

“The spirit led us to this area of the cellar by blinking the lights, making them dimmer and then brighter. When we asked if he would like to be called a spirit, the intensity of the blinking increased, brighter and faster. We thought it was because he liked it, but then the blinking stopped and the intensity of the light grew until the bulbs started to burst, and as you can see, there is shattered glass on the floor,” I explain as we walk across the broken glass, the crinkling sounds underfoot. “Sorry about the glass. I have been a little freaked out to sweep up.”

“Where did you find the album?”

“Over here. It fell off this shelf of the bookcase, where you can see the imprint in the dust.”

Gladys places her hand on the spot where the album once lay and closes her eyes. Suddenly, she opens them, and a surprised, distressed expression comes over her face, the first time I haven’t seen a hint of a smile all morning.

“I would like to leave here now,” she states in a fearful tone.

“Sure, is something—”

“Now, Mitch! We need to leave now!”