**No one is Listening ( a ghost story).**

**Episode 5. – Sounds heard through thick walls.**

**Vic Llewellyn and Alan discuss their experiences with ghosts and the atmosphere of their haunted house in Wiveliscombe, moved into during the COVID-19 pandemic. Alan recounts his son and daughter's experiences of seeing a boy floating in the air, and Vic shares hearing pigeons in the loft and music from next door. They both describe strange sounds and movements in the house, like banging and footsteps. Alan, a musician and artist, shares his encounters with fear and a fox, and Vic mentions Alan's weekly singing audible through the thick walls. The podcast, "No one is listening," explores themes of ghosts, memory, and fear, supported by the Arts Council England and**

Vic Llewellyn 0:00

No one is listening: a podcast that explores ghosts, memory, loss and feeling the fear.

Alan 0:12

Well, he said, and he said it was very haunted next door,

Vic Llewellyn 0:17

we moved into Wiveliscombe in the COVID relaxed window of autumn 2020, into a strange and altered landscape, Queuing outside the Co Op, one person in, one person out, drinking beer brought to your table in the large white marquee at The Bear, furtive, illegal midnight meetings with friends in the churchyard, drinking spiced Navy rum. We didn't see many people. Most of our usual lines of communication had been cut. No touching, no hugging, no kissing. Three metres distant, plastic barriers, no public transport. Maybe that's how ghosts feel.

Alan 0:59

 and there was always an atmosphere there. I could feel a presence. I don't feel that in every house. I don't feel it in this house I live in, although it's very old in that I did. I felt a presence.

Vic Llewellyn 1:18

The house we moved into was built in 1810, with some of it a lot older, there's an ancient, bricked up archway in the basement with a yearning deep in its mortar for a phantom to pass through. We don't feel any here, no presences, although one night, I heard the ghost of pigeons cooeying and scuttling about in the loft, which, in 1810, when the Napoleonic wars were in full swing. It was in fact, a pigeon loft who, who who whooooo!

Alan 1:58

and then later on, my son and also my daughter, said when they were a certain age, they would keep waking up, screaming, shouting.I said to myself, Why did you do that? Said I saw this boy, cross legged, floating in the air, doing something with his hands. And that just happened for a short time. And my daughter, the same thing happened. We did a bit of investigating, and we found that in the past, it had been a poor house, but also it had been a tailor shop. And what do tailors? Do sit cross legged? Sit cross legged on table.

Vic Llewellyn 2:46

Sometimes we could hear music and singing seeping through into our house from the other side of a wall. Who was it? We couldn't meet because of social restrictions at the time, I had been told from the previous owners of this house, but the man was an artist that he kept odd hours, a possible recluse. I was intrigued. I couldn't care less, usually who lived next door, but this information haunted me.

Alan 3:15

Well, he said. And he said it was very haunted next door....

Vic Llewellyn 3:22

Most of us live in rooms that are next to rooms that are next to rooms that are next to rooms where somebody else lives their life, they hear us, and we hear them, or if they are loud enough, we feel them The Deep thud of a bass that is the thick skin of the tune we can't quite make out. Children crying and screaming for things they can't have, the sound of love making in the middle of the night, fights impatient howls for lost keys banging and thumping.

Alan 4:02

 We heard a banging, something banging. It seemed to come from the bedroom So, I went upstairs couldn't see anything. And this would keep happening. In the end, it was just part of us living there. Also, we would hear footsteps....

Vic Llewellyn 4:27

We are surrounded by ghosts. The interface is thin. It's porous. Their lives pour in and out. Objects move on their own. We hear a breath...

Vic Llewellyn 4:41

....that is not ours.

Alan 4:44

One night, I lay in bed with my hot water bottle, no central heating. I heard somebody walk across the floor. It was standing at the foot of my bed and half asleep. I rose up threw the hot water bottle. No one, nobody there.

Vic Llewellyn 5:09

We can write poems, stories, songs. We can draw sketches, pencil drawings, paint in oils. We can dance, rant and sing. Sometimes it feels like no one is listening, but the commotion we cause vibrates the molecules around us and changes the universe in unquantifiable but definite amounts.

Alan 5:31

Well, my wife was saying she was cleaning the house, and she put her, it's very domesticated, put a tin of pledge, on one end of the piano... a closed piano, and she looked at it, and it slid from one end to the other.

Vic Llewellyn 5:49

The man who lives next door is Alan Christian Aars, a musician and an artist. He's 81 years old. Sometimes I go around and we play music together, or we chat over a coffee. I asked him, had he ever seen a ghost? And he said he doesn't believe in ghosts, but he has had a few odd experiences in his life.

Alan 6:11

I used to take nighttime walks because I loved walking at night, going through the woods, across the fields, no sense of fear in the woods at all at night, I didn't they didn't bother me, but on one particular evening, coming out of a wood and walking along the hedgerow down to the gate which would lead me home, I suddenly felt fear and panic welling up at me.I didn't run. I felt I wanted to run, but I didn't run. I tried to keep it down till I got to the gate. Suddenly there was a bark of a fox, and that broke the spell, when the fox barked. The panic left me completely

Vic Llewellyn 7:04

okay.

Alan 7:05

Then I made my way home.

Vic Llewellyn 7:13

This house has thick walls, old, thick walls. The house we rented in Bristol had thin walls, so thin, in fact, I could hear the man next door release wind as he walked down the stairs. This house has thick walls, but if you stick your head in the fireplace on a Thursday night, you can hear Alan singing Every Thursday, without fail, Alan sings .....beautifully.....

Alan 7:49

I lay on my bed dreaming...

The sun was climbing high

I thought I saw you darling,

Coming to me, like a sigh.

all around (indistinct)

Dust and unpaid bills,

I thought I saw you darling,

Coming down from the hills.

Empty dreams, and empty bottles,

Scattered all around,

I thought I saw you darling,

Slipping in, without a sound.

By the washing machine,

I lay wishing time away,

I sense you in my arms,

Like you’ve never gone away.

As the sun was shining through,

The dirty window pane,

I felt you, o ,my darling,

Like the ghost of summer rain.

Vic Llewellyn 9:52

No one is listening has been brought to you by Emma Williams and Vic Llewellyn with music by Sam Halmarack and contributions by Alan Christian Aars supported by the Arts Council England and 10 Radio.