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Cabin

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This is a story told to me by my friend's mom. He and his brother were very young when this took place. His two moms, I'll call them Ann and Molly, took them on a nature trip. When they'd arrived at the park, all the cabins had been rented. Their reservation had somehow gotten lost. It was late evening, they'd driven far and were exhausted. The guy at the front desk told them that there was one cabin available, but was wary about giving it to them. Occupants always cancelled or left early when they were given this reservation. Still, they were relieved and took the keys despite his nervousness.

When they pulled up, there was something disquieting and strange. It looked ancient, uncared for and much too deep in the woods. The other cabins they'd driven past felt nearer to each other and to the main road. But their two children were soundly asleep in the backseat and the thought of warm beds settled them.

Around the dead of night, after they'd gone under the covers, a soft glow woke Ann. She saw light coming from the first floor and figured that someone might've forgotten to turn it off. Annoyed, she crept downstairs and blinked rapidly. The kitchen light was blinding--unnaturally, eerily so. She slapped the switch and was shrouded in weighted darkness. Carefully, she made her way back to bed.

A few minutes or hours later, she awoke. Light was again coming from the direction of the kitchen. Agitated and mentally reprimanding the boys, she went downstairs. At the bottom step, the lights began flickering, then went out. She stopped and considered that it might be a faulty bulb or something wrong with the electrical wiring. Suddenly, from the corner of her eyes, she noticed a thin white figure outside.

"Unbelievable, a girl at this hour in only a cotton dress!" she thought, with a wave of concern and also, inexplicable uneasiness. But she adjusted her eyes, and there was only dust and cobwebs on the window pane.

Throughout the night, the kitchen light would intermittently turn on and then off after a short while. Ann pressed her pillow against her eyes and decided she'd speak to the staff.

A few nights later, while the boys were fast asleep, Molly was doing laundry. She left the basket of cleaned clothes upstairs and went back down for a sock that dropped. Suddenly, a shirt floated down the steps towards her. She shrugged and sat, folding it. When she finished, another drifted down and she folded it. The clothes would fall, one by one, within reach of where she was sitting.

After a while, she'd made decent progress on folding. Pleased with their team work, she called out, "Thanks Ann!"

Ann appeared beside her from another room downstairs and asked "Who are you speaking to?" Molly's eyes widened towards the top of the steps.

They climbed the stairs and saw no one there.

They left the next morning.