

THE GHOST ATLAS  
DEPARTMENT OF PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION  
Official Statement Transcript

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Case #: VVHH-UM-2180813-02

Date: 02/26/2021

Lead Investigators: Hightower, Ivey

Time: 12:29

Location: Hansen Residence

Client: Edward Reed Hansen

Address: 126 Valley View Rd, Carrollton, GA Client Phone: [REDACTED]

Recorded: TGA Office

**STATEMENT**

Hello, I am Edward, and I want to start by saying that I don't believe in ghosts. I never have. I don't put stock in things that can't be measured, cataloged, or explained. I'm a man of logic, always have been. But I think something is happening to my family that I can't explain, and even worse, I think I'm starting to believe it.

I don't get to sleep anymore. None of us do. My daughter wakes up in the late hours of the night, sobbing, trembling, pointing at corners of her room where nothing is – *should* be. She tells us about "the man with no face" standing over her bed, breathing like a dog, or "rotting grandpa" lurking just beyond the hallway light, hunched and still, his mouth open too wide, his teeth too many, too sharp. She says he whispers her name but his lips don't move. We tried nightlights. We tried cameras. The nightlight flickers until it bursts. The cameras glitch, freeze, or show static. My wife says we should see a therapist. But how do you treat something that isn't *in* the mind?

I tried therapy anyway. I sat in a pale room that smelled like dust and old upholstery, pretending I didn't feel watched the entire time. I talked about stress, about grief, about my daughter's nightmares, never about *it*. Never about the thing wearing my father's face. The therapist nodded, wrote things down, and asked about my childhood. She told me I might be projecting unresolved trauma onto my family. That sleep paralysis can be hereditary. That the brain is a powerful storyteller. But she didn't hear the footsteps behind her when I spoke my father's name. She didn't see the framed photograph on her shelf tilt itself slowly to the left. She didn't hear the second voice that repeated my words just a half second behind me, like an echo. I left before the hour was up. I haven't gone back. I think some doors stay closed for a reason. Some minds, too.

I always thought my father was a little insane. Just an old man who lost his grip in his final years, muttering to himself, shuffling from window to window, talking about *the Not-Diana*. About doors that shouldn't open. About things "leaking through." He'd whisper prayers in a language I didn't recognize and line salt across the windowsills. He told me never to look into a mirror after midnight. I chalked it up to senility, the way his mind frayed at the edges with age. I pitied him. I laughed at him once. I don't laugh anymore.

For nearly three years after my father died, everything was still. Not quiet in the comforting way, but more like a silence that held its breath. His death had been sudden, strange. The doctors called it a cardiac event, but there were things that didn't sit right. The way they found him, collapsed in the upstairs bathroom, eyes wide open, mouth frozen like he'd been screaming. No damage to the outside of his body, they said, but every rib was broken. I asked how that was possible. They didn't have an answer. And so I grieved, but it never settled. It didn't feel like a chapter closed. It felt like something left undone. Still, life moved on. We buried him. We didn't talk about it. We didn't *have* to talk about it. There was a kind of unspoken agreement between us to let it go.

And for a while, it almost worked. My daughter was born a few months later. I took a new job. We started repainting the rooms he used to lock himself in. I told myself it had been in his head, whatever he thought he saw, whatever he claimed was happening to him. There were no noises, no shadows, no cold spots or strange smells. We were a family, and the house was just a house. It was easy to believe he'd simply gone mad. The human brain wants to believe in nice, neat endings. But that stillness wasn't peace. It was waiting. I know that now. And when it came back ... it just *began*. Quietly. A misplaced toy. A hallway light that would flicker, mirrors that would fog up as soon as you walked by. My daughter whispered to the corners of her room like someone was listening. I kept thinking: maybe this is what my father went through, and I didn't listen. Maybe he didn't go mad at all.

I didn't want to think I was going mad either. That's how it starts, right? You question one thing, just one, and suddenly you're spiraling. So I told myself it was stress, lack of sleep, old wiring. I even laughed it off when the bathroom mirror started cracking, seemingly from the inside. You don't want to believe it. Because once you *do*, it sees you. And once it sees you, it doesn't go away.

Now, late at night, always between 3 and 4, always when the house feels too still, I hear something. It begins soft. Polite. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* On the wooden floor of the hallway outside our bedroom. Then the taps get closer, slower, heavier. Like long limbs dragging behind bare feet. Sometimes it stops just outside the door. Sometimes it just breathes out there. And sometimes, the handle turns, slowly, painfully slow, but never enough to open. Not yet.

