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The Angry Man in Brown Flannel

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Nicole, Everett, Washington, Winter 2002, info@ghostvillage.com

This is a true and accurate event that even I wouldn't believe if I hadn't been there and had my mother with me at the time to reassure me that it did indeed happen and that I am not crazy.

Both my mother and myself worked at the American Legion Post #6, this particular post is in a 100+ year old building and it has been a private club for the military men since it opened. A lot of military men and their families have held memberships at this club for decades and many of those have passed on from battle and from old age alike so you can imagine the energy that runs through this place. Well, one night at around 1:00 AM after our shift (we were the bartenders) we were sitting at the end of the bar counting out our tills and talking about the usual gossip when all of a sudden, directly above our heads, one of the speakers started booming very loud and methodically. Needles to say, we were both startled and because of previous experiences that we and other employees had, neither one of us was in a big hurry to go to the stage and check the plugs to be sure that the band hadn't left the mic plugged in. It sounded like the same kind of boom that the kids play through their speakers in the cars they drive. Well anyway, I decided I wanted to get the heck out of there and I knew we couldn't leave and let the building catch fire because we were too scared to unplug the darn equipment so I started toward the stage very quickly while telling myself that it was silly to be afraid and I need to just do it and get it over with. When I got to the stage, I climbed up the front because I sure as heck wasn't about to go around back behind the curtain. I went over to the place where the surge protectors were plugged in and nothing was still plugged in. As I turned around I started getting very sick to my stomach and a sort of dread rushed through my body. When I looked out across the dance floor to where my mother was, right there in front of me was a man about 6 feet tall and dressed in a brown flannel shirt with a pair of old tattered pants. I stopped breathing and I don't know how long it was before my mother had seen what was going on and she yelled: "Hey, how the hell did you get in here? We're closed and we already locked up!" It was then that he just faded. I was in hysterics and my mom was in shock, so we ran for the door. As she was digging in her bag for the keys so we could leave, the door unlocked and violently swung open. We didn't hesitate to get out! Behind us the door shut and locked all in one motion and on the other side of the glass door was the man in the flannel shirt scowling at us.

The next morning we went in to let our manager know what happened and she had a surprise for us, the tape from the security cameras showed exactly what happened, only instead of the man it was a foggy light. After we had left, the cameras continued to tape the tables sliding around and glasses being knocked off the shelves.

We did continue our jobs there and eventually we moved on, nothing as dramatic as that winter night ever happened to us again but still all of us continued to see, hear, feel, and know that we were not ever alone.

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