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**DATE** 5/21/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** The Demon

Some people have said ghosts can act like Angels. If that's true, then I suppose a ghost could act like a demon as well. There is a line someplace between ghosts, spirits and demons. I'm not sure where that line is, but this is a true story and was one of the spookiest things to ever happen to me.

When I was in the service I met a guy I'll call "Smith"\*. I knew Smith for about a year before discovering (by accident) that he practiced some type of demonolatry... a kind of magic that involves invoking demons.

He was reluctant to discuss the subject with me, and to the best of my knowledge nobody where we worked knew about this except for me.

Eventually we were both assigned to attend some night classes together. I didn't have a vehicle, and we both lived in the same barracks, so Smith was letting me catch a ride back with him each night.

One evening, after class, I started a conversation about his witchcraft with him. It had been a few months since I first started asking questions, and he had opened up a little bit about it.

It was about 2:00am during the middle of the week. Our barracks were way out in the boonies, and the parking lot was empty except for us sitting inside his SUV.

He described some wild things he'd seen before he got involved with his black art, while around another group. And while practicing his magic, actually having seen demons he had invoked. Just as he'd finish with a story, I'd ask more questions. I was always pretty skeptical about this sort of stuff, but I found the stories compelling. I could tell he was getting tired and wanted to wrap up this conversation, but he was polite and kept answering my inquiries. After at least an hour of talking, the conversation began to head towards what he'd done lately.

He told me the only place he had, on the base, that he could practice his magic was inside his SUV. It was a big, old, jacked up, full size one... and that made sense, because we didn't have any privacy at the barracks. I don't remember the details, but in a nutshell he said he'd create some type of protective circle before invoking the demon for his spells. This was to protect him from the demon. And then the spell was supposed to force the demon to do his bidding, and then he'd banish the demon.

He said about a week ago he had messed up a ritual. That the protective circle wasn't correct, and he'd summoned a demon that he couldn't banish. I realized he had done the ritual right inside the SUV we were sitting in. He said people had seen him driving down the road, and asked him who the dark figure was sitting in the back seat of his SUV, when nobody was with him. I was starting to get a little spooked, but my skepticism was working overdrive. I was ready to call it a

night, but he wasn't finished telling me the rest. He told me people at work had seen him make a "hissing" noise during the day for no reason, and he had no recollection of making the noise.

Just as he said that, and before I could reply, the radio antenna directly in front of the front passenger seat (right in front of me) started thrashing around, as if someone had grabbed it and was shaking it around hard. The sound it made was making was quite loud. I turned to look at Smith and his eyes were fixed wide on me, and then he opened his mouth and made a very loud hissing sound.

I nearly jumped out of my skin, but I kept my composure and just sat there as calmly as I could. Within a few seconds (but it seemed like eons) the antenna slowed down and stopped. I struggled for words, and said "Woah, that was weird.". Smith said "Yes it was".

I asked him why he'd hissed at me, and he said he didn't hiss.

**DATE** 5/22/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Family Photos

This story happened a couple years go.

My father has a couple boxes of old family photographs and documents. I had visited my cousins recently, and family history had come up in conversation. When I got back home I asked my father if I could borrow the boxes. I decided I would scan the best stuff, as much as I could fit on a CD, and burn it to CDs for a Christmas present.

These boxes contain hundreds of old family photos (many from the late 1800's), documents, deeds, letters, wills, news paper clippings... even a couple militia orders. The oldest stuff is from the late 1700's. Its pretty neat stuff, and all of it is family related.

The project took much longer than I thought. I bought a scanner and spent night after night, for a couple months... scanning, rotating, correcting, scaling, cropping, etc, etc, etc. Some of the stuff is really showing its age, and its probably a good thing that it was getting scanned. Most of the faces I did not recognize, nor even many of the surnames.

Some of the photos I would just stare at, adding to the time the project was taking. The people in the photos were old relatives that I knew little about. All of them long since dead, and my living relatives know only bits and pieces about some of them.

My wife was interested in these boxes, and she'd often poke around them while I was working. There was one photograph of the Calef Hill Farm in New Hampshire from circa 1900 that she really felt strange about. Like she could close her eyes and imagine being there.

Some strange things started happening in my house a couple weeks after I had started on this project. At first, a couple things on my bookcase fell off for no apparent reason. My wife would come in to our computer room and find something from the bookcase in the middle of the floor. She also said she heard noises from this room while I was away at work, but she'd open the door

and there would be nothing.

We have three smoke alarms in our house, all of them are less than 5 years old. They started going off in the middle of the night for no reason, never at the same time. Only one would go off, and it would be different on another night. This got pretty annoying.

I joked about my deceased relatives coming to check up on my project, to make sure I didn't make any mistakes, or miss something I should be scanning.

One night I particularly remember though. I was working on my computer late in to the evening (or early in the morning). My wife and youngest daughter had gone to sleep hours ago. My older daughter was spending the night at a friend's house.

I smoke, but not in the house. Several times that night I had walked out of the computer room, past my older daughter's bedroom, gone downstairs and outside for a cigarette. This time as I opened the door to the computer room, I heard what I thought was an alarm-clock radio going off in my older daughter's bedroom. I hadn't noticed the noise from the computer room, because I had been playing music while I was working. And I figured it must have gone off recently, because it wasn't going off earlier that night. I walked in to her bedroom and fumbled for the light switch. Drats... it didn't work because I had wired her ceiling fan wrong, so the light wasn't working. I stumbled through her room in the dark, and got to her desk. I realized she didn't have an alarm-clock radio, but the music was definitely coming from her desk. I reached around in the dark, and felt a stack of magazines and books piled high, which the music was definitely coming from. I took the books away, a few at a time, and found her old am/fm radio underneath the pile. It was the kind that had a thumb dial to turn on and adjust the volume. The volume was pegged all the way up.

The next morning I asked my wife about it. She said she'd been asleep all night and my youngest daughter was still a toddler in a crib, so it wasn't her.

I eventually completed the project and was pleased with the way the CD came out. Things have since quieted down.

**DATE** 5/23/2001  
**FROM** Sage  
**TITLE** Salem Goosebumps  
 Peabody Inn, Salem, MA Built 1874

A macabre history lesson:

A casket is too wide to carry through a regular-size door, so colonial houses had a small door installed right beside the front door for just such occasions. A persons casket would be brought through both doors and into a room for their wake.

Lead poisoning (often from their pewter dishes) could put a person in a coma like condition that was often mistaken as death. People really were buried alive and would awaken to find themselves entombed. The interior lids of exhumed caskets would have scratches on them. To end this

horrible mistake, a body was brought home for a period of time to make sure the person would not aWAKEn.

Once relatives and friends were convinced that the deceased was really gone, the front doors would both be opened and the casket (with contents) would be taken to the church for the funeral and then to it's final resting place. The room where the wake had taken place was returned to its original designation as the "living room."

If I get some of these details wrong, hey, I was on vacation and I got all of this info from taking a ghost tour, not a college professor! Armed with this new information, I noticed the small door (looks like part of the door frame) as we entered the Peabody house. It doesn't appear that the room we slept in was always the "sleeping room."

See our Salem, MA Peabody House Photo!

A Peabody House ghost story:

The door to our room was unlatched and open when we returned in the evening from our Salem Witch Tour. As usual, Sage (the wife) gets blamed, but it wasn't me (this time)! I immediately get on the phone with the front desk. Meanwhile, Acidus moves the sofa back to it's original place against the wall and retrieves the crumpled sofa rug from the middle of the kitchen floor. Well, I found out that housekeeping had gone home before we had even checked in that afternoon. But, since the laptop and cash were untouched on the coffee table, our vacation was still on track.

But, it was getting late; time to prep for bed. There I was in the bathroom, travel size toothpaste in hand, when I realized that every hair on my body (including ones I never even knew I had) was standing on end. I held out my arms to look at the goosebumps as I walked out the door to show Acidus. Halfway through the kitchen (where the sofa rug had "landed"), I was still looking at my arms in disbelief when I felt myself walking out an invisible door and the goosebumps were gone. I continued straight ahead into the room (with the sofa) to tell Acidus, "Bring your camera." I really didn't expect that sensation to happen again; but it did. It was like walking through a door of static electricity. The phenomena lasted quite a long time. Acidus was able to snap quite a few photos. And there you have it, just an indescribable feeling you would simply have to experience in order to make you a believer.

**DATE**            5/27/2001  
**FROM**            Acidus  
**TITLE**            Valentines Day  
(submitted via email)

Hello, My name is Elizabeth but my friends call me Lisa.

Well it started on Jan, the day my boyfriend passed away. We lived on a large piece of property. He was found hanging on the pier over our pond.

The month passed away really fast and before I knew it February 14 was here. My play dad had bought my play mom some flowers for valentines day. Later that night i had been drinking some whiskey. There was some balloons attached to the flowers, and on the balloons it said I Love You.

I was getting ready for bed when I noticed that the balloon was moving back and forth. It kind freaked me out because there was no air blowing in the area of the balloon. I said to myself Jim if its you turn the balloon around to where it says I Love You. The balloon turned completely around to where the words were showing and started moving back and forth. From then on I noticed that no matter where I'm at I know he's with me. But I really wished he'd leave my car alone.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Turner

E-mail address

revcot@juno.com

**DATE** 6/7/2001  
**FROM** Kim-Cherie  
**TITLE** Notaway  
 July 1987

I have family in WjhiteCastle Louisina. White Castle was named for a plantation home that no longer exist, and actually, it was pink. Go figure. However, there is to this day a plantation home that in '87 was the largest restored plantation home in the south - Notaway. it was situated, in it's day, on the banks of the mighty Mississippi, and now the River Road runs between it and the levy. A formitable home just the sameand to tour the home and learn of it's history one can imagie the majisty it once possessed in the many acers that once belonged to the plantation and the view it had of the river before the levy was built.

In July of '87 my mother and I had gone home to White Castle for a family reunion and had stayed at the plantation in the bed and breakfast that had at one time been the living quarters of the son's of the family who had built the home.. It was the custome in those days that the sons, once they had married would move in their brides and live in the plantation homewith their parents.

The caretakers of Notaway give frequent and regular tours of the home, explaining the majesty of the home, it's family and the way of life once lived there in it's hay-day. As I am want to do, I do not stay with the tours of such historical sights, wanting to meander slowly through the home and often moving ahead of the tour as I am aware of how the gentlemen folk of the era had their solariums and the women would retire to their polars. So here I moved ahead of the narated tour and found myself in the great hall.

Here there is a great winding staircase leading to the second floor of the home. As I stood at the bottom of this stairway a strange sinsation came over me and I found myself transfixedwith the feeling as if I was not really there. Like I might have been an appericion in someones else's home.

Many people claim to see ghost, and I have to say I have yet to see one, however, at this particular moment in my personal history I was overcome by what I would call a psychic experience of the past. In my mind's eye, I was seeing a past impression of the home. The home seemed to change around me. I could no longer hear the tour guide and the tourist, nor the cars out on the river road. Looking up the staircase I saw a small girl, in a white dress, a length that fell just above her ankles with a pink broad ribbon tied about her waist. I felt, rather than saw her falling down this stairway. Each time she tumbled down a step I could feel it. After what seemed forever, I saw her at my feet, crumbled in a heap at the foot of the stair. Then it was gone.

This feeling and preception took me by surprise and I was held by the horror of the incident, unable to move myself until the touring party came to the stairs. My Mother found me there and was disturbed by my shaken appearance.

Upon the arrival of the tour guide, she proceeded to explain the elegance of the winding stair case, the craftsmanship in creating such a structure and then took us to the first landing (of which was not visible from the first floor where I had stood). At the top of this first landing hung a great family portrait of the former residence. She then told us of the names, occupations and history of the family members in this portrait, telling of the father, mother and sons and their achievements, and then ended this part of her narration in explaining that the lovely little girl, dressed in white with a pink flowing ribbon had met her untimely demise at the foot of the grand staircase we had just ascended.

**DATE** 6/11/2001  
**FROM** Jr  
**TITLE** Colorado Ghost?

My grandmother once told me a story about her friend that lived in a house in Colorado that was haunted. The ghost was never seen but it used to move things around the house. She said they would set some things up and then go out and when they came home everything was in a different place.

She told me this a long time ago I'll have to go talk to her and get the rest of the story but that is

**DATE** 6/20/2001  
**FROM** Carri  
**TITLE** A Weird Welcome

This is a story about my aunt, my sister, and I when we moved into our new home in Paducah, Ky. We walked into the house and thought we would check out the house and we soon began to wander. We went down a flight of stairs that led into the den where you would find the wash room and the master's bedroom. We walked to the doorway and before even walking inside, the pull blinds fell to the floor. It was strange because nobody had been into the room yet, and when you walked close you could feel a presence with you. We ran up the stairs and out of the room and I would never return unless I had to. We soon found out that a man had committed suicide on the back porch and fell to his death, we were also told that that was his bedroom.

I would like my email address to be included with this story.

Thank you,  
Carri (15)  
Carri4286@aol.com

**DATE** 6/29/2001  
**FROM** tammygirl1979  
**TITLE** Evil In The House On The Hill

My parents are buying a house that they just moved into almost 2 years ago. My family use to live in the house beside it and we all hated going in out in the dark being by that house cause we always felt like someone was watching us. After we moved in to the new house strange things started happening. My brother Shane was would keep a light turned on his his room and i never knew why until he came out and said that he felt like someone was watching him from the closet. He said one night he woke up to find a man dressed in a black cloak and black hat at the foot of his bed. From there it started getting weirder. We would hear noises coming from his room when we weren't in there. One night when he was at work and i was at my apartment, my parents heard his bedroom door knob rattling like someone was trying to get out. Then suddenly when after he moved out guests would come over and no one would sleep in the room because they said they felt like something from the closet was watching them. Even as i sit in the room now on the computer , i feel someone watching me from the closet. Heck, i won't even sleep in here. Things haven't stopped. Guests still complain of hearing voices when no one's there and i have seen a little girl with blonde hair walking around. When i saw her i asked who she was cause i thought she had gotten lost and she said her name was Rachel. Well, we kept talking and i turnedfor a minute and she was no where. That freaked me out. I knew then that it was time to ask my dad what he knew about the house. He then started telling us the story that would then confirm why all of the things were happening. He said that the house was built in the 1940's and that in the seventies there was a fire either here r a house nearby and everyone got out except a little girl that died from the fire. I knew that the girl was Rachel. We recently had a ghost hunting team come to our house and they had me stay the night with them . They put up an infrared camara in the room facing the closet and then they had me sleep in the room. They also had equipment all over the house. Before tthey had me go to bed we were all talkig in the kitchen and we heard a loud noise from my parents room . They went in there to only see that nothing had fallen. Next, everytime they would turn the flash on on their camaras, they would come back only to see it off.Afew days later they called to say that they had caught a red image in the closet that looked like a vortex. So, to this day we still hear voices and a lady near the woods and other things. As for the guy in the black and some ofr these other things that are going on, they might can be answered by what happened in the woods by my parents' house but, i will save that story for later.So any body that likes going ghost hunting are invited to check their house out cause it's a good place to start!

sincerely, ghost hunting Tammy

Edited by - TAMMYGIRL1979 on 06/29/2001 07:29:05

**DATE** 7/5/2001  
**FROM** PCKAT1  
**TITLE** Gramma'a spirit

When I was younger (36 now) I was sleeping and I felt a fingertip on my forearm, I opened my eyes to a bright light that enveloped my great-grandma, she was dressed in white with a veil over her face...besides the fact that she was in another country...I shut my eyes tight with disbelief and

fear...when I opened them she was still there, I closed my eyes again for a good 5 minutes, paralyzed with fear...and she was gone, so I ran to my mom and told her, it was about 1 a.m. in the morning, she called her mom who confirmed my great-grandma had passed away with-in that hour. So I have a natural talent for seeing and feeling spirits...wonderful. I'm afraid to be alone in any house, even mine and I fear the dark.

KRyza

**DATE** 7/6/2001  
**FROM** crystal  
**TITLE** THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Just a little info before I get started. The original house was built sometime in the 1800's. It burnt down in 1989 and we rebuilt on the old foundation. My great uncle bought it in 1904 and has been in my family ever since. So here's how the first story goes..... Paul and his wife. Paul was killed, run over by a trolley. This trolley was in the bottom field it was used by miners to take the coal to town. Well Paul was cut into to pieces by this trolley and when his wife found him she gathered his remains up in her apron and took them up to the house. It is said that she got all of him except for his thumb which she never found. He is now to be seen when the fog comes down over the hill to be looking for his missing body part. My grandpa was to witness this event and the trolley tracks were never taken out they are still there to this day. My grandmother has told of stories that involved the old barn. Every spring there was a horse and carriage that would ride into the barn but would never come back out this went on for years. The barn was struck by lightning and burnt down. Never was the horse and carriage seen again.

These stories have been passed down from my grandpa to my dad to us to my kids..is it true I have no doubt there are many more stories that my older brothers and sister have witnessed themselves and some of my own experiences.....but that's another day hope you all enjoyed this little story.

Crystal

**DATE** 7/7/2001  
**FROM** Eritsed  
**TITLE** People can be Wrong and then I

I use to go to this school here in nc. It was a crazy school a middle school with a bunch of crack head kids.I thought it was haunted but nobody else did. Until one day , we were watching a boring movie and the tape started acting up and then we saw a strang looking face that really creeped everyone out except for me i just said I told you this place was haunted. The school was built on a grave yard and the bodies are still there. So what do u expect? The place is haunted. Which proves i was right and they were wrong.

**DATE** 7/8/2001  
**FROM** angelab  
**TITLE** Possessed Lawnmower

I wanted to share a story my mom experienced about 2 weeks ago:

on saturday am i got up it was raining but i could hear the garden sprinklers on i went outside and the fence was broken the lawnmower was in the middle of the garden and the sprinkler was watering away.....at 2:30 am the mower started up drove along the fence hit the picnic table drove thru the fence wrapped around the hose turned on the sprinkler and came to rest on my squash and lettuce.....there was no one driving the key was hidden and it isnt supposed to start unles someone is sitting on it (for safety) so where is stephen king when he could be writing this movie!! so thats my latest adventure in the garden. we got it from some guy at dads work who inherited from his dad. it needed a 16.00 part . we think it was his dad driving it for one more time. who knows then i haD KRISTY COME OVER TO TAKE A PICTURE CUS NO ONE WILL BELIEVE IT AND GUESS WHAT ALL HER PICTURES CAME OUT BUT THE ONES SHE TOOK OF THE LAWNMOWER IN THE GARDEN.....SHE SAID MOM IT WAS A GHOST CUS THOSE PICTURES ARENT HERE I JUST DONT GET IT

**DATE** 7/8/2001  
**FROM** angelab  
**TITLE** Dead Battery in Cemetary  
 Thought I would post another story...

My sisters and their friends walked in the cemetery behind the house and went there to take a video. The video camera battery died!!!

More about the possessed lawnmower, THE 22ND THEY CAME FROM THE TOWN TO MOW AT THE CEMETARY AND IT WAS THAT NIGHT OUR LAWNMOWER WENT FOR A RIDE!!!

**DATE** 7/8/2001  
**FROM** Phantoms\_Kiss  
**TITLE** Dead sisters birthday.

On January fourth, somthing weird happens every year. A few years ago, i awoke to find pictures scattered everywhere in our house. Some one or something had opened our family chest for photos and scattered them!

Last year, i actually saw something happen right before my eyes!

i was lying in bed staring at the ceiling, when my room began to fill with a faint glow. and in the corner of my room hovered a small white blurry figure. it floated right over me. i did not see the face, but i did see its hand. it was the smallest hand i have ever seen in my entire life. And thats when i knew who was keeping us company. My sister.

my sister was born a premature baby. her heart had only been half developed by the time she was born. she died 5 days after shes was born. she was born on January 4th, 1983.and died January 9th, 1983.

i guess she comes back once every year to check up on us and to celebrate her birthday. before i figured out who it was, i was afraid. but now, i kinda look forward to it every year.

They are out there, all you gotta do is look.

**DATE** 7/11/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** The Pink House  
 Submitted via email by Izuamoron6@aol.com

I Was On A Ghost Tour In Savannah a few years ago with my family and it got boring so i wasn't paying attention and started to look around and i swear in the window of The Pink House (famous restaurant there) i saw a ghost of a Union Soldier from the Civil War i mean it had cloths like the uniforms and it carried a gun after about a 45 seconds it disappeared

**DATE** 7/14/2001  
**FROM** mrsdeb  
**TITLE** haunted nursing home

i was working as a nurses aide in a nursing home about 5 years ago. one night i was getting one of my residents ready for bed. she had a television in her room, the remote was kept in her bedside table drawer. when ever i went into a room i always turned off the tv. that allowed me to focus on the residents needs with out being interrupted. this night the remote wasn't working, i thought maybe the batteries were dead. so i went over and turned the tv off manually.

as i was getting the resident into her nightgown the tv turned on, i thought maybe she had gotten the remote to work, however, when i looked at her she had a look of terror on her face. i followed her gaze and saw a figure floating above us. i was so terrified i almost left the room without the resident.

i did get her out of there, bed and all!!

i have many more stories of things i have seen working in that nursing home. perhaps i will share them with you

deborah

**DATE** 7/15/2001  
**FROM** damami  
**TITLE** I almost lost my soul

This is a true story and it happened to me when I was in college living with my friend in an apt in Mission Hill, Ma (Boston). It was a really wierd night and there was a bad storm going on, as a matter of fact it happened to be friday the 13 Oct 1996 (Check it out if you want) anyway my friend was sleeping in her bedroom which was the last bedroom near the back. I was sleeping in my room and she came in and asked if she could slep with me because she felt like there was

something in the room and she felt suffocated. I was annoyed and so I looked at the clock and it was 12:00am exactly and I said fine, I laid back down and must of fell asleep immediately, I dreamt that I was having a battle for my soul that I was about to see the face of satan and I was soo scarred, I prayed the Lord's prayer over and over and I could see as the Devil's face manifested in front of me and I really did n't want to see it because the moment I did I knew I was dead, and not just physically dead, but I would lose my soul. I have never know such fear it is unexplainable, the fear not only of dying but of losing your eternal soul to the Devil, well I was physically struggling trying to move my feet to get my friend to wake me, I was trying to say her name and the whole time I felt a pain in my back and this horrible fear, finnally I woke up and looked at the clock, it was 12:04am, I had only been asleep for 4 minutes! I asked my friend if she could hear me and she said yes I felt you kick me and mumbling, but I didn't wake you because you always talk in your sleep. Well I asked her to look at my back and she told me I had red marks all over it. That night there was a horrible storm and my window was cracked a tad not much, but then the door started opening and shutting violently and we were really scared. Then I remembered my mom always told me to say In the name of God with out causing me any harm tell me what you want, but I didn't care what the hell it wanted so I said out loud "In the name of God with out causing us any harm Leave Us Alone" mind you the storm outside was still going on to the same degree and after I said that , the door to my bedroom opened one last time and slammed shut. I started praying with my friend and the next day I called my mom and even a priest. I found it hard to believe that I could fall into such a deep sleep in 4 minutes. Well That night the storm had knocked down a tree right behind my friends window. Later a few months passed and my Landlord asked what I thought he should do with the tree and I said throw it out, I said its been there ever since the night of that storm and he said yeah, but he was afraid to touch or do anything to it, because when he bought the house the lady he bought it from told him to never even break a branch off that tree because he would have horrible luck, later he was told the former owner practiced santeria! That is when I put 2 and 2 together! There must of been something burried in that tree and was realeased that night of the storm when the tree was knocked down and since my roomates room was right infront of it that is why she felt the pressure and had to come to my room. Once again I must say This is the God Honest Truth, I have never been so afraid in my life and I really feel that in those 4 minutes I was asleep I had a battle for my soul! Thank God because he saved me!

**DATE** 7/16/2001  
**FROM** KellyJG81  
**TITLE** My stories

The house I just moved out of a year ago, I lived there for 8, was haunted. When we moved in, the neighbors told us that a lady had commited suicide in my brothers room back in the 70's by shooting herself in the head. I guess her husband came home from work and found her. We noticed a lot of things over the years! I would be laying on the floor watching TV by myself and I would always see a gray moving shadow out of the corner of my eye and I would look really quick and nothing would be there. When you were in the kitchen a variety of things could happen to you. I once opened up the silverware drawer and the kitchen light started turning on and off slowly. Nobody else was home. I booked it across the street to my friends house SO FAST. Once, a bunch of my friends and I were in my room (we were home alone) sitting on my bed which was against the wall next to by brothers room. The bed started slightly jerking away from the wall and then stopped as quickly as it started. I loved that house so much and it's to bad we moved. I guess the main thing was the FEELING you would get sometimes when you were alone.

Like somebody else was in the house with you but it was a good feeling. I thank her for never scaring the crap out of us to bad. I think she was just having fun with us kids because my parents never had any experiences.

**DATE** 7/18/2001  
**FROM** mrsdeb  
**TITLE** Christmas Ghosts

It was christmas eve 1992. i had to work that night so my husband went to a friends to play chess. when i got home at 11:30 there was a note from him telling me to get our stuff ready to go to his parents house, he would be home before midnight. after getting everything together i went in and took a long hot shower, when i was finished, i was drying my hair, i thought i heard his footsteps coming up the hall, they stopped in front of the bathroom door. i told him i would be ready to go soon. the foots steps retreated. when i was done i went out to greet him, but he wasn't home yet! whatever it was, i didn't feel threatened by it. i actually felt at peace.

deborah

**DATE** 7/20/2001  
**FROM** Azucena Diaz  
**TITLE** Haunted School

Hello my name is Azucena and I went to a school in California. This school was haunted. It was January and school was mid-way done. One day I saw all these students gathering around a house's back yard fence. These little kids looked shocked some of the girls were fainting and most of the kids were throwing up. I was too scared to get near the fence and see what was happening. But the story goes that two kids after school were playing in the playground and were playjng kick ball but one of the kids kicked into the back yard of a house. They both betted \$5 which ever kid got over the fence and got the ball first. So they both jumped and somehow landed in what seemed like quicksand. The next day their bodies were nest to the fence on that side of the house the bodies had no skin or muscles all that was left was their vital organs and their skeleton. But the bo were alive they moved. Well this kid got close to the fence and the skeleton scratcd him and he had to go to the hospitol. All the kids that witnessd whated told the teachers and the teachers sent the janitor to check it out but there was nothing there. The next day same thing happened but there was nothing there. Finally teachers got tired of it and called the cops. The cops searched the house and only found a pile of dust, chicken legs and a pentagram. The bodies of those kids were never found. Later that year janitor found a skeleton hanging on a tree the skeleton was wearing farmer clothes scared when I saw this. The tree was in the same property of that old bewitched house. Not many people knew about what had happened. The skeleton was taken the happening was kept quiet from those that never saw what happened. In that same school one day there was a really hard devils wind. The sand and leaves of Autum were flying everywhere causing teachers and students to fall. After everything was over my friend and I sat down on the playground pavement and saw what looked like the devil on top of a dragon. The figures were images in the clouds. After that I moved and never found out what was really happening. This is real and I know some of you will never believe me but I was there and I lived through it. Someday I plan to go back to that school and find out what really happened. This is true. If you have any comments or quens you can reach me at Azucena15\_2004@yahoo.com I will try to answer your questions and comments.

**DATE** 7/24/2001  
**FROM** BabiFairy6  
**TITLE** Ghost from turkey came home

I was at my moms friends house and she had shown me this picture when her and her husband went to turkey and when they took the pic it was really freaky becuase they were the only ones in the bar and you could see a clear figure of a man in the back and the weird thing is the pic had the time of the 1800's like it was overlaping his pic then the next day i was getting ready for summer skool and the picture she brought back from turkey from that hotel flew off the wall and no one was in that part of the house her husband was away on business and she was sleeping and my mom was in the kitchen i was doing my hair in the bathroom and the picture flew and hit the floor i can ask to get the pic

**DATE** 7/26/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Stacey's House  
(submitted via email)

Hey--my name is Stacey and am not really sure what is going on in my house. I know that we are the first owners of it, but strange things are happening. First in my bedroom---I know that im awake when its happening---i am aware of everything and if i was sleeping(like my family insists i must be) i would know. I get the chills throughout my whole body and cannot move--then i feel myself being pulled from my bed. It happens maybe once a week. Then one night i was laying in my bed and looked towards the window and there was a blond woman there. She told me that I was "food for the fleas" ? whatever that means. Then on another night i was sleeping and woke up to a man sitting cross-legged on my bed and there was another woman next to him. She had red hair. She then instructed me--and i know this sounds crazy---to have oral sex with him. On yet another night, lying on my back i felt someone as though they were lying next to me. The "thing" put its arm around my neck and said "Stac---which is what people call me for short--"I cant stay here anymore--i have to go". Then i felt penetration. Scared the heck out of me. The only person who believes me is my now brother-in-law--who has also seen the blond lady that i saw the night at my window. One night he and my sister were sleeping on the floor in the living room and for some reason he looked up at the stairs to the 2nd floor. He said that he saw a woman in a white dress with blond hair coming down the stairs and then disappearing. Then recently they moved into the basement apartment in my house. He was by himself cleaning up and as he closed the light to leave, he looked back and saw her. She was coming from the kitchen with her arms extended towards him. It scared the living daylights out of him. I'm not even sure why im telling this but---i guess im wondering if anyone has had similar experiences or can maybe tell me what the heck it is thats going on.

Stacey Lynn  
Estacy235@aol.com

**DATE** 7/28/2001  
**FROM** Princess9416  
**TITLE** GHOST

The time I went to my friends Jackie's house before she moved is the time I'll never forget!

It started out with two girls having fun but we wer'nt alone!

The first thing we did was go to the movies. When Jackie and I sat down the seat next to her bent down to we thought it was just her.

When we got back the door was unlocked but we just thought we forgot to lock it we had Top Romen for lunch but while cooking it, it looked as if someone was stiring it we thought it was normal heck what do we know Jackie's a blond.

We went to her room to get some CD's from my bag witch somehow it ended up in the basment when I grabed it I felt a cold chill on my arm and it would not go away.

That night we were talking and Jackie got a weird face then she kept saying over and over "you are new leave" then all the pic's flew off the wall and the bed shook the Jackie screamed, "nooooooooooooo she's my friend leave her alone Margret!"

Then a white image floated to the ceiling I so freaked out that I called home and Jackie and I stayed there.

**DATE** 7/29/2001  
**FROM** Eritsed  
**TITLE** The Demon on the Bus

I was on a bus trip to washington state when. When we stoped we stoped somewhere near Chicago and a lady walked up to me and my sister she was black and had braids or something but she said to us " you have something of mine", and i was thinking that she meant that we had like her purse or something. And she said "you have my soul and my dad came up to her and cussed her out and she left. I think she was a demon because when i looked back she was gone. I think she was trying to steal my soul or she was just a freak from somewhere

**DATE** 7/30/2001  
**FROM** Santeria  
**TITLE** Re-ghosts

A long time ago when i wasnt even born. My mom and dad move into a apt. with my older brother

but he was just a baby. One night my brother was crying for a bottle at night and he woke my mom up and she went to go get him a bottle and my dad had a radio that shows the time and while my mom was getting him a bottle she looked at the radio and it was black it didnt show the time and she knew that before they went to bed that the radio was on (they left it on every night) so anyways she got scared and she went to go wake up my dad and she told him about his radio so he went down there and got my brother his bottle and went back to the bedroom and she asked him about the radio and he said that he saw the time. A few days later they like left to the store and they locked all the doors and turned off all the lights and so they left and when they came back all the lights were on and all the doors were unlocked and so my mom started to pray (with one of those candles that have Jesus and Mary and Joseph) and she had one with Mary on it and she lit it and it exploded! so my mom and dad moved out with my brother and soon they found out that somebody had died in that apt.

-Sant

Sant

**DATE** 7/31/2001  
**FROM** ghostrider  
**TITLE** a possessed soul..almost

I once lived in a very haunted house a house that for all purposes hated its self why...some lady killed her self in the attic to my understanding now nothing was wrong at first then things started happening like running across the floor with no one there the wistling of tv theme songs with only me in the house my alarm clock shut off for no reason...oh yes & let's not forget being littery thrown down the steps where there was a window at the bottom & if the spirit didn't want u on the phone there was so much static u couldnt hear .....well one day the .. hit the fan & I was having a bad day & the spirit was up to its tricks so I like a dumb ass broke the cardinal rule & challenged it to a fight ..well let me tell ya never do that that night was un real footsteps sound's on the wood floor door's slamming & yet nothing was disturbed so I decided I screwed up big time & looked to a priest for help he said close the door & seal it with towels & sprinkle holy water around it so i did & left for a while my aunt drove me back to the house & decided to get stupid & make the spirit well when she came out the radio was up full blast the wippers were on & the lights were on high beam...she was scared to say the least ..well that nite was the nite to end all nite's I heard the most blood curling screams u could have imagined my door shook violently to my room & the spirit tried to choke my mother to death every time she dropped the rosary she was holding .....at the advise of the priest i put a crucifix on the bed & the next morn. there was little footprints all around it as if to taunt it ...well i'll tell ya there was a hell of a battle that night & i thought my room would be destroyed ..but the only thing was the footprints..... the priest later told me after hearing all that went on that the demon was trying to possess me.....a little side note to the story.....my grandmother practiced black magic & it tried to do her in as well she wouldnt even call....imagine that.....but please take my warning & never challenge the unexplained it almost killed me littery & if the door swing open ..dont say come in ....remember not all things can't or or dont want to be explained

**DATE** 8/1/2001  
**FROM** Santeria

**TITLE** My Friend's Old House

My friend lived in a really old house and it was haunted. But they still lived there and she said every night when she was little she would get in her bed and a ghost would come and tuck her in her bed and the next day she would tell her parents but they didn't believe her and then one night they were watching t.v. and her dad was talking about tearing the place down and building another house well they heard this huge bang and they all turned around and the ghost was in the laundry room and the ghost once she heard them about tearing the place down she banged her hands on the drier and then that's when they decided to move but when they moved to her new house you see her grandfather had died well she now lives with her grandma and she says that when she's alone watching t.v. she hears cups fall down in the kitchen and she thinks that her grandfather is trying to haunt her because also when she's alone she feels breathing on her and she's really scared and I got a lot more scary stories but I got to go bye

Sant

**DATE** 8/5/2001

**FROM** gayle

**TITLE** Inner City Property

Just a story for you.. Since I was 3 I have been able to see ghosts. Of course my mom never believed me so I just stayed quiet for a long time. I purchased an old building in the innercity in Milwaukee. It was built in 1907 and I was refurbishing it in order to sell it. Since day one, I had problems. There were three ghosts in the attic of the building. I am not scared of ghosts and as long as they don't do anything mean, I will allow them to stay. The first problem was the lights would go out constantly for increasing amount of times. I began to get mad as I was using saws, etc. to cut wood. I screamed out and said, "Leave the ()\_()+\* electricity alone!" whereas the lights went back on immediately and I continued my work. I heard noises of walking around, talking etc after that but ignored it. I also 'saw' a dog that would constantly be near me as I worked. It was really neat. It was a friendly dog and would sit by me in the doorway when I ate my lunch. I could even smell it. Anyway. The dog stayed for months and I could hear the dog walking on the linolium floor in the kitchen. One day the neighbor had me over and was telling me about the house that I had purchased. She said the people who owned the house before had a dog. She had a picture of it and it was the exact same looking dog I saw in the house. I asked her what happened to the dog. She said it died in the house. Just before I was finished with the house one summer day. I looked up and two young boys about 18 and 20 were walking through the house talking and laughing. They were ghosts all dressed up in gang attire. They seemed not to see me and passed through the house and through the wall going outside. I thought it was strange they did not see me or notice me. The next day I read in the paper that two blocks away two young boys were killed in drug related and gang activity. They had gotten killed and didn't even know it. I have many other stories but thought these were pretty neat.

**DATE** 8/5/2001

**FROM** gayle

**TITLE** Haunted Shipwreck

It was a flat calm day in Lake Michigan. The water was as smooth as a bathtub and we were in a

26 foot steel boat out in the lake about 5 miles offshore diving on an old sailing ship that sank in 1875. All lives were lost on this sailing vessel and we were scuba diving and collecting artifacts. (when you could, now you cannot) Three of us, my husband, Noodle (a friend) and myself were having lunch on our boat. The sun was out and the water flat calm. We were very quiet and eating lunch. All of a sudden the boat lifted very gently upwards about 10 inches. We all stared at one another in disbelief like we were imagining things. About 6 seconds later the boat went back into the water. We looked out into the water and only saw ripples of water going away from the boat. We looked all around the boat to see what had caused this and saw nothing. We got our diving equipment on after lunch and made another dive down to the shipwreck below us 85 feet. No currents, nothing. About 4 years later, I talked with the man who found the shipwreck and told him what happened. His eyes got big and he proceeded to tell me his story of finding the wreck. He had looked for three years for this wreck. When he found it, he was on his boat and got all geared up. He had an anchor down and was following the rope to the wreck on the bottom. When he could see the wreck, there were portions of the wreck visible to him and all of a sudden he felt someone with him. There was no one with him... He said he was holding on to the rope to the anchor and he felt like someone grabbed him and spun him around on the anchor line. 180 degrees around the rope quite fast. He said it scared the crap out of him. He was so shook up that later he went to the library into the files of wrecks and found out there was a mystery regarding this ship. There was supposed to be gold payroll on the captains parson. When the ship sunk, the captain tied himself to the mast and put the gold in his pockets or tied it on him so they could pull the mast up and he would be tied to it, the payroll saved. The mast was pulled up and there was no one tied to it, so they say and no gold ever found. We never found any anyway. The granddaughter of the captain is living and my buddy has tried to contact her for more information. She refuses to contact him back. Strange to say the least. I think the guy is trying to tell us something.

**DATE** 8/6/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Security Patrol  
(submitted via email)

My dad told me about this, he works as security patrol in Nashville, TN. He said that he was checking some of the buildings and a guy came out pale and scared he said that he was painting one of the rooms and he had the door open for ventilation and it kept shutting on him so he went and put a chair in front of it, about 10 min. later he was just about done when he heard a lady scream in his ear but he was the only person at the place

UknownBMXer@aol.com

**DATE** 8/6/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** The Dream

(submitted via email)

It was about 3 years ago i had a friend that had killed himself. i think i saw his evel side. I think he would be called a wraith or spector. I was like half asleep and half up would be the best way to describe it. I was haveing a dream about castles and knights. in the dream a village was on fire and there was a baby crying then when i turned around in the dream a knight on horseback hit me in the head with a mace. Then when i woke up but i was still sleeping i saw a floating creture with no legs wearing a grey hooded robe. I couldnt make out its face becouse the hood made it real dark all i could

see wear little red pindots for eyes. i was realy shaken up from it but it felt like something sent me love or hope ,courage something and i knew i would be allright. Then i woke up all of me. what was strange i dozed off at like 2:10 i remeber i saw the clock before i went to sleep. i slept and when i was fully woken up it was still 2:10 that was weird, that dream lasted for a long time it felt like. I think he ripped time and space some how any ways thats one of my storys that was fullest i had ever seen a ghost. Oh yeah that was during the day to i think it was tuesday and my friend was dead for about a good year or year and a half . write back please tell me what you think i want to talk to anyone about stuff like this. bye

Beatlejoke@aol.com

**DATE** 8/8/2001  
**FROM** Tovia  
**TITLE** Judgment ???

when I was little my family and I were over at my grandma's house and my mother and her sisters and mother were in a room messing with a ouija board...now they didn't now at the time that all those boards do is conduct evil...I even knew it at the time, but after that I had a dream about hundreds of brown cloaked, hooded creatures that were all ascending up a path that spiraled up a mountain. And i remember looking up at the top and the sky was thunderous and lightning and there the people just disappeared. and all the while, I heard no noises except the thunder, but no crying, no screams, just quite but i definately had the sensation of fear and apprehension for all these people.... similarities anyone?

