

Basket Case

By Marilyn Reeves

I am not superstitious. I do not believe in ghosts, goblins, witches, curses, demonic possession or the Walking Dead. I believe there is a logical explanation for everything – even though there are times when the hackles at the back of my neck may rise just a bit because that logical explanation isn't immediately forthcoming.

But despite the fact that I don't believe in the supernatural, I have found it wise, while living alone, to avoid reading disturbing books or watching spooky movies after dark. I find that I sleep better if those creepy insinuations have had plenty of exposure to good, wholesome sunshine before I turn in and turn off the lights.

I do keep a nightlight shining in both bathrooms, however. The one in my master bathroom helps when Ma Nature beckons in the middle of the night, so that I'm not blinded by turning on the overhead. And the one in the hall bath gives off just enough light so that I can see anything (or anyone) that might come creeping down the hallway.

But the creepiest thing I've encountered in this apartment so far was the wicker basket that I kept on the shelf in my walk-in closet to hold discarded clothing intended for Goodwill or ARC. It was an attractive reed basket, slightly smaller than a standard-sized laundry basket, and cost me a few dollars. If it weren't for the fact that it's possessed by some sort of inexplicable energy, I would have been loath to get rid of it. But I finally decided there was nothing to be done but to donate it, along with the old clothes I'd placed inside of it, to charity.

About a year ago, I was sitting in my closet on the chair next to the wall opposite the shelf holding the basket, changing my shoes, when all of the sudden the basket started to shimmy. All on its own. I hadn't touched it, or done anything to cause vibrations along the shelf where it sat. A chill went up my spine and I was so freaked out that it took me two or three weeks before I could step inside the closet without feeling afraid of that basket!

But months went by and nothing happened, so I was able to confidently enter my closet again without fear ... except for a sort of creepy sensation at the nape of the neck that felt as if I were being watched.

Then one night it happened again. The basket started to shimmer and jitter, all on its own, totally unprovoked. Once again chills ran up and down my spine, and I asked myself, 'Why does it DO that?'

I couldn't come up with any logical explanation, but I decided that was it – I'd had enough! I got rid of that basket once and for all, and reclaimed my peace of mind as well as the use of my closet.