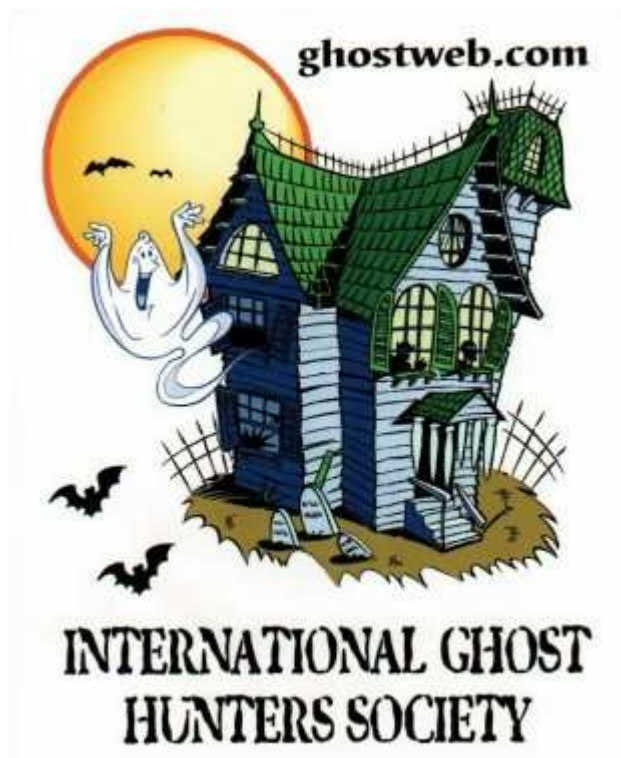


# Things that goes Bump in the Night



Stories Compiled by  
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Submitted by IGHS Members

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## The Footsteps

I don't know if this is a very scary one, but it is true and it happened to me and my sister. From the age of about 7 to 12 my sister and I lived in a two story house in Coffeyville Kansas. It was an older home on a well established street.

It seemed that especially during the late afternoon or early evening when it was only my sister and I was home, we would hear footsteps above us in the second story rooms. We could follow the sounds of the footsteps across the ceiling above us.

Although I was 4 years younger than my sister, I would be the brave one, grab my ball bat, and go upstairs to find the "intruder". There was never anyone there! I would check every room and find nothing.

We would tell our parents about the sounds and my mother would just say it was the house settling or something. The house was over 60 years old at the time!

My mother did tell us one time that my father was sleeping on the couch one afternoon. When she went to wake him up, he looked at her and asked who was with her as he saw an elderly woman standing next to my mother. As soon as he said that, the woman faded away. As far as I know, that was the only time anyone, in the family, saw anything in the house. But, when my sister and I were alone, we would NOT go upstairs in that house!

Alan Patterson  
Midway, Georgia

## The Dark Woods

Let's see, where should I begin? Oh, it was myself and a bunch of friends of mine and my husband at the time, we decided to have the crap scared out of us by going to a place called Gore Orphanage at night-time. It had to have been about 4 years ago (2006) I believe, about 5 months before my son was born. So we went out there armed with a digital camera and a tape recorder.

Mind you, this place is down in a valley and in the woods absolutely surrounded by trees and you can't really see the houses on top of the surrounding hills. Plus the wind whistles through the trees and it sounds like the trees are talking to you, vague whispers that you can't really understand. Well anyway, it was me, my husband, and two of my friends and we went out there thinking that the most we would get was possibly some ectoplasm or maybe an apparition or an EVP of something... Well, we definitely got something... Every time I felt the urge to point my camera or recorder in a certain direction, they would both shut off. Period.

And I had just put brand-new batteries in both of them while I was in the car! I was starting to feel a little uncomfortable because I knew that someone or something wasn't really happy with me and my friends being there. At that point, I starting feeling like there was a very big man standing right around me and I felt like a little kid that had done something wrong. This entity scared the crap outta me!!!

I told my husband and friends that I needed to get the heck outta there and I meant NOW!!! I practically ran outta there and they were just standing there dumbfounded because I was running like a chicken with my head cut off... At daytime I have no problems being there investigating but I'm very scared to go there at night-time... It's just really unnerving even with the spirits of the kids that are there.. I feel like they are trapped by the very strong male entity that's there as well... I know the history of the place really well, but there is someone that's very angry there...

Amanda Jo Schaloff  
Norwalk, OH

## My Grandma's House

I was around seven years old at my grandma's old house. We all had this joke that her house was haunted. It was the classic old house with creaky floorboards and random sounds. Some of the windows had trouble latching and the wires would sometimes have problems. It even had a dark history; an older lady died there a few years before my grandmother started living there.

Well, early in the mornings, I always heard the floorboards creak. It sounded like footsteps. When I told my grandparents, they said it was just the floorboards. The house was old. It was only my imagination. Their reassuring reasons behind what I was hearing never made me feel any different than frightened.

I knew it wasn't just the floorboards or my imagination. I knew this because only certain spots would creak if you stepped on them. When I heard the creaking in the mornings, the creaking would start from the kitchen and continue slowly until it reached the bedroom where I slept with my grandparents. The sounds would go back and forth, back and forth all the way until my grandma would wake up and make me breakfast. It sounded as if someone was pacing the house, waiting until we would leave the safety of the bedroom.

One day, when my cousin and I were spending the night, we woke up extra early. It was around seven o'clock and my grandma was still sleeping—my grandpa had worked late and ended up sleeping in his truck at work like he sometimes did. We didn't want to wake her up. With my cousin by my side to give me strength, I ventured out of the bedroom with her. We walked slowly past the kitchen and into the living room.

My cousin and I sat on one of the couches and began to talk about a movie we saw the night before. It wasn't until five minutes after we started talking that I heard the footsteps. My cousin heard them, too, and we were both extremely frightened. At first we thought it might just be our grandma waking up, but when she didn't emerge into the kitchen and the floorboards kept creaking, we knew it wasn't her.

All of a sudden, we heard noises from the basement. It sounded as if a woman was down there. She kept calling for help, even somehow using our names.

"Amber! Heather! Help me!" she cried.

For the slightest second, I thought it was my grandma. Maybe she had somehow gone into the basement without us knowing and fell. My grandpa had a sort of woodworking shop down there. What if one of the saws cut her on accident?

The moment of doubt passed me by. I knew it wasn't my grandma. It couldn't be her down there. Fear drained the worry away. My cousin and I hid behind the lazy boy chair in the corner of the room. We held on to each other. I was too afraid to move and too afraid to call to my grandma for help. I just hoped whatever was happening would stop. All the scary movies I had seen and all the ghost stories I had heard were flying through my head like wildfire. I didn't want to end up like one of those people. I was only seven!

I felt a sort of cold breeze near my shoulder. Without thinking, I turned my head to stare at the arm of the couch I was hiding next to. The couch was not empty.

I saw an old woman with graying hair perched at the end of the couch. She was wearing a white blouse and a pink, cotton skirt with a pair of those orthopedic shoes. Her hair was pulled back in a bun and she had round glasses sitting at the very tip of her nose. She smiled at me sweetly.

The fact that there was a strange woman in my grandmother's house—in my grandmother's living room sitting very close to me—was enough to make my blood run cold. It might have been the only time when I felt my face grow pale. My heart stopped for a fraction of a second, the time it took for my brain to register exactly what I was seeing.

Then I screamed and ran with my cousin back to the safety of the bedroom. When we emerged later, our hands clutching those of our grandmother, the lady was gone.

To this day, my cousin says she never saw the woman. She only heard my scream and then ran away with me. I still don't know if I actually saw a ghost or if my imagination just got the better of me. All I know is that that morning was without a doubt the most terrifying childhood memory I keep with me.

Amber Hogan  
O'Fallon Missouri

## I'm a Believer

I am sending you the story that made me a believer at age 10. It was 1979 in Saint Paul, Mn. I was ten years old and living in a Duplex owned by my parents. I was sharing a bedroom with my mom when the visitor first arrived. I always hated nighttime and still do to this day, I had problems falling asleep so my mom moved a bed into my room.

It was a warm summer night and my mother would put a floor fan in the doorway so a breeze would blow through the room. I was lying in bed waiting to fall asleep, I looked toward the doorway and to my surprise I seen a static outline of a person, not just any person, someone that was about 5'4 weighing about 170 pounds.

Now, to define a outline of static, those of you that know what UHF is on the old television sets, this is what it looked like, about two inches of static outline with a hollow inside. As I layed there in confusion, it stood in the doorway and then vanished right before my eyes. I never said a word to mom the next morning, thinking I would just irritate her with my sleeping problems. A few nights later, the static reappeared, it stood in my doorway just as it did a few nights earlier, this time it took a couple steps in my direction, as fearful as I was I pulled the sheets over my head and believe I stayed that way til morning. Still not saying a peep to anyone, I went about my day.

About a week later, the static person was back in the doorway, I thought to myself be brave, don't pull the blankets over your head, let's just see what happens, if needed my mom was in the bed on the other side of the room. Well, the static person did walk to my bed, as it stood next to me, it bent over as to lift me from my bed! Now this was way to close for comfort, I pulled every blanket on my bed over my head that night!

The next day I told myself, now this static thing, whatever it is, did not seem to want to harm you, lets just see what happens if you just lay still and not pull up the blankets, I waited and waited for it to return, sadly to say it never did come back to my room. To this day I often think about the static image that came to visit me on those nights, I also think, why didn't I ever mention this to my family? Maybe it could tell just how much fear it was bringing my way and decided to move on?

Well this is what started my belief in other things that may be out there that one cannot see or begin to believe. Sometimes I think people that had first hand experiences with the unknown have a connection of understanding what is out there... is real.

Thank you for reading my story, I hope you can use it or at least find someone that could say, hey, I have seen a static image also.

Amy Proell  
Roseville, Mn

## The Attic

My name is Andrea Saunders. I am the founder and lead psychic/medium of RIP (Rochester Investigations of the Paranormal). I have had paranormal experiences throughout my entire (so far, anyway) life, and the one I'm about to relate to you still frightens me. I don't know if it was a religious experience, a paranormal one, or both. Perhaps you can make that decision.

I am 64 years old now, so what happened to me happened fifty years ago. I've always been hesitant to talk about it, and at the time it occurred, I told my mother about it. To her everlasting credit, she was supportive. My father was not, but then, he wasn't psychic like my mother.

It was a Saturday afternoon during the autumn of 1960. My friend Diane, in whose home this occurred, had just finished our eight-year stint at a Catholic grammar school and were very glad to be out from under the yoke of what were extremely zealous nuns. That accounts for our irreverence towards a statue in the attic of Diane's home in Rochester, New York.

Diane's home was a large one, much finer than the run-of-the-mill houses in our neighborhood. It was loaded with fine woodwork and leaded glass. A fireplace, bookcases, French doors – altogether a beautiful house. I avoided it like the plague after this incident, though, and still avoid driving past it.

We were bored. The weather was dismal. We went into the attic of the house, which surprised me because it was completely empty. (The attic of my home was loaded with cast-offs, and a constant bone of contention between my parents. My mother wanted it cleaned out; my father didn't want to do it.) This attic, in Diane's house, contained absolutely nothing but a three-legged stool with a statue of the Virgin Mary placed on top of it.

We walked over to look at the statue and derided it because the hands were missing. Obviously, they had been broken off years previously and the statue placed in the attic because of this imperfection. The attic was a long one, and the statue was at the street-end of the house, almost like a sentinel, except for it was pointed toward the length of the attic.

As I said, we had been recently unleashed from the Catholic nuns and raucously made fun of the statue. Nasty rude girls? I don't think so. A combination of ignorance and hormones, I think.

There was nothing else in the attic to look at, but I remember walking halfway down the length of it and seeing something tucked into the eaves. It turned out to be an old work permit. I said to Diane, "Look at this! This is even older than \_\_\_!" I don't remember what it was older than, because Diane started screaming at me, "Andrea! Andrea! Come on! Come on!"

I continued to dawdle, which I don't understand. And then I turned around and saw it. Diane had gone halfway down the stairs. She was in tears and had her hands pressed up to her face,

and was making little sounds. The statue, on the stool, had advanced nearly half-way to where I was standing. The stool was wobbling and scraping, and the statue was bobbing from side-to-side on top of it. But it kept coming, heading straight for me, going slowly, but steadily. I stared. There was no doubt about what I was seeing, and no doubt that Diane had seen it too. I ran around it and past it, met Diane on the stairs, and got out of that attic and that house.

I ran home, very upset, and told my mother what happened. As I said, she was supportive and kind. From my father came the, "Oh, you're nuts!" that was to be expected from him. My mother called Diane's family, and told her sister (Diane's mother had died. Her sister was kind of a part-time mother.) what had happened. We went back over there and some of the family members went into the attic. Neither Diane nor I would go up there again. They reported that the statue was where it belonged, and strongly doubted the veracity of what we told them.

I never went back to that house. If Diane and I did a sleep-over, we stayed at my house. We grew apart, eventually, as teenagers do, and I was shocked years later when I ran into Diane in a local mall and mentioned the incident – she denied any knowledge of it and claimed to not remember that cold, dismal day in the attic.

I guess you do what you need to do to cope. I, with the help of my mother, faced in straight on. Of course, there was a huge difference: I didn't have to live in that house. Diane did.

So what do you think? Religious experience? Poltergeist activity? I'm now a ghost-hunter in the Rochester, New York area, and don't frighten easily. But that day, half a century ago, still chills me.

Andrea Saunders  
West Henrietta, NY

## My Attic

I was about nineteen years old at the time of this experience and not given over easily to fear of the unknown having been raised in a haunted house. I was spending summer vacation at my sister's home in Erie Pennsylvania. Her house was a small two bedroom one bath bungalow and being that she and her husband occupied one room and her son was in the other I had the choice of either sleeping on the couch or in the unfinished attic. Never having a room of my own while growing up I chose the attic, ecstatic to have the privacy.

The attic was divided into two rooms, one toward the front of the house where I slept and a smaller one to the back of the house that was used for storage. The night of my ordeal in that attic room began like any other and I had no reason to expect what happened. That night, as I was asleep, or rather in the sleep state where your mind is half aware, I heard a sound on the steps. The creaks grew louder as someone or something advanced to the top. I held my breath straining to hear, then nothing. I relaxed and drifted back to sleep.

As my mind went in and out, I again became aware of a sound only this time it was the plastic dry cleaning bags rustling. They hung near the stairs in the storage area just outside of the room where I was lying.

I was not immediately alarmed because during my previous visits my brother in law loved to play tricks on me and scare me, so, as I came a little more awake I called out to him that I knew he was there and I wasn't tricked and he may as well go back downstairs. I listened for a while, waiting, but there was no answer. No footsteps retreating in defeat back down the stairs. I listened for just a moment longer then began to drift back to sleep.

That is when I felt a cold draft blow over me.

Lying on my back the cold seemed only to affect my right side...the side closest to the doorway. The cold was so intense I was losing feeling in my neck and shoulder. I could feel that side stiffen and become hard as if frozen. I was trying to figure out why this was happening when from the doorway there came an unearthly snarl and growl.

My mind stopped at the sound of croupy breathing and a continual low, guttural growl. I tried to come awake to protect myself from whatever was there but I couldn't move. I was trapped in a twilight sleep paralysis. The snarling continued, now a bit closer, louder.

After what truly felt like an eternity, instinct took over and I thought if only I could utter a prayer of protection I would be fine but I couldn't focus my mind on the words! Whatever it was in that room with me seemed to have my mind in some sort of control. The horrible sound continued to come closer, hovering right above me. I couldn't open my eyes, I couldn't call out, I could hardly put two thoughts together.

All I could hear was that snarling, it filled ever corner of the room and I was really beginning to panic! Unable to move, my right side frozen, I tried to turn to God. I knew if I called out to Him I'd be protected but my mind would not form the words. I couldn't focus on the name of God

or Jesus, prayers were not being allowed into my mind and I struggled desperately to form any holy word I could find in my brain. I was desperate to remember!

After what seemed like an eternity of feverish struggle I was able to call for God's help which became more like a scream reverberating through my mind. Slowly I grasped the words "God help me" and "Jesus be with me". I prayed furiously saying the words over and over until they filled my mind. Eventually I realized the sound was gone. In the next moment a gentle caressing warmth overtook me. The cold left my neck and shoulder, they relaxed in that warmth and I was so comforted that I just turned onto my side and fell back to sleep.

I don't know what came to me that night, I can't put a name to it but I do know it was not a human spirit. I was petrified to go back up to that room and for several days slept on the couch. When I had to go back up there to retrieve my belongings I made the sign of the cross over myself before entering the room.

Eventually I recovered from that encounter and was able to sleep up there again but not without a crucifix on the wall and some pictures of protecting saints. I said my prayers every night and some for extra protection but nothing like that ever visited me again. Well, at least not there.

Angela Furney  
Tampa, FL

## The Funeral Home

I'm afraid of the dark... have been ever since I was a little kid and had to be put to bed long before any of the adults in my house. So, what did I decide to do for a living? I became a mortician. The breaking-in period for a mortician, while going to school, is usually to be a funeral attendant. What is that, you may ask. The attendant is the lone individual who sees to the needs of the living, in the evenings, usually at the funeral home, during the late night visitations and memorials.

The attendant is usually, also, the only living person left in the building after the families and friends of the deceased go home for the night. The attendant (me and many others like me) is also the person who cleans up the chapels and the bathrooms, vacuums the carpets, and, in some cases, gets the casket with the deceased inside, ready for their final journey in the morning to the church, and then, to the cemetery.

That's what I did... for many years... night after lonely night. Always giving a final look-see at the deceased to make sure that he or she was safe, and... shall we say... tucked in for the night. Then, the final responsibility of the night is always to inspect the entire funeral home... dark room by dark room... making sure that no living had decided to sneak in and stay the night. Then, and only then, does an attendant do the locking up of the home and set the alarm.

And, like I said at the beginning... I'm afraid of the dark! The first time that I was completely alone I definitely got the willies. I was afraid that someone or something was going to jump out at every turn. I worked very hard to dispel this silliness. I did pretty well at it, too, until one night, after 10 p.m., a family was having a particularly difficult time saying their final goodbyes, so they left rather late from our large chapel located on the south end of the home. The lights were all on, at the time, in the chapel, so, I wasn't very nervous. At least, not until the last person left.

At this point I locked the large oak double doors as I normally would do. I had already cleaned the restrooms and emptied the trash, turned off the music, and taken care of the heat setting for the night (it was winter, so, I didn't need to keep the temperature warm... the cool night temps would be much better for the deceased along with the flowers that were going to the cemetery in the morning). So, all was good... until I turned around after taking my hand off of the now locked doorknobs.

Upon turning around, I felt that I was not alone. The room was cold...too cold. There was a breeze from somewhere, even with the heat and air-handlers off. I checked the restrooms, the clergy room, the music room, and all were empty. I, then, turned off the lights in the chapel lobby. I still knew that I was not alone!

I took the long walk through the chapel approaching the deceased resting quietly in the casket... yet feeling that, at any moment, he was going to do something. I checked the chapel doors located just south of the casket to make sure that they were locked and secure. The door

on the right was slightly ajar. I, now, laughed at myself. “That explains it”, I said, “a slight chill and breeze from the night air. I knew there was a logical explanation for all of this.”

I, then, went about my business in completing my check and lock-up of the entire funeral home including the westerly chapel, the front lobby and offices, and the rest of the bathrooms... turning all of the lights off as I went. I’m afraid of the dark, but, I was doing pretty good... not even feeling the least bit twitchy when locking up the fire doors down the long hallway by the dressing room, the cooler, and the embalming room (a.k.a. the prep room) located at the far north of the building along with the alarm keypad and employee exit.

As I removed the keys from my purse to have them in my hand so that I could lock the door within the required 45 seconds after setting the alarm, I looked up at the alarm lights and saw them switch from green for go to red for what-the-heck. My thoughts were “Hey... I locked everything... I shut everything. Wait a minute...” as I looked down the now dark hallway with locked fire doors.

It finally hit me that a door somewhere had opened. “Did I miss someone in one of the pews? What the \$%\*&!” (you fill in whatever word you’d like here... it’ll fit). This all happened in what must have been just seconds, but, it seemed like forever. I’m sure that I froze... went into that auto-response of ‘if I stay real still it’ll go away’.

When I realized that I had to go back through everywhere that I had just locked... everyplace that I had just darkened... I could definitely hear my heart beating in my ears. As I approached the first fire door, I stopped and asked myself if I should run outside and call the police and my husband... sit in the car with the doors locked and the radio turned up. “Chicken!” was all I could say to myself.

