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# The Haunting at Patterville Mansion

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## *The Haunting at Patterville Mansion*

*By: Michael Brinkley*



*No matter where you live there will always be ghost stories, some more believable than others. They usually involve death, the manifestation of demons, or even aliens. According to some people evil does not die, but lives on in some form.*

*My name is James and I am here to tell you a true story that happened to me. Some think I am crazy, and I may be. But what is crazy anyway. Just over a hundred years ago, the concept of a horseless carriage or even flight seemed crazy.*

*The date was Wednesday June 15, 1988. This date will forever live as the date that changed my life.*

*The day started out like any other. I went to school late as usual. Throughout the day events seemed to fall into the same patterns as usual. Nothing was out of the ordinary.*

*Later I met up with my friends Bill and George. They were having fun joking about the ghost of the Patterville Mansion. Bill was having fun torturing me; he knew I was afraid of ghosts. He kept telling stories of how old man Jefferson's ghost had been seen in different parts of the house, adding other instances of strange sounds, and lights that are spotted from time to time. I felt the need to argue the issue, which lead to a dare. The life changing dare. This is where the day took a wrong turn. I can still hear the words hanging in the air. Bill said, "I dare you to spend the night in the mansion. That is, if you are not too chicken!" My response was, "Sure, I will do it, just to prove you wrong."*

*The Patterville Mansion sat at the edge of the woods just on the outside of town. It was said that the house had been built as a gift to Mr. Jefferson's wife Clara as a wedding gift. During the war the two were killed in a raid on the mansion. Legend says they still roam the halls of the mansion seeking to protect what is rightfully their own. It is said from time to time people break into the old house to spend the night but they never stay longer than that one night.*

*Feeling the regret of taking on the dare, I packed my things for a stay at the old mansion. I walked to the end of Hollow Oak road with my backpack of supplies. As I topped the final hill*



*In my quest, I found myself staring at the mansion. The place looked like a manifested nightmare, somewhere between Edgar Allen Poe and Stephen King.*

*As I slipped through the old rusted gate I asked myself, why are you here? Every footstep further into the property filled with more and more dread as though I was walking through the gates of hell. The overgrown yard, the decaying house, and the looming thought of danger were almost enough to convince me to turn back, but I pressed on. Upon reaching the house I noticed the front door was open so I decided to make my way inside. I slowly started to open the door. Just as I got the door fully open, a large black car ran out with a loud, blood curdling screech. After a moment to compose myself, I entered the house.*

*Entering the house was like stepping into the past. The furniture, the wall hangings, and everything else was clearly untouched, belonging to the original owners. I pressed forward, not knowing what to expect. The stories I had been told were still fresh on my mind. Upon reaching the master staircase, I decided to explore the second story first. I grabbed the banister to ensure my footing, and climbed the massive staircase.*



*When I was three steps from the top of the staircase, the banister broke and sliced my hand deeply. I went in search of a bathroom, hoping to find medical supplies. I finally found the second floor bathroom. As I entered, an unearthly chill filled the air. I reached for the medicine cabinet door and opened it, only to find it completely empty.*

*I closed the cabinet door, and noticed the room getting very cold indeed. I glanced in the mirror and to my surprise saw the words, "Get out now!" written in the fog from my breath. With my coat sleeve, reached up to wipe the words away. As I pulled my arm away, my reflection was replaced by ghoulish woman, her appearance that of someone summoned from the very depths of hell.*

*Frightened, I ran from the bathroom and tried to find a place of refuge. Halfway down the long hallway, I paused to catch my breath. I started to hear the sound of footsteps following me. When I turned to look, however, there was nothing there. My heart began racing, and the hairs stood up on the back of my neck.*

*I continued running, and as soon as I reached the end of the hall I was greeted with the ghostly figure of a man holding a lantern. Immediately I turned and ran the other way. As I rounded the corner I slipped and fell. I hurried back to my feet, and as I looked at the floor I saw a puddle of blood. I heard a scream and the sound of a door slamming. Unable to find the*



source of the sound, I looked back at the floor, only to see the puddle of blood was no longer there.

Unnerved by what was happening, I looked for an exit. I walked quickly down the hall, and as I passed each door, they slammed shut. I could hear the locks as they fell into place. I reached the end of the hall and heard the old woman give a demented laugh.

Now in panic, I headed back to the stairway. As I reached the first step I felt a shove from behind, sending me tumbling down. Halfway down I blacked out. When I awoke I heard the sound of knocking on the front door. To my surprise the sky was beginning to lighten with dawn.

I stood slowly, amazed to find that my body was still working. I didn't appear to have any broken bones, or even a single bruise. The knocking continued, growing louder and louder. I walked to the front door and attempted to open it. Nothing happened.

"James, quit fooling around. If you don't hurry up and open the door we're leaving." I looked out the window to see my friends Bill and George stamping their feet impatiently in the cold. I tried the doorknob again, and I couldn't get it to turn. "Fine. We'll see you at school," they said, turning and walking away.

I sank to the floor sobbing, wondering how I would ever get out of this house. I heard a soothing sound, and looked up. There to my shock was the woman I had seen last night, only she was much more beautiful. She seemed like a kind person, motherly even, as she continued trying to calm me down. "Don't worry. Everything will be alright now. We will take care of you, just as if you were our own son," Clara said.

I looked over at the staircase and saw my lifeless body, covered in blood from the massive blow to my head. Apparently the fall from the top of the stairs was too much for my body to handle. "Why did you do it?" I asked Clara. "We never had the chance to have children of our own. You seem like such a nice boy. I promise we will take good care of you now."

So if you are ever around a little town called Patterville and find yourself lonely, come take a look at the old mansion. If you stop by at night, take a look in the window, and you may just see me looking back.

