



A True Account of a Haunting

By Doug Owen

EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER 4

We were gone just under an hour. When we pulled back into the driveway, the first thing I noticed was the garage door standing wide open. My stomach tightened. Claudia asked if I had left it that way. I hadn't.

The front door was ajar. Not just unlocked, but swinging slightly in the breeze—open. Every window in the house was the same, wide open as if the place had taken a deep breath and exhaled through every crevice.

That was the first red flag.

I expected a break-in. But there was no sign of forced entry, no drawers rifled through, no furniture overturned. What I found was worse. Much worse.

First, I heard it—the static.

It was coming from the living room. I turned the corner to find our main stereo unit on and blaring white noise, full volume, shaking the windows with its sharp hiss. No radio station. Just pure, aggressive static. That's when I called the police.

They found nothing. No signs of forced entry, no evidence of a break-in, nothing stolen. But one officer stepped carefully through the bathroom, pausing at the tiny mirror fragments inside the drawers.

The mirrors. Every single mirror—cracked, fractured, obliterated. Shards of glass glittered across the bathroom floor like spilled diamonds. We found mirrors everywhere—even in the most unexpected

places. Shaving kits, long-forgotten dental mirrors, makeup compact mirrors, tucked deep in the back of makeup drawers. Not a single reflective surface remained intact.

The officers exchanged glances.

'If this was someone playing games,' one of them said, 'they're not afraid to escalate.'"

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