I unlocked the first fire door and fumbled for the light. I moved through each area of the back hall in this manner... dropping keys and fumbling for lights like someone in an old black-and-white zombie movie. For some reason, which I couldn’t explain at the time, I felt that I only needed to go into the large chapel. I didn’t need to check the rest of the building.

I crossed the dark central hallway leading into the family area of the chapel. Of course, I couldn’t find the light, but, when I did turned it on so fast. I didn’t realize until that light went on that I hadn’t been breathing and my throat was as tight as if a scream was just itching to get out. I, then, walked into the dark chapel and turned the lights on...all of them...which just happened to be located a few feet away from the foot of the casket. Yes, a part of me expected to see the deceased sitting up in that box, laughing at me or pointing at me or something. I was about to wet myself! When those lights went on... I was never so happy to see a dead guy just laying there, like I had left him, in all my life.

I breathed a sigh of relief and was happy until I felt that chill again. I felt that same slight night breeze that I had felt earlier. I was drawn to turn toward that south door to the right, again. Slowly I turned and saw what I did not want to see... the door was again ajar! Just enough, too,

to where the alarm wouldn't clear. You and I both know that I had shut, locked, and checked that door!

Well, none to say the least, I shut it again, checked it twice, and, put all to right as I had originally had it. I moved REAL fast this time, moving with my head down and the tension rising... stress keeping the screams, the tears, and other bodily fluids all inside where they rightly belonged.

Approaching that alarm keypad, once again, keys at the ready, hallways dark, and fire doors locked... it happened again! This time my fear was replaced with annoyance and anger... actual anger.

I threw my purse down on the hard floor and spoke out loud to whatever it was that was playing games with me. I wanted to go home and I was getting tired of this... it was late... nearly 11 p.m. by this time and I hadn't eaten. I knew right where to go, and, you guessed it... the same door was in the same condition. So, I again secured it and didn't care one bit about the dark or the deceased. To me, at that time, the dark was only the dark and the deceased wasn't going anywhere until tomorrow. Somehow, I knew that a spirit was playing with that door... playing and having fun.

But, at this time, I was too hungry and too tired to care. I actually stood in the chapel and spoke to it as if it were a naughty child. Standing with my hands on my hips I said, "Okay... you've had your fun. Now, will you let me go home now? Oh, and by the way... you need to stay here... Got it?" I then heard a loud bang as if someone hit the wooden clergy dais with their hand. I never moved so fast to get out of there in the whole time that I worked there (being the responsible employee, I made sure to turn off and lock up where I had before).

The keypad was perfect green for go and all locked up just as it should be, so I went to my car, got in, and headed for home. About a mile away from my house there was a traffic jam... dead stop (no pun intended). A horrible car accident had taken place with fatalities. As I had to wait for a few minutes for the traffic to be allowed to move, I noticed a police officer that I recognized from the neighborhood, so, I flagged him over.

I asked when this had happened... it looked really bad and somewhat... I don't know... recent. The officer informed me that the accident had happened about 20 minutes earlier... a four car pile-up. I was struck dumb... I realized that I would have been driving in that area at the time of the accident if it hadn't been for the chapel door spirit. Holy \$%&\*!!! That could have been me in that twisted car with the tarp over the windshield. Oh, wow!!!

I looked over my shoulder towards the direction of the funeral home, prior to being allowed to drive around the mess, and, the tears began to flow. I understood. The spirit wasn't playing with me... the spirit was protecting me. Spirit knew!!! Emotions took hold. I began to cry, because, for the first time, I felt that I had a friend in the dark. I was moved to tears by the caring and kindness exhibited towards me from someone who had passed. I must have been

doing something right... and, I also had some apologies to make and some thanks to give the next time that I was alone, in the funeral home, in the dark.

Mariah de la Croix  
Phoenix, AZ

## Children

Normally, I am never bothered by children. I am like most people in that I feel that they are our future. They are something to be cared for, nurtured, taught, respected, and, most of all, loved. Children see the world as we adults would like to see it... with hopes and dreams that, somewhere along the way, we adults have lost. If we "mature" beings are fortunate enough to be around the young 'uns, then, maybe, just maybe, we'll also be wise enough to observe them and listen to them.

Even take the time to see the world through their eyes, if only for a little while. Just long enough to recharge our hardened cores so that we can get back to having to deal with the real world... in all of its dank harshness... with fairness, gentility, strength, and, above all, patience.

Unfortunately, for some, that dank harshness is a reality, far too often and far too long. For instance, the paramedics and police... first responders who arrive on the scene of car-wrecks, house fires, any manner of tragedy... to find the lifeless bodies of those who have gone too soon. The medical examiners (some call them coroners) that are next on the scene, along with the detectives, who often work hand-in-hand to try to figure out why these young lives were taken.

Then, last of all, you have the funeral personnel who take those little bodies into their custody, for a time, to put them back together and clean them... to cosmetize and dress them... make them look so "natural", like their "sleeping", and, in most cases, truly bringing out their innocence... so that the little doll can now be placed into a box for viewing... for closure (if there ever is any) to the family, friends, and loved ones of the hope of the future, now passed.

This last area is where I come in. I'm a mortician. I love what I do. You name it... I've probably done it. If I haven't... I know someone who has. We see it all... even things that we're not ready or expecting to see.

While I was still going to school, I was fortunate enough to obtain a job as a funeral attendant in a local mortuary. I loved it. I loved taking care of the needs of the families at this oh so difficult time. I loved seeing the families sometimes getting along. I loved, especially, seeing and hearing the children at the funerals... especially the ones who were well behaved... and alive.

Early on in my career, I was told (or should I say... warned) by more than one well-seasoned funeral director, to watch out for the sounds of kids. I remember asking, "You mean... ghosts?" The reply was always, "Yep!" I would think to myself, "Okay... that's no problem. I've dealt with worse." I was open to it, and yet, I couldn't figure out why a spirit of a child would want to hang around a mortuary. So, I really doubted that I would be running into any. I was wrong...

Most of the incidents that I experienced with spirits of children were positive. At times, they were heart-warming and, at others, downright funny. For instance, in one of the funeral homes

I was located at, there was an incredibly long hallway that led to two different chapels, four parlors, then, ended at the main lobby and two large glass doors. At night, with just the basic lights on... like you might have on in your living room... a person walking down that long hall towards those glass doors can see a very clear reflection of themselves.

On many occasions, while walking that walk, I would notice little feet and legs following behind me... reflected in that glass. I would turn around, thinking that a little girl had followed me out of a visitation and was playing with me... imitating my walk (which is a little crooked anyhow). No one was ever there... at least not that I could see. I can't say that I ever really got comfortably used to it, but, I have learned how to just work with it. I'm always ready to turn around and say "Hi!" to the child. I see no one there, so, I don't want to seem rude. I say "Hi!" anyhow. It helps me deal with the unease.

I still remember the first little one who followed me down that hall. It was a little girl of about 8 years old wearing a green tank top, white with a green vine pattern Capri length play pants, and leather sandals. She had shoulder length, dark blond hair parted in the middle. She was about two feet behind me and kicking her feet out to the side and waddling with her arms out... kind of like I do (told you... I walk funny). I heard little girl giggles, too. I thought that I would get the best of her and stop short, causing her to bump into me, while I said "Alright!" in a jovial and fun manner (I didn't want to scare her or think that I was angry with her). I stopped... no bump. I turned around... no kid!!!

This same scenario played out on a number of occasions. Some nights it was a little boy or two wearing suits and ties... sometimes little girls in fancy dresses and patent leather shoes. At times, I felt like the Pied Piper of Hamelin even though I knew that they had all gone through our funeral home. Even though it would always unnerve me... I took to calling them 'my kids'. That first little girl will always be 'my little girl'.

But, I knew that they weren't mine. I had read up on writings by van Pragh and knew that I had to send them home... send them to the light. So, in a way that I was comfortable with, I let them know that they had passed, and that it was safe for them to go to the light. Loved ones were waiting for them... through the light.

Everything calmed down, in that hallway, at that time. All stayed calm for a number of months, too. I can't say that I didn't miss them because I did. In my way, I liked them... I'd like to think that they liked me, too. They unnerved me, but, they made me feel good at the same time. I know that I did the right thing by sending them on. They are now at peace. They went on easily... but, not all do.

I came in to the parlor one evening to work a visitation around 3 p.m. The funeral home had several that evening and they were all scheduled to be over by 8. I was put in charge of the visitation on a five year old girl who had been murdered. I knew that this was going to be a bad night. The attendant for the other visitation didn't envy me one bit and, the other employees were all very blue... who could blame them. The atmosphere in the chapel that night was so

heavy and hopeless that people were just losing control. Fights were breaking out, couples were arguing, ladies were so distraught that the bathrooms were used for vomiting more than once. It was bad.

The other visitation went very well and ended early, but, the other attendant decided to stay on and give me a hand, anyway. When everyone had finally left from the little girl's visitation, we two attendants did one quick bang-up job cleaning the entrance, the bathrooms, and the chapel. But, just as we were picking up the last of the many tissues on the floor we both heard it. In the total quiet of that huge chapel we heard it. A child crying. We both looked at each other at the exact same time and knew that we both heard it... we weren't crazy. Thank goodness we were done, because, all we wanted to do at that time was lock up and get the you-know-what (I don't cuss around kids!) out of there.

We had to approach the casket containing the little girl to be able to exit the chapel. As we got closer to the casket (carrying our white, plastic trash bags) we both were aware of the crying getting louder and clearer. We thought that, perhaps, someone had put some sort of sound box in the casket with the child as a joke. We swallowed real hard and looked all around. Nothin'!!! The sound seemed to be changing, moving... it was all around us. We looked at each other, grabbed each other's hand, and hauled it out of there (locking up and turning off lights as we went... we were good employees).

When we had set the alarm and gone out the employee door, we got to our cars and realized that we still had the trash bags in our hands. We didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or scream at this point, so, we both just burst out laughing with all of the nervous pent-up energy that the last few minutes had dumped on us. Since my colleague was an older lady, I took the trash bag out of her hand and let her know that I'd dump it in my dumpster at home. We were okay, now, we hoped. We got in our cars and drove off.

Prior to me leaving the parking lot, I decided to stop and move back the moon roof on my car to let some night in. It really was a beautiful night. The stars were all twinkly and the air was crisp. I REALLY needed a little beauty right then. Too bad I didn't get it. I moved that interior visor-roof thingy back to expose the glass allowing me to view the night when I saw something that I had only heard about in spooky movies... in a child's scrawl was drawn in the fog on the moon-window... a very unhappy 'Smiley Face' with the words "I'm Cold" printed next to it.

I wiped it off with my hand immediately... it came right back. I got a rag out of my glove compartment (the contents of which were now all on my passenger seat and floor) and wiped until the glass squeaked. Breathing a sigh of relief that it was gone, I looked closely at the glass and it was slowly coming back. I was not a happy camper, plus, this was really creeping me out.

I closed the roof-visor thingy and pulled myself together. I had to figure out some way to stop shaking so that I could drive. I rolled down the windows and cranked my stereo and made it home.

Several people saw this odd manifestation and tried to clean it off... all to no avail. That "spirit-graffiti" stayed on that moon-roof for well over two years. Then, just as suddenly as it appeared, it disappeared. I found out through a relative who watches every bit of news that she can, that the person who had killed the little girl had finally been caught. I never could really figure out why she felt the need to mark my car. Maybe it was just because I like children... I don't know. I do think, though, that she just wanted to not be forgotten. I know that I'll never forget her. I believe that she is at peace, now, too... just like the others. She just had something that had to get done that she was waiting for.

So, in closing, when you go home tonight, if you have children, hold them... love them... respect them... listen to them. They deserve not to be forgotten. As long as they're here, they are your future. But, unfortunately, some of them aren't allowed to be with us as long as we'd like.

Mariah de la Croix  
Phoenix, AZ

## Rule #1, Never Go Alone

I am the founder of LITTLE EGYPT GHOST SOCIETY – Southern Illinois and a Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Army Reserve as a Combat Engineer. On the civilian side I am a Radiologic Technologist in Medical Imaging and a licensed Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Once a month I travel to the Chicago area for Army Reserve. I was looking for something interesting to do on my off duty hours and decided to check out Bachelor Grove Cemetery. Bachelor Grove Cemetery is a small abandoned cemetery in the Rubio Woods Forest Preserve near Midlothian, Illinois. To get to the cemetery you have to walk down a closed off section of road that used to be the Midlothian Turnpike.

Today this roadway is nothing more than a narrow pathway that is overgrown on both side with trees and shrubs. The cemetery itself is surrounded by a chain link fence that has numerous holes cut into it to gain access. Starting in the 1960's this area became a notorious place for teenagers to hang out and sometimes vandalize. Numerous gravestones have been moved and destroyed leaving multiple unmarked graves. Occultist used this area for their rituals, exhuming graves and strewing the bones around the cemetery and surrounding area. They would make animal sacrifices here, and this practice continues to this day.

There have been many paranormal sightings in and around this area. A scum covered pond lies adjacent to the cemetery just outside the fence. In the late 1800's a farmer was plowing nearby when the horse became spooked and drug the plow and the farmer into the pond drowning both of them. A two headed creature has been reported to emerge from the pond and creep towards the cemetery.

One of the more well known stories is that of the phantom farm house. This house has been spotted in both day and night time and in all weather conditions. Every person that has claimed to see this phantom farm house has given the same description of a two story white farm house with picket fence and porch swing. Upon approaching the house it appears to become smaller and smaller until it fades from sight.

Another common sighting is that of the "ghost lights." These lights rapidly move from grave stone to grave stone and leave a red streak of light in its wake. Another sighting is that of a mother holding an infant walking aimlessly around. Legend claims that a mother was buried next to her infant and now roams the cemetery on nights with a full moon. Many people that visit the cemetery will visit this mother and child's grave site and leave small trinkets, toys and photographs at this makeshift shrine. Along with the many apparitions that have been seen, numerous voices, screams and unexplained sounds have been heard.

After hearing the strange history and unexplained happenings that surround this cemetery, I decided to check it out for myself. It was a cold, moon lit January evening. I parked my car near the Rubio Woods Forest Preserve and located the pathway that leads to Bachelor Grove Cemetery.

I violated the number one rule of ghost hunting.....NEVER GO ALONE. I am a veteran of Operation Enduring Freedom and Operation Iraqi Freedom. I have served in "hostile fire zones" in three Middle Eastern countries. Not much scares me. I walked down the snow covered pathway noticing there were no other tracks in the snow but the ones I was leaving behind me. The moonlight cast long shadows down the pathway and it seemed to take an eternity to walk to the entrance of the cemetery.

As I approached the fence that surrounded the cemetery, I easily found a hole that had been cut in the fence that I could pass through. I was immediately struck by the disarray and overall eerie appearance of the area. Tombstones were turned over haphazardly, tree limb had fallen in the snow and were sticking out like skeletal hand reaching for me. I could tell from the freshly fallen snow that I had been the only person to visit the place recently.

As I stepped further into the cemetery I could detect the distinct odor of rotting flesh and quickly located the source. My eyes easily located a blood splattered gravestone as it glistened in the moonlight and snow. On top of this gravestone were two dead chickens that appeared to have been ritualistically sacrificed. At the moment I spotted the two dead animals I also heard voices behind me that seemed to be getting closer. Just as the voices seemed to be right behind me, I turned around and the voices faded away.

At this point, I decided that this foreboding cemetery is not the place to be alone at night! I had seen and heard enough and made began to make a hasty retreat back to my car. I looked down at the pathway and noticed that the only tracks in the snow were the ones I had made upon walking in. No one else had been on the path. There is only one way in and one way out of the cemetery. Never again will I go to a haunted location alone.

Bruce Cline  
Carbondale, IL

## The Donner Party Camp

There was recently a re-broadcast of the PBS documentary about the disaster. While watching the show, I recalled my experience in California during the Donner Party seminar held by IGHS. One of the events was a visit to the site of the Donner camp. At that site, I took out my Swiss Army compass and held it out to see if it would register anything. Like Dr. Dave says in his using a compass instructions, the compass needle will deviate from north under the "pull" of the magnetic disturbance caused by a possible paranormal entity.

As I held the compass, it seemed to do just that. The needle was being pulled very noticeable away from north. I remember Dr. Sharon coming over and standing behind me as the needle seemed to pull away from the north compass heading. I commented on how I was holding the compass as steady as possible.

After that experience, at that same visit, I stayed back in the area for a while while Drs. Dave and Sharon and the rest of the group returned to the motor coach. As I finally headed back, I had one of my voice recorders running.

When I played the recording back, I heard what sounded like a very congested sneeze followed by a cough. What I heard struck me as being like the type of "cold" one gets during the dead of winter. True, being from Michigan, I have allergies, but I recall not having any problems in the semi-arid climate of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Once again, this is one for the record books.

Charles Cox  
Detroit, MI

## The Haunting

One time while investigating a private residence I had a experience which was a bit scary, but also fascinating in itself especially when our group had been recording some good EVPs in the house as well as some great ghost photos earlier in the night.

Well our group had taken a break and I was inside the house with one of my members who was the actual owner of the house. NO one was in the house other than me and her.

I had just had a high EMF spike on my meter. There was no power to the house due to it being abandoned so that eliminated any outside power sources which could influence the reading. Well we were in the back room and I clearly heard foot steps coming down the hall towards us, but there was no one in the house but us. I just took my camera and held my arm around the corner and started snapping away.

I don't know if I did not want to go face to face with what ever was coming down the hall, but I also wanted to photograph the entity itself which I did. It looked like a little girl and she was heading through a wall. WOW I said once I downloaded the digital camera to the computer and found her. I have investigated the house many times before and have always come out with something. We did record some children talking during our EVP session that we had conducted earlier in the evening once I had downloaded the audio files to my computer.

I don't want people to be scared of ghost hunting but sometimes it gets you excited and a bit scared in the beginning, but once you understand that most spirits will not harm you and that they are just as curious about your being there as they are, sometimes more. And then the fear will turn immediately to joy and happiness once you realize that you did record a spirit from the other side.

David Liles  
Deridder, LA

## The Gamble Plantation

The Gamble Plantation is located in Sarasota, Florida. It's taken me a long time to sit down and write about a ghost experience had a few years back. I've had several over the years and I always thought everybody could do the same thing I could. I found out many years later that wasn't always the case. Children tend to have more of an open mind than adults and I was so exception to this rule.

The one time my dad managed to get off of work long enough to take the family out for the day. It was around either June or July one of those hot, muggy days with a little to no breeze in site. Mom's old Isuzu I-Mark car was our transportation to this place that day. I'd heard something about The Gamble Plantation but never saw it up close until now.

It was in 1983, my brother and I were in elementary school at the time and we, the family, got to see this home. I was around 12 years old at the time my brother was two years younger than me. My brother and I were curious about everything and this building was one of them. Muggy, steamy, very hot day the sweat was rolling down our backs by the time we arrived at the Plantation.

I was beginning to beg for a drink of water by now and with no air conditioner in my mother's car it just made matters worse. We parked, got out and walked a few yards up the lawn. There was a sun dial just a few feet from the front of the mansion as well. My brother and I took to looking at his right off the bat! Never seen one made of stone though, I mean to as old and solid a bit worn but still it looked great in the afternoon sun! By now a hot sun beat down onto our heads and I was really wishing that we could go inside for some much needed shade.

Wow! I thought to myself, "What a home!" The former owner of residence do not believe in planting bushes or trees up against or near the home. It was said to attract bugs and back then that was deadly. Bugs brought all kinds of disease and it wasn't like now where you could get bug spray or easy off to get rid of them.

There were other building on the property too. One the gentleman that was conducting the tour explained that it was being torn down due to it being unsafe for anybody to venture in and explore. I thought it rather odd that there was a black lady dressed in servants clothes walking across the grounds heading for the building. I watched as she walked up to the house and then right through the front door. Only trouble was that she never opened the door and vanished right through it!

I spoke up rather quickly and said, "Then how come I just saw somebody walk into the building?" Pointing towards the slave quarters building. It seemed she was angry that they were taking down the building in the first place. I got the impression of her say, "It's my place! Leave it alone!"

The tour guide asked me, "Where did you see the person?" I quickly described the lady I saw and what she wore to him. His face turned a pale white as if to say, "How? Or No way!"

"There better not be!" He sounded angry at me.

“I will have to send somebody over there to see if anybody went in just to be on the safe side.”

By now, everybody is looking at me like I'm one crazy little kid! The tour guide, a man, went over towards one of the staff and told them what I had saw. They too looked shocked but from the gestures I was seeing they'd said they would check it out to be on the safe side.

