

The following story you are about to read is written from the perspective of Father Thomas McCerney, a priest from a Catholic Church in Baldwin County, Georgia.

Father McCerney was rarely known to document anything for the Church, but when he did, he was known to strictly provide written summaries of clerical events, major ceremonies, etcetera.

However, this fact is not what makes the following account particularly peculiar.

Over the course of a fortnight, the priest had detailed multiple visits to a rural farmhouse on the outskirts of Milledgeville, Georgia. McCerney had been invited by the owners of the property, Mr. and Mrs. "X", who claimed to be experiencing bizarre household disturbances.

McCerney's journaling brings to light a disturbing story.

October 18th, 1979

*I am writing this account strictly for the purpose of church documentation.*

*Today, I was summoned to a spacious country estate by a Mr. and Mrs. "X"—confidentiality pending.*

*I recognized Mr. X from Mass.*

*The estate was promptly, and rather ironically, named "Haint Hill" by the couple.*

*Both of them had come to Father Caren and I to discuss religious action on alleged paranormal disturbances that have caused them significant worry for the safety of their family.*

*They claimed to have partaken in several attempts to cease the activity; incense burning, prayer, Methodist blessings (Mrs. X is a Methodist), seances, and spiritualist analyses.*

*The Xs maintain that the disturbances have persisted.*

*When I first arrived at the house, I entered through the back door per their instructions. The house; white, two stories, large, green roof, a screen porch in the front; was a typical early 1900's / late 1800's farmhouse.*

*The entire building looked oddly historical—brick base and wooden paneling.*

*Photograph attached.*

*The family consists of Mr. X, the husband; Mrs. X, the wife; "Jane", the young daughter; and "John", the teenage son.*

*The disturbances described by the Xs detail as the following:*

*Objects moving on their own accord. More specifically, books being thrown at people.*

*Rappings in the walls from an unknown source.*

*Apparitions, which had supposedly been a common occurrence since the house's purchase in 1975.*

*Unusual smells, like burnt hair.*

*Shouting voices in the night.*

*—And mucus-like substances seeping from the walls.*

*No further disturbances have been detailed by the family.*

*I entered the house and blessed each room.*

*Nothing particularly unusual happened during my visit.*

*The family insisted that I stay for dinner.*

*I politely declined.*

*October 20th, 1979*

*I was called back to the X residence again. Complaints of the disturbances getting worse. The family invited me in, the kids had locked themselves in their rooms per their parent's instructions. The couple, Mrs. X especially, insisted that I stay in the dining room. She did not initially explain to me why.*

*After a long period of waiting at the Xs insistence, I saw a cookbook fly from the dining room table before my eyes.*

*I prudently investigated the area for strings or any other source of puppeteered movement. I found nothing to indicate a hoax.*

*Mr. X pulled me aside to provide further detail of the various apparitions they had seen over the years.*

*1975 — The core of the X family, along with the addition of an older daughter and son who had moved out soon after the purchase of the house, witnessed a faint figure of a small girl in the top center window of the farmhouse. This occurred before the capturing of the photograph attached to my first log.*

1977 — Mrs. X had seen a woman in white walking up the main staircase. The woman had no distinguishing features other than a long, flowing dress, similar to a nightgown. The figure had disappeared when Mrs. X went to investigate the upstairs.

Both of these instances have gone unexplained by the family.

The Xs seem to believe that the girl and the woman apparitions meant no harm.

Mr. and Mrs. X have invited me to a family gathering on the 25th.

I intend to talk to the other two older siblings about the photograph then.

Mr. X pulled me aside one last time before my departure, he told me he believes that there's a greater, more malevolent energy acting out on his family.

Interesting note: Mr. and Mrs. X explained that the house was built post-Civil War, but that a trail that ran in front of the house was a part of the route that William T. Sherman and his men took on their "March to the Sea."

October 25th

It was evening when I arrived, many cars in the circular drive.

Good, friendly people.

I asked the older son and daughter about what they saw on the day the family moved in. They claim not only to have seen a girl, but also a mist in the dining room.

Jane came up to me during the party and asked if she could speak with me.

She explained how she had caught her brother playing with a Ouija board multiple times, and how John had complained to her on multiple occasions about receiving scratches of unknown origin, each complaint lining up with his 'sessions.'

I naturally brought this up to the parents, who said they had, quote, "No earthly idea where 'John' could have gotten a Ouija board from."

Mrs. X has a heavy Yankee accent.

It was night by this point.

They confronted John, who revealed it was in the living room closet, where the family keeps most of their toys and playthings.

The living room is not in use. Some of the furniture is still covered with plastic. Mr. X explained that they have been working on it for some time.

They seem to prefer the den anyways.

[Editor's Note: McCerney scratched over some sentences lightly here.]

