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Filed By:

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Summary:

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CASE FILE: Case File 009, N9NE Teen Ghosts

Classification: Paranormal Psychological Manifestation

Status: Ongoing Investigation

Location: Undisclosed High School, Rural District

Subjects: Nine Teenagers

Overview:

Nine students reported recurring encounters

with spectral entities identified as personal “ghosts.”

Each apparition is uniquely associated with a specific color and manifests following a distinct audio cue described as a rhythmic “Click, Click, Click.”

The phenomenon appears to be both visual and psychological, with each subject’s ghost attempting to physically or spiritually drag them toward a symbolic or literal grave.

Color Associations:

(Note: Test Subjects were reluctant to answer questions when hospitalized.)

- . **Subject 1:** Red Ghost – manifests in moments of anger or guilt.
- . **Subject 2:** Green Ghost – appears during envy or illness.
- . **Subject 3:** Purple Ghost – linked to secrecy and suppressed emotion.

- **Subject 4:** Yellow Ghost – emerges in fear or cowardice.
- **Subject 5:** Orange Ghost – tied to impulsive or reckless behavior.
- **Subject 6:** Brown Ghost – connected to decay, dirt, and shame.
- **Subject 7:** Blue Ghost – manifests during sadness or regret.
- **Subject 8:** Gray Ghost – appears in apathy or emotional numbness.
- **Subject 9:** Pink Ghost – associated with false affection or betrayal.

Manifestation Pattern:

1. Subject encounters their associated color in the environment.
2. A clicking sound begins, described as metallic and deliberate.
3. The ghost materializes, matching the subject's assigned color.

4. The entity attempts to seize or drag the subject toward a grave-like location, often symbolic (e.g., a dark pit, open ground, or shadowed corner).

Psychological Impact:

Subjects exhibit symptoms of insomnia, paranoia, and chromatic aversion. Several have developed avoidance behaviors toward their associated color, leading to social withdrawal and emotional instability.

Investigation Notes:

- No external source for the clicking sound has been identified.
- Attempts to record the apparitions yield static interference and color distortion.
- The phenomenon appears to intensify when multiple subjects are present together, suggesting a shared psychic or supernatural link.

Current Status:

All nine subjects are under observation in a controlled environment. Exposure to their respective colors is being monitored for further data collection. The origin of the haunting remains unknown.

Conclusion:

The Chromatic Haunting Incident represents a unique intersection of psychological trauma and spectral manifestation. Each teen's ghost appears to embody their deepest emotional flaw, using color as both a trigger and a warning.

The sounds of "Click, Click, Click" has become synonymous with the moment between life and the grave.

Filed by: T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)

Departments: Rose Water School Board and Millington Mental Hospital

Published by: Hallowfield Publishing

NINE TEEN GHOSTS

CASE FILE: 009A

“If you continue searching for your ghost...it will find you.” ~ *Ron Knight*

The names of the students along with their school have been changed to protect their identity.

~

September 9th, 1999

Doing eighty miles an hour, Ben's father yanked the steering wheel to the left causing the pickup truck to flip over. Ben was nine years old, sitting in the middle; father on the left, mother on the right.

The truck bounced off the highway, spun in the air and rolled endlessly on the pavement.

Metal crunched into Ben's body. Glass from the windshield shattered into his eyes. Muscles stretched like rubber bands. Bones cracked, detached and tore through his skin.

The truck compressed Ben and his father's skulls against each other. Both their eyes remained open. His father gazed at his son. Blood leaked from their bodies.

Next to Ben, his mother let out a horrific scream followed by choking sounds, ending in silence. Ben couldn't move. Metal and glass punctured through his skin and thrust into his muscles. A bloody tear escaped from his eye.

Ben's father opened his battered mouth. Most of his teeth had been snatched from the gums. "Please die," his father groaned. "Please...die."