On with the tour of the mansion, around the bottom of the floor I thought it was so interesting to know they had a catch basin for water that they used all the time. I'm a bit vague on the details about the bottom floor but the top floor is more interesting.

I hadn't noticed that the balcony doesn't go completely around the building. It only goes so far to the right (if your standing on the second floor looking out that is) and stops. He talked about the old piano in the room and about the owner, Mr. Gamble the how the back part of the house was the original part until he added the front part onto the house later on.

As everybody was staring at the tour guide I suddenly hear footsteps along the wooden balcony of the mansion. I turned to see a figure walk by but it quickly vanished and I thought it was one of the workers from the ground checking on the tour I was with.

Yet again I hear the footsteps and turn once more to see where they're coming from. Around the corner comes a lady dressed in a yellowish white dress that goes all the way to the floor. Her footsteps of dress shoes are what I was hearing on the wood in the first place. She is a white lady, flesh color and solid not transparent at all! She had long blonde hair, blue eyes and a very pleasant face. At first I thought she was part of the tour and turned once more to see if anybody was seeing her like I was. They were too focused on the tour guide to notice I had turned back around to the lady in the doorway.

She stopped in it just outside of the room for which I was standing and turned her head to her right. She smiled warmly at me and waved to me with her right hand. I smile in return and waved back thinking she was just part of the tour. In away, she was! Then she turned her head back and lowered her right arm and continued to walk around the balcony.

I got snapped back to reality when my mother called my name and I quickly rejoined the tour. I paused for a moment to ask the tour guide a small question.

“Hey I just saw a lady standing in the doorway there.”

His reply, “Oh? What did she look like?”

I began to describe the figure I saw in the doorway to him, his eyebrows raised to top of his head when I finished.

“We do dress like that on a certain time of the year, but this isn't that time of the year. h He then pauses and says, “If I show you a picture, could you identify the person from it?”

“Sure!” I replied with a big ole' grin.

He takes me over towards a portrait on the wall of a beautiful lady. It is very old and has faded a bit of the years.

"Is that who you saw?" Pointing at the portrait before me on the wall. I fm stunned," Yes! That her! That is the lady I saw standing in the doorway!"

With a smile he replies, "She is the lady of the house. Mr. Gambles wife and she is been died for almost 100 years!"

Wow! I saw a ghost but she wasn't much like the movies or what I fd been told at the time.

"She didn't scare you, did she?" he asked me.

"To be honest, no she didn't. But she seemed curious as to what was going on and happy to see people visiting again." I answer.

I think I was more scared of the black lady in servant's clothes walking towards the old slave quarters building then I ever was with the lady, Mrs. Gamble in the mansion. "You know, you're the first child we l've ever had tell us about the lady on the balcony."

From what I gather everybody and anybody that has lived, drove by or been near this place at one time or another has seen her walking the balcony. This was in the middle of the day that I saw her and from what l've heard you can sometimes seen her at night.

It didn't sink into me until I got home and told my mother what I had saw and why I had been very quiet afterwards that day. When I finally relaxed then it scared the willies out of me. But why be scared? She wasn't a demon or a monster she was pleasant, pleasing to the eye and solid not transparent. All the time I thought she was just one of the workers dressed up to look the part and then to find out she wasn't. But she is part of history and it fs nice to know that she still watches out for the old mansion.

Recently, my mother and I had to gone down towards Sarasota to file some court documents. My mother and I are now Process Servers. Which means we serve court papers to people to bring them to court. Just the civil not the criminal the sheriff handles that not us.

I could almost picture now the lady in the yellowish-white dress standing on the balcony waving back at me again. It's a shame though, I didn't see her when we passed by the mansion. I got the feeling of sadness as if she missed all the visitors coming by to see her home once more. Maybe one day l'll get to visit again there.

Anyway, we drove past the mansion and since then the slave quarters building is now gone but there are two new buildings out in front of the mansion. From the road, one to the left of the mansion and one to the right of it. From what I understand, the city has taken over the plantation grounds and keeps it up. They talked for years about taking down the building but luckily they didn't.

Dawn Watson  
Keyville, FL

## Bobby Mackeys Country Western Bar

It was a cool crisp night. My son, daughter-in-law and myself met the rest of our group at the now famous Bobby Mackeys country western bar. I had not read the book Hells gate nor did I know that much about the hauntings said to occur there. We were greeted by a man that worked there and he gave a tour of the place. I didn't feel ill at ease or anything. I wanted to get to some of the hot spots by myself.

I walked down the long hall to the women's rest room went inside and it was very dark. I started taking pictures right away. One of the pics I took was reflecting myself in the large mirror. I can say after I tried some EVP work in the same area I was starting to feel very alone and decided to get back with the group.

My son and his wife and I went to the basement where the tunnel that runs to the river is, Didn't feel anything although my son would not stay down there for long . He did not like the feelings he was getting at all. On our way home we talked about the pics and didn't think we got anything. The next night I was looking at them with my husband and he said Deb there is someone standing behind you to the left by one of the stalls.

If you look closely you can see the shape of the man, handlebar moustache, old time suit and dark hair. I took the card to a friend of mine while not changing the original pic he took out any blue to take out distortions the mirror had . He was not a believer up to this point. I heard him say man that is just creepy. When I looked the image was still there with all distortion gone. After then reading the book about the place I saw what I believe is the man in the mirror Alozo Walling!

Debi Dorst  
Baltimore Ohio

## The French Quarters

My story has to do with a trip to New Orleans, French Quarter. I was visiting for a conference and two friends and I decided to take a haunted tour of the old portion of the French Quarter. I very much wanted to see a ghost. We did the tour, which was about an hour and a half and I was gravely disappointed to not have seen a ghost.

My friends and I started walking back to the hotel. It was just the three of us walking. The streets were empty. Suddenly I heard footsteps behind us. A bit scared of all the rumors of crime I had heard, I turned to glance behind us. There was nothing there. No one. I decided I hadn't heard the steps.

We walked a little farther and I heard footsteps again. The hair on the back of my neck rose and I thought, criminals. I turned again. Nothing. No one on the streets. We kept walking and I was thinking someone was following us and hiding when I would turn around. I looked hard for bushes, fences, anything anyone would be able to hide behind. There was nothing.

I decided I didn't hear it. We kept walking. When we reached the end of the old portion of the quarter and entered into the newer portion, the footsteps stopped. I turned and stood..waiting for someone to present themselves. My two friends who had not paid attention but kept walking and talking turned to me. We all three waited. Then they asked did you hear the footsteps?

I looked at them and asked you too? We all started talking at once. We had all heard the footsteps, turned at various times and all saw nothing. When we passed the old section, the steps stopped. I may not have SEEN a ghost in New Orleans, but I know I HEARD one.

Another story:

I am a firm believer in ghosts. I was visiting my sister in Kentucky one week. They lived in an old house they had been remodeling. The house had several bedrooms. I was staying in one on the second floor.

The next morning my sister asked if I slept okay. I told her I kept being awoken by children laughing. She laughed. Sure you did, she said. They live in the country on a 600 acre ranch and no one is around them.

The next morning was the same. I had heard children laughing all night long. And at one point, I heard an adult male say GET OUT! h I immediately got out of bed and went into another room. Another sister asked me what was wrong. I said a voice told me to get out. She was amused and asked out of the house or the room? I stayed a few minutes in her room, then went back to my room. The next morning, my sister who lives in the house said, you know I got to thinking about what you said. The people we bought this house from mentioned it was haunted. I didn't believe them. I do. I heard them.

Dixie Schulz  
Bloomington, IL

## The Bug Zapper

We left Oklahoma in the winter of 1939 after our house was blown away in a storm. The journey was right out of "Grapes of Wrath", a real Steinbeck Odyssey. Living mostly in our car we worked the fields of Central California until Dad landed a job on a Dairy owned an Italian named Ambrosetti, I was 5 years old. The job included a modest on site home. If there had been a sequel Mr Steinbeck would have written about the return, as most of our relatives "went back home" upon retirement. My Parents chose a nice rural home on the west side of Shawnee, Oklahoma, planted garden and orchard, and settled in to spend the rest of their days.

The house, it turned out, was haunted. No one said so for fear of ridicule, but everyone knew it. One bedroom in particular seemed more active than the rest. After only a short time Dad refused to stay in the house alone. When Mom left to sing in the Church Choir or to buy groceries Dad would drive to his sister's house in Wolf, a very small community where he had brothers and sisters, and visit until he thought she would return.

There were strange sounds in the house, sounds of someone walking or moving things around. I heard them when no one else was there. I could not bring myself to close my eyes when taking a shower because I could feel a presence watching. Once I heard someone playing with my guitar only to discover I was alone and the guitar was not even in the house, I had left it in the outside cellar, Love the echo. We were living in Sacramento California at the time and would ride our motorcycle back to Oklahoma each summer for a visit.

We drove back to Shawnee for the Christmas Season of 1988, thinking it might be our last chance to see them. Dad was suffering from emphysema, from smoking and working with asbestos in the Shipyards of WW2, mom had cancer. The Ghost was active. Dad had a "bug zapper", an electric spark would burn insects when they flew into the lighted area. I noticed that the supernatural events seemed to diminish when the zapper was most active and speculated the ghost might be annoyed by the disturbance. Subsequent events made me realize there were at least two Ghosts in residence.

My wife and I slept in the "hot bedroom", seemingly the source area of disturbance. One evening I lay across the bed for a few moments rest when I was immediately somewhere else. There was a wide river and on the other side a man was calling. I could feel the pain and loneliness but refused to answer his cries. I kept shouting "shut up" over and over again. It was involuntary, I have no idea why I refused to talk to him but I knew I shouldn't. The pain was nearly unbearable and I thought this must be Hell.

It didn't feel anything like fire and brimstone; instead it was more like unending sensory deprivation. The man seemed desperate but I would have none of it. He then began to change forms, first he became my oldest Son. Bruce and his wife were also visiting and the ghost must have seen them. I kept shouting shut up so it once again changed form to that of my second son, Brian, who was also visiting. Again I refused to answer so he changed a third time, to another son who had come along to say goodbye to his grandparents.

I was shouting all the while hoping my wife would help me escape this trance, and finally she did. I concluded a few facts from the experience. First, ghosts cannot read your thoughts. He only took the form of my sons who were there visiting at the time, not of my other son or my daughter who were not there. He only knew about what he could see.

The next few day's things seemed quiet. We were having Christmas dinner and the bug zapper outside on the porch seemed unusually active. I mentioned to my dad "your ghost seems quiet today, wonder if the bug zapper is keeping him away", then someone photographed the table with all the family gathered around. I finished eating and walked outside where my truck was parked. There on the windshield was a child sized greasy hand print right where the driver would have to see it.

The home was rural and isolated, it was late, dark outside. There were no children nearby and even had there been the windshield on the truck was too high for a child to reach without a ladder. When the photograph was developed there was a clearly visible misty cloud like apparition hovering over the table, clearly depicted while we all sat there totally unaware. Dad passed away in the winter of 1989, only a month before his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, and mom a few weeks later.

Shortly after the funerals I was back home in Sacramento California when I felt a ghostly presence. My immediate reaction was extreme anger. I assumed the ghost had followed me home and I exuded what felt like a wall of some kind of force at the entity and it left. I later changed my mind thinking it might have been my mother's spirit and felt a great pang of regret. She had promised to float around the world in spirit form when she died. I'm still not sure but it might have been her trying to make contact. No further incidents and it have now been some 20 years.

Ed Gillham  
Hidden Valley Lake, CA

## My Resident Ghost

I do not have any scary ghost experiences, but do believe I have several ghosts in residence. I believe one is my mother and the other most likely my brother.

My son, his wife and two sons live with us. The oldest (he is 6 now) used to see an "old lady" in his room. He'd tell his mother..."get that old lady out of my room". When the youngest was a baby (he is now 4) his mother would often hear a soothing woman's voice telling the baby..."ssshhh...it is ok". A young cousin (about 15) was sleeping in the room with the baby...woke up a saw an old woman standing by the baby's crib. It scared her so badly she won't come back to our house.

Daughter-in-law found an ugly plaque with two babies among her shower gifts. She could find no one that gave it to her. She threw it in the garbage can outside. The next day it was hung on the wall over her desk. None of us had done that. She kept it there for a while, but then moved it to the boys' room. A few weeks ago they knocked it off the wall. A short time later one of the oldest boy's shoes was missing. We looked everywhere for it. Finally, my daughter-in-law stood in the boys' room and said "ok ghost...bring back that shoe" She left the room and when she returned the shoe was in the middle of the floor. We had all been outside when the shoe returned. I believe this ghost is my mother who passed away in April 2004. The youngest grandson was not born until Nov 2005. She never saw him while she was alive.

The other ghost I believe to be my brother. He committed suicide in Aug 2000. He was a practical joker while alive and this ghost loves playing "tricks". Things will disappear and then be returned in plain sight after we have searched the very spot. Now we all just say..."Ok John (or ghost) bring back our stuff"

My husband works out of town and is only home on the weekends. Several times I've been awakened by a hand grasped around my ankle...when no one is there. This doesn't scare me at all because I believe it is my brother. I will just talk to him for awhile. We have lived in this house almost 30 years and didn't experience any "ghostly" happenings until after my brother and mother died.

I have tried taking photos, but haven't captured anything. My daughter-in-law did capture several orbs upstairs. I guess I need to get a recorder to see if I can capture voices.

Gail Guillory  
Kingwood Texas

## A Night at the Washoe Club

It was just a year ago that I experienced one of the most frightening and incredible nights of my life. My friends and I had just recently started up our own paranormal investigation group and this was to be our first “real” investigation as a team! All of us had belonged to other paranormal groups at one time or another, but were unhappy with them and the way they were ran. We decided we had had the experience, the equipment and the necessary contacts to form our own group and R.E.A.L. Paranormal Investigations was born!

We had just decided to add on a couple of new members when one of the team was contacted by a tour manager for a young psychic from the UK. They were looking for a local paranormal team to take them on a tour of haunted sites for possible future filming. They were going to be in our area for a couple of nights and wanted to know if we would be interested in helping out. All of us put our heads together and came up with a 2 night excursion to Virginia City, NV and several of the well known haunted locations there. We were going to spend the first night at The Union Brewery and The Savage Mill. The following night we had planned on visiting the Silver Queen and ending up at the infamous Washoe Club.

The weather that weekend was dreadful! There was a snow storm and high winds that howled through the tiny town of Virginia City. All of this definitely contributed to an eerie and creepy feeling that was present just about everywhere we went. Our first night was fairly uneventful with no real photos or much in the way of paranormal activity. The high winds and subsequent noise made EVP recordings almost impossible. The extremely low temperatures drained the batteries in our cameras and recorders almost as soon as they were exposed to the air!

When night number two rolled around, the group from the UK had no choice but to end the night fairly early in order to avoid icy conditions on the roads leading down to Reno where they were staying. So, when entering the Washoe Club, we knew we were under a time restriction and didn't have a lot of time to waste. At first we roamed around taking some base line readings for EMF purposes and ambient room temperatures.

At one point our psychic refused to enter one of the rooms saying the spirit there was too dark and pushing him away. He felt we needed to concentrate our efforts by having a “calling out” of the spirits or as its more commonly referred to here in the US, a séance. We all went into the main ballroom and set up a table and chairs. Everyone, with the exception of me and one other team member were seated at the table touching hands. We also set up a small digital recorder and K2 meter for measuring EMF fluctuations.

I, along with my team mate, were to remain standing and circling the table in order to take pictures. Unfortunately, none of our video cameras would work...either they showed dead batteries or they just would not function at all.

Gavin, our psychic from the UK, began the séance by “opening” the circle with a prayer of protection and then the games began!! He immediately started picking up on several entities

there, the strongest being a man who was evil, mean and abusive to the women that worked at the Washoe. He saw a young woman with blood on her lip trying to come though and speak but couldn't because the abusive man would hold her back and prevent her from saying anything.

Gavin began asking for signs or proof that the entities were there and was met with silence. He began antagonizing the evil entity there and daring him to show himself or give us proof of his existence. All of us began taunting this entity, me included. I sneeringly said "come on *big man* lets see what you can do" and when I had no response I continued on "what's the matter, *big man*, do I scare you?"

"Afraid to do anything, *big man*, with all these people watching?" No response. This continued on for a few minutes, with everyone getting ruder and ruder, when someone noticed the K2 meter slightly rocking on the table. The rocking became more and more pronounced just as if someone had their finger on one end and was pushing it down. The strange thing was, even though the K2 meter was rocking, none of the lights were going off to indicate paranormal presence!!

I circled the table taking pictures which, while they couldn't show the rocking motion, would still show the location of everyone's hands and prove no one was moving the table. After about a minute of the rocking motion, someone gasped and the entire K2 meter levitated off the table about ¼ inch! It only lasted a moment, and then it was back on the table and still. Everyone present was in a state of shock and couldn't believe their eyes!

Try as we might though, we were unable to get any further activity so Gavin decided to close the circle down. He told us it was very common to have a flurry of activity during the closing, so pay attention! As Gavin completed his closing prayer and the room was silence except for the moaning of the wind, I was suddenly hit or pushed on the back of my right shoulder so violently that I would have fallen had I not been standing directly in back of one of my seated team members!

The circle broke up and everyone was concerned and asking if I was all right. I relied that I was fine, just really mad! I spewed out what I thought of chicken- s#@% ghosts that attacked women from behind! Later on I was actually a little puzzled at just how mad I had instantly become! I've always been very slow to anger, but not this night! I was livid in an instant!

We all began to put away chairs and the table as Gavin and his group prepared to drive down the hill before the weather would not permit it. My friends and I had rooms for the night at The Silver Queen since it was also my birthday and we decided to celebrate a bit. We went downstairs to the Washoe Club Bar, which is still open to the public and all ordered a drink.

I noticed a man smoking a cigar next to me and the smell of that cigar just about drove me mad! It smelled like heaven and I wanted nothing more than to have a big cigar to go along

with my drink. I've taken puffs of cigars before on a lark, but never felt like I absolutely had to have one before! Well I bought myself one of those cigars, took 2 or 3 puffs, a big swallow of my drink, and almost didn't make it to the bathroom in time! I was so sick, so fast, that I just wanted to die! Regardless of the fact that it was my birthday, I had to leave.

All the way to my hotel out in the freezing cold air, I continued to smell that cigar. I still smelled it after washing up for bed, brushing my teeth and gargling! The cigar smell seemed to have coated my nose and throat and was steadily making me sicker and sicker.

The next morning I awoke to, you guessed it, the smell of cigars. I was still feeling nauseous, but joined my friends for breakfast thinking food might make me feel better. We finished breakfast and began the drive down Geiger Grade to home. I sat in the backseat of my friend's car and the further we got from Virginia City, the worse I felt. She looked into her rear view mirror at me and gasped out that "it looked like a black cloud or mist was surrounding my head and shoulders"!

Since this friend is our team "Lightworker" and is very sensitive to the paranormal, I was concerned. However, I was also too sick to give it much thought. We reached the bottom of the hill and as we entered the freeway, I just couldn't hold it back any longer. My friend immediately pulled over to the side of the freeway and I jumped out of the car and over the concrete barrier to the dirt. I made it to the dirt just before I became so violently ill that I drenched and traumatized a poor ground squirrel a good 6 or 7 feet away!

After a few moments though, I felt like a human once again and was able to get back in the car. As I fastened my seat belt, my friend looked at me once again in the rear view mirror and was stunned. The black mist or cloud had completely disappeared. This whole event left me very disturbed and uneasy.

My team is convinced that I was not only struck for mouthing off at this "evil, abusive ghost", I picked him up as a hitchhiker and gave him a ride part way home! As if that wasn't bad enough, several months later while watching a TV program about an investigation at The Washoe, they told of finding through their research, evidence of "an mean, abusive man in black" that was known to announce his presence by utilizing the smell one of his favorite things in life....cigars.

Gerre F. Young  
Reno, NV 89521

## The Little Girl

I have seen allot in this single house, when i was young I'd see shadows of people walk across my balcony, but nothing I've seen, or imagined, if it were, was as scary, or as cool, as this, at least for me lol.

Around 2004, not long after high school, i was up in my room, no one was home, i was single, i wasn't a father yet, the only ones in the house where my two Labradors, blond and brown, and they were in the bedroom with me.. And except for my PC that i was currently using to surf... ehem... sites.... nothing was on, up until then ghosts had of course interested me, but being told the shadows I'd seen when i was young was imagination, and being raised a Christian, i was a skeptic, i didn't really believe.

