

36 True Ghost Stories

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We asked our *Evolution Ezine* readers to share their personal paranormal experiences, and the overwhelming response far exceeded our expectations. Many interesting stories were submitted, and we have now compiled some of the best stories for you here.

Some are downright spooky, others are touching, but all of them are simply . . . unexplainable.

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Whether you believe in ghosts or not, you may still agree that sometimes things happen that don't seem to have a logical cause.

For example, the sound of footsteps when no one appears to be there; scents with no obvious source, flashing lights or malfunctioning equipment, light touches on the skin, cold spots – these experiences are often shrugged off, rationalized away.

Some of the stronger activity that can come along with a haunting include objects moving of their own accord, doors opening and closing, loud banging or knocking, disembodied voices, fully visible apparitions, and even more aggressive activity like scratches or burns appearing on the skin, or spontaneous fires with no apparent cause.

These experiences are harder to dismiss, and have been known to turn skeptics into believers.

Paranormal experiences can happen to people from all walks of life; all cultures, age groups, genders, religious groups, and ethnicities.

They can happen to both believers and non-believers – although staunch non-believers might be more likely to dismiss minor paranormal experiences than believers would, and believers may be more likely to label an experience paranormal even if it could otherwise be logically explained.

According to a recent ¹Harris Poll, 42% of adults polled believe in ghosts, compared to 82% who believe in God, 60% who believe in the devil, and 32% who believe in UFOs.

Others who don't believe in ghosts may still agree that “something” is causing the activity, but rather than classifying the source as ghosts or spirits they may feel more comfortable with scientific explanations like abnormally high electromagnetic fields causing hallucinations, or psychokinetic energy expended during periods of stress or emotional trauma.

Regardless of your personal beliefs on the subject of ghosts and the paranormal, you will surely enjoy the following haunting tales, shared by our readers in their own words.

¹ Harris Interactive Poll November 2-11,2009 - harrisinteractive.com

Skeptic No More

It didn't take long before weird things began happening. Little things at first, like lights flipping on without anyone turning them on. My dad, a natural skeptic, claimed the electricity was wired wrong or something. Then other things began happening, the television channels would begin flipping while you tried to watch television, even if you were alone and had the remote right next to you. Cassette tapes (this was before CDs) would stop in the middle of a song and rewind itself to the start of another song then play.

All of these things were annoying but the one thing that really worried my mother was when she began hearing footsteps pacing back and forth through the room my brother and I shared at night. The first time she heard it, she came in there thinking it was either my brother or I, but when she came in to tell us to get back in bed, she found both of us sleeping soundly. Once again, when she told my dad how worried she was about it, my dad just laughed it off. "They hear you coming and jump in the bed before you get there." It got to the point that on these nights she heard this, she couldn't sleep and sometimes she even slipped into our room to sit in the corner out of fear for our safety.

She would only go to bed during the day, after we had gone off to school and my dad off to work. She claimed that her sleep would often be interrupted by shutting doors or the toilet flushing even though she was the only one in the house. When she finally went to her friend and told her about what was happening, the friend was not shocked. The friend said that she knew the house was haunted and not to worry, that she was sure it was just her grandmother and that her grandmother would never hurt us. My dad once again, chuckled at the effects of an over active imagination. My dad had always been spared in the experiences the rest of us knew all too well. Even if he did experience something, he always had reasoning behind them.

That changed one night when he was home alone, watching television. He heard someone on the carport, being that he had all the lights off, he instantly decided that someone was trying to break in. So, he tiptoed into the kitchen to peek out the window to see who was on the carport. Just as he reached the kitchen, he heard the screen door open. He grabbed a knife, assuming that whoever it was, was intent on coming in. He peeked out the window again (the window was placed at an angle that you could see who was knocking at the carport door) and no one was there.

So, he reached for the door knob to go out and see what was going on, and the door knob twisted in his hand from the OUTSIDE. Needless to say, we moved out within 2 weeks. My dad is still not ready to admit that it had been a ghost, but he does say that the house was just plain creepy and that something beyond human understanding was going on there. – Contributed by Phil

Mischief on the Farm

When I was in high school I dated a guy who lived on a very haunted farm, in Virginia. This farm was a multi-million dollar horse farm where they bred and trained show and race horses.

There are at least ten barns on the farm, used for various reasons. One of the barns held about 20 old antique carriages. These carriages are old and big, to move them takes a crane.

There are guards that worked for the farm that made nightly rounds around the farm to make sure everything was fine. No one could get in the gate without them knowing. The barn with carriages was used for tours; each carriage had a plaque explaining the history.

One morning one of the guards went into the carriage barn. All of the carriages had been moved around and put in the wrong places.

Needless to say the guard was very freaked out; it is not possible to move all the carriages in one night, and especially without anyone knowing.

The guards have also shared with me some of their scary experiences doing their rounds.

One night we'll call him 'Buddy', was doing his rounds checking on all the barns. He noticed a light on in one of them that weren't supposed to be on. A light was on in the room where they have a TV and a microwave; there is a room like this in every barn.

Buddy went into the barn and hung out for a minute watching TV, there was no one in the barn, and he would have seen them. He hung out for a little while and then left, he shut off all the lights and soon as he shut the door to the barn every light in the barn came on! Needless to say he ran for his truck and got out of there! – Contributed by Josh

Researching a Home's History

If you suspect your home might be haunted, it's a good idea to research the history of the home and property.

A good place to start is with your local town clerk's office. Ask to see land and deed records, which should list the names of all previous owners.

You can also visit your local library and search through old newspapers that are preserved on microfiche.

This can be a tedious process, but you may stumble across stories relating to the history of your house, like newsworthy former residents, and even tragedies like fires and unnatural deaths.

Finally, don't forget to introduce yourself to elderly neighbors who have resided in the neighborhood for decades – they may have some very interesting tales to tell!

A 30 Year Haunting

I am laughing, because we have had a ghost following us around for the last 30 years. I only saw a shadow of a figure walking by the window every so often. One day, our three year old asked, "Mommy, who is that man in the blue plaid shirt?"

Then, I was able to see him fully. Brown hair and full clipped beard. Dark blue flannel shirt and brown serge pants. Handmade boots. We have moved three times since seeing him and he follows us to every new home. Walks the perimeter of the outside of the house only. Never comes in. We believe he is a dead relative who is earnestly trying to protect us.

I also saw a ghost at a B & B we stayed at. The owner was delighted as the ghost had only been seen a few times. She opened the door to our room while I was in the bathroom. Thinking it was my husband, I looked out. She was wearing a Victorian nightdress and had her hair in a long braid. She was walking a few inches off the floor. I later learned that the Victorian floor boards had been removed to show off the wide floor boards. So, she was 'living' in her time and space. She did look back over her shoulder at me, though. And, I knew she was aware of my presence. Very interesting! – Contributed by Lynn Latson

Disaster Averted, and a Joyful Goodbye

I have had several experiences in my life. I will tell you about two of them. First of all I am a professional horse trainer.

One Sunday afternoon a group of my friends & I were riding on the side of a country road. I was on my best horse. We were all chatting as we were riding along & all of a sudden this voice in my head which was a very loud male voice that I had never heard before said "Look Down".

My horse was just about to step into a lot of barbed wire mostly hidden in the grass. I immediately stopped my horse & went around it. Had it not been for this spirit guide not only could my horse been very badly hurt but myself as well if he had gotten tangled up in this barbed wire. I asked my friends if they had heard anything & none had.

My second experience: my best friend died of cancer several years ago. We rode together, we trained horses together; in fact she introduced me to my husband. About a month after she passed away I had the most vivid dream of my life. I was standing on a farm house porch & this truck drove up pulling a horse trailer & my friend got out & we ran to each other & hugged. She looked great, I can describe to a T what she was wearing, there was a man driving the pick up and in the trailer was one of her best horses that had died. She told me that she was very happy now that she had found someone. She showed me a big diamond ring, I think this was her way of showing me she really was happy. (She had not had good men in her life.) I did not get a look at the man, apparently I was not supposed to.

This dream was not like any other I have ever had. I can describe the house, the trees everything around me. Everything was in beautiful color & even though this has been at least 5 years ago I can still see it as if it were last night. I understand that this is a wonderful gift that we can receive from someone on the other side & I have to agree. I know she is happy even though she was taken at only 60 years of age. – Contributed by Roberta

No Trespassing!

As a kid of about 9 years old, I went into an abandoned house I had been in earlier that day to get a clock that I saw there. After negotiating my way from the basement door to the stairway leading up to the main floor, I was a bit out of breath.

There was so much junk piled almost ceiling high, over the entire basement, plus it was dark, for lack of sunlight and you could barely see. It took me a good 15 minutes or so to reach the stairs.

Once there I started up slowly. Step by step. Inch by inch. I started to smell a foul odor that I now compare to the smell of death. My adrenaline started flowing big time and the closer I got to the door that lead out to the main floor, the more weak in the knees I got.

When I finally reached the top of the landing and I was about to open the door, an eerie, raspy voice said slowly “ggeeetttt..oouutttt...ooffff...hheerrreeeeee”. Well needless to say autopilot kicked in and I was out of the house the same way I came in, in less than 30 seconds it seemed.

When I was outside, I started to run home but my friend’s father saw me come out of the house visibly shaken and asked what happened, so I told him and took off for home. I later found out that he called the police who investigated and found no one in the house. So, you tell me, because this happened 46 years ago and I remember it like it was yesterday. – Contributed by Tom Blake

The Dangers of Ghost Hunting

The possibility of encountering unfriendly entities is often a less serious concern than the likelihood of being injured physically in unsafe locations.

Abandoned houses, old factories or hospitals, litter-strewn lots and fields – these places often have plenty of broken glass, rusty nails sticking out of old boards, ramshackle staircases and unsafe flooring that can cause serious harm to investigators.

Avoid investigating places like this alone – partner up with someone you trust, or better yet, a team of people working in pairs.

Even seemingly safe locations may have hidden dangers so working with a team is always a good idea.

Always be sure to get permission before investigating any private site, abandoned or not.

Silent Passenger

In September of 1984, I was practicing two evenings a week with the Northeast Oklahoma College Orchestra in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. Tahlequah is about an hour's drive northeast of Pryor, which is where I lived, but the hills and scenery made the long drive a pleasant one.