**DATE** 8/11/2001  
**FROM** Debbie  
**TITLE** The Little Blonde Girl

In 1993, my husband and I moved to Las Vegas. We had a new house built just North of the Air Force Base. My younger sister came to visit us the following summer. She and my oldest daughter would stay up half the night catching up and talking. One night, they were talking at about 2 am, when they heard a faint knock on the bedroom door. Thinking it was me telling them to go to sleep, they opened the door. There was no one there. They looked down the hall and saw a little blonde girl in a white nightgown turn the corner into the family room. Thinking it was my youngest daughter, then four, they followed her. When they got to the family room, there was no one there. They then went to my youngest daughters room to tell her to stop trying to scare

them. She was asleep in her bed. And she was not wearing a white shirt or pajamas. She had on a red nightgown. Both girls came to my room to wake my husband and me. They told us the story. We checked the house top to bottom but found no one. We had a few more incidents in that house. We sold it after 2 years!

Debra K. Taylor

**DATE** 8/13/2001  
**FROM** gayle  
**TITLE** Haunted attic

Alright, Here is another story that happened to me that is very true. We lived in a pretty old house and when I was about 11 or so, my sisters and brothers and I knew it was haunted. Our parents did not believe us of course. There was this nasty "thing" that stayed in the attic of the house. Now the attic was not in the ceiling, it was two small doors that was in the closet of my sister's and my room. We usually had a hanger stuck in the handles to prevent it from opening and hated even going into the closet as we could 'feel' something kind of like watching us. We kept the closet door closed very tightly at night and usually kept a light or radio on. My brother's room had the same type of little door and they kept their closet door closed too. They usually had junk piled in front of the door. Us kids knew this, but we were never believed. My sister had gone to college and of course I was left in this room alone. I hated it. I wanted to move my room downstairs but was told no. So one night, I was in 6th grade. I was in the closet getting out clothes for the next day for school. I had the hanger in the door handles holding it shut. All of a sudden the doors flew open and the hanger went flying. I about crapped my pants and ran as fast as I could out of my room and after that don't remember a thing. I fell down the stairs to the first floor and woke up crawling to the family room where my parents were. I was of course crying etc. and very upset. My dad and stepmother were almost convinced from this story that there was something in the attic. My dad got a gun and went upstairs, he went into the attic and of course found nothing. Things began to get hairy after this. My sister and I were sleeping and my dad came up into the room hollering that we were making too much noise. We were in bed sleeping and my dad kind of looked scared after he saw us in bed sleepy eyed. After the event of the doors flying open a while later, I was in bed sleeping and felt something in the room. I woke up and was like paralyzed and could not move. This evil thing was next to the bed and wanted me to be afraid of it. I knew this and forced myself not to be afraid. The bed raised in the air and moved. I could not get afraid and just laid there. I refused to be afraid and it left. The next night my brother told me that he was in bed and his bed raised up in the air and shook. After that we slept in the same room together. My step mother finally started to believe us after her things began to disappear. She had a special ring or something and she had it hidden. It was gone and then she found it somewhere else than where she put it. She kind of ignored us when we had the lights on etc. in our rooms at night. One time I was in the basement sleeping with a friend over. We were talking and it was pitch black. All of a sudden it sounded like someone was playing a harp. We got very quiet and scared. We went upstairs and stayed there the rest of the night. We moved after about 10 years there and one day my sister and I were in the neighborhood. We were going to go to the house and ask the people if they had any type of ghost things happen. We were talking and decided not to in case the thing was still there and might follow us home. My sister said that in the night she would wake up with this thing staring at her and it would lay in the bed next to her. She could not move when it did this. I think we did the right thing by not going to the old house and asking any questions in case that putred thing came along with us. I have one more story that happened about five years ago at my house I am in, actually two. Believe these or not..... your choice. The first thing is that now

that I am older I just tell these ghosts off, and they usually leave. I tell them I know they are there and to leave if they mess around too badly.

A new residential area was being built about 5 blocks from my husbands and my house. One night I woke up with something tapping my cheek. I woke up and looked around thinking my husbands hand had tapped me. He was facing the other way. Finally I woke up enough to feel three ghosts in the room. They were messing around and laughing etc. Apparently they were digging a basement in the subdivision and I got the idea that these ghosts were trapped in some box under the earth for a very long time and now they were loose. They were causing all kinds of mischief. They were trying to keep me from sleeping and were in the water pipes of my house. I felt they were actually cutting one of the pipes under the sink. I said that is enough, Leave now! Well they left. The next night my husband and I were sleeping and at about 5 in the morning all of a sudden I heard a popping noise and water was gushing on the kitchen floor. Those little creeps had actually cut the pipe a bit and it took that long for the pipe to weaken. Well I didn't tell my husband about these ghosts. He knows I can see them and talk to them, but I usually don't tell him stuff as it will scare him.. Anyway, i told him the story after we got the water turned off and the house de-watered. The peice that broke off we inspected and you could actually see it was cut. He about crapped looking at the peice. Well about two days later, there was a building not far away and it burned down. I instantly knew what happened. Those michevicious ghosts messed with the electric and it caused a fire. The fire dept still does not know how the fire started after all these years.. I am not about to tell them, i will end up in a padded cell. The other thing that happened is it was very late at night and I was up reading in the kitchen. It had just snowed about 1 inch, very fluffy and pretty snow. Well I had been hearing noises in the basement lateley and suspected a ghost in my house but kind of blew it off as it was not messing with anything. While I was sitting there, I heard a bunch of kids outside running around the house and screaming like they were having fun. I ignored it for a few minutes as I was reading then I looked at the clock. It was 11 pm and a school night. I opened the drapes and there was nothing there, there was no footprints in the snow or anything. Then the phone rang and I picked it up, there was no one there. Now I began to get mad. I can usually find out where the ghost is and I go look at it and talk to it and say stop, or get out. I could not find this one, it kept going somewhere else when I got near it. Well, I kind of blew things off as I could not find it, but I was getting mad. The next day my husband came home from work and we were going to change the bedclothes on the bed. He called me into the room and said, What happened to the bed? It was soaking wet. I looked at the ceiling and there were no leaks and no way that water got in anywhere. I was now really pissed because we had to clean up this water mess. We have no children and no explanation. I told my husband about what was going on and as I was telling him, the lights in the house dimmed way down. Now I am mad as heck. The phone rings and there is no one there. I am boiling. I shout for this thing to leave and leave now as it is not welcome. The lights went up to normal in one second and there has been no problems ever since. Of course my husband thinks I am crazy in a good sort of way. I think he was a little scared. But, believe it or not. I know what happened.. I have one more small story. The company I work for bought an old delapadated hotel. There was one houskeeping room that had a ghost in it. I told the girl that worked there and she said, well I don't beleive in ghosts. So she said where, take me there and let me see. So I said ok. So we went to the room and I unlocked the door. I said in here. She looked around and saw nothing. Of course I knew the ghost was in the back of the room, I could feel it. She was kind of smart alleck and said, there is nothing here. I said ok. So I went out of the door first and she had her hand on the door knob and was pulling the door shut when all of a sudden the door flew open out of her hand. she screamed bloody murder and all I saw was her back end running down the hallway. I just laughed. She quit about two weeks later. Oops..... That's what you get. So much for those stories. I kind of just accept the fact when there are ghosts around. My cousin had me to his business as there was an

area of the building that was creepy. I told him that there was some guy that had a heart attack and died in the room and the energy is still there. I told him what happened and what the guy did and how the room looked before. He never told me what the room looked like before he remodeled it and I was telling him. He was a little nerve wracked. After I told him, things settled down in the area. One more story then I will quit. Word kind of got around that I can see these things and a lady had me to her old apartment built in the 20's. Her granddaughter could not sleep and was having nightmares. I said I would come and see if there was anything wrong there or any ghosts. The lady beleives in ghosts so she agreed. I went into the house and proceeded to tell her about some guy getting pushed down the stairs and getting hurt. Also there were drug parties there and I described each person, what they were wearing, and what they were doing when this party occurred. Some guy got cut with a knife, but not killed and I could 'see' blood all over the walls splatter. Then some girl was drugged laying on the floor. She needed help, but could not speak as she was drugged. There was also a ghost there that was a young girl. She had like polio and loved this house very much. She kept looking out the window. she was in the kitchen and i could see her. I asked her what she wanted. She said, I love this house and can't leave. I said, well, just come back and buy it. She vanished. As soon as she vanished a smell came into the room like someone was sick. The lady I was with smelled it and said that smell was there now and then and she could never get rid of it. It was gone now. THE daughter of the lady lived downstairs at the time of the parties and told her every single thing I said was true. It was her uncle that got cut, and blood was on the walls. I guess there was harmful energy left in the room from what occurred. The granddaughter has never had a problem sleeping to this day. I have helped many people with this thing I can do. I am not sure what it is, but, I like to help with it.

**DATE** 8/14/2001  
**FROM** Stacey  
**TITLE** More strange happenings

Hey all---for those who have read Stacey's house---something new happened the other night. It was around 3 or so in the morning and i was trying to sleep. All of a sudden, I heard a noise that at first sounded like my dog crying. I went to check on him and he was sleeping---no noise. Then I went back to my room and kept hearing it. The noise was getting louder and louder until I finally heard exactly what it was. It was the sound of a woman trying to talk while she was crying. I then remembered that my next door neighbors-husband and wife- were on vacation---so it couldn't have been them fighting. I couldn't make out anything "she" was saying I only know that she sounded so desperate for someone to hear her. After about a 1/2 hour or so---it stopped. i didn't know what to do---if i should have tried to talk to her or what. I'll keep u guys posted.

Stacey Lynn

**DATE** 8/14/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Foggy Road  
(submitted by Auswigg@aol.com via email)

One foggy night during 11:00 12:00 me and my friends where walking up on the next street we saw a car come down a foggy road.when we heard bicycle tires coming up the street.We saw a young pale faced girl riding a white bicyc le.When suddenly we remembered that a car was coming down the street! The girls bike was just inches away when suddenly... she pased through the car.The car did manige to but we didnt see a girl laying anywhere. there was no damige or blood on the car and the car just started moving again..... This is true, we are still searching for her.

- Auswigg

**DATE** 8/14/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Grandfather  
(submitted via email by rest1965@netzero.net)

A night after my grandfather died in Americas, GA, I woke up feeling a cold wind around me and I looked up and this was this black figure standing in front of me thinking it was just my brother trying to scare me I just rolled over then I woke up again and I saw the figure again and saw that my brother was still asleep..... I slept with my sister that night

- rest1965

**DATE** 8/15/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Tallahassee Apartment  
(Submitted via email by Meowomon@aol.com)

In 1983, I was living in an apartment on Bronough Street in Tallahassee, Florida. It was an old apartment behind a former church that had been remodeled in to a small apartment house. My apartment was one of two over the garages in back. It also was situated right next to a cemetery that had been there a long time. One warm early spring day, I was napping in my room when I woke hearing voices and footsteps in the apartment. I assumed that my roommate, Bridget, had come home and brought friends with her. As I looked to the end of my bed, there was a silent young man petting my cat Lucy. He was in his twenties, dressed in jeans and a red lumberjack flannel shirt. His blond hair was long to his collar and combed in a 1970's style. I was in a paralyzed state and all I could do was look at him and wonder why my roommates friend had the nerve to enter my room and pet my cat while I lay sleeping. I do not remember him leaving the room, but when I realized that he was gone I was able to move. I sat up on the side of my bed, still hearing the voices and called to my roommate to come into my room. "Bridget!", I yelled. Then all was silent. I got up out of bed to go find her and there was no one in my apartment and all windows and doors were closed and locked.

This story was printed in The Tallahassee Democrat's Halloween edition in 1990. As a result of that story a man called me and asked me if a certain apartment on Bronough Street was where

this took place. ( the exact location was not mentioned in the article ) He gave me the exact location and explained that in 1976 a friend of his who lived in that same apartment was killed in a tragic parachuting accident while he was living there. He said that his friend always dressed in a similar manner and had longish blond hair as I had described. He sent me a picture of his friend and I was amazed at the similarity of this guy and the guy I saw in my room. Needless to say, this really spooked me and I can't remember what I did with the photo. I did not keep in touch with that guy either.

The last part of this story is the real kicker. In 1996 having put that other experience out of my mind, I was working at an adult day program for mentally retarded adults. It was near Halloween and I asked the class if anyone had any real ghost stories to share. The teacher Matt M. piped up and said he had an unusual experience in 1982 at a house on Bronough Street. I immediately felt my skin crawl and asked him the exact location. It was the same property except it took place at the apartment in front of the one in which I used to live. He was "partying" with some friends ( it was their apartment ) and they all heard someone walking up the outside stairs that led up to the front door. They saw a blond haired guy in a red flannel lumberjack shirt ( I swear that is exactly what he said! ) coming up the stairs. He passed by the window and knocked on the door. No one there knew him and when Matt went to open the door, there was no one there. The only way back down was passed that same window and down the stairs. Either that or a jump of about 15 feet.

Lara Marks, Meowomon@aol.com  
Tallahassee, Florida

**DATE** 8/17/2001  
**FROM** PCKAT1  
**TITLE** Outhouse

When I was 12 I went to visit my grandma for the summer, I brought my girlfriend Jamie along. My grandma had a farm, pigs, chickens, etc...so no one really used the outhouse but me and Jaime just for fun. It has a unique smell. So one night around midnight Jamie and I went to use the outhouse, when we opened the squeaky door we saw two brown work boots in front of the comode! We slammed the door and wondered if someone was playing a joke. We laughed and opened the door and the boots were gone! We ran back into a wooden cabin where we slept that belonged to my great grandma who died when I was eleven. (see "gramma's spirit") The next morning in the main house, I told my grandma, and she said my great grandma use to wear a pair of old brown boots around the yard!

KRyza

**DATE** 8/17/2001  
**FROM** PCKAT1  
**TITLE** Black Lingerie

Heres a funny story...I was born just after midnight, and after my mum brought me home, she said I use to get startled awake from sleep, and look around with a frightened look on my face as I screamed. This kept happening so my grandma took me to a woman who told fortunes, and she

told her the ghosts were pinching and bothering me when I slept. She said my mum had to put black lingerie in my crib each night, and it had to be something she wore that day. I know, you guys don't believe me, but it's true. I didn't wake up screaming any more, and all the clothes in my closet today are black. I have a few red, grey, white and leopard stuff. My lingerie comes in many colors.

KRyza

**DATE** 8/18/2001  
**FROM** MARIA ROSARIO  
**TITLE** HE HAD TO SAY GOOD BYE

Well let me start by saying that I loved a lot my grandpa and this story about him. My grandpa was a very special person, he never hurt anyone in any way. I remember him telling me stories about the past presidents of my country. I'm originally from Central America, Guatemala to be exact. He had a lot of stories to talk about. Well me and my second oldest sister lived with my aunt, uncle and grandpa while my parents and my other two sisters were here in the US. We were gonna reunite in like a year or two, the whole family together at last. While I was back there I had to cook, clean and do whatever house work was there to be done. I cooked for my sister grandpa and I. We got along just perfect. Another thing if I might mention, I don't think my aunt and uncle really liked/loved my grandpa ( their father) they would do things to him or say things that they shouldn't, I mean they were his family, his blood. My mom told me that once, (they lived in this really huge house that their mother left for them, my grandpa's first wife, she died of some illness, I don't remember what was exactly) they took away the key of the house, and back in Guatemala it's not like here, most of the people don't have doorbells so they have to knock on the door. So my grandpa was there for like an hour or so waiting outside because no one would open the door for him..... ( I'm sorry, it just hurt me when I remember about that) we lived somewhere else by that time and my mother would come to visit my grandpa. She found him outside tired of knocking on the door, that she got mad and she almost knocked down the door. Well before that he had his own room and my uncle shut down the electricity just on his room, I don't really know why he did that but anyway, my grandpa had to use candles at night when he wanted to read, eat or just about do anything. Well, it came the time where I had to come here and reunite with the rest of my family, but my sister stayed back there. Some months had passed by, I remember exactly not the date but what happened. It was a Saturday, my mom one of my other sisters and I were all sitting in the living room, when all of the sudden we heard a noise coming out of the closet. My mom went to check it out and no one was around there we thought it was my dad or my sisters that had come home from the store without us hearing them, but no, no one was there just bucket on the floor that had fallen out from the closet, I don't know how because the closet was closed, so my mom picked it up and she said smiling it was a ghost trying to scare us. Well later that night we were here and my dad and sisters had gone to the laundromat. We were sitting down when the phone rang, my mom answered the phone and it was my uncle (on my father's side) and he asked if

someone else was with her, and she said yeah, he said well let me talk with my son in law (by that time he was here living with us for a while) so she asked why, she noticed my uncle was nervous, but she passed the phone to my cousin's husband he talked with him and then hanged up. She knew that something was wrong, so she called back and asked what was going on, my uncle said, "your dad had an accident and he was in the hospital but because of the accident he had died a few hours ago" my mom said that she felt like her whole world had fallen up on her. My uncle said that they had not called because they didn't know how she was gonna react. And they were right she just lost it, I mean she was crying like, you just cannot imagine, my grandpa was really important in our lives (well I think you can relate to if you had lost someone really close to you) When they told me I just couldn't believe it I just didn't know how to react, but then I remember, just about when my grandpa had the accident was when the bucket had fallen out of the closet, he came to say good-bye from so far away, he had us in his mind, he didn't forget about us. It was really something special. Well when they were at the funeral we use to do it at our houses, you know pray for them and all that kind of stuff, when my uncle says that he had put the electricity back on, or at least he tried, but just something or someone wouldn't let him, he would put a light bulb and it will just shut off, he tried it for a few times and then he said, "I took the electricity off from him, and now he is just saying now what he wants the electricity back for. They have changed ( my aunt, and uncle) well at least that's what I hope. I hope they are sorry for what they did and how they treated my grandpa. I just pray for them and ask God for Him to forgive them. Please you do to! Thanks a lot for taking the time to read my story. And for the love I had and still have for my grandpa my son's middle name is Gregorio, my grandpa's name! I love you! And I will always have you in my heart.

MARIA ROSARIO

**DATE** 8/21/2001

**FROM** BobDinero

**TITLE** Catching a ghost on film

Hi, I live in a house with 2 other male roomates (I'm a guy too). Anyway, we have been hearing strange noises when only 1 of us is home, money has been missing (maybe not a ghost), and my other roomates have seen people in the house, then disappear. I am in the process of setting up a webcam that detects movement, then takes a picture. Is this enough? Is there another way I could "catcha ghost"? or maybe I'm better off if I don't know. I am considering posting my pics on this site as well.

**DATE** 8/21/2001  
**FROM** jctulip11  
**TITLE** The Travelodge haunting.

My mom was workin in Travelodge 3 years ago in Vegas and there is 4 parts to it....the main hotel,hotel A,hotel B,and hotel C.Hotel C was the one that was haunted because in the 70's a girl was raped in hotel C and was haunting there ever since.Lights would flicker on and off in the middle of the nights all the time and the guards there would see a person staring at them in the corner of there eye's and they would turn around and the ghost would dissapeer.The maid would feel something walk through her body all the time and also something trying to shake her hand.One day something walked by the glass entrance doors and the glass shattered all over the place!!!Dont tell me thats not freaky.

**DATE** 8/21/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Hanted Tower

Hi. My name is Erin and Im 9 years old. I want to tell you about my story. It all started when my mom was driving me to the church on a sunday morning. I looked at the tower and I walked up the stairs to the top and I saw a giant bell that rings every hour. A week later I went to the top of the bell at 8:00 with some friends. It was not very cold that night, but when me & my friends went up to the tower it was freezing cold. We knew that something was not right. So the next night we went to take pictures.....When I got them developed 2 days later, I noticed that there was a smug on one of the pictures I took up in the tower. I tried to wipe it off but it would not come off. I told my friends about it and my friend amanda said that it was a ghost. And I said "how do you know?" "I looked the ghosts up on a website. The ghost was a lonley woman who had no friends. She comes back to the tower every night because she was killed up there." Said Amanda.....I was shocked. We took alot of pictures that night but I lost them. I wonder what ever happend to them? I dont know. I wish I could list them on here but I dont have them. If you have any things to ask me about this story, you can email me at Kittens8989@aol.com or at ErinBear8992@aol.com Thank you. And beware your in for a scare

**DATE** 8/21/2001  
**FROM** gayle  
**TITLE** Piano plays by itself

Here is a story. I did not know if I should put it on here as it is a bit far fetched. But... I was there and I have about 14 kids as witnesses.

anyway..... It was in the fall about two years ago. I worked as a tutor in the inner city and we were in a Church that used to be a funeral home. It had the burners still intact in the basement and we had found unclaimed urns with ashes in them in the basement. The basement was very creepy. All the peoples belongings that were cremated were in the basement all stacked up. They were old clothes, footwear, leg braces and even prosthesis'. It was totally haunted. The basement was very creepy and many ghosts were down there. We took the urns and had another funeral home take care of them for us. But before we knew this, here is the story.

I was working with black kids from ages 9 to 18. There were about fourteen kids that day in a small room we set up for tutoring. All the kids were quiet and studying. We were in this building

that was now a church. The piano that was in the larger room used for services started to play a few notes. Fourteen pairs of wide eyes looked up and stared at me. We thought someone had come in the church and was playing around. It was in October and about 6 pm. which meant it was dark outside. We kept a few lights on so we could see in the hallway from where we were. Well some of the smaller kids started to get scared because no one was supposed to be in there with us. We had locked the doors. The piano started to play louder and was not playing a song, just the notes were playing randomly. All the kids got up from their desks and were telling me to go look and see who was there. Of course they all followed me down the dim lit hallway. I went into the larger room for services and turned on the light. The piano was in the open and the keys were going down but no one was on the chair. Every kid with me started to scream bloody murder and clung on to one another. All of a sudden the pictures on the walls started to move swinging back and forth like someone was walking fast down the hall and pushing them. Well, that was all it took. There were fourteen kids racing down the hall screaming with only the whites of their eyes showing and literally got out of that church as fast as they could go. I could not believe it. It was very upsetting to these kids. Half were crying their eyes out after I rounded them all up. They refused to go back in that church. It took me about two weeks to get them to go back. I had to go back and get their coats and books. I did manage after a week to get the ghosts handled so they would not disrupt things. That is when I found the urns and things in the basement and found out it was a funeral home. I wished I had a picture of those kids running down the street. One of my buddy's did not believe me what happened. I brought him to the church and into the basement. He was a believer after when we were down there, his legs were being grabbed and held onto, and he felt wind on his face when there was no air movement. He did not want to go back either.

**DATE** 8/24/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** Merry Christmas Jessica

Hi. My name is Erin and I want to tell you a story about my friend Jessica. One day in August my friends dad died and left her with only her mother. Near christmas, her mother had to leave to go to Balitimore and she left Jessica alone.

2 weeks later it was christmas. She opened the presents her mother left for her. She only got 5 gifts because her mother did not have time to go shopping. Anyway, when she was opening the presents she counted 6 gifts, but her mother only said she had the time to get her 5 gifts. It was not wrapped. It was a flower basket. She read the card and it read: Merry Christmas Jessica! It was written in a blood red color. 1 week later when jessicas mother came home, Jessica asked her if she gave any flower baskets to her for Christmas, and she said "No I have only gotten you 5 presents. I would never waste my time to mail flowers out to you." Jessica did not know what to say..... If you want to email me about this story, please contact me at Kittens8989@aol.com or at ErinBear8992@aol.com Thanks for reading and.....Beware your in for a scare!!

Erin

**DATE** 8/24/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992

**TITLE** Phone Lines

Hi my name is Erin and I want to tell you a story. This story is not true but I just wanted to post it so you can read it. Anyway here's the story. Amy was an only child and she lived with her mother and father. Her grandfather passed away 2 years ago. He was buried in the backyard of there house. Her mother came in the room and told her that she and her father had to go to another town because a friend was sick. The next day, Amy was alone in her house. There was a big storm that night and the power went out. She was alittle afraid.Then the phone rang. But how could the phone ring if the power was out?? In shock, Amy anwsered the phone. "Hello?." The person anwsered "It will be ok..Dont be afraid. Its ok. Dont worry." she responded "WHO IS THIS??" the voice said "This is your grandfather....." This is one of my favorite storys. I liked the ending. Please check out my other spooky stories. Thanks for reading! And beware...Your in for a scare.

Erin

**DATE** 8/24/2001

**FROM** Ghosts8992

**TITLE** Drip,Drip,Drip

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to post it on this web site because it is a cool thing to read. Heres the story.... In the 1960's there was a girl named Jill. She was told an urban legend that one psycho-path who killed and hung people in a certain way so they can make sounds that will scare people. One day, Jill when on a date with a boy named Bill. Jill and Bill were listening to the radio." This is a special bulletin, Lock your doors, close your windows, and stay out of the street! Mr. Urban strikes again!" Jill and Bill got scared so they went to a nearby hotel to spend the night. "There was only one room left", said the clerk. "We'll take it", said Bill. But when they arrived to the room, it was cold, junky, and to top it all off, the window wouldn't close." It doesn't even have it's own bathroom.", complained Jill. Jill and Bill got into the twin-sized bed. Jill fell asleep about twenty minutes after they both got into the bed. Then, she heard someone come in through the window. What ever it was, it grabbed Bill and went out the door and it started to the bathroom. Than she started to hear drip, drip, drip. Next it got into bed. "Do you here those sounds?", said Jill." Yes its probably just the sink.", said this deep, dark voice. She got up and walked very fast to the bathroom. Then she heard this evil laugh coming from her room. Now she started running to the bathroom. "AAAAAAAAAAAA-AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" screamed Jill. Everybody got out of their hotel-rooms and looked into the bathroom. They saw Bill with a slit neck hanging with a slit throat and heard drip, drip, drip.

Thanks for reading my stories and Beware you in for a scare!!

Erin

**DATE** 8/24/2001

**FROM** Ghosts8992

**TITLE** The Voices In the Walls

Hi. My name is Erin and this is a true story. I got it off of a website and I thought I would share it with you. Here is the story... This is a true story about a ghost who haunted a house for centuries and centuries...and what happened when they tore the house down. A long time ago, about 1732 a man and a woman were to be married. The bride, Jessica Stevenson, was overwhelmed with

joy. The groom, Thomas MacRoy, was the same. Anyway, the two were married on March 30, 1732. As they were walking on a bridge like thing built over flowers and very shallow water. The bride saw some beautiful, rare flowers that she wanted. Thomas decided to jump off the bridge and get them for her. However, he fell too hard on a big rock and broke his leg. Jessica ran to get help. While she was gone, Thomas had tried to climb back up, but fell again, this time hitting his head on the rock. By the time Jessica returned, Thomas had died. They had his funeral a week later. Jessica was traumatized. She wore black for two years, claiming that Thomas picked out her outfits for her. Everything she did, she said Thomas told her to do. One day her father came to her house to check on her, and found her standing in her bedroom with one of Thomas's swords on her chest. "Thomas told me it was time for me to come home to him, because he missed me." After these words, she pushed the sword into her heart and died. Her family fled far from the house, fearing any more deaths. The room she killed herself in was boarded up so you couldn't tell it was a wall. And no one discovered it for two hundred years. In 1932, people started wondering why the house was always abandoned within two years of ownership. People complained of "voices in the walls". These people were never specific about what the voices said. In 1933, people were told to knock down the house and build a railroad station. While knocking down the house, 4 people died. All of them were assigned to the section of the house the room was boarded up in. By the time the house was knocked over, most of the people had quit, claiming to have been bored with the job. Soon after the railroad station was built. People claimed sightings of a groom and a pretty lady in a black dress to stand by the train all day, crying. One day they stopped crying. This very day, all of the trains crashed, and all of the passengers died. They closed the train station, and left it as an open field. Since this, the couple has been seen wandering around the area of the Pennsylvania border. Everyone who crosses their path dies. Who knows what they'll do next.

Thank you for reading my story. Please check out my other stories..And beware..your in for a scare!!

**DATE** 8/24/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Tent

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story. I just want to post it to share with you. I hope you like it! Once upon a time three girls were camping out by their selves. They were about 12 years old and one girl named Jessie was just turning 12. It was about 3:00 in the morning and they were about to go to sleep when they heard something in the woods. They ignored it and still went to sleep. Jessie's friend Heather was asleep when something woke her up. It was something dripping in the tent. She thought it was just water so she went back to sleep. She heard noises all through the night. In the morning when she woke up Brandy and Jessie was dead. Someone had went in the tent got them out and hung them above the tent by a tree. She started screaming and ran to Jessie's house because it was the closes. She tld Jessie's mother and they went walked down to the tent and there was nothing there. No blood on the tent or no rope or anybody even around. Jessie's mother started saying Heather was a freak and she wanted to know where Jessie and Brandy was. She didn't know. Kathy (Jessie's mother) called the police and they put Heather in jail for murder.

Thank you for reading my story! Please check out my other spooky spine chilling stories

and....Beware...your in for a scare!!

Erin

**DATE** 8/24/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** Christy and her Collie

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to share it with you. Here is the story... Once there was this girl named Christy and she lived with her parents Karen and Dan in a small town in New York. Christy was the only child and there was one family pet, a Collie named Max. Christy was 14 years old and her parents found her responsible enough to stay home alone. One Saturday night they told her they were going out to the movies and then going shopping and they asked her if she wanted to go but Christy said for them to go out and enjoy themselves and that she would be fine. Her parents trusted her enough to stay there alone with Max so they left around 9:30pm and said they would be back at midnight. Christy had brushed her teeth, took a shower and then watched TV. At 10:30pm she went up to bed with Max close behind her, she fell fast asleep. At 10:50 Christy awoke to a dripping noise coming from down stairs, and thought to herself she may have not turned the knob of the shower fully off and to assure her safety she reached down to pet Max and fell back asleep. Then at 11:15 she awoke to the same noise but now the dripping noise had increased, she was too tired to go down to turn the knob so she reached down and felt Max lick her hand then turned over and fell to a light sleep. At 11:30 she just couldn't stand the dripping so she went downstairs and as she approached the bathroom she turned on the light to find her Collie Max skinned and hung from the bathroom ceiling and a note written in blood that said "humans can lick too, beautiful".

Thank you for reading my stories! Please check out my other stories and.. Beware your in for a scare!!

**DATE** 8/24/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Baby

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to share it with you. Heres the story..

One night , I was home alone with the baby...when I heard a noise down stairs....so I went to check (like any other person would do) so I went to go put the baby in his room , while I went down the stairs, and then I seen a shadow, ran by...or something black like a shadow... anyway back to the story....so I ran up stairs 'cause I heard the baby cry....as i ran I suddenly trip over this black substance... I checked it...it was blood as I screamed when I got up , I ran to the room to check if the baby was okay.....he wasn't in his crib.....my heart almost jump out of my chest...I looked all over but no sight of the missing baby.. I went down stairs....again to see if "it" was down stairs....then I screamed of horror... when I saw this lady dressed in black , hairy head to toe.....with the baby in her hands I screamed for help and to make her give back my baby brother but before I could turn the light on... she jump out of the window...even though how sharp the glass was there was no trace of blood what so ever...and still today w e don't know what happen to little baby Warren.. I could still hear his cries of help, fore it was my fault now that he is

gone....gone where no one could see him again... but only hear his cries...

Thank you for reading my story! Please check out my other stories and...Beware.. your in for a scare!!

Erin

**DATE** 8/25/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Hook

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to share it with you. Enjoy reading...

One night a boy asked out a girl to go out to the movies and she said yes. Instead of going to the movies the boy surprised her and took her out on the hill to watch the stars. While sitting in the car listening to the radio the announcer said: "warning there is a mad maniac on the loose in town with a hook for a hand, apparently his hand got chopped off in prison and he replaced it with a hook so he doesn't have to carry around his weapon to kill people, be aware and report anything you see or hear to the police, thank you" " I don't feel very good about being up here all alone" said the girl, "take me home please" " What! that stupid announcement scared you, oh well i guess i'll take you home" said the boy. on the way home they kept hearing a little scraping sound on the side of the car, they thought nothing of it. when the boy stopped the car to let the girl get out at her house, there was a silver hook stuck to the side of the car....

Thank you for reading my story! Please check out my other stories and... Beware...your in for a scare!!

Erin

**DATE** 8/25/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Abduction

Hi. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to share it with you. Enjoy the story..... Imagine that you are a security guard at Independence Hall. Your job is to help protect an American landmark. These days, of course, you are aided by electronic security devices which can detect movement, and the presence of anyone who shouldn't be inside the building when it is closed to the general public. But...can those electronic gadgets also detect the presence of spirits? Of ghosts? Imagine again that you are about to close up shop at Independence Hall. The tourists are long gone, the day is done, you're ready to head home, and you make one final sweep of the building before securing it for the night. You are standing in a corner to the rear of the front door. You know you are alone. Or...are you? All is very quiet. Quiet, that is, until the sound of footsteps shuffle on the floor of the Long Gallery upstairs. You are certain it is footsteps. Certain, too, that it is the footfall of a stray tourist who somehow was left behind. You ascend the staircase, cautiously. The footsteps seem to stop at the top of the stairs. You brace yourself for whatever you may encounter. But nothing can brace you for what you are about to experience. As you reach the top of the stairs, you sense a chilling feeling. You feel that you are not alone, but you see no one. Again, and as if directly in front of you, are the footsteps. A musty aroma wafts past you...the air is now icy cold...and not three feet from your face, a cloudy form begins to take

shape! You stand stunned and silent. You have never experienced anything like this in your life, and you have no idea how to handle it. You are a security guard, but this icy feeling...this musty smell...this emerging form...these are beyond any training and any preparation you have ever had. Your eyes wide, your feet riveted in place, you watch as the cloudy form seems to take the shape of a human being. A head...shoulders...a torso...as if a massive puff of cigarette smoke was pressed together into a shape, the figure becomes somehow familiar...and then...and then! POOF! It vanishes before your eyes. Gone in an instant. You breathe for the first time in what seems like hours, and yet it has really only been a minute or so. You step back, swallow, wipe your brow. You try to reason with an episode which unfolded from somewhere beyond all reason. You have witnessed...you have come face-to-face...with one of the ghosts of Independence Hall.

Thank you for reading my story. Please check out my other stories and.... Beware your in for a scare!!

**DATE** 8/27/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Farmhouse

Hello. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but I wanted to share it with you. I hope you enjoy it. A young man and his wife were on a trip to visit his mother. Usually they arrived in time for supper. But they had gotten a late start, and now it was getting dark. So they decided to look for a place to stay overnight and go on in the morning.

Just off the road, they saw a small house in the woods. "Maybe they rent rooms," the wife said. So they stopped to ask. An elderly man and woman came to the door. They didn't rent rooms, they said. But they would be glad to have them stay overnight as their guests. They had plenty of room, and they would enjoy the company. The old woman made coffee and brought out some cake, and the four of them talked for awhile. Then the young couple were taken to their room. They again explained that they wanted to pay for this, but the old man said he would not accept any money.

The young couple got up early the next morning before their hosts had awakened. On a table near the front door, they left an envelope with some money in it for the room. Then they went on to the next town. They stopped in a restaurant and had breakfast. When they told the owner where they had stayed, he was shocked. "That can't be," he said. "That house burned to the ground, and the man and the woman who lived there died in the fire."

The young couple could not believe it. So they went back to the house. Only now there was no house. All they found was a burned-out shell. They stood staring at the ruins trying to understand what had happened. Then the woman screamed. In the rubble was a badly burned table, like the one they had seen by the front door. On the table was the envelope they had left that morning

Thanks for reading my story. Please check out my other spooky stories and.... Beware your in for a scare!!

Ghosts8992

**DATE** 8/28/2001  
**FROM** PCKAT1  
**TITLE** Posted Pictures!

I just want to say thanks to everyone who's posted pictures, now more of us know that some of us have seen ghosts! Acidus, this is an awesome website, I just hope GhostPlace.com isn't haunted too! 

KRyza

**DATE** 8/28/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Camping Trip

Hi. Im Erin and I wanna share my story with you. here it is. About three years ago {1997}there was a group of college kids{Jenna,Donald,Eric,& Amber} going on a camping trip. Eric's parents owned a log cabin off in the woods about 8 miles from town. Since there was nothing except woods around that area, they thought it would be a good idea to stay a weekend there. Come Friday they all packed up and started for there weekend of bliss. When they got to the cabin they sat down and started to plan what they were going to do that weekend. It was already late and starting to get dark so they decided to talk about it in the morning. Eric and Donald went out to get firewood so they wouldn't freeze that night. When they got back Jenna and Amber swore that they heard something moving around in the attic. Eric said that it was probably a rat, and there was nothing to be scared about. They agreed and went to bed. That night Jenna started hearing the same sounds as earlier. Since Eric and Donald's room was on the other side of the cabin, she woke Amber and told her to sit up with her for while. After about five minutes the sound came back. It sounded like something big moving in the attic. They both jumped up and ran into the boys room. Donald told them that there just hearing things. Jenna demanded to sleep with them. so they did. The next morning they were woke by a police officer at the front door. The police officer told them that there was a search warrant out for an escaped convict from an insane asylum near by. He told them not to worry but to be careful and stick together. That night around a campfire, Donald started telling scary stories. The girls immediately became frightened, and begged him to quit. The boys took their fright to advantage and started cuddling up with the girls. They decided to go inside and immediately they were killed...

How did you like the story? Please check out my other stories. See ya all later!  
 Ghosts8992

**DATE** 8/28/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** Halloween Explanation

Hi. I'm Erin and i want to tell you THE Halloween Explanation. Its about how halloween was made. here it is. Halloween, as we know it today, is a truly American phenomenon, but the holiday did originate in Ireland. The Celtic peoples of Ireland celebrated the festival of Samhain on October 31. Samhain, meaning "end of summer," was a time to harvest crops and bring herds down from mountainous pastures. Samhain was believed to be a magical time. The Celts believed that times of transition, like the interval between night and day, were instances when the boundaries between our world and the spirit world were the thinnest. Since Samhain was the transition between summer and winter, the Celtic people felt that Samhain was a time to honor the

dead and try to communicate with beloved ones that died, much like Mexico's Dias De Los Muertos, or "Day of the Dead." Because Samhain was thought to be a time where the dead roamed the earth, huge bonfires were set atop cliffs to scare away unwanted or evil spirits. However, there is absolutely no evidence that cats or any animals were thrown into these fires as sacrificial offerings. Cats were not even indigenous to Ireland at that time. The only animals that were killed around the time of Samhain were animals deemed unfit for breeding throughout the winter.