I was surfing said computer that fateful day, out of nowhere, for no reason, I hear this little girl talking, quickly, apparently to no one, as I heard no other voices, it lasted a good ten seconds or so, I couldn't discern what she was talking about because it didn't sound English.

The first to react was my older blond Labrador, he ears pick up of her head, in that "I'm listening" look, and she bounds downstairs with a gruffly woof, downstairs she starts to bark at something. I finally glued my scared butt of my computer chair and followed a few seconds later, the talking had stopped, (the brown Labrador followed behind me), my blond lab is still downstairs, barking towards the ceiling, as if at something in the air I couldn't see.

Very creepy. Since then me and my mom have heard 2 other clear disembodied voices, one was again female though sounding much older than the girl i had heard firstly, and second was a ghost seemingly making fun of ghost shows as a voice between my mother and me said "oooooooooooooh" as we watched the live Ghost Adventures

Josh Winters,  
San Antonio Texas

## The Mist

While I was eating a late-night snack in the dining room the evening of May 10, 2005, I had a horrible case of the heebie jeebies and I kept looking at the wall of the dining room that has a collection of my mounted photographs. I felt so creeped out and uneasy that I had to leave the room.

While leaving our house to take my son to school on the morning of May 11, 2005, I noticed that two of my mounted photographs were askew on our dining room wall. Then I noticed the attached handprint between the two photographs--a demonic-looking ashy hand print, claws and all. It's still on our wall, although it has faded over time.

I often sleep on the family room sofa with the interior French doors closed because I get up early to take my son to school and don't want to wake my husband. Back in 2004, while I was sleeping on the couch, something made me wake up. I saw a shadowy mist float up the hall from my office, go through the closed French doors and come toward me. As the mist got closer to the sofa, it started forming into a woman--a fifty-something woman who was gaunt, no more than five feet tall, with disheveled wavy hair and wearing gypsy clothing and some kind of crocheted head covering.

I heard a faint noise the entire time she was approaching me that became louder as she neared. As she floated past the sofa, she turned into this solid form and the noise was actually the woman screaming! It was the scariest thing I ever saw in my life: The woman's eyes were bulging, her mouth was wide open, she was screaming an unearthly scream, her body was stiff, her hands down by her sides with the fingers contorted.

I was so frightened that I threw the quilt over my head and didn't come out for a long time; I was so afraid that she would be RIGHT THERE in my face when I pulled back the quilt. This experience just booted the hanged-man ghost out of the Number One spot for the scariest thing I ever saw in my life.

Janet Kronenberg,  
Los Angeles

## The White Mist

After reading your request for unusual stories of the paranormal kind, I thought I would share mine. I have had several personal experiences throughout the years, but this experience stands out above them all and was shared with my eldest sister.

I was 14 years old and my sister was 24 years old. The year before, her husband of three years, Larry, was killed in Vietnam. After that, I often spent weekends with my sister to keep her company, help her with yard work or just hang out together. She lived in a small three-bedroom ranch that she and Larry built and had moved into the year before he was killed.

One weekend we had gone to bed and began our usual nighttime ritual of talking between rooms until we fell asleep. Her bedroom was at the back of the house and the room I slept in was at the front, just across the end of the hallway from her room. We always left our doors open. This particular night, she was chatty as usual but I was sleepy and kept drifting off as I heard her talking away.

About the time my sister had started to quiet down and drift off to sleep herself, I heard the *distinct* sound of footsteps coming across the vinyl floor in the kitchen. They sounded like someone was walking in heavy leather shoes or boots. I thought I might be imagining this as I was sleepy at the time, but then out of the darkness came my sister's voice, "Hey, do you hear *that*?" I wasn't imagining the sound after all and I replied that I had heard it, too. At that point, the footsteps started down the hallway and took on the familiar muffled sound of someone walking on carpet. And worse, the sound was heading for our bedrooms!

That did it for me. I put the covers over my head and refused to look, as I just "knew" that the footstep sounds did not belong to anyone living. As I shouted over to my sister that the sounds were coming down the hallway and I couldn't look, my sister said she heard them too and now "it" was in her bedroom. Her dog, a vigilant Springer spaniel, who would normally react to someone new moving about, never made a peep and continued to sleep soundly in her little wicker bed in my sister's room. Larry had purchased that spaniel as a puppy for my sister on his last leave home before he was killed.

In the meantime, my sister watched with some fear and mostly fascination as an opaque white mist began to form in her bedroom, along side her bed and in front of the dark wood closet doors. It was a full moon that night, so there was enough ambient light leaking through the

shutters on her bedroom window to allow some illumination. The "mist" was about six feet in height and was loosely human-shaped. It hovered for about a minute or so before it slowly dissipated. It didn't take us long to figure out that the visitor that moonlit night in 1971 had to have been Larry.

After that, we never saw him again (other than in dreams) but my sister did have one particular lamp with a rectangular shade that she found turned almost daily. The shade was screwed down tight, yet for nearly a year she would come home from work or from elsewhere and find that shade turned sideways. We always believed that it was Larry's less dramatic way of letting her know he was still around.

J. M. Dyke

Southfield, MI

## The Fortune Teller

Back in the late 40's my dad had his Dental Office in Baltimore City, Maryland. During the summer vacation from school I sometimes would go with him to work. He would give me money to go to the Movies, Hobby Shops and 5 & 10 cent stores. In those days there was no crime rate like today. I use to like to go to this one store called McCroy's on Lexington Street. They had a booth that had a Fortune Teller in the center of the store.

I remember her (the fortune teller) telling a lady that she lived on the 3rd floor of some apartment, building, about her and her family, etc. Being a kid (about 10 years old) I was amazed. When I told Dad about these he just laughed it off. When we got home I told my mother about what I had heard. She said the Fortune Teller probably knew the woman. Years went by.

Dad passed away in 1952. Mom and I (I was an only child) went to live with my grandmother, aunt, and uncle. We all moved to Littlestown Pennsylvania in 1953. I graduated from High School in 1957. Met my future wife and got married in 1959. My wife and I moved to Frederick, Maryland until December of 1962. Then we moved to Thurmont, Maryland. Shortly after we moved to Thurmont my mother came to visit us. About the first thing that came out of her mouth was " Guess who I seen yesterday?" Of course I didn't have the slightest idea. She said "Do you remember that Fortune Teller that you told me about years ago." I said do you mean the one in the 5 & 10 cent store in Baltimore? She said yes, I went to see her. She really scared me. She told me the only thing I see for you is Hospital, Hospital, Hospital. She also told her to tell her son (me, her only child) to watch his throat.

The following year mom was diagnosed with cancer of the colon. It had already spread to her liver. She went to the Hanover, Pennsylvania hospital two times so far that year. When she went to get into the car for my uncle to take her for the 3rd. time she said, "I won't be back, but if there is any way to let you know that there is a Here-After I will. Well four years went by.

Then one night in July 1967 I awoke from a so real like dream. I told my Liz (my wife) I dreamt that I went to see my grandmother in Littlestown, Pennsylvania. Instead of me walking up the steps to the porch, I climbed over the front porch railing. As I approached the front door I saw three BLACK WREATHS hanging on the door. One was at about 11:00 another was about 1:00, the last one was at about 4:00. Then I rapped on the door. To my surprise my mother answered. That's when I woke up.

Later in that July my grandmother 86 years old was found lying on the floor and died of a stroke. August, one month later my Aunt died of Leukemia. The day after my aunt's funeral, my wife went to the house to clean up for my uncle. He came down from the upstairs holding a wad of money and electric razor. He also had something else in his pants pocket. He asked my wife if she had any money in the bank. She said yes, we have a little. He said here is another thousand dollars. She told him she didn't want any money. He insisted. She took the money and

laid it on the kitchen table. He said here is an electric razor I want you to give Wilbur the next door neighbor.

Not thinking anymore about it she started to scrub the kitchen floor. A few minutes later he (my uncle) was setting in a lawn chair hollering for my wife. When she went out he had a 25 caliber semi automatic pistol to his head. He pulled the trigger but it didn't fire. He forgot to put a shell in the chamber. She grabbed the gun. He twisted her wrist until she gave it up to him. He stood up, reloaded it and put a bullet through his head in front of her.

The Pennsylvania State Police came and never even covered him up she told me. At that time she was three months pregnant with our third child. All this happened when I was at work. I got the shock of my life when I got home and heard about what had happened. If you recall the "Fortune Teller" told my mother to tell her son to "watch his throat." I got a real bad sore throat in the late 1980's. Passed it off as just another sore throat. Today I have a plastic artificial "mental valve" in my heart from probably not heeding that warning.

John G. Ammenheuser  
Thurmont, Maryland

## The Footsteps

My house is 110 years old and has been in the family from the very beginning. My Great grandparents moved into the house in 1900 after their wedding. I never believed in ghosts until the day I started moving in from my apartment.

I had called my dad to let him know that I had started moving the little things in when I heard footsteps upstairs. Being the only one in the house, this scared me and I mentioned to my dad that someone or something else was in the house with me. I could hear them walking around in a big circle then stop when they got to the steps. My dad's response was 'aww Jul, it's probably the ghosts of some old relatives. They won't hurt you'.

Several months later, I was in bed reading a book. There was a terrible thunderstorm and with the flash of bright lightening, the electric went off. Outside of my bedroom door I started hearing music playing, sounding like a child's piano. I listened, wide eyed in total darkness until the lights came back on then replayed the notes in my mind. The notes played out 'Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new born king'. I hid under the covers and didn't come out until morning. I was terrified!!! The next morning, I had called a spiritual reader who came to visit me. She stood inside the front door and came in no further. She was afraid, there was 'something' in the house that she did not want to deal with and promptly left.

I had moved out of the house some years later and my sister moved in. I had asked her if she had encountered any 'strange' happenings and she said yes. She would hear children playing in the hallway laughing. She said they would get so loud that she would yell at them to knock it off. She would then hear the door to the upstairs open then shut and all would be quiet throughout the house. She was pretty used to hearing them so she played along with them. On another occasion, while she was in bed she felt as though there was someone in the room with her. She opened her eyes and saw the outline of a man dressed in clothing from the Christopher Columbus era and he was glowing yellow. She was in law enforcement and kept a gun under the bed for protection but that night, she was too terrified to reach down to get it. She stayed under the blankets until morning, terrified beyond belief.

Four years later, I moved back into my house. I had totally forgotten about the footsteps from earlier years when I first moved into the house. One night, I was in the house by myself and was watching tv. I caught something out of the corner of my eye, a black shadow. I thought I was tired and my eyes playing tricks on me so I didn't think much about it. A few nights later, a guy I was dating came over to watch tv. All of a sudden, he jumps up off of the couch and screams 'WHO WAS THAT?'. I had asked him 'who?' and he said the tall black person walking in the hallway.

I had asked him to describe the person and he said 'tall, about 6 feet with a pointed hood on his head'. I had told him that I'd seen the same thing and that I had no idea what it was. Out of sheer coincidence, a friend sent me a website that talked about 'shadow people' about a week later. At the time, I was working until 1am, so the house was dark except for the computer

room area. When I read about the shadow people, I knew right then and there that that was what both my boyfriend and I had seen. I was beyond terrified, i was petrified!!! I didn't come out of the computer room until morning and had the computer playing music so loudly to prevent me from hearing anything, footsteps, moans, just anything. I actually slept on the floor, terrified of walking down the same hallway that I had seen the shadow people walking in to get to my bedroom.

On my break at work, I started reading articles on shadow people and what some people had done to get rid of them. I came home that night, and at around 2am I was standing in my hallway screaming at the top of my lungs 'IF YOU ARE EVIL, GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! YOU ARE NOT WANTED HERE'. I've not seen a shadow person since.

On occasion, I will still hear things being moved around upstairs and footsteps. I've seen what I thought was my grandmothers face in her bedroom dresser mirror but was too afraid to say anything to her, if it was her.

I've done some research since then on the history of the house and what family members lived here. I did find that I had a great aunt and uncle who died in the house in the early 1900's of typhoid fever. I am assuming that those were the kids who my sister heard playing in the hallway. I also too found out that 'back in the day', when families could not afford a funeral at a funeral home, the funeral home personnel made house calls. They would come to the house and either prepare the body in the bed or on a kitchen table then move them to the living room. I am still using my great grandparents table today and wonder how many family members bodies were 'prepared' on it. I do know that they were laid out in the living room for viewing as my grandmother had told me those stories.

I still live in the house today and am not quite as afraid as I was when I first moved in here. There isnt as much paranormal activity anymore either, which now, I do miss it. I'll admit that I was terrified in the beginning but now I know that they have to be as my dad said, ghosts of dead relatives.

Julee Keller  
Valley Park, MO.

## My Dream

Hello my name is Katrina I am 18 and I live in a town that's not on most any map called Algood in Tennessee. I have at least one bad dream a night 98% of them are about someone dying or being killed or raped. I have often felt like someone touched me, lifted me, or breathed on me; and I'm never too scared because it mostly happens when I dream of dead family members such as my grandpa so it's not a bad thing and I'm usually aware that I am dreaming.

However, I have never had three bad dreams in one night, especially not as bad as these three. The first one my aunt and I were in my front yard with my 14 yr old cousin burying something and taking down or Christmas lights which is understandable because that's what we are doing today so that part made since, we have 4 pine trees in our yard and behind the second one from the road our wheel barrel was laying behind it turned over and my aunt said how did that get there and walked over to see what was in it me and my cousin stayed back and waited.

When my aunt looked she run off and started screaming. She finally come back in through the back door crying and me my cousin and grandma were standing there talking and we went silent when she entered the kitchen where we were and I asked what was it and I paused, she looked me dead in the face and she said Zooie. Zooie is my liitle Poouahuah (miniature poodle and miniature Chihuahua) she is nine as of this new year, we recently lost a dear cat named Draco who was 12 or 13 so I reasoned that to be why I had it.

The next dream was of my older brother who is 27 he has acid reflux, thyroid, cholesterol, and depression problems (due to his job working nights in 12hr shifts as an LPN at a nursing home and a divorce from his wife who was his best friend and still is they just aren't meant to be married I suppose and he moved back home with us) so he has a lot of negative energy as you said malevolent ghosts seem to like.

On with the dream now, Me and my brother where at home yet again my 14yr old cousin was there bless him he was there all the way through the first two for me but he is moving in with us so I deduce that to be why: we were sitting there in my brothers room playing a video game together and being goofy and then I heard something outside and there was snow on the ground and a red 4-wheeler was parked in the drive way and I thought someone was going to break in so I went to get my boyfriend in my room and by that time my brother had gotten up and let someone in. I never seen anyone but my brother had a bag of food in his hands and I told him I thought it was someone going to break in and he said oh no that was my friend Marcus from high school bringing me food (I never knew him having any friend named Marcus and I seen the name how it is spelled here).

My brother ate the food and went to sleep so he could get up in time for work but he wouldn't wake up me and my cousin shook him and shook him and somehow we knew they had poisoned his food, it was pizza rolls (like totinos pizza rolls which are his favorite thing to eat which isn't good with his medical problems) but that was the end of the 2nd one. The third and final one made no sense to me at all, which is why I am sending this email. I was a 10yr old little boy and I was somewhere cold and open and I was sea side I was sitting on a rock at the bottom of a cliff face playing with a little steam boat and suddenly someone grabbed my hand it was an

adult man I never seen him just Heard and Felt him which is the part that woke me up and scared me to tears.

The man climbed on top of me, I was still the little boy at this time, and he pushed me down on my stomach as if he didn't want me to see him and he squeezed me and then I was myself again, he leaned down and breathed heavy on the back of my neck and said very malevolently for lack of a better word; This won't be the last time I push You. I then woke up to my little dog Zooie standing and looking me in the face she was whimpering and I was crying I have never felt anything so strongly unkind and it felt as though it was trying to squeeze the life out of me. when I got up I had left a terrible impression in my bed and my dog wouldn't set on my bed anymore and she wanted out of my room at that point so did I.

The reason this scares me is because over the last few months something have been happening to me and my other family members like my brother who doesn't believe in religion, superstition, karma or anything else other than facts; seen a man walk through the bathroom hallway into the bathroom from our front door me and him were the only ones home and we had our door locked. My brother looked all over the house and he come knocked on my door and asked me if my boyfriend had come home for lunch or anything and I said no my brother said well then and went back to his room.

Over the last few months he says the same thing has happened many times, he says it has gotten more frequent as of late. There has also been something moving things and hiding things which we all think is funny except we can't find most of the things, we have turned our back and ask it to return them and it has given back something like my toothbrush and the ladle I was using for Tader Soup one day.

It likes to take the deep fryer lid and set it in our kitchen floor as well which gets aggravating because we have to wash it all the time haha. But some not so nice things have been happening to me when it first started the shower curtain would come in on me and it was like there was a breeze except we have a tiny window that is never open and the vent is jammed shut due to rust so the curtain coming in on me is somewhat unexplainable by human reason, when it started doing this it was small and not a real bother and I could say please stop and it would but now if it does it, it won't stop and it comes all the way in and tries to come around me and occasionally when I'm in my room changing or getting dressed after the shower I feel like it is watching me and every now and again it feels like someone is breathing on the back of my neck.

And back to being in the bathroom if I am trying to use the toilet it blows the curtain outwards but nowhere near as strongly as it does when I am in the shower and if I go to my mom's bathroom to use her big tub to shave my legs it takes my razors I have to buy a pack of razors once every 2 weeks or so and I don't get those back no matter how nicely I ask and I can't find them anywhere so it must throw them away.

I wish it was a little but more money conscious haha. Also when it started I started having more and more bad dreams and now they are pretty much all about death rape and murder: I am lucky to have one good dream every few days, that's if I get to have one. But if you haven't guessed yet why I told you the dreams it's because I think the ghost was the man in my dream and things have been progressively getting worse so I'm asking for help or advice on what to say or ask it. I've tried talking to it but it doesn't seem to help anymore it has been responding well to returning my moms hair bows but it has stopped returning my things since Christmas.

I don't know what I have done to upset it I have never lashed out at it or put any unkind feelings towards it other than nervousness of course I would think it would understand since it is an invisible person who likes to be mischievous and walk about while I'm indisposed and breathe on my neck and try to smother me with a shower curtain. Again if you have any advice of any sort please let me know it would be very much appreciated.

Katrina Aline Stow  
Algood, TN

## The Creature

My name is Lyle Fessenden. I have been a paranormal investigator for about 10 years. This is something that happened to me in June of 1970 when I was 10 years old that I will never forget. I lived in a rural area in Oceana county Michigan. This happened in June 1970 I believe. One day my older brother who was 16 and myself age 10 were out for a walk on a gravel road about a half mile from our home.

We were out Just out enjoying the day and talking while we walked. It was late morning and the sun was shining and it was perfect weather. I heard what I thought was a low slight growl behind us.

I turned around and right in the middle of the road about 20 yards away behind us was a creature about 7 feet tall with small sharp ears and short reddish hair covering the entire body of the creature.

Its fingers looked sort of human but very long and with claws. The feet also had claws with long toes I am guessing the feet were about 18 to 20 inches long. Not like your typical Bigfoot I have read so much about since then

This thing wan no Bigfoot. But the thing I remember most about this creature and what still haunts me to this day was its eyes. Slanted and yellow and full hate and menace. I turn back in terror tot ell my brother to turn around and it the brief time it took him to turn around with a puzzled look at the horror on my face the creature had disappeared . The area we was in had dense forest and brush and swamp lining the road. I heard nothing but the creature was gone.

To satisfy me my bother walked back to look for tracks and we some faint marks on the road near the edges on both sides. The road being gravel really made it difficult to make positive proof anything had been there.

I avoided that area for a long time when riding my bike and would only go that was when I had someone with me. I think about that day now and then and am haunted by what i saw.

Lyle Fessenden  
Shelby Michigan

## The Voice on the Answering Machine

A good friend of mine from the US forwarded this request of yours to me (in Spain). I have one true experience to tell you: unfortunately I can't remember the exact date, but it was around April-May 2007. I was living in an apartment in Fuengirola, southern Spain, together with my 17 year old son. One day when I arrived back home from work, I noticed the message light blinking in my telephone answering device, indicating someone had left a message. I looked at it and couldn't understand how it was possible, since the answering device was not even connected...

I listened. There were a lot of people talking at the same online, but it sounded like if the call came from a very distant country. The voices of men, women and children talked all at the same time, in a language I've never heard before (I speak 4 languages fluently myself). It was difficult to distinguish any separate words, but the overall sound of it was very threatening. Particularly one voice sounded like from some Poltergeist movie or something, and came out stronger than others.

