

Unsettling Activity in Miller Library



Written by Steve Skierski

Personal Experience:

Every campus safety officer has two buildings: the one they like to sleep in, and “their” building. The latter refers to a building they refuse to enter alone and feel particularly scared of. While Jeremy’s was Capwell and Dave’s was Alumni, Darrens’ was Sisson, mine was always the Miller Library. The building sits at the bottom of a steep ravine on one side and the Nokomis Creek on the other. I had a striking experience there during my first semester in campus safety that changed how I viewed the building forever.

It was Thanksgiving season. The campus was pretty quiet aside from athletes and the handful of students who didn't leave early from break. Something about Keystone students is that THEY decide when breaks start and end, rather than the schedule. Jeremy and Uncle Dave were both off that night, so I had to work the shift alone. I liked working alone, to be honest. I'd sit in our office next to the emergency phone and type a story or grind my Master's degree homework.

It was almost 10:00pm EST, which means it was time to go lock the library. I started in the basement like always, locked the second floor, and then took the stairs up and locked down the fourth floor. Since the second floor has glass doors that need to be secured last, we always saved this for the end of the lockdown.

With the other three floors secured, I walked into the reception area of the main floor. The librarian was there packing up her stuff, but there was still a few minutes before closing so she couldn't leave just yet. I wanted to shut out the lights and lock the main doors, but I'd have to wait too. Bored and annoyed, I walked back into the study areas to pass the last five minutes. A girl from the volleyball team was there finishing up a paper.

I went around the corner, where a row of Windows XP computers with their light blue home screens sat mostly untended. Only one student was there: a slim girl with dirty blond hair and massive golden earrings. She looked right at me with an open mouth but didn't say a word. I found this strange because she looked exactly like my friend "Taylor" who I'd met while on patrol. She called herself a 'gypsy queen' and used to dress like a hippie//skater chick hybrid. I waved to the girl, but she didn't respond. She just stared blankly at the screen.

I walked back to the desk and waited for the librarian. She told the volleyball girl to leave and then went back to her own work. The volleyball girl grabbed her backpack and walked out, with the librarian hot on her heels. Before I could say "there's still someone here," both were already gone. I walked back to the computer area, and the gypsy girl was gone.

There was ONE way in and out of the study area at that time. She would've had to literally walk past me and the librarian to leave the building that night, but she never did. It's possible this was literally just Taylor sitting there, too high to respond to my greeting, but that's not like her at all.

A year or two later, I felt an overwhelming sense of dread in the building's basement. Everyone gets feelings in old buildings while alone, but something felt vile down there. I decided to wear a rosary under my campus safety outfit one night just to see, and the hostility was ratcheted up to 11. I never saw or heard or smelled anything down there out of the ordinary, but the feeling is very hard to explain or rationalize away.

Lastly, Scuba Steve, a mystery of the Factoryville area and local cryptid, used to tell me the library was haunted. As he stumbled up to DJ and me one night, he pointed to the library and said: "this building . . . it's haunted." He pointed to Ward and shook his head while making the sign of the cross: "That fucker . . . haunted." He then told another story, which will be recounted under the story "Brooks Theatre."