Contrary to popular belief, Samhain is not a "Lord of the Dead." There is no deity, demon, or spirit named Samhain. Samhain is simply the name of the festival that celebrates summer's end. The Celts had no demons or devils in their religion. The Celts did, however, believe that fairies existed. These fairies were considered hostile, short tempered, and dangerous. They supposedly longed for the chance to punish mankind for invading their land.

Samhain was very much a harvest celebration and many Celts believed that any food left on vines, trees, or in the ground after Samhain, was tainted by the fairies and hence, inedible. Samhain was also a celebration of the New Year to the Celts. Due to the thought that the Fairies and the dead wandered the earth on Samhain, many households put out food for their deceased family members or the fairies to ensure good fortune for the new year. Vagrants usually ate this food, leaving the inhabitants of the house to falsely believe they had been visited by fairies or their beloved dead. Later, the problem of vagrants and pranksters eating the gifts left for the dead or the fairies worsened to the point that villagers started wearing horrific masks to scare away the unwanted. The costumed individuals who scared away the scavengers often carried lanterns composed of a candle inside a hallowed turnip.

&lt;Picture&gt;During the period when the Catholic Church coerced the Celts into Christianity, much changed with Samhain. Samhain and other Celtic festivities were combined into All Saints Day, that honored all the Catholic Saints and took place on November 1. The Church did not want to upset the Celts and cause them to denounce Christianity, but still wanted to end their Pagan celebrations. So, the Church endorsed All Saints Day, but also heavily encouraged prayer and religious festivities the night before. Due to this prayer and celebration on the night before All Saints Day the traditions of Samhain were peacefully restrained, which was the Church's goal. Over time All Saints Day became known as All Hallows Day and the night before, previously known as Samhain, was now named All Hallows Eve. Eventually, the Catholic Church abandoned its disapproval of the traditions of Samhain, and even supported All Hallows Eve by including it on all calendars. This increased the number of people who celebrated All Hallows Eve greatly and soon the holiday became commonly referred to as Halloween.

In the 1800's when Ireland suffered many potato famines, over 700,000 Irish Catholics came to America and brought with them the many traditions of Halloween. These traditions soon changed to accommodate their new land. The turnips that were used for lanterns soon became pumpkins and evolved into what we now know as a "Jack-O-Lantern." The wearing of terrifying masks to scare away food scavengers or pranksters, and the custom of leaving food for visitors eventually became "Trick or Treating." In this time of change, the American Irish were also influenced by Native American stories of ghosts and American Colonial stories of witchcraft. These elements contributed greatly to the evolution of Halloween being a truly American observance. Halloween gained a lot of popularity during the 1920's, when American cities began sponsoring costumed parties and parades. In the 1930's, radio programs united all the different Halloween traditions

across America into one distinct holiday.

&lt;Picture&gt;Until the end of World War II, Halloween had mostly been an occasion for adults to party and for teens to play pranks, such as soaping windows and tipping over trash cans. After World War II ended, the population exploded and the “Baby-Boom” parents saw Halloween as a unique, fun holiday to include their children in. Children’s programming with Halloween themes, like the classic “It’s The Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown!”, became wildly popular and influenced a generation with fond Halloween memories. Unfortunately, in the 1970’s, Halloween had started to acquire a dubious reputation. A child was reportedly killed after eating “Pixy Stix” laced with cyanide. It was later revealed that his father had poisoned the candy to collect on the child’s insurance policy. Other “urban legends” arose about needles and razor blades being inserted into apples and candy.

In the late 1970’s and throughout the 1980’s, Halloween had decreased in popularity and the only passionate participators in the holiday seemed to be teenagers who dressed as the villains featured in the “mad slasher” films that were so popular at the time with young audiences. Then came the 1990’s. Now the “Baby-Boom” children, in which the holiday had played an important part in their lives, have truly embraced Halloween. They have become parents themselves and lavishly celebrate the holiday with family and friends making Halloween one of the most popular holidays in America, second only to Christmas. Imagine that you are a security guard at Independence Hall. Your job is to help protect an American landmark. These days, of course, you are aided by electronic security devices which can detect movement, and the presence of anyone who shouldn’t be inside the building when it is closed to the general public. But...can those electronic gadgets also detect the presence of spirits? Of ghosts? Imagine again that you are about to close up shop at Independence Hall. The tourists are long gone, the day is done, you’re ready to head home, and you make one final sweep of the building before securing it for the night. You are standing in a corner to the rear of the front door. You know you are alone. Or...are you? All is very quiet. Quiet, that is, until the sound of footsteps shuffle on the floor of the Long Gallery upstairs. You are certain it is footsteps. Certain, too, that it is the footfall of a stray tourist who somehow was left behind. You ascend the staircase, cautiously. The footsteps seem to stop at the top of the stairs. You brace yourself for whatever you may encounter. But nothing can brace you for what you are about to experience. As you reach the top of the stairs, you sense a chilling feeling. You feel that you are not alone, but you see no one. Again, and as if directly in front of you, are the footsteps. A musty aroma wafts past you...the air is now icy cold...and not three feet from your face, a cloudy form begins to take shape! You stand stunned and silent. You have never experienced anything like this in your life, and you have no idea how to handle it. You are a security guard, but this icy feeling...this musty smell...this emerging form...these are beyond any training and any preparation you have ever had. Your eyes wide, your feet riveted in place, you watch as the cloudy form seems to take the shape of a human being. A head...shoulders...a torso...as if a massive puff of cigarette smoke was pressed together into a shape, the figure becomes somehow familiar...and then...and then! POOF! It vanishes before your eyes. Gone in an instant. You breathe for the first time in what seems like hours, and yet it has really only been a minute or so. You step back, swallow, wipe your brow. You try to reason with an episode which unfolded from somewhere beyond all reason. You have witnessed...you have come face-to-face...with one of the ghosts of Independence Hall!!

Well did you like the story? well gotta go. bye!!

Ghosts8992

**DATE** 8/28/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** A Friend Named Bichop  
(submitted via email by WaveLinkth@aol.com)

Hi this is a really freaky story. When I was little I used to have an imaginary friend named Bichop (I know that is a really stupid name) but when I got older my mother told me that my Uncle Derrick, who passed away a few years ago, had an imaginary friend years and years ago with the same name. I think that is the freakiest. Thanks for reading. StEvIE WaveLinkth.

P.S. Do you think it was a ghost?

**DATE** 8/28/2001  
**FROM** ghostrider  
**TITLE** A trip to the wrong side

One night not so long ago when I was in the armed service I, & my room mate's seen the full rath of the dark side, It all started one night when we had to clean our room's well my good friend lived up the hall in another room with a very...strange to say the least room mate ...how strange we were about to find out. Seem's the other room mate was into devil worship, little did we or anybody else know of his past time,s as I said he was different & always kept to him self ...Except for some unknown reason known only to him he had a fight with the dark side so to speak he got mad ...while doing some sort of ritchel & melted the candle's he was burning onto the sabotig goat picture he had been worshipping ...Well needless to say that became a very strange night in the barrick's . My friend who was his room mate pleaded with me to stay in my room I declined at first until I found out what was done so Myself & the other roomies allowed him to stay.... about 3in the morning the stuff hit the fan one of my roomies both jamacan's got up screaming for the other one to stop pulling his sheet of him needless to say we were all sound asleep at the time: Thing's calmed down for about an hour & the the bed's stated to move the alarm clock that had been unplugged went off at exactly 12:00 & of course we heard numerous scream's ...blood curling scream's we went to the guard & he thought we were crazy so we went back to the room the T.V. went off & on all nite & in the morning our lockers witch were always inspection ready were trashed to say the least & the next night we had one of the worst storm's ever come of the atlantic funny thing is ...the devil worshiper never had his room fail an inspection much less get in trouble for any thing go figure but from then on we all kept our distance from him & tryed not to make him mad ...because apparently devil worship is very common in the service so u cant really tell anyone so who can u trust ...?

**DATE** 8/29/2001  
**FROM** ghostrider  
**TITLE** a possessed ouija board

When I was younger my mother tryed playing around with a ouija board ..she never could get the

thing to work so she took it up to my grandmother to see if she could make it operate ..my grandmother ..unfortunintly praticed black magic.....oh she got it to work alright .... just fine as a matter of fact well after that experiance we took home a visitor of sorts thing would happen all the time like the t.v. being turned off while watching it & talking with no one around well eventually the visitor got real vilent....as a matter of fact it killed my dog so we decided to get rid of the ouija board.& was told to get rid of the visitor to burn the ouija board & throw salt on it if it burned blue something was .....possesing it so to speak well not only did it burn bright blue ..... but the flame's were so intence you could'nt get neer them from that time on I never look side way's at a ouija board again ..but I still respect the dark side & expect the unexspected

**DATE** 8/29/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Old Woman

Hi. My name is Erin and this is an urban legend that I found on a web site. I know you will like it cause its long.. Here it is.. A young woman returns to her car from a day's shopping. She had parked her car in the town's multi-story car park.

As she approaches the car she notices someone sitting in the back seat. She cautiously checks the registration plate to see if it is indeed her car, as it is a popular model and colour. The car is indeed hers, and as she gets closer she sees that it's an old woman sitting in the back seat.

She asks the woman how and why she is sitting in her car. The old woman replies that she had been shopping with her son and family but felt unwell and returned to the car to rest. She obviously had mistaken the young woman's car for her son's, as it was the same model and colour. The old woman then asks to be driven to a hospital, as she is still feeling unwell. The young woman agrees.

As she gets into the driver's seat something makes her very nervous about the stiuation and she asks the old woman if she is feeling well enough to direct her as she reverses the car out of the parking place. The old woman agrees, gets out of the car and proceeds to direct the reversing manoeuvre.

As soon as the young woman has the car out of the parking space she speeds out of the car park, leaving the old woman stranded. She then drives straight to the nearest police station and reports the incident.

A police officer then searched the car and found an axe concealed under the driver's seat. The young woman had had a lucky escape!

Thank you for reading my story. Look for my other scary stories that are long. See ya!

**DATE** 8/29/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** Bloody Mary

Hi. Im erin and this is a urban legend. I hope you enjoy it. This is very long and you will like this one! As many of you know, "Bloody Mary" is supposed to be a way of calling forth a demon from the mirror in your bathroom. You close the door, turn off the light, face the mirror, close your eyes, and

s-l-o-w-l-y chant "Bloody Mary" three times while turning in circles. As the story goes, supposedly you open your eyes after you've finished chanting, and if you see "Bloody Mary" disappear (and more than likely this is where you will be screaming and running out of the bathroom), it means a close friend or family member of yours will die soon. But, if she gets to you before you can open your eyes, you will die, or at least come into harm's way soon. I heard you can reverse this somehow, but this was the part of it I never cared much about. Unfortunately so, because I doubted this could possibly be real.

I waited until it was night and my family was sleeping. I chose to include six black votive candles I had purchased at a dollar store with my allowance money earlier. Setting them up neatly in a circle around the sink, I drew an imaginary pentagram with my finger, and each candle represented a point. I turned on the sink slightly, making it drip to create a "scarier" atmosphere. On top of it all, I undressed so I would be completely "natural" as a symbol of welcoming and acceptance.

(Author's Note: Don't ask, I sure can't explain why I did it.)

Then I lit the candles and turned off the light. I faced the mirror and instantly had a gut feeling that I shouldn't mess around like this for recreation; somehow, I had taken it too far. I ignored my instinct and closed my eyes. I started to turn slowly, whispering, "bloooooodeeeeeeey.... maaaaaarriieeeeeee"

I felt the urge to open my eyes instantly as I felt the words echoing in my mind. I thought, "Am I out of my mind? Why am I even doing this?"

Then I felt foolish for being frightend and I did not open my eyes. Instead, I continued to turn again and whispered the words for the second time.

"blooooooodiieeeeeee.. maaaaaarriieeeeeee..."

I stopped turning because all of the sudden I was extremely frightened, my entire body was shaking. My eyes were still closed, but I was seeing horrible images in my mind of what she might look like when I opened them.

What if this was real and I came face to face with a gruesome blood-soaked corpse staring right back at me? Would she reach for me? Would I scream? Wake up my family? And if I did, what would they say if they came running and found their kid naked in the bathroom burning black candles in the middle of the night?

Then I started to hear things. The noise in the kitchen from the fridge, my sister snoring, the cat knocking something over somewhere downstairs, even the delicate sounds of the house settling. I was shaking violently, and every noise made me twitch. Then I sensed something in front of me move, and I opened my eyes and gasped:

all the candles I had lit were out, and I was standing in complete darkness.

Normally I would have screamed and flicked on the light, but I was just too morbidly curious.

What could possibly happen? I mean, it was just a few crappy candles and a stupid myth... right?

I turned off the sink (it was starting to annoy me) and quietly locked the door in case I screamed (I didn't want somebody walking in on me).

I was feeling dizzy, so I sat down on the matt in front of the mirror and thought about saying it the third time. I closed my eyes again and rocked back and forth, and before I could think, I muttered it the last time:

Bloody Mary...

I opened my eyes immediately and looked around to make sure nothing was coming for me, then started to stand up, slowly, none too eager to face my reflection. I rose to my feet and glared into the glass bravely...

Nothing...

I stared harder, and still there was nothing...nothing in the glass, all I could see was black.

Gradually, my eyes became accustomed to the dim light from under the door. I could barely make out my reflection, but I could see clearly. It was indeed my face staring back at me, my eyes hadn't turned red, nothing.

"What a crock!" I muttered quietly and stared at my normal self.

"And people are scared...why?"

I chuckled quietly, but then something caught my eye. I moved closer to the mirror and watched myself.

Something wasn't right.

Mesmerized by the mirror, I watched carefully and then began to shake again.

"Is this just my imagination??"

It was my hair, my hair in the reflection, my hairline was... bleeding? I rubbed my head and looked at my hand, no blood. I looked back into the glass, and my reflection showed it had spread; now there was blood on my face too. Blood I had spread when I rubbed my forehead.

My face was turning a sick-looking gray, and the pupils of my eyes seemed to grow until the whites just weren't there. They weren't red, they were black and sunken, and skin was falling off my face revealing large patches of brown bloody tissue and muscle just beneath the skin.

"No..."

I whimpered

"Stop.. please.."

I reached for the light switch, but I couldn't break my stare with this gruesome demon.

Flesh continued to melt of my face as I continued to slap the wall desperately in search of the switch, accidentally knocking over two of the candles. The monster behind the glass stared back at me with a horrific grin. I flipped on the switch the moment my hand came in contact with it, and I gaped into the mirror.

It was gone.

The thing had disappeared the moment the light came on, and the mirror only reflected myself looking pale and with tears running down my face.

I held my breath and thought to myself,

'Just because I can't see it doesn't mean it's gone.'

Bang Bang

I jumped, "Yes?!"

"What on earth are you doing??? Are you tearing apart the bathroom?"

"No..." "Well hurry up, I need the bathroom, and don't stink it up!"

I sighed; it was just my sister. I stuffed my candles in a drawer, threw my clothes on quickly, and was relieved as heck to get out of there.

I suggest none of you try it. It's terribly creepy, and do not ask her to reveal herself, because she just might. That night, needless to say, I had trouble sleeping. At the time there was a mirror in my room that faced my bed, and even after I covered it, I felt she was watching me, every night.

Never again would I try something like that again. To this day, nine years later, I still have trouble looking in a mirror, because I know, on top of it all...

I never learned how to reverse it.

Thanks for reading. I hope you enjoyed this story. Read my other ones. HAVe a good night!!

**DATE** 9/2/2001  
**FROM** MARIA ROSARIO  
**TITLE** Legend from my country

Well I'll try to make it short this time. Back in my country as I know in many different countries (well I think all of them) have different "Urban Legends" and this is one of them. It actually happened to two of my mother's friends. I'll tell you a little bit of the legend first. This legend is about this woman who was married but met this other guy and fell in love w/ him (I'm trying to remember the whole story but I read it about 10-12 yrs ago, so I'll write what I remember), she got pregnant had the baby, but for some reason (that I don't remember) she drowned her baby. Ever since, people say that God punished her (you knowing that God doesn't punish) by saying that she would look for her son for the rest of her life (or death for that matter). Now she will always be near water looking for her son, screaming "Where is my son?". Well, people say that she has the face of a horse, and if you got to see her face you will die of "shock" (heart attack, whatever happens when you get terrified). Well back in my country sometimes people had to get real early to get some water out of this place, I don't know exactly the name, well when I say early I mean 3:00-4:00 o'clock in the morning, and around that time you know it still dark. Well this two ladies were gonna get some water around that time, when they say they saw her (her name, by the way, it's "La Llorona", they named her that because she's always crying out looking for her baby, the one she drowned, llorar means cry), wearing as always a white dress/gown. They say they got scared that they couldn't move and one of these ladies saw her face, she says that La Llorona has really the face of a horse. Well to make this story shorter, she just stop talking for 3 months, my mom says that they even brought priests, she was really in shock, my mom says that it's a miracle that she stayed alive after of what she saw. I don't really know if believe it or not, but my parents should know better, they go to church, they are really Christian people. And my dad should know better, he said he saw her once, same place where these two ladies saw her. You tell me! Personally I don't know if believe it or not, but if I don't believe, like people say see it to believe it, I just would prefer stay like this, not seeing anything.

## ISAMAR

**DATE** 9/2/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Hauntings

Hi,

My name is Jay and I want to share an encounter my friend had with everyone. My friend is very trustworthy and I don't think he would lie about this stuff as he knows how I feel about it.

All of this happened a few weeks back. Firstly, he said he was opening his fridge to get some yoghurts. For some reason, all the yoghurts exploded on him. Covered in strawberry flavoured mulch, he said he went upstairs to wash up. Coming back downstairs, he left the yoghurts for now, and went to begin his maths homework. Extremely spooked, he begins hearing his Mum's voice as she was away shopping with his sister. He believes his mum is home and continues with his work. 15mins later, his mum pulls up in her car after a day of shopping. Baffled, and slightly sceptic of his own sanity, he decides to leave these two things and talk to me.

I'm really into this kind of stuff, so he thought I would have an explanation. I am speechless.

I'm not finished yet, though. The night after he talked to me, he said he had an encounter with an

orb. He says it slowly made its way up his hall stairs and dissappeared outside his room.

Please would someone answer to this as my friend is in need of some reassurance.

Thanks,  
Jay/ Skullz22

**DATE** 9/3/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Communicating with the Dead  
Hi,

Everone will believe 13 is an unhealthy age to be interested in ghosts and paranormal happenings. Since an even earlier age, I've loved the idea of the existence of ghosts. I 've had a couple of paranormal experineces but this one definetly sticks in my mind.

Around a year ago, I began to get familiar with the works of a Ouija board. But, having heard some of the stories accompanied with them, I decided against giving it a try. In one of my Paranormal Encyclopedias on my PC, I found how to work the art of Table Tilting, and early form of communicating with the other side.

I thought no at the start but as I thought about it more an more, I wanted to give it a try.

At my school, everyone believes its haunted. So I tried it there, in an empty Maths room, where most people have reported strange happenings.

There was no immediate reply so I left it. I forgot about it. Around a week later, I began feeling ghostly presences inside that room. After a while, I began to hear whispering in my ears while I was working. I dont really know what they were saying to me, they were kind of mumbling. Well, all I can say was I was scared, not terrified, but scared. Now I'm afraid to enter that room.

Did I make a mistake trying it???

(\*\*\*sKuLLz\*\*\*)

**DATE** 9/6/2001  
**FROM** ShadoLord  
**TITLE** Phantom Man

Many years ago,while I was still a teenager,myself and a few friends of mine took a trip out to West Texas for Spring Break.Now it's an extremely long drive from Dallas to El Paso and we had been on the road for hours.About 5 miles outside of town we came to a crossroads,with a fourway stop light.

It was very clear that night,and there was a very full moon.To the left and right of us there was nothing but open fields for miles.Across the street from us,there was a man standing alone under a streetlight.The moment we saw him we all had a very bad feeling about this guy.

He was just standing there,with his head slightly turned so we could only see a slight profile.He seemed to be staring off into the field at something.

He looked to be an older man,with long gray hair,and somewhat ragged looking clothes.One of my

friends seemed to think that he might've been Native American.

This is where it gets scary.

The spotlight seemed to take forever to turn, and the more I watched this guy just stand there, the more freaked out I became. Pat, one of the guys in the backseat wanted me to ask the guy if he needed help. I did not feel guilty about saying NO.

After an eternity, the light changed and we went through the intersection. As we went through, the man turned his head, and I saw him in my mirror. For a split second I saw his face. I will carry the image of it to my grave. The man's face was easily 100 years old. He had a thin white mustache that came down to a long dirty white beard. What he had for eyes were nothing but 2 glowing green holes. All down the front of what was left of his clothes was nothing but a faint green glow. The rest was covered in blood. All the while he just stood there staring. All of this happened in about 2 minutes. After we had passed him,

He vanished. Unbelievably, we went back and tried to see if we could see him again.

From the moment I passed him and I saw his face in the rearview mirror, he was gone. There were open fields to the left and right, and there was no place he could have gone that fast, and ours was the only car out there that time of night.

After we got to the Hotel in El Paso, the five of us just stood around looking at each other. None of us wanted to think about what we just encountered. We all came to the conclusion that what we saw should never have been seen by human eyes. It was never discussed again.

This happened over 25 years ago. Out of the five of us who went out that night, only 2 are still alive, Pat and Myself.

I saw him last year and asked him about that night and he just said he'd rather not talk about it. Needless to say I left it at that.

This is a true story. The only reason I'm telling it here is because I wanted to share with other people who might have had similar stories. If you don't believe any of it that's fine. I'm not trying to convince anybody. I decided years ago that it was no use trying. Whether you believe or not, it's up to you. Come to your own conclusions.

**DATE** 9/6/2001

**FROM** \*Katrina\*

**TITLE** A strange story ....i dont know if

One night not too long ago.....maybe 3 months ago I was staying at my aunt's house and I was about to shut the light off and go to sleep. All of the sudden I felt a shock of fear go through my body and decided to leave the lamp on just to be safe. Well I woke up in the middle of the night and the lamp was off. At first I thought nothing of it I just thought the light was old and blew out because before it kind of blinked every now and then. But then something inside me told me to just try and turn it on. So I did and sure enough it came on and worked PERFECT no blinking or anything. At first I thought my aunt came in and turned it off but I had the old bike in front of the door and it was still in perfect place so I got a little scared and decided I would get up and go sleep in the lounge room. I tried to get up but all of the sudden it felt like an electric shock went through my whole body. I couldn't move or breathe at all. My eyes were open but all I could see was a bright light. And I tried to scream but nothing came out. All I could do was hear my heart beating about a million times a second. When I got back to normal I looked in the mirror but my reflection scared the hell out of me. I mean I looked like I always do but it just scared me for no reason at all. So I ran into the living room and soon fell asleep again but I still don't know what happened that night!

Does anyone have any ideas?! if you do i would really like to know

~\*Katrina\*~

**DATE** 9/8/2001

**FROM** ShadoLord

**TITLE** Old Bethel Cemetary

This is another old story East Texas.

About 1 mile down the road from us,

there is a little country cemetary named

Old Bethel.It's very old and has graves that date back to the early 1800's.

Along with Civil War Vets and the like,there are numerous people who died violent and unexpected deaths.

We all grew up with the stories that Old Bethel was haunted,and there was something evil out there.Nobody liked to talk about it,let alone go out there after dark.When I was in high school,My friends and I dared a boy to go out there and stay till midnight.This guy was a football player and not one to scare easily.

A Texas farm boy is also not one to turn down a bet ;)

About 7:00 we took him out there and left him.We never beleived anything would happen so we were not worried.

We had planned to come back out there after dark and spook him.We never had the chance.

About 9:00 there was a loud knocking on my front door.It was him.He had ran all the way from the Cemetary to the house.

He was so frightened he could barely talk.

I have never seen anybody as scared in my life.We were worried he was going to have a heart attack and die right there.

After a few hours he calmed down enough to finally talk.He absolutely would not tell us what happened.All he would say is that he "Was ordered not to say anything".We begged him to tell us but he never did.After that,our friend changed.

He started to stick by himself and not talk to anyone.He dropped out of school and cut ties with all of his friends.After a time,we started to hear stories that whatever he found out there followed him home,and now his house was haunted,

Despite the fact that these were only rumors,Nobody wanted to go to his house after that.He became an outcast.

About a year or so after he went to Old Bethel,He and his family moved,and we never heard from them again.

I dont know what he saw out there,and I dont want to know.Somethings are better left unknown.

**DATE** 9/8/2001

**FROM** Ghosts8992

**TITLE** The Twins

HI. My name is Erin and this is not a true story but it is fun to tell. Here it is.. When I was 17, before I was married to my first husband, I found out that I was pregnant. At the time I was carrying twins. A few weeks later I began having complications and one of the babies had died. At the time, I lived with my parents. My best friend and I shared a room which had been added on to the house years before. One morning I had woke up very early and felt a strange presence staring at me. In the corner of my bedroom by the door, I saw a small child. She was a little girl about 3

or 4 years old. She had long golden brown curls and she was dressed in a frilly blue dress. She looked very upset and very afraid. I attempted to talk to her, but she disappeared. At the time, I didn't mention this to anyone in the house but continued to see her quite often. Each time I would try to speak with her and she would disappear. Then one night, my mom, my best friend and I were all in my room laying in my bed and talking. My mom turned her head toward the corner of the room. She turned a bit pale then shook her head. She stated that she must be too tired because she was starting to see things. At that time, I knew it wasn't just me anymore and asked her what she saw. She stated that she saw a beautiful little girl standing in the corner. I asked her to describe her and she described everything exactly as I had seen her. I then explained that I saw this child frequently and how I had tried to communicate with her. My mother suggested that I keep trying. For the next few months, I would talk to this little spirit and before long she stopped disappearing but still made no effort to respond. In late November of 1995, I gave birth to my oldest child, Katelyn. The little spirit was now becoming a very frequent visitor. She would push my daughter in her wind up swing, play with her in her walker, and watch over her while she slept. But the whole time, the little girl seemed sad. Then one night, she came to me in a dream and asked me what I would have named her had she been born too. That is when I realized that this was the child that I had lost. I told her that I would have named her Courtney and in my dream, I held her in my arms. Since that night, she has appeared less frequently and when she does, she is smiling. My daughter is now two and looks identical to the little spirit who once stood in my room every night. I know she still visits her sister. Katelyn has told me about how Courtie comes to play with her and her new baby brother, and I feel secure that there is such a precious angel looking out for them.

**DATE** 9/8/2001  
**FROM** MARIA ROSARIO  
**TITLE** Weird Happening!

What I'm about to tell you happened about 6-7 years ago. It was really weird. I was at home on Sunday (I remember) I was all by myself because my family (my 2 oldest sisters had gone to a store or something, and my dad, mom and little sister were at the church). Well I remember I was in the kitchen cooking something for lunch, when all of the sudden I heard my little sister calling me, I said "What", it took me a few seconds to realized that I was all by myself, I felt really weird and just stand there. After a few minutes that had happened the phone rang and it was my mom calling to see what/how I was doing, and I told her what had happened to me a few minutes before. She just told me that my sister was just taking care/watching for me. Which was really weird because my sister (thank God) is I think the healthiest person alive. I mean she wasn't sick, I wasn't sick, there wasn't anything for her or me to worry about. So I cannot explain what happened that day. But I swear it was my sister the one who called me. I know this may not be a ghost story but it was really weird. I may never know what happened that day.

ISAMAR

**DATE** 9/28/2001  
**FROM** \*Katrina\*  
**TITLE** can i say FREAKY!

okay the other night i was laying in bed about to go to sleep....then i noticed that my bed was shaking..at first i thought mabey it was just my imagination so i got TOTALLY still. and the covers on my bed were shaking.. i dont know whats up with this but its kindda freaky

~\*Katrina\*~

**DATE** 9/29/2001  
**FROM** Ghostchild88  
**TITLE** School's not always safe

This story happened about 3 years ago when I was in the 5th grade and Lena Vista Elementary in Florida. It started off with little paranormal practical jokes and turned into an evening of pure hell. This is a true story. It started one unusually cool September afternoon while my friend's Ashley, Kayleigh, Diana, Erika, and I were walking around the field gossiping about everything when I looked across the field and saw a woman in a long flowing white dress jump from one of the tall oak trees just off campus. I told my friends and we ran over to help her in anyway possible. When we arrived there was nothing there. Ashley asked me what the woman looked like. When I described her all four of my friends went ash white. Then Ashley started telling me the local urban legend. Basically two kids brother and sister slept in a tree house they built themselves one night to get away from the abusive father. During the night the brother rolled over and knocked his sister from the tree house. The landed wrong and broke her neck and died. From guilt the brother killed him self. The next morning the mother walked out to find her two children dead. Overwhelmed she climbed the tree and jumped to her death. We didn't think much of it until a week later at the field again. We were standing by the tree when I pulled and old newspaper from my pocket. It turned out the "urban legend" wasn't a legend at all. It happened in the late 40's. Once I pulled the paper out a huge wind picked up and shredded the paper. And again nothing much happened until the next week. Then we saw the whole thing right before our eyes. The little boy and girl, their mother jumping, everything. After that 2 of my friends didn't return to the school. Nothing happened until late October. That's when I challenged this force. Standing alone in a room around 6:00 at night I began to hear books dropping off the shelf behind me. I turned to see all the books sitting perfectly on the shelf. After the day that I had I wasn't in any mood to be bothered with thing so like and idiot I started screaming. "What do you want! Show your self! I can handle you! Come on! Show yourself!" BIG mistake. (Keep in mind I'm the only one in the whole building and all of the doors are locked) All of a sudden the temperature dropped and all of the desks slide across the floor and blocked the doors. The lights began to flicker and I heard voices. I could make out what they were saying. Only I knew they were mad. All at once all of the LOCKED doors swung open and slammed. I felt something pick me up and throw me across the room. The voices increased. They were louder, and there was more of them. I was surrounded by evil. I knew the only thing I could do was pray. I looked up to see this bright red light coming towards me. I dropped to my knees and prayed for the Lord to come to me wrap his arms around me and protect me. The light came right over me and again all of the doors swung open then slammed shut. This time all of the lights cut out. Then I felt someone shaking me. I was to afraid to open my eye until I heard my grandfather's voice. I was in the middle of the room right where I began the night. I looked at the clock it was almost 7:00. My grandfather said that he heard stuff slamming around when he was walking back from the teachers conference he had got out of about 20 minutes earlier. Whatever the force was wouldn't allow him back into the building. He told me he did everything he could. On the last day of school right before I left I looked over and I saw the same light watching me.

You only think you're alone.

~\*~Melaney~\*~

**DATE** 10/3/2001  
**FROM** PCKAT1  
**TITLE** SHADOWS

Often I feel a presence and will see a dark shadow, when I try to focus it is gone. This usually happens when I'm walking around my house.

**DATE** 10/5/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** Was it really the canyman??

This story happened to me about 2 or 3 weeks ago. Well it all started at my school when my friend Alexandra told me that the girls bathroom was haunted. I asked her who haunted it and she said that the Candyman haunted it. At first I really did not believe her.

About two weeks later, my friend went in to the bathroom during lunch and said that when she turned off the lights and said the word "Candyman" five times. And she said she saw the candyman's arm coming out of the huge mirror.

The next day at lunch, I went to the girls bathroom with my friend, Alex, when she dared me to see the candyman. Even though I was scared, I accepted the dare. My friend did it with me to prove that the Candyman was real. So my friend turned out the light and I was afraid to look so I shut my eyes. My friend told me I was a afraidy cat and she left...

Two days ago, I told my friend that I was not scared anymore so during lunch, we went to the girls bathroom and turned the light out and said candyman twice but before we could go on to 3 I turned on the lights. I told her that I could not do it. She said I was a scardy cat and was about to leave until I told her that I will do it. So she turned out the lights and we said it five times. Then all of the sudden I saw his arm come out and so did my friend. I told Alex to turn the light back on but she would not turn it on. I had to watch and I saw his whole body come out. His face was pale and he was dressed in a white leathered suit. He had black eyes. All of a sudden, I reached over and turned the light on. My friend had already left.. When I go to the lunch table, my friend was there and she said that she left because she was scared. I wasn't scared. I told her what I saw and she never believed me... But I know what I saw... And I wasn't dreaming ..or I wasn't seeing things. I know what I saw.

Ghosts8992

**DATE** 10/6/2001  
**FROM** Thunder\_Dragon  
**TITLE** Ghost Sighting

My friend saw a ghost once and told me about it. This is what she told me... On a Saturday night she and her friend were sitting on her couch in her living room and you could see into the dining room and then the kitchen. Well suddenly the electricity went off and she saw a white figure go into the kitchen and then the electricity came back on. Her friend didn't see it. She and her family moved out of the house though. Isn't that creepy?

**DATE** 10/6/2001  
**FROM** alicialuvsnsync  
**TITLE** Scary, Freaky, all to not funny trick

My mom was in our house one day. She decided to make dinner (Tacos). All of us kids decided to go to the park before dinner, plus my dad was at work. So my mother was all alone in the house. She was making tacos that night. She got out the taco seasoning for the meat. She set it on the counter next to the stove. She went to the fridge to get out the meat from the freezer. When she returned the seasoning packet was gone. My mom decided she might have misplaced it. So she looked all around. She couldn't find it, and we did not have another pack. My Grandma lived right across the street from us, so my mom went to her house and asked for a packet of taco seasoning. My grandma had a lot of them and gave my mom one. When my mom returned home, she saw the packet of taco seasoning on the counter next to the stove. My mom became so surprised she ran out of the house to tell my grandma. My mom concluded that it was my grandpa who had died that day 1 year ago. He used to take her toys and hide them, and if she found them, she would get a dollar. So that day it seems, she didn't find it, so she was one dollar poorer....

\*~!\*\*Alicia\*\*!~\*

**DATE** 10/9/2001  
**FROM** zuzu  
**TITLE** mabey some one can help me

this happened when I was in jr. high, my single mom worked at night, so me and a friend would stay at my house or I would stay at someone's house at night... well one Friday night me and a group of friends decided to tell ghost stories and play with a ouija board. well before we started we fixed hot dogs on a smokeless grill and we each had 2 there was 8 total....(4 of us) one of my friends didn't eat one of her hotdogs so it stayed on the grill.....well as the night passed we were talking with the board. when the spirit said it was hungry..... we jokingly told it to eat the last hotdog....and it said ok.....we thought nothing about it....later when my friend wanted her hot dog she went to get it and it was gone.....she fussed at us for eating it, but none of us left the room and no one else was in the house.....could the spirit have eaten it? what do y'all think.....I would like to know.

"..Your actions speak louder than words and they're only words, unless they're true.

**DATE** 10/10/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** A Doll Story

Hi. My name is Erin and here's a story that is all about dolls. I found it on a web site and I thought I would share it with you.

My cousins, two of them, lived about an hour away from my old house. We would visit them frequently when we were small. My cousins, two girls, shared a room and they had a bunk bed. One night when my brother and I slept over their house something occurred that I don't have any explanation for, up to today. My brother slept with my youngest cousin while I shared the top bunk with my other cousin. (we were kids, and the bunks were big enough to hold 2 small kids comfortably)

Suddenly, I woke up, my eyes just opened, none of those stretching and slowly coming awake crap. It was early morning, between the time where night ends and dawn begins...when the light is bluish. Pale bluish light filling the room, you know what I mean? Well, I sat up in bed, (remember we were in the top bunk) the room had that eerie look, due to the blue light and the perspective from the top bunk. At the foot of the bunk beds, there was a dresser with a huge mirror on it. There are few things on this dresser, little girl things, dolls, jewelry boxes, and so on.

I was fully awake, and knew it. I looked over at my cousin at my side, she was sleeping. I looked outside the window, which was at my other side of the bed...it was starting to get lighter. Then, I looked at the dresser. On the dresser, in the center, there is a huge doll, those old fashioned kinds, with full, ugly pastel colored dress, bonnet on its head, glass eyes that opens when it's upright and closes when you lie it down, those type of dolls. This doll was looking right at me. I didn't notice anything unusual until it started to move slowly. It moved its head and looked out the door into the hallway, and blinked its eyes. Then, it slowly turned its head back towards me. I sat there, in terror. I started to tremble. I was so scared. I didn't know what to do. The doll blinked at me again. I was suddenly filled with horror...I can't explain it...I was so uncontrollably terrified. I wanted to scream, but couldn't. I kept staring at this doll. It moved its arms up a bit, it was those type that was jointed, like a barbie doll's arms. It repeated the process of turning its head towards the door and back to me.

While staring at the doll, I reached over and tried to shake my cousin awake...she wouldn't awake...(she is a deep sleeper.) I don't really remember what I did next, horror probably blocked out some of it. The next thing I remember, I was in my Aunt's bedroom, screaming for her to wake up. She woke up, and asked me what was wrong. My screaming had woke up the kids, and they came into her bedroom. I told them what happened. All of us walked back to the kids' bedroom. I was so scared to point out the doll. But I managed to do so. My Aunt went over to the doll, and checked it out, and stated that I must have been dreaming. The only person that believes me is my cousin that I was sharing the bunk with. She told me that a few things have happened in that house, such as hearing steps pound up the stairs, and nobody appearing.

From that day, I would never, never go into my cousins' bedroom by myself. Thank god they have moved, and we moved, so I don't have to worry about that anymore.

Thanks for reading.

\*\*\*\*\*CHECK OUT MY OTHER STORIES\*\*\*\*\*

**DATE** 10/10/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** The Police Call

Hi. Im erin and here is one of my scary stories.

I should start this account by telling you a little about me. At the time of this incident, I was twenty-five years old and in excellent physical health. I am college educated and have a four year degree in Police Science with a minor in education. I had been a Police Officer with a major southwestern police department for four years. I had spent the last eighteen months working Shift

3 from 9:00 pm to 7:00 am.

The incident occurred at 2:00 am on a Monday night in July of 1990. I was riding in a one man patrol unit and was assigned to the north central area of the city. This is a mixed business and residential area but is primarily older residential. The houses are fairly expensive and are well kept for the most part.

I responded as the back-up officer for a call of "unknown trouble." Unknown trouble covers just about anything from a neighbor dispute to a homicide. The details of the call indicated that a vacant house had an open door and that a light had been seen inside. The call was anonymous but very un-common for this area.

We both arrived at about the same time and parked about two houses north of the call. The other officer and I approached from the same direction and found the side door standing open. It appeared that the house had been vacant for a couple of months judging by the yard. I asked for an additional unit to respond to cover the outside while the initial officer and I searched the house. Summertime here is very hot and there isn't much relief even at night. We waited for about ten minutes for the third officer to arrive. When he got there, we briefed him about what we had and what we planned to do. He was going to cover the opposite side of the house while we made our search. All of us were figuring that we either had some kids or a transcient in the house.

We started our search in the sweltering house. It was completely empty except for the carpeting and the curtains. This was a tactical search meaning slow, methodical, guns drawn and very cautious. The house was a single story five bedroom structure that had been built in the late '40s to early '50s. The electricity was turned off and it was very quiet. As we proceeded, we both felt the tension starting to increase. I am a firm believer in "cop intuition" and I was sure someone was inside the house. The other officer felt it too because we had slowed down and were moving very cautiously.