A gush of hot, evil air, blustered from his father's mouth, warm on Ben's face. Their eyes locked as death tugged on their souls. Voices faded. Sirens became distant. Ben no longer felt the breath of his father.

His dead stare unforgiving, yet, pleading to be released from his burden of guilt.

~

Later that evening.

Nine ghosts swirled from the graves. Their movements as if locked in chains, screeching into the night air, begging to be made whole.

Waiting.

Waiting.

For nine teens to die.

~

The ghosts needed those nine teens to perish and join the afterlife. Until that moment, the ghosts would be trapped.

Each ghost had a specific color of light which represented its horror.

The first ghost had an orange glow. It enjoyed clouded mirrors, rejection, dreariness and killing others with flames.

The second ghost, faded yellow. It moved in the shadows of sunlight and took pleasure in betrayal and trickery while eating the bodies of jealous cowards.

The third ghost, gray like oil spilt on a polluted river. It caused depression, gloom and uncertainty.

The fourth ghost, hazy blue; the void in which all life must surrender.

The fifth ghost, the color of brown mud. It chased those who ran in fear, dragging them into the dirt until their unassuming soul became one with nature.

The sixth ghost, hunter green. It decayed the minds of youth, transforming them into seekers.

The seventh ghost, dull pink. It benefited from the taste of female flesh while softening the skin until it fell off the bones.

The eighth ghost, purple like moldy raisins. It sought justice, wealth and the pride of others.

The ninth ghost, a tarnished red. It craved fire, war and blood.

Clouded mirrors.

Killing others with flames.

Moving in the shadows of sunlight.

Uncertainty.

A void in which all life must surrender.

Fear.

Souls becoming an unassuming nature.

Seekers.

Softening the skin until it falls off the bones.

Justice.

Blood.

These are the nine teen ghosts.

~

Ten years later...

Wednesday, September 9th, 2009

Ms. Spears taught freshman advanced reading at Millington High School, in Millington, Ohio. This year, she decided to start a freshman paranormal group that would meet in her classroom on Wednesdays after school.

On Saturdays, they could take trips to several places in Ohio known for paranormal activity.

Of the three hundred and fifty-one freshmen that attended Millington High School, only nine of them joined the group. Ms. Spears began the group a couple of weeks before school started, so that the students would be in a routine.

By Wednesday, September 9th, they met for the ninth time. For this special occasion

Ms. Spears decided to take the group to a haunted cemetery located about a half hour from the school.

The nine students loaded up in a long passenger van and departed.

During the trip they texted friends or listened to their iPod.

Zinith, known for his abundance of questions, had a fragile body yet a powerful imagination. “Isn’t it strange that there are nine of us, all ninth graders, attending our ninth meeting, on the ninth month and the ninth day of 2009?”

The eight other students weren’t listening to him. Ms. Spears glanced in the review mirror and said to Zinith, “That’s why we’re studying the number nine this month.”

Zinith: “Why nine?”

Shelby was sitting next to him. She had purple hair, a nose ring, black eyeliner and black lipstick. She always wore some sort of

plaid skirt with black boots that appeared to take all morning to lace up. “Zinith, I need to ask you an important question.”

Zinith perked up. “Really?”

Shelby gave him a sarcastic grin. “Will you shut up?”

Everyone snickered. Zinith’s face turned a bright pink.

“Shelby,” Ms. Spears said, glaring in the rearview mirror. “Apologize.”

“No,” Shelby snapped. “Kick me out of the group. I don’t care.”

Ms. Spears sighed but didn’t press the issue. She decided to change the subject.

“Can anyone tell me why the number nine is significant to paranormal activity?”

No one responded.

Ms. Spears gripped the steering wheel. “Shut off your iPods, iPhones, iPads, and whatever other *i*’s you have and join the

discussion, or I'll turn the van around and we can forget about this group.”

It was a bold statement by Ms. Spears, along with being risky. Most freshmen wouldn't cave to adult pressure, especially coming from a teacher. Despite that, all nine of them shut off their electronic devices. After all, they joined this group for a reason.

