

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES

BOOK



By Gianna Maniego
and her team
of ghost writers

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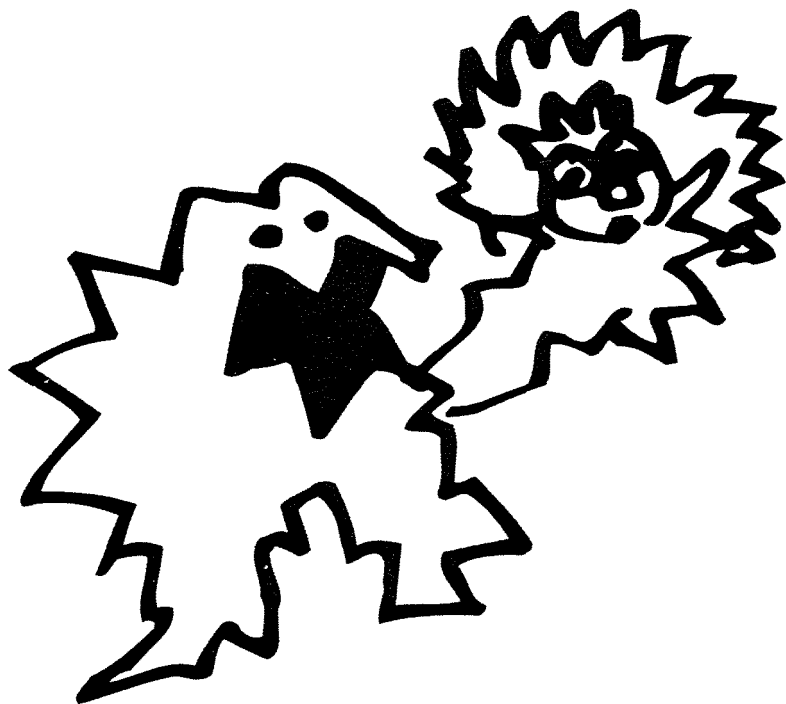
TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 4



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First Printing 2004
Printed by PSICOM Publishing Inc.
Quezon City, Philippines

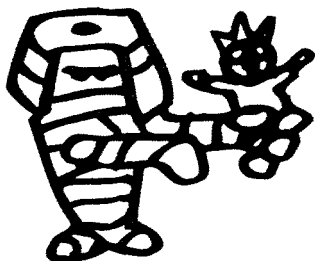
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ISBN 971-8995-99-4

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FACT OR FICTION?:

JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED THIS FORWARDED E-MAIL...

This picture was taken last January 22, 2004, during our retreat at Caleruega in Batangas. *Nagpa-picture kami pagkatapos naming maligo, this was around 7:30 in the morning after we ate our breakfast. Nagpa-picture kami sa classmate namin na si Jay-z. Nag pose kami na parang bioman. Nung nagpakuha kami walang tao sa chapel dun sa likod namin, kasi nga it's so early and wala ding ikakasal that time kasi wala namang nakaayos or naka prepare for a wedding.*

Anim lang kami sa picture, si (from left to right) John, Jeff, Joms, Denz, Chris, and Juancho. Pero nung na-captured na! May isang babae na lumitaw sa picture, (sa likod ni Chris) nakasuot ng pangkasal and she looks like she's waiting for her groom... nakakatakot, but it's true... Just take a closer look at the picture and decide whether if you will believe it, or not... Pero para sa ikatatahimik niya, siguro let us all pray for her soul...

All you have to do is just to forward this message to all of your friend. Please do it...Thanks!

LETRAN Communication Arts (CA4B Batch 2004)



The shadow

By Leslie Corpuz

I used to live in an apartment in Kamuning back in the 1980s. It was a really old apartment. From its architectural design, I'd say it was built back in the 60s — five doors laid out in a short row, with a long narrow driveway connecting all of them.

This particular row of apartments was home to a mixed group of people. The first door, the one nearest the road, was occupied by an old, childless couple.

The next two housed middle-class families with small children. My cousins and I rented the last unit.