After we had cleared the family room, kitchen, living and dining room, we started down the hall to the bedrooms. As we started down the hall it started getting noticeably cooler. As we cleared the bedrooms and moved down the hall it was getting cold. The other officer and I looked at each other and continued down the hall towards the master bedroom. It was now cold enough to see our breath and we were both getting spooked.

We hesitated at the door to the master bedroom. We both knew that there was someone in that room. We looked at each other again, nodded and then opened the door. It was cold and oppressive. It felt like there was a weight on me. I also had the distinct feeling that I was being watched and that I was NOT welcome in that room. We made a quick search and got the Hell out. We gave the all clear and left the house as fast as we could.

We have not talked about the house since that night. The house has been bought and sold numerous times since then. It has been remodeled and the yard has been re-landscaped several times. People don't stay there for long. Today, I drove by the house for the first time in several years. It is up for sale.

DATE 10/10/2001

**FROM** Ghosts8992

**TITLE** Murder Room

Hi. Im erin and heres my story:

I went to a family reunion about three years ago in New Jersey. My aunt lives in Point Pleasant and she got permission from this lady who owns a house my aunt takes care of, to host the party there. You see all of my relatives but this aunt are from out of state. (although they used to live in NJ when my parents were growing up) So all the aunts, uncles, and kids packed their stuff and went to N.J. for this big reunion/50th wedding anniversary (my grandparents'). I only know a little about this house. My aunt likes to tease me by telling me only little stories about what happens there. The house is old (it still had servants quarters in the basement and enough rooms for my whole family of 7 aunt/uncle couples and some 30 grandkids). It has four stories if you include the basement/servants' quarters. My bedroom was a small cubby on the main floor, just off the living room.

My brother and I came down late from PA because I had drama practice after school and couldn't miss it. The rest of my family was already there. As soon as my rather stoic older brother entered the house he seemed uneasy. I thought it was just because there were so many people under one roof and he's not over-fond of family gatherings. We exchanged polite chit-chat with our relatives for a while then went to bed.

The next morning my brother asked me if I wanted to go home early, that afternoon in fact. I told him no, it was my first vacation in a long time and I didn't want to cut it short. He shrugged and said he was leaving around two or three. (This struck me as odd at the time but I didn't think much of it. You must understand that my house is 3 1/2 hours from where we were and my brother didn't really like driving alone on the parkway, 'cause it's hard to find the right exits and so on.) After my brother had asked me if I wanted to leave my cousins (who were about 9 or so) came over and asked me if I would go upstairs with them so they could get their books. Now this was really weird, at the time I wasn't overly fond of my cousins and their room was on the next floor up at the top of the stairs, not in some dark corner of the basement. I tried to find out why they wanted me to escort them but they just avoided the question and looked really nervous. I figured I would have to go with them or else they'd be bugging me about it for the rest of the day. So, off we went up the stairs. The stairs have a landing from which you could see the hall, their door was just out of view. The two went behind me up the stairs as if using me for a human shield and at the landing I stopped. I told them I was tired of their charade and that I'd wait for them on the landing. They said that if I didn't go all the way up the stairs neither would they. So we continued on. All this time I'm starting to get a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach. I really didn't want to go up the rest of the stairs. But my little cousins were there and I had no good reason to go back, so in order to appear to be the brave and worldly teenager I thought I was I escorted them to their door. I waited in the hall as the two raced inside to get their books. All the time I kept thinking there was someone watching me from the room at the end of the hall to my right. I turned but no one was there. From what I could see the room was empty. So I waited. It was the longest few minutes of my life. I couldn't leave the two kids up there but something was watching me from the room on my right and they weren't happy. It also felt like who/whatever was getting closer. I watched the room. Nothing was there. For a second I thought that my cousins were playing a trick on me, but there was no way they could think up something like this. Besides they were just as freaked out. I stood my ground outside the door all the time willing the kids to hurry. Without a word the pair came flying out of the room and were down the stairs in a

flash. I was right on their heels. I'm not proud of this fact but whatever it was, was mighty close to the stairs, our only exit, and I was not happy with the prospect of being cut off from escape. By the time we got to the main floor I was chiding myself for being so silly, there was nothing there. My imagination was just fueled by two silly kids in a strange house. That wasn't the case though. I also encountered cold spots in the basement of the house where there was a room with a ping-pong table. It was so bad that all us kids would go out the back door and up the outside steps just to avoid the corridor.

A few months later I had gone down to my grandparents' house with my mom because my grandfather was sick. I was sitting at the table with my grandmother, my mom, and two aunts (one of which was the one who had organized the reunion.) Suddenly my aunt sue turned to aunt triche, from NJ, and said "I can't believe you did that." Aunt Triche started to laugh. My mom and grandmother looked uncomfortable. I asked what was going on. Aunt Triche explained. The house we had the reunion in was haunted by the ghosts of two brothers who killed each other in a fight. Apparently my Aunt Triche put Aunt Sue in the room where the murders took place. Which, of course, was the room at the end of the hallway to the right. Apparently my maternal family is sensitive to spirits and such and the ghosts wanted us kids to know we were not welcome. Other things have happened in that house according to my Aunt but she won't tell me what things. She says I have to come see for myself. I'm not sure if I really want to go back, but I guess I have to, I'm much to curious to stay away

**DATE** 10/11/2001  
**FROM** Ghosts8992  
**TITLE** My House...

Hi. Im erin and heres my story:

I was 13 when my mom married my stepdad. My parents divorced when I was 7 but thats not part of the story. My mom wanted to move to a different neighborhood. She's one of those people who doesn't like staying in one place too long and I have been living in this house for about 8 years. So we moved to this beautiful 2 story house on the other side of town. When I say beautiful, I mean WoW!!! Talk about GoRgEoUs...I think it might have been owned by some movie star or something. The outside of the house has a garden of night-blooming jasmines thats aroma fills up my front yard at night. The rooms are spacious with windows that fill the room up with light during the day, and bring the brightness of the stars at night. I began to love this house...until....well, you all knew it was coming. I began to have trouble staying asleep at night. Sometimes I just wake up not knowing how or why. I remember this one night, I was dreaming of this strange black man who was bald and had hair on the tops of his ears. He had glasses and an extremely dark and thick mustache. He had told me in my dream that he had died and began speaking to me of other things. Then I woke up in the middle of the night. As I looked around, I found that my bed covers had fallen to the floor, so as I went to get it, I found him standing there....looking at me.....just staring. Then he vanished into thin air. I was too sleepy to react in any way so I just tried to convince myself that everything was alright. About a week and 1/2 later I woke up in a cold sweat. I didn't understand why because I didn't have a bad dream and my room felt oddly cold. I sat up in my bed and looked around. Since i didn't see any thing I started backing my body back on the mattress. I went and got my thin blanket and pulled it on my body. It felt heavy for some reason. It felt like a cement blanket on my body. Then I felt these cold hands push me onto my mattress. They just kept pushing and pushing and pressuringthe air out of my lungs. Then I only felt one hand and I felt this swoosh of air go past my nose and mouth. My

heart was pumping...It felt as if a hand was trying to slap me and missed. Then it all stopped.....Just as suddenly as it had happened. I never told my mom about that night until years later. The only event that completely changed my life was the night before Christmas vacation. I was packing up my stuff when I heard the voice of the black man begin talking to me. He had told me to go and strangle my mother to death. Of course I resisted until he told me these exact words..." If you refuse my request, I will continue to hurt you, your mother will die anyways because of me....I will hurt all you love....just do what I say" I grabbed a wire hanger and proceeded to my mother and stepfather's room. I began choking the life out of my mom. I still remember her screams. Her screams caused my stepfather to walk in and punch me in the face. His College ring left a scar under my eye. I spent 9 years at a local penitentiary for the mentally demented. When I turned 20 years old, my mother took me out and divorced my stepdad. I still live in this house. Same room and everything. Same voices too. No matter what those doctors say, I know they were real and they are what caused me to do what I did. I don't always listen to them...only sometimes. What do I mean by sometimes? Well lets just say that I'm 22 years old....and my mother has been missing for 1 1/2 years...

Thanks for reading!

**DATE** 10/13/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Weird Stuff (PLEASE READ!)

Firstly, Ive been away from the forumz for a while and now Im Back!

Anyway, what happened a yesterday probably made me come back...

I was on my way home from a heavy skateboarding session. We live in a small incove froma main road, which is surrounded by trees a bushes. If you didnt hear the cars, you would think we were in a forest. Anyhow, I was just coming into the 'forest' bit when I felt a shooting pain down the back of my neck. This was quite sore. A few seconds later, I heard a quiet voice, from inside the trees. I continued walking, as Im used to my imagination, it runs wild sometimes ;). As I entered my house through the front door, I felt it extremely cold inside. When I went to close the door, it slammed. This sometimes happens due to drafts in our house, but only when its horribly windy. There wasnt a breath of wind outside.

So whats all this about?????

Skullz22

**DATE** 10/15/2001  
**FROM** giselo  
**TITLE** ELVE

Ok, Friday night my best friend and I went to visit some friends. My firend, she always wanted to play Oujia. I don't really wanna, but am also curious. She has supposedly an elve with her at all times. I haven't seen it myself, but hey why not? Well, she wants to play, but since none of us has one, our friend showed us some wierd thing with these pencils, where you hold them together and ask it a question. If they move my right, it's yes, if they move left, it's no, if they cross, don't

know. I tried with him first, i thought it was bull, I thought he was moving them, but I tried with my friend and she asked if the elve was there. It said,"don't know". I asked if anything was gonna happen on Halloween,and it quickly moved to YES!!!. She screamed and ran, and i wasn't far behind. We calmed down and started planning for the Halloween party,and our friend had this freaky look in his eyes and face of real fear! He said" Look!" We asked what he saw, he said, it was a small figure running pass the cars parked in the garage. He said ,and remember, no one knows but me and my best friend, it looked like a troll or a "Duende", which is an elve in spanish. That's when I really got a chill and she ran from the house. Do you think it was just a figment of his imagination? He described exactly what only she and I know.

~\*~PETER~\*~

**DATE** 10/16/2001  
**FROM** babykickz  
**TITLE** Three Fingered Willy  
 Hello my name is Fred and this is my story this is a true story

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Out in Hampden,ME there is lots of woods. There is a summer camp called Camp Peirce Webber. Back in the old days the camp was a lumberjack area. Well there was this guy named willy he was riding up this one tril on a rainy night and crashed into a tree and destroyed his face,and ripped off two of his fingers. The company he worked for made him work in the office. The kids would make fun of him. One day these kids made fun of them, not trying to hurt them he chased them away with a pitchfork. They all ran home and tolled there parents and the parents burnt down his house. He got really mad. One night these Boy Scouts were out trying to get the Eagle Scout badge. They set up in a circle 100 yards space between each. They had to spend the night out. The group leader was in the center of the circle. All of a sudden they all heard this scream. they ran over to the guys tent. He had been gutted. They set up a fire and stayed all together. They were running out of wood so the leader decided to go get some more wood. All of a sudden the heard, "Willy i know your mad but...ahhhhhhhhh". They ran over and stared. He Had a axe in his head. They all huttled around each other and kept quiet. But thay could still here the crunaching of the leaves, and footsteps. They lasted the night but never wen't out in those woods ever again. There still have been disapearences but know one has ever seen Three Fingerd Willy again.

Fred Mulheron

**DATE** 10/16/2001  
**FROM** \*Katrina\*  
**TITLE** The doll, The rose, The Knife  
 Jsut the other day my cousin was taking some pictures of me in my room. I am wanting to be a gothic modle so i have been takign quite a few pictures latly. My last one involved roses on the bed me holding a big knife and a glass doll hanging from the ceiling to create the more scary atmosphere. Well i hung the doll and was about to get into my pose when i looked over and the doll and she had a white rose right where her hand is. At first i just thoguht nothing of it. But then relising that there was no way for the rose to get stuck on her i got a little freaked out becasue she was no where near the roses. But me and my cousin left her like that and took the pictures. After i escorted my cousin out of the house i wen in my room anout found the knife laying right in the

middle of my bed with a white rose on top of it. i looke over at the doll and the white rose she had on her was there no more. i looked on the florr for it but it was no where in sight.

~\*Katrina\*~

**DATE** 10/18/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** The Other Side

OK, Im an armchair ghost reasearcher. Its been a while for me to admit it, but there you go...

Anyway, my point is, Im being an armchair reasearcher for a good reason. I have had my fair share of encounters with ghosts, (and yes, Ive tried table tilting). A few of my fellow reasearchers are keen on Ouija Boards...don't even get me started on them. I hate the idea of them. If your going to contact 'friendly' ghosts, don't do it through a proven evil medium. Table Tilting may not have immediate effects, but its seem safer to me (any thoughts would be appriciated on this :) )

Im beginning to leave my armchair shell (for heavens sake, im only 13!) and I am going to go on some hunts. The big question Ive been leading up to is...am I waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay too young for this. Am I away in over my head? Am I dealing with evil forces only an experienced hunter should deal with?

Your thoughts please,  
 Skullz22

PS> My Paranormal site is going up soon, Im gonna post the URL in the near future...

**DATE** 10/19/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Evil in its Purest

Hi every1,

Ive got a distrubing tale to tell. I have been here for a while, and I keep forgetting to mention it, so here goes...

A long time ago (actually, around 5 years) I attended a Primary School (thats what we call Elementary in Scotland . I had been there for a around three years and had made many friends. I was in my 4th year of school...

One day, all this happiness would stop. (This encounter is what made my mind more open, this is where my furious interest in the Paranormal began...) My friends (who were only 8 like me at the time) told me about the Kings Park Primary School legend...

The legend is that a demon inhabits the abandoned toilets. These toilets were located in a separate building from the school, and were heavily boarded up. The demon is said to be in human form, but drenched in blood from head to toe. It was named 'Venom'. Apparantly, venom had a pet dog which was evil too. I cant remember the name of this...

(I know this all sounds like the idiocy of an 8 year old, but I was soon to find out it was all true...)

A few days after I had heard the story, during one break time, a dog managed to enter its way into the playground. It attacked a young boy and gave him a minor scratch on the arm. The boy said that the dog continuously chased him, and he caught sight of its eyes. Apparantly, it didnt have any...

The next few weeks were more unusual. I was playing football with my friends in the playground (soccer) when someone lobbed the ball out of the school and into the neighbouring garden. I was nearest, and climbed over the fence to get it. The ball lay at someone's feet. Well, guess who it was... Venom. It seemed scared at my presence and ran. I stood tansfixed with horror as I saw it flee. The myth was true. Venom was real. This image will stay with me till I die. A small man, about the same height as a 13 year old, dripping with blood.

Believe what you want to believ on this matter, I know what I saw...

(\*\*\*sKuLLz\*\*\*)

**DATE** 10/19/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Yet another encounter...  
 I think some ghost has got it in for me...

Last night, around 12pm, I went to bed because I was overly tired. After what must have been about an hours sleep I awoke, in a cold sweat. I must have been dreaming, I thought, and lay back down to sleep. What happened next was intruiging...

At night, all sorts of sounds surround our home. But one was new to me. Footsteps. That night, as I attempted to get back to sleep, footsteps could be heard downstairs. It was very faint, but clear enough to be heard...

I normally ignore such a thing, but they continued. I began to get worried, maybe a there was someone in the house. A few seconds later, an uncanny light seeped out from under my bedroom door. Petrified, I attempted to get to sleep fast.

I must have fallen asleep. I awoke again to find the light still there, but not as strong. Summing up all the courage I had, I got up and opened the door. The faint light was coming from downstairs. I turned the hall light on to identifiy where it was coming from. Nowhere.

Your thoughts would be welcome,

(\*\*\*sKuLLz\*\*\*)

**DATE** 10/19/2001  
**FROM** crystal\_broken\_glass  
**TITLE** I'll Be Just Down The Hall

When I first stepped in to the freaky hotel room, i figured my mom would be a little more caring for the tender imagination of a 9-year old child.

I was wrong.

The second we walked in, she sat down and told me to come over. She told me the wretched story of the girl, the girl who died in the bathtub. It seems her mom stepped out side, leaving her child unattended in the bathroom, with the water running in the tub. She came in a few minutes later and found the girl in the bathtub, dead.

Thank god she didn't go into details, cuz i was gettin kinda scared.

unfortunately, that night, i had to go to the bathroom. This was a fancy hotel, so the bathroom, was a bit way aways, from everybody else, do of course when i told my mom what i saw, she never beleived me.

I walked in, shaking, and saw a girl, about my age, in the bathtub, lots of fuzzy bubbles were around her, so i couldn't see anything, but she was humming a tune i'll never forget, it was like a soap opera, she had a beautiful voice, in other words, a voice of an angel. Suddenly, a man came right thru me, i was watching from the doorway, he just passed, as though nothing was there. he ran to the tub and took out a looong razor, with wehich he slahed the girl, five times. As suddenly as the "vision" started ,it was gone, i was left in the cold bathroom, with the rusted sink and the tub empty. I decided that i didn't have to go to the bathroom.

I woke the naxt morning, not remembering if it was a dream or real. But something inside me knows i wasn't dream, the terrible screams of the girl, were enough to convince anyone.

Later, while we were packing to go, we found a Newspaper, dated back to the 1940's, the front story was that of the little girls. They never caught the man who did it, there was no evidence, but if they asked me right now, i could tell them who did it. But no one would beleive me.

If u have anything to say, pleeeeee tell me, this is all true. I wish I could bring that little girl vengance and revenge.

P.S. You may think my mopm is weird for telling me the story, but really i'm glad she did, i don't think she meant harm, so don't go dissing peeps u don't know.

**DATE** 10/20/2001  
**FROM** DICKBAYYYY  
**TITLE** GHOST STORY

ONE NIGHT, AFTER ME AND MY MOM WERE WATCHING A PROGRAM A PROGRAM ABOUT STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HOUSES,IT WAS THREE IN THE MORNING AND I HAD TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, REAL BAD. SO I GOT OUT OF BED AND STARTED WALKING TO THE BATHROOM BUT ON THE WAY THERE I FELT A CHILL ALL OVER MY BODY. I BLEW IT OFF BECAUSE I JUST GOT OUT OF MY WARM BED AND A LITTLE CHILL WAS NATURAL. BUT AS I GOT CLOSER TO THE BATHROOM I FELT EVEN COLDER EACH STEP OF THE WAY. WHEN I TURNED TO WALK IN THE BATHROOM SOMETHING CAUGHT MY EYE. I TURNED AROUND AND SAW A FIGURE THAT WAS A BLUEISH WHITE COLOR AND WAS WALKING TWARED ME. I COULDN'T SEE STRAIGHT BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE MY GLASSES ON. SO I FIGURED THAT WAS MY IMGINATION BUT IT WAS TOO REAL BECAUSE EVEN IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY GLASSES ON I COULD STILL MAKE OUT WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE, IT WAS A SMALL OLD MAN AND IT WAS WAERING SUN GLASSES SO I ASSUMED IT WAS BLIND. TO THIS VERY DAY I LOOKED AROUND ME WHEN I GO TO THE BATHROOM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BECAUSE

OF THAT TERRIFYING DAY.

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JOE

**DATE** 10/21/2001

**FROM** DICKBAYYYY

**TITLE** a black miuor

ONCE I WAS IN MY BEDROOM AND MY MOM CAME IN TO GIVE ME A LATE BIRTHDAY GIFT FROM AN ANTIC STORE .IT WAS A BLACK MIRROR THAT MATCHED MY DRESSER.IT WAS ALITTLE BIGGER THAN A NORMAL SIZE T.V. ABOUT 2 WEEKS LATER I WAS BRUSHING MY HAIR AND LOOKED AT MY DOLLS(THAT I COLLECTED)FROM THE MIRRORS REFLUCTION AND ALL OF THEIR HEADS WERE CUT OFF.RIGHT THEN I TURED AROUND TO SEE A BLACK FOGGY SHADOW FLY ACROSS THE ROOM AND ALL THERE HEADS WERE PUT BACK ON.AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A DREAM OR SOMETHING.TILL TWO MONTHS LATER WHEN SCHOOL WAS OUT FOR SPRING BREAK AND MY GRANDMA WAS THERE TO PICK ME UP .SHE SAID THAT MY MOM HAD BEEN DRIVING TO WORK WHEN SHE RAN IN TO A BIG TRUCK AND SNAPPED HER NECK AND DIED .I THOUGHT THIS TO BE ODD BECAUSE MY MOM WORKED AT HOME THAT NIGHT I HAD TO GO TO MY GRANDMAS HOUSE,I WAS JUST ABOUT TO FALL ASLEEP WHEN I HEARD A KNOCK AT THE DOOR SO I WENT TO SEE WHO WAS THERE AND IT WAS MY MOM .SHE SAID THAT SHE WAS SORRY THAT I HAD TO STAY AT MY GRANDMAS FOR 3 1/2 MONTHS WHILE SHE AND MY DAD WENT ON A HONEY MOON .SO I TOLD HER WHAT GRANDMA SAID AND SHE SAID THAT SHAE WAS PROBILY JOKING AROUND.THE NEXT DAY WE HAD TO GO TO MY HOUSE TO GET MY BED AND DRESSER.A WEEK LATER ALL MY STUFF WAS THERE AND I HAD A FRIEND COME OVER SINCE SHE DIDNT MAKE IT TO MY PARTY DO TO THE FLU.WHEN SHE GOT THERE SHE WOULDNT ENTER MY ROOM BECAUSE SHE SENCED EVIL(SHES REALLY IN TO GOD)SO I DECIDED TO TAKE ALL MY BIRTHDAY GIFTS IN THE LIVING ROOM TO SHOW HER WE FINALY GOT TO THE LAST ONE WHEN SHE ASKED ME WITCH ONE WAS FROM MY MOM. I RAN IN TO THE ROOM AND BY TIME I GOT IT A FOOT AWAY FROM HER SHE GRABBED HER CROSS NECKLESS AND STARTED TO CRY .WHEN I ASKED HER WHAT WAS WRONG SHE KICKED HER FOOT UP AND THE MIRROR SHATERED AND THAT WAS THE WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW THE BLACK FOGGY SHADOW AND THE LAST TIME I SAW JENNIFER-MY FRIEND.

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JOE

**DATE** 10/22/2001

**FROM** \*Katrina\*

**TITLE** Footsteps and falling....nothing?

Lats night i was sleeping in the living room because i am sick and when im sick i hate sleeping in my room becasue i dont liek to be left alone when im not feeling good (im just really insecure) But i turned all of the lights off in the living room and laundry room and layed down in the reclining chair to go to sleep. All of the sudden i hear footsteps. they keep getting louder and louder so i hurry and turn on the TV. seeing nothing, i decided that it was all my imagination and tried to go backl to sleep. well a few minutes after i turned the TV off i hear the footsteps agioan and then i hear something fall in the laundry room. My medicine makes me very dizzy so i really didnt feel like getting up so i turned to TV on and whent to sleep. when i woke up i went in the laundry room and nothing was knocked over or out of place.....and i could not see what might have fallen during the middle of the night

~\*Katrina\*~

**DATE** 10/24/2001

**FROM** Skullz22

**TITLE** The Spirit makes another

There is definetely something going on in my house with ghosts. (For a full story on other stuff, read my other posts)

Well, here another strange happening for the collection. Right now, I'm ill. Its very cold over in Scotland, and Im suffering from a pretty bad head cold. Im off school, and I don't think my mum knows Im on the computer!

Anyway, this all started last night. My mum came home from a friends, pretty late. I managed a quick conversation with her, and then I went to bed. I awoke with a searing pain in my left ear. This was so bad, I had to fully awake myself. I sat up in my bed, calmed myself down, and lay back down to go to sleep again. A few minutes later, voices begin whispering in my ear. I couldn't make out what the hell the were saying, but the tone of voice told me they were there to make a point. I sat up again, looked around, and saw nothing. I went to sleep. Must have been about half an hour later, this ear pain comes back. Its not as bad, so Im kinda half asleep. I rolled over in bed and opened my eyes. The room is dimly lit (I still cant figure out were this light is coming from) and my jacket, schoolbag and Playstation games are sprawled across the floor...

So what happened? Im I going mad? 

(\*\*\*sKuLLz\*\*\*)

**DATE** 10/25/2001

**FROM** Gunslinger1978

**TITLE** My initial experience

I lived next to a house where there were some horrible murders comitted. The man who committed them is in the insane assylum in Lincoln, Nebraska. I was sent into the basement for something, I don't remember what, and I remember that the lights dimmed all of a sudden. I

thought that it was just that someone had shut the lights off but when I looked up, all the lights were still on, but they were extremely dim. As I looked, I felt something on my shoulder. It was more of a claw than a hand and I knew that I was there by my self. I ran out of the basement and I haven't returned to it since then.

**DATE** 10/26/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** The Hunt  
 Hi,

Im sorry I cant post this in the Ghost discussion board, Its just no-one really goes in there now...

Anyhow, Im needing some tips on Ghost Hunting techniques. I know a few, (ie. EMF Metering, Dowsing Rods) but I was wondering if there are any others. You see, Ive got a lot of hunts lined up, and wanted to make the most of them...

"Everythin that you say to me, drives me one step closer to the edge..."

[link]<http://www.Gatp.cjb.net>[/link]

(\*+\_sKuLLz\_+\*)

**DATE** 10/26/2001  
**FROM** Gunslinger1978  
**TITLE** Dark experience

Myself and some of my friends are into energy channeling and we have a good time because we have managed to be able to astrally project. One night, myself and three of my friends were in my room and we decided that I would meditate and travel. We always keep a safety on hand in case we are unable to break a trance. As I traveled, I began to feel an evil presence and then I saw a black shape in my mind. This figure approached me and something happened. I was under for about 5 minites and one of my friends entered my mind to bring me out. He saw the figgure as well and we together must have scared it away. The place that I saw in my mind we visited and was told that it was where a skinwalker was said to have inhabited. If that is what I encountered,

**DATE** 10/29/2001  
**FROM** giselo  
**TITLE** The Runner

This was a few years back. It had been raining a couple of days on and off. At the time, I had 2 dogs, and because of the rain, we kept them inside.

Around 1:30 or so, they started to wimper, th ey needed to go outside and do they business. I live in a what you might call the suburbs or a housing project and we have a park, but I wasn't about to go at that hour to the park, especially alone! So it was in the yard for them dogs.

It was very quiet, as it should be, it was 1:30 in the morning. I could hear beside me someone running and then I felt a few breaths on my neck! I turned as quickly as possible and as you would guess, NO ONE WAS AROUND!!!

I was told that before building houses there, it was just a field and bushes and such. Back in the

30's and 40's, the farmers and workers would get drunk and if they saw you looking at their women, that was reason enough to kill you. They would chase them to the field and kill them and bury them just as easy as that.

Maybe the breaths and steps I heard were of one of the victims running. What do you think?

~\*~PETER~\*~

**DATE** 10/30/2001  
**FROM** keena\_99  
**TITLE** Bed Buddy?

When I was in High School, I would always go to bed around midnight. However, everytime I would lay down and be about ready to doze off, I would hear what sounded like light foot steps around my bed. Since my bed was against a wall, they made a u-circle. But everytime it got to the foot of my bed, it would pause and then continue walking around the bed. This got to be such an annoying sound that I couldn't sleep. So, I eventually said out loud to no one inparticular, that I just wanted to sleep. Well, I sleep on one side of my bed, not in the middle. After I said that I wanted to sleep, something laid down beside me in my bed. I wasn't scared, but more or less annoyed. One night when I was gone to a friend's house, my mother slept in my bed and heard the same noises. After putting up with the pacing and a bed buddy for a year, I said that I wanted to be left alone and that I was old enough to sleep by myself. Ever since then, I haven't heard the pacing and the only bed buddy I have is my cat that will now enter my room.

**DATE** 10/30/2001  
**FROM** frypan100  
**TITLE** Make your skin crawl

My Dad built us a new huge house a few years after my Mom died. We moved in on Halloween. My sister and I went to a halloween party and this friend of mine came over after the party. It was about 2am or so and we were sitting in the downstairs living room. My younger sister was in her room sleeping and the sister I went to the party with had gone home. It had just lightly snowed that evening and our house was the first built in the area so we had no nieghbors. The house was huge two kitchens etc. Anyway, John and myself were sitting there talking when suddenly we heard this voice moaning. The tone of the voice was the most hideous frightening voice I have ever heard. I have listened to satan movie after satan movie since to hear anything similar and there are none to even compare to the hideous sound of this voice. The voice moaned so pathetically as if being tortured. then came up into a hysterical evil laugh. Again I cannot emphasize enough the horribleness of this voice. We figured it was someones idea of a halloween joke and a dam good one at that. so we began to scout the house for signs of the horrible joke players. JOhn went up into the foyer while I went to question my sister in my mind there was no way she slept through that ( it was very loud) but found her sound asleep. I woke her up and asked her if she heard that she said she didn't and was mad about being woke up in the middle of the night. I came out of her room just as John came down the stairs. He was pale he said he heard it again while we were seperated but I was only down 6 steps and maybe 15 feet down a hallway there is no way I didn't hear this, but I didn't . We were truly freaked. Then we heard it aga in this pathetic moaning to this maniacal laughter, loud and of a voice I have never been able to even closely match even in

our world of electronics. We decided it was not funny any more. we literally had tears running down our faces but were not crying. I was 18 and John was 22. not babies. grown people. so we split up again This time we checked outside. there were not foot prints in the light blanket of snow that had fallen that evening we checked every inch around the house nothing. if there had been anyone near the house that evening there would have been footprints unless they could fly. we joined up again and went upstairs we searched every inch of every closet and nook and cranny, under furniture , every drawer. cupboard. frigs, ovens. there was not one inch of the place we didn't look for something anything to explain what we heard. nothing. there was nothing at all. We went back downstairs and heard it a couple more times. again tears without crying. John offered to sleep on my couch at an attempt to make me feel safer it did, but yet didn't. I went to my room and closed the door I tried to sleep but couldn't images of evil creatures breaking in to kill me flashed through my mind all night. I've never had that happen before it was as if it wasn't coming from me. WE never heard that voice again but there were some weird after effects maybe sometime I'll write about them to. in the mean time know this. this story is the absolute truth. and remains an absolute mystery to me.

Anne

**DATE** 10/31/2001  
**FROM** mr jim  
**TITLE** Starnge, but true

Well i play the electirc guitar and one day i found a really old speaker in the attic. I lived in a really old house at the time and no-one who lived there had seen it before. I hooked it up to my guitar but nothing came out. I went away but came back about 4 hours later (about 10pm)

I realised that i had left the speaker on but it didn't bother me i started playing but all i heard was faint screaming, it was coming from the speaker. Also there was lots of people talking this was getting louder and louder but then it stopped. After about 20 seconds a voice came on saying "obey or die" which it said over and over again. I unplugged the speaker but it kept on saying it so i buried it and we moved anout 6 months later since then i've never got a lot of sleep and theres always a ghostly presence when i think of that speaker.

**DATE** 10/31/2001  
**FROM** Jamie Bennet  
**TITLE** Scary

I live in a flat and shair it with my friends, anyway one night i was in my bed and i saw an outline of a figure it walked towards me and layed down beside me i was scared until i realised it was femail and wearing a police costume and it had a whip and hand cuffs. If u want to hearthe rest

**DATE** 11/10/2001  
**FROM** mild`mist  
**TITLE** School Hauntings

This incident happened in my old junior school, which is an all girls school. I was in Year 3 at that time.

My class was on the second storey of the school and was tucked into a dim corner at the end of the second storey.

This happened after the exams and all of us were playing a fool in the class. Out of the blue, this girl in my class,( let's call her HM) the one that we referred to as a "class coward" screamed and started crying.

We were all quite shocked as she was just sitting in her seat alone which was right in the middle of the class. Nobody could have provoked her.

When we asked her why she cried, HM appeared terrified and gave us her answer in gasps and stutters. She said she had seen this bloody hand with no arm attached waving to her from outside the class, at the window.

We were kinda stunned because she had this good reputation of being too honest and obviously most of us believed her although we couldn't see anything.

But one girl didn't.

This girl ( SM) offered to exchange seats with this girl to see if she could see anything. The moment SM sat down on the seat, she sort of grew all pale and immediately shot out of that seat.

It seems that only those who sat on that particular seat could see the bloody hand.

Later I told my godfather, who was this very devout Christian, about this incident.

He said that a possible reason that the bloody hand was only visible to those who sat on that seat was that a certain pupil must have sat right on that area before she died.

I dunno whether to believe his reason but that incident really gave me the creeps.

**DATE** 11/11/2001  
**FROM** mild`mist  
**TITLE** Yet another one..

This incident also happened in my junior school at Year 3.

It was right after the exams and the class was rather noisy when suddenly the same girl from the previous encounter started crying.

The class became real quiet, like a total graveyard. This time, we didn't ask her what she saw; basically we were already quite frightened.

She pointed to the fire extinguisher opposite our classroom and asked wildly, " Can you see? Can you see? There's a puppet jumping down there!"

All of us turned to look; most of us couldn't see anything, but a few girls began screaming like mad and one was sobbing.

"It is faceless!"

"It is just jumping down there... no strings... nothing!"

These were just some of the comments made by our class mates who "witnessed" the jumping puppet.

They said it even changed color: red, black then dark blue.

I didn't see anything, luckily, and i didn't wanna see it anyway. But i guess what they described really reminded me of that scary doll show: Child's Play.

**DATE** 11/11/2001  
**FROM** spectre\_123  
**TITLE** Bright Lights

When i was 13 me and my brother were in the living room of my house and all of the sudden everything turned bright and when it stoped me and my brother were in my living room but in a differnt time.It was 1898 or something like that and my house was now a bar and everyone was having fun and all the sudden this guy comes in and starts to kill everyone with a knife.He just stabs and stabs and he wasnt done but then the lights came back and we were back in my living room.Well,i checked the history later on about where my house is and i found out that in 1889 this psyco went crazy and killed everyone in a bar.It was the most freakest moment i ever had.We moved out of that house 2 years later but we never saw the lights again but we did hear people screaming footsteps and dark shadows every once in awhile but nothing like the Bright Lights

~SpEcTrE~

**DATE** 11/11/2001  
**FROM** spectre\_123  
**TITLE** The Hanging Body

umm this happened to my girlfriend.She was outside in her back yard when she saw what seemed to be a body hanging from a tree.Scared s\*it less she went up to it and found that it was a body hanging and when she just blinked it was gone just like that.She later found out that her yard used to be a place where they would hang people back along time ago.she had her camera at the time and took a picture of it and i have it and when im writing this story im looking at it right now.hey check out my other stories please.And then put what u think of them.o yes and one more thing....i hate godglorified thank you all.

\*~Spectre~\*

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** mild`mist  
**TITLE** the reason

My junior school, the one that i have mentioned in both my encounters, is built on reclaimed land. That means that, right underneath that school, had been the sea.

In Singapore, some people leave their dead relatives' ashes in the sea, so I guess that is one of the reasons as to why my junior school is dat freaky.

The two encounters are not the only one I have came by. There is this basement in my school and it is always locked. I guess it is just this "forbidden area".

However, strange noises are always heard from the basement whenever us kids go there and play.

Near the basement, there is also this flight of stairs. Somehow, dead kittens are always found down there, decomposing, smelly and all. It is really a very sad sight.

I dunno if this is the doing of the ghosts but i will prefer not to believe that our school people are that cruel.

Feel free to give me some comments

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Phantom Voices  
(submitted via email)

The following events are true:

When I was younger I used to hear my mother calling out to me when she wasn't even home. One time I was upstairs in my bedroom with the window open, and I heard mom knocking on the door and calling out to me to let her in. I went downstairs to let her in, but no one was there. When I asked dad if he had heard anything, he said no. Other times I used to hear mom calling out to me when no one was home. She used to call from the bottom of the stairs, but every time I went downstairs, no one was home. I thought this was all in my head, until one time about a year ago my boyfriend and myself heard mom calling out to me from the bottom of the stairs, and then walk into the kitchen, but when I went downstairs there was no one there.

After I went back upstairs, we both heard people walking around up and down the stairs, walking around all over the house, and once there even seemed to be someone walking on the roof. A couple of weeks ago I was telling my brother about this, and he told me that used to happen to him all the time as well. It eventually got to the point that I stopped answering mom when she called out to me, and she had to come upstairs to get my attention.

Rain Keeping

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Just a Drawor  
(submitted by Alice Rose Cross arc@kc.rr.com)

Well, I've never seen or heard any strange paranorma before until only recently. I was born in this house and I'm 19. So nothing's ever happened here. We live in a duplex with my grandma. A year ago my grandma said she saw a little girl with strawberry blonde hair running cheerfully behind my sister. She said it looked like she was playing chase with her but then she just dissapeared. My grandma asked my sister if she had someone over and she said no. She was running to get my other sister up. Days later, my mom suspected my sister of being pregnant and low and behold she was. It was a little girl. She's been born and is learning things very fast. Her fuzz is curly and looks strawberry blonde. My grandma thinks it was my sister's future baby to be. Also, these past months, my great-grandma died. It's sad because I never really got to know her because of her Alzymers. Well, one day my dad who is skeptic of all ghosts said he saw the drawor close by itself in the closet. He acted very freaked out. The drawer is very old and is hard to close. We joked around and I said to mom maybe you have something in there that g-grandma

wants you to look at. Well she took it seriously and she found g-grandma's ring in the very drawer that closed. She thinks it's g-grandma because recently she's been having dreams about her. Before this all happened and I'm not saying it's me, it's just weird. But, after her funeral, I looked at g-grandma's picture telling her that I'd wished I'd known her before she died. It was strange but I felt like she was listening.

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Ring Around The Rosies

(submitted via email)

I was going to my friends houes in Pendle. When I arived I came in and suddenly I felt a chill and something brush aganst me, I have had this kind of thing before so it wasn't a big shock but I was still a little bit shocked. The next day I was in my room doing some drawing when this time I heard a small vocie, it soundend like the vocie of a little child saying a poem. After that I thought nothing more about it. A few days later when I was packing to go home I heard the same little vocie I had heard before, but this time it was louder and I could hear the child was singing "ring a ring a roses". When I told my friend about this she said that apantly a little girl died in that very room of the plag.

Sue Hasbrouck suehasbrouck@cableinet.co.uk

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Crescent Hotel Ghosts  
(submitted by Bill Ott billott@basinpark.com)

Memo

To: Ghost Enthusiasts

From: Bill Ott, Director of Marketing & Communication  
Eureka Springs' Landmark Hotels  
The 1886 Crescent Hotel & Spa / The 1905 Basin Park Hotel  
Phone 501-253-7837, ext. 100  
Email billott@basinpark.com

Re: Crescent Hotel Ghosts on NBC's "Today Show"

Date: 31 OCT 01

The ghosts of The 1886 Crescent Hotel & Spa were featured on NBC's "Today Show" this morning. The following stories were the seeds that grew the story. Thought you might find both

interesting.