One night, practice was cut short with the conductor informing us of a severe storm approaching the area. I left Tahlequah at approximately 7:30 that evening and proceeded to drive home.

I was just outside of town when what appeared to be a large, white bird skimmed the hood of my 1979 Mercury Cougar and glided up over my windshield. I ducked, but not before seeing that the bird's wingspan covered the whole front windshield in both width and length. I was relieved when the expected collision did not happen and continued on my way home without stopping.

The air had a heavy feeling and there was a growing fog, but the night was still clear enough for me to watch for my landmarks. A typical girl when it comes to directions, landmarks are essential for me. Even when the drive was a straight run like this one was, landmarks are comforting.

Some time later, I noticed that I had not seen a familiar landmark, an unpaved road that turned off to the right, but figured I had missed it due to preoccupation with the bird incident. Time passed, I kept driving, but now I was getting nervous for while the scenery was as I expected it to be, I did not see any of my familiar landmarks. I started wondering if I had somehow turned off the highway without realizing it.

I was considering turning around to head back towards Tahlequah when I noticed a man up ahead at the side of the road. I could not see him clearly but got the impression of the wind blowing dust all around him. It was his eyes though that caused my sudden unease. Even at the distance I was from him, his eyes glowed a bright electric blue. I remember thinking there was no way I was going to stop for him — impending storm and no other traffic be damned, the night had been weird enough without stopping for a hitchhiker with glowing eyes. Nevertheless, I continued to let the car slow and finally, stopped . . . even while I was conscious of telling myself I was not going to do that very same thing. The man got in silently and I started back down the road.

Although he was sitting next to me in the front seat, I could not get a clear image of him. It was as if I did not want to see him. I did, however, try to make small talk. I timidly asked his name, giving mine when I received no reply. I attempted a few other questions that were also met with silence and after a short time, gave up with a nervous laugh.

I was scared now. It seemed like I was driving a long time. I knew I had not turned off and was on the right road, but the one town that stood between Tahlequah and Pryor seemed no closer, nor had I seen any of my landmarks.

I was lost, even though I knew there was no way I could be. More than the silent man next to me, the dichotomy between those two existing realities is what scared me the most. I knew I was lost but I was not lost. I nervously ignored my silent passenger as I tried to reason out my situation, and admittedly, tried not to panic.

All of a sudden, I felt a wave of nausea and dizziness pass over me, but it passed immediately and was quickly forgotten as the stoplight in the center of Salina, the town between Pryor and Tahlequah, rushed towards me!

I was elated and as I stopped for the light, turned towards my rider with a huge stupid grin and laughed. I was getting ready to exclaim, "We made it!" for there had been in the back of mind a worrisome doubt that we would. The words died in my throat because the man was no longer there.

Bewildered, I looked around for him, but instead, saw a medium-sized dog out my passenger side window sitting in the deserted parking lot of the closed gas station on the corner.

The dog was white with beige markings, but more importantly, possessed those same glowing electric blue eyes. I acknowledged him through our eye contact then he turned away and I drove the rest of the way home without incident until I reached Pryor.

I was not even in the driveway when my parents came running out. My mom was yelling at me and crying at the same time. My dad just stood there glaring and pale. My 15 year old sister was crying and yelling along with my mom. I was, again, simply bewildered.

After things calmed down, I found out the reason for them being so upset. It was four o'clock in the morning when I made it home ... eight and a half hours after I had left the college for the hour drive home. Several tornadoes had made a direct hit in the area on the route I took and the roads were torn up and damaged. I have no explanation for the lost time, nor did my car, as

Ghost or Angel?

Some paranormal experiences seem to bridge the gap between commonly accepted ideas of human ghosts, angels, and even animal spirits.

During moments of crisis or danger, people often report seeing or sensing deceased loved ones offering their protection, encouragement, support, and love.

Equally common are reports of benevolent strangers in human form, radiant beings that seem angelic in appearance or behavior – and even animals that seem otherworldly.

Interestingly, most often these guiding spirits seem to materialize in a form that corresponds with one's spiritual beliefs, which certainly inspires a sense of trust and acceptance of the experience.

both mileage and gas were approximately where they should have been. Something took me safely through the storm, although admittedly, via a long drive elsewhere that resembled but didn't quite match my normal route. And my rider . . . ghost, guide, skin walker? I don't know; I've never seen either form since. – Contributed by Caprice

Glimpses of Loved Ones

I have had several experiences with ghosts – mostly with my own family after they have crossed over. My daughter, Natalie, left us at nine months old. She was a happy and spiritual child, who enjoyed being in her walker and playing with plants. She had the ability to touch them and heal them. On July 1, 1972, she passed away from smoke asphyxiation. We stayed with friends in Burlington, Ontario, while at the same time holding the memorial service and cremation there as well.

We returned to our apartment for a week before taking the ashes to England to be interned at the Church, where my husband, at the time, and I were married.

I was sitting reading in my living room when I heard Natalie's walker coming down the corridor towards me. Nobody was there, of course. The sound continued into the living room and stopped next to a "rubber" plant that was dying. There were still one or two leaves on the stalk. They suddenly started to move up and down. I sat there gaping at what was occurring – for not only were the leaves moving, but the earth in the pot was being ejected and landing on the floor. I knew it was Natalie. She was telling me to repot the plant. She was also telling me that everything was Ok and happy.

Several years later, I received a call from my father in England, telling me to come over as my mother was ready to "leave". She had cancer and it had spread throughout her body. I arrived home and went in to see my mother. She was in a coma. I was shocked by her appearance, as I had not seen her in nearly nine months. I knew that this was due to the illness. I told her that I had arrived safely and bid my farewells, wishing her well on the next leg of her journey. It was good to just sit with her and tell her how I felt.

She passed away shortly afterwards. My father went into automatic mode and made arrangements for her to have a Russian Orthodox service in an Anglican Church. This was unprecedented at the time and particularly in the village where outsiders had not lived there for centuries. My mother had managed during the years of living there to convert everyone.

The day of the funeral, a friend of ours, who was also an orthodox priest came down from London to perform the ceremony. The Church was full of friends, acquaintances, and the Villagers. Mum's coffin stood in the main aisle between the choir stalls covered in flowers. It was beautiful.

Father Vladimir went up to the high altar and turned to the congregation – “You realise that Marie (Moura) is now closer to you in death than she was in life”.

I turned to look at the coffin and as I did so, I saw my mother, as she was before her illness, reclining on the first “choir” pew, laughing her head off. I choked rather loudly. My father scowled at me angrily (for disturbing the service), my grandmother, who was standing on my left, burst into tears again, and my sister, on my right, jabbed me in the ribs (that hurt). I was still smiling though.

I found the experience to be very helpful in my grieving process. It was good to know that what we perceive in the physical is but an illusion of the reality.

Mum had transcended and become who she was, a beautiful light that shone brightly in all the lives of the people in that church. There was no reason to be sad. She was still there, beyond the veil and she was happy and what the priest had said was indeed true.

When my father passed away three years ago, I experienced a totally different visitation. I arrived in England after my father had passed and my sister and stepmother had arranged for me to attend a “viewing” at the local funeral parlor.

I must admit that this seemed a little creepy to me, despite my previous experiences with “dead” bodies. I went though.

As I looked at my father, I felt no “energy” in the body. Physically, he looked good and was dressed in his favorite clothes. I had no sense of his presence in the “viewing room” at all. My sister was upset and crying. I made my farewells and left the room.

Just outside, I felt a presence or energy, gentle and comforting and I heard: “I am here and will always be here for you. I am home and everything is OK. Look after your sister and Joan (my stepmother). I smiled!

Goodbye, For Now

One of the most common types of supernatural encounters reported is deceased loved ones coming back for one last goodbye.

Sometimes these encounters occur in dreams, but they also occur in broad daylight while one is wide awake.

Contact can come in different ways, such as feeling the presence of a loved one nearby, feeling a warm, light touch on your hair, smelling the deceased person’s favorite perfume or cigars, or even visually seeing an image of the person.

Hardened skeptics may dismiss these experiences as “wishful thinking” but in most of these cases the survivor is left in a positive, uplifted state of mind, sincerely believing that their loved one is okay and still exists in some form.

This belief is often enough to help the survivor transition through the grief process more easily – which is much more comforting and transformative than mere wishful thinking could ever be.

The one main thing that I really realised with my father's death is that the body is indeed just a vehicle for "WHO WE ARE". Death is a portal to another reality. We, in our dense bodies, just can't see the other side yet. – Contributed by Susan

Young Visitor

Our home has quite a lot of paranormal things. My Mother, my two sisters and myself have all encountered something paranormal.

Last Sunday as I was arriving home from softball practice, I got that little churning in the stomach that something terrible was going to happen. As I stated I had practice so I needed a shower. When I got into the bathroom I felt a chill, but that didn't make sense because it was a good 70 degrees outside.

I went to get a towel from the basement. My cat was down there and when I went to pet her she looked behind me and hissed. That alone scared me half to death but when I turned around nothing was there. I was frightened so I grabbed a towel and went back up stairs.

When I was all done with my shower I wrapped a towel around me and went to get my heart pendant necklace from the counter and I heard a loud "click". I turned around to tell whoever was at the door to get out but when I turned nobody was there.

I thought it must have been my sister playing a trick since everyone else was gone but when I got to the living room I saw my sister left me a note saying she was around town with friends and would be back around eight o'clock. Later that night I kept seeing a little shadow of a girl in a blue dress running around the house. That night I did not sleep. – Contributed by Steve

Mischievous Prankster

Years ago my children and I lived in a small cottage. My daughter told me that she thought we had a female child (ghost) about 6 or 7 yrs old living with us and that she could hear her giggling sometimes. I saw her just outside my range of peripheral vision once in a while, but when I would turn towards her she wouldn't be there.

One night I had to go out and had my niece come over to sit with my children. Sometime during the evening she had kicked off her shoes and when it was time for her to leave she couldn't find one of them. We tore the house apart, and went through the toy box repeatedly to no avail. She finally left for home one-shoed.

After she left my daughter came up and told me that she had heard our little friend giggling each time we had gone through the toy box. I got the kids ready for bed and got ready myself and just

before I turned in I stopped in the room with the toy box and said firmly, but kindly, "Give it back."

