



Dream, Recurring

By Mark Canniff

Sample Chapter:

Chapter One

"Only the dead know these secrets."

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Acknowledgment

This book wouldn't be possible if it weren't for the help from other people. As with everything in life, projects of any significant size can't be done by a single person. To that end I would like to take a moment to thank the following for their unwavering support.

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Mark

Prologue

Lucy's strange dreams are colliding with the supernatural. It's a mystery taking her on a hidden journey she thought she'd never go.

Lucy has recurring dreams. Night after night she drives on a winding road, feeling lost as this path leads to nowhere until she finds a house. Curious, she goes inside, only discovering it empty.

Struggling with her own troubled past, she asks for help from her best friend, Sam. Together they investigate her visions. Uncovering history only known to those who have died. Secrets long ago lost to Time.

They need to figure out a connection between Lucy's dreams and a dark presence attaching itself to her. It's a frantic race against time because their lives are at stake.

To my loving wife!

Babe, you're my everything.

Chapter 1

The road was winding. The view outside of the car was turning into a spectacular vision of hills that were covered in trees, a river off to the side and mountains in the background.

Where am I? Lucy had a profound sense of being lost.

The car kept moving. It seemed to know where it was going. She just shook her head in amazement. Wow, she thought. The beauty here

was like nothing she'd ever seen on the island.

The vehicle continued on its own...

Before too long, she caught sight of something out of the corner of her eye. Turning to look at it, her eyes widened in amazement.

It came to a stop, jolting her out of bed.

'Oh my gosh, not again! That's the second day in a row!' She uttered.

To begin the day like this was not something that she would consider as normal. Was she in control of her dream? Or was the dream in control of her?

Either answer she couldn't accept it. Then again, maybe she was creating an issue that really wasn't there.

Time to get ready for the day. Lucy thought.

She went in the bathroom to begin her normal morning ritual.

Her bedroom was on the small size for a master but it was able to fit everything that she wanted in there. The queen size bed took up most of the room, with a dresser at the foot of the bed, against the wall and a closet off to one side.

Her clothes were all neatly picked up and put away, with the exception of her favorite baseball cap. It hung on the bedpost, waiting for her to pick it up and put it on. It had her logo that she created for her business. She wears it everywhere.

The rest of her house was the same way. It was cute and functional. Clean and well kept. It had one other bedroom but she was lucky enough that it had a master bath and a small bathroom off the living room. It was just big enough for a single person or a young couple to live in modest comfort.

It was what she could afford after the divorce but coming back to her roots seemed to be the right thing to do.

She didn't have much after all was said and done. The marriage happened when she was "young and stupid", as she would say. Other words that would come out of her mouth, when her best friend and her would talk about it was, "never again" or "I couldn't believe it". The pain, even now after all this time, was still too raw.

As you looked around the living room, there were some stunning photos of people and landscapes. Each one was signed at the bottom right-hand corner: "Lucy Blakely", followed by the year it was taken.

At least her mortgage payment and living expenses were small enough for her to live in modest comfort. Mainly because the town that

she lived in was away from the big cities and nothing of interest happened here. Sure it had its visitors, mostly tourists but some came here to learn about the history. Even though it's a small town, the one thing that it had plenty of was the past.

She loves it. There's no-where else she wants to be. Its attractions are what brings so many tourists and couples who want to get married there. It has become quite a hotspot for a young pair to marry and/or have their honeymoon.

It's easy to see that, with the surrounding countryside and ocean. There is almost an eerie quality to it.

She was born about thirty some years ago (she won't tell anyone her age, it's not very "lady-like" in her book). Anyway, where she grew up, the place she lives now is Island River. This town was so named after the settlers discovered a river nearby.

The history goes all the way back to the late eighteen hundred's.

This past has created a rich goldmine of ghost stories. Some true, some not but they all have one thing in common, the people love talking about them. It's actually created one more reason why a few tourists come here.

That is another motive why Lucy stays. She loves the paranormal. Even though, she wants to debunk it first. Samantha, her best friend and her have teamed up to document the past of this town, from a "mystical" point of view. They balance each other out well, Lucy is the "skeptic" and Samantha is the "believer".

Since Lucy is the photographer, she is the one that runs the cameras and both Samantha and her operate the digital recorders.

But Samantha (or Sam as she likes to be called) brings another quality to the "ghost hunt". She is a psychic/medium. However, she prefers to consider herself a "sensitive". It seems to more accurately describe her gifts.