And thanx for keeping the "spirits" alive.  
For Immediate Release

CONTACT: Mary Billingsley  
National Trust Historic Hotels of America  
Phone: 202-588-6061  
Fax: 202-588-6292  
E-mail: mary\_billingsley@nthp.org

#### ALL-AMERICAN APPARITIONS

The Presence of the Past Lives on  
at National Trust Historic Hotels of America

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 1, 2001 -- To many people, the mention of ghosts conjures up images of eerie white figures and haunting, howling cries in the dark of night. However, according to sightings at members of National Trust Historic Hotels of America, paranormal guests have a uniquely human form. Spirits from the past can even exude an amusing or strangely comforting presence to those that they visit. Like the hotels they call home, apparitions come in all shapes and sizes and each has their own interesting tale to tell - from unrequited love to untimely death or unfinished business. What they seem to share is the ability to return to a place of importance to them.

It is said that after the skeleton frame of The Crescent Hotel and Spa in Eureka Springs, Ark., had been constructed in the 1880s, one of the Irish stone masons plunged to his death in what is now room 218. This room proves to be the most spiritually active room in the hotel and has attracted television film crews for decades because of the quantity and quality of the sightings reported. Throughout the history of the hotel, employees have referred to this entity as "Michael," a classified poltergeist due to the nature of the unexplained activity. Guests have witnessed hands coming out of the bathroom mirror, cries of a falling man in the ceiling, the door opening then slamming shut, unable to be opened again. This activity had drawn guests to specifically request room 218 for the chance to experience something.

Because of all the ghostly activity at the Crescent Hotel, Ken Fugate, Carroll Heath and Dani Wilson of Eureka Springs, have made it their business to investigate the repeated phenomena. They host ghost tours from the hotel on select days each week at 8:00 p.m. \$15. Call 501-253-6800 for information. [www.eureka-springs-ghosts.com](http://www.eureka-springs-ghosts.com).

Historic Hotels of America is a program of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. HHA has identified more than 170 hotels that have faithfully maintained their historic integrity, architecture and ambience. To be selected for this prestigious program, a hotel must be at least 50 years old, listed in or eligible for the National Register of Historic Places or recognized as having historic significance.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

For more information, contact:  
Mr. Jack Moyer, General Manager

The 1905 Basin Park Hotel  
 12 Spring Street  
 Eureka Springs, Arkansas 72632  
 Phone: 501-253-7837

(EUREKA SPRINGS, AR) The 1905 Basin Park Hotel, known as “the hub of Historic Downtown Eureka Springs,” has become the center of the latest in ghost sightings in this quaint Ozark community. Located just 45 minutes southwest of Branson (MO), spirits of the paranormal kind have become the most recent local stars of the late night shows at this lodging facility.

“The sightings and reports of encounters have become too frequent and too compelling to overlook,” said Jack Moyer, hotel general manager. “It seems, therefore, that we have new permanent guests here at The Basin Park Hotel and we welcome all new guests... even if they’re ghosts.”

Some of the more frequent sightings include the following:

- A translucent young woman with “cotton candy blonde hair and steel blue eyes” dressed in turn-of-the-century clothing and seen floating on the third floor.
- A little girl of age three or four in a yellow dress with long, brown pigtails seen skipping through the lobby and the coffeehouse.
- A full-figured lady with curly, red hair who “drinks milk and eats cookies” in the coffeehouse; one who was “confirmed” by a visiting medium.
- An unseen apparition who frequents Room 408 and “sexually charges” guests in residence.
- A tall, thin man with a brown beard wearing a tan suit and hat seen in both The Grand Ballroom and Room 519.

“Other reports have been by employees working late in our seventh floor ballroom who have reported cold ‘passings’ as they clean up after a function,” added Moyer, “and in our Rooftop Billiards Room where the pool ball rack has been seen flying off the wall and landing between our two tables with no one standing anywhere close.

“This has happened on numerous occasions.”

Moyer said these unexplainable reports that the hotel has received have been by guests, current employees and past employees. He has pledged to keep a log of such experiences, saying, “When people feel like others have seen ‘something’ too they are more comfortable in reporting what they have experienced.”

“Therefore our front desk manager, Misty Rust, has been given the responsibility to record all similar reports,” Moyer concluded. “She is not trying to debunk just determine if there are similarities in reported sightings and encounters.”

For more information one may contact Moyer by writing The 1905 Basin Park Hotel, 12 Spring Street, Eureka Springs, AR 72632, or by phone at 800-643-4972. The hotel’s web page address is

**DATE** 11/13/2001  
**FROM** Acidus  
**TITLE** Forum Cleanup

Hi folks. This forum is for "Ghost Stories" only. If you want to discuss something, please post in "Ghost Discussion". I moved quite a few threads from here to there.

**DATE** 11/14/2001  
**FROM** mild`mist  
**TITLE** Approaching Shadow

It was this early evening when I decided to visit my grandma at her flat. When I reached her place, the windows were all closed and the door, too. I called for her, and when nobody replied, I opened the window to see if she was around. The moment I lifted up the panels, I saw this black figure rushing towards me as if it was running for a 100 metre race. I was totally shocked. That black figure could never be my grandma cos she can't even walk fast. How could she run then? I almost fell down when I backed away from the window. The next time I knew, my grandma was opening the door for me. But I know this could not be my imagination. Gimme some comments , please. =)

**DATE** 11/14/2001  
**FROM** mild`mist  
**TITLE** Grandpa came to visit..

This happened a few months after my grandpa died. My younger brother was playing with his stuff in one of the rooms in my grandma's house. That room had once been where my grandpa slept. The others, my grandma, my parents and me, were all in the living room, engrossed in some television programme. Suddenly, my brother just charged out of the room, shouting, "Grandpa! Grandpa" in Chinese. We just stared at him in a moment of silence. When my mother finally decided to question him, he explained that he had been playing with his toys when he thought that someone was watching him. That someone, was my deceased grandpa, and my brother said that Grandpa had popped his head at the door, as if to peep at him. We did not know whether to believe him or not and then my mum told my brother to go to her. When she felt for his heartbeat, she realised that my brother's heart was thumping real fast. He hadn't been lying; my grandpa had come back for a visit. Since then, my brother hates to be left alone, in a room, or in a house.

**DATE** 11/19/2001  
**FROM** Diamonte  
**TITLE** Dark, lonely drive home

Tonite I was coming home from my friends house. He lives out in what we call the booneys. He has a ranch, there are alot of other ranches and house around. But is the long dark secluded drive to the place that creeps me out. Anyways, as I was driving home, I got this overwhelming feeling

I was not alone in the car. Before entering my car I check inside to insure know one snuck in there. I am very cautious and do things to insure my saftey as a routine. I hadn't gotten a few feet from his house when I felt this feeling, I wasn't alone, in my car. I was petraified to look into my rear view mirror. I actually knew if I did I would see something or someone starring back at me. I felt that as sure as I am sitting here writing this. I tried not to panick, I put the radio on, and tried desperartly to shake the feeling. I then notice I was driving erracticly and fast. To fast for the road I was traveling and at any minute I would crash into something if I kept panacking. (grrrh, no spellcheck, sorry) I slowed down and couldnt help but glance in the corner of my eye into the rearview mirror. I could see a dark shadow but I kept begging myself to control my fear. I told myself "its all in your head" "stop it, stop it ..... D". Then the feeling of fear over came me. As if it wanted me to become so fearful I would wreck. I almost collided with an on coming car. Then my instincts kicked in and I began to invision white light protecting me. I did this for about ten minutes or so. Then once I reached the main road, where there was lights and other cars, I began to relax. I pulled into the first store parking lot that was fully lite and turned around to confront this shadow and to my surprise there was nothin there. I was so relieved. I began to cry and pray to god it was over. I hate this road. and plan never to drive it again in the dark. This is not the only thing that has happened to me on this road at night. I would tell myself it was all in my imagination. I didnt get that feeling, but I felt as if the road wouldnt let me out. A fog surrounded me and as if it keep me in it and stopped time. It is so hard to translate into words as to what actually transpired. but it was scary and I thought I was just scared of the dark and my imagination was being over active. But now I do not think so. Now I think something is trying to get me when I drive threwh there at nite. Or trying to make me wreck. I dont know what I would have done if I wreck in that dark secluded road. I would have died from sheer fear. I would too.

**DATE** 11/19/2001  
**FROM** schaeffer  
**TITLE** father why have to come back

I was only 10 years old then my father died, it was hard but I got over it. then i was 17 I began to hear stange things like footsteps on the stairs, and shadows in the corner of my room. one episode that striks my memory is once, I had a friend over for the night. she knows a lot about the supernatural, and we starts to talk about the things that I have seen, in the past few years. I'm in the middle of a sentence, when my mirror flyes across the room, and all we can feel is a stong pressense that keeps repeating the word NO. that was the last time I felt my father in my room, but still sometims a spirit pays a wisit. I don't know who he is or why he come to me, but he sure does come.

**DATE** 11/19/2001  
**FROM** Princess9416\*  
**TITLE** an unfreindly visiter

Last weekend i spent with my friend M.J and she told me about the ghost in her room that gets mad when she leaves the curtain open and knocks every thing over from her books to her little plastic horses.but when she said this she sounded anouyd (excuse my spell) so i didn't believe her i asked if i can open the curtains to see but she said no so right before we went down to wacth t.v i opened the curtains to see if the story was true and not more than 10 mins later we heard thumps comming from upstairs and we went to check and there was everything all over the floor with the

curtains shut!

**DATE** 11/21/2001  
**FROM** giselo  
**TITLE** confused

Hey everyone. This really ain't a story, more like a question.

Saturday I was at a party and the topic on ghosts and spirits came up. The other person didn't have any doubt that they do exist and he says he has seen and has been in real situations involving them. That isn't the problem. We got to talking and I can't remember how or why it came up, but he said that there are no good spirits only evil. I don't think that. There have been many times where people swore that they have been helped by ghosts and spirits. But he is a strong religious person. He claims when you die, there is no between. You either go to heaven or not. That any spirit you see, has to be evil, because it isn't in heaven.

I didn't really want to get into an argument with him, but I believe he is SOOOOO wrong!  
 Do you believe that they are all bad or evil? Let me know, please.

Take care.

~\*~PETER~\*~

**DATE** 11/22/2001  
**FROM** kooll  
**TITLE** this guy i knew...

One night i was sleeping and out of the blue i woke up and looked in the corner of my room. there was this dark figure there. it had a body and a long robe and when it turned it head to face me, it had no face just blackness. at first i thought it was my eyes playing tricks on me in the dark, with shadows..etc. but the more i looked the more real it looked, and the more my eyes focused..i could tell, it was real. i was a little scared at first because i didnt know who it was, and why it was in my room. i started to get up to go closer and as soon as i got out of bed it disappeared. i was kinda creeped out so i just laid back down and tried to go back to sleep. the next 3months i would see this figure every now and then, i just got used to it. i didnt know what or why it was around i couldnt figure it out. untill one day i found out in school that i guy i knew named Derik hung himself the night before. i didnt know him all that well, just ran into him a few times and sometimes we would talk as we walked home. for some reason i couldnt help but feel like it was my fault he killed himself. i cried all night. when i finally got to sleep i had this dream that i was a cop and i was tryin to find a murderer. i ran down this street and turned in an alley and there were 3 guys hanging by rope from a light post and when i got a better look, all 3 of them were Derik. i felt really sick in my dream then all the sudden the Derik in the middle lifted his head up, opened his eyes and smiled the creepiest smile i have ever seen. i woke up really fast and screamed..i was looking around my room and i saw him. he was sittin in the same corner, the exact sameway that figure was everytime he was there for the past 3months. i got really nervous i didnt know what to think. then Derik got up and walked to the foot of my bed and smiled at me, not a creepy smile..but a reassuring smile. suddenly i felt better i smiled and fell back to sleep. the next night i was sleeping and woke up again to see him looking at my stereo, he turned around walked to the foot of my bed again..smiled at me, pointed at my stereo then smiled again..he seemed to almost sit on the edge of my bed like he was tryin to tell me things were ok..tryin to make sure i knew it

wasnt my fault. he got up and disappeared. i never saw him again. i cried for months..but i know he was telling me not to worry. i was telling my friends about the figure..and they said that that was a spirit tryin to warn you of a death, and since i didnt see the face that means i wasnt the one that was going to die. and since derik hung himself, thats why i felt so bad..because i was being warned and i didnt know how to stop it. or who it was. so he came to tell me it was alright. and to this day i have never seen him or that figure again..but every once in awhile i feel derik..he has helped me and protected me a few times now:)

dont let the sun come down tomorrow before then sun rises today

**DATE** 11/23/2001  
**FROM** Number1OPMfan  
**TITLE** Bunny Man's Bridge

My name is Heather. I am 17 and a new member to GhostPlace.com. This Halloween me and 5 other friends went to Bunny Man Bridge which is a 10 minute drive from my friends house. I have posted the story of Bunny Man's Bridge below but this is my story first. When we first showed up there were two other cars parked near ours. We walked down a steep hill until we reached the tunnel. As we walked along the road there were many gravel roads coming off from the main road. When we reached the bottom of the hill were the tunnel was we looked up to see the railroad tracks ontop. Three of my friends climbed the side hill to get ontop of the tunnel to go to the railroad. Myself and two others looked around the outside of the tunnel. We looked to the top part of the tunnel and along the walls were old blood stains. Then we went inside the tunnel with the other teenagers and ghost hunters. We brought a flash light to check out the tunnel. It was a one lane tunnel and there were numerous old blood stains inside. We checked the walls of the tunnel and there were finger nails stuck inside the cracks. In certain spots of the tunnel we could see our breath from the cold and in other spots we couldnt. It was about 10 minutes to midnight before we decided to yell up for our other three friends. As we yelled the other teenagers in the tunnel took off. They didn't want to be around when "The Bunny Man" showed up. Our friends hadn't answered our shouts so we went ontop of the tunnel to check for them. We walked around for a few paces then we found them as we climbed down the hill a police officer spoke to us. Telling us it was illegal to be on the train tracks at night and we were trespassing. So he made us leave before it hit midnight. Now I will share with you the story of why this tunnel is haunted. The tale of the Bunny Man goes back many many years. Originally it didnt start until 1931, after many murders had already been committed. For verification of the story, you can visit the "Old Clifton Library" located in Clifton, Northern Virginia, USA. What we are about to tell you is entirely true, although we've never seen the Bunny Man, or visited the location. Everyone who lives in Clifton, Northern Virginia believes it to be true.

(Quick reference to help you understand the story)

The Bridge has a one lane car road passing underneath a dual railroad track above it, within the woods along a gravel road. Back in 1903 deep in Clifton, There used to be an Asylum buried deep within the wilderness of Clifton. After the civil war people started inhabiting the area, population grew to around 300 or so. It was a very small town. Nonetheless people didn't like the idea about having an Asylum just a few miles down the road, so they all got together and signed a petition stating for the Asylum to relocate elsewhere. The petition passed and a new Asylum was built which is now known as "Lorton Prison Facility".

In the Autumn of 1904 some of the prison convicts were gathered and piled into the bus which was to transport them to Lorton. Somehow during the drive not too far from where they left, the driver had swerved to avoid something in the road and the bus driver lost control and collided with the trees. Most of the convicts were injured but had managed to escape the bus and had fled into the night woods. Later on the next morning a local police investigation had begun, and they had begun rounding up the escaped convicts. Hours turned into days, days into weeks, weeks into months. Every one was recovered after 4 months, except for 2 people,

Marcus A. Wallster and Douglas J. Grifon.

During the search for the men the police randomly found dead rabbits half eaten and dismembered in a horrific way. Finally they were to find Marcus dead by the Fairfax Station Bridge

(now known as Bunny Man's Bridge).

In his hand he held a man-made hammer / knife like tool, made with a sharp rock and a pretty sturdy branch as a handle. They thought nothing and cared not of how he died, only that he was apprehended and no longer had to worry about him. They had a name for Marcus, but later on they would realise they had named the wrong person the Bunny Man. Still searching for Douglas, they kept on finding dead half-eaten bunny's every-so-often. Finally they were to name Douglas the Bunny Man from then on.

3 Months passed by and the police had given up their search on April 7th 1905. Everbody assumed the Bunny Man was dead by now, if not gone, so they went on with their small town lives. Come October people started seeing dead bunny's reappearing out of the blue, and starting to fear the unseen. Halloween Night came around, and as usual a bunch of kids had gone over to the Bridge that night to drink and do what ever kids their age in the 1900's did.

Midnight came around within minutes and most of the kids had left, only 3 of them remained at the bridge. They were all found dead the following morning. Throats slashed with what seemed to be the same type of tool that was found next to the other Escapee, Marcus. Not only were there throats slashed, but all up and down their chests were long deep slashes gutting them. To top it off the Bunny Man hung the kids from one end of a bridge with a rope around their necks, hanging from the overpass with their legs dangling in front of the passing cars.

This happened on Halloween in 1905. After that, they didn't see or heard anything from him for another year. Halloween 1906 was approaching and parents as well as the teens in Clifton still remember the incident that had occurred one year ago at the bridge, his bridge, Bunny Man's Bridge. That night seven teens were left remaining right before midnight at the bridge. Thinking little of it, six remained underneath the bridge while one, Adrian Hatala had remained a good distance from the bridge hoping to have enough time to escape if the same thing happened again.

She witnessed a dim light walking the railroad track right before midnight, and stopping right above the bridge at midnight, then disappearing at the same time a bright flash was seen underneath the bridge. She heard the deafening sounds of horrific screams coming from underneath the bridge that lasted only seconds. She watched in horror as the bodies were hung from the edge of the bridge, same style as the corpses a year earlier. Horrified she ran home, she

didn't tell of everything she saw, just spattered words here and there that some of the folk put together to come up with her story. No one understood it, or even believed her. They charged her with the murders, and locked her up in the Asylum of Lorton.

In 1913 the same thing happened with nine teenagers this time. Halloween night again. Adrian was still locked up. They dropped her sentence, but it was too late. The insanity had finally conquered her. Even if she was released, she was too far gone to have a decent life, so she spent her remaining years in the Asylum until she finally died in 1953 of shock. No one knows what exactly she died in shock from, but supposedly she had died in her dreams, possibly dreaming of that one dreaded night. Perhaps the Bunny Man had finally gotten to her.

More murders were to take place however, although after the murders in 1913 most people stayed clear of the bridge on Halloween. 1943 rolls around, and six teenagers go strolling out on Halloween night. A couple hours later, all of them are apparently dead, same way as all the others. Investigations took place, but as usual nothing was discovered.

1976 the same situation occurs, this time with only three people. The only other incident that occurred since then was in 1987, twelve years ago. Janet Charletier was enjoying the night with her four friends. Halloween night had finally come and they had gone driving out to enjoy the night after invading the children's candy bags. They had settled around 11.00pm at the bridge, waiting for midnight to come. They didn't believe in the myth so they had decided to see for themselves and were bound to be the only ones who actually withstood the Bunny Man. They had waited around 55 minutes or so. It was almost midnight, Janet started getting a little scared. They all had been pulling pranks on each other, jumping out the bushes and screaming, so she was already a little worked up. Midnight came, and Janet was just walking out from underneath the bridge when the lights on the inside wall of the bridge get really bright inside. Apparently She then felt something suddenly tear at her chest but could not see anyone. She manages finally to exit the bridge. Completely horrified she hits a hanging body and knocks herself out. When she awakes she finds out her hair has turned grey in parts and she has been bleeding rather badly. She was lucky that the cuts on her chest were not too deep. She left and never returned to the bridge again. She has been seen sitting on a swinging bench on her balcony every morning just staring in the direction towards the bridge a couple of miles down the road. To this day, you can still find her on that bench every morning.

From then on the story dwells untouched, and unmoved. Halloween night, you will find a bunch of kids gathering around the bridge, drinking, smoking, but within minutes of midnight, everyone apparently leaves. It's been like that for the past several years.

So there you have it... A true story. Of course, things get added on over the years, but many believe in the story...

Halloween Night comes around and nothing happens until midnight. Right before midnight supposedly a bunny or two enters the bridge. Right before midnight his soul (a dim light) walks the tracks above the bridge. When Midnight hits, his soul stops right above the bridge (dead center), and disappears, only to reappear underneath the bridge. From then on it's his soul which lights up the whole area, so brightly that you can't even see him. That's when he instantly kills you by slitting your throat and slashing your chest, only to hang you at the edge of the bridge. You can even see the rub marks that have worn away at the rock where the body's were swinging.

**DATE** 11/23/2001  
**FROM** Number1OPMfan  
**TITLE** Future Visions

Hi it's me Heather again. I just thought I would let you in on a bit about myself and why I believe in ghost and visions. Ever since I was 13 I would have really bad nightmares. I mean I would dream of things that Stephen King and John Carpenter would never imagine. The worst part was it seemed too real. Whatever I dreamed part of it would come true. Take for example. The one dream I had was of my friend Mark and a grandfather clock. In my dream my friend Mark was killed and then shoved into a grandfather clock. When I awoke the next morning his grandfather had died. If you dont believe that one then there was another time when I had a dream my friend got ran over by and 18 wheeler. That night a 18 wheeler had ran right into his car luckily for him he only had minor injuries but his car was completly damaged. Some tell me I hold the future or can tell the future. Others think I have the work of the devil. I myself do not know. I just wish it would stop. I really feel bad because I feel responsible for some of this. Does anyone know what's going on?

H.N.S.

Edited by - number1opmfan on 11/24/2001 17:01:49

**DATE** 11/26/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** The Haunted Hall....

Ok, as many of you know, Im a leading member of GatP, a small group of avid, and maybe slightly underaged, ghost hunters. All three of us aren't easily scared, but a few days ago, we were pratically petrified to the spot...

We all attend a Scout group, which is held in a large, damp and supposedly haunted hall, which funnily enough is called the Scout hall. (Unsurprisingly). It has a massive underground storage area, which has a very strong presence of ghost activity. Everyone down there has the urge to get out, and be with someone else.

Well, our little experience began during a little cleaning of the lower areas. We were preparing for a camp the nexy day, so we were all hard at work, to get everything tidy. All 20 of us. There seems to be two thresholds of the basement. One is as soon as you enter it, a very slight feeling of unease surrounds you. The other is when you go deeper into it, and were we think it was haunted.

Well, around five of us went in there to sort out some kayaks, which had been sprawled across the floor. We were just moving them, when suddenly.....the lights switch off. Now this is at around 8pm on a winters night, and the place goes black. I drop one end on the kayak onto my foot, which was quite painful. Someone screamed. The lights flickered on. No one was there. Oh my god, so my foot was aching with pain, and I was alone in the basement. Where'd every one go?

"Guys....this isn;t funny!" i try. I look about. No one, no trace of anyone being here with me. The lights flicker back off again. This is all I need! I feel my way to the nearest light switch and flick it back on. Everyone is back again.

"Thanks, Jay." someone said.

"Whered u all go?" I started.

"What do you mean? We were here all the time..."

It turns out that the light didn;t flicker back on the first time. So was I imagining it? Believe me, this was no daydream....

Thanks for reading

Believe...

(\*\*\*sKuLLz\*\*\*)

**DATE** 11/26/2001  
**FROM** mariellaw16  
**TITLE** here goes my story . . .

Hi, my name is mariella and here goes my experience. some people have this theory that when your time is about to come ( when you're about to die) relatives and friends that already have passed away come to take you away and guide you through the light. at first i was kinda sketchy about it but now i know its totally true. My great grandma was a pretty old lady, she was 92, she died about a year ago. she was always very healthy and lucid. months before she died, i use to visit her every week to meet her for lunch and talk about stuff. somehow before she died, it's like she already knew it because she called all her friends and family members to mend any argument or dispute she had had in the past with them. and what interests me the most is that she started talkin about how, this people came to visit her and how she was so glad to see "them". well all these people were dead family members, and at first i didn't even listen to it, i thought she was old and incoherent but now that i think about it makes perfect sense. people may be scared and not know what to do when they die. the logical thing is that some dead relative has to come down and guide you to the light. aren't i right? when she died. my grandmother and her sisters, were arguing on if they were going to cremate her or bury her. well, one of my aunts was sitting on her bed, with my great grandma laying there and she felt, my great granny pull her shirt from the back and a soft voice say to her "enough, let me just go" ofcourse she freaked out and they stopped arguing. i just thought the whole experience of having someone you could trust come and take you away was kinda nice.

mariella

**DATE** 11/29/2001  
**FROM** Bigelow892  
**TITLE** ghost in the attic!!!

The story im bout to tell you isnt really long but it was long enough to scare the mess out of me. Ok, when i was 15 I had went to visit a friend of mine, because he had hurt himself in an accident. He wasnt bad off or anything but i felt it would be nice for me to go visit. Anyway, me and him were talking about what it was like when i used to live beside him. I started talking about me missing it. So we decided to go to the house i had lived in before and just look around and look at how it had changed since i moved.(Of course no one lived there at the time we decided to go look around and the house was very old, it was built around the 30's or 40's). Well we get to the house and start looking around. We start in the kitchen and make our way to the living room and find ourselves searching through the bedrooms. Thats when we came to my mom and stepdads old room. Then i decided to look in the closet, because i never saw in it when we lived there before. Well my friend agreed with me to look in it. We opened the door and looked in it. We saw

nothing. So we looked up and saw the attic door. Well, me being very ambitious to see whats in the attic, i asked him if he wanted to go up and see what was up there and he said yeah, him being ambitious also. So we started up to the attic. As soon as we get to the attic door, it opens and shuts by itself. We fell as if the door hit us and we started running as soon as we hit solid floor. As we ran, through the house doors were slamming behind us. We finally made it to the back door. We ran out the house and turned back to look at it, slowly the storm door opened then the screen door opened. Then the storm door closed and the screen door closed as if someone was coming out behind us so we started running again. Running back to my friends house we stopped to catch a breathe of fresh air and to see what all was still going on at my old house. Well stared at the house for about 5 minutes to think what had happened over and as we stared at it we could see a figure moving about the attic window.

We later went in my friends house to ask about the house i had lived in, because my friends parents had lived there their entire lives and come to find out my friends great grandparents had died in the house many years before i had moved in.

**DATE** 11/29/2001  
**FROM** Skullz22  
**TITLE** Visible Orbs? Human Interaction?

This story came by my way a few weeks ago, and it was told to me by a friend, whom is also a Paranormal Enthusiast. He is one of my valued friends, and I have excellent confidence that he wouldnt lie about things like to me...

Ok, here goes. My friend lives in a small estate of well-off buildings, and by the look of them, they seem quite new, around 10 years old maybe. My friend has just went to bed around 11pm...

He was lying, trying to get to sleep when he noticed his door was lying open. Funny things is, he remember that he had closed it. He got up and shut it, and lay back down with his face to the wall, and the door out of sight. Something made him turn over, and found the door lying wide open again. He decided it was best he would just try and sleep, because things like this freaked him out. But the freakiest was yet to come...

He awoke what must have been half an hour later to see an eye-blindingly strong light shining from downstairs. This startled him and he sat up. The light intesified and eventually formed into what seemed like a small ball. Terrified, he threw the covers over his head and desperately tried to sleep.

He does off under the sheets and awoke next morning sweating and out of breath, because he was under the sheets the whole night. One funny not was that he had a massive bruise along his chest and one on his shin. These weren't there before the occurence. Orb Human Interaction? Its a possibility...

Thanks for reading...

Believe...  
 (\*\*sKuLLz\*\*)

**DATE** 12/1/2001  
**FROM** hughthehand\_2002  
**TITLE** Double Church

Things you could not imagine occured and things that I have heard is so very much unimaginable..It all started about 11:30PM during Witching hours where all spirits are at their climax we strode up to a farmers house where a story laid of where a man had come from his

barn and ran into his house across from the barn itself and ran his family into the cellar where he had killed them, his wife and children, needless to say we pissed something off by entering that area, using temperature guages we read temperatures at 58 degrees at the gate, when we entered it was 43 degrees over a 10 degree drop, unprecedented, anyways we approached the house by the slamming of doors or shutters of some sorts, and then we saw shadows, dark shadows that moved about watching us, then one of our friends pointed out that a man in a blue light, with sightless eyes stood behind us with an axe and bloody hands, and we ran back to the gate with our tail between our legs. Needless to say we are not going back there again.

**DATE** 12/1/2001  
**FROM** hughthehand\_2002  
**TITLE** Encountering a Demon

If any of you all have been to Harpers Ferry WV after dark and if you know your history then you should know that Harpers Ferry was part of the Civil War. So me and some friends of mine decided to embark on a Ghost Investigation between the hours of 2:00Am and 5:00Am Before the Sun Even Rose. Anyways our equipment consisted of temperature guages, emf modulators, walkie-talkies and maglites, lots of them. We first went to the cemetery which is a first twenty minute hike up a dark trail which leads you to this Civil War Cemetery. Before we entered I read a Prayer of Protection for our group. About the last string of words. A Thrashing sound came from behind us in the darkness. We all of course turned to see what it was. Nothing was there. It sounded like leaves moving as if someone was walking with us yet nothing was there. Anyways we went into the Graveyard and opened up our Oujia board and unfortunetey we found no spirits. Which we found out later our little prayer had worked by observing one of the many photographs we had taken that night. White Glowing Orbs were surrounding us as it showed two of us on the ground using the Oujia board. They could not come close to use to use the board and hence we didn't commicate with anything at the Cemetery. So After awhile our team left the Cemetery and proceeded to the Bridge that connects the Shenandoah River and the Potomac River creating a fork just beneath the Bridge. Anyways the Bridge itself is a train bridge with a boardwalk like structure allowing more than enough people to walk all the way down on side and down down the stairs to the shore below. We ventured onto the bridge nothing was happening and we missed the train for the night as well. No Action was present until we started walking back when two of our companions stopped and were talking among themselves. I decided to go back and see what was the trouble for they had stopped. I asked them of course and they pointed beneath the bridge where I saw two red glowing eyes watching us from below. My nerves tightened and my throat as the one man Jesse pulled me in front of him and told me to keep walking that it was a demon. No doubt I had told him later, that was until we met up with it at our car. I was ahead of the group relieved that we had gotten rid of the demon as I had heard a loud creaking sound to my left where the first set of buildings began. I stopped fully and looked but nothing moved nothing at all.

So I continued, my group behind me quite aways, I get to the car and I hear something moving above me beyond the tree line on a hill. My eyes widened and I fixed my gaze on the whole area observing the slightest movement, Finally the rest of my group returned cold and hungary as they began piling into the car. Me and my good friend Jesse remained outside of the car as he came beside me and nudged me a bit and looked to where I looked. He Had heard the noise too. After a few moments we saw it AGAIN!. Those red eyes looming above eyes looking down at us. Jesse moved forward trying to look where it went again as it had dissapeared. I carried with me a Bible as he told me to read from scripture I had marked passages where Prayers of Protection had been. I started Preaching the word of god as this sudden thrashing occured in the Woods. Loud crashes and something snapping. Something was obvoiusly pissed at what I was doing. Jesse told me to

read but we heard it GETTING CLOSER. Its outline was visible that of some demonlike creature, small and looked like a dragon perched ontop of a tree watching us...I mentioned the Word Jesus Christ and the Demon howled or screamed and jumped down and across the clearing into the tree line again...We were speechless at what we had seen...No One Else heard a thing...Only me and my Jesse...No One else had seen it either...It comes to show you how much spiritual sensitivity each person has and how much experience you need to acquire a sixth sense.

Thanks,  
Shawn

**DATE** 12/2/2001  
**FROM** scaredsexychick  
**TITLE** How to get rid of them

Alright this is going to seem silly or even stupid. But I get a feeling that wherever I go in my house there is something or someone watching me. I have the hairs pick up and get the shoots of cold run down my spine. The worst place is in the bathroom when I take a shower. I want to know how I can get rid of whatever is doing this, i know im not imagining in cause other people have felt it in the same places in the house as I have. Any help would help me a lot! Thanks

I love people, but ghosts just scare me

**DATE** 12/4/2001  
**FROM** eternalvampire  
**TITLE** poltergeists - do they wear

i've always been aware of a presence in my life and have been told by many people that i have supernatural powers.

Lately, things in my bedroom have been going missing, always things from a pair (such as earrings, shoes, gloves, one of two pens, etc) and turning up a few days later somewhere it couldn't possibly get (such as on top of my wardrobe). yesterday i found one of the missing earrings stuck IN THE CEILING, which is far too high to even reach standing on a chair. Lately i have had the feeling that this prescence has become threatening, crushing me in my sleep or pushing me over, leaving handprints on my body. photos taken in my room show nothing.

Try to accept other's differences and views, never judge before you have walked a mile of their life. Don't be prejudiced to race, sex, age, religion or personal appearance. Everybody is different, some are just more different than others

**DATE** 12/4/2001  
**FROM** eternalvampire  
**TITLE** talking to poltegeist

I have tried many times to speak to the prescence, through EVP, mediums, by speaking out loud, leaving "control items" around or trying to contact it in my dreams. if i shout, i will often hear an echo, not in my own voice. If i leave a piece of paper on the floor in my room, when it get back it will be scrunched up. My pet cat often runs out of the room for no reason, and if i check my

jewellery box straight after, an earring will be gone. If i move my earrings from the jewellery box, my ears will burn and i will have to take the curent earrings out. it isn't the jewellery box that is the focus as it is brand new and this is just a small part of what it liikes to do. My CD player will often turn on in the middle of the night (when it's not plugged in!) and my remote control will go crazy if i try to change channels.

I have made a few EVP recordings and have come up with a voice (undefined sex) saying "get it" "let's go" "do you believe in god?" "Play it backwards" (when i played the tape backwards i heard moonlight sonata on a violin) and my own name called out by a high female voice. I have no idea who this voice could belong to.

**DATE** 12/4/2001  
**FROM** Number1OPMfan  
**TITLE** Seeing Things

Lately I've been getting really bad migraines. They get so bad I start to walk into the walls or fall. Also after an hour or so I will start to see blood everywhere. That or everything turns shades of red. It happens mostly when I am at my friends apartment or near the Potomac River. I dunno whats going on but I wish I had some answers. Anyone have any ideas... let me know.

**DATE** 12/5/2001  
**FROM** The\_Hunted  
**TITLE** Give the n00bie some info

Hey, Ive been a mad supernatural phreak since attempting a seyance when i was 10. Hope that the friendly people in these forums will befriend me (help yourself to my ICQ # if you want ot know me )

ok into it- Ive tried astral projection with not much luck after doing it in a dream, i have read up on it but would like some tips etc from the manz. (and da womanz ;))

anyone know any protection prayers/spells etc that will help me, (its not really needed but would make me feel better )

thats about it for now without boring you, hope to talk to you soon =)

**DATE** 12/7/2001  
**FROM** Adriane  
**TITLE** The Mirror

Hi, this story I'm going to tell is very true (it happened to me in fact =)) and the reason why I'll post it here is because I wonder if anyone has had any similar experiences.

Well, here it goes; when I was around 14 yrs. old i one night slept over at my grandma's house. It was a very cozy evening, me and grandma watched some tv, talked and ate a way to much of my grandma's famous cookies =)

It was starting to get a bit late and we both figured it was time to say nite nite and go to bed. I walked into the bathroom to clean my teeth. And the bathroom is very ordinary expect from this large antique mirror which was hanging over the sink, my grandma had recently bought it. There I stood cleaning my teeth with my tooth brush thinking about anything and nothing ( nothing scary by the way) when I suddenly got this paranoia feeling, like someone was watching me very closely. I gazed around and of course saw nothing, so I just shrugged it off thinking it maybe I just tired or something. But the feeling wouldn't go away, and I started to get chills up through my spine and that's when it hit me that it was defintly something wrong with the mirror. Looking in

the mirror I saw nothing but myself (scary :- ) but there was something wrong with my reflection, hard to describe but I had this odd glimpse in my eyes, like the eyes were laughing, and my intuition said that isn't me at all, something in that mirror is playing with me. But being a very rational person I thought to myself that it could be a hallucination, and to make sure it was just something in my head I started to do several moves thinking that if that feeling was telling the truth the "mirror me" wouldn't manage to imitate my movements completely perfect. But it did, at least it looked like it. It's all in my head, I thought and slapped my left hand on the sink, and that's when I got my little proof it sure wasn't me at all. Because in that moment my hand touched the sink I saw that the "mirror hand" was still in the air before it hit the sink, it was probably just a few seconds slower but enough for me to notice it. Not much to say I ran like hell out of the bathroom.

I never told my grandma about it because I knew she was very fond of that mirror and I guess I was a bit afraid she wouldn't believe me at all. But my brother told me he had a similar experience himself with that mirror, so I'm not alone knowing that there are something weird going on with that mirror..

So if anyone got any similar experiences I would love to know, and I wish you all merry christmas and a happy new year =)

**DATE** 12/7/2001

**FROM** danasho

**TITLE** can someone explain this?

when I was about 10 I lived in Las Vegas, New Mexico. I went to bed one night and I saw a light move from the foot of the bed, between the beds, and back to the foot. It did this (it seemed like to me) a very long time. I was too scared to move even though my sister was sleeping in the same bed right next to me. After that, I would hear whispers,

This happened several times

I still have nightmares about it

**DATE** 12/17/2001

**FROM** eternalvampire

**TITLE** just to say...

mjust wanted to wish everyone a merry christmas and a happy new year, may you all have PEACEFUL (AND HAUNT-FREE) time! love katie (eternalvampire) xxx

Try to accept other's differences and views, never judge before you have walked a mile of their life. Don't be prejudiced to race, sex, age, religion or personal appearance. Everybody is different, some are just more different than others

**DATE** 1/10/2002

**FROM** Dan  
**TITLE** The Devil

I had a dream one time were I was sitting with the devil and a man of tv some guy who wears a flower neckless and chants,He said to me get rid of the internet and your image and I felt that the devil was 100%evil I dont know why but i could fell he was pure evil and he looked like a monster I,v also herd foot steps walking up stairs and I had a bout of Physicosi and i could her things like "Your mine now Danny"and "join us"I could also hear things when i was at the Hospital like speakers in the sealing I came up to a women and was going to ask how she was and she said "Dont Bother me right Now"with out even moving her lips very strange maybe i read her mind or maybe i opened up a part of me with the Physicos I dont maybe Iam a nutter

**DATE** 1/14/2002  
**FROM** Dan  
**TITLE** Strange Moans

I tryed that Bloody Marry thing well I said it once while looking in the mirrio then I herd a Crack of Thunder,was a perfect clear day also last night I herd strange moans comming from out side my widow I was to lazy to look but sounded like a Demon or Something Iam quite sure no man could make the sound it was making very demon like has any one ever tryed that Bloody Mary thing .

**DATE** 1/20/2002  
**FROM** Dark Quartz  
**TITLE** Hi!

Im new here and I can tell Im gonna really like this place and ppl. Iv'e seen some fascinating stories so far and i hope to post a few of my own, many true and some not. Any ways just wanted to say hi to all whom lurk here and get acquainted.

