

Springfield Theatre Center Ghost4 & 5

When I was little maybe 2 or 3 years old, my dad was a janitor at the Springfield Theatre. When my mom, my brother and I went to go pick him up from work at night, we would always have to wait for him because he always had to redo his work.

Make-up and costumes would be scattered all over the place after he had picked them up, chairs would have to be arranged, and tissue would be all over the floors. Most of the time, he was the only one there when these things went on.

I remember one of his coworkers was working alone one night, and was going up the stairs when all of a sudden the lights went out! He felt someone grab his hand and helped him down the stairs. From what I can remember, the man ran out of the building and never came back.