They work together perfectly. Lucy, with the technical background compliments Sam with the "mystical" experience.

Between the two of them they have uncovered a lot of the history.

"They" do not scare them, instead both ladies have this thirst, a hunger for this work. So much so the pair of them feel as if they have reached their "calling" in Life.

Lucy and Sam wondered where all of this was leading...

Don't get them wrong, they love what they do. But they couldn't shake the feeling that something was driving them in this direction.

Time will tell...

Lucy came out of the bathroom, refreshed from her shower, ready to start the day.

As she was getting dressed, the phone rings.

‘Hello?’ She asked.

Sam answered back. ‘Hi, Lucy, it’s me. Ready for our next client?’

‘Hi, Sam. Yeah, I’m just putting my clothes on now.’

‘Okay, great. Shall we meet at the coffee shop?’ She asked.

‘Sure.’ Came the reply.

As Lucy made her way to the car, a man shouted from the other side of the street, ‘Hi, Lucy!’

Looking at him, she spoke with a smile. ‘Hi!’

‘Have you caught any ghosts today?’ He asked grinning from ear to ear.

Lucy smirked, ‘Not yet but we may have a new case soon.’

‘Oh wow, that’s awesome! Well, have a great day!’ He replied. The man waved, smiling as he did as he went back to walking.

‘You too!’ She replied. Lucy didn’t know who that was but it didn’t matter anyway. This town thought of the two women as their own personal celebrities and they enjoyed the attention.

So many here were just plain friendly.

It’s another reason why she loves it here. After all, why would she want to leave a place that, for the better part, most of the townsfolk really enjoyed her being part of the community.

A little while later, Sam and Lucy met deciding to have a cup of coffee to discuss their latest case.

Sam started right in. ‘So, this family has been having trouble for months. There is a husband and wife, plus two children. The wife came to me because the activity has escalated and the kids are now in danger.’

Lucy thought a moment.

‘Okay, so before you say anything more, you know that my first thing I’m going to say is, “let’s look for the physical evidence first”. I’m going to want to really make sure that they are having a problem and it’s not all “in their head”.’ Lucy replied.

Sam sighed. ‘I know, Lucy. You say that every time.’

‘Well, that’s because most of what we’ve come across I’ve been able to find a reason why it happens.’ Lucy retorted back.

Sam rolled her eyes.

Lucy snapped. ‘See there you go again. All I want to do is make sure that what we are collecting is genuine and not manufactured because

someone thinks that it would be cool if we performed an investigation, so they can make money from it.’

Sam paused a moment.

‘I know, I get that. I don’t want us to be publicly announcing “this” place is haunted or “that” house is, if it really isn’t.’ Sam replied.

Lucy smiled. ‘This is why we make for an incredible team. Because we can balance each other out so well and that we are after the same goal.’

‘You’re right, as always.’ Sam replied.

She often would say that because Lucy’s mind can be so closed at times. It’s almost as if she is still bringing her past to each of these cases. It seemed to Sam that there were more times that Lucy was discovering she couldn’t “explain it away” as she would put it.

‘Are you ready to hear about the case?’ Sam asked.

That was another thing Sam knew about her friend, she had to let her speak first. Allow Lucy to just “get that off her chest” so she would settle down into an open discussion, before moving forward.

‘I’m ready, sorry Sam. I know I need to allow you to introduce the case before I say anything, it’s hard for me to break that habit. I’m working on it.’ Lucy replied with a smile.

She knew what she was really talking about. ‘I know you are. I’m here to listen, you know I am.’

Lucy nodded, ‘Thank you Sam. Now let’s talk about this case.’

Sam began introducing the family, one by one. She started with the person that contacted her, the wife.

It was obvious to Sam that she was at the end of her rope. So, for their privacy, as per Lucy and Sam’s “operating procedures” they assign fake names so they could write about it or discuss it in public without anyone knowing who the clients really are.

The only place that the names of the people are found, would be a scrap piece of paper that Sam would show Lucy, then they would burn it as soon as they were able.

They went out of their way to protect the identity because they learned firsthand what happens in a small town when some people catch wind of who the real identities are and ridicule them.

It was their first case and it became so bad that the young couple felt they had to leave because a number of people were effectively pushing them out.

In this quaint town, there are some that don’t care what paranormal

events are happening and others that do. In the group that does put their attention on it, some think it makes for great business and generally love hearing about the latest news.

Then you have a small group that feel if the town becomes known for these hauntings, it'll push the tourists away.