The "message", or what ever you could call it, went on and on for about 8 minutes. In my answering device you can ONLY leave a message of max 1 minute!...(when it is on, and now it wasn't).

In the meanwhile my son had arrived with his friend. I called them to come to my study to listen to what I've just heard. They were quiet while listening, then joked that maybe some friend had called to scare them off by sending a recording from some horror movie. When I told them it's impossible to leave a message of eight minutes there, they became serious on their faces.

In my fax answering machine there is no separate recording system, it's all inbuilt in one. Since none of us could make any sense of what was said in the message(s), and it all sounded so bad and threatening, I had the urgent need to delete it immediately. I felt sick. Like if somebody really had taken us as their target to hurt us.

Prior to this incidence, we'd had some other strange things happening in the flat - the fan in the living room roof started rolling by itself, though all the windows and doors were closed. I don't know what, or whom made it move, but I felt I could almost "converse" with it by simply asking it to stop, and it stopped, and then asking it to roll again, and it did, back and forth, for 15-20 minutes each time, about once in a month or so during one year period.

Drinking glasses broke into pieces by themselves on the shelf, in the kitchen cabinet. I mean, REALLY into pieces, almost like if they'd been smashed with a hammer.

Somebody was always calling with a persons 'voice for another person; my son heard me "calling" for him, though I hadn't said a word....my visiting friend heard me/my son "calling" for him, though we hadn't even opened our mouths....I heard my son "calling" for me, though he wasn't even at home....or him hearing me though I wasn't at home...somebody else was often walking on the corridor, though there was only 1 person at home.

When the answering device had received the long message, that was like the culmination of everything - when I deleted it, we never had any incidents anymore. We moved away from that flat March 2008. The fax/telephone answering device is not in use anymore, but I still have it.

Marianne Rantala  
Fuengirola, Spain

## Tombstone, Arizona

As a child I had always been fascinated with the Old West. Tombstone Arizona was especially intriguing to me...the town too tough to die. I had the opportunity to visit Tombstone for the first time about 15 years ago. I read everything I could possibly find per the history of this landmark town. Upon my first visit I was drawn into a place called Big Nose Kate's saloon. I felt I was sucked into some kind of time warp as soon as I entered. I felt the spirits of the Old West immediately; Doc Holliday The Earp's The Clantons ect.

Upon further discovery I ventured into the basement only to discover the spirit of the Swamper...an old miner who stashed his silver in the small mine beneath Big Nose Kate's. According to history he lived and worked in the mine and died an untimely death. I believe he was killed for his silver stash. As I was filming his humble hut I had an overwhelming sensation of cold and dread. The hair on my head neck and arms shot up. I felt a chill that seemed to penetrate my whole body.

Not sure what I might have captured on tape but I knew there was something there so I proceeded to my hotel room to examine the tape. Well I did capture a spirit I believe. Right in front of his mine where he lived a definitive mist slowly went past at the same time I called out to the Swamper. I truly believe after this experience of life after life. My story is highlighted on the wall at Big Nose Kate's. God Bless.

Mark Hoffmann.  
Laughlin Nevada

## New Mexico Haunts

While visiting my parents in New Mexico, my husband and I decided to explore this wonderful and eclectic state. We would take day trips of the different historic locations. In November, the weather can be gloomy at times and the day we headed out, was exactly that! Perfect weather!

The most interesting day was to Lincoln County. The Court House where Billy the Kid had his infamous shootout with Pat Garrett and his deputies. We also visited the surrounding town. It was like stepping back into time.

Our next stop was Fort Stanton. As we drove up to the Fort, I felt frozen in time. My husband, Sylvester, eagerly jumped out of the car to start exploring. I couldn't move. I couldn't get out of the car!

My husband walked back to the car and asked me what was the matter. I told him, I didn't want to get out. I told him the feeling I was getting was one of people rushing around. Of Indians running in terror. Of negative energy.

For the first time in my life, I was frightened! At the time I couldn't explain it. But after learning the history of the Fort, I understood. It held Civil War soldiers. There was a Mescalero Indian massacre on the sight. And in 1966, it was a home for mentally challenged patients.

Once I understood all the history of this Fort combined, I understood where my feelings were coming from. Being a sensitive is a challenge at times, but I'm so glad I have this gift. Take time to explore!

Happy Hauntings!

Mary Garza Maria DeLa Luz  
Morgan Hill, CA

## Sach's Bridge

I can think of a couple of experiences that made my heart pound. I've always been fascinated by ghosts and loved ghost stories but never actively pursued my interest until I attended one of your ghost conferences in Gettysburg in the late 90's I was intrigued by EVPS and wanted to try to capture one myself.

I had my first encounter on Sach's bridge. At the time, I had a big old cassette recorder and a fresh cassette. I had invited a friend to attend the conference and after the first day of lectures, we set off to do some ghost hunting of our own. I remember it was early evening around 5:30pm, a little cold and a bit windy. The sun had just recently set and I think it was March. There was no one at the bridge but us.

I remember being very polite and asking if there were any spirits on the bridge. I continued my "interview" for a few minutes and then we got into my car and I started to play the tape. When I started to hear a response, my heart started pounding and the hair on my arms stood up and I quickly turned off the machine and said to my friend "Let's get out of here !!!". What a scardy-cat ghost hunter I was at that point.

Later, once we were in the light, warmth and security of our hotel room, I played the tape again. I had to listen several times to grasp what the "ghost" was saying. I heard 3 responses and it sounded like a man's raspy voice. When I asked if there were any spirits, the "ghost" said "It would make me happy to talk to you"...and then it sounded like he said my name .."Mary". Then he said "Look at me" and the last thing he said was when my friend asked "do you ever get cold?" and he said "YES ! ". He was a very polite ghost but that voice was so creepy.

However, I must admit that I felt honored to have him answer me. I wondered what his name was and if he was a soldier. So many unanswered questions... I still have that original cassette but now use a digital recorder. I have conducted many EVP sessions since but normally, if I get a response, it is short. Many times there is no response. It is kind of like fishing. Sometimes you are lucky. I felt very lucky indeed on my first attempt. I'm going to fast forward to 2009 and share an experience I had in my townhouse. I've become a braver ghost hunter. lol..

My husband was playing with the recorder and was imitating ghost hunters in our bedroom and he asked a question "do you see us" and a voice responded "yes". We have recorded several different voices on different occasions. The more encounters I have had, the less frightened I have become. I have a ghost shirt which I purchased from Walmart.

When you move, it lights up. I had it out on my bureau and one night when I opened my eyes, it was lighting up on its own. I got out my recorder to conduct a quick EVP session and said "look, the ghosties are playing". The response I got was a woman saying "bright top". Another evening when I tried recording, I captured a woman saying "it's nothing but an end" and then a male, sounding extremely agitated saying "it's MY HOUSE CASPER".

Now that was a bit creepy but I feel that since ghosts have their own personalities, some are crabby. I told the ghost it was OUR house. One of my favorite recordings is from a cemetery. A

girl with an English accent says "existence...not for me". I do believe ghosts exist. I don't know how they do what they do but am grateful when they can communicate. The quest on understanding ghosts continues but I understand that we must co-exist. Thanks for allowing me to share some of my experiences. I have MANY more. Sincerely,

Mary McMahon  
Ashburn VA

## The Lone Grave

While visiting my mother and father's grave I was sitting on a blanket talking out loud to them when I noticed a man walking toward me. I was wondering where he came from I looked around and saw only one car, mine! I thought maybe he parked on the other side and was just walking around.

He continued toward me wearing a trench coat, a hat, (sort of 40's 50's style) and dark glasses, which I thought was strange because there was no sun it was gloomy so I thought they were prescription.

There was a row of trees off to the side of me maybe about 8 feet away, When he reached the trees he looked at me and nodded his head as to say hello, I had been crying over the loss of both my parents so I whispered hello. He continued to walk on the other side of the trees so I could no longer see him, at that moment I quickly got up walked to the other side of the trees as if I thought I would meet him but he was gone.

No car , No man, All's I could remember saying was OMG, on the other side of the trees was a single grave of a man, ( I'll just tell you his first name) it was Fred. ( more people have been buried beside him since then), Now every time I go there I always go around the other side of the trees to say hello to him.

MaryAnne Yannotti Weizel  
Long Island , New York

## My Two Stories

First one, I was living in Tucson, AZ. at that time, with my Husband Dan and our Cat Jukebox. The Apartment we were in was Haunted enough as it was, without what happened that one night. It was Halloween, I was finishing up Decorating for our Halloween Party, trying to make certain we would have room for our guests.

A Neighbor boy and my then friend were helping me with putting up the final Decoration, a Streamer in the Breakfast area. They were both pushed away from me, I was lifted off the Step Stool Ladder I was standing on, through the air, into the door frame that led to our Hallway. I hit the back of my head.

I was likely out for a short time, because I don't remember anything other than before the incident and just as I had come to. By some miracle, I was not seriously injured. I got up Angry and ready to fight whatever it was that had done this to me. I also remember being sore for the next week or so afterward.

I still have absolutely No explanation for what had happened.

2nd story:

I was working in Casa Grande, AZ at this time, at a Very Haunted Museum. Nothing happened for the first few months that I worked there, until the 2nd Saturday in the month of April of that year.

Something unknown and unseen, definitely a Spirit, Male and Angry; put its Nasty, frigid hands on my shoulders, dropped the Temperature of the property down to Meatlocker Freezer Cold, screaming in both ears "GET OUT!" "GET OUT!"

I was terrified of whatever this thing was. At the time, even being Psychic, I did not have the tools to deal with this. So I told it, I would shut everything down and go home. That is exactly what I did, as I didn't know what else to do. When I got home, I called my Boss, let her know what had happened and that I Refused to work there alone again, that she would have to have someone on the Property with me at all times. The place has since been cleared of any and all Spirits, so it is no longer Haunted.

Melissa Bryan  
Arroyo Seco, NM

## The Spirit of Rammond

My name is Michelle Davidson. Originally from Utah, I moved to Florida 6 years ago and reside in Daytona Beach. I was excited to learn about the history of the region, especially the nation's oldest city, St. Augustine. As a local artist, I commuted to St. Augustine for work at a local gallery. I began hearing ghost stories by local residents. I read every ghost book that I could get my hands on. Finally one Halloween my curiosity got the best of me. I had to investigate the spirit reports myself. It was then, I set out to experience the "Kenwood Inn" (est. 1885) of St. Augustine.

My investigation took place on Halloween 2008. I enlisted my husband and son to stay in the haunted room at the Kenwood Inn. But I wanted to experience the claims of Rammond, and Lavendar's spirit's for myself. Rammond was known to be one of the original inn keepers, while Lavendar was supposedly murdered there. Halloween after all, the veil between the living and the dead would be thin and a better chance to communicate to the spirits. I had so many questions for the spirits. What would come to me that night was the biggest surprise.

As I was in the bathroom getting ready for bed, the closed door opened all by itself. I asked my husband if he had opened it, but he was watching t.v. with my son. We looked at each other and said, "it was just the ghost," and laughed it off. We then climbed into bed. But I sensed another unknown male presence lay next to me, and whispered "hey" into my ear. That really got my attention. Thoughts raced through my mind, unable to go to sleep. My heart pounded as I lay awake into the wee hours of the night listening to the sounds of the room. While my husband lay sound asleep, I began hearing pacing footsteps outside the hallway. My heart stopped when the footsteps came into our room. Sensing a woman spirit leaning over my husband. I put the sheets over my head and tried to calm myself down.

I eventually starred at the festive orange lights outside the window and fell asleep. For just when I fell asleep, I had a horrible nightmare. I envisioned myself lying in that bed with two Spanish men in the room talking Spanish to each other. Suddenly one of them leapt at me and stabbed a knife into my chest. I gasped, I could almost feel the knife inside me. But it wasn't really me, I had long dark hair. I gasped again and woke up. I counted the hours until morning, wide awake. Little did I know, this was just the beginning of my journey into the paranormal.

At breakfast, the next morning, I told the owner of the inn my horrible dream. Somehow she had a restless night too, filled with dreams she didn't care to talk about. We retired to our room to get ready for check out. As we walked into the room, my husband sensed a figure standing by the window while the curtained moved aside. I thought things might have settled down. But as I went to take a shower, the long chain fan pull was spinning around in circles by itself. It reminded me of the bathroom scene from "Psycho," where the water was spinning around in circles in the tub. I don't think I was losing my mind though. I did laugh a little and told "Rammond" or whom ever to stop playing around.

Something was definitely trying to communicate with me, I later discovered. After I got dressed, I asked my son to throw me my socks. He threw them across the room. I only saw one of the pair lying on the floor. I searched the room for 15 minutes. Then I thought to look under the bed of all places. There to my surprise was my other sock under the middle of the bed. Why would the sock end up there if he threw them both at the same time? But what confused me the most was the pile of books under the bed. Why would any one put them there? I shook the thought off, and checked out of the Kenwood Inn.

Still bothered by the books, I had my husband call the inn keeper later and ask about the books being under the bed. They had no idea what I was talking about. No one left or placed the books there. I couldn't get the books, or the murderous dream out of my head for days. Maybe a spirit was actually trying to communicate something to me.

Driven by this idea, I started to research the Kenwood Inn on my free time. I talked to the inn keepers, and looked through books, articles, and city directories at the St. Augustine Historical Society. While talking to inn keeper, she told me of a city commissioner who owned the Kenwood, and had an affair with a woman living there. I wanted to check out the facts. There was a city commissioner by the name of Elwood Salmon who owned the inn from 1920-1937. And a woman named Helene E. Hammond who resided there from 1924-1927. She was in fact a writer for the Secretary for National Conservators of American Women. There were no records of her death. Elwood mysteriously got sick and died in the inn, in 1937. Was there a connection between the two of them, a scandal, foul play?

I am still driven to uncover the true story behind the occurrences at the Kenwood Inn. It might take years. But I feel a strong connection to the woman who showed me how she died in my dreams on Halloween night. I will continue to research, write, and hopefully one day shed a light to her mysterious death.

Michelle Davidson  
Daytona Beach, FL

## My Haunted House

Well.....I can't narrow down my experiences to 1 stand alone story. There have been numerous occurrences here witnessed by both me and my fiancée Shari. I'll start by setting things up with a brief explanation as to why I believe these things happen here. My mother used to go to antique stores and estate sales all of the time. An estate sale is typically held when someone dies. Therefore...This house is full of dead peoples stuff. Me and my fiancée have each had our individual experiences along with some together. Halloween 2009 I took pictures of her carving pumpkins. There were 2 pictures taken within seconds of each other. 1 came out normal...The other has an ecto trail in the corner and a blob/orb right over Shari's face area (Both pictures are included here). As far as experiences go:

The first one that comes to mind is one night when we were going to bed. I was exhausted so I layed right down while Shari was still brushing her teeth and getting ready. Im in bed when I hear the doorknob turn and a few thuds on the door...Then nothing. A few seconds later the door opens and Shari comes flying in the room. She looks at me strangely. She asks "You were just behind the door right". "No" I told her "I've been in bed all this time". She had tried to open the door but couldn't open it like someone was holding the door shut. You could just write that off as the door sticking...But there is no sort of latching mechanism on that door. It opens so easily our pugs can push it open. There is no way the door can stick. She said she was out there putting all her weight on it and it would not open. This hasn't happened since...No problems with the door at all

There was a night I was here on the computer while Shari was in the kitchen. Normally when she comes in here shell lean on the back of the chair. Its one of the office type chairs that reclines and swivels. Im focused on something online when the chair dips back significantly. I figured it was her. I look back and there is no one in the room...Nothing that would cause the chair to lean back

We have smelled the odor of cigars downstairs. No one here smokes cigars. One time it was close to 3:00AM and no one else was even up. Another time I asked her "Do you smell anything odd" and she instantly said "It smells like someone was smoking a cigar down here". I have smelled an old styled fruity perfume in the kitchen one night when I got up for a cigarette. No one here wears perfume that smells anything like that. It was the super pungent smell like the 70s/80s perfumes

We have wooden steps that go from upstairs to downstairs. I have heard heavy plodding foot sounds...Like boots. There is no click of dog nails and the steps are definitely bipedal

One night something strange had happened downstairs while we were watching a movie. I cant recall which specific occurrence it was. When we were in bed we began to discuss it. All of the sudden the light goes out. Its a halogen that has a knob for adjusting the brightness. It was in the midrange...Nowhere close to being off. I hear noises.

When I put the light back on the key chains I have hanging from the light were on the floor. Another instance involving the light was one night when it began swaying. It is nowhere near a

vent and the window was not open. Our room has the worst air circulation in the house. There is nothing that could have caused that light to begin swaying in the manner it was. It looked like a person was holding it and moving it

One night Shari got up to get some water or have a cigarette. She comes zooming back in the room asking me to get up with her. She said she saw a person in the mirror in a curio cabinet my mom has. This cabinet was obtained from an estate sale and many of the items in it are from estate sales and antique stores. I have tried many a time to replicate what she could have saw to see if there is a natural explanation...I can't do it

Just recently we were downstairs watching a movie. I had my feet dangling over the side of the sofa. I felt something brush along them. I popped up instantly and looked. Nothing there. All the dogs were upstairs. There is a slim chance it was a cat...But I did not see a cat anywhere downstairs. I didnt feel fur on my feet either...It was a really smooth feeling

This one comes from before we had our 2 dogs. This was one of the first weird experiences we had. I have a bunk styled bed where the top is a bed and the bottom is a futon. We were sleeping up top. I had alot of junk on my floor...CDs-books-magazines-bags. This is also before we slept with the light dimmed. Its completely dark in the room. Shari was asleep. I have really bad sleep problems so I was still up tossing and turning. I hear rustling coming from the floor like something's moving around through the mess. I don't know what to do. I wasn't about to reach over to the light...

I was honestly too afraid something would grab me. I'm elbowing Shari trying to get her up. It's dark to where I can't see anything. Something solid passes right in front of the time display on the cable box. That's when I just yelled "Fuck" and reached for the light. I didn't think it was humanly possible to turn a light on so fast. Once the light was on I saw nothing out of the ordinary. The door to our room is always closed and this is before we had our dogs. There was nothing in that room that could have been moving around on the floor. We certainly don't have mice or rats (Except for our 2 pet rats we got a few weeks ago)

One of our pugs will sit and stare fixatedly at seemingly nothing and randomly bark. Then he'll take off running at times. I know this can be attributed to many things...But it doesn't fit into his personality. He'll walk up to seemingly nothing and start wagging his tail and staring. When were downstairs hell stare at the stairs like he's waiting for something or watching something

Me and Shari have both heard voices. I've been in the bathroom or in our room and I hear something that sounds like my name. I go ask if she was calling me and she wasn't. She has also said she has heard a female voice say something that included what sounded like my name. We heard what sounded like a growl or a deep sigh come from the middle of our room one night. It didn't come from the other side of the door and it didn't come from any side of the room. It sounded like it came from right in the middle of the room

We had a stuffed dog that would randomly move around the front room. It would be on the sofa when we went to bed...Then up on the stereo stand in the morning. On the stereo stand when we went to bed...On the table in the morning. On the floor by the sofa when we went to

bed...Next to the stereo stand in the morning. On the table when I went to work...On the hutch when I got home. There were times when there was no one else in the house that could have moved it. I saw it last and I was first in from work. The dogs sure weren't getting on top of the stereo stand and putting it back on the dining room table. One of the dogs did finally tearing it up one time when it was on the floor. I used to think of creative places to put it. It didn't relocate itself every time...But it sure did move around a lot

My mother's boyfriend just recently shared something with us one morning. He had gotten up in the middle of the night/early morning (around 5:00AM) to use the bathroom. As hes on the toilet the door blows open and a blast of hot air hits him. He said a few things on the counter moved and/or fell over. This was at the end of December 2009 when the house is sealed up and the heat on. Nothing could cause a gust like that to travel down the hall and blow open a bathroom door and knock things over. The door to the computer room comes first and it is always open anyways...It would disperse any air pressure. He said the doorbell rang right after. My fiancée Shari said she thought she remembered hearing the doorbell ring early in the morning while she was half asleep

I'm sure I'm forgetting things. There have been enough experiences in this house that I could do a book of my own. Jules (my mothers boyfriend) has agreed that hes smelled odd smells and heard strange things but doesn't know what to make of them. Once the event happened in December of last year hes agreeing that there is something in this house. Im positive my mom has had her own experiences but does not want to admit to them.