My cousins were all from the province and were enrolled in different universities in Manila. I, on the other hand, was attending a university one short bus ride away.

The unit, as could be expected was a beehive of activity during the day what with us and our classmates having the run of the

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place with only a maid to look after the mess that inevitably got left in our wake.

In the daytime, the shrieks and screams of children while playing their silly games often pierce the air.

But at night, the compound turns into a totally different place.

A strange stillness descends on the apartment, enveloping the whole area. With the kids safely tucked in their beds and with us college kids ready to call it a night, the row of apartments suddenly becomes somber and dark.

It was during one of these nights that my cousin and I found ourselves unable to sleep.

Tossing and turning in my bed, I just couldn't shake the strange feeling that someone or something was watching us from somewhere nearby.

I glanced at my cousin and I saw with the very little light coming from the full moon that she had pulled her blanket over her head. Geez, I thought. I might just as well.

With my eyes shut tight, I could somehow see in my mind and feel that a black shadow was going up the stairs to our room. There were no footsteps but just a creepy feeling of impending horror. Then suddenly the shadow was inside the room, standing just right outside the door.

It was staring at us! Panic was rising up my throat. I tried not to move, hell, I was trying my best not to breathe lest it notice me and come over to my bed. Sleep, you fool! My brain was screaming at myself. Don't move and just sleep!

Maybe by sheer force of will, I did manage to doze off.

The next thing I remember is waking up the next day and sunlight was flooding the whole room. Somehow, the memory of what happened the night before got tucked away in my brain what with exams from morning till afternoon.

Later, during dinner my cousin and I got to talk. We started

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with the usual stuff – how's school, was there a cute guy in your class, etc.

"Did you feel it?" she suddenly asked.

"Huh?" I was taken by surprise and was actually bewildered by her question.

"You know, last night," she pressed on.

"There was something, I don't know what it was," she was dead serious by this time. Gone was the light banter we were sharing just a few minutes ago.

"It went up the stairs and just stood there at our bedroom door. Did you also feel it? Did you see it?"

It took me a few minutes before I could answer her. Then I told her that it was exactly what I felt. We were so stunned that we both felt and "saw" the same thing.

"I knew we shouldn't have rented this place," she continued. "It's my mom's fault. Why did she have to put us here. It gave me the creeps the first time I saw this place."

Of course my aunt wouldn't believe any of our stories.

You are just making it up, she would scold us.

So we had to stay put and sure enough lots of other strange things happened through the years we stayed there. Even our other cousins and the maids experienced them. Nevertheless, nothing could compare to that night when the strange "shadow" watched over us while we slept. □

The lady in the black dress

By Liza A. Carlos

Two months ago, my friend, Madel, invited me to go to their house in Sto. Niño, Meycauayan, Bulacan. My boyfriend and I left Manila at seven o' clock in the evening. It took us two hours to reach our destination.

I met Madel when I was still working at this car dealership in Kalookan. She's married with three wonderful kids.

When we arrived, Gwen, another friend of ours, and her hubby were already there.

When we entered their house, I noticed my boyfriend was looking all around the house like he was checking every detail of it. My boyfriend is some kind of clairvoyant but he didn't want to develop that gift or curse for fear that he would meet paranormal beings.

I asked him why he was looking around but he seemed not to

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hear me. He just kept on looking all around like he was in another world.

My friend looked quizzically at me and asked me what was wrong with my boyfriend. I tapped him on the back and he looked at me like he had just been wakened from a deep sleep.

I asked him again what was wrong and he just stared at me. He was beginning to annoy me because it was so unlike him to be so serious. He is usually a very humorous person. I asked him again what was wrong and he said nothing.

I left him and went on to chat with my friends. He went to talk to my friends' husbands. I would look at him from time to time to see if he was okay. I found his silence quite strange and he kept holding his head like it was aching.

I sat beside him. I asked him if he was okay and he kept saying,

"Umuwi na tayo. Masama ang pakiramdam ko. Umuwi na tayo. (Let's go home. I am not feeling well.)"