Even though that's already happened. In their minds, Island River is this peaceful beautiful place to live which is very popular with the tourists and couples who want to marry. To them, nothing paranormal happens here. They live in a bubble, while the rest of the townsfolk either don't care or love hearing the latest story.

'The names that I am giving them are: "Liz", "Peter" and the children "Luke" and "Tina". Luke is ten and Tina is eight.' Sam stated.

'Okay. Do continue.'

'So, the events started about two months after they moved in...' Sam began.

Liz was the first to notice it. It would happen when the kids were at school and Peter was at work.

Slowly at first, she would hear noises coming from other rooms. Footsteps, knocks on walls and even sounds from the ceiling.

When she would go and look, the sounds stopped. She then just shrugged her shoulders and went back to doing whatever she was doing at the time.

Slowly, over time the events became more frequent and other things began happening.

She would notice that the sound of running water came from the bathroom, which stopped once she reached it. Lights flickered, even if they were switched off and then she caught glimpse of a female figure at the end of the hallway.

Before she realized it, the image was gone. However, that sighting meant an escalade in episodes, which would soon include the children.

Liz would talk to Peter about what was happening, however he didn't experience anything. He would ask "are you sure you're not just hearing things?" Then follow it up with "it's a new house for us, there are bound to be noises this place makes that you aren't used to." However, she knew the difference but couldn't share in the events because, at first, it would only happen around her.

One night, that would change how they all felt.

It began when the kids were settling in and preparing to go to sleep. Luke and Tina had just laid down, the parents had kissed them goodnight

and closed the door. The room was dark.

Tina drifted off to sleep fairly quickly, however Luke was restless. He began staring at the corner of the room by the closet, when he thought he saw something there.

A shadow had formed in that corner. It was black and he wasn't sure that he could see through it but as he continued to look, the shape began to move towards him.

At first he thought he was seeing things, however as it moved closer it took the shape of the woman that Liz had seen earlier.

It reached a point, about halfway from the wall to the corner of the bed and stopped.

By this time Luke was scared. He couldn't move or say anything because he was so frozen with fear.

It stood there, watching him for several minutes.

Suddenly, it rushed up right to his face and looked him in the eyes.

He could see every detail of her. She was pale in complexion, her face looked like there wasn't much left. Just skin and bones. There were no eyes, just dark sockets. It took everything that he had to scream. As he did that, Tina woke up suddenly and became terrified of what she was seeing.

Liz and Peter rushed in to see what was happening. That's when, for a brief moment, they both saw it too.

The father yelled "out of my house!" Then switched on the lights and it was gone.

Sam sighed. This one was particularly troubling. 'That was the last time they set foot in their home. No one has been back since and that was three months ago. They have tried everything and everyone, no one has been able to help them. We are their last hope. Both Liz and Peter have agreed to come with us to do the investigation. Their children are at her mom's house.'

Lucy sat back and thought a moment.

She needed to be sure that she couldn't rule out the normal things that people might think of.

Her Skepticism moved to curiosity and she nodded to her best friend.

'Let's take a look.'

Sam was happy. They both have discovered over the years that they needed to be in complete agreement before they investigated.

She smiled. 'Awesome! Thank you Lucy, I know you won't be disappointed.'

'Well, let's just wait and see.'

'So, Liz has agreed to meet us there right now, if you're ready.' Sam eagerly expressed.

She was excited to see what they could do. Maybe there was a reason why the ghost had contacted them, plus the children had become so terrified that they really needed to resolve it, if they could. Otherwise the family would have to move.

'Do you have the gear?' Sam asked.

Lucy chuckled. 'Of course. I don't leave home without it.'

Their equipment comprised of eight digital camcorders, which had night vision capability, a full spectrum camera, plus a thermal camera. They had a K2, an EMF meter plus about six digital recorders.

At Lucy's house they had set up her office, her second bedroom, to be able to edit and review the evidence.

It took them a few years to be able to assemble all of the things that they needed but have found that their quality of investigation has been able to jump by leaps and bounds. They can see and hear things through those mediums which have validated much of what Sam has been able to say through her own gifts as a "sensitive".

They decided to take just one vehicle to the house. It was easier that way.

So they moved to Lucy's car.

It didn't take too long before they arrived at Liz's home. She was standing there waiting. It was the middle of the day. The sun was shining.

'Hi Liz, so nice to meet you again.' Sam mentioned as they shook hands.