Sure enough, the next morning her shoe was sitting just as pretty as you please right on top of the toys in the toy box.

Our little friend didn't really bother us, we don't know her story, and she just seemed to like being a small part of our family once in a while. We've since moved on and it seems like she stayed behind. Hopefully her new family has been good to her. – Contributed by PJ

Spirit Manifestation

When our neighbor found out that my aunt was psychic, told fortunes and communicated with people who had passed on, she invited my aunt to make contact with her mother who she missed so much.

So, we went to the neighbor's home next door and sat in the living room. My aunt proceeded to kneel in the middle of the room on the carpeted floor. She began saying the name of the departed person and instructed us to look at a small reflected light in the corner and focus there. It was daytime but with curtains drawn. Several minutes passed . . . 10 or 15. We sat quiet and waiting. There were about 6 of us and my dog.

My aunt got louder and louder and even emotional with tears while she called the name of the neighbor's mother. It was pretty creepy because I had never seen my aunt do anything like that before.

Eventually, to our amazement, a smoky, transparent and wispy form appeared in the corner of the room where we were focusing. The shape resembled a human form kind of floating in the corner. The white wispy insides were moving around which looked something like smoke but it was contained with an edge. We were stunned.

Suddenly my dog ran over to it and started to bark. Then the neighbor's husband quickly got up off the sofa and flipped on the light saying he didn't believe in such things (using a couple of expletives). I think the guy was really scared . . . like the rest of us! So, the ghost disappeared as soon as the light came on.

That was my one and only encounter with a ghost. I don't recommend inviting entities into ones environment like that! My aunt has since died. For me, I only invite the Loving Creator, the Absolute, Jesus Christ, Guardian Angels and all other good guys into my presence . . . cause who really knows what is out there in all the other unknown dimensions . . . just waiting for invitations . . . - Contributed by Diane

Terrifying Encounter

As half Navajo and Hopi I've had my share of "experiences" on and off the Navajo and Hopi "rez" (reservation). I hope that I won't get any ridicule from any other Native Americans for posting these experiences.

One experience that I would like to share happened when I was 14 years old (I'm now 29). This is an experience that I have only shared with a small number of people and am now writing down for the very first time. My brother who is a hardened soldier is still scared about what happened to us this particular evening.

On with the story . . .

As a teenager, I would visit my grandma at her home on the Navajo rez for several weeks every summer. I loved to spend time with her, eat her delicious fried bread, and hear her tell us stories.

Every so often my grandma would hire a worker (the harmless town drunk) to do odd jobs around her house and property. One evening right before the sun went down, I was asked by my grandma to take him home, which was about four miles out of the valley where she lived.

I was more than happy to, seeing that I was only 14 years old and was asked to drive a truck! Mind you that on the "rez," nobody cares that you're only 14 years old and driving around. Hell, there's hardly anybody around to see you anyway!

So my 9 year old brother jumped in the truck cab with me while this "worker" and my dog shared the tailgate of the truck and we were off. After I dropped the worker off at the shack that he and his brothers called a house, we headed back down the road to grandmas.

Keeping the Bad Spirits Away

In all cultures there are spiritual traditions and practices that are believed to repel negative or evil entities.

One well-known ritual includes waving or blowing the smoke of smoldering dried sage leaves through a home or around a person who is believed to be under psychic attack.

Other common techniques involve carrying or wearing small stones or crystals believed to repel negativity; ritual prayer or chanting power statements; visualization of white or golden light; and bathing the person or area with salt water to neutralize negativity.

It is also customary in most cultures to seek the assistance of a spiritual advisor like a priest, shaman, or spiritual healer to clear the negative energy or entities.

While these techniques can vary widely from region to region, almost all of them have one requirement in common: the unshakable belief in the triumph of good over evil.

As I mentioned before, it was evening and the sky was a deep red as the sun began to set behind us. We were leaving a nice dust trail from the dirt road and the radio was playing music from the only radio station that could be picked up from the nearest town of Holbrook, Arizona.

There was nothing unusual, nothing weird. It was at this time that my eye caught movement of something in the bushes a little up the road to the right of us.

I remember slowing down thinking that it was one of the many free roaming sheep in the area that would dart out in front of the truck. As I passed where I thought I saw it, I sped up thinking nothing else of it.

Then out of nowhere I just felt this dark feeling of fear and dread. I had no idea why I was feeling this way but I definitely felt that something was wrong.

As I play this memory back in my mind, there are only a few clear memories that I have of that evening. I clearly remember looking in my rearview mirror and seeing the dark silhouette of something very tall and very skinny that seemed to be covered with some kind of hair or fur running behind the truck after us!

Whatever it was, it wasn't a normal human or human at all. I remember hearing my brother crying and my dog barking ferociously at whatever was chasing us.

I remember speeding very fast and shaking violently as the truck bounced on the washboard dirt road. I distinctly remember that this thing was only getting closer as my brother cried "it's coming up on your side!"

I remember being as scared as hell and thinking that I didn't want to die. At the moment that I thought would be our last, I remember speeding around a bend in the road and seeing a car coming towards us in the opposite direction. At that moment I felt instant relief and felt that whatever was following us was gone.

Shaken up but alive, we made it to grandma's house wondering what the hell had just happened.

We ran inside not looking back, hoping that whatever was chasing us had not followed us home. As we told my grandma about our experience she didn't seem too surprised, which surprised us. She continued by repeating stories that we had already heard at one point or another about black magic, witches, and something that the Navajos call Yee Nadlooshii or Skin walkers. Needless to say, I didn't even want to look out any of the windows at all the rest of that night. As a matter of fact, I never drove on the reservation at night until I was 21 years old.

Without going too deep into explanation, I'll just say that these Skin-walkers are evil men and spirits that use black magic for evil doing. I tell you that as farfetched as it may sound, they are

real! I believe that if God and his greatness are real, the devil is equally as real and also has his ways of showing himself.

This may not sound very scary to some readers and that may be due to my lack of writing skills. But what happened that evening really did happen and scared the living crap out of me. I invite anybody to visit this part of Arizona if you have any doubt or want a huge scare. I promise you that you won't be disappointed. – Contributed by Faith

One Big, Happy Family

We are currently living in a very large 2 story home, which we have been renting for over 3 years. We are a family of 5, with my husband, myself, and our 3 grown up children, their partners, and our 14 month old grandson. We also share our home with some interesting entities?? Or maybe it should be, they share their home with us. The only history I can find is that this entire housing area used to be a large homestead. In the last century, it was a colony for settlers.

Our first experiences with our ghosts occurred shortly after we moved in. Our kids told me stories about their experiences, but I would not have believed it, until my husband told me his story. (He is a lovable skeptic.)

He awoke in the early hours one morning, to a gentleman standing beside the bed, just looking at him. Also, there was a young boy with him. My husband says that the gentleman was dressed in a suit (period costume), very similar to a butler, or waiter, and the boy was also dressed in period costume – similar to play clothes from that era. They disappeared after a minute or so.

Since then, they have been seen, by everyone in this house, except me. I have only heard them.

We also have a lady with red hair, styled neatly on her head, and she is wearing what looks like a red ball gown, from yesteryear. She stands at the bottom of the stairs, next to the sliding door, which is the entry to a large room downstairs. In that room is a drinks bar. Behind the bar is the gentleman in the suit that my husband saw. (Our kids are using this room as a bedroom.) Our son says that he feels safe with the waiter (?) there, and sleeps soundly when he knows he's there.

Also, we have a small ghost dog, similar to a terrier. This dog is playful, and scuttles up and down the corridor with the little boy. We have wooden floorboards, so every noise is obvious. The little boy also has the most delightful giggle!

A lady with blonde hair passes through every so often. She has been seen by our frightened next door neighbors, who awoke to her standing at the foot of their bed one night. Our daughter was doing her hair one night, and she saw the blonde lady in her mirror. Our daughter watched her (in the mirror) walk across the room, and disappear through the wall.

Also, one night, our son-in-law opened the back door to the large room downstairs, and a very well-spoken man's voice said, "Oh please!!" Our Labrador used to bark when she was in her bed in the downstairs laundry. (She has sadly passed away now, from cancer, after 11 and a half years.) We couldn't see anything or anyone, but she did.

Our grandson smiles and giggles at someone near the top of the stairs, and our touch lamps dim and get brighter while nobody is near them. Our grandson's baby toys play music, and make sounds while nobody is near them. The lady in the ball gown opens up the toilet door while someone is in there.

I am the only one who hasn't seen our ghosts, but I hear playful laughter, and sense a combination of warmth, and occasionally a cool brush of air around me. I'm not worried about their presence, as long as my family is safe. I sense that we are safe and protected in a way. So life continues, albeit in an unsuspecting way. – Contributed by Shorty57

Spooky Sleepover

I have lived in New Mexico my entire lifetime, and never moved. As result of living in the center of the southwest, I have heard the story of 'La Llorona' multiple times, and in many different versions. I live very close to about two rivers, and when I was little, I heard a version of the story where she drowned her children in the river that I could easily walk to. I never thought that I would pay it much attention, never the less see her, hear her, and slightly see, but recently, all that changed.

I have three friends that are brother and sister to each other. It was summer of 2008, and we were having a sleepover. We had been planning this for about a month, and earlier in the day,

Spirits in the Mirror

Many cultures believe that spirits can easily manifest in a mirror or other shiny surface.

This belief may stem from an ancient practice known as "scrying," which involves gazing upon the surface of a vessel of water to see visions of the future.

American mourners in the Victorian era covered all of the mirrors in a home where a wake for a deceased person was being held, fearing that the soul of the deceased might become trapped behind the glass of an uncovered mirror.

Some cultures around the world continue to uphold and expand upon this tradition by covering not only mirrors but all shiny surfaces during periods of mourning.

we had bought all the food and other snacks we could imagine. We had planned to fire up the grill at make s'mores at about 8:00 and just sit outside and have a good time. At every sleepover we have, it seems that the Halloween decorations seem to get taken out of the closet a lot. This time, I randomly grabbed a plastic skull I carried with me at every one.

