

## One haunted experience

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Working as an assistant manager in a Salt Lake area retail store, it was common for me to be working as late as 2:00 a.m., often alone. It had become a usual experience to see movement out of the corner of my eye as I completed the nightly paperwork, or find something moved from its regular place, yet it became easy to pass off as fatigue.

On one particular instance, I was working through the night putting up freight that had been delivered earlier that day. Normally this was a job done by several employees and completed in only a few hours. However, due to a shortage of available help, I found myself alone. The building had been used for various businesses after originally being a grocery store. Although the company that I worked for had brought in plastic shopping carts, a few of the metal shopping carts from the grocery store still remained. We used them for bringing freight out from the back room, as I was doing now.

Being one of only two in management at the time, the manager and I had to split our days as thin as possible. Despite the fact that he needed to be in around 6:00 a.m. to open by 7:00, he agreed to come in after midnight to help with the freight. At midnight I

locked the doors, turned off the open sign, and attacked the paperwork, which I completed around 1:00 a.m.. With the radio blaring, I began the task of stocking the shelves.

Around 3:00 a.m., my manager had still not arrived. I was stocking shelves about three isles from the backroom when I clearly heard the unmistakable sound of a metal shopping cart moving swiftly across the uneven concrete floor. Thinking that my manager had snuck in without my noticing, I went to the backroom to see. A metal shopping cart, that had been set out of the way, had moved approximately twenty feet and was now next to the pallet I had been unloading. It had traveled up hill and over a 1 inch rise in the concrete. The hair on my neck and arms had risen with the initial noise and seeing this did not help the matter.

My initial reaction was to run out the doors and let my manager deal with the unseen help. I of course realized this was not the reaction of a 'sane' person, and turned the radio up louder and tried to push it out of my mind. Just as I was beginning to gather myself, the phone rang and about sent me bursting out the front door. It was my manager telling me he wouldn't be in until about 5:00. I told him what had happened with the shopping cart and he told me, "Things are always going on there. This is nothing new."

I couldn't disagree, but his words did nothing to comfort me. This was not the last of strange occurrences, but the boldest of what I experienced before transferring to a different location.