When they give their clients names, they let them know that this is what Sam and Lucy will call them, for their protection and privacy.

Liz was grateful to see them. 'Hi Sam, same here.'

'Hi, my name is Lucy.' She greeted Liz in the same way.

'Nice to meet you. So you're the skeptic?'

Lucy smiled. 'Why yes I am.'

'Well, I figured after you're done here, you won't be.' She stated.

Lucy didn't want to upset her any more than she already was. She has seen so much over the years and still remained open to other possibilities first that she often found it best to smile and nod, saying nothing more.

Besides, it's not like Lucy hadn't heard that line before.

'We will do our best to give you an answer to what is going on.'

Lucy replied.

'Thank you Lucy, I'm sure you will but I'm also hopeful that you might be able to make it go away, so we can move back in as a family.'

Liz spoke in frustration.

Lucy looked down. She didn't want to disappoint, hoping Sam didn't over-promise again. She turned to Sam. Her eyes voiced, "what did you tell her?"

Sam came back with, 'We will do our very best Liz. Shall we go inside?'

Liz nodded.

As she opened the door, there was a musty smell to the house, it hadn't been lived in for a while. The house appeared almost like frozen in time as the living room was a little disheveled, the dishes were clean and put away but they could see some mail on the kitchen table.

All in all, it wasn't bad. However, Liz prided herself on running a clean home. Even the smallest mess was too much.

Turning to Sam and Lucy, Liz uttered, 'Sorry about the mess. We left in a hurry.'

'Don't be. We aren't here to judge how clean your home is, we're here for you.' Lucy replied.

'Thank you, Lucy. That makes me feel better.' Liz had a small sense of relief, even though to her, she could have presented it better.

Sam wanted to put her at ease. 'Listen, we understand that you all left as soon as you could. Don't think that you should have come back here to clean it up, open some windows, just because you fear how you think we are judging you, or not.'

Liz stopped in her tracks. Stunned by what Sam had said, almost as if she could read her mind. She looked down.

'I'm sorry, I just hate it when guests come over and they see a clutter.' Liz's issues were coming out and she couldn't get past them. She was stressing out.

Lucy grabbed Liz's shoulders. 'Let's just focus on WHY we are here, okay?'

Liz couldn't say anything; she was terrified of what might take place. So, she gave a short nod. A tear was beginning to roll down her face, she needed this thing gone so she could have her family back.

Lucy hugged her. 'It's okay. We're here now.'

Liz didn't return the hug, she felt some relief from it but was still too scared. However, she gathered her strength up so they could continue with the investigation.

She took a deep breath and began giving the tour.

As they walked around the house, Liz would show the areas that events took place. Lucy was writing them down, while considering where to locate the static cameras.

The locations that they were able to pinpoint were, the hallway, the children's bedroom, the spare bathroom and the attic.

Sam was giving some impressions of what she was feeling too while the tour was taking place. This was dutifully noted by Lucy as a way to review at a later stage, once the evidence was in.

It took them about half an hour to move through the house, Sam, kept reassuring her that they are going to do their best. When they were finished with the viewing, they all went back to the living room.

'So, what we are going to do is set up some cameras in the rooms that you have shown as the "hotspots".' Sam articulated.

Lucy felt the need to add to what Sam just spoke of. 'If you don't mind, we would like to use the living room as base-camp. It seems to be the quietest. In addition, we will have our other equipment running too to see if we can find reasons behind these events.'

'Such as what?' Liz asked.

Lucy explained, 'Well, for instance, we have an EMF meter that will see if there are high EMF signals in the house. Those readings may affect you and your family in that you may think something is there, feel a presence when there isn't, or if it is really bad, we may be able to show why it is, so you could have someone come out and fix it.

'For example grounding your home better would help it go away. If there are, this would need addressing as it could be unhealthy.'

Liz nodded. 'Oh, I see. I don't think it's a grounding issue.'

Sam was optimistic that they might find peace for this family. 'I'm hopeful we will be able to connect with the woman that has frightened your family so much. We'll see if we can help her crossover.'

'That would be amazing if you could.' Liz was praying for that to happen.

Sam asked, 'Why don't we agree to meet back here say at about four o'clock, so we can set up the equipment? That will give us the time we need, before it goes dark.'

Liz nodded. 'Sounds okay to me. Did you want my husband here?'

'Yes. If it comes to it, the two of you may have to forcibly tell it to leave and we would rather you both were here for that.' Lucy replied.