She always wants to rationalize everything and come up with the lamest explanations. I felt so vindicated when I captured the great image in our Halloween pictures. I finally have some iota of solid evidence to back up what I have been experiencing for years. My mom even scoffed at the picture though...Its smoke or I moved the camera (Even though there's no blur and everything is in focus). I know there's something here...I have no doubt whatsoever. There is no way to discount all of these events that have been experienced by 3 people here. I'm not afraid. I find it fascinating. So far nothing has harmed anyone or done anything malicious. I like being able to say I live in a "haunted" house. There's a perverse part of me that awaits the next strange happening

Nicke Szymczyk  
Bolingbrook IL 60440

## My Struggles

I had just become a grandmother for the first time in December and a mother of twins the following June. The babies were born extremely premature (24 weeks) and had to stay in the hospital for several months. By the time they returned home, it was fall, going on winter. We had been living in a two bedroom town house rental in Pennsylvania (which was not nearly enough room for my now expanded family of six). So to my surprise, my husband came home one day and told me he found us a lovely new rental house in New Jersey (where I was originally from) and one which was closer to his job (he is law enforcement).

He had already signed a lease agreement, but told me to go look at it. Here is where the story is a little hard to believe. Turns out this house was on the bus transit line, and over the dozen or so years I lived in that area (in the past) I use to pass it and always found myself looking at the row of houses and thinking very strongly that I knew someone there. It always perplexed me when I passed that house as to why I would have that thought. When I realized my new house was there, I thought how strangely curious it was.

Upon entering the house through the back door (where the parking area was located) I found myself in a large kitchen (I might mention this home was an attached Victorian-style dwelling. As I proceeded through the kitchen and began to cross into the dining room, the only blemish I observed was that the plaster was "erupting" from beneath a window frame near the dining room doorway. I thought it odd that the landlord did not repair it, because the house turned out to be, otherwise "perfect". As I crossed the doorway, I was immediately repulsed by the smell of something "dead". I thought perhaps it was a dead cat somewhere because I picked a urine type smell that I associate with cats, however, it was even more overpowered by the smell of rot and death.

My thought at that moment was "what the hell?" and the next thought was "someone was going to have to find that cat". I barely completed those two thoughts when the foul odor VANISHED...not dissipated as you would think such a strong, vile odor would do...but vanished immediately. I thought it was odd because no smell of that intensity could just "go away". I gave it a moments thought and moved on.

The house was lovely, the nicest I ever had...I had such dreams as I cruised from room to room. It had a double sized living room with stained glass windows, a lovely dining room, many of the accents of a Victorian home remained. The second floor had three bedrooms...perfect for our family, and a small bathroom. The third floor was a little curious because it was a medium sized studio type room with built in cabinets and cubbyholes from the floor to the ceiling...painted entirely black. I told my hubby he had to check every one of them before we moved in because some where "people sized".

We laughed. The basement was accessible from the dining room and had two rooms...a large from room and a small room in the back which probably was for food storage because it had metal sheathing nailed to cover the wooden slat door. Red lettering in the door was unreadable

because it appeared to have run down the door and peeled...or something. That too was odd. We did notice in the back room, a small tunnel in the earthen wall that we assumed was preparation for some type of plumbing, but it was big enough for a small child to crawl into.

I told my hubby he would have to do something about it because it made me uncomfortable, since it extended from our house and I did not know where it ended. The only other thing in the basement, was a broken, antique wardrobe...which sat beneath the stairs. For some reason my eyes kept returning to this cabinet because I wondered why it had not been thrown out...it was in such a state of disrepair, it could not be refurbished. As yet, I still had no thoughts of anything out of the ordinary. I loved the possibilities of my new home, until....

The first night we moved in, my husband had to work, so it was just my daughter and I, and the three babies. We were happy to be there because we had slept on our previous home's floor the night before. Since the kitchen was not set-up, we went and bought fast food chicken and came to our new home to eat it. I sat all the babies in there carry-alls on the sofa, my daughter sitting on one end and me on the other.

As soon as we started to eat, I felt something drop on me from above and consequently a shower of things began to fall on us, in our food, etc... I jumped up from the couch and looked up...I know this is hard to believe, but...a large swarm of cockroaches were walking across the "ceiling" and diving down on us. I thought this was insane...first that they came across the ceiling...next, the sheer number of them...third that they would "dive" on us from above. It was all too weird.

I immediately packed up the kids and we returned to our vacant townhome and called the new landlord. I was angry about the infestation and not being told of it...he laughed, and replied that he had no roaches or vermin of any kind. I called my husband at work to report the occurrence, he asked for an emergency leave from work and came to our townhome in Pennsylvania to check on me and the kids, then went to the hardware store and purchased a large number of roach foggers.

Because of the size of the house we needed many. We left the kids and went to the new house to set off the foggers... knowing we could not stay in the house that night, we decided to camp on the floor of our old home, once again. Before we set off the foggers, we checked the "entire" house and cabinets, and found no trace of roaches, but of course they were there somewhere. The following day when we returned, expecting to find a huge mass of dead roaches...we found...none. "What the...?" THAT, was the "second sign".

My babies were lovely, happy, and well-behaved, but almost immediately upon moving in to this house, they began to display distress. They cried almost continually, waving their hands frantically and seeming to follow something with their gaze. What I DID notice was both twins eyes followed the same path of observation...so it made sense they were looking at the same thing...though I saw nothing.

My son seemed to be the more frantic of the two to the point of not being able to drink his bottle regularly, not sleeping and crying out of fear. He began to lose weight and dark circles formed around his eyes in a matter of days. My daughter (his twin) became more reserved but I noticed that when my son was crying in terror, she would observe him very coolly and without emotion. She was no longer displaying any frantic behavior, but she did watch her twin brother constantly...I thought this was also odd.

Back to my poor little dog, his name was "Stinky" by the way and my husband had acquired him to help me through a miscarriage of our previous pregnancy shortly before I became pregnant with the twins. He was sweet and full of fun...until the house. Since we moved in he NEVER moved from being huddled against the back door. He would look at us through the dining room doorways and cry as he watched us in the living room beyond...but he would not come if called. He made body movements as though he wanted to, but he would then huddle against the door moaning and trying to wag his tail. It was this behavior that began to make me think for certain that something paranormal was occurring in our new house. The poor dog tried to escape the house each time the back door was opened, and did so on a few occasions, but once retrieved he tried to pull away when we tried to bring him back inside. Emotionally, poor little Stinky became a hot mess.

I later came to the conclusion that the doorway to the dining room from the kitchen may have been some sort of portal, because incidents of note occurred in that doorway area. It was also aligned with that weird door in the basement with the metal sheeting and the red drippy sign that we could not read. The reason I suspected this doorway, is 1) the weird disappearing odor occurred here 2) the rupture of the wall plaster under the window in this area 3) the refusal of my dog to go near the doorway 4)

The first day my toddler aged grandchild moved in to our new house to stay, she stopped before reaching this doorway and stared at us rather dumbfoundedly and then looked at the doorway area again, and then...as she approached and reached the doorway (honest to God) something shoved her back on her bottom across the floor towards the living room (this was observed by two other adults in my kitchen to whom I had been talking about the weird things going on in the house).

This incident of course shocked and frightened my guests, but further proof of something occupying that space, was that my granddaughter, immediately after being shoved, found a box of shoes, yet unpacked, in the living room, and began throwing them at the doorway to the kitchen...out of anger at whatever she observed, that had shoved her across the floor, and fifth, I was looking towards that doorway one night while watching television, and saw a very tall thin man with his arms reaching upwards resting his forearms against the sides of the doorway, he was looking at me with an irritated look on his face, but behind him, were what appeared to be flames...blocking the view of the kitchen behind the doorway. The message he communicated while looking in my face was "haven't you had enough?" That is what I heard in my head. That was enough confirmation for me. Our house was haunted...and by something that was not very nice.

At this point, I am thinking evil spirit...non-human entity...even though I saw the "form" of a man, I thought about the roaches...the "death smell" and the fact that it physically attacked my granddaughter, and though I was not a believer either way, I had heard or read things on the subjects of ghosts and demons, etc... over the years. At this time the condition of my children and my dog were becoming critical. I secretly was hanging garlic in the doorways, only to find them "petrified" in the morning also placed some in the babies clothing.

I could never leave them alone in a room. I placed the bassinets next to my side of the bed and covered them with sheets so the babies could not see anything in the room...I also placed an open bible in each one. As for my daughter and grandchild, I did not tell my teenage daughter what I thought was going on, however, her response to what was going on was "the babies have gotten bad since we moved here". I did not remark...I did not want her to be afraid. Until and unless she mentioned something unusual, I thought it best to say nothing.

In the meantime, I began to have thoughts of a fire having happened... and considering the scene of the man in the doorway with flames in the background, I was pretty sure there was something there that had to do with fire. One day, I asked the handyman who was doing a little work with his young son about the house, if there had been a fire...he said "no". I also told him about my dog who was still huddled in terror against the back door. He looked at the dog and said "perhaps the radiators make a high-pitched noise when they are hot that we cannot hear...a whistling or something", "maybe he can hear it and it is troubling him".

He acknowledged that my dog appeared very much out of sorts, but "what are you saying...this place is haunted?" He said if I thought that I should get a priest (he was a Spanish Catholic). I asked him why the previous tenants left all their belongings when they left ( I noticed them on the outside enclosed porch and curb when I first visited the house. I also noticed the things were very nice and could not imagine someone leaving them). it was curious even at that time.

I should mention here that in the two weeks the children and I lived here (my husband remained) the postman delivered two social security checks and one county assistance check...which I decided to hold on to for a few days to see if the previous tenants would come to pick up, giving me an opportunity to ask some questions...several days passed...they never came, so I returned them to the postman. I also noted mail from a psychiatrist and juvenile court...Was this family troubled in some way? I wondered.

Over the two weeks, I did not unpack...too much was going on, especially with my babies and the dog. My heart was sinking because I hated the thought of leaving this beautiful home, but it seemed inevitable. Whatever this thing was, it walked up and down the staircase constantly next to which sat our living room sofa, so you could not help but notice the footsteps on the stairs. I told myself it must be the neighbors, but I never asked.

I had begun work on a beautiful nursery for all the babies. I put my grandchild in it the first night she came home (she had been staying with her other grandmother until we got settled

in)... she didn't last an hour. As a toddler, her responses were more readable and it was clear that she something was wrong.

Her cries were terrifying...her room upstairs was also in line with the dining room doorway. I did not tell my daughter why, but asked her to let my granddaughter sleep with her in the bedroom in the front of house, on the second floor. For some reason that room alone, seemed light and airy.

Many strange things occurred such as ... talking about whatever it was, caused it to bang on the basement pipes...yes, during any conversation, if you mentioned the goings-on, it made it's presence known by angrily banging. It also began shutting off the furnace and my husband had to go into the basement constantly to fire it up.

This worried me because it seemed like it was drawing him down there for some reason. It shut it down after he left for work and the house was freezing, so he left work again, to come home and fire it up. I do know that whenever he went into the basement, I thought about the old wardrobe beneath the stairs...but I did not know why...it began to scare me a little . Finally, the straw that broke the camel's back. I told you that I did not tell my teenage daughter that I felt something "paranormal" was going on, however, I decided if she said anything to me about anything, I would insist we move immediately...

I told my husband this because he knew certain things had occurred, but being a law enforcement officer, ex-air force guy, football and wrestling champion, in addition to expert sharpshooter, he just decided to ignore it all. As a mother, I did not have the luxury of choosing what I believed...I had to protect my children, even if it meant leaving him...which eventually I did.

Anyway...here was the moment of truth. My daughter had to take some final exams at her previous high school in Pennsylvania, so we were bundling up the babies for the ride, when my daughter (lovely, sophisticated, spiritual, and very sound-minded) said to me in a rather excited voice (and I quote...as I will never forget it) "Oh, mom...I had the most horrible dream of my life...a nightmare. It was about... I think it was a "demon...or something. "There was something downstairs in the basement behind a door and it was trying to break out) little did she know, at my insistence, my husband and I had placed a 2x4 against the door to that little room...just to see if it would be moved).

She said it was trying to get out and that it looked like....my husband. She also said that a voice came to her and a halo of light descended around her from above and told her not to be scared, she would not be harmed...she said it was an "angel ring". At this revelation, I froze for a minute, but then decided to myself, it was time to go. I dropped my daughter off at school not wanting to say anything to upset her and affect her exams, I then called my husband at work and told him what she had said to me...I also told him we had to leave. He was upset and told me he was not leaving...it was our home. Well...my concern was not for that house...my only

concern was my children. We argued, to no avail, so I hung up, and headed back to the house to get some food and clothing for the children.

Once inside the house, I hurried and gathered some things the kids would need, including clothes for my teenage daughter. It was hard to do, leaving the babies alone in the living room, but I packed very quickly. I was afraid it would know we were leaving, so I tried to make it appear as casual as possible. It was like I was in a movie.

Once I had everything packed, I wondered how to get the children and the bags out of the house. I did not want to leave either child in the house as I went to the car for fear I would not be able to get back in. Anyway, I put them on the outer porch, retrieved the bags and then proceeded to put them into the car. I took them to my granddaughter's other grandma's house, where my granddaughter was visiting at the time.

I told her I needed to have a place for my babies to stay until I could figure things out. She said my daughter and the babies could stay, but room was limited...so I decided to stay in my car. Later that evening when I knew my husband was back from work, I drove to the house, but could not bring myself to go inside.

My mission at this time was to get some money because all that we had, went into getting this house, in addition to purchasing several hundred dollars worth of items from the hardware store to make our house even lovelier, though at the time I was not certain if we were going to be able to stay. I had purchased a brass bar for the door to the basement, because of the following incident.

Once when I came back to the house to retrieve more clothes, I was in the dining room near the basement door and heard the sound of someone stealthily coming up the basement stairs. At the same time, I heard what sounded like two children whispering and giggling. It seemed that they were creeping up on me and conspiring to scare me. I confess that my reaction to fear, is sometimes terrified violence. And honestly, it has saved me in other situations when someone tried to harm me.

I then proceeded to slam the door with my fist several time...violently and shout expletives at the little "things". After which, I decided to stop what I was doing and leave, because fear was now beginning to overpower me. I mentioned this because I had bought brackets and bars to secure the basement door, and decided they would not help whatever was going on, so I returned them and a host of other items to get my money back.

Over the next couple weeks, I lived out of my car, while the children stayed at the other grandmother's house. This was not an entirely safe arrangement for them, because there were issues in her home, but I had no choice. My teenage daughter had to care for the babies when I was not present. In the meantime, I tried desperately to get help to find a place for us to live. I confronted the landlord by phone about the house, assuring him that I was a woman of sound mind, but also stating that I am sure we were not the first tenant's to be troubled by the house.

He paused uncomfortably and then said "are you trying to say the house is haunted?" He made a poor attempt to laugh, but it came off sounding rather weak and somewhat guilty. I said I needed my security...he could keep the two months advanced rent...just give me something. He refused.

My husband worked the 3-11 shift and sometimes, during the day, I would need to go to the house to retrieve food or clean clothing for me and the children. I would try and work myself to anger for being put out like this. It helped me to hold back the fear, but knowing this thing was "mischievous" I was always afraid of what might occur. I think "one" the most frightening incidents for me occurred when I was trying to organize some things and decide my next course of action...normally I would be out of there before dark, but I got delayed and darkness fell.

I decided to put on the gospel station on the radio in the kitchen where I was working to pack some food for the kids. While walking around the kitchen, I kept seeing in my mind's eye...or my imagination, the scene of that man (the one in the dining room doorway with the flames behind him) standing beneath me under the kitchen floor, looking up watching me. I tried to ignore my thoughts by singing the gospel music. The kitchen was lite by overhead lighted ceiling tiles which went from the back door to the dining room doorway.

As I am packing and nervously singing, I notice the ceiling tile at the far end of the kitchen near the backdoor, burn out. A second later, the next light went out...and then the next, slowly proceeding across the room. I then realized what was going on and in terror, made a giant leap into the dining room, before the entire kitchen went dark. I ran out of the house immediately after realizing it could shut lights out in the whole house. It obviously was toying with me...at least for now...but then what?

Another time, while upstairs looking for some items, I heard the sound of the third floor door click. This door had one of those old skeleton keys in the lock, that was never removed. To open the door, you needed to turn the key and then the knob. When I heard the click, I leaned out of my bedroom and looked at the door...it opened...just a crack. I left the house again...immediately.

Before I conclude, I should tell you that one day while in the bathroom, the cabinet under the sink was open, and I spotted a crack of light coming up from below. Upon investigating, I moved a piece of board and found myself able to look right down into my dining room. Upon further investigation, after removing that board, I discovered "burned" beams in the ceiling...so, there HAD been a fire here, contrary to what the handyman had told me. At some point I called and told him, and he came over...removed some of the ceiling tiles...and there it was...evidence of a fire. He was stunned...and I might add now frightened. He left quietly.

I felt it was time to end this involvement with the house, once and for all. Like the previous tenants, I decided to leave all our furniture and such, taking only the children's clothes and whatever food remained. I knew that at some point, something terrible was going to happen.

Up until now whatever it was, was simply toying with me, but I knew that was going to change...don't ask me how, I just knew it. Well, on this last night, my husband was there sitting on the living room couch smoking a cigarette. We had engaged in a very upsetting conversation about what was happening to our family and he tried to convince me to bring the babies back and "cut it out".

I thought that odd of him to say, since he had also witnessed the pipe-banging incidents...the furnace incidents and more. So, as he sat brooding, I went up to the bedroom to finish packing. As I sat at the foot of the bed folding the babies clothing and placing them in bags, I happened to notice what looked like a floating piece of ash or ember, still lit, descending from above. It floated right in front of me...in what seemed like slow motion. It was somewhat hypnotic as it drifted from side to side...just as you would imagine a feather floating down.

I had not fully realized what it was, I just sat watching it come down. When all of a sudden, it touched the bare mattress upon which I was sitting. What happened next defied all my sensibilities. The mattress that was rather battered and torn, exploded with flames shooting from the "sides". Sometimes from the left, sometimes the right...from the head...from the foot. In my panic, I jumped up on it, not realizing that my up and down motions caused the fire to bellow. What I realized, even then, was that the action of these flames made no sense. One minute a tongue of flames would shoot out here and then the next somewhere else, but not necessarily connecting as far as I could see. It was like fire from a flame-thrower.

All the while I am screaming for my husband, who is sitting at the bottom of the stairs, just a few feet away. At this point, I jumped off the mattress, realizing that I was lucky I did not go up in flames myself. I ran to the top of the stairs, and there was my husband sitting watching TV. At this point, I screamed his name again, I think more than once, when he finally responded. It seemed that he was also entranced, as I had been watching the little ash float down.

He seemed startled at my screaming and ran to me at the top of the stairs. It took a second for him to seem to understand that I was screaming "fire". I could not possibly tell you what other communication passed between us because it was such a chaotic scene. All I remember is that my very intelligent husband ran into the bathroom and grabbed a bucket, filled it with a couple "inches" of water, ran into the bedroom and threw it on the mattress...he then repeated this action as the bed continued it's fire dance. I was watching him dumbfounded, thinking the house is going to catch fire.

The next time he went for the water I grabbed the bucket from him and asked what he was doing...getting the tiny buckets of water...he still appeared confused as if only half way understanding me. I grabbed the bucket from him and tried to fill it completely. In the meantime, my husband proceeds to grab this mattress, put it on his back and run down the stairs...to get it outside the house. Yes, you heard me...he put the flaming mattress on his back and ran outside.

Later when I asked why it took so long for him to respond to my cries, he said he did not hear me. That was it...game over. I told him I was leaving and never coming back. And that is what I did. He said pitifully, he would stay until me and the kids decided to come back. I knew at this point our relationship was over. I left with nothing, no husband, no home, the dog at the time was missing in the neighborhood (my husband later found him, but he would eventually be euthanized for his erratic behavior... he was not adoptable.) My children...the babies, my granddaughter and teenage daughter were living in another place and my world was turned upside down.

I did get some money back from the hardware store, even for things I had used because the young man who had helped me pick out paint and things earlier, felt sympathy for me when I told him my house was haunted and all the things that happened, and that I had no money to live on. He went to the store manager and surprisingly he also "believed" me and gave me all of my money back. Some patrons in the store overheard what was going on, and one, rather "Goth-looking" young man asked if he could take some friends to the house...and commented that his mother was a "witch" and might enjoy it. I told him my husband was still there and he would have to talk with him first.

