

Haunted Fresno — The Watchers at Chandler

They still say the air above Chandler Airport hums, even when no plane dares climb into the night. A low vibration, like a swarm of insects caught between the teeth of the sky.

The first pilots called them “guiding lights,” little lanterns that winked ahead of the wings. But the lights didn’t guide toward the runway. They guided away from it—straight into blackness, over the pecan orchards, where no map was ever drawn. Those who followed never landed here again.

The survivors—if you can call them that—returned with wide eyes and trembling lips, insisting they’d touched ground hours later with extra passengers. Not strangers. Not friends. Passengers with waxen faces and empty eyes, buckled into every seat, humming in unison until they vanished at the terminal gates.

At Kearney Park, a grove of trees bends toward Chandler each dusk. Stand still long enough, and you’ll see their branches twist as if straining to overhear the hum. On moonless nights, children chase fireflies into the grove and vanish. They always come back. But not the same. Their hair carries the scent of ozone, their teeth chatter when no wind blows, and their shadows arrive a step later than their bodies.

Whispers say the Watchers live between the airstrip and the treeline. They do not need wings, only windows. They tap on the glass of every plane, waiting for the day a door swings open mid-flight.