'Okay, that makes sense. I'm so glad you're here. I have a good feeling about this.'

'We make no guarantees but we'll do our best.' Lucy didn't want her expectations to be too high because they might not be successful and they didn't know what they were going to find.

Liz nodded, 'I understand.'

Four o'clock came round, Liz and Peter were waiting in their car, outside of the house.

Lucy and Sam went straight to work. Unloading Lucy's car, setting up the camera locations and base-camp.

It took almost an hour to have the cameras ready for aiming. Sam was the one that always did the aiming while Lucy was at the computer telling her the directions she needed them moved.

Finally, the four static cameras were ready and rolling.

'Great job Sam! I think we are good to go.' Lucy voiced.

'Awesome.'

Liz and Peter looked on as they watched this all unfold.

'Okay, so this is what we need from you two...' Lucy began.

Peter nudged Liz, turning to Lucy so they could keep their attention on her.

Lucy continued, 'While we do this, stay here and watch those cameras for us. There will be a digital recorder in here too, if you feel the need to ask questions.'

He nodded. 'Will do.'

Turning to her best friend, 'Okay Sam, I think we are ready to begin.'

The sun had just set and twilight was upon them. Even though the last rays of light were slowly disappearing over the horizon, the house quickly went dark as Lucy switched the lights off.

'Here we go.' Sam stated.

They began in the living room, since that was their base and everyone was in there.

They started by asking if anyone was there, pausing for an answer

which they couldn't hear.

Lucy went around the room with her EMF meter looking for any sign that a fluctuation was happening. None came. She also held the full spectrum camera, and a digital recorder which she has attached to her vest so it can keep recording without the need for her to hold on to it. Sam was holding onto the K2, a camera, plus a digital recorder, which was attached to her vest in the same way.

Every once in a while Sam would ask another question, waiting for an answer which they couldn't here.

As they slowly moved through the house, beginning in the living room, moving to the kitchen, then into the hallway, slowly into the bedrooms, Sam wasn't picking anything up.

She immediately noticed something. 'It is almost like she knows we're here and doesn't want to give her presence up. Are you picking anything up on the full spectrum?'

'No not yet.' Lucy replied.

Often when the K2, EMF meter and cameras aren't showing anything, the full spectrum is usually the first one to spot something.

However, nothing was happening. The house was in fact eerily quiet.

'Peter, are you seeing anything?' Sam asked.

'No, nothing.' He replied.

She needed to dig deep. 'Hmm, where are you?'

Both Sam and Lucy know that paranormal events happen in waves. You might go hours before capturing everything all at once, then nothing for the rest of the night. Sometimes, the place comes alive, almost right away. When that happens, the investigation is a busy one.

This was not one of those.

Lucy kept looking for an explanation, a physical reason behind the haunting, however, she couldn't pinpoint anything. To her, if anything was to happen tonight, she might not be able to explain it away as easily.

Hours went by, both Lucy and Sam were dutifully recording and looking for any sign of the woman. It was approaching 3am, both Liz and Peter had fallen asleep on the couch, however, Sam and Lucy were continuing to investigate. They go through the night from dusk to dawn, before they call it quits.

Suddenly a noise came from the attic. It was the sound of footsteps.

‘I was just up there. There was nothing going on. I thought I was done sweeping it.’ Lucy recounted.

Sam looked at her. ‘I guess not. The static camera is up there, don’t worry.’

Both Liz and Peter woke up from the sound.

‘Oh no, here she comes.’ She uttered.

Peter squeezed her hand, gently. ‘Lucy and Sam are here, don’t worry.’

Liz felt a sense of reassurance but she couldn’t shake the feeling of fear either.

Sam started the questioning. ‘Who are you? Can you knock on a wall if you want to communicate? Two knocks for “yes”, one for “no”. Do you understand?’

They waited for a response. A few moments of silence, pausing to see if it understood before two knocks on a wall came.

‘Okay, an intelligent response.’ Sam expressed.

Lucy needed to know, male or female. ‘Are you a woman?’

Again, Lucy and Sam had listened for the sound. Then, two slow thumps.

‘Where is that coming from?’

Sam shook her head. ‘I don’t know.’

Before they could ask another question, Lucy heard “hey” whispered in her ear.

‘Who was that?’ She asked.

Sam looked at her. ‘What are you talking about, no one mentioned anything.’

‘No, I just heard the word “hey” spoken right beside my-’ Lucy began.

‘You’re what?’ Sam asked.