Because it was so freakin' cool!

Also, they were about to visit a graveyard with paranormal activity.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

N9NE TEEN GHOSTS

CASE FILE: 009B

Zinith raised his hand. “Can I ask a question?”

Shelby heaved a sigh. “Uggg...”

Zinith: “Why are we traveling on a Wednesday, instead of Saturday?”

Shelby spoke with a baby's voice. "Are you afraid that you'll be up past your bedtime on a school night?"

"Why don't you..." Zinith's voice squeaked as he searched for something to say. "Actually, why don't you..." Everyone looked at him. Zinith finished his sentence, "Dye your hair blond like every other loser girl at school. Why did you dye it purple, anyway?" It was good that Zinith finally stuck up for himself, although the attempt was lame.

Myya waved her hand. "Um, excuse me. I dyed my hair blond."

Shelby glared at her. "Yeah, but you're a drugstore blond, hoping to attract boys. My purple hair makes a statement."

Myya: "What possible statement could you be making with your purple hair?"

Shelby: "That I don't have to be like all of you!"

Ms. Spears yanked the steering wheel and pulled over to the side of the road. “That’s it!” she screamed. “We’re fifteen minutes away from the cemetery but have yet to discuss one thing which is directly related to this club. Should I turn the van around, or not?”

Myya lowered her eyes. “Sorry, Ms. Spears. You can keep going.”

Zinith: “Can I ask just one thing first?”

Ms. Spears: “No!” She pressed her foot on the gas pedal and sped down the road. “Let’s discuss my original question. Why is the number nine so important to paranormal activity?”

Kaden: “The number nine is eternal.”
Kaden had borrowed Shelby’s black eyeliner and used it on himself. His jet-black hair always looked windblown as if he had just gotten off a rollercoaster.

Zinith: “Why is the number nine eternal?”

Kaden: “Anything multiplied by nine, equals nine.” He went on to give a couple of examples.

$$9 \times 3 = 27.$$

So then, $2 + 7 = 9$.

Another example is $9 \times 101 = 909$.

Add that together and you get, $9 + 0 + 9 = 18$.

Then break that down one more time: $1 + 8 = 9$.

Ms. Spears: “Very good, but what’s the link to the eternal nine and paranormal activity?”

Kaden paused as if he was afraid to answer the question. “Spirits, ghosts, poltergeists and other phantoms are eternal. That’s why the number nine is so important to them.”

Ms. Spears: “Excellent. We’re going to meet someone who can testify about the ability and power of the number nine. Also,

we're going to learn how ghosts use the number nine to benefit their needs.”

Ms. Spears glanced in the mirror. “We have a few more minutes. I want each person to tell the group the date of your birthday. Maybe we can discover eternal links between everyone in this van.”

Zinith: “Does everyone know I was born on 7/16/94?”

No one responded.

Shelby: “I was born on 4/22/94.”

Myya: “1/2/94.”

Kaden: “1/31/94.”

Gustin and Josia were born on 12/5/94 and nicknamed *the twins* at school because of their shared birthday. However, that's where the similarity stopped. Gustin was Black with buzzed hair and muscular body along with being outgoing and confident.

Josia was tall, thin, with bleach-blond hair, clear blue eyes and pale skin. He never speaks.

No really. He never speaks.

Bama: “I have a link to the number nine for sure. My birthday is on 10/9/94.”

Both of Bama’s parents graduated from the University of Alabama before getting married and moving to Ohio, which is how Bama received her name. She had beautiful mocha skin and perfect brown eyes.

Over the summer Bama signed up for a contest to be a model in the upcoming Old Navy catalog. Over five hundred teens entered and only eleven were chosen. Bama was one of them.

She received a thousand-dollar gift certificate along with bragging rights at school.

Henley: “My birthday is on 5/6/94.”