I told him we couldn't leave yet. We had an argument. I stayed outside, in the backyard, with my friends and had a beer. After a while, he came to me and apologized. He just said he was not feeling well. He sat beside me, all the while rubbing his forehead and telling me that his head was aching.

Though bothered, I didn't really pay much attention to him. I was totally getting the hang of our little party. Bea, Madel's eldest daughter, even joined us in the garden.

I was about to get my second bottle of beer when I noticed someone walking inside Madel's kitchen. It appeared to be a woman wearing a black dress and a veil covering her face. I looked at my friends but it seemed like they didn't notice the woman.

Bea, on the other hand, had her head down like she was avoiding eye contact with something or someone. I looked at the door again and there she was again. The woman passed again! This time, I felt a chill. I felt a stinging sensation at the back of my head. I knew

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right there and then that what I was seeing was a ghost.

I didn't tell this to my friends. I just told them I had to go home because I still had work the following day. And also, I was starting to worry about my boyfriend

Before we left, I talked to Madel and asked her if there were paranormal things happening in their house. She laughed at me and told me that was very ridiculous. I told her I saw someone walking in their kitchen and that my boyfriend sometimes saw these paranormal things.

On the way home, my boyfriend suddenly stopped the car. I asked him why. He looked like he just woke up from a dream.

"Nasaan na tayo (Where are we)?" he asked.

Amused, I told him we were on the expressway. I asked him if he felt better because he still kept rubbing his head.

"Thank God at naisipan mo na ring umuwi. Akala ko hindi na tayo makakaalis doon. (Thank God you decided to go home. I thought we'd never longer get out of that place)," he blurted.

"Ano ba ang problema (What is the problem)?" I asked him.

My boyfriend looked at me. And he told me that when we went inside the house, he saw a very different place. It appeared to him like an old house; not the house of Madel. He thought he was dreaming because the house he saw was designed in the Spanish-style. He said there were lots of people and it seemed like they were having a party or some social gathering. But the thing he couldn't forget was a woman wearing a black dress, with a veil covering her face. He said that this woman kept on walking and walking inside the house.

Shoot! That was what I saw!

The next morning, I was about to go to work when I received a call from Madel. She sounded very serious and I asked her what was wrong.

"Mare, totoo bang nakakakita ng multo si Eric (Girl, is it true

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that Eric can see ghosts)?" she asked, obviously agitated.

I thought this girl didn't believe in ghosts?

"Minsan. Pero ayaw niyang pag-usapan iyon kasi natatakot siya. (Sometimes. But he doesn't want to talk about those things because he is afraid)," I replied.

I told her again that I saw someone walking inside her kitchen.

"Oo nga eh. Kasi si Bea, tinanong ko siya kung bakit bigla siyang pumasok kahapon sa kuwarto. Sabi niya natakot kasi siya. Nakakita daw siya ng babae sa likod natin. Naka-itim at naka-belo na nakatakip ang mukha. (I know. I asked Bea why she suddenly went inside our room. She told me she got scared because she saw a lady behind us who was wearing a black dress and veil covering her face,)" Madel confessed. □



The game

By Cecille Tan

Like many 10 to 12 year old girls in the early 1970s, Pam and her friends Tina, Jasy and Consuelo were crazy about the a new game. It was called Spirit of the Glass.

It was a game played with a glass and a board on which were written all the letters of the alphabet, the numbers 0 to 10 and the words yes or no. The players of the game, usually four or more people, would call a spirit to go inside the glass and answer their questions.

The four girls, children of affluent families in Pampanga, were known to be impetuous and naughty. They were a tight clique who had been together since they were in first grade.

Despite warnings by the nuns at their exclusive girl's school, Pam, Tina, Jasy and Consuelo continued to play Spirit of the Glass during weekends when they would sleep over at Consuelo's house.

She had a big bedroom with a queen-sized bed, a trundle .

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bed and even better, her family had a swimming pool.

"What if something bad happens?" asked Tina. She was the most timid among the gang, known for their exploits off and on campus.

"What could happen?" Pam retorted. "If you listen to these nuns, the spirits could possess us or do something bad to us but a lot of girls play and nothing's happened to them. We've played for more than a year, *wala rin namang nangyari* (and nothing has happened.)"

