have been used for

containment, maybe even long term imprisonment. Many of the doors have claw marks scrapped into them, most likely from human fingernails. The very back chambers actually have chain cuffs attached to the walls for prisoners. We spend a good amount of time examining the area where our specter appeared, hoping to find some sort of evidence left behind or maybe a hidden tomb for the victims of the cruel mistress of the estate. We don't catch a lot of activity in the basement after our initial encounter so we decide to check out ground level more thoroughly.

"Okay Penny, go ahead and lead us through ground level." Devin instructs me, "Walk slowly and in each room ask the spirits questions like I typically ask. Who is there? Can you please show yourself? What's your name? Things like that. Remember to pause long enough for a response. If you feel or see anything make sure to say out loud what your experience is like so we can get it on recording. We should have done that in the basement, but we were all a little shook up and thrown off guard. Let's get back to our same old routine so we don't miss out on any experiences. Tomorrow night, we can go back through the basement to ask questions."

"Okay, I will," I agree.

As we head upstairs we notice a huge temperature drop, it's freezing on ground level now. Our breath is visible. We go room to room and I ask questions. The kitchen and dining hall have an eerie feeling, but no audio or visuals that are apparent. The bedrooms have nothing going on inside of them either.

"Devin, I'm not getting any visuals or responses. Do you think it would be better if you took lead again?" I ask, worried that I'm doing something wrong.

"Nonsense Penny, remember, half the time I'm talking to ghosts we don't hear their responses or see visuals until we go back and watch our recordings. You are doing a great job. We just have two more floors to check out. We'll watch the recordings in the attic and then we can decide if we want to check out more outdoors or if we want to set up camp and where we want to set up camp. If you didn't get any responses from spirits and no sightings, then we will go back through really quickly tomorrow night and I will take lead again. Sound good?" Devin reassures me.

"Okay," I respond, "I wish I would have brought my heavier coat. I'm not used to it getting so cold." I say quietly.

Dean pulls out an extra jacket from his pack. "I always come prepared with extra clothing. I know we don't typically need it, but I have talked to many other hunters who have had several extremely cold encounters."

"Thanks Dean, I appreciate it." I reply, wrapping up in the hoodie he gives me.

"The upstairs has a ball room and a few guest rooms so it will go more quickly than the first two floors did and the attic is a small room with a spire ceiling that won't take but a few minutes." Devin explains, "the total footage to review, if we fast forward through it, should maybe take an hour. From there we will decide whether to check out the back yard or not and then we will pick the hottest spot for camp."

That makes me feel slightly relieved that we are more than halfway complete. I guide my companions upstairs. The stairwell opens up towards the ballroom and the guest bedrooms are on the left and right of the dance hall. After I ask a few questions in the hallway, I open up the huge double doors leading into the ballroom. Upon opening the door we see our specter again. She is a bit closer than before. We are able to see more details of what she looks like. She is wearing a Victorian dress and she has her hair done up in a fancy up do. If I'm not mistaken, she appears to be the mistress of the manor. She looks strikingly like the lady in the portrait on ground level. Not long after we take in her appearance, she begins screaming again. We were more prepared this time. After getting quick footage and pictures of her, we sat our equipment down and covered our ears just as she began to scream. She started floating towards us but vanished shortly after she began moving.

"Wow, that was amazing!" Marsha exclaims, "I could actually make out some of her features!" The men uttered their agreements.

My heart is pounding, and my body is sweating, which makes me even more cold. I can't explain it, but I feel like she is looking directly at me every time I see her and I feel a sense of doom. I can't wait to finish exploring this building. I mention to the others how I feel.

"She was starting to come in our direction," Dean agrees with me, "but her facial features were too hard to make out, so it's impossible to know if she was looking at anybody specifically. I'm sure we all feel like we're being watched right now. That's a typical feeling when you're surrounded by spirits."

"I feel like she bears a strong resemblance to the lady in the portrait downstairs. I think that she may be the murderous mistress of this estate." I tell my team my theory.

"You might be right Penny," Devin says, "it was hard to make out the details of her dress though. We'll see what the recordings show."

I feel like we weren't looking at the same ghost. I could clearly make out her facial features and her dress. This realization that I can see her more clearly than everyone else, only leads to a deepening sense of dread.

"Maybe she wasn't the actual murder," Dean suggests, "maybe she is warning us of another spirit who is the real murderer. It would make sense because banshees are harmless and they are herald other people's deaths."

"That's a good theory Dean." Marsha says, pondering his theory.

We continue on to view the other rooms, she doesn't appear again and we have no visuals or audios that are immediately apparent in the guest bedrooms. After her initial appearance in the ballroom, all activity vanished with her. When we climb up into the attic we also have no apparent visuals or audios.

We sit down on the wooden floor of the attic to start reviewing footage and photos.

Before we start flipping through the photos on our cameras, Devin starts speaking to me, "Penny, I didn't want to freak out earlier. I know that you're nervous and a little scared because you aren't generally super sensitive to spiritual activity. I didn't tell you because I didn't want this to be harder for you than it already is, but almost every emf meter reading I recorded since the banshees first appearance has been surrounding you."