Henley looked more as if she was twenty rather than fifteen with a tall, sleek body. She styled her brown hair with blond streaks and always wore tight fitted dresses and heels. Today she was in a dark blue dress which revealed the perfect shape of her figure.

The ninth student in the group, Nikki, had been sitting in the back with Henley. Nikki had auburn hair, hazel eyes and was dressed in a more conservative jacket, T-shirt and jeans.

She cleared her throat. "Today's my birthday." Everyone turned around and looked at her. Nikki cleared her throat again. "I was born on 9/9/94."

After arriving, Ms. Spears and the nine students exited the van. The small cemetery was on the left surrounded by a black iron fence. Next to the cemetery was a modest

two-floor home with chipped white paint and broken shutters around the windows.

Ms. Spears led them to a faded red barn which looked like it might collapse at any second. It took Josia a few minutes to enter. Ms. Spears assured him, along with the group, that the barn was safe.

As they walked in, Zinith whispered in Nikki's ear, "Your birthday is really today? Do you know today is 9/9/09?"

"I'm aware," Nikki said, then hurried away from Zinith before he could ask another question.

Ms. Spears: "Everyone take a seat." The barn had rows of wood benches which could seat about fifty people inside. At the front was a wooden stage built just two feet off the ground. "We are at Thurston Cemetery, which has become a tourist attraction for people interested in ghosts."

Zinith raised his hand. “Shouldn’t we sing happy birthday to Nikki?”

Nikki’s eyes became like silver dollars. “That isn’t necessary.”

Ms. Spears continued. “The reason we...” She looked at Zinith, who once again raised his hand. Ms. Spears glared at him. “Do you have another question?”

Zinith: “Yes. When is *your* birthday?”

With a sense of frustration, Ms. Spears ran her fingers through her drab brown hair, exposing several strands of gray that seemed as if they had just appeared. “I was born on 6/6/66.”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

N9NE TEEN GHOSTS

CASE FILE: 009C

Zinith gasped. “Really, Ms. Spears? You were born on 6/6/66?”

“May I continue?” Ms. Spears asked rhetorically. “In a moment we will be joined by a young man named, Ben Thurston. He has a story to share that’s perfect for our number nine discussion.”

A side door opened in the barn, briefly letting in an abundance of light. When Ben closed it, the barn became dark again. He sprung on stage and shook Ms. Spears’ hand. When he turned to face the group, the girls inched forward in their seats.

Ben was gorgeous, with a muscular frame, buzzed haircut and eyes that seemed to glow in the murky barn.

“Hey. My name is Ben Thurston.”

The girls all said, “Hi, Ben.”

He smiled and rubbed his hands together.

“Are you ready for a ghost story?”

Everyone perked up, even the boys.

Ms. Spears took a seat with the students.
“All right Ben. You have the stage.”

Ben took a deep breath. His eyes met with each student in the barn. “Ten years ago from today, my parents told me they were going to take me to a special place for my birthday.”

Zinith raised his hand. “Can I ask a question?”

Ben stepped off the stage and stood over Zinith. “How could you possibly have a question when I’ve only spoken fifty-four words, including the words I’m saying now?”

Zinith leaned back. “Um...maybe I don’t have a question?”

Ben hopped back on stage without responding.

Nikki had a couple of questions herself. First, what were the chances that Ben had the same birthday as her, on September 9th?

Also, if Ben really spoke only fifty-four words since he entered the barn, it would mean...

$$5 + 4 = 9.$$

The sun had lowered on the horizon, shadowing the inside of the barn to the point where it was difficult to see. Ben walked around and lit several lanterns that hung from hooks on long poles near the wooden benches.

He also lit two lanterns on the stage. His eyes were hidden by the flicker of light. On the wall behind, his shadow appeared like a massive demon hovering over the group.

