

Somehow, I always knew the people I saw hovering around looking aimless were ghosts, and it never really bothered me. Sometimes I talked to them when I was little. They never talked back. Sometimes they would play with me, though. My mom used to tell people what a good baby I was, how I never cried or fussed. She thought she had just lucked out with an easy first kid. Really, I always had someone standing over my crib smiling at me or making silly faces. Ghosts really seem to like being around babies for some reason.

It wasn't until I got a little older that I realized some of my ghostly friends were hanging around for a reason. A few of them were just lonely and either weren't ready to move on or didn't know how. I haven't got a clue about how to send them on their way, so I figure the least I can do is keep them company.

Others, they had messages they wanted to pass on. At first, I didn't know how to do that without getting into trouble. My mom refused to make phone calls or send my letters to who she deemed were random strangers. I found ways to get the letters in the mail, at least, without her knowing, but it wasn't easy and they occasionally got sent back to us when the address proved inaccurate. Mom wasn't happy when she found one and realized what I'd been doing.

Holden was the one who came up with the idea for the webshow. It made things a lot easier since my parents think it's just a funny hoax we like to pull, and it gives us a hobby and keeps me out of trouble for the most part. That's the biggest reason they let me do it. As I got older and more capable, more able to help the ghosts, they became more insistent. That's when things got really bad.

Up until that point, I didn't know the ghosts could affect my dreams, and not in a good way. The nightmares got progressively worse, morphing into full on night terrors. The headaches followed, though I'm still not sure if the ghosts were trying to talk to me, or just doing whatever they could to get my attention. Sometimes, their presence would become so oppressive as they tried to communicate that I would completely zone out... which sent my grades into the toilet and my behavior into the realm of unmanageable. The worst by far is when they try to touch me.