8:00 came around, and we made s'mores in the front yard. It was fun, seeing as I was the first, second, third and last to set mine on fire. We walked around barefoot on the driveway for a bit. I set the skull on the wall of our patio. After a bit, we sat in front of the door, talking silently.

During a small moment of silence and nothing to say, we heard a moan come from up the hill. It sounded outside and very close but still far away. We ran inside, and in the haste, I nearly got shut out. We were all accounted for, and we ran into my room. When we heard it, it seemed like it was coming our way fast. We all believed it was La Llorona, but we shook it off as one of my neighbors trying to scare us. The two streets we lived on had ex-criminals and people with mental disorders everywhere.

I eventually noticed that I didn't have the plastic skull with me. About two or so hours later I walked through the dark hallway, switching on as many lights as possible. Right when I was in my entryway, I looked out the narrow window next to the front door. I saw what looked like a misty shape of a person hovering there. It looked kind of like a woman, but I couldn't tell very easily, it was all very light. I didn't stay to find out; I turned tail and ran back to my room. Right before I got to running half of the two feet into the hallway, I looked down a bit, and saw my plastic skull right next to the door.

I still am not sure if that really was La Llorona, but one of the friends at the sleepover, the older sister, had heard her once before, and the moaning sounded just the same. – Contributed by David

Howling in the Night

As the author of my new book, "True Ghosts", I have over 22 true ghost stories in my history. My husband and I live with our ghosts and typically ghosts do not bother us. We understand them, and they are welcome in our home.

However, there was ONE experience that terrified both of us. That is the one I will submit here!

One stormy, snowy winter night, my husband and I went down into our basement to install a punching bag from the ceiling. My husband had been experiencing a lot of stress in his job, and we decided he could work out his aggressions by punching the punching bag. We had all our tools laid out on the table and were just about ready to start pounding the holes for the bracket that would hold the punching bag.

Then we heard a clap of thunder, kind of unusual for a snow storm. THEN suddenly we heard a very anguished, low, moaning sound outside the side door to our house! We stared at each other. The sound came again. It sounded like a human voice howling in agony and frustration. I have never heard such an anguished moaning howl before! It stopped my heart for a second!

My husband bounded up the stairs two at a time and opened the side door and looking around. I came up behind him to take a look as well. There was about an inch of snow on the ground, and we fully expected to see footprints going around the house and God knows what else, but there were NO FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW. Not a single one!!!

We were both so unnerved by the experience that we never even went back downstairs that night. We abandoned our project entirely, and spent the evening trying to figure out who, or what, had made such anguished sounds outside our door!

I have my suspicions.

I believe it was my mother and that she was trying to warn us not to hang that punching bag! Maybe she was afraid that the storm would connect with the metal brackets we were going to attach to the ceiling. She always was afraid of being struck by lightning. My husband thinks it was a ghostly animal howling to get in. Many of our beloved animals are in spirit now, so he could be right! We have never met a ghost who caused actual harm to anyone, although I once was pushed down several steps during a ghost-busting session! Ghosts typically aren't strong enough to do much physical harm, but they sure can cause their share of fright! – Contributed by Sheila Van Houten

Moving Objects

I've been living here for about a year now. I've been noticing some semi-strange things happening. When I moved in I heard quite frequently (along with a couple of other people) the sound of a cat meowing in the hallway. I didn't own a cat at that time (I own three now) and on one occasion I saw a medium-sized black blur go by my foot one night on the way to the bathroom.

As I stated before I now have three cats and probably wouldn't hear or see anything strange now. There is also the issue of objects disappearing or moving. Oddly it seems that lighters and other small objects are what tend to go missing more often. At first I thought it was the cats moving them and putting them someplace, but I've moved my furniture many times, scooped out the litter box (in the odd chance they buried them) and on one very odd occasion (creeped me out) I found my lighter that a few minutes before had been on the couch beside me in my underclothes drawer in my room. I had just gotten home that day and hadn't even been in there, let alone my underclothes drawer. – Contributed by Tim

Keeping Company

When me and my husband moved into our apartment, I knew there was something in there. I can still feel them and they are stronger now. I took pictures of the apartment one night and when I looked at them, I was amazed at what I saw.

Above the kitchen door there is a golden flame. I know there is nothing to reflect that image on the door because I checked everywhere in the kitchen for it. In our bedroom there are 5 orbs on the side of the bed that I sleep on. In the other bedroom, there were two feather orbs. There was nothing in the living room or the bathroom.

I was just amazed to know that the orbs were on my side of the bed. Sometimes I can feel someone touch my hand when I am in bed but no one is there. I am not afraid of them. I actually like them there because I don't feel as lonely when my husband is at work at night. – Contributed by Tammy

Servants Still on the Job?

My family and I were living in an old converted carriage house in New England. During the 1800s the carriage house (barn) was home to 3 indentured servants who did quarry work for the nearby home owner. They were all mistreated by him. And the story goes that they all hung themselves in the second floor of the barn.

When the barn was converted the area where they all died became my son's bedroom. He would wake in the night screaming (he was an infant). A psychic friend told me he could see them.

Things often went bump in the night and I would find items moved about the house upon waking. My husband's tools always went missing. There were cold

Types of Haunting Activity

Paranormal experts believe that there are varying types of haunting activity.

Residual Activity - *The term "residual" often refers to energy that has been imprinted on a location and continues to replay over and over, like a recording. The common belief is that there is no intelligent or conscious "soul" involved in this type of haunting, so no direct interaction between the spirits and the living.*

Intelligent (Conscious) Activity - *This type of haunting usually involves direct interaction between a ghost and a living person – like being touched or spoken to directly, or making eye contact with an apparition.*

Poltergeist Activity - *The term poltergeist means "noisy ghost" in German because most poltergeist activity includes sounds of knocking, moving of furniture or loud vocal sounds. However, most paranormal researchers believe that a poltergeist is not a ghost at all – but rather the projected telekinetic energy of a person who is emotionally overwrought.*

In most poltergeist cases, a pubescent teen or emotionally distraught person is involved.

spots where these men supposedly hung themselves. The house always had a very ominous, heavy feel to it.

Eventually, a knowledgeable friend told me I could talk to the ghosts and tell them to leave, that their time was over and the house was ours now. It worked for 2 of them. The feeling that I was being watched by a very tall, very large, angry man never left me while I lived there. We moved after about 2 years. – Contributed by Pam O'Donnell

Life Goes On

In the late 1970's I had a couple of friends named Gail and Dale. They had two young sons, Matthew and Abram. We had all been in a vegetarian food co-op, in Fresno, California. Dale and Gail were married, but had separated. Abram, who was about four years old, came down with a rare type of hepatitis. They took him to a doctor who practiced some of the more natural healing methods, some holistic medicine.

Unfortunately, they were unable to save Abram. He was a bright and friendly boy. On a summer day, he passed away. A wake was held at his mother's house, in Fresno. I had never been to this house before. There were many family friends there, to support Dale and Gail in their time of need. I had picked out a good plate of food and had sat down next to Gail's sister, in the living room of the old, two story house.

Then, in the midst of the eating, crying, and singing I suddenly noticed Abram's spirit, sitting there in the middle of the living room on the floor. I was pleasantly surprised. For one, he was there, apparently conscious of the other people who were there for him and his family. But, also, he seemed so happy! He appeared to be absolutely enjoying all of the attention he was getting. I had the urge to nudge his aunt, to let her know that he was there; but I thought that she might not be mentally prepared for such a phenomenon. I kept it to myself.

Later that day we went on a caravan into the mountains, to return Abrams ashes to the earth. Dale, who was sick with the hepatitis virus also, drove a number of us in his new cargo van. He was very sick, but determined to give his son a proper send-off from this world. We were a close group of people.

While in the mountains above Fresno, we gathered in the woods to hold the ceremony for the departed young, beautiful boy. Being friends of both Dale and Gail, who had been separated, I wanted them to at least temporarily put down their differences, for Abram. I put my arms around each one of them, at the same time, to bring them together while we said goodbye to Abram. With sadness in our hearts, at least some important healing took place. I had brought them physically back together; and opened the door for them to heal their differences on other levels. Later, I took what would be the last photograph of Dale with his remaining family.

Three weeks later, Dale passed on, also. We took another journey up to the mountains, above Fresno, to return Dale's ashes to the earth.

Then, some weeks later, I visited Gail at her house. I told her about having seen Abram's spirit, at his wake. I pointed out the exact spot where I had observed him. She exclaimed with astonishment that that was his favorite place in the house to play! She also told me that after the funeral service for Abram, Dale had spent the night at her house and had expressed his love to her. They had made up.

Then, she told me that after Dale had died, his spirit had visited her and told her that he loved her. She told me that she had told Dale that she knew that he loved her. She understood that he was telling her that. She expressed that he was very emotional about it. They had overcome their differences and expressed their love for each other. Then they had achieved closure, as he passed from this world. They had found love for each other, again.

Now, he was ready to move on into his next phase of life, after death. They had reconciled their differences and found their love again. Then they moved on, in different worlds. It was a bittersweet departure, of two members of a family moving on into the hereafter, while the living understood that they had just detached from their physical bodies. Life goes on, even after life.
– Contributed by Richard Iyall

Objects Disappearing and Reappearing

It started the day we were moving in. My roommate kept seeing something "running around", on the roof of the house, out of the corner of his eye. Something small, is all he could tell. He got a strange feeling about the house. (Of course, I didn't learn of this until later). I do remember him running outside with a can of salt. He put a salt ring around that house at the time, I had no idea what that meant or why he would have done such a thing.

We got all moved in and Gregg had to sleep in the living room, because while moving, his bed broke, so he was sleeping on the couch. About a week after we moved in, he woke in the middle of the night and saw a woman standing in the living room. He panicked, squeezed his eyes shut and waited a while and she was gone.

Several days later, he was awakened again in the wee hours of the morning by a blood-curdling scream. He jumped up to discover that there was no one there. However, his mother called a few hours later to let him know that his grandmother had died precisely at the time of the horrifying scream.

(Keep in mind that I only heard of these things the mornings after they occurred. I never heard or saw these things in my room).

Gregg left to go to his grandmother's funeral in Mississippi. While he was gone, I brought the old bed from my mother's house that I had used years before, and set it up in Gregg's room so he would have a bed. Sometime while he was away, my watch (brand new) disappeared. I could have sworn I left it on my dresser in my bedroom. I searched high and low for that watch, and couldn't find it anywhere.