I get a cold shivering sensation running down my spine. That could be what was making me feel physically ill, having the electromagnetic field disturbances around my body.

"Actually, I didn't say anything either, but the dip in thermal energy has always been more prominent around you too." Adds Dean.

Marsha tells the guys, "I think we all knew that it's focusing on Penny. That's why we had her take the lead. She probably is already aware that she is the center of the spiritual activity."

I hate the thought of all the spiritual attention. I use to wish that I was sensitive like Devin, but now that I've had a taste of it I don't want to experience it again. I didn't think that the energy would feel so negative and draining. I knew it wasn't super pleasant but this was not what I had envisioned it would be like.

"Marsha is right guys, I knew that our ghoul is drawn to me. I just hope that I am as good of a medium for spirits as you are Devin," I say, still feeling uneasy.

We start flipping through the photos, and to our shock, the banshee only appears near me and any other photo only has some minor orbs in them. We watch the recordings quickly. The ghoul never says a word, but in the videos she is always gravitating towards me. The most activity is down in the basement. I was hoping that it was on a different floor, the thought of spending the night on a floor that was used to confine, torture, and murder people makes me feel anxious.

"I know that we are getting a lot of good footage and photos guys, but I really don't want to be here anymore." I tell my team, knowing that they will feel disappointed that I want to leave.

"Actually Penny, I know you feel uneasy so I was going to suggest that we go check out the backyard tonight, setup camp in the basement, and then tomorrow after we search for any signs of graves in the yard that we leave early. I feel like we have as much evidence that this is a legit haunting that we need." Devin responds and the other two give short agreements.

I'm surprised, but extremely grateful that they aren't going to try to make me stay four more nights. I would love to leave right now, but we are already halfway through the night anyway.

"Thanks guys, I'm sorry that I'm not as brave as Devin. I didn't imagine that it was so scary being the center of attention." I say, very relieved.

"Nonsense," says Devin, "you did just fine. I didn't even finish my first ghost hunt when I was surrounded by spiritual activity. You are much braver than I am." I blush slightly, relieved that nobody can tell in the dark. I feel better knowing that I'm not the only one on our team who has been this unnerved.

"Okay guys, let's go set up camp really quick down in the basement. Then we can do a quick tour outside. Hopefully we can catch some footage and photos of some of the victims." Dean says, his voice giving away how tired he is starting to feel.

I lead everyone down into the basement, we decide to set up our sleeping bags and stash anything we don't need outside in the corner where the banshee made her first appearance. Then I lead us up to the ground level and out through the back porch.

While we were inside ghost hunting, a thick misty fog settled over the land. It's hard to see in front



of us, even with our LED flashlights. While we are asking questions and taking photos and recording videos, we hear screaming and crying, but instead of a super natural sounding banshee cry, the noises sound much more human. I keep walking and asking various questions trying to contact some of the victims. Somehow, I become separated from our group. I stumble upon a dried up pond and fountain as I realize that nobody is around me.

My throat and chest start to tighten up with fear as panic sets in. I start screaming for Devin, Dean, and Marsha. I can hear them in the distance, "Penny, where are you? If you can hear us, meet us back at the porch."

I feel slightly relieved that I can hear my friends and they can hear me. But then I hear the most terrifyingly creepy voice, in a very old haggard tone I hear it whisper, violently in my ear, "Run, my dear."

My heart instantly starts pounding in my chest and I can hear it in my ear drums. I don't hesitate, I run for my life, screaming the whole way. I run past my team. They start chasing after me, trying to ask me what happened to me.

I'm out of breath, but I manage to tell them, "She's going to kill me, we have to get our things and go." I continue running towards the stairwell that leads to the basement.

They follow me as fast as they can. I never slow down because I can feel her evil presence hot on my heels. Without looking at my map, the corridors quickly become a maze that I'm lost in. I start panicking more, the longer I search for the stairwell. My flashlight flickers and burns out again. I'm so sweaty and my palms are clammy, and my heart is racing so fast I'm surprised I haven't had a heart attack yet.

I'm blindly trying to find my way to the front door. I've decided that my belongings are not worth my life. I will get to the car as quickly as I can. If the others don't come right away, then I'll start walking. I cannot stay here any longer because I've been chosen as the lady's next victim.

As I turn the corner of a hallway, I see my friends' flashlights. "Guys, we need to leave. Forget our stuff. She's coming."

Before I can reach my friends, she appears in front of my face. Her beautiful face has terrifying blood red eyes that pierce my soul. Out of the corner of my eyes I can see my friends' terrified faces. The banshee reaches out her claw like fingers around my outer shoulders. She digs her claws deep into

my shoulder blades. They feel like cold, flaming daggers in my flesh. Her mouth opens, unnaturally wide and she lets out her horrible, deafeningly shrill shriek. My whole body feels like its engulfed in a cold fire and my body has hot poking needles pricking me everywhere, like my whole body fell asleep. My ears are ringing intensely and I get tunnel vision. Slowly my body fades into complete numbness. My ears' ringing fades into silence. My vision fades completely into darkness and then into complete white.