

## Reviews

“I know the many precautions and hidden dangers when investigating the paranormal due to Peter James’ work, knowing my own personal experiences in a former active haunted residence, and attending dozens of documented team paranormal investigations. Though, and as you will learn, many more dangers can potentially reveal themselves when dealing with the unknown. With what is ‘paranormal’, ‘normal’ never usually applies, and ANYTHING is possible; as this team of paranormal researches will soon find out...”

*Gian Temperilli – Is the co-author and editor of “Heaven Can You Hear Me?” by late famed FOX “Sightings” televised psychic and legendary paranormal researcher, Peter James. Gian currently co-hosts his daughter’s wildly popular weekly broadcast on LiveParanormal.com, “The Ghost Host” with Sophia Temperilli...*



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More to come....

# Ghost Hunted

*The beginning of the Mike Taylor series*

By Jason Hess

Edited by  
Kanda Delisle

DragonEye Publishing

Ghost Hunted  
*The beginning of the Mike Taylor series*  
By Jason Hess  
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Dedicated to Sonya Harris  
A mother, a fighter, and a friend  
R.I.P.

# 1

They say everything has a purpose, as such, so should everyone. Right now it's eight in the morning and I am only on my first cup of coffee. In other words, I am not awake and I am getting bitched at, yet again.

My name is Mike Taylor and I am getting yelled at by my girlfriend. Her name is Samantha Simmons and she's running late for work. She is a nurse and works for a high profile doctor downtown. I got lucky when I met her; she's five foot ten and has an athletic body. She has the face of an angel, and brains to match. What a woman!

Me, well I am an average guy and I have a degree in Business Management.

Unfortunately, I am unemployed. I got laid off from the car lot I was selling used cars at. That was six months ago. I have been living off a trust fund left to me when my Grandfather passed away. And that is starting to run out. I really need a new job!

The thing that bothers Samantha is the last interview I was on was 2 months ago. Hey, I have a lot going on in my life! There's um.....and I've got.....well there's the group. See I am the founder of V.G.H. That stands for Virginia Ghost Hunters. Yes I am a Paranormal Investigator, or otherwise known as a ghost hunter. No it's not like in the movies where they run in with proton packs and traps, this is real.

“So you better be going out looking for a job today. All you have been doing is sitting around the house screwing around on the computer!” said Samantha.

“I have been working, and I have been looking for work. Anyways, Todd called me

and told me that the dealer was going to start calling people back this week.”

“You know if you paid the same attention to me as you do to your computer maybe I wouldn’t be so lonely in bed at night. Also going over group things isn’t work, it’s a hobby. You don’t get paid and you keep buying stuff for hunts.” she replied. “I am in the group too, but there is more to life than just ghosts. You’re the only person I know that spends his whole day doing this. It’s got to change and it’s got to change now!”

“Honey, I...”

“Don’t. Don’t even try to explain! I am late for work and I have to go make money for us. You better have a job by next week. I don’t even care if you’re flipping burgers. End of story!” Samantha said angrily as she put her shoes on. “I mean it Mike, or you’re out of here! I cannot keep supporting both of us.”



She stood up and stared at me for a second then turned and walked away, grabbed her purse and walked out the door. And she didn't even say good bye! I thought that was kind of rude. And how can I be out of here? It's my damn house, and it's paid for. I think it's best to just let her cool down and all will be good tonight.

See, we live in a little Cape Cod house on the outskirts of Richmond, Virginia. It's not a huge plantation; it's just a suburban home on a suburban block in the suburbs. It has two bedrooms downstairs, a kitchen, and living room. Upstairs is my office for the group. That's where I spend most of my time.

So I walk into the kitchen to get a refill of coffee and notice that it is a beautiful fall day; the leaves are just starting to change. And it's starting to come into the group's busy season. For some reason everyone and their brother thinks their house is haunted, I

guess there are too many scary movies on TV.

I walked out of the kitchen and started to head upstairs and heard a loud groan. This would be my dog, the laziest dog in the world. Three years ago I fell in love with a playful basset hound pup, and if he didn't groan once in a while you would think that he is a statue. We named him Ralph because the dog ate everything then in turn puked it all up. Ok, there is nothing is better than a regurgitated battery!

I stopped to pet Ralph and continued upstairs. Off to my space, with all my gadgets to fuel my passion! Yes it's a passion I have had ever since I was a kid.