DQ

**DATE** 1/22/2002  
**FROM** NotMe011567  
**TITLE** Radio waves

Benny is a coal miner. He is a radio ham. He is 23 years old, married to Molly. They have a son, young Ben, aged 4, and a new baby. They look after Benny's twin brother Billy, who is apparently a vegetable. The mine is closed, because of the economy, the village is dying. One night Benny takes Billy on a bar hop. Drunk in a brightly-lit mall, Benny vents his anger on a shop window full of the multiple TV images of Predsident George Bush. In defiance, he steals a cordless phone. Later that night, Benny prances dangerously on the wall of an overpass, in theatrical protest at the tabloid press. That same night, a cab driver is killed by a concrete block dropped off a similar bridge. The police come to question Benny, he hides the cordless phone under the cushion of

Billy's wheelchair. Billy is different, he can receive radio waves directly without the aid of a tuner, he explores the cordless phone, recognising its radioness. Benny is sent to prison. Billy feels as if half of him has been cut off. He misses Benny's nightly conversations with radio hams in foreign parts. Molly, unable to cope, sends Billy to stay with his Great Uncle David, who had emigrated to the USA during WWII. Much as Billy likes Uncle David and the sunshine and all the new radio in LA, he cannot adjust to the cultural upheaval and the loss of Benny, who for him is 'home'. Uncle David, now an old man, is haunted by having worked on the Manhattan Project during WWII, designing the Atom Bomb, and seeks to atone. He also is a radio ham, he often talks to other hams about his younger years. He is saddened by the use of telecommunication to trivialise important issues, the soap opera of state. However, Billy listens to David and hears the truth the old man speaks. Billy experiments with his cordless phone, he learns to make calls. He accesses computers and speech synthesizers, he learns to speak. Billy makes contact with Jim a popular DJ at Radio KNKS, a renegade rock station fighting a lone rear guard action against format radio. Billy and Jim become radio friends. Bush bombs Afghanistan, Billy perceives this as an act of political "entertainment" fireworks to focus attention away from problems at "home". Billy has developed his expertise with the cordless phone to the point where he can now control the most powerful computers in the world. He plans an "entertainment" of his own. He simulates nuclear attack everywhere, but de-activates the military capability of "the powers that be" to retaliate. In extremes perceptions change. Panic, comedy, compassion. In a SAC bunker a soldier in a white necktie turns a key to launch the counter attack. Nothing happens, frustrated he kicks the console, hurting his foot. He watches the approaching blips on the radar screen. As impact approaches, he thinks of his wife and kids, he puts his fingers in his ears. Silence, White out, Black out, Lights out. It didn't happen, we're still alive. Billy has drained the earth of power to create his illusion. All over the dark side of the earth, candles are lit. In a bar in Billy's home village, one man starts to sing' the other men join in. The tide is turning. Billy is home.

**DATE** 1/23/2002  
**FROM** Fredrick  
**TITLE** Weird Stuff

First off, I can't believe I'm writing this. This morning I went into my infant son's nursery when he woke up. It was still dark in the room, with the exception of the night light and a cracked closet door with the light on which is normal. There were small shadows, some opaque and some solid, cast on the bedroom floor where the light comes out of the closet. As soon as I entered the room the shadows disappeared. I kept the event to myself and didn't tell my wife since it would freak her out. Tonight during my drive home late from work, my wife calls on the cell phone to tell me in a frantic tone that the hall light turned off on it's own while she sat in the living room and witnessed it. She got up to investigate and when she returned to the living room, the front porch light was off. Just thought this was kind of a weird coincidence. Also, when I hold my son while in the house his attention sometimes is diverted and I swear it's as if he's looking at someone/thing; I turn around and there's nothing there... This isn't a joke and this stuff happens anymore, I'm selling the house and we're moving.

**DATE** 1/23/2002  
**FROM** tess8410  
**TITLE** Archive 1/additional ghost in picture

I don't know if anyone else noticed this but if you take a look at the Tilton nh Cemetary shown date 12/14/01...over the white blob there is a very distinct body of a man his head seems to be a little above the gravestone...i had to look at this shot for about 3 minutes and then bam!!! he came into view and remained for at least 10 minutes...anyone else see this? the person who took the picture only saw the blob but keep looking this graveyard is full...there also seems to be a little girl form at the bottom of the Gravestone...i hope i am not the only one who sees this...

**DATE** 1/24/2002  
**FROM** Victoria Rideout  
**TITLE** Peculiar Story

When I was little alot of things happened in my parents old house. First of all to start the story out right, the house first belonged to my great-grandparents who raised my grandmother and my mother. When my mother got married and my grandmother moved out when my mother was 18 due to getting remarried, my great-grandparents sold the house to my parents but they still lived with us till I was about 4 years old. Then they moved in with my grandmother. After my great-grandparents died we noticed several things going on in the house. First the rocking chair would move on its own and then would fall to the floor when we would see who was rocking in the chair. Second, there were several oil paintings of my great-grandparents wedding, when my Mom and I were cleaning the attic we found them (a total of 5). When we went downstairs to get more cleaning supplies we noticed that only 3 pictures were left. No-one was home but my mom and me so we were quite startled to see some of them gone. Where could they have gone too? I also had found an old Nazi coin in the basemement but when I tried to pick it up it burned my hand and later on that day it disappeared. This is just a sampling what when on in that house. Needless to say my family has moved on so I don't know who lives there now but I am curious to see if they have experienced any paranormal activity.

**DATE** 1/26/2002  
**FROM** cheeki munki  
**TITLE** Amy's TRUE encounter with two

i'll make it short and sweet. After going to the movies with my friend emma, we knew that the fastest way to get home was to walk through the school. Now at the time it was broad daylight. Anywho, emma and i got into a fight so we split up. i went off and sat in the shelter of a deep doorway and just sat there looking at the ground. All of a sudden i get a feeling i should look over at the bike rack. And what i saw is something ill never forget. About 5 metres away from me i see this transperant figure. it looks quite big, and it was hovering towards me very slowly. it didn't scare me, it just made me feel quite akward and i have no idea why, because whenever i thought of me running into a ghost i would get goosebumps! Now the figure is 3m away and im just sitting there staring. i decided to get up and RUN! So after watching too many movies i decided the best way to make it go away was to close my eyes and rub them. Well lets just say it didn't work and ended up finding myself 1 metre away from a real live ghost (pardon the pun). I ran for dear life because the closer it got to me the more i felt in danger. I told emma what i had seen but of course she didn't believe me because i was always making up stuff like that. BUT

THIS WAS TRUUUEEE!! Anywho we are walking out of the school and im trying to forget what i saw, when all of a sudden we both turn around to look at a bush and we both see it!!! ANOTHER ghost! This time you could defingately tell it was wearing a blue cap and was smaller built than the other ghost. it looked as if it was spying on us, and now that we'd caught it...it hid. THEN she believed me!!!

Well i hope that you enjoyed my story. i might be submitting my other one soon. toodles!  
Amy

**DATE** 1/27/2002  
**FROM** teenqueen  
**TITLE** Red Lady

Hey all! I'm new at this, so bear with me.

When I was little I slept in the master bedroom in my house. From where my bed sat, I could only see into my little brother's bedroom when I looked out the door. Outside, there is a streetlamp that lights up the room as if the light is on. Any way, this started when I was about 6. I would look out the door into the small space of hallway I could see, and see something move. Any other kid probably would have dismissed it, or screamed for mom, but being curious, I always kept watching. (After I did this a few times, some force seemed to keep my attention in place and I couldn't pull away). I would wait until my 6-year-old attention span would be almost at its end, then would see a woman. She had black hair, either black, or no eyes (it was too dark to tell) and very pale skin. She was always in a red dress that had a transparent outer layer that always billowed out as though it was breezy. She was always completely solid herself, though. She never seemed scary, but she always wanted something. Until I told my parents (after about 3 months of this), I always thought she just wanted in. You see, for some reason, she wasn't allowed into my room, or my brother's. But, after I told my parents, she seemed to be able to come in and out freely. She always came just to the foot of my bed, and always stood there looking sad. I finally tried to talk to her, and she would answer, well, her lips would move, but no sound came out. I really wanted to have someone else see her, and I soon got my chance. This is when it all turned violent. I was talking to my friend (probably about the red lady) when we both saw a shimmering at the end of my bed. I dont know how I knew, but I realized it was her. She materialized and fixed her gaze on me. I said "What is your name?" and she answered wordlessly. I looked over at my friend who looked stunned, and she said "Is she real?" It was just then that the red lady noticed her. Her eyes, if they were even there, turned to a dull red haze, and she grabbed one of each of our feet. She stared at me and mouthed something, it might have been "No!", but both of us were too frightened to say anything. We looked at each other, and I felt some comfort knowing that my best friend was with me. Suddenly, the lady let out a squeak, though it looked like she was screaming, and disappeared. We spent the rest of the night convincing ourselves that it was a dream, and even though we felt better, we still know that it wasn't. I didn't see the red lady for a few days. When I saw her again, she was in the hall, but couldn't come in because a little girl, who looked sort of like her but much smaller and in a white dress, was holding her back. The little girl disappeared, but a white haze filled my doorway. The red lady did what I feared most, and proceeded into my little brother's room. I closed my eyes and sighed, but all of a sudden my brother started making coughing-gagging sounds, and my parents had to run him to the hospital. Turns out, every year since then at the same time my bro came down with croup. (Author's note: I moved out of that room a few years later, and the sightings and my brother's illness stopped)

**DATE** 1/27/2002  
**FROM** teenqueen  
**TITLE** Death?

Plz note that my dad went to High School in South America, and never had heard of or seen the grim reaper. As you can also know, The Day of The Dead is a festival there, and skeletons aren't thought of as scary. In other words, he had no way of making this up! He was walking his dog one day when, I dont remember why maybe a cat, his dog bolted across the street. He ran after it, and was almost hit by a car when he went against instinct and dived in the other direction. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt, and his dog only got bruised from him pushing it out of the way of the car. About a week later, he woke up in a cold sweat, and very scared, though he didn't know why. He looked up and saw a figure in a hooded robe. The hands were bones, and they were gripping his knees, hard. He winced, and tried to scream, but he was too scared. He finally threw the covers over his face and waited for the pressure to get off his knees. Sleep overcame fear and he dozed off. The next morning he woke thinking it was all a dream, and went to stand up. His knees almost buckled, and when he looked down he saw that they were very badly bruised and swollen. To this day he believes that he cheated death and death came to show his anger.

\*Teen Queen\*

**DATE** 1/31/2002  
**FROM** SassiebutSweet  
**TITLE** MY FREAKY HOUSE!!!!  
 MY FREAKY HOUSE!!!

OK heres my story...i moved into my house located in Williamsburg Ohio about 9 years ago....for the first 6 months things were going great...i lived alone with my 2 children in a 2 story 50 year old house with 4 bedrooms and a place off to the side of the upstairs bedroom for storage..also inside this storage room is an attic...among OTHER things (which i'll get to later in the story).

It was in the fall...nearing september i believe when i first encountered my ghostly apparitions and strange experiences..noises and what not. Everynight after midnight I along with several other guests that have stayed in my house would see the image of a woman coming from my kitchen through the narrow hallway and go directly into my sons room...never to come out and we could only see the side of this womans face...she was very pale...dark hair...and in a long pilgrim type dress that women wore back in those days...she never once turned to look at us always staring straight ahead and just vanished once she reached my sons room..needless to say i check my sons room at least 8-10 times everynight to see if he's ok....a few times though he has come out in the middle of the night asking me why i was just in his room..when infact i was never in his room at the times he would come out to ask this (FREAKY HUH?)Anyway, other things such as a glass in my kitchen had flew off the counter and across the room...hitting the fridge and shattering. We constantly hear footsteps going across the floor upstairs...at all hours of the day and night..sounds such as my backdoor being opened but when checked it hasnt been opened at all...my son has claimed to see a MAN SHADOW?? as he describes on the wall of the playroom upstairs...which never moved when he did...it stayed in one place at all times. I have recently married 6 months ago to a wonderful man but since he moved in with us..even stranger things have happened...he (my hubby) claims to hear a womans voice while he's home alone taking a shower...he and I both have

distinctly heard childrens laughter coming from upstairs while my kids are at school...and we have even heard these children call out MOMMY...About 2 weeks ago i had a dream where a little girl came to me in my bedroom and woke me up to come help her mommy upstairs...i was like OMG because in this dream it was my house but not my furniture and wallpaper it was like i was walking thru an old house back in the 40's gold and white wallpaper..gray carpet...the little girl was wearing a pinafore dress and she too had dark hair like the ghostly woman i've seen...she led me to my storage area upstairs and pointed to this side wall she told me her Mommy was in there and needed out...and then the little girl was gone...My husband woke me up from my nap and i immediately told him to get a flashlight and a hammer and follow me upstairs..he had no clue what i was talking about...but as we were walking up the steps i told him in detail what my dream was about...he kinda spooked needless to say and was apprehensive of tearing a big hole in the wall...but...when we did...i was shocked and gasped for breath.....i shined the flashlight inside the hole we made and this is what i saw.....A whole other room...very dark....extremely cold...with a closet...gold and white wallpaper and gray carpeting...talk about FREAKING OUT...i immediately ran down the steps and out of my house....we since boarded the room back up and never went back in that part of the room ...that day marked the last day of hearing noises or seeing that woman ghostly or any other strange and weird things. Did we free the little girls Mommy?...who knows!!!...i swear to you and may lightening strike me dead if im not telling you the truth about this whole story....IT'S ALL VERY MUCH THE TRUTH!!! I would also like to add that myself and my family live 2 streets over from the old Williamsburg High School in Ohio which is said on the internet at different sites and by gossiping neighbors that this school is haunted by a woman who was murdered there and by a man that can be seen hanging from a tree for he was hung years years ago for a crime he had committed and they now call it the old hanging tree....Finally i would also like to tell you...that whomever or whatever was or is in my house...NEVER hurt any of us or bothered us at any point....i excepted the fact that this woman was here along time ago and figured if i dont bother her she wouldnt bother me.

Thanks for reading :-)

**DATE** 1/31/2002  
**FROM** SassiebutSweet  
**TITLE** Did Evil Really Come Through The  
**THIS IS NOT A TRUE STORY!!..Just something I do in my spare time is write horror stories.**

It was just another routine night for the Hughes family. Tim Hughes was getting off work at 5:00 pm and Gloria Hughes was working until 7:00pm Their son Timmy was at the babysitters and Mr. Hughes like everyday after work, went to pick him up. Mr. Hughes and Timmy got home around 5:45 Timmy went straight to the cookie jar for his favorite cookies.."chocolate chips" then headed to the living room to watch cartoons. Dad went right for the computer to check his mail, then went into his local chat room to meet up with his best friend Larry. Tim and Larry were discussing this site that Larry came across on the internet about a spookie paranormal story...As usual Tim was very in to what Larry had to tell him about this story....Tim and Gloria had always believed in the paranormal because they truly thought their house was haunted. Larry proceeded to tell Tim that on this site...the story goes...that if you read this little saying out loud in front of your computer...some sort of evil force or demon would come through the monitor..but you would never know it did...because you couldnt see it. It is said this evil would bring unspeakable terror to you or to your family. Tim immediately wanted that addy for the site. Both Tim and Larry laughed at the thought of this ever happening..but Tim being so very curious was determined to try it

out. Tim got to the site and the screen was black and in blood red print this is what it said:  
BEWARE : "What you are about to read may bring horrifying terror to you or your family. We strongly advise for you not to read this saying out loud in front of your computer." With that in mind Tim continued to scroll down the screen and found the short paragraph that was said to bring evil. Believe it or not Tim was slightly hesitant at first, but in the back of his mind he knew it was just bogus stuff and decided to say the short paragraph aloud. This is what Tim had read:  
HELLO AND WELCOME TO MY HELL...I CAME TO SEEK EVIL. I BRING YOU INTO MY HOME. YOU SAY THIS TERROR YOU SHALL BRING WILL FRIGHTEN ME TO "DEATH" ....I SAY YOU'RE WRONG...FOR MY POWER TO FIGHT OFF EVIL IS STRONGER THAN THE FORCES THAT HELL COULD BRING UPON ME OR MY FAMILY...SO COME...COME INTO MY HOME EVIL...I WELCOME THE CHALLENGE. After Tim read this he waited for something to happen...he looked around his living room and nothing....Nothing but Timmy still sitting on the floor watching his cartoons. Relieved and feeling confident Tim then turned his computer off. He walked into the kitchen to start dinner and heard two voices coming from the living room. One of course was Timmy's...the other he couldn't make out...Tim walked into the living room.. "Timmy, Who are you talking to?" ..to which Timmy replied.. "My friend Daddy"..."Your friend?" his father asked,, "Yes daddy but you frightened him so he went to my bedroom to wait on me" Timmy said..Tim very sternly said.. "Now Timmy you know mommy said no friends over before dinner, lets go upstairs and tell your friend he will have to go home until after dinner!!" Timmy and his Dad walked up the stairs to Timmy's room...Mr Hughes opened the door and looked around Timmy's room but there was no one in there...He looked at Timmy with a puzzled look on his face.. "Timmy?, where is he?"..."Daddy, hes in the closet now cause you scared him." Mr Hughes walked to the closet door and opened it...strangely enough no one was there...at this point Timmy's dad thought to himself that this "friend" of Timmy's was his imaginary friend. Calmly and with a smile Mr Hughes told Timmy to tell his friend not to be scared and that its ok for him to come out and play with him. Then he walked out and went back downstairs to the kitchen and prepared dinner. A few minutes later the phone rang...it was Mrs Hughes calling to say she was going to have to work late again at the hospital because someone had called off, and wouldn't be home until early in the next morning. She told Tim to just call out for Pizza and that's exactly what he did. After dinner Tim went back online to look for Larry to tell him he had went to that so called evil site but that nothing happen. Larry couldn't believe that Tim read what it said out loud. Then told Tim he should be careful now since he has messed with the unknown. Tim kinda chuckled at Larry for saying that and then said Goodnight to him. It was getting late and time for Little Timmy to go to bed. Mr Hughes went to Timmy's room and got him dressed for bed and tucked him in...kissed him on the forehead..dimmed Timmy's lamp and walked out. Tim went across the hall to where his bedroom was and also got ready for bed. He clicked on the T.V. and climbed into bed. He dozed off shortly after. Two hours later he awoke to a most horrific scream coming from Timmy's bedroom...He darted across the hall to Timmy's room and opened his door, What Tim saw was a very gruesome sight ever imaginable. There lay little Timmy cut from his neck to his groin, blood was covering Timmy and his bed...but oddly no blood appeared on the floor or anywhere else in the room. Tim grabbed his son and pulled him to his chest and began hugging him....crying...screaming...terrified....yelling out.. "Oh My God, Who did this to my son?" he dropped to his knees beside Timmy in disbelief still gripped to Timmy and crying frantically. Mrs Hughes had came home and heard the crying coming from upstairs and rushed to see what was going on...when she walked into Timmy's room she let out a scream at the terrifying sight she was seeing...she ran to them both hovering over them...Crying out..."NO NO NO...God please not my baby...not my Timmy!!!"

The police had arrived about 30 minutes later. They searched the whole house inside and out and

found nothing...no weapon...no footprints..no forced entry. No evidence whatsoever to show that a stranger had been in their home and murdered Little Timmy Hughes. After speaking with both Tim and Gloria the police suspected that Mr Hughes had murdered his own child that night and charged him with it. He was handcuffed and taken to jail...The courts later found Tim Hughes guilty of the murder of Timmy Hughes and he is now awaiting his own death...on death row. To this day, Tim Hughes is still claiming he did not murder his son and Mrs Hughes also continues to prove her husbands innocense.

Was this the evil that supposedly came from the screen after reading that short paragraph?? Or is it that Mr Hughes is just some crazy insane man that took his frustrations out on a small child one night in a fit of rage and this is some sort of cover up story?..Guess we'll never know the true story behind this mystery.

**DATE** 2/2/2002  
**FROM** iceguys  
**TITLE** scary

when i was little i had a room upstairs and there was a little boy that flew through the window and would play with me so i would play with him but he became mean so i never played with him again and i never slept up there agian.

**DATE** 2/5/2002  
**FROM** Erikah  
**TITLE** Ghosts frustrate me. Esp. the ones

I live in a normal, nice, and very very SPOOKY house in Denver. I live here with my parents, who also experience and are quite aware of the spooky things that happen around this place. I used to practice Wicca, but now I am a spiritualist, which I think may have lead the "spirits" into my home. Spirits? Yes. I lay there on my bed at night in the dark usually because I am awoken by a stong force manipulating my body in some way I am unaware of. I lay there in bed, and my lamp will turn off. I figure, "I can't fall asleep now" So what do I turn to? Music, of course. I listen to music for a while, seldomly because my stereo will mute.

The only way to mute the stereo is with the remote. My remote has no batteries, and Is sitting on top of my stereo. I'll hear banging, pictures will be crooked for no reason, and I always feel I am being watched, or not alone. It's frustrating being herebecause I'm always worrying

...Only God Can Judge Me.

**DATE** 2/6/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002

**TITLE** A dead man try to kill me

Hi, My name is Laurie Moreno I have encountered many ghost in my thirteen years of life living with my family and I always belived in death and spirits . People call me the devil's daughter or the devil's wife I dont know why cause when I touch some one they get hurt or get a bad feeling of me when I sleep I say chants and I love blood , When I get cut I laugh when things go good I cry. I am a normal girl no one belive

Now I will tell you a story about me when I was 11 what happen to me when I was taking a walk in a land of my father in my country. One hot summer day, I was really bored and got sick and tired of hearing my aunt sing in her little store in the moutian so I decide to take a hike in my father's land to see how its doing . I went with my cat Flu Flu and my pet snake Lina. When i almost got there these little girls wanted to come with me they got a little scared of me with a 5 ft snake around my neck with a black cat right next to me but they taged along. I open the rusty gate to get in and saw my sister's horse eating every time it sees me he runs away . We walked down to a little path and got in the middle of the land or now the woods there was alot of plants of cocoa , Coco, And more. We stop at the little cabin my dad build and ate some of the food i Bought from the mini market we got full and decide to go back cause it was dusk. We were in the middle of the path and we saw fresh blood on the ground the girls got scared i told them to stop . Then a person or something came out 20 ft away from us with a ax and two heads in his hands of little kids and they were crying yes the heads.

The guy looked at use and my cat started to hiss and my snake got mad and i put it in my arm the guy had no face, Only skeleton and he pointed at me and said come its time to me the girls ran up in a tree cause they from the country they could escape any where the guy started to walk toward me I laugh and thought it was not true . But he grab me and then the guy put up his ax but i said a chant my grandmother should me "devil, my brother its not time leave me live and be in the good side" then he disapeared but the ax was on the floor with blood the girls came down the tree and hugged me of beeing scared . We ran up and got home we told the story to my aunt but she said to me" child, shh you must not say that .....that man died 10 years ago from a wild fire and he was sent from hell to kill people in the plasta but now your father's land he is not alive,you must not say this people say true you are sin!" she just keep saying that the hole hour and then I felt cold and said" today something is going to happen today!" I ran to my father's land with my cat and there a wild fire.....thats what i thought but then i saw the man that was belived dead making fire in my father's land and laughed and said "close your eyes and belive what you want my child I am .....your nightmare!" I did what he said then he disapeared and the fire was still there . I thought this wasnt true but its true That man has something with me I GOT TO FIND out! People has to belive me I am going back this summer iam going back ! This is one of my ghost experince email or im me I have answers to every thing i am called the devil's child so why dont you just talk to me i am not bad ?

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/6/2002

**FROM** dominican2002

**TITLE** my bloody mary experince

Hello, Here its your lil devil Laurie , you must have read my last ghost experience well yesterday I was dreaming and this women in black with red hair and evil blue eyes pointed to me, And said my baby girl call bloody.....M..... I woke up and i was laughing when i woke up . I went to the

bathroom and got ten candle and put it in the sink all around and close the lights and got my knife and cut my self and put the blood on one of the candle it works! well any ways I close my eyes and turn around and said blood mary three times. Then i stared at my self in the mirror the candles light went out the only light i had was under the bathroom door of my room. I saw myself in the mirror and saw nothing and said thats not true of bloody mary but i felt cold again and sum thing pulling me . I saw sum thing in the mirror in my face blood started to drip off my face . I laughed and my voice changed and something was talking and told me to becareful good will take away from the bad then it disapeared . I dont know .....what happen why dont u try it are you scared ? i guess so ?

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/6/2002  
**FROM** lilly  
**TITLE** New Room?

Dear Acidus,

Would it be at all possible to have an adults only room. I have read many of the stories here and some (not all) are fabrications from children and they seem to be getting sillier. A few of my chat friends have now left because of it or are just not interested in posting messages anymore. What do you think?

Thanks.....

lillypad

**DATE** 2/6/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** tell me if you have powers to call

hello, I have powers to call many from the dead bad or good?In diffrent places I found out my great grand mother was killed by a spirt and it came to me her great grand daughter. I feel good and bad having power to tell peoples life , calling people from there grave, and i can sense fear but most they say i can move items in my mind . Do u have a power almost like that ? email me or post back i need answers ~!!!

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/6/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** hi i want to do a ghost hunt any

hi ,I am very curious of spirits and voodoo. I am 13 and i always wanted to do a ghost hunt but i need people to join me if you live in new york city post me or want to join i am going to do a hunt in a old mansion of the 1800's of a old man who his hold family died and they close the house since then they say they see his daughter crying and calling for help if you want to join email me , im me or post your answer please please every body gets one gran who joins ??????so dont be scared

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/6/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** evil is really in me ...but why

Well, This is the most badest experinence with a spirit. I was 12 years old and i was visting dominican republic in my grandmother's house and with my family  
 One hot spring day , We went to the family's grave of my father's side. I saw from great great great grandmother to my cousin but there was a grave of my great aunt really instreasting. I read the carving it said:

Lina Moreno  
 1925-1939

"Death its just begining but if you love hell!"

I relise my aunt was not a friendly with her words, I felt kind of dizzy when i read this . Then my mom called me we had to leave. When we got home it was all ready 11 pm we went to sleep in my dream i saw a women sitting in a big rock with a bueatiful dress but with a hood she started to laugh and told me to come to her , I went and sat on her lap she looked just like me put with a scar in her face. She asked me if i wanted my sister dead I all way hated her cause how she was treated better than me . I said yes and then it was the next day , I felt really sick i vomit but i didnt told my mother. That night i was block in my mind a women voice said"i take it from here my child" I woke up and went to the kitchen sum thing was controlling me and it got the knife. I went to my sister's room and i point the knife at her troat but she woke up he faught and she called my parents and my grandmother saw me laughing and knew a evil spirit in me my voice change to the lady in my dream and said"my sister i came back to kill all of you your grand daughter is helping me" they called the priest and took the spirit out of me and i forgot the rest  
 .....rest in peace my aunt Lina!! post me a story about you after u read

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** ianmoore  
**TITLE** trapped soul

This true story happened in 1970 an old friend of mine who I will call Dave. Was painting the stairs of his house which had once been a small hotel or guesthouse.He had an uneasy feeling all morning as if he was being watched. He had completed the first flight and was going to start the second flight as Dave looked up there was an elderly woman stood on the top landing she was dressed in a two piece tweed dress he knew what he was looking at was not human. Soon after this experience he would move out. Some months later student moved in one night they were using a ouiji board the same woman was seen by the group. Apparently the woman had in life lived at the hotel when the great war broke out her fiance had gone to fight he never returned she could often be seen waiting by the top landings window looking for her lost love always in the same tweed dress

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** Karen.....Karen

Genting Highland, a so-called hill resort, is perhaps the most 'haunted' place in Malaysia. With the amount of 'gambling ghost' around at any time of the year, it is more of a casino resort rather than a hill resort. In order to provide a place for these 'ghosts' to stay, if they were not in the casino all night, many hotels were built around that area. Besides, there are many attractions in the resort serving as a 'side-dish'.

Almost everyone in Malaysia has stepped foot on that famous place. Although most of the hotels are built close together, a small number of them are built some distance away from the center of the resort -- the casino. One of them is between walking distance from the only casino in the country. Many people can be seen walking along the path from the apartment-style hotel to the casino even if it's 3am in the morning. The path is built by the roadside and hence is brightly lighted at night. The other side of the path is the jungle with steep cliffs on certain sections.

Some years back, Karen, Janet and a few other of their friends went up to the resort for a short break away from work. They decided to go during the off-peak season to avoid the crowd. Since there were six of them, they decided to stay in the apartment-styled hotel. The first night was uneventful. They went on the numerous rides and games available and spend some time in the casino.

On the second night, the guys were busy giving away their hard-earned income in the casino when Karen and Janet decided to go back to their hotel. The guys must be losing money then and as with the usual habit of gamblers, they thought they would win back what they had lost if they continue betting. So, Karen and Janet were left to walk back to the hotel alone.

As they were on their way, they started to hear someone calling Karen's name. The voice kept calling playfully, "Karen, Karen...." They turned back and saw no one. Janet suggested it must be one of their friends playing some kind of joke to scare them. So, they decided to ignore it. Some distance away, they voice stopped. They got back to the hotel safe and sound and were soon fast asleep.

On the next day, nobody mentioned anything about the incident. Neither did it come across Karen or Janet to mention it. At about 1am that night, Karen was not feeling very well and wanted to go back. All her friends were still having a good time and none wanted to go yet. Janet, however, volunteered to walk her back, since she wasn't a very keen gambler herself.

Again, they heard the same voice calling out Karen's name as they were walking back. As of the previous night, the voice only called out for Karen but not Janet. They stopped and turned back to see if there was anyone behind. The path was quiet with not a single person to be seen. The night was cold and they could see a thick mist flowing with the wind.

However, when they turned back, the voice stopped. They decided to ignore it and continued walking again. After a while the voice came back. Karen, partly scared and partly annoyed, turned

back and shouted, "Who is it?! Come out now!"

The voice did not stop this time. Feeling rather strange and eerie, they decided to follow the voice to trace where it came from. They turned around and kept walking until they got to a point where they saw a small path that branch off from the path they were walking along. They realized the voice, which was still calling out Karen's name, came from somewhere inside the path. Karen, being the more superstitious lot, was hostile to the idea of walking into that dark path but Janet insisted that they should go in and investigate. Somehow, she was still convinced that it was one of their friends who was playing a trick on them.

Slowly, they walked into that dark and narrow path. Karen clanged on to Janet's arm as she followed behind her. After walking a few meters along that path, the voice stopped. Everything was just quiet then. Karen's heart was pounding very fast but Janet kept walking.

Suddenly they got into some kind of a clearing with a tree in the middle. They looked up the tree and saw heads hanging onto of that tree. Some even with their eyes wide opened and most of them had blood dripping off from the neck part of the head. Karen was petrified and could not say a thing. Janet was scared and motionless at that moment too. None of them decided to scream. In fact, not a word was uttered. Somehow, Janet managed to gather her senses together and pulled Karen along as she started running away. They then ran as fast they could without looking back until they got to the hotel.

Both of them were all pale and in a state of shock when they got to their room. They decided to go to bed without mentioning a word about it. The next day, Karen woke up with a high fever and her friends had to send her back to the city immediately.

Someone reportedly say that Karen died a few days later but I could not confirm this.

**THIS STORY IS REAL POST YOUR OPINION AND CHECK MY OTHER TOPICS OF REAL LIFE GHOST STORIES!!!THANKS**

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** Peace on the Mind

This story happened long ago when my grandmother was still alive and her younger sister died of Charlotte fever. She had the disease while in pregnancy. She knew she could not survive long enough to see her baby grow up. So, she asked my grandmother to promise her to take care of her baby.

She was not allowed to see her own baby boy after giving birth to him because of her illness. She passed away not long after that. My grandmother kept her promise and took good care of her son, whom she had named Gilbert.

One night, after my grandmother put Gilbert down to sleep, she went back to the living room and started to watch TV. Then, she heard Gilbert laughing and giggling away. She got curious so she went to the room to check on him. When she got there, he was standing up and holding on to the side of the cot (or crib to the Americans). The strange thing is that not only was Gilbert so young he could not have stood up by himself but also the bassinet cover was neatly rolled back. In those

days, I believe the bassinet has a screen designed to roll up and cover the top of the cot to keep the bugs away.

My grandmother was certain she had rolled it up when she put Gilbert to bed. Furthermore, when she entered the room she saw the window was wide opened and a shadowy figure was seen rushing out through the open window. The curtain breezed back and then was stationary again. So, it could not be the wind. Some say it was my grandmother's sister coming back to check on her son but it never happened again after that night.

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** Let me in!!!!.....

Okay everybody, prepare to be scared. This is a GREAT story. It might sound lame at first, but stick with it, I won't let you down. By the way, it's actually is true. My cousin Tim told me about this one.

Tim saw one of his old high school friends for the first time since 12th grade. They talked about what was going on in their lives. It turns out Tim's friend had been investigating "haunted houses" in nearby towns. He would assemble a group of guys and visit old houses that had spooky histories.

Tim would ask around if anything ever happened, and a friend told about a few houses with particularly gruesome histories. One house was owned by a mad man who lived with his twin daughters. The legend says he murdered them one night in some kind of bizarre ceremony. This particular house was out in the woods, isolated and creepy to say the least.

Tim's friend decided to go there and check it out. The place was creepy, but nothing the guys hadn't seen before. The guys broke a basement window and climbed into the old house. It was filthy, ugly and eerie, just what the guys got off on!

They soon found a small room and set up their stuff. The room was empty except for a huge mirror on the wall and an old arm chair. As was their usual practice, they started playing around with the Ouija board and were startled when they actually got a response. Assuming some one of the guys was just trying to freak everybody out, Tim's friend started taunting the "spirit" of the board.

"What's your name?"

"666."

"Are you really the devil?"

"Yes."

"Do you have unlimited power?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to hurt us?"

"Yes."

Tim's friend loved it, this was fabulous -- exactly the kind of thing he hoped to conjure up, that is, if it was real.

"OK, if you're so powerful, and you're the devil, do something!"

The answer came through very slowly, "Open the back door and you'll see what I've done."

This was better than fabulous! Tim's friend laughed as he walked through the house to the back door. Even though he knew better, he almost believed that there would be something there, waiting for him in the dark. Maybe a ghost, or a gruesome monster.

The door was small but heavy and hard to open. It probably hadn't been opened in decades. Tim's friend jerked the door open and stared out into the night. He didn't see anything. He closed the door and walked back to the small room -- as he was sitting down he realized how fast his heart was beating. He glanced over at the Ouija board and then at his friends.

"Very funny guys, great one." He said, a tad disappointed.

But his face turned pale when he noticed the pointer on the board moving on it's own. No one was near the board but were frozen in horror as the spirit spelled out it's final message:

"Thank You! You just let me in."

THIS STORY IS TRUE POST ME YOUR  
OPINION AND CHECK MY OTHER POST!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** A true storY?

This is a story my aunt told me but the myth or legend wat ever has no title? read and tell me your opinion of it and check my other post!!

On a Sunday evening, a young woman drove herself to a meeting she had up north. The next day she noticed that she was running low on gas and didn't know where the next gas station was. Just as she thought she would have to pull over and sleep the night on the side of the road, she came across a rather dodgy-looking petrol station.

When she pulled in, the attendant made his way round the car and seemed to be very distracted when she asked him to fill it up. She even thought that the man was making faces at her! He finally agreed to get the gas, but then asked her to pop open the hood of the car because there "seemed to be a problem."

Naturally, the woman became a little anxious - she was all alone in a remote gas station, out in the middle of nowhere and it was obvious that the attendant was trying to find reasons to keep her there.

He asked her to come look at the engine, because he had to "show her something". Not wanting to seem

hysterical and paranoid, she did as he asked. As she rounded the front of the car he grabbed her arm and said that her car needed to be towed to the nearest town and she would have to come into the office to complete the paperwork.

He then put his hand over her mouth and forced her into the office. She began to bite his hand once

they were inside and he let her go. He explained to her that there was a man crouched down in the backseat of her car and the attendant didn't want him to know that he'd been seen.

They called the police who came to arrest the man who, it was later discovered, was a known serial killer.

**DATE** 2/7/2002

**FROM** dominican2002

**TITLE** Real nyc scary story ?is it?ask your

hi, this is a story called the dead roommate check my other topics and post your opinion after reading each one thanks

Two friends moved to New York, and because rent was so high, they shared a studio apartment.

One of the girls was a real party girl and the other apparently a stay-at-home type.

One Friday evening the party girl headed out for a night on the town and asked here flatmate to come along. The girl declined and said she was going to read and then go to bed early.

The girl had been out at the local bar for a few hours when she remembered she had forgotten something. By this time, pretty plastered, she stumbled back to the apartment and quietly let herself in. Not wanting to wake her flatmate, she didn't turn the light on, picked up whatever it was she went back for and returned to the bar.

When she got home the next morning, she opened the door to this :

Her flatmate's head had been cut off and was lying on the floor. Scrawled in her blood on the walls were the words, "Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light?"

**DATE** 2/7/2002

**FROM** dominican2002

**TITLE** scary.....or stupid ? tell me ? about

A Spanish man doing some business in Poland came across an open funeral home with a casket laid out for viewing. Bizarrely, he went in but found no one there. He felt bad for the dead man, said a

prayer and signed the register.

A month later he got a call from the dead man's lawyer. Apparently, the deceased's will stipulated

his multi-million dollar fortune be split evenly amongst all who attended his wake.

The Spanish businessman was the only one who signed the book.

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** home alone happen to  
 Home All Alone

It happened when I was 12 years old. My mother and my step-father rented out a new place to live. The house was surrounded by trees, and there was a grave yard right beside it. This didn't bother me though because I had lived in the country all my life.

What did bother me is that when my mother and step-father would go to the store, I would be all by myself and things would happen. I would have time to get settled watching TV after they left, say an hour. Then I would get an awful, cold feeling. I would look down the hallway into their room and the light in my parent's room would come on. I would try to ignore it and think that I was imagining things. Then I would hear the door shut to their room.

I would get scared because no one was there but me. The only entrance to the house was right in front of the couch where I was sitting. I would sit in fear until they came home. It would not happen when they were home but as sure as they left the same thing would happen. I asked my mother if any one had died in that house, and she would always say no. About a year after we moved from there, she finally told me that someone did die in the house; an old woman. And guess what? She died in that bedroom.

laurie moreno lym shinoda

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laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/7/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** my sister

Kathy

I grew up in a very rural area in Japan in a large two story house built by my grandfather. The house sat in a narrow valley with cemeteries located upon both opposite hillsides. One of these cemeteries holds my sister who died at the age of three, and having been born about four years after her death, I never knew her.

Another sister, also older than I, had a room across from mine and my brothers (we three shared the same room, which was larger than hers), both on the second floor of the house. One night when I was about six years old I awoke in the dead of night to hear my sister sobbing in her room, the sound muffled by her closed door. I lay for a long time listening to her, wondering if I should check on her and ask if she was all right (or wake one of my brothers to do it). Instead I simply lay there, somewhat paralyzed by the sound of the sobs as they ebbed and swelled.

I remember that at some point I realized goosebumps were chilling my arms, and pulled up my covers around my neck to warm them. I also remember that the sobs had at some point taken on a sound that I found hard to correlate with my older sister. They sounded too young for her. At some point I fell back into slumber and woke to the smell of eggs, bacon, and coffee being prepared by my mother in the kitchen below. I dressed and went downstairs.