For the longest time, I never saw it. The shadows know how to move just outside the light. But I felt it. I smelt it, like wet dirt, mold, and dried blood. I heard it breathe. And once, I swear to God, it whispered my name. I told myself it was a dream. But I haven't slept since.

My wife has started talking in her sleep. Not in her voice. Not in any voice I recognize. It's low and guttural and *chewing* between words. My daughter's drawings have changed, she used to draw ponies and princesses, normal child's things, but now she only draws that *thing*. Always grinning, always watching, always with my father's face. His arms are too long, fingers like willow branches, curling toward her like they're tasting the air.

And I saw it, finally. Just once. It was in the hallway in the early hours of a Tuesday morning, hunched and swaying like a marionette with its strings tangled. At first, I thought it was my father. The face was his: same heavy brow, same thin-lipped mouth, same clouded eyes. But it was wrong

somehow, *hollow*. The skin hung too loose, like it had been peeled off and draped over something larger underneath. It moved with a sick, wet sound, like meat sliding against bone, and I realized with a crawling certainty that it wasn't wearing my father's *expression*, it was wearing his *face*. The seams didn't quite match at the jaw. The left eye socket gaped wider than it should, black and depthless, like it didn't belong to any living thing. And beneath the neck, the rest of it writhed, bloated, sagging, discolored with rot. It was this thing born twisted in shadow, trying to pass for something I once loved.

Its chest pulsed, not with breath, but with movement, as if something inside it was crawling, shifting, coiling upward through the ribcage. The skin over its sternum stretched and twitched, distended by shapes that rolled just beneath the surface – bulbous, wriggling things that seemed to multiply the longer I looked. From somewhere deep inside, there came a faint, rhythmic buzzing, like flies trapped in a jar, growing louder with each unnatural convulsion. The air around it grew dense with the rancid stench of decay, thick and suffocating, like damp rot and old blood left to fester in a locked room. Patches of its body were dark with mold, flaking in places, the edges ringed with yellow crust. Every time it moved, a dusting of something – mildew, spores, *eggs*, I don't know – shook loose from its joints and floated lazily to the floor. It smelled like sickness, like the black breath of something that had lived too long among the dead. It wasn't just diseased. It was a *disease*, walking. And when it turned to face me, his face, my father's face, folding and twitching, a sinister smile dragging across a shape that had no right to wear it, I didn't feel fear. I felt ... *recognized*.

Something in me responded. Not in thought, not in language, but in instinct, in marrow. Like some forgotten part of me had been waiting to be seen by it, and now that it had happened, it could never be undone. My body locked up, not with terror, but with a kind of awful familiarity like stepping into a room you don't remember, but knowing you've died there before. It didn't move toward me. It didn't have to. Just looking at it, standing there with my father's face peeling at the jaw and something serpentine rolling beneath its ribs, I knew it was patient. That it had time. That it had already touched my daughter's dreams, tasted my wife's breath while she slept, and now it was letting me see, letting me *understand*, because I was next. Because I had always been.

I don't believe in ghosts. But something believes in *me*.

And I think it's getting closer.

**Addendum - March 1st, 2021**

Edward Reed Hansen, the individual who provided the preceding statement, was found dead in his home less than 72 hours after this account was made. The circumstances of his death were sudden, violent, and remain under active investigation. Authorities report signs of extreme internal trauma inconsistent with any known weapon or physical assault. Organs were ruptured, bones shattered inward, yet no external wounds were found. The coroner's report lists the official cause as *spontaneous visceral collapse*, though off the record, one investigator described it as "like something crushed him from the inside out."

His daughter was found unharmed in her room, asleep but unresponsive, eyes open and fixed on the ceiling. She remains in a catatonic state. His wife has not been located.

The last file on Edward's home computer – timestamped shortly before his estimated time of death – contained only one sentence, hastily typed and unfinished: "It's not wearing his face anymore – it's wearing mine."

Moments after this entry was saved, the file corrupted itself. Attempts to recover the remainder have failed; the hard drive now appears irreparably damaged, as if forcibly erased. This digital anomaly coincides with another at the scene of David Hansen's death with a tape recorder whose contents seemingly corrupted on attempts to listen.

The recurrence of these deaths, the inexplicable internal trauma, the reported presence of a seemingly sentient, shape-shifting horror, and the psychological devastation inflicted upon the remaining family members suggest something far beyond the realm of natural law. This entity, whatever it is, appears fixated on the family, evolving and adapting in terrifying ways.

THE GHOST ATLAS team recommends heightened caution in any further investigations or interactions with the Hansen family residence. The evidence points toward an active, intelligent force capable of causing death without physical contact, and manipulating both technology and human perception.