I finally gave up after days of searching and thought it would turn up eventually, as things do. Gregg came home soon after (he was only gone about two and a half days). He showed me a new CD he bought (NIN) while he was out of town. He also told me about a dream he had about the woman he had seen a few nights before.

He said in his dream, someone told him that if he saw her again, to "tell her to hold her baby close" and no harm would come to him. We talked about that dream, then, he took his CD to his room and went to nap. A few days later, he asked me if I had gone into his room and borrowed the CD. Well, I hadn't seen it since he brought it into the house. I jokingly said, "It's probably where my watch is!" About three weeks later, I found my watch sitting on my dresser, exactly where I had left it a month before, and the same day, Gregg's CD showed up on his nightstand, just where he had left it weeks before. – Contributed by Tim

Frightening Vision

My husband and I were looking at the right side of a duplex for rent. It had fresh paint, clean windows, and to him, looked very attractive. But the instant I crossed the threshold, I wanted to run away . . . for just an instant, inside my mind, on my "personal movie screen", if you will, I saw the following scene - I was on my back in a bed in a dark room, facing the door, which was half-open. A figure was standing in the door, backlit, and was approaching the bed. All I could tell was that it was a man wearing a long coat and a hat. Creepy, huh?

My husband noticed nothing, and couldn't understand why I said "NO" to the place. Then, a year or so later, our neighbor next door to the trailer we then rented, told me about a duplex she rented . . . that was haunted by a little old lady she kept seeing . . . but when I started describing my experience, SHE freaked out. Her neighbor in the duplex described waking up one night exactly the same way! What are the odds . . . it was the same duplex! – Contributed by Judy

Ongoing Disturbances

There are so many stories it is hard to decide which is the best. The other thing is that this is ongoing even today. We moved into a new house on Hwy 40 on the east side of Indianapolis when I was in the 6th grade. Strange things began to occur almost immediately. The house is a tri-level.

One evening while myself and some girlfriends were all upstairs talking we heard the rocking chair downstairs squeak as if someone was rocking in it. I thought maybe it was my sister and that maybe she had come in the back door. I got up and as I headed down the steps, once I got to the flat, the squeak stopped. I went on down but no one was there so I turned around and headed back up the steps. Just as I got to the top the squeak of the chair started again, so I went back down the steps only this time I turned the chair upside down.

Another story, my sister and myself shared a bedroom and one night she woke me up and told me her bed was shaking. I didn't believe her at first but then later when it happened again I felt it shaking too. Mine was steady and not being bothered so she slept with me that night. Another story, my brother had a friend of the family spend the night with him and his friend was woken by someone coming up the stairs, turning down the hallway, and coming into the room and stopped at his bed. He was so frightened that he never came back.

Another story, my mother thought we had played hooky one school day. We had an intercom throughout the house. She was doing dishes upstairs in the kitchen when she heard through the intercom children laughing coming from the downstairs. She went downstairs and there was nothing. We were all in school. These stories go on and on. The house is still haunted but they typically do nothing but make noises, crying, laughing, walking into the rooms, oh and yes they love to turn the TV off or on. They have sent pennies flying across the floor, and even sat down on the edge of the bed. – Contributed by Dawn

Super-Natural Renovations

'73 to '74. Moved in a house that junkies "squatted" in before we moved in. During clean-up, we'd hear walking upstairs or in adjoining rooms. A friend of the family that was helping had three dogs, mean dogs. They were brought in to scare trespassers away but they cowered & had to be dragged out at the end of that cleaning session. One, a Bavarian shepherd that would bite Satan just spun in circles barking & staring upstairs.

I shared a bedroom with my nephew & we only had a box spring to sleep on. He'd have it one night while I slept on the floor, then the next night we'd trade. One evening it shook a few times. I knew he was just getting settled but if he shakes again I'm going to say something.

He says, "Hey man, why don't you relax." "Me," I snapped back, "I thought that was you!"

Disturbing the Dead

A large percentage of haunting activity occurs when people begin renovating a home or building.

One common theory is that the spirits were "sleeping" or lying dormant and the noise and activity woke them up. Another is that the spirits become angry when their former home starts changing from the way it was.

In most cases the activity calms down again after the renovations are complete.

Fifteen minutes later he jumped straight up & shouted, "Something's pulling my blanket!" At the bottom right side of the box spring, there was a hole the size of a cantaloupe. His blanket had been pulled inside it. We had two cats & suspected it was one of them but when we lifted it, the corner of the blanket was the only thing we saw.

I wore a large afro then. I called it, ironically, a super-natural because it was a foot high. I got up earlier than anyone else in the house to prepare for school. I was combing it when I heard footsteps walking the 12' wooden porch leading to the door. It had a polyglass center & a shade in front of that. I raced down to see who was here this early before they woke the house. I pulled the shade open & there was no one there but the sound of the steps went right past me & up the stairs.

When I shared this with my nephew, he suggested I probably didn't have to comb my hair after that & I said, "No, it was OTAY," & did my best Buckwheat impersonation. – Contributed by Dwayne O. Parish

Greeting an Unseen Visitor

Back in the early 1980s I was exercising six of our hounds together in the water meadow. They had, as usual, gone through the meadow at a gallop but on the way back were sniffing around for anything interesting. One bitch was slightly ahead of me and she suddenly stopped, started wagging her tail as she looked over to her right, walked a few yards to her right, and sat down with her head up as if greeting someone.

Then she got up and walked off and each of the other five, as they reached the same spot, did exactly the same thing. They had never done anything like this before and never did again but it was just as if there was a person they knew well standing there, except that they were much more submissive in their greeting than was usual for this exuberant group. – Contributed by Hilary

Friendly Apparition

I guess it has probably been nearly 20 years ago since I had a ghost experience. At the time, I was in bed in my downstairs bedroom where it was substantially dark, although not dark enough so I couldn't see stuff in my room. I used to work 3rd shift, so I'd sleep during the day, and so kept my bedroom dark.

Anyway, I woke up and saw a faint image of someone standing at the foot of the bed facing me. It wasn't an entire body, but about down to the waist. Anyway, when I saw it, (I think it was a female form) I mentally said to her, "What are you doing here?" and with that it disappeared. It

wasn't spooky or scary at all; it was more like waking up and finding someone in your room who you didn't expect to be there.

I think some people make it spooky, but really, ghosts are just people who don't have a physical body. Just like other people, they come with different attitudes, understandings and so, if and when you experience the presence of a ghost, say hello and be friendly. :) – Contributed by Jerry Dechant

Good Ghost, Bad Ghost

I have had a couple of experiences with “ghosts”. At least, that is all that I can call it, as I have no other category in which to put these experiences. I am not a person who looks for this kind of “adventure” so even I had a hard time believing it.

The first one happened when I was in college. I was attending a lecture given by a well-known Canadian photographer and the room had been darkened, to allow for us to watch his slide presentation. One series of photos were not my “cup of tea” and my mind wandered. I noticed a man walk down the center aisle, and move towards my photography teacher and his wife, who were sitting one row ahead of me and across the aisle. I noticed that he was blonde, tall, and slim and was wearing a plaid jacket.

He moved over to stand behind the couple and had a big smile on his face as he looked down at them. Suddenly, I realized that this was odd, and just as quickly as I realized that and focused my attention there, he was gone – I mean “disappeared”! I, of course, “freaked” and told my class mate what I had seen – and he, being quite familiar with the teacher, approached him after the session and told him the story. Apparently, I had described the teacher's wife's brother, who had recently passed, right down to the plaid jacket. She took it to mean that it was a message for her that he was okay and still with her.

The second incident happened on my way home from my job in the city. It was an hour or so drive, and on the particular occasion, I must have drifted off, because suddenly I felt my shoulder gripped and shaken hard, and realized I was headed for the ditch! I don't know which startled me more – almost crashing or that grip – since I was totally alone in the car. I know it wasn't my imagination because for a good ten minutes afterward, I could feel the remnants of that grip on my shoulder . . . and thank god for it. Those kinds of ghosts are always welcome . . .

There was one other incident, where I had just gone to bed. All of a sudden, I felt this weight on me, and heard this: “I've had enough of you”, and it felt as if the “presence” tried to bite off the side of my face. I wasn't sleeping or dreaming. I had just gotten into the bed – and I can tell you, I didn't stay there. Whatever it was I don't ever want to have that kind of experience again. – Contributed by J. Simpson

“Night Marchers” on the Beach

I lived in Hawaii for 15 years and would often hear stories of ghosts that are specific to the Hawaiian Islands. One kind is known as the “Night Marchers”. They are supposed ghosts of dead warriors and/or royalty that periodically return to this world and march in formation once again. Just before I left Hawaii, I was camping out alone on a remote beach where I hoped no one would find me, but something did. In late May during the waning moon around 10 pm, I heard people walking by my tent. I thought they were fishermen out for a night dive so I just lay still and waited for them to pass, hoping not to be noticed.

That is when someone came to my tent and called out my name in a deep, guttural, masculine voice. I was petrified with fear because I knew it was something otherworldly. I was on an island where no one knew my name.

I later did some research; the Hawaiian moon calendar declared that that month and phase of the moon is when the “Night Marchers” appear. The beach where I camped, Anae’ho’omalulu was the site where two major armies met in the days of old for a showdown.

My Hawaiian friend said, “Lucky you no get out of da tent.” It is said that if you cross their path, they will take you with them. Your body will be found and the doctors will put “heart failure” on your death certificate. I don’t care if people laugh at me; they ARE real. – Contributed by S. Hickman

Just Passing Through

I used to live out in the country and we lived there several years with nothing happening. My life was and is still typical of most people in the USA today. The property is located at the bottom of a hill, but the area where the house is located is on top of a hill. The driveway was very steep and difficult to get up the driveway in inclement weather.