Seeing my mother I quite casually asked, "Mom, what was sis crying about last night?" She turned to me with a stunned look on her face, halting her work to blurt out "What?" "I heard her crying really late last night, just thought you might know why, that's all." Her face had gone white as she stood motionless looking at me. "There's no way you could've heard your sister last night" she said, "she stayed with her friend Tina out in Spring Valley."

I could have swallowed my tongue, Spring Valley was over thirty miles away. The goosebumps of the night before returned to my arms at that moment. A moment that I both cherish for the realization of my possible contact with my deceased sister, and fear, for the very same reason.

POST YOUR OPION AFTER READING AND CHECK MY OTHER TOPIC

laurie moreno lym shinoda

**DATE** 2/9/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** A haunted cabin

Hello, remember me the girl of really werid mind well. This happen to my sister that when she was in 7 th grade they told her story about the cabin she was staying at well, the teacher told her that a girl died in a full moon because her friend's did a prank that they took her clothing off and put her on top of the cabin in the night the girl was on top of the cabin and the tempature drop to 0-\* and the next moaring the girls found the girl froze to dead they burried the body under the cabin before they left home they didnt find the body where they buried her that night . Well this is true cause my sister encoutered the spirit of this girl. Walking with a white gown with her face covered and a candle knocking at the same cabin she dead on top of she circle the cabin every full moon . People dont know why she still lives Maybe looking for revenge who know? check my other topics !!!! thanks

Laurie Moreno lym Shinoda

**DATE** 2/9/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** The door for freedom

this is a story about a girl who had no name that was killed by her own mother in a little one story house. The mother was crazy and always death but when she killed her daughter she hang her self . One night a sales man passed the house and knock at the door and ask if some one was home a little girl in blond curles open the door and laugh and said come in i want to play. The sales man wanted to sell so he went in and waited for her to come back a lady in black came and told him to come with her he followed her and she said to open the door of the kitchen door he did what she said and the lady said" finally my daughter we can leave and be free" the girl and her mother flew and dissapeared in thin air the sales man couldnt belive him self and no one else does to do you think this happen it is true I was there i was with the salesman i am his daughter. Read my other stories

Laurie Moreno lym Shinoda

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** lilwierdgirl  
**TITLE** IS it us runnung or something else?

Once, I was at my cousin house and we were running threw out the house. We were making a lot of noise. Well, I was tried of running that I sat down and rested for a while as my other cousin were still running. As I was resting I was hearing something strange. Like a wisper saying "Go to sleep". I as falling to sleep and when I was almost there a really loud vioce as if the devil saying "go to sleep and I will take your soul down with me. I opened my eyes but I could not scream or move at all . I was seeing something all in black in back of me until my cousinpunched me in the

arm for not answering her question she was screaming at me for 1hr. Through all that it felt like 2 min. I asked did anything happened in this house My cousin said yeah. That her sister told her that this house was to be owned by people who worshiped the devil.  
E-mail me if you wanna know what else happened that day!

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** Scary!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

when i was born , My father died when i was five i called him father but he was realy my grand father i was one night sleeping alone and the window open by itself i woke up and was in my crib and look around and i said devil devil devil come here and i went to sleep and then my grandfather voice appeared and said you little girl you most belive in god my child dont be like your grandmother then i felt his touch and a kiss in the head i woke up he wasnt there my mother came cause i didnt see him my mother wondered why i was crying and tha t night it was the one year my grand father's death and that was his room. Check my other real stories thanks

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** lilwierdgirl  
**TITLE** Is he my father?

Once I was sleeping over my friends house, I been hearing how she said there's something wrong in her house such as doors opening by themselves. I didn't really believe her so I wasn't scared. It was late at night and we were getting sleepy. I was under the covers because the room got suddenly really cold. Than As I was going to sleep the door opened by itself. This door was looked and it was a really heavy door so the wind couldn't have done it. So 2 days after that I was talking to her again talking about what happened and I heard something on the phone saying "come here my dear." I asked if her father was there because it sounded like a man. She said no, she was all alone in the house. then, I was talking to her again on the phone, But it was a month after and her cousin was sleeping over. Her cousin screamed and I heard her running to the hall way. I asked her at school what happened she said that her coysin saw a man in my parents room, when she screamed he looked at her and vanished. My friend got really courious, so she was researching about where we lived. She found out that the whole land was owned before by a man. He was really rich. They had a portrait of him. She showed it to her cousin, she said that was the guy she saw. She also found out that he had childern who all were killed brutally and they had portraits of them too. One of them. The youngest one there was a little girl named Litia and Litia looked just like my friend. That's why he was in her house. He thinks my friend is his daughter!

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** lilwierdgirl  
**TITLE** A ghost stick?

This story is true. I have a grandmother who had a ghost stick. She got it from a vodo lady. It's suppose to keep spirits away from her house in my country. She made a promise, that she would

put a new ribbon on it all her life but unfortunately she broke that promise. Now, if you ever sleep over her house, you will hear something thumping in the attic where the stick was put away, and you hear, it saying "but you promise". My grandmother had to sell the house, but now she always has a dream on the stick calling her saying "but you promise".  
E-mail if you have any questions.

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** A Lady in white

In the 1920's a woman in Mexico was really famous and was an actress in a lot of movies. But one night she was at a hotel her ex-lover killed her by chopping her head off they didn't find the killer. When she died, she had a daughter age 5 she was left alone in the world. Her grandmother took care of her and she became a movie star like her mother she wanted to know more about her mother so she decided to go back to the same place her mother died to make a movie. When she got there she slept in a house near the place her mother was murdered in a motel in Arizona, Pasito Paz. One night after the shooting of the so-called death of her mother and the girl was looking out her window and saw a woman in white with a candle in one hand and her head in the other the girl didn't believe it and she slept in the room and saw her mother and touched her. The girl said that they had to cancel the movie because they awakened her mother from her sleep she never returned that place and now every half moon her mother walks in the old motel calling for help this is a story my sister read and told me I am going to Arizona in the summer and going to the same hotel will you come? with me? I didn't think so email me for more real story and read my other stories thanks

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 2/10/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** why do people call me the devil's.

ok hi you must know me about the stories I post of my life well people around are scared of me and tell me I am the devil's child I can tell the future in my dream call spirits talk and they say I can teleport things but I don't like it at all can anyone help me post anyone I need answer is it a gift from good or evil??????

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 2/11/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** My evil Cat

Hello, I used to have a lot of cats seven exact. Don't ask me why I had so many cats it was my mother and me we love cats and snakes. Well now I only have one cat my favorite pet Cadafi the grey maine coon he is one year old and is really big and weight 20 pounds!!! well my mom calls him the devil's pet and they say that cause I own him and that he was born to destroy but I love that cat but one day I found out that cat was the devil's pet. I was sleeping one day and the cat was sleeping right next to me playing around with my dolls and then I woke up and he attacked

me in a bad way he bit my arm and scratch it up i cried for help no one listen to me i hit him but he wouldnt let go so i then said " devil devil let me go" then the cat cried and went to the other side of the room and then i got up and try to open the door but it was locked out side the cat them went up to me and was about to attacked me again and then i got a bat and hit him but he didnt stop i cried then my mother heard me and open the door the cat was on the floor dying and we threw him out i got three stiches . But a week later i came from school and then he was right in my room cleaning his fur and my mother said ooh look cadfi came back he never going to leave. Then I knew that cat never going to leave my side is it true cats have 7 lives i think so ? now my cat is with me and trying to bahave good cause he know that he has only one life still , but is it true

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 2/11/2002

**FROM** lilwierdgirl

**TITLE** Has my cousin experienced what I

This is true. As you know That I was at my cousin house and something was trying to take me! Well, Later my cousin had the same experience. I just came back from my country Ecuador (look it up) and My cousin something bad happened to her last night. That Someone is trying to kill her. That one night she was sleeping and that She woke up by a loud sound. She was too lazy so she didn't want to get up to see what was it so she tried going back to sleep. Than her whole body was numb, on her mirrior her lipstick write

666

666

666

666

Than in her mind Someone saying "you'll be next!" in a evil vice. Once it got out of her she was crying. She went over to her little brother who was sleeping with her since they finished watching a movie and asked did you feel that, he said no. Then, she was seeing 3 people circling around her bed, so she started to pray, and she felt a shield over her. she was seeing the m trying to break it but they couldn't and she went back tp sleep. A week later, she had a dream that a guy was trying to kill her and she got cut on her arm. When she woke up her arm hurted, when she looked to see why, her arm was cut and bleeding alot. She told her mom and they blessed the house. Now nothin going on there.....except in there basement wgere the ritials use to be.

E-mail me to tell your opinion. Thank you!

**DATE** 2/15/2002

**FROM** cheeki munki

**TITLE** A tap on the sholder.....

When i was about 9 my mum and i lived in a one bedroom flat, which meant that my mums double bed was in the living room. well at this time i was seeing a shrink about my fear of the dark. Mum just didn't believe me when i said i thought the house was haunted! The flat that we lived in was the bottom story of a three storied house and was partly underground. i frequently heard my name being called and when i went towards it(thinking it was mum) noone would be there. it would just stop. i would sleep in my mums bed most nights, but if i needed to go toilet id

have to tap her on the sholder to wake her up because of my fear of the house. NOT of the dark. Well this one night mum said not to wake her because she thought i was big enough to go by myself. so that's what i did. but when i got back into bed, mum said "i thought i told you not to wake me" and i said "no i went by myself this time mum" and she said not to lie, she felt me tapping on her sholder. Appartently about a minute after i left, mum had felt a desperate tapping on her sholder but she just shook it off and it stopped. FREAKY! i would really like to hear peoples replys if they've got something to say!!!

**DATE** 2/16/2002  
**FROM** Watermuis  
**TITLE** The Cold Chill...

Have you ever had a cold chill on your back and/or neck?

Did you turn around in case something was there?

Well, I did and more than once I saw people with obvious faces standig behind me, disappearing within a second...I told myself sometimes it was just my imagination..but how could I see faces that I as far as i know never have seen before?

The voices say I'm perfectly normal...

**DATE** 2/16/2002  
**FROM** Watermuis  
**TITLE** Spooky Silhouettes...?

Seen them in my old house...once i saw the 'shadow' of a cat on the wall...it jumped away into nothing, both me and my brother saw it....Also when i was about to leave the house with my mum, brother & sister and I would turn around to close the door to the fence(one of the big wooden things) me and my brother saw the silhouette of a man upstairs, in my room....

The voices say I'm perfectly normal...

**DATE** 2/16/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** have you ever

have you ever feel you beeing followed when there in no one in back of you or is it post back

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 2/17/2002  
**FROM** Watermuis  
**TITLE** HUGE mistery!

Are there actually people who visit this site?

I mean, c'mon, excuse me but I posted my stuff yesterday and not only has no one replied, which could be because my posts may suck in your eyes but damn, only 1 new post since yesterday!!!

The voices say I'm perfectly normal...

**DATE** 2/17/2002  
**FROM** andyboy1218  
**TITLE** just going home

in riverbank CA there lived an old man. he lived in an old shed. over the summer bees made a hive on his door. one day he went to open the door when the bees attacked him and killed the old man. every year when it is his death day he walk right though the door. no more painful stings i gess.

Andrew E. P.

**DATE** 2/17/2002  
**FROM** andyboy1218  
**TITLE** the cussing dog

in riverbank CA there was a mad old man with a big dog. he would make the dog chase kids and bite them. the old man would yell prophanitys. one day the old man died. every one said "that old kook is going to burn for his sins!" a year latter my uncle jessy (one of the kids from before.) heard a sound out side. it sounded like gigling. he went out side to see what is was. he saw the dog on the roof laff'n! then the dog yelled at him in the voice of the old man and cussing him out. he ran in side as the dog said " i'm not done yet" in spanish ( riverbank is a mexican town.) and thay have not seen it sense...

**DATE** 2/17/2002  
**FROM** Watermuis  
**TITLE** Just had a weird experience...

OK, as I sit here looking over the boards, it feels like there was a sudden wind, not in particular something cold but the pressure you'd feel with a swift wind, also the sound of leaves flying through the room, but all the doors and windows are shut and the weather is decent outside(it's night but it was a good day for this time of year)....maybe I'm just going insane....?

The voices say I'm perfectly normal...

**DATE** 2/17/2002  
**FROM** Watermuis  
**TITLE** Faces in backgrounds?

I was just wondering, are faces you occasionally see in photos only to be seen on the photos, like orb(I hate them!)?

I mean, sometimes I look at a building or object and I see all these faces in it...should this be coincidence or ghosts???

The voices say I'm perfectly normal...

**DATE** 2/19/2002  
**FROM** punkfreak2003  
**TITLE** Paramount's Great America

During the summer of 2001 I work at Paramounts Great America in Santa Clara, CA. One day we were walking around after the park has closed, all the quests were gone at this time. Someone said that there had been rumors about a ghost at the I-Max theatre. Of course at this time I thought that it was B.S. cuz at this time I never believed in ghost. So we went inside and turned off all the lights then sat in the first row in the middle. We waiting about fifteen minutes we heard a loud bang. Then in the water below we heard something walking through the water, so we looked down but saw a little glow and heard footsteps going back and forth in the water for about five minutes. That then scared the crap out of us. But we weren't scared enough yet. So about 10 more minute's, this light came out of nowhere on the left part of the screen. In the light there was a shadow of something sitting on the rail in the top row. When we looked up the glow took off runing down the stairs and the light dissappered and that's when

Edited by - punkfreak2003 on 02/22/2002 17:57:31

**DATE** 2/20/2002  
**FROM** janbanmarie  
**TITLE** Grandpa's ring

Ok so I have this creepy thing happen to me today...and I don't know why but I wanted to share this with you. Whether you believe in the supernatural or spirits or not, this should give you chills.

We were in grandpa's apartment today packing things up and cleaning it out. We had to find a particular item while we were there. The item was my grandpa's wedding ring that had been missing from his hand when he died. Today I had the task of emptying out the bathroom. I had spent about 20 min prior searching for my grandfather's wedding ring but after searching every drawer, shelf and all the boxes I came out empty handed. So when I was cleaning the bathroom and I had cleared out the medicine cabinet and taken everything off the top of the shelf. I put them in the box and left the room to ask my mom where to put all the medical bandages. I came back into the room a few minutes later and saw a ring sitting on top of the cabinet. I just said "Hey mom is this the ring?" without even thinking about it. I just assumed someone else had found it when I left the room. My brother came in and made a crack saying...."Hey mom I found it!" but I thought he was serious. My mom called my uncle and made sure that was the ring we were looking for. Sure enough it was. My brother however promised that he had been joking, so we assumed that my uncle had put it there after he found my grandfather had passed away.

We got back to the house and later that night my uncle asked for the ring. He asked where we had

found it and I told him it was on the shelf. He said that it couldn't have been. You see when Grandpa died my uncle and the sheriff had come in and searched all of the shelves and the cabinets and had not found the ring to give to the funeral home for the burial. I got to thinking about it and I clearly remembered I had cleaned off the shelves completely before coming back and seeing the ring on the top of the cabinet. It was impossible that it had been there before we had left the room. Each of the family swears up and down they had not found the ring prior to my discovery so we were left wondering how the ring got to the shelf after I had purposely cleared it off.

The only thing we can possibly think of is that sometime after I had left the room, someone put the ring on that shelf for me to find. We can only wonder if Grandpa came in and found the ring for us after all the searching for it. How bizarre is that? I just know that Grandpa was watching over us when we were taking care of his house today, and ring he wanted his found so that we can put it back on his hand for the funeral.

God and spirits work their wonders especially when we have our backs turned.  
font=Comic Sans MS][font=Comic Sans MS]

**DATE** 2/20/2002  
**FROM** heavymetal hippie  
**TITLE** my door was creaking  
Hi I'm new to this place, but still, I'd like to see if y'all can help me out...

I was kept up last night by the creaking of my door. Now, I know that that is not too uncommon for doors to do but I'll explain. I moved last January to a new apartment (finally getting my independence). The apartment is old, but until last night nothing strange had happened. The door to my room doesn't have a knob, but I keep it closed by putting my little boombox propped up against it. It has worked fine until last night, when I was kept up by an incessant creaking. I woke up several times to find that the boombox had been moved several inches!!! This happened about four times, until I got fed up, and propped several heavy objects against the door. Then it stopped. Anyway, thanks!!! Hope you answer!!!

**DATE** 2/21/2002  
**FROM** hypnoculture  
**TITLE** The Old Haunted Apartment  
This is a true story about an old apartment my family and I use to live in.

Around 1987, my family and I lived in an old creepy apartment, it was on top of a old pharmacy in a small town in New York. The apartment had a very old, cold feel to it. It must have had some radical background, because i'll never forget the one night I experienced. As my parents put my brother and I down for the night. something very strange had happened. The apartment was very small, and our room was this space between the bathroom. My bed was located right in front of the bathroom, so I was able to see into the the bathroom. I wasn't able to sleep that night for reasons I dont know why. I remember starring into the bathroom, and I did

notice that the bathroom window was open. Unable to shut it, I just starred into the bathroom in hopes to fall asleep. As I kept starring, I saw this white object, possibly a human form taking shape, floating right outside the bathroom window. It starred at me with red eyes, and I was young and became terrified. Not knowing what to do, I got out of my bed in search for my parents. They had gone shopping that night. I returned to my bed, and shut my eyes, in hopes that I would never see the figure again. And I didn't, that was the only night I experience an encounter. As I grew older, I thought that I was the only one that felt that place was spooky. Until one day, I told my brother what had happened, and he began to tell me how one night, when he was laying in his bed, he was lifted out of it, and it was the same night I saw the image with red eyes. My brother was later dropped, when I got out of my bed. We never saw it again... we later moved. My parents never witnessed anything out of the ordinary.

Here is the thing... its like that old place wont let me be. I constantly have dreams about it, is there something there I should find... is there a hidden message waiting for me. Even to this day, I dream about the place. A few months back, I went there and checked it out. Its abandoned and up for sale. Everytime I stare into that bathroom window, I swear I can see that image looking for me. Is there a hidden message behind my dreams? Do I need to go back there and fullfil something? This apartment wont let me go.

I am currently in the process of looking up its history. I know it has to be grim. I am slo going to take pictures of the place, and post them. Please, leave any and all comments/feedback/questions. Thanks...

**DATE** 2/21/2002  
**FROM** lilharkins  
**TITLE** New Happenings

I will start off with, Hello everyone I'm new here!

I have seen and heard things ever since I can remember. Lots of stories!

This morning, I seen what looked like a sparkle, like an orb but I don't think it was one. It was kind of weird. My husband seen something like this a few weeks ago in our living room. It really shook him up.

My son has been waking up at night screaming, just terrified of the monsters in his room. He won't go into any room by himself anymore, he talks about "them".

I will have to share more later.

**DATE** 2/22/2002  
**FROM** ghostsensation  
**TITLE** odd experience in a retirement

Hello everyone, I'm a new user, and I found this site about a week ago, I think it's great :D.

Here's my story:

I was at Veronica's (used to be foster mom) work, Golden Oaks, a home for the retired and the mentally challanged. My used-to-be foster sister and I spent the night there after we watched "The Blair Witch Project". In the morning, when she left the room to do her job, and after some odd hours that I got bored, I decided to fall asleep on the bed there. Whe n I laid down, it was the most comfertable bed ever, and I fell asleep quite fast, but then I heard someone say "Priscilla

wake up" in a whispering voice. You bet that woke me up, I sat straight up! But no one else was in the room and no one spoke on the intercom. Then I was told that the lady that used to live there died on her bed. I'm so glad we didn't sleep on the bed that night lol.

**DATE** 2/22/2002

**FROM** andyboy1218

**TITLE** green lights of hell

if your walking though the graveyard in modesto CA and see a green light run as fast as you can cuz if it gets you...

you will see hell... the light will take you to hell for a day. im not going to tell you what hell looks like, but i will say don't head twords the light...

Andrew E. P.

**DATE** 2/23/2002

**FROM** xxgangstaxx51

**TITLE** Voices

Yo I'm mike I am 13 this event happened when I was 8. One night my mom told me to go to sleep so I did. So I went under the covers and went to sleep. As I was trying to sleep I heard like someone went on the top bed (we had bunk beds). It was like a shaking sound. So I thought it was my brother just going in to bed. So I said Sean you there like 6 times, no answer. Then all I hear is a whispering voice MIKEEEEE. I ran out of my room. I told my parents of course they didnt believe me. Since today i never heard voices again.

Mike Kelly

**DATE** 2/23/2002

**FROM** xxgangstaxx51

**TITLE** The unknowned goblin

One night me and my friend Andy were out late late around 11:30. So then we were just sitting there on a bench and saw something creeping around. so I was like to andy did u see that. He repeated yea I saw that. So we were like lets go follow it so we did. As we were following it we saw it!!!! It stopped dead in his tracks.It was hairy and brown looking. So it kept on walking. Then it stopped again.Then we stopped. We noticed that it turned around and started coming rite toward us we were scard but then we noticed we couldn't move I was like yo I cant move. The thing was coming closer and closer. Then it got like like 2 feet away and jumped at us and soon as it hit us it vanished. We were so scard and shaking so we ran home.

**DATE** 2/23/2002

**FROM** ThuggedGhostguy21087  
**TITLE** Ghosts in my house

hi dis andy i live in philly, well on 2 ma story. One day wen i moved into a new neiborhood i was already hearin dat da house dat was gonna move in was haunted but didnt pay any attention 2 those people. The first week there was good i didnt hear anythin until i slept in ma own room dats wen da problems were comin i first noticed dat i saw a figure of a woman in a blue gown lookin at me and lookin at ma sisters sleepin, i was lookin at da figure 4 about a minute and then i noticed it comin closer 2 me, as this was happenin i was in ma blankets i would have 2 say i was in there 4 about 25 seconds and then i slowly pulled ma blankets down so i could see.....then i saw da figure standin right in front of me smilin with its neck movin a ghostly movement and then i screamed "Get out!!!!", as i was screamin ma mom came in asked wat was wrong and i said i saw a ghost and of course she didnt believe me and i fell asleep after that. In the morning i told ma sisters about it and they believed because my 13 year old sister told me she was taking a shower one day and all of the sudden she heard a little girl singin inside the bathroom and she ignored it at first but then a deep voice of a man started 2 sing 2 and dats wen she turned off da shower got her towel and ran out of there. Every now and then i would hear some1 say ma name very slowly,"Annnddyyyyy" and i would cry every night telling it 2 leave me alone but it never did. 8 months later in the middle of the night i heard hard,violent bangin on the door downstairs i went to tell ma dad and mom to wake up cause there was sum1 knockin at the dood so ma dad went 2 see who it was, he opened the door and it was 2 police men they asked my dad if we knew the man that was in the picture they showed and we said "no, we never seen this person before" and then my dad said wat is going on and the police said "this man murdered the whole family that used to live here and then committed suicide in this house" right at moment i said "i wanna move". 2 months later we sold the house and until this present day i never heard anything weird at at night or saw anything. I really dont no if i believe in ghosts or not but there was definitely something in that house. After a year we sold the house the people that we sold the house 2 died of fright.

=====holla bac=====

**DATE** 2/23/2002  
**FROM** Ghostqueen21  
**TITLE** Ghosthunters... visit Benefit street!

Sure you all have heard of haunted houses... but this is a haunted street! Yes a haunted street, located here in providence, Rhode Island(where I live.)Boy, talk about HAUNTED! This place has it all, from a ghost carrage(with ghost driver), to the ghost of Edgar Allen Poe! Many people have claimed to him with thier own eyes. Many others have seen a ghostly woman, wearing a ball gown, walking around late at night. They also claim that during the day, you can hear foot steps when there's noone around. I had an experiance myself. Here's my story: One night, my whole family and i, we were driving around, and i had decided to take some pictures of the old historic houses, so we stopped. I started snapping pictures,when suddenly i see in a window of one of the houses(THAT HAS NOT BEEN LIVED IN FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS), i see a dark figure,like a womanly figure. She seemed to just stare back down at me. She didn't move..she kind of looked like a maniquine. Even though it was night time, there was a faint purpleish light behind her,and i saw her clearly. At that point, I looked around to see if any one else saw her, then my mother told me she did! Then when I saw the window again, the figure was gone. To this day i am so sure it was a ghost.Getting back to the street itself, you can't miss the beautiful historic mansions, and houses.If you really want to be a ghosthunter... then i know this is the place to

start. Everyone has an experience or two here in benefit street, its one of the most haunted places in New England.

Ghostqueen21

**DATE** 2/24/2002

**FROM** sp00kster

**TITLE** funny cartoon,....heh

ok, so it doesn't have much to do with ghosts, but this cartoon is pretty funny. You gotta look at what the character does closely, especially in the background. it's pretty funny :)

<http://members.rogers.com/mrzamboniman/kikia/kikia.swf>

**DATE** 2/24/2002

**FROM** ThuggedGhostguy21087

**TITLE** The runnin ghost in the dark!!!!...

Hi, my name is Lorena and im 11years old, this happened to me bout a year ago. Once me and ma sister were so bored so we were thinkin of something to say. Every game that popped out of our head was a game we always played..... so we kept thinkin. I shouted " Igot it! we should play hide and go seek in the dark!!! My sister(jenny) agreed with me and she wanted to play rite away. I was the first 1 2 b it, so i counted to 20. When i was finished countin i couldnt find jenny and i kept trippin ova ma toyz and ma bed. I told Jenny to get out because i thought i had gotten hurt, but of course she didnt listen to me. As i was walkin to ma chair to see if Jenny would be blendin in, but no sign of Jen. A few seconds after that i saw a little gurl run rite in front of me!!!!!! i screamed and shouted " Jenny get out!!!!!!!!!!!" again she didnt listen to me. I new the gurl i saw wasnt ma sister because first of all she was to small and her hair was to long. Then i saw a tall gurl standin near the wall but it was jenny. I turned on the lights and told everything what happened. At the same moment the light switch was flashin on and off. My sister and i were lookin at eachotha so petrified that we couldnt move , but i had to run cuz i was so scared. We started screamin and told ma mom all of wat happened but of course the usual she didnt believe us!!!!!!( this was a true story and happened in ma room) Was the little gurl i saw jus ma imagination?????? or was that a real ghost??????/ From that day on i new ma house was hauntd!!!!!!..... thx for takin ur time and readin ma TRUE! story

**DATE** 2/25/2002

**FROM** hypnoculture

**TITLE** The absolute FREAKY conclusion

This is the conclusion to my previous story "The Old Haunted Apartment". If you hadn't read that yet... read it before reading this one.

It had been about twelve years since I last stepped foot in my old haunted apartment. After having dream after dream of the place, I figured that there was some hidden message the apartment was waiting for me to find.

The apartment was up for sale, and I was able to contact the owner. My plan was to get the owner to let us spend the night there, so my cover story was, myself and a few friends are looking for a place to rent because we are going to near by college. He agreed that we could kind of "try out" the place for the night, as long as there was no funny stuff. My friends and I packed our over night bags and spent the night. And might I add, I was in for a huge suprise.

When we got there, old memories came back. We all sat down on the ground and awaited night time to come, to see if the ghost would appear. As the day went by, I started having strange flashbacks. I had remembered all these little toys I had, that I love and cherished, a green match box truck, a McDonalds Grimis musical toy, and legos. I remembered that they always came up missing, and I could never find them. When ever I got a new toy, that I loved, it would dissappear. I of course didn't think much of it at the time.

When night time came around, we all agreed to split up. My friends decided that they didn't want to be alone, so they slept together in the living room. And me being the tough guy I was, I decided to sleep right in front of the bathroom, the place where I first encountered the ghost. I sat against the wall, just starrng at the bathroom window, I even opened it, as a sort of invatation for the ghost to come in...

The apartment was very old, and it made loud creeks and noises as it settled down. Nothing happened for the longest time, I was growing tired of waiting for anything to happen, and I began to dose off. My friend in the living room claimed that she heard footsteps through out the house, and odd noises throughout the night, and as I was almost sleep, I heard this incredibly loud scream, "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE"!!! As soon as I heard her yell that, I ran into the living room and I hurt my foot on something, I had stepped something that made my foot start to bleed. I grabbed my flashlight, and looked down on the ground, and I saw... my green matchbox truck, some legos, and my McDonalds Grimis musical toy. Needless to say, I second the notion for us to get the hell out of there. And we packed up and left...

After we had that spooky night, we proceeded to look up the apartments history. We went to the town's library, and looked up the buildings history. It dates back to the early 1930s. A slightly disturbed man use to steal toys from the old "T Burg Toys" shop, which is now the pharmacy. and bring up little children into his apartment, and let them play with all of his toys. He attempted to kid nap the children and never give them back to their parents. Until one day, one child was able to escape, and told his parents about "the nice old man, with a lot of toys". The police later arrested the man, and found several of the missing children in that very apartment.

Looks like the spirit of the old man wanted to play with me...

Chris Midgley

**DATE** 2/26/2002  
**FROM** ThuggedGhostguy21087  
**TITLE** The walkin doll!!

Hey everybody dis Lorena again!!! again dis a true story!! Once when i was about 8 years old and

i was watching tv. I saw a doll that was so cool and i wanted to get it so bad. So i told ma mom if i can. She said yes!!! i couldnt believe it..... i was so excited that i wanted to go 2 Toys r us rite away. When we got there we bought the doll and i was soo happy. i couldnt wait to go home. When i got home i played with my doll and couldnt stop. At night.... i wanted to sleep with ma doll. And so as the night passes , in the middle of the nite i woke up cuz i wasnt feelin good. I felt to see if ma doll was still in ma bed cuz i wanted her to keep me company. A few minutes after that i heard little steps runnin and laughin i thought it was ma little cuzin, (he was sleepin ova ma house and he was 3 years old) i called his name" daniel!! u there?????" no answer jus laughin. I started to get the chills and scared . I tryed to go to sleep but i was to afraid 2. So i looked 4 ma doll..... under the bed..... in the bathroom, the closet and so on. No doll. Finally i fell asleep. in the mornin i went to the kitchen and i found ma doll there!!!!!! i was wonderin how could she get there even though she couldnt walk!! she was jus plastic.The next night ma cuz was gone so i no if i heard a noise i no it wouldnt be ma cuzin. Agaain i heard the same noise but this time it was callin ma name!!!! i thought it was jus ma imagination but i new the voice was tooo loud. I turned ma lght in ma room to see wat was hauntin me but no sign of no1. The next morning i told ma mom but she jus sed it was my imagination. Finally the next night!!! i heard the little voice of ma doll. I didnt want to jump into conclusions so i turned on the light to see hoo was tryin to kill me. In the dark i saw a little shape of a doll i saw it runnin i screamed and kicked it!!!! i threw it into the trash and told ma mom all of wat happened , but she didnt care. And from that day on i neva bought little dolls again!!! thx for takin ur time to read ma TRUE!! story..... rite replys to me and rite wat u think of ma story!!

**DATE** 3/5/2002  
**FROM** eternalvampire  
**TITLE** Am i going crazy? am i evil?

Ok, I've had problems with depression and stuff in the past, hearing voices and so on, but i've always understood this to be a medical condition, not paranormal. i'm also autistic (asperger's syndrome) and understand that this could make me more sensitive to sounds in other rooms, etc.

well, i'm on medication now and everything's fine, except these things that keep happening. as i mentioned a while ago, there's the missing earrings and taped vioces. I also have a few "suspicious" photos, where you can see orbs and strange effigies if you blow them up huge. I've had pics of angels, demons and a christian cross in clouds/trees etc (noting that i'm NOT christian and believe strongly in 'evil spirits'). I've also taken pics of (and seen) auras - I've been known to tell people how they're feeling, just by the colour around them.

I've been studying white noise recently, and found a number of wavelengths that both me and my boyfriend can hear mixed-up voices and sounds - relevent to us, such as the voice of his recently deceased dad (they had a bad relationship) and sounds that we recognise but can't place. I've also had my name said a few times, heard by others.

i visited a priest recently - reluctantly, i may add - and i got to within three feet of him and he started screaming "get out!" at me, but he was looking RIGHT THROUGH ME, as though he could see inside. it freaked me out, but ever since then i've visited a number of churches, and in all of them i've eihter been thrown out for no reason, or watched as crosses and pictures fall of

the wall when i walk past.

I also put my hand (accidently) in the holy water and it started to burn me, and when my boyfriend later touches my hand, he said it was freezing cold, ebven though i felt hot. my hand has been cold ever since and no doctors can find a reason.

as i said, i'm not achristian but i'm not satanist either. i have my own beliefs and while many of them tend towards 'the dark side', i'm not the kind of person who runs around naked on a full moon chanting, or worshipping the devil. I don't waer huge amounts of black and dark makeup, i don't burn bibles or anything.

i can't help feeling that i may be harbouring an evil spirit though.

Try to accept other's differences and views, never judge before you have walked a mile of their life. Don't be prejudiced to race, sex, age, religion or personal appearence. Everybody is different, some are just more different than others

**DATE** 3/5/2002  
**FROM** eternalvampire  
**TITLE** orbs

am i the only person who doesn't want to see pics of orbs? while i believe that they are a positive indication of paranotmal activity and have some on pics myself, i just find them boring and would rather see a pic that i can study in deatal (call me an anorack!)

Try to accept other's differences and views, never judge before you have walked a mile of their life. Don't be prejudiced to race, sex, age, religion or personal appearence. Everybody is different, some are just more different than others

**DATE** 3/5/2002  
**FROM** punkfreak2003  
**TITLE** My house

like last weekend i was sittin at my house on the phone talking to my girlfriend you know, so i got bored and just decided to take a pic with a digital camera, i took it of my self, the flash was bright so i had my light off, so what happened was after i took it this orb had just appeared, i was like okay, so i took another then about four more orbs had shown up, i tell people and they now don't want to come to my house cuz they claim that they are like scared, now i like my house more cuz i am into the history of my house, all this seems like it is all stupid but it's true.

WHEN I DIE I WILL HAUNT YOU

**DATE** 3/5/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** read post

hi i had a dream a week ago and it told me that g w bush has a screat about sum thing he cant say cause he said that it will warn the hold usa. and that nyc will be the city of dust in one year from here airplanes will go in fire and that cali & and all the island of the world will be the sand of the sea and the world will go round and round but world war three will begin and in the date 666 the world will have a big annocement and the thing that happing now that nyc will have a big emergency of less water in the area no rain and guess wat they said this annocment yesterday i dont know it might happen sum thing is sending me these message give me ur opinion thanks

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

hey you know g w bush said yesterday that nuclear bomb treat from of talibam

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 3/6/2002  
**FROM** hypnoculture  
**TITLE** thought it was a dream...

One night I was sleeping, and having a rather strange dream. My friend was over and I was determined to scare him. Previously, we had been doing some research on demons and other paranormal activites. Well, when reading him some stories failed to scare him, we finally decided to go to bed.

Him and I were joking about that demon we had just read about \*his name slips my mind\*, and we started welcoming this demon into our house, to scare us, because really neither of us believed anything would have happened. As I started to fall asleep, I started seeing a weird image the made me awake. As I look around my room to see if my friend was alright, I felt an incredibly cold spot right next to my TV. I woke my friend up and asked him if he felt the spot, because it was very unusal due to the furnace running. I knew that a cold spot was a sign of a demon or some kind of ghostly activity. I proceeded to tell my friend to get out of the room. And as I was about to get out of my bed, I felt these two hands around my neck choking me... I said the Lords Prayer and then it left me alone.

I woke up in the morning... red marks and bruises were all over my neck

**DATE** 3/10/2002  
**FROM** Ghostqueen21  
**TITLE** ~ONE FRIGHTENING NIGHT...~

~One night, eight years ago, i had my very first ghostly encounter. It was a quietly, cold night and some friends and i had decided we would have a seance. It was the first time i had ever done that, so i was totally scared. We used an old ouija board one of my friends borrowed from a close relative. It was all beat-up, and the letters were faded because thats how old it was. So then we lit some candles, and it was up to me to light them. We sat in a circle, quietly waiting to see what would happen. I remember closing my eyes, and one of my friends saying, " all spirits, come forth and join us.. ". Then a couple of minutes went by but nothing happened. She repeated the words again, a second time.. a third time.. a fourth.. suddenly the air in the room started changing dramatically. Still, we held hands, and she spoke again a little louder. The room became so cold, i could feel the concentration we all had at that moment, we were all so connected in our minds. Then my friend asked, " is there an unseen one here that would like to tell us anything?" A few minutes passed, and the candles went out. Pathetically, i screamed, got up as fast as i could and headed for the closest exit! I heard my friends screaming too! Once we were outside the room, i still felt something following us. It was total terror! Since we had the seance at one of my friends house, later she told me that she heard footsteps. And every time she tried to sleep, something would bang on walls and wake up her whole family. Four months or so after that, they had to move out! I haven't gone back to that house since then. It was clear we had done something wrong. Recently, she still feels something watching her, or so she tells me.~

**DATE** 3/15/2002  
**FROM** lucky011563  
**TITLE** i get strange feelings

i get strange feelings in my house all the time, like someones always watching everything i do. and sometimes i see strange things in the house. at night i will be sitting on the couch and see something black move in the kitchen. and other times the hair stands up on my neck. im not really scared of what ever it is, but it keeps my eyes open. and one time my sister was here and something smacked the keys in her hand. and one night 6 months ago, i was the only one at home and something grabbed the back of my shirt and pulled it. that did scare me. what do you guys think it is and how do i contact it if i need to thanks

**DATE** 3/26/2002  
**FROM** dominican2002  
**TITLE** guess this riddle

i come to haunt you ....are you scared if you see night mare of deaths its me warning you and if you see hell i am welcomin you who am i?

Laurie Moreno lyn Shinoda

**DATE** 3/26/2002  
**FROM** lilly  
**TITLE** Cemetary Visit

I had a friend that was friends with another girl she brought over to my house. I shit you not this girl had schizophrenia. We had decided to go to the local cemetery to see what spirits would appear. The friend "Sarah" said she could see spirit all the time, hear them when her mind was really quiet and said she is "spiritual" in her own way yet could not explain to us what way that was.....

It seemed she was a really angry person that had a control freak attitude about her, it was obvious to all in the car she had definitely two split personalities by the way she was picking arguments with everyone and then trying to ever so touchingly pretend she wasn't involved, strange girl but good for amusement to all of us in the car.

Well the story just gets thicker.....we arrived at the cemetery with our EMF readers, 400mm camera, Sony dictaphone with external mic, temperature gauge and infrared Sony camcorder. There were four of us including "Sarah", that emerged from the car in trepidation of the night ahead. We hadn't even set the equipment up when Sarah started pointed to the south east section of the cemetery, she said she could "hear many voices over there". We went over and checked it out but the readings were very low and little spiritual activity was discovered there.....

As we went back towards the car to get the camcorder a mist was starting to form by the car. We all could see it as clear as day and started to take photo's and reading on the EMF of 6-10mg, the temperature dropped drastically by 4 degrees. We were all in total awe and not to mention two of us being in complete fear, Sarah for someone who can "hear" and "see" spirit all the time passed out on the cemetery lawn.....had to leave her there, I was too excited.

The mist soon took form into a male, 23-35 years, dark hair, large nose, prominent features, lanky in build wearing a check shirt and pleated pants. He said not a thing.....and just disappeared.

