

## The Chair ?

"I don't believe in the paranormal, but one day when my sister and I were kids our family lived for a while in a charming old farmhouse as I walked in I heard a weird noise but I just ignored it. We loved exploring the dusty corners and climbing the apple tree in the backyard. But our favorite thing was the ghost. We called her Mother, because she seemed so kind and nurturing. Some mornings my sister and I would wake up, and on each of our nightstands, we'd find a cup that hadn't been there the night before. Mother had left them there, worried that we'd get thirsty during the night. She just wanted to take care of us. Among the home's original



furnishings was an antique wooden chair which we kept against the back wall of the living room. Whenever we were preoccupied, watching TV or playing a game, Mother would inch that chair forward, across the room, toward us.

Sometimes she'd managed to move it all

the way to the center of the room. We always

felt sad putting it back against the wall. Mother

just wanted to be near us. Years later, long after

we'd moved out, I found an old newspaper

article about the farmhouse's original occupant,

a widow, she'd murdered her children by

giving them each a cup of poisoned milk

before bed, then she hung herself. The article

included a photo of the farmhouse's living



room, with a woman's<sup>2</sup> body hanging from a beam. Beneath her, knocked over, was that old wooden chair, placed exactly in the center of the room.

ooo Did it get colder in here, or is it just me?