Ben: "It was ten years ago, September 9th, 1999. For my ninth birthday, my parents decided to take me to Six Flags in Cincinnati. It was early in the morning when we set off. My father, Lyle Thurston, drove our truck. My mother, Molly Thurston, was

in the passenger's seat. And I sat in the middle.”

Ben paused. His eyes still hidden; his chest rising and falling as he recalled the events of that day.

“Lyle and Molly wanted to run their own business. They inherited this property from my grandparents, who used to be farmers.” Everyone noticed that Ben had now referred to his parents by their first name.

“Lyle and Molly didn't want to be second generation farmers but still wanted to use the land for their business. So, they decided to have a cemetery. The cost would be inexpensive, and it was something they could start right away, which was in 1990, the year I was born. Also, it's a fact that people eventually die, so my parents didn't have to worry about business being slow.

“They prepared the land, marked off the future graves and built an iron fence around

the area to be used for the cemetery. Molly paid for a weekly ad in neighboring towns, while Lyle purchased tools, headstones and even some coffins.”

“At first it seemed like their cemetery business would be a huge success. Even as a young boy, I can remember a couple of funerals held right outside. Afterwards my parents served the guests drinks and snacks from the house.”

Ben paused again while taking a few deep breaths. “But over the next few years, the business wasn’t good enough to pay the bills. My parents...”

Ben reached up to his face, possibly wiping a tear from his eye. “I mean, Lyle and Molly, decided to give up. It was also my birthday when they made this decision.”

There was a long pause before Ben spoke again. “Just before my father drove the truck off the highway, he said to me, ‘There isn’t

much point to living, so we're going to give death a try.' I remember looking up at him, then looking at Molly. Her eyes gazed out the window as if saying goodbye to everything around her.”

Ben stepped off the stage and moved closer to the group. The lantern near him showed the anguish in his face. “When the truck flipped, there was a moment when it seemed we were frozen in time. Even though I was only nine years old, I knew this would be the end for me.”

After a quick breath, Ben continued. “The truck hit the ground with such a violent collision it felt like someone had just punched me in the chest. All the air expelled from my body.

“When the truck hit the ground again, my head knocked against either Lyle, or Molly. The pain is clear to me, even now. If you can imagine someone hitting you in the skull

with a baseball bat, then you would know how it felt.

“The truck continued to spin. Glass shattered and metal grinded together sounding like someone scraping their nails on a chalkboard. The bones in my legs and arms cracked in half and tore through my skin. My ribcage squeezed together, refusing to let an ounce of air into my lungs.

“When the truck finally came to rest, my face smashed against Lyle’s face so that our bloody eyes stared at each other. I could hear Molly suffering behind me, but only for a few seconds.

“Lyle’s gaze was evil. First, it seemed like he was still angry at the world for treating him so badly. He couldn’t even die without problems.” Ben looked over the group of students. “Just before the life drained from his eyes, it seemed like his gaze begged me for forgiveness.”

Ben let the story sink into the students' minds. "Over the next four years, I had twenty-seven surgeries. I spent hour after hour learning how to walk again. Learning how to speak. Learning how to focus."

The room was dead silent.

"My aunt and uncle in Columbus took me in. Every night they had to deal with me waking up, screaming, as I relived the accident in every nightmare. I could feel the punishing blows as the truck tumbled. The sounds of metal still pierced my ears. And the dead stare of Lyle seems to appear whenever I close my eyes."

Ben paused for a moment. "When I was eighteen, the property had legally become mine. I fixed up the house the best I could along with the barn."

He gazed at the students. A tear drizzled down his cheek. "When I'm in the house or walking along the cemetery I can feel the

warm breath of Lyle, which smells like blood. I can also feel the slight touch of Molly on the back of my shoulders and neck.”

Ben’s expression became hard. “Lyle and Molly Thurston have returned as ghosts, and they’ve found a way to enjoy the afterlife by continuing their cemetery business. Most of all, they want to add dead bodies to every grave until the cemetery is filled.”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

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