I simply did not care one way or the other. Do not get the impression I did not love my husband, it is just that he knew the truth, but "decided" not to accept it...or expected me to "risk" our children for the sake of protecting his "belief system", and I could not do that. The reality is...something lives in that house at 1225 Nottingham Way and I can only thank God, that we escaped.

That is the end of my experience, however, my poor husband remained...along with the dog...until they both could stand it no longer. It appeared there was more than one entity there and he experienced some very horrifying things before finally leaving. When I next saw him, he broke down in "tears" and acknowledged "the truth of it" and told me what happened to him after I left for good (which I promised not to tell anyone).

I am not a writer so I know I skipped around a bit, but this experience as I related it, is entirely true. Since this experience, my life can never be the same and though I have wanted to do research on the house but felt I should not pursue it...to let it be. But even now I pass the house going shopping and such and cannot help but look at it. The curtains are never open, and the light natural wood door has what appears to be a dark stain covering the outside and gradually growing larger. I wonder about that too and the people who live inside. That's all. Thanks for letting me get that out.

It has been 17 years since we lived there and I continue to think of it on a fairly regular basis. I pass this house about 1-2 times a week, while out shopping or going to the doctor's, always hoping to spot the tenants or see a shade or window open...but I never do. The fact that I am still drawn to it, is the reason I know about the spreading dark stain on the front door. It may have been a spill of some sort...but it was once small and is now three quarters of the way down the door.

I will relate a couple of incidents regarding the house since I moved. First, the house was vacant for almost two-three years since we moved...I watched it for tenancy. Once, while passing, years later, I saw a man and his toddler child entering the front gate. I felt compelled to speak with him because of his child. The man turned out to be African and had difficulty with the English language. He did manage to say his wife was coming soon and please wait for her, she spoke good English.

Shortly, thereafter, the young wife appeared with another young woman. By this time, I was embarrassed, but my belief in the harm this "entity" could do, especially to children, as evidenced by the torment of my babies and the physical assault on my granddaughter spurred me on...I needed to tell them. As we stood on the front porch talking, the young woman invited me in. At first, I was terrified at the thought, but then some sort of morbid curiosity compelled me to step inside. She said she could see I was frightened but not to worry. I went only into the living room.

Once entering I met several young African people, men and women, who were sitting on the moving boxes, for lack of furniture. The young woman introduced me and briefly told why I was there. They all listened attentively, and one person asked if I meant there were "evil spirits" here...and I said "yes". They treated me very kindly, and told me not to worry, and "thank you" for your concern.

The one woman stated "we will take care of it". While standing there, I noticed the toddler child, riding around on a little "trike"...crying the entire time. I told the young mother if she had a problem and had no where to go, to call me and proceeded to give her my phone number. I guess I did that because I had no where to go when we escaped the house, and it was so heartbreaking to live in my car apart from my children, for several months. I did not want her to feel as hopeless as I did.

It was after this encounter with the young family, that I returned to my new home and was told by a family member, that someone called asking for me...with a foreign accent... followed by dead silence and then the phone disconnected. It terrified me because I did not know if it was the family calling, or.... I wished at that moment, that I had said nothing...that I had not stepped into that house. What if ....?

A rather disturbing incident happened about three months later...I was out shopping and wound up in the vicinity of the house. I decided to drive through the back alley, where residents of this street have parking areas. I just thought I would drive behind the house and look at it from another angle (why? I don't know...it still draws me like that).

As I came around a slight curve in the driveway, about three houses away from the "house" parking area, I spotted the young African father that lived there. He was speaking with another man, but immediately turned and "locked into" my presence. He looked me in the eyes (at which time I clearly noticed his eyes were very black and extremely shiny), and began to laugh.

He never broke his gaze as I hurried past him, not only embarrassed for being caught spying on the house, but also very scared because his reaction was "unnatural" to me.

The man he had been engaged in conversation with, gave me a gentle smile and nod...but the father was laughing AT me in a deep and I might say "evil" tone. I do not know what he told the man after I passed, but he certainly would need to make some explanation of his behavior. I will tell you that they did not live there long...how long I do not know, but once again, I saw furniture stacked at the curb, and knew they had also moved away. I decided never again to interact with anyone who lived in that house.

Anyway, thus far that is all that has happened since I moved away. I must confess that I still feel an attachment to that place. I want to know and yet do not want to know what is going on there. My children, particularly my son who seemed to be most tormented by this : "thing". Even though he was an infant at the time, he grew up with very strong fears...and some occasional strange occurrences surrounding him.

I have been very protective (spiritually) of my children because of our experience. I had to teach them a technique for wakening themselves from nightmares before they reach the point of "horror". I do not like them to indulge in movies that will "set them up" for such dreams...or allow them to watch anything that has "subliminal message patterns". I know this sounds obsessive and without knowing me, the image you may have of me because of my words might seem obsessive, but I just don't want them to be hurt...spiritually.

It took a lot of care to maintain my children's emotional health after what we experienced, and seventeen years later I am still doing that. I am happy that they now believe in God, as my son was somewhat resistant for many years. He would not care to mention the name or like you to say the name. At four years old, the subject of God came up (I don't remember with who, or how) but my son came up to me, looked around cautiously, and with tears in his eyes, whispered to me that he did not want to make a choice between God and the Devil because he was afraid.

I was shocked at what he said and asked why he felt he needed to make a choice...and he said nothing...just continued to cry and look scared. I told him God loved him because he was a nice little boy...and that he did not have to be afraid...that God loved him and would help to protect him from harm. This incident disturbed me deeply and I knew then that we needed to build a "spiritual defense" to protect ourselves and our home...and to rid ourselves of the fear ingrained in our subconscious as a result of our experience. I am still struggling with this, but I feel much stronger now...

Patricia Coney  
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## The Ghost in My Room

One time when I was 13 years old, a ghost appeared in my room. It was a woman dressed in white with blond hair. I got freaked out and she disappeared. It wasn't the first time something ghost related happened in my room. Once I had a paper earth globe on my room lamp and as I was chatting with some friends online something hit the globe so it smashed into the floor. I saw nobody there, yet it had been smashed to the floor. In the same house I could hear footsteps in the kitchen at night. When I went to look no one was there.

Also, my father's house is haunted as well. Once when I was about to go to sleep on the couch I saw someone next to me. I thought it was my father; it was dark so I couldn't really tell, but then he vanished in front of my eyes. I got pretty scared. Also, my brother and I could hear someone walking outside one evening it sounded like the one walking was dragging something. We woke up our father and he went outside to look, but there were no tracks in the snow.

It happened very often and after a while we started ignoring it. Once, in the very same house I was asleep on the couch with my dog next to me. My father and his girlfriend (my parents are divorced) heard someone walking around downstairs and went to check. Nobody was there, and he said I was asleep on the couch so it couldn't have been me or the dog that was also asleep.

Patrik Mäkinen  
Vasa. Finland

## The Old Cemetery

I hope you are still taking scary stories as I have several, in my family I have a reputation for being a ghost magnet, odd things always seem to happen to me. Growing up in my parents' house, lots of odd things used to happen to me when I was home alone and most everyone else in the family would try to explain it away and tell me I was just being a big baby.

My parents' house is a very old house that is an original log cabin that has been sided over. I have one incident that sticks out in my mind. I was a teenager and was home by myself during the day because it was summer, both my parents worked and my 5 older brothers and sisters were all grown and out of the house. I had been in my parents' bedroom, all the bedrooms being on the second floor, the nite before talking on the telephone to a girl friend and had my purse in there because we were reading notes to each other, being typical teenagers.

I had set my purse on the floor next to the bed, by the wall, and when I got off the phone I had forgotten it. My oldest brother was in the hospital having had surgery and the next morning I was awakened by the phone ringing with someone wanting to find out how he was doing. I answered the phone in my parents' room, while on the phone I saw my purse on the floor where I had left it the night before.

I remember making a mental note to grab it when I was off the phone, I was a teenager and didn't want my parents' going through it and reading the notes from my friends. By the time I got off the phone I had once again forgotten my purse. I got dressed, went downstairs and was going about business as usual. A couple hours or so later I heard a thump come from upstairs. I didn't think too much of the noise, having grown up hearing lots of noises in the house and having the rest of the family tell me it's just noises that an old house makes.

The noise did make me think of upstairs and that reminded me that I had forgotten my purse in my parents room, I swung the stair door wide and started to lunge up the stairs in my usual manner and stopped about three steps up, there sat my purse on the floor at the top of the steps. I got a cold chill down my spine and crept up the rest of the steps, grabbed my purse and ran back down and called my mom at work. I asked her if I was supposed to be alone in the house, she assured me I was (this was not an unusual conversation for us), I didn't go into detail but she offered to come get me and let me follow her around the rest of the day at work (this wasn't unusual either). Once again my family all tried to explain this incident away, I had moved the purse myself and forgotten I had done it, it was my imagination getting carried away, etc. etc. This time I was too old to have the whole incident explained away.

A few years later I was in my sophomore year of college and was home during a break. During those few years my parents had a bedroom built off of the living room downstairs. I had just gotten over a bad case of the flu and had just started sleeping back upstairs in my old room, my oldest brother was living at home too and was sleeping upstairs as well. I was woke up by my mother at a very early hour, she was asking me if I had just been downstairs.

I told her I hadn't been downstairs since I had gone to bed, I then heard her go wake my brother up and ask him the same thing. This was very odd behavior. After they got home from

work I learned why. Mom had woke up and heard the grandfather clock strike 4 AM and knew the alarm was going to be going off in 15 minutes so she was just laying there rather than go back to sleep and she heard a young girls voice coming from the doorway saying "Mom, mom?" in a questioning tone. Mom layed there quiet waiting to see if I was going to say anything else when dad rolled toward her and said "Are you going to answer her?" So mom said, "Yes, what do you want?" There was no answer, so that's when she went upstairs and woke me up. After hearing this story the rest of the family had to admit maybe all those other incidents I was always having weren't just my imagination after all.

Almost 30 years later I still have odd things happen to me when I go to visit my mother. Since I now live in Missouri and the house I grew up in, where my mother still lives, is in Wisconsin, when I go to visit I usually stay a couple of days. Within the last year I have had two incidents, both involving my truck. The first one, I hadn't had the truck very long and it was the first time I had taken it to my mom's. I was driving and we had just pulled in the drive and parked, it was late and my husband had jumped out and went around the side of the garage to empty his bladder, I had left the driver's door open and was leaned through the backseat door gathering up stuff to take in when I heard a humming noise, I raised up and saw both front windows going down at the same time.

They stopped about half way down. I looked around to be sure I was alone with the truck, which I was, so I spoke aloud saying "Ok, whoever did that, nice to see you again too, but I would really appreciate you not putting my windows down again. I really don't want to come back out in the morning to find them down." That was in June. The last time I was up there was at New Years when my family was having Christmas together. I was taking my Mom's dog out and had taken the truck keys with me because I wanted to grab my boots out so the next time I took the dog out I wouldn't get my socks wet in the snow wearing the open back shoes I had on.

I had pushed the button twice as I went out the garage door and heard the truck doors clunk when they unlocked. I didn't immediately get my boots out because the dog was pulling me as it was sniffing for a place to relieve itself, I was maybe a few yards from the truck on my way back when I heard a clunk that sounded like the locks on the truck, sure enough, when I got back to it, the doors were locked. I just smiled, acknowledged whoever had done it, got my boots out and went back in the house. I have never had electrical trouble with this truck before these incidents and I have not had trouble with it since, only those two times, both at my mom's.

These are incidents that have happened to me at my parents' house, I have other's that have happened other places if you're interested. I have one that happened at a cousin's house where I stayed while going to school in Kansas City and one at my own house involving the cemetery in our backyard. Let me know if you're interested in these and I will send them too.

First one happened about 7 or 8 years ago when I was staying with a cousin, just outside of Kansas City while I was going to school in Kansas City. His house was a very old, very large two story house with a basement and an attic. The bedrooms were on the second floor and mine

was next to the bathroom, so I could hear whenever anybody was in there. Our cousin had to go out of town for a couple of days for work and I was staying at the house by myself.

That night I was woken up around midnight by what sounded like the toilet flushing, my first thought was that the cousin had gotten up, then I remembered he was gone, I came instantly awake and heard what sounded like water running, such as someone washing their hands. I sat there in bed for a little bit and didn't hear anything else. I finally got up and went into the bathroom, there was nothing there. I stood a bit thinking, now what, then I reached my hand into the basin of the sink, it was wet. Very calmly, with my heart racing so fast I could hardly walk and turning every light on as I went, I walked downstairs and sat in a chair in the living room wondering, what am I going to do.

I knew there wasn't a snowball's chance of getting any more sleep that night. I was supposed to be going to clinical for school the next day in Columbia, which was a two hour drive, but had only gotten a couple of hours of sleep. I didn't like the idea of driving two hours, working at clinical for 8 hours, then driving back for two hours when I knew I was going to be very tired by then. I sat for a while weighing my options and finally came to the decision if I wasn't going to go to clinical and wasn't going to be able to go back to sleep, I just as well go someplace where I could get sleep, home.

So I changed my clothes, packed my stuff into the truck, and drove the two hours home. Imagine my husband's surprise when I woke him up at 4 AM to let me in. When I next talked to our cousin and told him my experience, he had explanations for it all, something to do with air in the pipes and a faucet that leaks off and on by itself, but I wasn't convinced. I gave what I figured was a spirit the name of Gertrude and took to talking to it whenever I was alone in the house. We got along just fine after that.

My second story happened a couple of years ago. I have an abandoned, very old cemetery in my back yard. After putting a house here and moving in, I have made it my project to clean it up and have it restored. It was in very poor condition, at one time it was not fenced off and cattle had tromped through it, knocking over most of the headstones and trampling them into the ground. When we moved in there was a fence around what was thought to be most of the cemetery and it was overgrown with brush and briars.

The summer prior to this experience I had finally gotten the brush all cleared and was able to hire these people to come and restore all the headstones, standing them back up, using what bases could be found, putting pieces back together. They told me that there were many more graves inside and out of the fenced area that weren't necessarily marked, but due to costs, I was only able to have them restore inside the fenced area and couldn't expand the fence to include all the graves.

I was happy with their work, it looked really good when they got done, but because there were more tombstones than what bases could be found, I'm sure some headstones weren't placed with the correct graves. The guy told me that he had done dousing the find the graves, but I'm sure that didn't tell him what went where. That winter, a couple of extremely cold nights in a

row, my husband and I heard what can only be described as very loud bangs on the side of the house, about 3 or 4 bangs over about a 30 minute span.

The evening following these two nights, I had to go feed an old crippled cow that we had out in the pasture beyond the cemetery. As I was walking through the cemetery I stopped and started talking out loud to the spirits that reside there. I apologized that if any of my restorations upset any of them, I also apologized for any mistakes that had been made when setting the headstones. I told them I was sorry that I wasn't able to include all the graves and that someday I would have the fence expanded to include everybody.

I asked if they could quit banging on my house and could we all live together there and get along. I chatted about my plans for flowers and making things pretty and asked for permission to do these things. I then went on fed the cow and on my way back through the cemetery I told the spirits good nite and thanked them listening to me. I have never heard the bangs on the house since then. My husband claimed that the noise was caused by the extreme cold causing the ice to shrink and "pop" loose from the sides of the house, but it was funny how even though we continued to have some extremely cold nights we never had the banging noises after I had stopped and had a chat at the cemetery.

Sandy Konopasek  
Blythedale, MO

## The Inn

My name is Shannon Boyer Jones and I graduated from Chowan College with a Bachelor of Science degree in Criminal Justice. She has studied the paranormal for years driven by her fascination and curiosity from her own experiences and has since started her own paranormal group, the Black Moon Paranormal Society. I currently resides in the beautiful and haunted Central Pennsylvania area.

Nestled on a hill in Central Pennsylvania sits an inn that is centuries old. A stone porch wraps around the building, with two large pine trees standing on either side of the front entrance and the rear overlooks a murky creek. The structure contained three floors and a basement that was sectioned off into different rooms. I will omit the name and most other physical details of this place because my family no longer owns the building and the new owners do not know of my experiences there.

Built in the 1700s, it was a stop for many travelers throughout the years, including those who were escaping using the Underground Railroad. There are two tunnels in the basement one on either side of the building and a third by the creek. The tunnel right below my bedroom and the one by the creek were caved in however, the other one seemed fine, although I never tested that theory. Any tragic events were omitted from the history I was told, although I would suppose most of the history was not known. My grandparents bought the building in the early 1990s, back during a time when I was not afraid of the paranormal. It was in bad disarray and it took months to clean out all of the beer bottles and trash that littered all the rooms. Eventually my dad started to renovate the first floor, removing the plaster that covered the original log cabin interior.

As a child I would visit and be content to play in a room by myself, not bothered by anyone or anything. A few years later, I moved in with my grandparents and the peacefulness was gone for me. The activity started simple enough, the sound of heavy boots in the hallway on the stairway and oddly on the flat roof outside of my bedroom window that overlooked the creek. I would feel the presence of someone watching me, especially in the bathroom and because of that I could never bring myself to look in the mirror. A few months after I moved in the dreams began, whether out of truth or fear I do not know. In the first one involved a young African American male in tattered clothing who I assumed was from the remnants of the Underground Railroad. He came to me in my room, warning me to stay away from the windows, especially if I could see lights outside in the darkness. A few similar dreams followed, but in these there was a young Caucasian male was telling me to hide upstairs near the attic. The dreams caused my curiosity to grow until I finally ventured down into the basement where the tunnel had caved. My exploration was brief as the feelings of evil and terror caused me to rush from the area. Without turning around I ran up the stairs and slammed the door. I know now not to run away but at that time I could not hold my ground.

Other less terrifying events happened during the year I lived at the inn. Walking into my bedroom and seeing the full body apparition of a man dressed in gray pants and a gray jacket lying on the floor of my room and after I entered he dissolved away. My grandparents dog

barking at a presumably empty kitchen and when I went to investigate a numbness shot through my right arm. The sound of horses in the gravel driveway, the scent of cigar smoke coming from the third floor. Along with, to reaffirm what I already knew that the place was terribly haunted, I was not the only person to notice the activity. Once when a dear friend of mine stayed overnight with me she was awakened during the night by my bedroom door opening and closing repeatedly by unseen hands.

Everyday I lived there became much of the same. I would come home, entering through the side entrance that was used as the main entrance hurrying past the door leading to the basement. A chill would run up my spine and occasionally I would hear a knocking sound. I would ignore the cigar smoke drifting from the third floor and avoid the mirrors in the house, in the fear that I would see someone behind me. At night I would go to bed with headphones on so I would not hear the loud thumping of footprints that seemed to surround my bedroom. I only lived in the house for a year, but it was inevitably the most frightening year of my life up until this point. Even now, I still must have the television on to sleep at night. While now my educated mind may find a reasonable explanation for the cigar smoke, the rest will, for me, remain unexplainable.

Shannon Boyer

## The Old Man

I saw you all are wanting scary ghost stories and this true account may not be scary for the reader but this is the incident that forced me to acknowledge that ghosts do exist. I am a certified paranormal investigator and ghost hunter certified by the IGHS. I think it was 2002 when I was certified. Here is my account:

It was 1992 in Dallas Texas and I had just married my first wife and we were living in a small one bedroom house. One morning early about 2:00 or 3:00 AM I woke up with a creepy feeling and there was this old man standing at the foot of my bed, just staring at us sleeping. I started yelling at him to get out of my house and it woke my wife up and she saw the old man and started screaming.

I started to get out of bed to throw this old man out and he raised his arm, pointed his finger at me and said, "NO! You GET OUT OF my HOUSE", then he just vanished. Being the skeptic I was, I refused to believe my eyes and searched the house. The old man was nowhere. The doors and windows were still locked and no sign of entry at all. The door had a dead bolt lock on it and it was still untouched.

A Few days later a friend from high school was visiting his parents who lived across the street from me and he grew up there and I told him my story and still could not accept that this old man was anything but human. My friend asked me to describe the old man and got a funny look on his face and left and went to his parent's house.

A few minutes later he came back with a picture and asked me if that was the old man I saw and it was and it was then that I was told that the old man had lived in my house the last years of his life and had got attached to the little house and died there about a year before I moved in. I was also told that the son of the old man had tried to rent that house before but no one stayed more than a few days and no one knew why.

Well I never saw the ghost again but I think it is because I talked to him when I finally realized he was a ghost and not an intruder and just explained that I was there to stay and I hoped he could accept the fact we would be living in his house. I lived there a year and no more incidents.