~~I do too.~~

We went to the room, the closet door was stuck.

The lights [would] not turn on.

~~The~~

~~I was horrified~~

*It opened after a few tugs*

*The closet was too dark to see into.*

*Within the closet was a set of yellow glowing eyes, akin to reflective marbles. They were high above my head, spaced far apart.*

*The light from the hall fleetingly illuminated a set of wide, canine-like fangs underneath the eyes. Everything else was obscured.*

*I would go as far to say that the body of the thing was made up by the darkness of the closet.*

*Mr. X led Mrs. X out hurriedly.*

*The thing retreated into the dark.*

*I slammed the door over and ran out of the room.*

*I pray that this entire ordeal is something explainable, a feral animal, a basic explanation.*

*The extended family [was] dismissed early.*

*The Xs have decided to stay in a hotel until further notice.*

*I know now to concentrate my attention on the living room.*

*October 26th*

*I feel weak.*

*I brought Father Caren over to the house, it was empty.*

*I showed him the closet.*

*Now that it was light enough, I could see it was a small space. Very small. Only room for one full-grown person to move comfortably.*

*Toys, board games, foam puppets on strings.*

*No Ouija.*

*He informed me that I, as well as the family, were lunatics.*

*He told me I had permission to visit the house one last time— the 28th.*

*October 28th*

*It's 3:00 PM.*

*The house is empty, serene. I'm writing this as I sit in the living room. There is no spiritual presence as of yet. The closet door is open and the light is on on the inside. The windows are beautiful I mean*

*[Editor's Note: McCerney seemingly trailed off here.]*

*The closet door shut and the light turned off on its own. It did that about a minute ago. I feel as though I can't leave the room under any circumstances. It would be wrong. I feel it in there.*

*I just held my crucifix to the door. Something inside started slamming itself against the walls. It sounded like it was knocking things over.*

*I heard snarling from the closet about an hour ago. It's 7:00 PM. I'm taking a break to eat.*

*8:45 PM. I'm in the room. The bedroom door is closed—just me and that thing. I heard footsteps above me. Jane's older sister's old room, I believe.*

*I check the halls to see if the Xs are here. No one. I want them here. I miss Mrs. X's accent and Mr. X's stories from working at [REDACTED].*

*I tried the living room door five minutes ago, it was stuck. It would not budge [no matter] what I [tried]. The windows[,] they wouldn't open either[.] I don't know what to do[.]*

*I'm going to try to sleep. I opened the closet and turned the lights on again. I might have to break the windows to leave. I'll pay for them if I have to[,] I will[, and] I promise.*

*October 29[th]*

*Morning now.*

*The closet light turned on in the middle of the night. I didn't want to look.*

*The light seemingly shut off before I woke up.*

*I'm going to end this today.*

*I tried breaking the windows. They wouldn't break. A web of shatter, then [they] fixed themselves. [I] don't know how[,] but they fixed themselves. The locks wouldn't break either, no matter how much force I applied.*

*I'm going to confront it.*



*I called for the thing. I prayed for its removal. It keeps moving things around, I can hear it rustling occasionally. Like a rat.*

*A giant rat.*

*I found the Ouija board sitting at the foot of the couch. I tore it into little pieces. Serves the beast right. I heard groaning from the closet. Like a shell of a corpse trying to breathe. I hate it. I'm not sure how long I can listen to it anymore.*

*It's afternoon. My glass is half full, my stomach is empty.*

*The closet door opened only a moment ago.*

*I want to get rid of it for them. I do.*

*I'm watching outside. Nature is beautiful. It reminds me that everything God has created is a gift.*

*It really*

[Editor's Note: McCerney trailed off here.]

*It materialized while I was writing. Noiselessly. I used a prayer to distract it. It was raging. I took my crucifix and pressed it into the dark matter of the beast.*

*It died. It didn't retreat backwards, it sank into the ground with some unholy noise.*

*The doors won't open. The windows won't break.*

*I'm still stuck. If anyone ever reads this, it's gone.*

*And to the [REDACTED]— thank you for being such wonderful people.*

*The hand I used for the crucifix is weak, gray, withering. I must rest.*

Oct 30[th]

*It's gone now. I know it is. No more presence. I pray to God that someone heeds my cries.*

*Hear me God.*

*I love you.*

Mr. "X" found Father McCerney on November the 2nd of 1979. The living room door had been jammed shut from the outside.

The closet and living room door's paint had reportedly begun peeling. All of the glass in the room had been singed with a thin layer of black soot.

An autopsy revealed that McCerney had died from a combination of dehydration, malnutrition, and heart failure on October 31st.

When Father Caren was asked by the press why the Church never checked on McCerney during the late cleric's overstayed absence, he refused to comment.