Pam, Jasy and Consuelo justified their obsession with Spirit of the Glass with the statement that "It's just a game."

To these pre-adolescent girls, it really was a game.

They'd ask the "spirit" whether their crushes liked them back or whether they'd do well in their tests.

When summer came, the girls realized that they couldn't play the game together for at least two months because Jasy and Consuelo would be leaving for abroad with their families.

Tina would visit her cousins in Manila and only Pam was staying home in Pampanga.

One boring night, Pam wondered what it would be like to play Spirit of the Glass alone. She took out her board and got a glass from the kitchen.

When Pam's *yaya* asked her what she'd be doing with the glass, she just shrugged her shoulders, rushed to her room and locked the door.

She laid out the board on the floor of her bedroom and started to play. Just like before, she didn't take the game seriously. All this time that she and her friends have been playing the game, Pam always thought that the others were moving the glass.

"Spirit are you there?" she asked, almost in a bored way.

Her eyes widened in shock and her hair stood on end when the glass began moving of its own accord.

Slowly, the glass edged towards the letter "Y", then "E", then

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finally, "S".

Yes!

Pam wondered, while beginning to tremble, who was in the glass.

"S-spirit, wh-who are you?" she asked in a voice that shook.

"Bang!"

Pam whirled around as a strong gust of wind blew one of the window shutters closed.

When she turned back, she saw that the glass was moving.

S-E-C-R-E-T, the glass spelled out.

Scared, but more than a little curious, Pam blurted out, "Where did you come from?"

She watched, horrified, as the glass spelled out H-E-L-L.

Pam couldn't even scream as she rushed out and ran to her *yaya*, who cluck-clucked and told her it served her right for keeping secrets from her elders.

Pam's *yaya* said she'd accompany her back to her room and sleep with her if she was scared.

But what they saw in the room made them want to run straight out again!

Pam had left the glass upside down in the middle of the board. But now the glass was shattered into a thousand pieces, as if smashed by an angry force.

Pam's *yaya* immediately got a broom and swept up the broken glass and the board. The following day, she burned everything and buried the ashes in the backyard.

Pam was sent to her cousins in Baguio and didn't return home until two weeks before school started.

Meeting up with her friends, she related everything that happened to her and they all agreed never to touch the game again. □

The Baby Trap

By Cecille Tan

Apple San Juan was only 19 years old when she found out she was pregnant.

She and her boyfriend Rob were naturally aghast. They were both in college and had so many plans for the future, including going to the United States after graduation and hopefully, landing a job there.

"What are we going to do?" Apple sobbed, as she showed Rob the results of the early pregnancy test.

Rob said they were going to do the right thing and get married.

"But first, we have to tell our parents. It's important to let them know that we are still serious about pursuing our studies, we just got sidetracked," he reasoned out.

Not surprisingly, both sets of parents were disappointed but

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the young couple assured them that Rob would continue with his studies while Apple would take a leave of absence from her Fine Arts course and go back after she gave birth.

They allowed the couple to live together, but marriage, the parents urged, would take place after college graduation. Reluctantly, Rob and Apple agreed.

Rob's parents said they would provide the couple with an allowance so that they could rent a small house or apartment and learn to be independent.

Apple's mother agreed provided that they would find a house in the same subdivision where she lived.

It was Apple's family who found the cute Mediterranean-inspired bungalow two blocks away from the San Juan residence. It had two bedrooms, one bath and a maid's room.

As added moral support, Apple's childhood *yaya*, Manang Tasing, would stay with the couple and help the two settle down.

On moving day, Manang Tasing noticed they were getting strange looks from the neighbors.

"*Bakit kaya tayo pinagtitinginan ng mga kapitbahay? Kilala nyo ba sila?* (Why do you think the neighbors are all looking at us? Do you know these people?)" she asked Rob and Apple.

"*Hindi* (No)," Apple replied, looking around. But nobody was minding them. At least, nobody she saw. The neighbors were busy going about chores, watering plants, washing cars, taking out the garbage.