I used to work with mentally and physically handicapped adults in a classroom. There was one individual that had several handicaps and he took a liking to me. He had a surgery that ended up with complications and he passed away the next day. A few weeks after this I started noticing some sounds late at night when I was in the office. Didn’t think anything about it because we lived in the country and there are lots of sounds that make no sense. One night I turned around when I was surfing the net and saw what looked like a see through floating white mass with long eyes and a droopy mouth. It was completely transparent, but floating right at the door, not moving. Needless to say it scared me a whole lot. Actually, I thought I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. These occurrences started happening more and more as the weeks went by. I started talking to the “ghost” and never got any reply or movement to me or away from me.

After several weeks I kept racking my brain trying to figure out why I was seeing this image more and more. It finally hit me who I thought it was. It was the ethereal image of this man who had passed away.

One day in the classroom I was in charge of several weeks before his demise he walked up behind me and patted my back. It was like some creepy ripple spread over my body. I twisted around to see what or who it was and it was this individual. It sent goose bumps up and down my entire body. I think he actually had passed something to me by the pat on my back.

I kept talking to this image over the next several weeks and I told him he needed to go home. It seemed like he was waiting for me to recognize him and let him know it was ok to pass on to the other side. Finally he never came back again, but this is where the interesting part comes in.

A couple of weeks after this I started seeing a progression of images or ghosts going from my son's room on the north side of the house to my bedroom where the ex was sleeping.

There were all kinds of images just walking through and not bothering anything but just moving through. There was this one that looked like a gypsy. The man was short and had a typical hat of the nineteenth century and a heavy wool suit. All these images were in grey tones, no color whatsoever. After this I never got too excited about them.

One night I got up to go to the bathroom and walked into the living room to get a drink. In a black chair we had there was this floating white cloud in the seat of the chair.

I know you are going to say it was a reflection from outside. It couldn't have been because we closed all the curtains so no one could look in after we went to bed.

Haunted Places or People?

Robert A. Baker, a well-known skeptic, author and investigator of the paranormal, was fond of saying, "There are no haunted places, only haunted people."

Anyone who has ever had a paranormal experience would probably disagree with him - but is it possible that his assertion contains a grain of truth?

Why is it that certain residents of a supposedly haunted house can have dozens of paranormal experiences, while others living in the same house notice nothing unusual?

The answer may be as simple as varying levels of sensitivity to energy, which many people believe that spirits are; spiritual energy and intelligence (souls) of once-living persons.

In recent years, electronic equipment that can measure environmental changes such as abnormally high levels of electromagnetic energy, changes in temperature and barometric pressure, and other common signs of paranormal activity are becoming popular tools for investigators.

Readings from these machines can help confirm and verify the impressions of people who are experiencing unusual activity.

I walked over to it and put my hands around it. The orb was cold and clammy feeling. I was able to put my hands through it and it felt like a dense fog, but in the house. After this I could feel a distinct temperature difference around that chair. I never told anyone about it, not even my son or the ex. She never knew about it due to some medical problems that could have caused her lots of complications.

One evening my son came out of his room and walked down the hallway to the family room and stopped and stared at me for a couple of moments. Didn't know what was wrong. He said how did you get in here. I said I had been here for over an hour and hadn't moved. He said he saw me in the office sitting at the computer. I asked him if this was something he had seen before. He said he had seen lots of things but thought I would say he was seeing things.

I told him about the start of the ghost stories. He said there were several incidents also. We kept hearing bells in the family room after this and never could find them. By the way, we both hate bells so there were none in the house.

We had cans fall off the shelf in the pantry that were single stacked, not 2, 3 or 4 high. We had a little Yorkshire terrier that would go into the kitchen and just start growling and barking, then fear would set in. This happened time after time.

We lived there for several years and had no problems with evil spirits, but lots of different beings passing through like we were not there.

A weird thing about having company over was they never came back inside the house. One of my son's friends came into the house and as soon as he walked in said what is wrong here. He had an uneasy feel as soon as he walked in. He came inside one other time and that was it. He would visit outside, but never in the garage or house after that.

The previous owners built the house 2 years before we bought it. When we bought it they were more than happy to move out. They moved within two weeks of the time we bought it. They built another house about a mile away very similar to that one, but on flat ground.

All my son and I could come up with for the reason there were ghosts in the house was where it was located. Remember when I first started this tome I told you the house was at the bottom of a hill, but up on top of a mound.

We think we were living on top of an Indian burial ground and the spirits were coming through me because of the man who touched my back and sent chills through my body. He knew he was not long for this world and gave me a part of him to help him pass on to get his much needed rest.

A few months after the beginning of the passing of the ghosts we moved. Since that time neither my son nor I have seen another ghost. A person sees things out of the corner of their eyes, but nothing as real as the experiences that we had in that house.

From the time we moved in, to the time we left it was nothing more than a place to live. In other words, it was a house and not a home. It was a great location, but I knew there was something not right about the house from the time we first saw it. Now we know what was wrong with the house. – Contributed by Dean Wankel

A Visit from the Future

Something made me wake up one night and as I opened my eyes a young blonde man was starring me in the face. It was such a lovely face that I was not frightened by him. He told me that something major was going to happen to me and he showed me this very old staircase.

I kept looking for this over the years, thinking I might meet the man of my dreams there. I started to have heart troubles and then I got breast cancer. With all the chemo and radiotherapy my heart got worse. In the end they put me on the transplant list; I only had 24 to 48 hours left to live when a heart came through.

When I was well enough to walk around the hospital, I came across the old part of the Alfred hospital and there was the staircase. My heart donor was a 21 year old male so I gather it was him telling me what was going to happen. I feel so privileged to have met him. – Contributed by Shirley Fagg

A Warning from Beyond

I ask not to see ghosts, but it is ok if I hear them or see them do physical actions, which brings me to my ghost story. I came to my grandmother's house to take care of her because she was getting dementia about 6 yrs ago. She was a strict Catholic and really didn't believe in the afterlife. On one of her good days I told her that when she died to let me know she was still around. She said she didn't think that was possible but would try if she could. She passed away about 6 months later and I am still living in her house.

One night I was cleaning the kitchen up after dinner in which we had lasagna or spaghetti . . . something with tomato sauce. I was washing off the countertop and noticed something on the floor. I looked and thought it was some sauce that had spilled while making dinner. But when I went to get a paper towel to wipe it up and came back the spot had grown.

It started from one end of the kitchen and went the length of the kitchen floor and made a right angle over to the chimney. I turned on the bigger light and realized it was not sauce but it looked

like the stuff you get in the hair dye boxes in the tubes that you apply weekly to keep the color up.

Now I knew I had a tube of that stuff in my bathroom on a shelf above the bathtub that I had never used. So I went and looked at the tube and it was flattened at the top like someone had used it. I matched the stuff in the tube to the stuff on the floor and indeed they were one in the same.

So I am thinking my Gramma did this and what was she trying to tell me? I was thinking . . . hair dye . . . is someone going to die? Am I dying? What is it? Well, she was pretty anal about keeping the kitchen floor clean and it did need a scrubbing, so I wrote it off as her wanting me to wash the floor.

A friend came over the next day and told me that the smell of gas was very strong in the house. So I called the gas company and they sent a man out to check for leaks. He told me that it was this pipe that ran along the ceiling in the basement and over to the furnace (L) shape, which was right next to the old coal chimney that ran up through the kitchen. This pipe that he showed me was directly under the kitchen and ran the length of it.

I got goose bumps when he showed it to me. So what Gramma was doing was outlining the gas pipe that was leaking, only I didn't really understand it until after the fact.

So pay attention to things that move and go bump in the night it may be one of your loved ones trying to tell you something. – Contributed by Karen Lehrke

Tragedy Replayed

The most profound 'seeing' experience happened when I was 18 years old and studying for my A Levels at Friends School in Lisburn, Northern Ireland, which has been in existence for a few hundred years. It was mid-October and my final school exams were starting in a few days. I was a boarder at the school and it was well after 1am when I called it a night and closed my books.

I left my bedroom which was on the third floor of the boarding department, to visit the girls' communal bathroom. It was extremely cold and eerily quiet and as I rounded the corner, I saw a young woman standing about half-way down the long corridor, just past the bathroom's door.

She was dressed in a soft grey long dress that looked like it was made of some warm material, with a bodice that was laced up the front and a white blouse of sorts. She had a pretty face and long blond hair that was neatly pinned back. I was so startled I said 'What are you doing?' (I was a senior Prefect, so checking on naughty girls up to no good was 2nd nature!) Then I realised she was a few years older than me and she looked so sad. My heart was pounding and I still remember the hot, prickly feeling that shot through my entire body when I realised I was seeing something that was paranormal.

A few moments went by and she just stood there, looking at me. I felt that nothing was going to happen unless I made some move, so I took a deep breath and started walking towards her. She watched me for a bit and as I got close to the bathroom door, she turned and calmly walked/glided further away, down the corridor.

At the end of the corridor was a door into a small TV room. I watched her go through this door towards the building's outside wall, where there was a large floor to ceiling window. She stopped, turned and looked at me and then turned back, paused for a second and then seemed to take a big step – and disappeared. Needless to say, my visit to the bathroom was the fastest ever!

A few days later, I plucked up the courage to tell one of the other senior girls, who told the Matron.

She called me into her study that night and explained to me that I had seen 'The Lady in Grey'. She said that this lady was a teacher at the school in the 16/17/18th century (can't recall which one), when Northern Ireland was at war.

I can't recall what the fighting was about but apparently, the winning side had taken to chopping off the heads of those opposing soldiers they killed, marching through the town of Lisburn with these gruesome heads impaled on pikes.

The Matron's story was that the Lady in Grey was engaged to a man who was on 'the other side'. Her family were completely against her engagement so she and her fiancé had decided to elope.

The day this was supposed to happen, this lady had looked out from her classroom and had seen her beloved's head impaled on a pike of a soldier marching past the school. She was so grief-stricken that she had taken her life, by jumping out of the floor-to-ceiling window that I had seen her disappear through.

Simple Ways to Catch a Ghost

Even if you don't have access to fancy electronic equipment for ghost-hunting, there are many simple, affordable ways to try to capture paranormal evidence.

Digital Recorder - *Digital recording devices have become much less expensive than they used to be, and most of them are quite sensitive, able to pick up even subtle sounds like rustling or sighing.*

Even better, they are available at most department stores that have electronics departments.

Set up your digital recorder in a location where you have been experiencing activity and allow it to record all night long (be sure to use a recorder with adequate recording time available). The next day, listen closely for any unusual sounds.

