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Mock 90

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Brian Utterback
Logan, Utah
November 3, 2018

Mock 90

Memorate

Brian Utterback is my little brother, younger than me by two years. He is currently going to Utah Valley University and is a sophomore studying construction management. When he is back home in California, Brian likes to ride dirt bikes, go shooting with friends, and drive around with our cousins, getting Dutch Bros. Now he splits up his time between going to school and working full time. My brother loves to tell ghost stories. He loves anything haunted and whenever he comes up to visit us, we usually spend our time watching scary movies and going to the nunnery or summoning Witch Hekeda.

Since he rarely comes up, I called him over the phone around 8 on a Saturday. I was in my apartment while he was down in Provo sitting in his bedroom. This story is one he remembered happening just recently. It came up the first time a couple of months ago, after we went with our friends to go see *The Nun*. After the movie, we sat around and told ghost stories for about an hour. Now he has told it to our parents, my husband, and continues to tell it when he gets together with his friends back home.

It wasn't my favorite one that's for sure. So I was sleeping. Uh I can't remember when it was. I was young. This was back in the day. I was probably like--I don't know-- seven or eight or something. I was sleeping and I sleep--I used to sleep with my door open for the longest time and the fan was on. And I was I was asleep and everything's fine and then then--I guess I guess that's what woke me up. All the sud--like I heard like a FOO FOO FOO you know? I was like what the heck is that. My eyes like slowly opened I just see something moving like crazy fast and my eyes popped open wide and my door's just going mock 90 op--like full open all the way to like full close. Full open full close. Like-- like I'm telling you mock 90 that thing was going ham

DODODODODODODO[imitating door slamming open and shut]Like like someone was like standing there like--like the same speed if someone was standing there doing it manually or whatever but I didn't see anyone. So I like ran through the door and ran

straight to Mom's room. That was the scariest one. And then she just said it was my fan, you know, the airflow the fan in the house the house fan all that bullcrap whatever. And it got me to bed but now I think about it bullcrap was that a fan. I don't know what fan could make a door do that. That's for sure. That was Scare-ey.

He told this story very fast with a lot of enthusiasm, seemingly as if his adrenaline had spiked. It seemed as though he had a very nervous energy and that even to this day, this story still terrifies him. Again it didn't seem forced because it was being recorded, instead he told it just like he would if he were telling it normally to a group of friends. Like his other stories, it is clear he believed this one also. He was able to clearly recall it from memory even though it was about ten or more years ago.

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Introduction to Folklore
Dr. Lynne McNeill
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