‘Shh... I can see something on the full spectrum.’ Lucy quickly stated.

There, in front of the two women, Lucy could see a faint shape on the camera’s screen. It seemed to be slightly smaller than they were and possibly took the form of a female.

‘She’s here.’ Sam voiced.

Both Liz and Peter were listening to the two. Liz was scared. She was having a hard time controlling herself. Peter was doing his best to keep her calm.

‘What is your name?’ Sam asked.

Once they know contact is made, no matter when it is first discovered, the spirit has come out of hiding and Sam is able to have direct communication with them. It’s as if they have given permission.

She waited for a response.

Sam finally spoke. ‘Hello, Jane. Why are you here?’

They waited for a response.

‘Well, you may like this family but they live in fear of you.’ She expressed.

Just as soon as Sam said that, Lucy could see the ghost dart off into one of the bedrooms.

‘Where did she go?’ Lucy asked.

She looked up from the screen to see which room it was.

Lucy went first as they moved to the bedroom on the left. When she arrived, she began opening the door slowly. The full spectrum camera was capturing the images inside as the room was being revealed. She wasn’t looking at the screen, so she couldn’t see what the camera saw as they both stepped inside.

‘This is the children’s room. She’s in the corner, over there.’ Sam uttered pointing to the right-hand side.

Both of them immediately point their cameras to the same area.

Lucy noticed the EMF meter was going wild, where it didn’t before. She could obviously tell that there was something she couldn’t explain which was causing that, because it was reading zero from before.

‘You must leave; this is not your home anymore!’ Sam stated.

This just upset the spirit.

With Lucy holding onto the full spectrum, she could see, clearly what was happening with the ghost. It moved very quickly, from left to right, as if it was frustrated, pacing back and forth. Then without warning, it rushed up towards Lucy.

‘Whoa!’ She yelled.

What she could see from the camera, was the woman's face. It was skinny, almost like skin and bones, with dark eye sockets, where the eyes would have been.

She showed Sam immediately. 'Look at that!'

'Oh yeah, she's pissed.' She replied.

Sam knew with the spirit in this state that it would be the best time to remove it from the house.

She yelled to the living room. 'Liz, Peter, can you come here please?'

No sound came.

'Liz?' She called again.

Nothing.

'That's weird.' Lucy looked at Sam.

Sam knew this was a problem. 'Uh oh.'

They rushed to the living room to see the ghost standing in front of the husband and wife. Tears were rolling down Liz's face as she was frozen with fear. Peter couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Sam looked right at her. 'Liz, you have to tell her to leave. Only you can do it because she's connected with you the most.'

Liz was still not saying anything.

'Liz!' Sam was forceful. She needed her to snap out of her fear and be strong for a moment.

Liz finally spoke. 'I... I... I can't.'

'Yes you can! Now tell her to leave!' Sam yelled.

It seemed forever before she had the strength to say anything.

'Go home.' Liz finally spoke. However, her words were almost a whisper.

'Louder!' Sam voiced.

Liz cleared her throat, wiping her tears.

'You can do this babe. I believe in you!' Peter needed to give her the strength she was looking for.

She looked at her husband and saw the love in his eyes. He believed her, after all this time. She forced herself to speak.

‘Go home.’

Sam needed her strong right now. ‘Louder! Say it like you mean it!’
‘Go home! You are NOT welcome here anymore!’ Liz yelled.

With that, the ghost disappeared.

‘Nice work, Liz!’ Lucy mentioned.

Peter had to know. ‘Is she gone for good?’

‘Well, we’re now going to smudge the home with white sage. It should release the spirit.’ Sam stated.

He looked at her. ‘Oh okay.’

They began the smudging ceremony just as the sun was beginning to shine for the day.

Moving into each room, including the attic, Sam lead them in a prayer, cleansing the house. Lucy was putting the equipment away as Sam was taking Liz and Peter through their home.

It took a while but once she was done, they could all feel as if a weight had been lifted.

Liz hugged both Lucy and Sam. ‘Thank you so much! I don’t know what we would have done, without you two.’

Sam replied. ‘You’re welcome, it’s what we do. You should be okay now but if it ever comes back, buy some white sage and cleanse your home.

This you can do yourself.’

Liz and Peter nodded as he mentioned, ‘We will.’

As Sam and Lucy were saying their final goodbyes, they let them know that the evidence will be ready for them in a few days.

They nodded, relieved they finally could come back to the home they loved so much.

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