Electromagnetic Field Meter - *Many paranormal investigators believe that the existence of ghosts or spirits create fluctuations in electromagnetic fields, which can be measured with a small electronic device called an EMF meter.*

Take readings of your home during calm moments and again when activity spikes and see if there is a difference between the two.

She apparently has been seen through the centuries many times, but always on that night in mid-October – the anniversary of her and her fiancé’s death. The school records these appearances and the Matron offered to show me the archives, but with exams upon me – and then the celebrations of leaving school forever, I never took her up on her offer. – Contributed by Sheelagh

Ghostly Hitchhiker

My wife and I were on our way home after visiting her brother. It was just a little after 10:00 P.M. As we were driving along, my wife (Linda) said it felt as though someone was sitting in the back seat with their knees pushing against the back of her seat, making it very uncomfortable for her to sit there.

I said “If you want to ride with us, shift over a bit so Linda is comfortable.” At once the pressure eased up and Linda said she was fine. There was not much traffic coming our way, but every so often I would glance in the rearview mirror to ensure I was not being tailgated.

Well, about a minute after my statement, I glanced in the rearview mirror and could see a tall young man (about 6'2" approx.) sitting in the centre of the back seat. He had a slim build and a hair style like the 50’s duck tail that was popular with the guys. I then told Linda what was going on, and said I was going to check something out. I made sure no traffic was coming our way, and quickly looked over my right shoulder. There was no-one in the back seat.

I figured that that was kind of interesting and checked the rear view mirror again. The young man was still sitting in the same position and I could see the outline of him as clearly as I could see my wife. I then told him he was welcome to come all the way home with us or he could leave anytime he wanted. We lost him a few miles after that.

Linda and I were not in the least disturbed by this, and we hope that at least for a little while, we were able to make him feel welcome. We hope that he will soon find the peace that he deserves and is reunited with his loved ones. For me personally, it was an experience I will never forget. – Contributed by John Stufko

Premonitions of Loss

I’m sorry, but I have a one-of-a-kind name so I am using only my first initial and maiden name lest the rest of my family stumbles upon this confession in a Google search. Only my poor husband knows about these experiences and has even somewhat witnessed them through his close association with me, but I have had no less than 4 “encounters” so far.

The first and oldest seems more and more like a dream as time passes (at least I wish it had been). My Grandpa had been in the hospital in Houston for a few weeks in critical condition. My brother and I lived with him and Grandma at the time. I was six. One night, when I knew Grandma was asleep and alone while Grandpa was away, I took this opportunity to slowly crawl into her room, hoping to get some of the Oreos she kept stashed under the bed.

I was just pulling out the long rectangular Tupperware container which held my prey, when I heard my Grandpa's voice sternly snap out my name with the tone he'd always used when I was in for a whoopin'. Almost that same instant, as I jumped out of my skin, startled, the phone at Grandma's bedside rang. It was very, very late (or early, however you wish to see it), and as Grandma sat up to answer the phone, I started wailing with despair . . .

Grandpa was dead, and I knew it before Grandma even picked up the phone to get the news from the hospital. My grandparents had lived in that house for almost 50 years . . . he'd built it himself. So it doesn't surprise me that others have seen, heard and in some cases felt grandpa's presence.

Ten years after his death, his 2 year old grandson, who had never seen him in life, would suddenly call out a hello to a corner of the living room. When asked who he was talking to, he'd reply it was his Papa (the name our Grandpa asked us to call him). "Can't you see him? He's a big man!" this toddler would shout out. Grandpa was 6 foot 3 and 250 lbs.

From time to time, Grandma said she would awake suddenly when someone would slap the bottom of her bare feet jutting out from beneath the blanket.

Grandpa loved to mess with her like this in life. Guests sleeping over would hear noise out in his woodshop at night, but checking it out would reveal only his empty two story shop and silent tools and equipment.

Having once before known someone I loved was dead before the news was delivered through normal channels, I was not surprised by my latest experience a month ago.

I was standing in the bathroom with the door open to the hall, brushing my hair when I saw to my left side someone pass by in the hallway wearing a brown flannel shirt. My husband never wears anything flannel since his "grunge" days in college, but here he was standing there dressed like my Dad would dress, staring quietly at me while I finished tying up my hair for the night before I turned to look at him. When I finally turned to make fun of him for his clothes and ask where he'd dug them up, no one was there.

No one was in the hall anymore . . . and I thought suddenly and quite strongly of my father. Calling to my husband, he shouted back from the living room. He'd heard someone by the front door and then moving down the hall but had thought it was me.

We called to check on my Dad. To my sadness and horror, I was informed he had just died less than half an hour ago. It comforts me that he'd decided to come for one last look at me. –
Contributed by D. Wallace

Messages from Mark

In 1983 my cousin Mark was murdered. I was not really close to him but his death impacted me so much! He had just graduated HS and was going to start college. He and his girlfriend went to a rock concert. On the way home they stopped to get something to eat. That is when some guy tried to rob him and Mark was shot in the head in the scuffle.

I had never had “Ghost Encounters” until Mark passed. It started the night of his first “viewing”. He had no flowers when we got to the funeral home so my son and daughter and I went to get some. When we were leaving the florist shop the sales person gave us 3 individual “red long-stemmed roses”. When we got to the funeral home we placed the flowers by the casket and the roses on the lid of the casket.

As his parents were viewing the body, they started looking closely at the area near Mark's head. They called the Funeral director in and he started looking as well. They talked a bit then the F/D took the long-stemmed roses from the top of the casket and placed them alongside Mark's head . . . strange at the time.

The next day I went and bought a rosary for Mark just in case he did not have one. That night at the rosary service at the Catholic Church, I found a little black rosary on the pew I sat in. It was coiled up and the crucifix was standing straight-up. It caught my eye and I picked it up. Mark's classmates started to view him and placed flowers, pictures, notes on his chest and consequently they all covered his hands as well.

I was so overwhelmed with grief that I forgot about the rosary I had bought for him and did not place it in the casket. The day of the funeral (after he was interred) I told my aunt and Mark's mom about the rosary I had bought and about the little rosary I had found. I showed the little black rosary to my aunt and she freaked out!!! She said “this is Mark's rosary. How did you get it??” I told her what happened in the church. By this time they were crying and could not recall if Mark had “his rosary” at the time he was interred. His hands were covered with flowers and the other stuff his classmates had placed on him . . . strange.

Two weeks later I was sitting in my living room talking to my husband before work. There was an atrium that ran the entire length of the house and the living room opened up to it. As we were talking I saw a plant in the atrium move as if someone peered out through the plant. I caught a quick glimpse of the person. I turned and the leaves of the plant were moving but no one was there.

My husband got up to see if someone was perhaps in the next room . . . No, no one was there. Within 2 minutes after that I saw Mark walking through the atrium!!!! He was clear as day but I could see through him!!!! My husband asked me what was wrong. He had his back to the atrium so he did not see Mark. Of course my husband thought I was losing my mind.

I know what I saw. I will never forget it. Mark was wearing a crazy “tacky” outfit. It was a multi-colored t-shirt with a hole at the bottom, navy blue cord pants and Van’s slip-ons with black and white checks. A couple of hours later my other cousin called me all scared and told me that her daughter Nannett had stated that she had “seen Mark” at Doreen’s house (my house). In a lucid dream perhaps, or maybe some sort of “vision”.

She was in her bedroom in her home . . . AND she had never seen the atrium since it had just been added to our home. Nannett had not visited my home since it had been built. She described the area of my home where she saw Mark, which was the description of the atrium! She described the same outfit including the T-shirt with the hole. However, in her case Mark was wearing “light blue” cord pants. We could not quite understand what had happened.

We waited a couple of weeks before approaching his mother with our experience. When we did, we were shocked to find out that Mark would wear that outfit when he worked on his car . . . and he wore either his navy blue cords or his light blue cord pants.

She took us to his closet, opened the door and there was the shirt with the hole on the bottom, cord pants, light blue and dark blue and checkered Van’s!!!! His mom was sure we saw Mark. There is no way we could have known about the “crazy outfit” . . . strange.

At that moment I decided to ask her why they had placed the roses near Mark’s head at the first viewing. She said, “It was so strange. There were three drops of

Spirit Communication

Various ways to communicate with spirits:

Ouija board – A board with letters and numbers and a “planchette” (pointer) that can be manipulated by the spirit to spell out messages to the living.

Automatic writing – Relaxing your focus, allowing a spirit to control of your hand and write messages on paper.

Pendulum – A small pendant or stone suspended from a chain. Questions are asked of the spirits with instructions to swing the pendulum clockwise for yes, counterclockwise for no.

Trance mediumship – A medium (spirit sensitive) allows a spirit to take over his or her consciousness and communicate with the living.

Most experts agree that spirit communication by these methods or others can be dangerous because you are essentially “opening a door” between the physical and spiritual realms and may not be able to keep out less desirable entities.

It’s a good idea to seek the assistance of an experienced spirit communicator, or at least ground and protect yourself before attempting spirit communication.

fresh red blood on the pillow next to his head.” They placed the roses there to hide them!

A few weeks after this visit with his mom, I had done some “automatic writing”. I did not even know what that was!!! I was sitting with a pen in my hand, ready to write down a grocery list when all of a sudden I started writing BUT, “I” wasn’t actually consciously doing the writing. It was a scary feeling. I just went with it.

Mark had communicated saying that he took the “roses” because me and my children had cared enough to get the flowers for him. He stated that the three roses represented me and my two kids and that he would be with us always and watch over us . . . he has to this day. My son and daughter believe it too!

Mark communicated messages to me, directed to his mother, for months. She was able to validate the messages as she knew what he was talking about. I did not!!!

She said that the handwriting looked exactly like Mark’s. She showed me some old homework papers of his. Sure enough, it was the same script!

Then all of a sudden Mark stated that he could no longer communicate that way . . . other spirits were “getting in” and that was not good. (We had started experiencing poltergeist activity in the house. This is a whole other story.)

He said, “Stop this form of communication. I will leave you signs to let you know that I am with you.” He then drew a sideways 8 with a little tail on one end. I did not know what that meant. Later we were told that it could be an “infinity sign”.

