

Around Cheyenne Magazine article

HELP ME

By Jill Pope

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As a collector of unusual or paranormal tales every now and then there's one that stands out. I'm told many tales of hearing footsteps when there's no one physically there and of seeing glimpses of passing shadows while they are alone in the building. While each one of those typical encounters is intriguing, and add to the collective data that validates paranormal activity, my expectations are raised, there's always a desire to have just a bit more, something to really delve into and investigate. Here's one such story.

A couple years back, Henry and Ralph were doing a remodel of a house on south Snyder in the neighborhood east of Parsley Boulevard. It was a dark, chilly winter night and a heavy snow was falling. They were working on a plumbing project at the kitchen sink. Henry was sprawled out under the sink and Ralph was assisting from above. They heard a strange loud noise, and thought someone was entering the home. Ralph went to the door, no one was there, he looked throughout the home but found nothing out of the ordinary. Just to be safe he locked the doors. They resumed the plumbing project, and in a short time they heard the noise again. Both of the men responded by going through the entire house. They were taken aback to find the door unlocked. Once again they locked the door and nervously went back to work. They heard the noise a third time. Together they walked cautiously to the door, and again found it unlocked. Feeling uneasy they decided to leave for awhile, to get their wits about them. Knowing they would return soon they left all the lights on, they certainly didn't want to re-enter in the dark. As they departed, they noticed that there were no footprints in the snow. A short time later, once their heart rate had slowed down, they returned brandishing guns! As they approached the home they looked for evidence of an intruder. There were still no footprints in the snow. What caught them off guard was that now all of the lights in the home were turned off, except for the solitary beam of Henry's flashlight that he had turned off and laid on the kitchen counter prior to leaving. They quickly flipped all the lights back on and went from room to room looking for an uninvited guest with weapons drawn. They found no one, but were too shook up to continue working. As they gathered their tools and hustled to leave the home they stopped in their tracks when they both read the words **HELP ME** etched in the frost of the back door window. Still there were no footprints in the snow. The men raced to their car. They finished the remainder of the project nervously in daylight hours.

Horror movies with a paranormal angle usually include some word spelled out in blood across a wall, but rarely do we hear of real encounters that extreme. There are some recorded accounts of this phenomenon; it's referred to as *Direct Writing*. The definition reads that a spirit actually writes words on a surface using any means. In the book and movie *Ammyville Horror* the entity would arrange the magnetic letters on the fridge to say " Catch them Kill them" . The author claimed the story to be true, but there's been lawsuits and much controversy over whether it's real or a hoax. Back in the 1800's *slate writing* was a common practice. They would place slate boards and chalk on a table or in a secure location such as a locked cabinet to avoid deception. It was said that the spirits were invoked and messages then found on the slate were from the other side.

The trend setting shows **TAPS** and **Ghost Hunters** each featured a story in New Hampshire at the elaborate Mount Washington Hotel, bordering the town of Bretton Woods. This haunting was also reported by **MSNBC** (Oct 2007) and is found on a hundred plus websites. It tells the story of Carolyn Stickney. Her husband Joseph was much older than her, and he died shortly after building the hotel. Joseph was a railroad tycoon. He spared no expense in building this enormous structure, which today is a National Landmark. The workmanship is exquisite. Several presidents, kings and queens, and even the Vanderbilts have all stayed here. Joseph and Carolyn were married just a year when he died of a heart attack. Carolyn was devastated. Five years later she moved to France and married Prince Lucinge, making her a princess. The prince later died in the war. Carolyn came back to the Mount Washington to stay during the summer months. She loved to hold elaborate parties in her "tower rooms". These suites rent for over \$800 today and offer fabulous 360 degree views of the grounds and Mt. Washington. There are a variety of ghostly happenings at this 1902 Spanish Revival style retreat. Room 206 is said to be inhabited by an unkind female spirit. In other areas babies are heard crying when there are none around. The Princess is said to remain at Mt. Washington and reportedly turns the lights and television on and off. She also adjusts the volume of the television. Visitors have witnessed the tub filling itself. People can see the princess gazing out of the tower windows; her appearance is verified by the portrait of her displayed in the lobby. Misty forms of a male and female have been seen holding hands in the tower suites. Room 314 was the princess's bedroom. Her handcrafted four-poster bed that she shared with her first husband is still in this room. Some have reported seeing a woman on the bed's edge, slowly brushing her hair. Her floral perfume drifts through the air. One guest of room 314 heard a knock on the door and when she opened it there was a whitish mist which disappeared through the door. The TAPS team caught two EVP's in their investigation. One said "Hello is someone there?" The second one with a distinct accent said, "Of course I'm here, where are you?" This video can be heard on [you tube](#). After spending hours reading articles on the princess haunting I find many references to her writing on the walls, but curiously none of the articles say what she wrote.

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