We are planning to go back this weekend and see what else we can detect hopefully this time we will have the camcorder in our hands and leave Sarah at home on the couch yet perhaps now she may truly have an undeveloped gift, she may just need to be little more honest with herself and others first:) God bless her she can be a sweetie.....

**DATE** 3/29/2002

**FROM** annagain

**TITLE** My Grandmothers love for me

Let me start by saying that I have been 'sensitive' all my life to things that others could not see or feel. When I became an adult my Grandmother (my Mothers' mother) confessed to me that she was also sensitive and had seen her Grandfathers' ghost when she was a child. I live in my family home which was built in 1925 by my fathers' parents. We moved to this house when I was 4 after my Grandfather had died. From the moment we moved in my sister and I were terrified of our basement. She is also sensitive but not nearly as much as I am. We were never afraid of the basement in our previous house and we played down there often, so it was strange for us to be afraid of the other basement. Neither one of us would go down there by ourselves. Whatever was in there seemed to be mainly in the old coal bin but would come out if we came downstairs. It seemed to be very angry and evil. Even as an adult I stayed out of the basement as much as possible. My Father died in 1974, in the house, when I was 14 years old. I have seen his ghost three times since then. But that is actually another story. My Mother remarried in 1982 and moved in with my step-dad leaving me in the house by myself. In 1987 my Mom's Mom, my Grandmother, moved in with me because her house had been damaged beyond repair in a flood. She and I became best friends. I had never felt all that close to her while growing up but as an adult I found out how much alike we really were. Grandma passed away in 1992. Right after she died I began to 'feel' her in the house. I could smell her scent and feel her near me comforting

me. Then I noticed that the 'thing' in the basement was getting angrier. It was now coming upstairs also. I could feel it come up and move all the way to the living room. This really scared me. I started being afraid to stay in the house alone. One day I was just home alone reading and I felt the evil thing right behind me trying to touch me. I yelled out for it to go away and leave me alone. Just then I felt my Grandma like I never had before. She seemed to push the evil thing back toward the basement. It tried several times after that to come upstairs but I think she stopped it. I talked to her out loud and thanked her each time for still looking out for me. After about 2 weeks I noticed that the 'thing' had not tried to come upstairs again. One day I had to go to the basement to find something for my Mother. Before I went downstairs, I asked my Grandma to come with me and keep the bad thing away. I spoke this out loud like I always had talked to her. For the first time I heard her reply. She said, "It's OK. You don't need me because it's gone." I almost couldn't believe that I really heard that! I went down the stairs and immediately realized something was different. The evil feeling was gone! I don't know how she did it but my Grandma had gotten rid of whatever it was. In the ten years since she died it has never come back. I still feel her once in a while but I think she knows that I am safe now and she rests. Thank you Grandma for loving me beyond the grave.

**DATE** 4/1/2002

**FROM** Ghostqueen21

**TITLE** &lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;Wonders of the

&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;WONDERS OF THE MIND&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;&lt;&gt;

\*I know that probably most of you have never really seen a ghost. The reality is that we all have the ability to see and hear things out of this world, and it has to do with our minds. Recently i have been able to hear things that i never use to hear before. Like one night, i wasn't thinking about anything and i started hearing lots of people talking all at once, in the very room i was in. The voices were very faint, but it sounded like another world. Then another night, i heard the exact same thing, only much closer. I have been hearing since then, there are days when it's real close and other days they sound far. I think it's because of the state of mind i put myself in. Like if i clear my mind to a point when i feel i don't even exist, that is when the talking gets closer to me. It's actually kind of facinating! I hear all kinds of voices, even a little girl. Most of the time there are so many spirits talking all at once, and they don't wisper, they litteraly shout or yell like a multitude. Of course iv'e realized that when i am thinking too much, don't hear anything at all. Perhaps that is why most people don't get the chance to see a ghost or listen to them. Well, this is just my theory about how the mind helps in wanting to encounter these supernatural things. I would like to know if anyone has a similar theory, or if you agree.\*

\*\*\*\*\*G~H~O~S~T~Q~U~E~E~N~21\*\*\*\*\*

**DATE** 4/2/2002

**FROM** kadara

**TITLE** Moses and Miss Oaks

Here's a little hair raising tale for you...

After a turbulent marriage, my mother divorced our step-father. I was tickled that we were moving back to our old town. Finally, I thought, we would live in a neighborhood, and not on a farm way out in the boonies! But, mother opted to rent a trailer from a close friend, and what do you know, it was located smack dab in the middle of a dirt and gravel hollow, waaaay out in the boonies. Most of the kids I went to high school with had been grade school friends, but it was long distance to call them. So, I was close enough to be in the school district, but far enough away not to be able to talk on the phone to any of them.

I was bored most of the time, and honestly miffed at the fact that I was stuck out in the country while all my friends had only to walk over to the next street to visit school mates. My brother and I played a lot of video games, and I thought I would lose my mind before the year was over! Then I met \*Ann. She lived quite a way up the hollow, and she was only a little older than me, and we got along great. Ann and her mother lived in a tiny little house, that was kept neat as a pin, and Ann's grandmother lived right next door on the same property. I spent a lot of time there during the week, and made a bee-line for Ann's house after the bus dropped me off from school. Ann was sort of quiet in contrast to me, as was her mother and grandmother, so me being around was a definite source of entertainment. I'm a clown, fancy myself a comedian, and I'm always making people laugh.

One Friday, I was thoroughly pissed because I couldn't go to a friend's house. I was determined not to spend the entire weekend at home, so I called Ann. I bellyached and complained about having to stay home, and then Ann suggested I ask my mother if I could spend the night at her house. I asked, and mother gave her permission, and I was out of there!

We talked and talked, Ann's mother would peek in at us now and then, make conversation and then go back into the living room. Somehow, we got on the subject of ghosts, and I rattled off all my own personal experiences, and some other tales that I had been told, or heard about, and Ann listened with great interest. Ann then told me that the entire hollow we lived on was haunted.

"That's quite a large territory for a ghost." I replied, because the hollow was extremely long, and trailed all the way into the next two towns.

"There's more than one." Ann said.

"I'm listening." I replied.

Ann told me that in the 1930's, there had been a woman, Miss Oaks, that owned a huge house, (something like twenty rooms) and ran a make-shift home for unwanted and homeless children. She took care of children as old as 18 all the way down to infants. She found homes for them, jobs for the older ones, and some of the older children even stayed on to help her run the home. One night, a fire broke out, and in seconds, the home was engulfed in flames. Miss Oaks, and the children scrambled to get to safety, but tragically, seven of them, (five small children and two older ones) died in the fire.

I listened with a furrowed brow, and when Ann looked up at me with a funny expression on her face, and said that there were seven ghosts that roamed the hollow, I stared at her for a second, and then burst into laughter.

"Bulls\*\*t!" I exclaimed.

"You can ask my grandmother!" Ann said, smiling, but her eyes were wide with sincerity.

"How would she know?" I asked, "And even if I did ask her, she would back up anything you said! You're pulling my leg!"

"No I said to ask her, because she was one of the kids that got out of the fire!"

When Ann said that, my face went blank, and I apologized.

"Oh, it's okay. Even Grandma says it creeps her out too." Ann said.

"Does she remember anything? I mean about the fire?"

Ann shook her head, "No, she was too little, and she was placed in a couple's home not long after

that. About six months after the fire, the couple adopted my grandma."

"Wow." I replied. It was all I could say.

"When the children were adopted, Miss Oaks would give the parents a picture of her and all the children in front of the house. My grandma still has hers, even though she can't remember any of the children in the picture, or Miss Oaks." Ann said, "I've seen the picture, and I can even show you where the house used to be."

"Oh! You gotta take me there tomorrow!" I said with excitement. Ann agreed, and sure enough in the morning, we made the long trek to where the house had stood. I don't know why, but I had envisioned so much more than just a foundation, and some rubble. I was disappointed, but the story stayed in my head, and when I got back to school on Monday, I was telling all my friends! I got mixed reactions. Some of my friends just seemed bored, others made mental notes to NEVER come out to see me, and a few seemed interested, but not as much as I was.

My enthusiasms with the tale faded, and after a while, I didn't even think about it. Then one weekend, my mother allowed me to go out with some friends on the condition that I was home before midnight. That night, as me and two of my friends drove down the dark, dirt and gravel hollow, with the car stereo up loud, and the festivities of the night drawing to a close, we pulled up to the trailer where I lived, to see my mother standing on the front porch waiting for us. I could already tell I was in big trouble. My two friends made a hasty departure, and as soon as they drove off, mother had a fit, told me I was an hour late, and informed me that I was grounded. I looked at my watch, and protested that I was on time, I was even early! But after putting my ear to it, I saw that it had stopped, and though it was a good excuse, it didn't change anything. Mother stormed into the trailer, slammed the door, and went to bed. I stood there on the porch for a while, (checked to make sure she hadn't locked me out) and then went and sat on the steps.

I don't know how long I sat there. And the things that began to happen, I didn't really put together until later. But, the air seemed to change. It got colder. It had been a little nippy earlier that night, but now it began to get so cold that I pulled my sweater on, and looked around. That was when I saw someone walking up the hollow. The figure drew closer, and I could see it was a guy. For a fleeting moment, I felt my stomach flip flop, like I was on a roller coaster, and then I stood up to go inside. But this guy called to me before I made it in.

"Excuse me?" he said. I stopped and turned around.

"Could you tell me where I could find Elizabeth Payton?" he said.

"Never heard of her." I answered, and the looks of him, though I couldn't put my finger on it, gave me the heebiegeebees. The hair on the back of my neck was raised, and my arms were littered with goosebumps.

"Thank you, kindly." he replied, and continued down the hollow. I stared at him for a moment or two, and then I went inside. This guy had given me such a sensation that I looked out the window in the living room once I was inside, but was shocked to find no trace of him. My encounter with this guy disturbed my sleep, and I tossed and turned all night, even though I blamed the disturbance on the tiff that mother and me had had when I had come home.

A week later, I was at Ann's house, and all of the sudden the encounter with the mysterious guy popped into my head. Ann listened, and then an knowing smile crept over her mouth.

"What?" I frowned.

"I bet you saw Moses." she said.

"No, the guy I saw wasn't dressed in robes, and he wasn't carrying stone tablets." I laughed.

"No, Moses. He was one of the orphans that died in the fire." Ann explained. I frowned, shook my head in disbelief, and then I froze. I remembered the way it had gotten cold just before I had seen him. And how his presence made me uneasy. Then I remembered what he had been wearing. Brown pants, suspenders, a white, button-up shirt with no collar, and boots. Old

fashioned boots! And then as I played the memory over and over in my mind, I remembered his face being rather pale, and his eyes looked hollow, and....he made no sound in the gravel when he walked away. My eyes got big, and I slapped my hand over my mouth.

"What's wrong Kadara? You getting ready to scream?" Ann asked, still smiling.

"He was just a creepy guy, he wasn't one of those..."

"Ghosts?" Ann finished.

"He was not!" I shouted, but I couldn't help that even I was beginning to think this guy was the ill-fated Moses, that Ann was talking about, "He was just some guy that got lost. He was looking for someone. Some woman named....Payton. Elizabeth Payton." I said.

The knowing smile faded from Ann's face. She frowned, and now I was smiling.

"Told you! He was just a guy." I said.

"Well, I know how to solve this one." Ann said, and she literally drug me by the arm, next door to her grandmother's house. Once there, Ann told her grandmother about the guy that I had seen, and asked her to get out the group picture of Miss Oaks and the children.

"You better sit down, Kadara." Ann said. I rolled my eyes, and took a seat on the sofa. Ann's grandmother returned from her room a moment later, with a shoe box, and took a seat to the right of me. Ann sat on the left. I watched as Ann's grandmother sifted through the box, and I caught glimpses of photos of Ann's grandmother as a teen, and as a young woman. Then her hand pulled a yellowed, black and white photo from the shoe box, and I sat closer as Ann's grandmother pointed out who was who in the photo.

"And this is Moses..." she said. I immediately got cold. I reached over and grabbed Ann's wrist. My eyes were huge, and for a moment, I found it hard to breath.

"That must be him. Is that who you saw?" Ann asked. But I couldn't even talk.

"Yep, that's him." she said after looking at my face, "He's the one people see the most." Ann's grandmother said.

I took the photo, and stared hard at the young man in the picture. There was no way around it. The guy I had talked to was the same one in the picture. I put my hand over my thumping heart, and handed the picture back to Ann's grandmother.

"If you were too small to have remembered the children, or Miss Oaks, how do you know who is who?" I asked Ann's grandmother.

"Miss Oaks wrote names and ages on the back. I also met one of the other survivors about three years ago, and she was ten when I got there, and she remembers the fire and all the children. She's told me a lot."

"Incredible." was all that I could utter.

"This survivor that I met says that Miss Oaks was very close to Moses," she said, pointing at the young man again, "He was one of the first babies that came to her home, and he stayed to help her even when he was grown." Ann's grandmother said, "He was like a son to Miss Oaks."

Ann and me both were completely absorbed in what her grandmother was saying. But there was just one more piece of the puzzle that had not been put in yet. And then, as if Ann's grandmother read my mind, she placed the last piece for me.

"Miss Oaks was what they considered an old maid. She was in her late forties before she was even married."

"Really..." I said, my voice trailing off.

"Oh yes," Ann's grandmother continued, " and when she married Mr. Payton, she carried Moses's hankerchief with her, so she would feel like he was there with her." I frowned, and cleared my throat, and asked the last thing I needed to know.

"One more thing. What was Miss Oaks' first name?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer. Without hesitation, Ann's grandmother replied;

"Elizabeth."

\*Ann's real name withheld.

If it looks like a ghost, and it scares like a ghost, then dangit, it's a ghost!!!DATE

**DATE** 4/2/2002  
**FROM** kadara  
**TITLE** Headache

When my brother and I were growing up, it was not uncommon for one of us to sleep in the other's room. If one of us got creeped out, or couldn't sleep, we would take a pillow and a blanket, and go to sleep on the floor beside the other's bed.

My brother was prone to migraine headaches, and sometimes they got so bad, he would have to stay in bed. One particular night, I was in my room, listening to music, and must have fallen asleep while doing my studies. I heard a gentle knock at the door, but I was not awake enough to respond. Then I heard the knock again, and sat up partically, and said, "Yeah?" I saw my brother in the doorway, with his head down, and one hand sheilding his eyes.

"Can you turn that down? I have a headache." he said.

I got up to go to the dresser where my stereo was, and tripped over my brother on the floor. I jumped back, and stared at him, thoroughly scared.

"What are you doing on the floor!?" I gasped.

"I got scared in my room," he said, "I had a creepy feeling, so I came in here." he answered.

I didn't tell him about what had happened until that morning. He couldn't make heads or tails of it either.

If it looks like a ghost, and it scares like a ghost, then dangit, it's a ghost!!!

**DATE** 4/3/2002  
**FROM** annagain  
**TITLE** My Father's ghost

My Father and I never really liked each other when he was alive. The only time we really connected was when I would read one of his books on the supernatural and discuss it with him. At some point we both agreed that whoever died first would come back and let the other one know that it was possible. He died on the 15th of December 1974. One day about 1 1/2 or 2 months after he died I was home alone. I started hearing someone call my name very faintly. It seemed to be louder when I would go toward the back of the house into the kitchen. I tried at first to ignore it, telling myself it was just my imagination. The voice kept getting more insistant. I walked into the kitchen and looked out the window at the snow in the backyard. Then I noticed a set of foot prints. They seemed to just start in the middle of the yard and came toward the back door. That creeped me out because they just started like someone had dropped from the sky. I opened the door leading to the basement and back door and I saw his body, dressed in his work clothes, on the landing. I didn't see his head, just from the shoulders on down. I quickly went back to the living room. As I walked in the room I noticed smoke in the air, and smelled cigar smoke. My Father smoked cigars. Then I saw that his chair had the impression of someone sitting in it! There was a cigar butt in his ashtray also! I made myself touch the chair and the seat was warm as if someone had just been in it. I knew I had not sat in the chair all morning and I was home alone. I got the chills and didn't know what to do. Then I heard his voice. He said, "I remembered the promise we made and it's possible to come back." I ran out of that house like

the wind! I waited until I knew my Mom would be home and then I came back home. I never told her about what had happened. A couple of more months passed with no weird things happening. Then one night while I slept I was awakened by the feeling of someone sitting on the foot of my bed. My sister and I shared a big bed together and I thought it must be her. When I opened my eyes I saw my Father sitting there. He leaned over me and told me everything would be alright and my life would be good so I shouldn't worry. I just sat there in shock and watched him fade away. At first I thought it had to have been a dream. But, my sister woke up and asked me what I had said. I told her I hadn't said anything. She told me that she heard me talking and I woke her up. Then she said, " Why were you talking in Daddy's voice?" So, I told her about both incidents. It scared the crud out of her LOL. The last time I saw him was just a few months ago. A friend of mine was visiting me and when he walked from my kitchen to the living room I looked up and behind him was my Father! I only saw him for a second but he was there and this time I only saw his head. He was directly behind my friend and staring at me. I guess I had a funny look on my face because my friend asked me what was wrong. He said you look like you just saw a ghost! So, I had to tell him I did. If you read my other story about my Grandmother you should know that all this took place in the same house, the one my Fathers parents built.

**DATE** 4/8/2002  
**FROM** mastac1  
**TITLE** The Headless Priest

In the town where i visit on vacation in Mexico there is this story that people say about this Priest that long time ago some guys Cut his head off, Well people claim that they have seen him walking around the town at night with no head. I never believed in it till 3 years ago Me and my cousin were coming from this carnival we were going home already so me and him stayed at the guest room that was a couple of feet away from the house. Once we were there it was about 2:30 p.m. At the room there is this window so if someone was coming we could see his shadow passing by, my cousin slept first then i was trying to fall asleep i closed my eyes then i felt like someone was outside so i open my eyes and i couldent talk i was looking at the shadow of the priest he was tall with no head made me get even more scared i tried to move but i couldent it was still standing outside the window i just closed my eyes and prayed it would go away. I fell asleep and woke the next morning and moved my stuff into the house and never slept there again. Now i do belive in those stories they say about him

**DATE** 4/9/2002  
**FROM** gayle  
**TITLE** American Indian Ghosts

Hi! I have another couple of stories for you. You can beleive them or not. As I have told some other stories on here, this one is newer. As you know, I can sense and see ghosts. I know it is unbeleivable, but, I know what I know.so. Here are my two stories that really happened. (Yes.. I think they did.)

One day I was driving down the road in my vehicle. I am in Wisconsin and all of a sudden an American Indian ghost is in my car with me. I could see him perfectly. He carried an ornate hatchet in his hand and wore a full head dress. Hehad on war paint and the whole cosutme on. I was shocked. He was looking ahead at the road and it seemed like he was riding a horse while in the car. Leaning forward and staring straight ahead. I said. "What are you doing in my car.? I didn't invite you in, you just barged in and didn't even knock on the window? What is wrong with

that?" I think I scared him out of his wits. No one ever talked to him before. After HIS initial shock, he lowered his hatchet and looked at me like he was sorry and apologized to me. I told him not to do that to people because he could scare them and they could go off the road and crash. He didn't know that. I talked to him awhile and he parted company. I knew the area and asked around. There was an Indian burial ground about 5 miles from where I was in the car. I hope no one was looking in the car, they would probably see an old woman talking to herself!

My other story is this one. I went to California with my nephew. We stopped at this American Indian store way back in the boondocks. It was really a cool store. They had actual old indian artifacts and things in the store to look at like a museum. I walked by this hand made statue out of carved wood. It was very lifelike of an Indian sitting down at a camp fire. The Indians at the store had dressed him up in real antique clothing. REAL STUFF. A very ornate deer hide shirt with beads all over it. It was really beautiful stuff this statue of wood wore. I walked by and had a sensation that there was a ghost inside the statue. He was real proud of wearing this costume and was there for years. I think it was his outfit, or a portion of it anyways. So I stopped and 'looked' closer. sure enough, there he was. He was scared at first because I could 'see' him. He was an old Indian from the 1800's and did not want his culture to end or become lost. There was a sadness about him because no one was interested in his outfit or how the Indians lived in the olden days. What their purpose was, things like that. He told me that his job was to make certain that the land was well cared for and the Indians would keep the promise to make certain the earth was kept clean and good. My conversation was over, so I went to the front checkout desk and bought a soda. I asked the lady if the store was haunted. She turned white as a ghost herself and said yes, how did I know. I told her the story and left the store. She knew!

Anyways. My advise to anyone is this. Why not just talk to whomever and take a real hard and close "Listen". You listen with your soul, not your ears. Find out what the scoop is. It is quite fun. I am teaching my neice to 'listen and look'. It may take awhile, but can be done. I have had this ability since age two, and sometimes it is a nuisance. But all in all, pretty fun.

**DATE** 4/9/2002  
**FROM** bunnyboo  
**TITLE** uncles house

When I was younger, my uncle had a spirit in his house. Many unusual things happened, the furniture would rise up from the floor, doornobs would turn on their own at nite, footprints in the middle of the yard that would start in the middle of the yard and end no where. The spirit appeared at the end of my uncles bed on nite, but my uncle perssisted that this was his house, and nothing was going to get him out. Being a devoted catholic, he asked the archbishop to come in and bless the house, the hauntings stopped, but there is still a presence in the house. Couple of years later, I stayed the night, couldn't sleep, woke up and saw a figure of a man (waist up) in the window. Her window is too high up for someone to stand in front of it. My husband is 6'2 and you could only see the top of his head. To this day I cannot be left alone in that house, the presence is still strong.

**DATE** 4/10/2002  
**FROM** heavymetal hippie  
**TITLE** The House in Front of my House

In front mother's house there's this house that has been abandoned waaay long before we moved there six years ago (I'm from Ponce, in the south of Puerto Rico). It is in a real state of abandonment, and I've always wondered about it, because one time I had been walking my dog (everytime we go out she will always approach that house and sniff around it) and she led me to the side of the house, where there were some windows opened (it is a one-storey house). The feeling I got was of pure creepiness. And last december a contractor had come with his crew to remodel the house but, after three days, they never returned!!! On march we were celebrating my brother's birthday, and my mother-in-law asked my next door neighbor about the house (my neighbor has lived there a long time). So this is the story she told:

About 25 years ago there lived in that abandoned house a young mother with two little children. Soon after the second baby had been born (a little girl) the woman got cancer (she was about twenty-seven years old). The cancer was malignant, but the young woman didn't want to die, because she wanted to see her daughter and son grow up. So she fought desperately for her life, and she clung to this world for as long as she could, but she finally lost her battle and died. Her children went to live with their grandmother, and the house was inhabited by an old lady, who died soon after moving. The house had then been lived in by several different people, but nobody stayed long. A lawyer of the old lady now owns the house, and he has tried to restore it a few times, but the contractors get spooked very easily. So the house stands alone (only stray cats live there now)...

**DATE** 4/11/2002  
**FROM** SassiebutSweet  
**TITLE** MY FREAKY HOUSE...PART 2

Hello again everyone.....Just thought i would update you on whats been going on here at home and answer a few questions that people have recently asked me through all the replies to my first story.

Now on to the questions that some of you have had as to why i boarded the room back up after discovering it.....First of all i was a little freaked out about it...some have told me that i could have released some other sort of spirit not even pertaining to this house...which was one reason....another was also the fact that i have 2 small kids here and the room we found was so dirty and dusty...and the boards were loose inside and i was afraid of them falling through if they should happen to go inside. We do plan on going back in this summer though when my children go on vacation with their father. Cleaning it up...repairing the walls...the floor...honestly i would love to make it my "getaway" room....IF i can overcome my fears about it that is.

As for the history of this house.....it has been said by neighbors...and by a person who used to live 3 houses down from us...that a man woman and their child lived here over 60 years ago...the husband had accused his wife of having an affair and that he murdered her and hid her body somewhere in the house....his daughter saw what he had done to her mother and he murdered her as well and then out of guilt committed suicide. The towns people did discover his body but the wife and daughter werent found until 10 years later by new owners of the home. "Supposedly" they were kept in the room that had been boarded up behind the wall...the room i found in my

upstairs storage area. Of course this is hear say from neighbors but whether that particular story be true or not....what i told you in my first story with all my FREAKY experiences living here for years is absolutely the truth.

I would also like to tell you that while i was checking into the history of this house...i found out by my daughters school after her field trip learning about our counties history ...that back in the Daniel Boone days his actual camping site during those days was 2 streets down from my house and that 150 yards behind my house is an old Indian Reservation now covered by wooded areas...some Indians were actually buried back there.  
So needless to say im surrounded by ALOT of exciting and interesting history. WooHoooo for me right?...Ha Ha :-)

**DATE** 4/11/2002  
**FROM** QueenE  
**TITLE** Is myBest friend seeing ghosts?

My very best friend and I have grown up together sharing everything. Dressing alike never keeping a secret from eachother. You know, how Best buds are. Well while I was away living in Hawaii my best friend Wendy had quite a ghostly experience (I am still jealous) lol. Anyways She was about 6 months pregnant at the time and she was living with her boyfriend and a few of his friends in Fitchburg Mass. One particular friend Chan happened to be away in California for a couple of weeks and was due home thisa particular day. Being pregnant Wendy was always the first one up in the A.M. she awoke and went to use the bathroom as she was walking into the bathroom she had to go through the kitchen. As she was walking through she saw "Chan" standing at the stove cooking fish. He said nothing to her which to her was odd seeings how he had just returned from California and she figured he would have much to tell of his trip. She said Hello to him but he only nodded not even looking in her direction. Feeling strange about this Wendy proceeded into the bathroom without saying another word. When she came back out he was not there anymore nor was the stove hot where he had just been frying fish. Finding this really strange she went in and woke up her boyfriend and explained to him what had just happened.He jumped up out of bed and asked her if she had looked into his eyes ....she said "no" "why?" He replied, "Wendy Chan has not returned home from California yet!" "I believe what you just saw was a ghost in the form of Chan." She was totally freaked out. Scared to almost death she asked then "why did you ask me if I looked into his eyes?" Her boyfriend being Laotian is very superstitious about the super-natural and believes that if you see a ghost and look into his eyes he can take your soul from this earth. And that was exactly what he told her. By now she was completely terrified and had no idea what to say. About 2 days later Chan did return home from California, proving that he was no where near the house that day. Somy question is.....Did Wendy really see a ghost in the form of our friend? Or was she just sleepy and not really sure what she saw?Feel free to let me know what you think..... :) Thank You

QueenE

**DATE** 4/14/2002  
**FROM** Captain Kundalini  
**TITLE** My First Encounter with a Ghost

The incident took place in Austin, Texas on August 14, 1995 between 11:30pm and Midnight.

A friend of mine who I shall call James had been going thru some bad times of late. He had been suffering from partial paralysis from an injury he had sustained years ago in a diving accident. His business was failing, his bank account was dwindling and since he had lost his lease with the apartment he lived in, he had to live with a friend until he could get back on his feet.

As sometimes happens in all of us, James lost hope and felt that there was no way out and so, committed suicide. I was told about this the next day by a mutual friend of ours. A bunch of us got together later to remember him & grieve.

Two nights later, while at a payphone talking to a lady friend, I caught a glimpse of something moving out of the corner of my eye. I looked to my left across the street and saw James! He was walking without any sign of paralysis at all! As he walked he looked at me, smiled, nodded, and then disappeared! Oddly enough, I was not frightened by the experience, but I sure was suprised. I went and told another mutual friend of ours of my encounter and he told me that he had heard that James' Sister In Law had also seen him. According to her report, she was making some sandwiches in the kitchen of the house she shared with her husband, Drew (James' brother), when she felt a chill, followed by the feeling that she was being watched. When she turned around, James was standing in the doorway of the kitchen a few feet away from her. He spoke to her saying, "I'm okay. Everthing's alright. Where's Drew?" She screamed and he disappeared. She and I are the only ones who saw him. Two days later, James was taken to Dallas and laid to rest there. As far as I know, his ghost has not been seen since.

Peace,

Captain Kundalini

**DATE** 4/14/2002  
**FROM** ghstbster  
**TITLE** One of many experiences

I lived in South Carolina one of the Homes of the Confederate soilders. One night I was relaxing almost asleep, when a man in uniform came into my room and gave me an experience that hasnt left my mind since. He showed me a battlefield with alot of killings and death, it was such a sad place to be and when we were there he told me his name. As I woke up, I remembered his name and searched on the internet. Low and behold his named showed up on the list of deceased soilders. I dont know if he was reaching out to me because the day I woke up South Carolina had taken the confederate flag off all the state house. Something I wasn't aware of at the time until someone told me.

**DATE** 4/14/2002  
**FROM** ghstbster  
**TITLE** Another of my many experiences

One night i was laying in bed. Suddenly it felt like someone was sitting next to me the bed made an indentation. I was frozen and couldnt move my body. I looked across the room into a glass picture directly across from me. When I seen this lady waving at me. I was trying to wave but i was in a paralyzed state so i tried to speak which came out as mumbling. She started to do sign language to me. I dont know how to read sign language so to this day i have no idea what she was trying to say to me. As she was doing sign language a man came into the picture and just sat next

to her. This experience lasted between 2-3 min I felt at ease though i was frightened at first but then I thought to myself I cant believe this it was a great experience after all.

## GHOSTBUSTER

**DATE** 4/20/2002  
**FROM** jenny lopez  
**TITLE** my haunted house

hi, my name is jenny, i'm 13 years old right now but when this experience happened i was about 10 years old. well, this one night i went in the shower and i had a little closet inside where all the bathroom supplies were kept in. then a couple of minutes after i turned on the water i had heard a sound of a little girl singing that came from the closet. That was weird because i could hear it so clearly even though the shower was still on. i was shocked and couldnt move, and was scared to turn the water off. Then about 1 minute later i heard a sound of a man singing the same lullaby that the girl was singing. At first i thought that my sister and my dad was trying to scare me, but i knew that my dad wouldnt try to scare me like that. When i turned the water off i ran quickly out the bathroom with my towel on and ran downstairs and told my parents that i heard singing in the bathroom closet, but of course they didnt believe me. I was so scared that night. Then on the next night when i had went to bed, i heard footsteps comin upstairs, so i got up to see if it was my dad because he always gets up in the middle of the night to get water, but it wasnt because i could hear my dad snoring from the other room, so i ran back to my bed but thanfully i was sharing a room with my sister. so then i tried to close my eyes and get some sleep, but about 5 seconds later i opened them again and i saw a figury shadow standing on top of my bed that was holding a knife on his left hand and staring right at me, then about 3 seconds later he disappeared. The next morning i was so happy to finally see light cuz i was up late that night really scared. so then my dad came and told me that in the middle of the night a police came in our house and told my dad if there was a man living in our house, and he said no and asked the police officers why he wanted to know about that, and the y said that they couldnt tell us because it would frighten us. so i was guessing that the man they were looking for was the same man that i saw the other night standing on top of my bed holding a knife. i guess he was a dangerous man and had died in that house. so from that day forward i knew that that house was haunted.

**DATE** 4/21/2002  
**FROM** nefertiri  
**TITLE** AN ANGELIC PRESCENCE

childhood..... its an escence of innocents. we arent clogged with ghost stories made to intentionally frighten us.. thus causing us to block communication with ghosts like we do as adults. ....i was 5 yrs old when this happned . i am now 18. my mother was laying down next to me i remember. i was asleep. suddenly i was overwhelmed with a sudden force that had awoken me . i looked up into the darkness of the room. as my eyes adjusted, i saw something white floatng in circles above the ceiling. it wasnt bright .it alluminated a very faint glow. i started to awake my mother saying "look over there its something flying" this happned for a week and each time i saw it , i awoke her. she would gaze at the ceiling and say "nothing is there". as i grew older i never forgot my experience and neither did my mother. she had no doubt that what I had seen

and what was invisible to HER eyes was indeed a ghost. my mother is somewhat psychic .so identifying ghosts are nothing out of the ordinary to her. still, every night i gaze up at the ceiling trying to analyze who was looking down at us that night. and i still have the feeling that in a way iv been touched by an angelic prescence . i feel as if it gave me .....a third eye

**DATE** 4/24/2002  
**FROM** bunnyboo  
**TITLE** scary night

The other night I was sleeping peacefully in my bed, when I felt, someone was there watching me. I opened my eyes I saw half a profile of someone walking by my bed. I could only distinguish the head, the shoulders and an arm that was swaying as it walked by. My vertical blinds were open a bit, so therefore there was a little bit of light coming in. I was very frightened I had to sleep with my light on!!(as if that would do anything to keep it away). All night long before I went to bed, I kept on feeling cold spots near the sofa, the chills were going right through me. For awhile now, my rabbits keep on standing on their hind legs staring at nothing(usually they will stare as if someone is sitting on the sofa). Hope this person is not going to appear again, I was too scared and didn't get enough sleep that night.

**DATE** 4/25/2002  
**FROM** xsinfulpinaygrlx  
**TITLE** my haunted house

here's my story: one day me, my friend myra, and her friends decided to play the ouija board but we dont have one so we decided to make one.

we started playing it and it worked. i heard that its bad to make one yourself but we did it anyways. after a few weeks, i started noticing that my room was always cold and i told my boyfriend about it and he came over the next day and he felt a bad vibe in my room. i called my friend that night on 3way calling along with my boyfriend. after a few minutes in the conversation, my friend alexandra heard a little girl's voice saying "help me", my boyfriend heard it too, except for me. my friend thinks that the little girl's voice was in me and wants to be set free. after that night, i called up my friend again on a 3way call and the little girl's voice was gone. after a few months something else was haunting my house, one morning, i was sleeping in my bed and i heard a knock in my door but when i opened it, no one was there, my parents already left for work and i was home alone, my mom heard this too when she was in the bathroom getting ready for work.

one saturday after my prom dance, my boyfriend had came over and he supposed to pick up his stuff that he left at my house and i was in the bathroom taking a bath. i didnt know that hed was coming over and he's been knocking at my door then suddenly i heard someone / something pounding at the wall in the bathroom (no one was home) and i got scared and i got out the shower and i finally heard the doorbell. that's my scary stories. feel free to reply back.

**DATE** 5/2/2002

**FROM** sublimeobsessedmidget

**TITLE** Be friendly

This is my second time coming to this site but my first time posting and registering. I never really had any ghost stories to tell and I still don't really. One day not too long ago I stumbled across a website on ghosthunting and have been hooked ever since. I have always believed in ghosts but never knew about orbs or EVP. I was really interested in it and decided I wanted to give it a try. One day I made plans with my friend to go to the nearest graveyard and take some pictures. I went with my sister, my friend and her little brother. We had only one camera(a disposable from rite aid) and one flash light. I had read on the website that you should ask permission and talk to the ghosts. Basically be friendly. I did all that trying to recite the thing on the website from memory. It was midnight, but it was summertime. It had been really hot as soon as we had stepped outside to drive down to the cemetery, and we had drove there with all the windows down. Almost as soon as we stepped into the cemetery the temperature dropped. We were freezing. My sister was feeling all kinds of really cold spots and I snapped pictures around there. I took pics of the people I was with and of some grave stones. At one point I looked down at my feet and there was a big pile of flowers that they had taken off of the graves. There were a bunch of them and it looked kind of depressing and almost morbid. Most of them were dead. I took a pic of that and we went home. I don't have a scanner, and I had also used the first half of the roll taking pics of my friends and me. I wanted to put a pic of my on my computer to send it to people or to put it on a profile..... whatever. I went to wal-mart and ordered the pics to be put on a disc. My mom had told me to tell the people not to throw out any pics even if they look messed up. My sister had just gotten pics put on a disc so she was filling it out. I forgot to ask and I wish I had. When I got the pics back I didn't see anything unusual at first. I noticed some pics seemed to be missing but had already forgotten what I had taken pictures of by then. I looked at the pictures closer and in light and saw a couple orbs in one. I was so excited. I turned to the one of the flowers and saw a ton of orbs in it. A little while later I decided to put the pictures on the disc onto my computer. I was looking at the cemetery pics again and noticed one I hadn't seen in the envelope. It was hard to miss, because it had a trailing orb coming out of the ground. I jumped up and looked for the negative of it but it wasn't in there. I still don't know why. The picture is fine and even if it wasn't they still wouldn't have cut out the negative. I was mad but very glad I had got them on the disc!!

One day long after that my sister found three rolls of film. She had gotten them for christmas with a new camera but the camera didn't have flash so she had never used it. She wanted to go back to the cemetery and use the film while it was nice and bright. I had just gotten into a big argument with her boyfriend and was in a bad mood. I went with her just to get out of the house.

We went to a different one this time. I was still grumpy when we got there. I did not say anything or ask for their permission. I had brought my video camera with me this time. I had charged the battery right before we left. I started taping for a little bit and then suddenly it just went dead. It scared me too because usually it would shut down before going dead to save some battery so you could open it to get the tape out. You would hear the thing working to shut down like a vcr rewinding or something. This time it just went black. I nearly fell because I had my eye closed and the other was just seeing black. My sister finished taking pictures and went to the car to put in a new load of film. But her camera wouldn't wind the old film so she couldn't get it out without exposing it. She did not want to open it and we decided to wait till we got home to fix it. The button wouldn't move at all!! We left and she kept trying and trying. When we got a distance away from the cemetery, it wound up. She had to push hard but it moved. Before it wouldn't budge at all. I think they were a little mad that we just barged in there and started to take pictures and stuff. They wanted us out!! I should have been more friendly. Next time I will be.

**DATE** 5/5/2002  
**FROM** paradoxx  
**TITLE** Haunted Bathroom?

This may sound extremely stupid, but I'm afraid of my bathroom. I can't even walk by the bathroom door if it's open, and the light is off. I just get a REALLY bad feeling. I've lived in the same house for just over 20 years and I can walk anywhere in the house, not feel a thing - but when I get to the bathroom, I just start shaking - It's almost like a panic attack.

I have never experienced something like this before. Just this morning even, I closed the door and walked by, but when I got about 7 feet from it, I heard this loud bang. I went back in and the right side of the mirror had come loose from the brackets and fallen to the counter.

It's really strange - I've probably only told this to two other people. I'm afraid of everyone ridiculing me.  Has anyone ever felt like this before in an area of their house?

**DATE** 5/6/2002  
**FROM** stovallbohn  
**TITLE** Friendly Visit

My sister and I (being amature investigators) were invited by one of her friends who was painting a house in Covington Georgia. The original house was built by the founder of the city of Covington and changed hands many times. Once was a church and a morgue.

There were stories of workers quitting on the job site for the past 40 years during the restruction of the property. On was if you can out of a certain room next to the stairs you would be face to face with a beautiful young woman who is standing with her back towards the stairs. She looks at you in horror and falls backwards. The man we spoke to who saw this stated he felt a brush against his arm when he tried to grab her before he vanished.

While we were there we heard children crying, cold spots, 2 wonderful pictures of orbs, our camera's died (extra batteries were brought) and your compass was going hay wire in the old part of the house. Nothing in the new.

We studies up on this and it turns out that the orgianl owners wife fell down the stairs while holding their infant son both died shortly after. We are planning on going back to the house for a all nighter.

The present owner has mentioned seeing things like shadows and hearing voices but he states that they are actualy very soothing. Especially to one of his children who has been seen seriously playing with a mysterious woman.