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Ella: So we got up this day and we started down Cape North. We went into all the old houses. So then we went down the South Harbour Road. And there's an old house in there, and the step was all.... It was quite a long step--it went right across the house. It was one of these houses--just two rooms downstairs, with a bedroom, a kitchen--the stairway was in the kitchen. Well, we went in, and Scott went to go up the stairs. And the stairs were all full of cobwebs--wasn't it, Joey? The house was nothing but cobwebs. There was a kitchen sink, and a kitchen window--that was immaculate. And there was a cup there--you'd swear--I couldn't believe how clean the cupboards and the dishes were--they were spotless. But yet you could track us--(in the dust in) that house, you could track us. Joanne: It was like a brand new kitchen. Ella: And then Mother said, "There's some? thing wrong in this house. I don't like this." And she got as far as the door and she went out. But it's a good thing she did, Functional Stoneware and Custom Dinnerware Turnstone Pottery WHEELTHROWN Studio and Showroom on the Harbour 226-3004 Arichat, Isle Madame Jack Ouellette. Potter 'cause we'd have never got her out. And there was a box on the floor and I'm telling you no lie, it was about the size of a cassette. Kind of like an old roughbox. So the young boys decided to lift that box, or lift the cover. And they weren't young boys, they were big--big men. There's no way could they pound, break, or move that box. Joanne: Or the cup off the cupboard. Ella: Or the cup wouldn't knock off. Joanne: The cup would not come off that cupboard. Charlie was like, white knuckles--pulling on this cup. I'll never forget it. All of our family (were there). I know Neil was there, 'cause Neil grabbed--when the steps fell. The boys said, "Let's go upstairs." With that, the stairs went BOOM!--like that. (Before they got on it.) Yeah. They said, "Let's go up? stairs." Ella: They were there one minute, bannisters and all. They said, "Let's go up the stairs." And one of them went and put their hand like this, and--the steps just--they folded up like an accordion. Joanne: And a big pile of dust. And my grandmother grabbed me, and she said, "I'm going the hell back to the car." She said, "I'm not staying here. Come on!" Ella: And when we got out--it was a sun? shiny day, and when we got (out)--we turned and saw that that house got jet black inside--look, we could hardly get out of there. But I still wonder what was in the box. Joanne: Dad was with us. Ella: No. That was me. Your father wouldn't go '