"*Hayaan mo na sila Manang. Huwag mo nang pansinin* (Let them be, just don't mind them)," she told her *yaya*, all the while thinking her nursemaid was getting a bit paranoid.

The first week in their new abode proved uneventful.

Except that, as the days wore on, Apple would often feel like somebody was watching her, but when she'd check, no one would be there.

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Strange, she'd think. Initially she simply passed it off as settling in jitters.

"*Namamahay lang siguro ako* (I'm just feeling unsettled)," she'd shrug.

Once, she asked Rob if he felt the same way and he remarked that she was just being imaginative.

"*Lungkot lang yan* (It's just loneliness)," he replied. "Why don't you go out more? Go visit your mom or go to the mall with your friends."

But the feeling of dread wouldn't go away.

What Apple didn't tell Rob was that at night, she couldn't sleep because she was scared of something she didn't know about or if she did manage to fall asleep, she'd wake up in a cold sweat.

Finally, Apple asked Manang Tasing if she felt something strange in the house.

"*Naku, parang laging may nakatingin sa akin. Hindi rin ako makatulog sa gabi dahil pakiramdam ko, may kasama tayo sa kwarto. Lipat na lang tayo sa Mommy mo. Hindi ako mapakali dito* (I have this feeling somebody's constantly watching me. I can't sleep at night because I feel a presence inside the room. Let's just move back to your mommy's place, I can't seem to settle here)," Manang Tasing entreated.

But Apple was determined to prove that she and Rob are ready to make a life for themselves.

In any case, all their fears were forgotten as Apple's due date drew near and the couple got ready for the birth of their firstborn.

With the help of their parents, they bought a beautiful wooden crib, a mobile to hang over it, baby bottles and clothes and some stuffed toys.

Manang Tasing said she'd be glad of the baby's birth because she'd be busy and not think about her fears about the house.

When the time came, Apple delivered a 6.8-pound baby boy

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without much difficulty, and after two days in the hospital, the mother and son, who they named Peter, were ready to go home.

But although Peter was very healthy in the hospital, he became a fussy baby at home. Even Manang Tasing, who practically brought up Apple, her two sisters and one brother were perplexed.

"*Ang ligalig ng batang ito* (This baby is so fretful)," she remarked.

The young mother made numerous visits to Peter's pediatrician to make sure that nothing was wrong and she was assured that her baby was in perfect health.

One morning, after a particularly troubling night when Peter refused to nurse but continued to cry, Apple was pleasantly surprised to see her son sleeping soundly on his back. She thought she'd let him sleep one more hour before waking him up for his morning feeding.

An hour later, Apple was screaming and Manang Tasing was rushing to the room.

"*Manang, hindi na siya humihinga! Tumawag ka ng ambulansya* (Manang, he's not breathing! Call an ambulance)!" Apple shouted.

At the hospital, Peter was proclaimed dead on arrival. The medical report, issued a few days later, listed the cause of death as "crib death."

Rob was sad at his son's death but Apple was inconsolable. She'd spend many hours staring out the garden and thinking what she could have done wrong.

One afternoon, a woman who looked like she was in her 30s approached Apple and offered her condolences.

The woman, who introduced herself as Stella, said something surprising.

"Maybe now is the perfect time to move out of this house," she suggested.

"Why?" Apple asked.

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Stella then told Apple about the tragic history of their residence.

According to Stella, the original owner of the house, who became drug dependent and one night, killed his wife and seven-year-old son while smothering his four-month-old daughter before shooting himself in the head.

Horrified by the story, Apple was convinced that the evil presence that she and Manang Tasing felt was this man's malevolence. This evil being also took her son's life, she was convinced.

Apple immediately told Rob about the bloodbath in their house and they both decided to leave the rented house and move in with her family.

Today, the couple and their three children live happily in a townhouse far, far away from that tragic bungalow where they lost Peter.

Last thing Apple heard was that the house had been gutted down and the lot stands empty. □

The apartment

By Liza A. Carlos

I used to stay at my cousin's house.