Steve Thrash  
Tyler, TX

## Gettysburg Battlefield

My story is about an experience on the Gettysburg battlefield. This happened about ten years ago, my husband and I had never seen the re-enactment in Gettysburg during the first, second, and third of July. It was a very hot day and by the time we got to where the re-enactment was to be held, the crowds were huge and the lines and parking even worse, so we decided to tour the battlefield, it was nice since we had it just about all to our selves. We took our time that day going to all of the sites. For some reason I have always been drawn to the little path across from Devils Den called, the Slaughter Pen. It is a nice quiet out of the way path and I always make sure I stopped there.

That day we had already been there earlier in the day and I wanted to go back one more time before we left for the day. It was around 9:30 PM or so and I knew we had to be off the field by 10 PM, so we started our walk down the path as usual talking about the day's events, when I noticed it was getting very cold the farther we walked. I mentioned this to my husband who at first looked at me like I was nuts, remember it was extremely hot that day in July. The more I walked into that area the colder I got, almost like walking into a freezer. By this time my husband was excited even though he felt nothing and said lets go with what you're feeling and keep going.

I was getting more and more uneasy, but he was excited to keep going. He wanted me to take pictures, which I did for a while then finally we reached an area where there is a path to go up to Big Roundtop. I stopped and told him I wasn't going any further. It felt like I was surrounded with soldiers or whatever and they didn't want us going any further. My brave husband decided to take the camera and start up the path himself as I refused to take another step. So I waited for him to come back, meanwhile its getting pretty dark back there and I wasn't real keen on being on being alone in the dark.

It was a very weird feeling I felt like I was completely surrounded but didn't feel threatened, just a feeling of don't go any further. Not long after that my husband came ack down the path and said the cameras not working. It just keeps rewinding. He said, I think you

Re right, lets get out of here. As we returned down the main path and started out he kept asking me if I was still cold. I said y[es and it stayed that way until we reached the bridge to go to the parking area. The cold lifted like I had just walked out of a freezer. By now it was dark and as we walked to the car we noticed ours was the only one still there

When he opened the door for me to get in we noticed two people, an old lady, maybe in her 70s or so and the other lady in her 40s. They both had on very old and dark clothes sitting on the wall in front of our car. Being cautious he said lock your door and as he went around the back to get in, the older lady said to him to get her (me) out of here, they don't want you here. My husband said she already knows that and that and we are leaving. As we headed home we talked about what happened that night, besides what happened in the Slaughter Pen we couldn't understand why those two ladies were where they were especially since there was no car around the area. Where did they come from? It is a long walk to town especially for

someone that age. It was a very unsettling night that I will never forget. To this day, I still visit that area when I go to the battlefield, and I relive that night every time I go back.

Sue Goudy  
Halifax, PA

## The Entity

When I was about 14 years old I experienced something that I will never forget. I have had other experiences since but this one has stayed in my mind as I still try and figure it out.

I grew up in Savannah Ga., and lived in a house my father built from material he salvaged from old plantation homes in the area. I grew up in a strong Catholic household a faith I hold to this day. We (my family and I) always heard footsteps on the old wood floors when no one was walking on them. Doors would open and close and sometimes the pans would find there way to the stove all by themselves.

My room was at the end of a long hallway and this particular night I went to bed around 10 o'clock. I had my back toward the door as I often did not wanting to look down the hallway at night. I was trying to go to sleep when the footsteps started. As I listened they seemed to be getting closer to my bedroom door. They stopped but started again and approached my bed. I still had my back to the door afraid to turn around.

Then it happened. I felt someone sit down on my bed beside me, by this time I had to turn around to see who it was. What a shock I got. There sitting on the bed beside me was a shadow of a person. I could not make out any facial features but the entity was in the shape of a person. I stared at it to scared to even scream. Then something strange happened, I got a sense of peace, I was not scared anymore and turned back around and went to sleep. I felt the entity leave. I will never forget how scared I was at first.

Though my family and I experienced my strange things in that house this is one event I will never forget.

Susan Doyne  
Palm Bay Fl

## My Dream House

My story began when we moved into our dream house, I had always wanted a real County looking house with a full end to end front porch. After the birth of my third child my husband and I had purchased the land in a local gated community and built our home. Oh it was so gorgeous, 3 bedrooms, full eat in kitchen formal dining room, living room with a wood fireplace, and a full end to end covered porch! Everything we wanted and so excited were we that time seemed to drag while waiting for it to be built. When it was finally complete and we moved in I was the happiest I have ever been, that lasted for about 2 weeks.

At that time we had a boxer named Suzi and she started to growl at the stairway leading upstairs. She would not go into my boys room she would sit at the doorway and growl. I thought it was just the newness of the house and the fact there was a new baby in the house. We started to hear walking upstairs when we were downstairs, my husband would dismiss it as the dog walking upstairs, I didn't have the heart to tell him she was sleeping behind the sofa!

About 1 month in the house and we started seeing a gold ball about the size of a softball come through the living room wall from outside and move through the wall of the dining room and out the other side of the house. My husband said he didn't believe in it so he didn't see it what a liar he was because when he would see these things he would watch and then go back to his paper or whatever he was doing. Then we started hearing people talking in whispers I wasn't able to figure out what they were saying but I could hear them. My husband heard it too I could tell by the look on his face but he ignored it.

My cleaning schedule was for Saturday mornings because I had 2 small children and needed someone to watch them while I cleaned. While upstairs cleaning my room I heard one of my boys coming up the steps it bothered me because he was only 2 years old and we had a lot of steps I didn't want him to fall so I ran to the doorway and saw a little boy coming up the stairwell, he had dirty blonde hair, a white shirt and his hair was in a sort of bowl cut he walked right past me and into the boys room and disappeared!

I just stood there and when I got myself together yelled for my husband who told me that I was crazy. After that while my kids were napping there would sometimes be the same little boy sitting on the foot of my 2 year olds bed watching my baby sleep. That was to much for me and I made the kids sleep downstairs with me.

About this time things started to disappear and reappear later in different places. I had a watch that I loved and had for years I would take it off while doing dishes because it wasn't waterproof. I had a hook on the right side of the kitchen cabinets and always put it there while doing dishes and put it back on when done. It disappeared and didn't reappear for a good month and when it showed up it was in the back of my jewelry box.

Then while washing dishes I would see a man in a plaid shirt standing behind me and when I would turn fully around he sometimes would disappear but sometimes he wouldn't and would

stand there in the darkness of the dining room and stare at me. I was so afraid because I knew what I saw and the fact that hubby wouldn't acknowledge it drove me to the edge. Everyone in the house heard and saw things why couldn't he say he did?

My husband had a pocket watch that was his Grandfathers it was really the only thing he had that was his grandfathers and he really cherished it. It disappeared and never showed up again. Toys would be taken right out of the kids hands and show up in the middle of their bedroom floor. They would also move from one room to another, and toys that made noise would go off at all hours. The boys had a ride on fire truck that had a loud siren that would go off every night at 3:13 am. They had a talking Elmo and various other talking toys that would go off and on when they deemed it ok. We removed all batteries but that didn't work because the toys would go off anyway so much so that we loaded them up and threw them away.

At that time we had a recliner in the living room that my 2 year old loved to sleep in because it was overstuffed and really comfy. One day at nap time right after checking him to make sure he was safe and sound I turned around and started to leave the room and go to the kitchen when he was literally picked up and thrown out of the chair! He was crying and I was completely freaked out and didn't know what to do. When this happened we started seeing people coming out of our bedroom closet at night. I was so scared that I kept the lights on in the bedroom.

The activity wasn't limited to inside, one sunny day I heard an unshod horse run down the road, being a horse person for my entire life I know the sound of shod and unshod horses very well funny thing is you could hear it in the distance, then closer, then right in front of me then running away but I never saw a thing! Lucky for me my neighbor across the street was with me, and he heard it and said "what was that?"

I just shook my head and said I had no idea. We would hear the sound of people running through the leaves in the front yard but the leaves had been raked. I hated taking the dog out at night because I didn't know who or what was out there with me. We also would smell the smoke of campfires and hear the distant talking of people but when we walked in the direction of the voices they would stop. I called the office about the possibility of campfires in people's yards and was told fires were not allowed because of the dry leaves and close proximity of each house to the other. The houses were close and that didn't allow for privacy when out doors.

I decided to do research on the land because our house was brand new we were the first people in it. So I found out that during the Revolutionary War Lafayette had camped less than a mile from the house and this particular encampment was large. This area we lived in had been a town in the 1800's but when the development began they made a lake in what was the middle of town, and it was now underwater. There were several cemeteries scattered throughout and with in a few hundred feet of my house. I didn't know my neighbors very well and they didn't seem to be friendly to us.

But when we decided to move I figured I didn't have anything to lose so one day I marched up to one of them and just asked if they had noticed anything strange in the neighborhood. Her

response knocked the wind out of sails when she answered back "You mean the gold balls? Yes I have seen them pretty much every night since I have lived here". I asked her why she didn't tell me before but she said that she didn't know me and she thought I might think she was crazy. After that I prayed that our house would sell and it did to someone who was interested in the paranormal. She only lived there for 3 months and then moved out the house sat empty for 2 years and has recently sold I wonder what the new owner experiences.

Terry Crickenberger  
Esmont VA

### My Friend's Attic

My name is Thomas I do ghost hunting in a friends attic and I was up there with another friend me and him were in the attic and it was pitch black and we were handcuffed to a railing thing. We were sitting there and we heard footsteps coming closer it was that few moments that you know something scary is going to happen then Brandon my friend screamed and he was choking I tried to escape and eventually I did by that time Brandon was half way across the attic.

I ran towards him he was choking I punched whatever was strangling him in the face and shouted CODE BLACK which in our ghost hunting group means lights on, man down the lights came on and the two members from the support team came up and took both of us out and Brandon had hand marks on his neck none which were the same as anyone in the team it was extremely scary but we still go up there.

Thomas Wright  
Aberlour, Scotland

## The Knocking

Recently I had my two granddaughters over to my apartment, they live in a town away from me where the land is documented to be haunted. They have had many encounters, such as the bed vibrating, seeing red eyes under the bed, a voice saying "Sweetheart" to one in the bathroom, and I have also witnessed unusual circumstances there as well. The ceiling fan turned on itself, and I and other family members "feel" a presence in one of the girls' rooms.

On a Sunday afternoon recently, I was anticipating a move. It didn't happen, but I had packed numerous boxes which were all over the place, including on each side of the TV. One granddaughter and I were sitting on the couch next to each other. Suddenly someone/something punched the couch right between our heads. We had been looking at each other so could see if there had been an indent where the punch took place; there was not. Being sort of used to this type of activity, we didn't panic, just thought it was very weird.

Later that night after they left, I was again sitting on the couch, and was home alone. The TV was on, but all of a sudden I heard a knock on one of the boxes next to it. There were about 5 or 6 other boxes. The knock proceeded to the other boxes, one at a time. I was approximately 6-8 feet away from the boxes. I got up to check out the area, being brave like I'm usually not, and when I got to the boxes, the knock moved to being the couch. Someone was playing games with me. I felt weird and a little nervous about it, but tried to suck it up, trying to accept the fact of another world existing.

Two days later, this knocking happened again. I felt spooked and said something to the effect of "This is too weird and I'm getting nervous. Please stop." I had said that out loud, and the knocking stopped immediately.

That night when I went to bed, I heard a voice next to and above me say "Hey." I really freaked out and said out loud, "Okay, I can't take this anymore. You have to stop doing things at nighttime. "

Nothing happened for a few weeks. But now I've started hearing strange noises again, but they aren't scary. Last night there was a noise like something fell in the hallway next to the living room. My daughter explained it away as an icicle falling outside. I knew it wasn't. It was dark out at the time, but I didn't mind it because I wasn't alone.

I do think it's really cool and interesting to have a visit from a different life. The thing that makes me nervous though is what this entity actually looks like and is. I'm not sure if I absolutely want to know.

Ms. Terry Kirkham  
Gardiner, ME

## The Face

The story that I would like to relate to you happened in 1955, in Flint Michigan, on the east side of the city, when I was three years old.

My family lived in a small two bedroom house, close to the factory which was once AC Sparkplug. Our house was probably built in the 1940's and was a small house with a small yard, as were most of the homes in that area. One feature of this home was that it had a 1 foot square window at the top center of the front door. Another feature which would figure prominent in this story is that my bedroom, which I shared with my brother, was located to the left of the front door as you walked into the house.

One night, although I have no idea exactly what time, or what season, I woke up to go and use the bathroom. I entered the living room and ran into an footstool in the dark. I suddenly heard a sound at the door and looked up to see the face of a wolf looking through the small window. This was not the face of the Wolman in the movies that Lon Chaney made famous, this was more of the elongated face of the Lycan movies of today.

Needless to say the face scared the crap out of me and I forgot about my need to use the bathroom and jumped back into my bed. As I did I bashed my head into the wall on the side of the bed and left a small dent in same. I remember being terrified and just hiding under the covers and then finally falling asleep. I told my brother and my Mother about the incident but they said that I must of been dreaming. However the dent in the wall was a reminder to me that it was no dream.

Now I must admit that I was only 3 years old and that perhaps it was Halloween night and it was only someone in a mask looking in the window, or perhaps masked burglars looking for an empty house, but It is one of the only things that I recall from that house as we moved from that location shortly thereafter.

Ever since that day I was always interested in things spooky and macabre and would often sneak up late at night to catch spooky movies on TV with my trusty flashlight and a butcher knife by my side.

Terry Major  
Higgins Lake Michigan

My name is Shirley Tisdale and I live in Nome, Alaska where I have been a Home Economics Agent since 1985 for U of A. These are “not scary ghost stories as ghosts don’t scare me but they do fascinate me.”

### Gettysburg Battlefield

In 1999 a friend invited me to a ghost conference in Gettysburg, PA. I had never been to Gettysburg or to a ghost conference so I decided to go. I watched other people at the conference and learned how they conducted investigations. I personally had no success with photos. We stayed at the Farnsworth House which was built in 1810. There allegedly the ghost of a sharpshooter up in the garret of the house. We tried to record and take pictures of him but he shut off our cameras and recorders so we never captured anything.

I stayed in a room where I heard footsteps in the hallway. I was later told it was a male spirit. The man allegedly had a sick child that had been in the room where I slept. He has been heard walking down the hall, stopping at my door then continuing down the hall.

The second year I attended the IGHS Ghost Conference in Gettysburg I stayed at the Farnsworth House again, this time in a different room. Someone lightly touched me during the night as I lay in the bed. I was later told the spirit of a lady tucks people into bed and I felt as though I was being tucked in.

There is nothing like a battlefield. You can hear wagon wheels, smell old pipe or cigar smoke, hear horses trotting, and see flashes of campfires. I had three experiences the two years I went to Gettysburg. The first was at Spangler Spring. My friend Rose and I went out with another couple about nine or ten o’clock at night, where we were walking around. There was no one else around. I was just standing there while the other lady with us walked around. Now, the air feels heavy when ghosts are present, in my opinion, it is almost like a thunderstorm coming in and the air feels dense, heavy.

The lady walked up and asked, “Did you see that man over there? A soldier just stepped out of the trees or something.” I said to her, “No, but I could smell his pipe.” I have never seen a ghost but they seem to make their presence known to me by touch, smell, or sound. The others who were with us were ready to leave. After putting all of our equipment away we decided to go. As we go ready to head out, the air surrounding us got very heavy and we thought maybe, the spirits didn’t want us to leave.

We got into our cars and decided to drive over to Sachs Covered Bridge. The bridge was built in 1852. Lee’s army supposedly left, having lost the battle, crossing the wooden bridge. We were taking pictures on the bridge and decided it was time to go. We thanked the spirits for allowing us to be there. In response, we heard one rifle shot. We just looked at each other.

### Triangular Field and Rose Woods (Gettysburg Battlefield)

A group of us were walking around down through the trees. Sharon Gill and I seemed to be the last in line walking along the path. I suddenly had a thought come to me to turn around. I turned and looked behind us and there was a column of fog, like a column of people walking along the path. The moon was full, the sky was clear. I turned to Sharon and said, "Look what's following us!" Sharon turned and saw the fog as I had.

We kept walking and would turn around to look and the column of fog was still following behind. We did this several times and the fog was always there though it seemed when we would stop, the column of fog would also stop as well. It could have been a column of soldiers though we don't know for certain.

The second year Rose and I stayed in the Lightner House, a bed a breakfast. We went out in the afternoon and walked around the property. I took pictures of the cat and different things around the back of the house. I noticed an old shed standing back there. It was locked so I couldn't go into it so I stuck my camera through some old holes in the wood siding to take pictures inside.

Later the same night we were walking around the grounds and I felt very drawn to the old shed. I walked over to it and stood in front of it. As I stood there I felt overwhelmed by intense sadness. All of a sudden the tears flowed and I started to cry. Something told me not to take pictures so I didn't. I walked around some more but found myself drawn back to the old shed. As I stood there I couldn't stop crying. Pretty soon the others came looking for me and found me standing in front of the shed. They were surprised to see me crying as that is something that is not normal for me to be doing.

Later when I went to my room on the third floor, the soldiers must have followed me because there was a presence of heavy air. I said, "Well, I guess you guys must have followed me" and shortly the air cleared and I went to bed.

#### Myrtles Plantation (Louisiana)

My friend Rose and I have done a lot of traveling together, most of the time we try to visit haunted sites. We decided to go down to Louisiana one year and stay in some of the bed and breakfasts, especially those known to be haunted.

We checked into the Myrtles Plantation and the hostess asked which one of us wanted ghosts? I told her Rose was the real ghost hunter. The woman said okay and assigned Rose to the blue room, putting me in the green room. Most plantation homes have a center hall with rooms on each side. Plantations back then were taxed on the number of doors they had so they would have big windows that opened but they weren't really doors, therefore no tax on them.

Another couple across the hall from us had brought their child because she was doing a report on ghosts for school. About seven o'clock that night one of the employees came back to give us

a tour of the main house and told us about the maid who had her ear cut off. She was having an affair with the owner and he was upset with her so she put poison in a birthday where upon a child and the wife died.

We decided to go to bed about ten o'clock. I went to my room and was lying on the bed on my stomach to sleep when all of a sudden it felt as though someone was kneading my back, like a cat without the claws. There was an electric shock that went through my back while the kneading was taking place. I told whoever it was, telepathically (because you don't have to talk out loud to a ghost) to go see Rose, she's the one who wants the ghosts! The kneading on my back stopped and I went to sleep. I woke up later and the air was heavy around me again. I said, "I'm not leaving." The heaviness in the air went away and the rest of the night was uneventful.

The next morning we went down to breakfast and met the cook. She said, "Well, it looks like you are all here. Some people leave in the middle of the night." She asked if anything happened to anybody and I told her my experience. She said, "Oh, you were in the green room. There is a confederate soldier who died in the green room and he likes to touch the ladies." She asked if anyone else had anything happen. Rose said nothing happened to her, she slept all night.

The man said, "What do you mean?" He told her there were noises coming from her room all night long. It was so loud they thought there was a party going on. Seems Rose slept right through it all. Rose asked the man what happened in his room. He told her nothing had happened. He told his daughter he would stay awake all night but fell asleep in a chair. The cook said, "You weren't tucked in?" He said he woke with a blanket wrapped around him but he thought maybe he had done that himself. On second thought, he realized he had been tucked in. The nanny always tucked the children in at night in that room.

That was a nice experience at the Myrtles Plantation. After breakfast I went back up to my room and apologized to the man in my room. I told him I hadn't understood before. At least it made me feel better.

#### Virginia City (Nevada)

My friend Rose and I attended an IGHS Conference in the old town of Virginia City. We stayed at the Gold Hill Hotel in the two most haunted rooms available. Rose stayed in the room that had a male ghost in it and I stayed in the room with the lady spirit.

We had gone to eat and walk around for a while and came back to the hotel and went to the room Rose was staying in. One of us said, "Well, is anyone here?" Suddenly the door opened by itself. We asked some yes and no questions and the door opened and closed to our questions. It was amazing to get that kind of response to our questions.

Later, I went to my room and was getting ready to go to sleep when suddenly it felt like someone hit the side of my mattress (like someone hitting the mattress with a fist). I said, "Well, I guess you came to visit, but I'm staying!" The bed started to shake. I said one again that

I was not leaving. The bed stopped shaking but I felt a light pressure over my body. When I turned over or moved, the pressure eased. I told the spirit "You are going to have to put up with me until morning." The pressure left my body and I slept all night.

The next morning I went into the bathroom and there was a strong smell of violets or old perfume. I said, "Well, I guess you're getting ready to go and I'm leaving you to your peace."

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