I started finding them all over the place, made from anything from string to wire. Soon my children were finding them as well. I mean sure you will find something in that shape once in a while . . . but, everyday 10-20 times a day, all the same perfect shape of an 8 with a tail??? To this day we find them. Not in copious amounts like years back, but on a regular basis. Makes sense now, an infinity sign with Mark’s personal trademark, “a little tail”.

Many more things happened during that time. Especially with the poltergeist activity before Mark said to STOP! I even got some help from Thelma Moss and Cary Gainer. They were parapsychologists at UCLA and were the technical advisors for the movie “The Entity”. I would go into that but it is too much to share in this format.

All I know is that Mark is still near. It seems that when I or my kids are going through a rough moment Mark will leave us his “mark” to let us know “I am here”. I guess it is Mark’s way of letting us know he is our “Guardian Angel forever and into infinity”. Love you Mark! –
Contributed by Doreen

Mischievous Former Tenant

I moved into my present flat in Sept 1991, actually 19/9/91. I was not aware that the previous occupant had died of a heart attack in the bathroom, on the toilet!

The move took a week and once I had moved in, I started to paint the flat which was all in pink; pink rooms, pink doors, pink carpet! It is quite possible that painting the flat in white may or may not have upset the unseen occupant, who, again, I learned much later, loved her flat and simply loved the colour pink!

I would start painting the flat as soon as I returned home from work and continued painting for 3-4 hours each evening. One evening a colleague telephoned me. He was on the night shift and wanted to have a bit of a chat, so I told him to call back as I was in the process of washing the paintbrushes and then wanted to watch a favourite soap, could he call after the soap finished? He agreed.

Whilst I was washing the brushes in the bathroom, the bathroom door quietly closed, despite there being a door stop. Not only did the door close, but all the hinges etc. of the door lock – internal mechanism, simply came apart and fell into the door cavity, thus locking me inside the bathroom.

Now the bathroom does not have any windows, just a ventilation system. I used whatever instruments I had on hand to try to un-jam the door/lock but to no avail, I was locked in!

At about 8pm, I heard my phone ringing and ringing, this was my colleague phoning me back. By this time, I had started to feel fairly dizzy, as the ventilation system was not just old but had not been serviced for years!

At about 9pm the phone started to ring again, and then again at 10pm. All this time, I did what I could to open the bathroom door, but it was shut so tight! I did have an old knife with me that I had used to stir the paint. Well that was no help either, apart from the fact that I managed to take the door handle out as well as some of the mechanism, thus making a small hole in the door, just big enough for an eye to peer out of! All this time, I kept shouting for help – to no avail!

Thankfully, one of the walls of the bathroom divides my flat from the next door flat, so I started hammering on the wall. Nothing happened! I remembered the elderly lady who lived next door was hard of hearing and she'd had her T.V. on full blast, so I banged on the wall harder than ever.

At around 11:30ish, the old lady heard the banging, and managed to make out that I had been locked inside my bathroom. She said she would call our housekeeper, who lived a few doors down. Just my luck, the housekeeper was out! All this while the phone kept ringing and ringing!

It must have been around midnight that I heard the housekeeper with a locksmith trying to open my front door, and all I could hear was that the front door was jammed, the lock would not turn!

Anyway, the locksmith managed to partially break the front door down. Once in, the elderly lady asked if she should answer my phone which had been ringing incessantly. I could hear her say to my colleague 'No you can't speak to her, she is locked in her bathroom'. The poor locksmith had to break the bathroom door down as he was totally unable to open it from the outside.

When the door finally opened, he accused me of having turned the inside lock! But on closer inspection, he just could not understand why the main part of the lock mechanism had fallen inside the door cavity! 'Oh' he said, 'poor workmanship'.

Now the previous occupant had lived in this flat for years and years, and she never had a problem with the locks on the doors! How did the doorstop move away from the door? What made the door close? There was no breeze. I had had my back to the bathroom door, when it closed shut!

About 4 months down the line, I was told by my elderly neighbour, who had been childhood friends with the previous occupant of my flat that the lady had died in the bathroom.

After this incident, a number of other occurrences took place, i.e. the cooker would turn on by itself, just the gas! When having a really hot bath one night, I found myself looking up at the mirror to see an invisible hand writing the full name of the previous occupant!

This was the last straw. I asked this lady to go in peace and leave me alone. Though she did leave me in peace, I would see from time to time a shadow flitting past,

Like Attracts Like?

There is a theory that people who are sensitive to spirits usually attract entities that exist on a similar mental and emotional wavelength.

For example, a person who is often stuck in negative thoughts and turbulent emotions may be more likely to attract spirits that are also negative in nature. Likewise for bright, positive people attracting more benevolent spirits.

It is also believed that spirits may be drawn to activities that reflect their dominant state of focus while they were alive. A person who drinks heavily may attract spirits who were also heavy drinkers or drug abusers – almost as if the spirits wish to live vicariously through the activities of the living person.

Fascinating experiments have been performed based on this theory, with promising results. In homes where negative spirit activity was recorded, occupants deliberately began improving their moods and attitudes by focusing on happiness, love and joy. They threw loud, fun parties, played cheerful music at top volume, and filled their homes with flowers and sunlight. More often than not, this creates an inhospitable atmosphere for the negative spirit(s) - they leave and the activity stops.

going towards the very tall Victorian windows overlooking a garden.

I was then told by my next door neighbour that Ms. Barrow had her desk near the window, where she would sit and write – she had been one of the top committee members of the Royal Society for the Blind, an organisation she had committed her life to, and in return had been awarded an OBE (Order of the British Empire).

Day's later, I called in a priest to come and bless the flat! But did Ms. Barrow leave?? She would return every now and again. She left me in peace 4 years later, when my elderly neighbour died in her sleep in the flat next door! For my new neighbour who moved in, that is another story!

Not wishing to take any more chances, I decided to keep a cat, and when he passed away, I have kept other cats – they are pretty sensitive things and no doubt would warn me of any unseen, eerie, not-of-this-world beings!!! – Contributed by Lubna

Silent Specters

During college, I was doing an internship and staying with friends of the family, a married couple in their forties, in St. Petersburg, Florida.

One night I awoke to what seemed to be some sort of “hissing” sound. When I opened my eyes, there was an old woman glaring back at me. She was barely 2 feet away and appeared to be yelling at me, but could only muster this faint, raspy hiss. I was frozen with fear.

She was translucent, so I could sort of see through her. I could feel the cold, and see that she did not want me there. I eventually came to my senses, and I yelled, “Go away! Go away! You don't belong here!” And she vanished.

So, the next morning as I sat down to breakfast with my hosts, I told them about my encounter from the night before. Both of their faces turned white. They looked at each and then back at me. Then they told me that the previous owner was an old, mute woman who had died in the very room I was staying in.

And here's another fun one . . . I grew up in the Pinelands area of South Jersey. It is well known for being home to the legendary “Jersey Devil”.

There is a mile and a half stretch of road called United States Avenue, with nothing but thick woods on either side and almost no streetlights. We used to drive this route to get to high school and to visit friends on the other side of town.

Well, one night I was driving back home along this route. Off in the distance on the right-hand side of the road, there was some strange illumination. I began to slow down. As I got closer, it appeared to be some sort of humanoid type figure running through the woods toward the road.

I slowed even more and tried to focus my eyes. I was now within 50-100 feet of this thing, and it looked almost like a person engulfed from head to toe in red and yellow flame. They were running quickly toward the roadside.

Now, the woods along the road were cut back about 15 feet on each side. As it approached the clearing, I slammed on my brakes. This thing hit the clearing for a couple steps and then jumped all the way across the road in front of my car and landed on the other side.

But then it stopped. It stopped and turned its head to look at me. I froze. It only looked for a second, but what's weird was that it was a puzzled look, as if to say "What are you doing here?"

I felt as if I had somehow stepped into this creature's world or dimension. Then it turned away, started running into the woods for another 10 feet or so, and then just vanished.

I was all alone, stopped in the middle of this dark road. My heart was pounding through my chest and I was squeezing that steering wheel like my life depended on it. I finally regained some composure, hit the automatic door lock, and sped home. To this day, I am still not exactly sure what kind of entity I saw there.

These are just two of the many encounters I have had over the years. – Contributed by Scott

Loving Caretaker

I have had a great many experiences with ghosts. For some reason I seem to attract them. The experience that is most precious to me is an experience I had with the ghost of my mother who crossed over 36 years ago.

I was pregnant with my son who is now 16 and had some complications, which resulted in an emergency c-section. I was rushed to the hospital in Baltimore hemorrhaging and fighting for my life and the life of my son. I arrived at Johns Hopkins University Hospital and a fetal monitor detected no heartbeat. I was rushed to surgery to stop the bleeding and to remove the baby.

When I woke up from surgery I learned from my very good friend that my baby was in the neonatal intensive care unit and that I was also in intensive care. She had told the nurses she was my sister.

As we were talking a woman came into my room and said that she needed to check my incision. She looked so much like my mother but I was in a drugged state and slipping in and out of

consciousness, I couldn't speak to her. She was wearing a white nurse's uniform, blue sweater and paper hat. Her auburn hair was done up in a 1950's style.

She checked my incision and told me that no one had washed my legs. She went to the sink and brought back a tub and sponge and washed my legs. When she was finished she held my hand as I drifted in and out of consciousness. She told me that both my son and I would be all right, and left the room.

My friend told me that after she left me and the nurse she went to the NICU to see my son. She left my son's side crying because the nurses had told her that he had no heartbeat when he was born and he had a 50 percent chance of survival. The nurses in the ICU had just told her that they did not expect me to live through the night.

As she walked through the doors the same nurse who had entered my room was walking into the NICU and stopped her and hugged her and told her not to worry, that we would both be all right.

We were all right, and when my son was three months old we took a trip to my family home. I brought back a box of pictures from my childhood and was showing them to my friend. We went through many, laughing at the clothing, the hairstyles.

And then we got to my mother's nursing school graduation picture. My friend froze and asked me who was in the picture. I told her that it was my mother.

She broke out in goose bumps and said, "She was there. She washed your legs, she told me you and David would be okay." And I knew it too. Her presence has always been with me. I have always felt her and knew that I would be all right. – Contributed by Maureen O'Toole

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