

TURTLE ISLAND NEWS HALLOWEEN SPECIAL FEATURE



Local library 'ghostbusted' with SNIPE team

FEET AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Lindsay Martin is an employee at the Six Nations Public Library. "When you're on the main floor, and you're alone, you can hear people walking all the time. It's just something you get used to." But one time she got a glimpse of what made that noise. "I've seen feet at the top of the stairs," she said. "I was working alone by myself and I could hear something moving — which is normal it's creaking all the time — I turned around, I looked up, and I could see a set of feet at the top of the stairs. And then it just walked away," she recalled, adding that they were barefoot. "And then I walked out of the building!"

A BOY OUT OF TIME

"We were all downstairs doing inventory," recalled Lindsay. "Sabrina - my boss - had a chair facing her and she had the computer on it. All we had to do was scan books. That was our job." She said things got weird when Sabrina moved the laptop from the chair. "When I walked by there was a little boy sitting in the chair," said Lindsay. "I didn't even think anything of it," she said, adding that the apparition wasn't ghostly or see through. "He had a gray shirt on and he had a bowl cut going on. I didn't see his face just the back side of him. Early 1900s. It was a plain gray sweater," she said. "I thought it was a little boy sitting there watching her do it. It just dawned on me - and this is all within seconds - I thought: we're still closed. I looked again and he was gone."

LEANING TOWER OF BOOKS

One of Lindsay's first unexplainable experiences was about six years ago. "I was making a phone call one time, and there was a pile of books in the other room. The pile of books scattered. I could hear them fall. I went back and I looked and it was like someone threw them across the room. They didn't just topple they were scattered across the floor," she said. Video of the incident was captured on library se-

Six Nations own Ghostbuster
By Chase Jarrett
Writer

I don't know when the cold set in. I just remember shivering. I moved from my seat, waded through the dark to the chair on which I set my jacket. I put it on and sat back down. No help. I still shivered and flexed my jaw muscle, trying to stop my teeth from clicking.

There were four of us sitting in that boardroom. Ohsweken library, second floor, just to the right after you come up the old stairs. Different contraptions, measuring electronic and magnetic fields, were scattered on the large wooden table before us, courtesy of SNIPE.

We flicked the lights off and we waited. Darkness, eleven something at night. Bits of light leaked in when cars passed, the steady hum of their engines joining the building's creepy ambience. A faint red glow from the hallway exit sign radiated dimly into the room as well.

Still, it was near impossible to see the team members a couple feet to my left, and across the table. How did I get so cold? Why am I freezing, even with the layers on, the icy feeling snuck through.

That's when one of the team members commented on how hot she felt. Not just warm, but sticky and uncomfortably hot. Is the heat too high? I touched her hand, the hands of the two sitting beside her. I seemed to be the odd one out. My fingers were bent icicles.

I sat just two feet away from them, and I was freezing. Some of the sensors began to go off.

"It's by you," one of them whispered.

So much changes at night. Take the cozy, neighborhood library for example. Nestled in the village core, stuffed into a 200 year old house.

It warped into a dark and

brutal structure under the light of Saturday's full moon.

When I called Todd Thomas, one of the founder's of Six Nations Investigates Paranormal Encounters (SNIPE), I didn't really know what I was getting into. As I sat there cold, paranoid something I couldn't explain was wrapping me in its dead, icy embrace, I realized I had stepped into a completely different world.

All I wanted was a cool story.

The cold dispersed. A few minutes later more of the SNIPE team emerged from the basement and made their way to the second floor. I stood up, warm again, and

decided I would head into the basement myself. I was scared to do it — that was a good enough reason to go.

I followed behind Todd, his son, Todd Jr., and another of the team members. The door down into the basement was opened. The steep stairs were illuminated by another of the exit signs.

It's hard to overstate how creepy the basement was. First off — it's a basement. The air is thick and musty. There are little chairs, fit for preschoolers, stacked in a columns near shelving units that held nothing. A lifeless room.

In the corner a hallway snakes around, pipes push down from the ceiling; I

hunched. Pieces of the concrete floor were torn up, revealing dirt. Empty buckets lay on their side. I thought of some OCD friends would have a field day in the basement,

ment,

plained. I thought of the walkie talkies, and even my own camera, that died within minutes of entering the library despite full charges.

Todd finally stopped in the very back of the basement. Todd Jr., a fourteen year old who's fearless in a way I might never know, was snapping pictures away on his camera.

Todd flicked his recorder on and began asking questions. The entire time it felt like we were being laughed at. Like something was really behind us, amused we were gawking in the completely wrong direction.

As we explored the base-

ment, Todd held up his camera, equipped with a night vision and ultraviolet light. The battery went from a full charge to dead.

"Good-bye," the electronic voice of the camera rang, before shutting itself off. That was odd.

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"Let us know that you're here," Todd would call out. "We just want to communicate." Then he asked, "If you're here, touch one of us." I found that question a little aggressive, but I wasn't the expert. JUST DON'T TOUCH ME, I thought. WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER ASK TO BE TOUCHED BY A GHOST?

I didn't voice these concerns. I wasn't trying to appear brave. I just didn't feel the need to admit it was a miracle I wasn't peeing my pants.

After more questions, his camera, the one with the ultra violet light, flicked on again — back to a full charge but with a catch. The pictures were erased. Way odd.

Now these are events you shrug at. You look for a logical explanation for absolutely everything - even if you answer something with "I don't know the logical explanation. There is one, but I just don't know why." That's still a logical explanation, right?

Todd Jr. had left the room by this time, and was back in storage room of the basement near the stairs. I followed him back along the cob-webbed hallway. We were joined by two other of the SNIPE team members.

We stood in there in silence, four silhouettes against the glow of the exit sign. Todd was at the end of the hallway, still asking questions, hoping his K2 meter would buzz from green to red, set off by the presence of a ghost.

Our silent vigil continued. And then the cold came back. Not as all encompassing as it was in the above boardroom. It was like a cold, wet slobber drizzling over my spine. My hair stood on end and I looked to my left. I looked harder. I couldn't make out the silhouette.

There was Todd Jr. There was Carl. There was...