When I was ten I saw my first ghost. It happened while we were on a nice family vacation to Gettysburg. It didn't happen on the battlefield like people would think. It was in the museum.

We were looking at some uniforms and guns which I thought were cool at the time. And I swear I saw a man's face in the glass of the display. I looked behind me and no one was there. So I turned back towards the display and it was gone from there too. I ran back to my parents and told them what I saw, and they thought it was just my imagination.

That was the beginning of my interest with the afterlife. Some questions are why they haven't moved on and how they exist? All these years later and I still don't know.

So on to my normal routine, sit in front of the computer and network. That consists of checking my emails and hit all the social network sites. I might hit a few games on there, oh yea and look for a job too.

I still have audio to go over from our last case. It was a waste of time, but we have to be sure there isn't anything there. So far it has been as quiet as an empty library.

Just about that time the phone rang, which I forgot downstairs, so back down stairs I go.

I got down the stairs and ran to the phone; just as I got it in my hand it stopped ringing. Figures! It's just like when you are getting quality reading time in the bathroom!

So with phone in hand I went back upstairs. Halfway up the stairs the phone rang again. This time I picked it up on the first ring.

“Hello.” I said

I just heard heavy breathing in the background and then a scratchy soft voice.

“I want to hire you.” said the voice.

I could tell it was a woman, and she sounded old. I didn't apply anywhere that had really old people.

“Excuse me?”

“I want to hire you. A ghost killed my husband.”

Ok now my interest is peaked. For one, they want an investigation, and two she just said a ghost killed her husband. Highly unlikely but we will see.

“Ok I believe you just said a ghost killed your husband. Can you tell me more?”

“32 Farm Lane. Come tonight. I’ll pay you five thousand dollars.” she said. “Be there at seven and start. I will be there some time later, it’s unlocked.”

With every word she said I thought that she was going to die right there on the phone. The gasping for air and the voice, I guess she has been a heavy smoker for a century or so.

“Can I get your name ma’am? Then I can schedule...”

“Seven.” and she disconnected.

Ok this is a little weird but wow five grand to go to the old bitty’s house and find out the lead paint killed her husband! I guess

it's time to text the team about tonight! Samantha is going to kill me.

After sending a mass text to everyone, confirmations start coming back in. There are only six members in the group including Sam and I.

Tammy is an IT specialist and killer with computers. She works at an insurance company and is an IT trouble shooter. Tammy created and maintains our website plus has developed an editing program so we can analyze our audio.

Our camera man is Kevin, and he has been with the group since the beginning. He has a degree in Chemistry but actually cleans up dog crap at a pet store. Why, I don't even know.

Carrie and Mark are married with children. Mark and I grew up together and were on that vacation to Gettysburg. So we

have had the same interest since a young age.

Now his wife is our group's sensitive, a psychic medium to most people. She can see and hear things most of us can't. We can't use what she says as proof, but she brings them out so we may capture audio or visual evidence of the occurrence.

Audio evidence we capture is called EVPS, electronic voice phenomenon. I have over a thousand different disembodied voices picked up over the years. The best we have captured was the sound of two women talking. There are two distinct voices and they are carrying on a conversation.

Now that the team is all set to go I have to get them to the house before Samantha gets home and starts complaining about how tired she is and how she is not going to go. As long as the group is already here she will feel like she has no choice but to go. This

also will keep her from yelling at me, hopefully.

I have to get all the cameras charging and everything all packed up. We have a few voice recorders and headphones, as well as video cameras with infrared night vision. Also, we have a security system with the same type of lenses.

We use all sorts of different tools, such as a trifield meter to measure the electromagnetic field in an area. It's said that when a spirit tries to manifest itself it creates an energy field.

We also take temperature readings to check for cold spots. To create an energy field a spirit can use heat as energy and be able to show themselves. Now in a demonic haunt we may also find a warm spot, we still haven't come upon this and deep down inside, I really wish we would!



Dozens of batteries and note pads, laptop, umm... I think its all set. Just have to wait for the cams to charge and get them packed. Cases, bags, and reels of drop cords, I am very glad I have a van to put all this in.

Now I have to try and find some information about this house. Just do a search on the address; well maybe use several different search engines. Nothing at all, what the hell. You can find everything on the web but I just can't find out anything on this property.

This might take a while, well no job hunting today. We are going after ghosts!