She lived in an apartment not far from our house with her two daughters named Mikka and Carrie. Her husband, a seaman, spent most of the year at sea, so every night, she would ask me to stay with them.

The first day I stayed in their apartment, I had a strange feeling. I felt that someone or something was watching me. When I looked around the room, there was no one there. I felt goosebumps break out on my skin.

My first encounter with that eerie presence happened when I went to my cousin's house all the way from school. I decided to go straight to her house for some free lunch. I knocked on the door and called out.

"Ate Dang! Ate Dang! San' ka ba? Pakain naman ng lunch.

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Gutom na ako. (Ate Dang! Ate Dang! Where are you? Can I have lunch here? I am really starving)."

I knew that my cousin was in the house. I heard her say:

"Sandali lang. Iniinit ko lang ang ulam. (Wait a second. I am just reheating the food)."

I also heard movements inside like someone was cooking and washing something. I smiled to myself, thinking of the delicious food that awaited me.

After 15 minutes of waiting, I started feeling annoyed. Why wouldn't my cousin let me in? It's weird. I called her name again but this time, she didn't answer back. But I could still hear the sound of running water inside. I started banging on her door, panic-stricken with the thought that something must've happened to my cousin while in the kitchen.

Her neighbor from next door heard the noise and called my attention.

"Sino ba ang hinahanap mo? Bakit mo ba ginigiba 'yang pinto nila Dang (Who are you looking for? Why are you banging on the door of Dang)?" she asked.

I told her I was dropping by my cousin's house for lunch and I thought something must have happened to her since she wouldn't open the door even though I heard some movements inside.

"Imposibleng nandiyan sina Dang. Kanina pang umaga walang tao diyan. Nagpunta doon sa inyo para doon mananghalian. (It's impossible that Dang is inside. There is no one inside. They went to your house to eat their lunch)," she explained.

I felt all the hair on my body stand up. I felt a tingling in the back of my head and I knew that all the blood drained from my face.

I rushed home and, sure enough, found my cousin in our house with her two daughters having lunch.

My second encounter happened when my cousin asked me to stay overnight. Since I already experienced paranormal activities

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in their house, I asked my other cousin Yvette to stay with us.

Before we went to bed, we had some midnight snacks. Ate Dang cooked some food. And while we were eating, we decided to play a card game, tong-its. We stayed up until two o' clock in the morning.

During the game, I could feel a presence with us. I would snatch glances at their stairs where I could sense someone or something walking or watching us.

Then, my cousin spoke and finally told us there was something lurking in their home. She told me that sometimes, during the wee hours of the morning, she would wake up from the noise in their bathroom. She said it was like someone was playing with the water.

At other times, she would hear someone walking in the room. She asked the previous owner about this and was told that the apartment had previously been a dormitory for female college students.

During those times, the backyard was used as graveyard for the children aborted by the students who got pregnant. The owner allegedly didn't know this until one student died because she tried to abort her baby by herself and bled to death.

Feeling paranoid and strange, I told my cousins we should sleep. I could sense that it wasn't just us anymore. We immediately ran upstairs and went to bed.

After some time, I felt someone waking me up. I opened my eyes and saw my cousin Yvette. I looked at the clock and saw it was only 3 a.m. She looked tense and nervous. I asked her why.

"Kanina ko pa naririnig na parang may tao sa ibaba. May nag-uurong ng upuan, tapos parang may naghuhugas ng plato. May naririnig din akong tumatawa. (I've been hearing sounds from downstairs, like someone's there. I could hear chairs being pushed and the dishes being washed. I also heard someone laughing)," she said in a trembling voice.

I listened and realized my cousin was right. There was indeed someone downstairs. My first thought was it was probably a burglar.

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I grabbed a 2 by 2 wood and told my cousin that we should go investigate downstairs.

Fighting nerves, I tried to stay calm and as we crept downstairs. I groped for the switch and turned the lights on. But to our surprise, there was no one in there. Everything—the chairs and the plates—were exactly where we left them.

My cousin and I looked at each other and we knew there were no burglars but someone was definitely playing with us. We ran upstairs and jumped into bed. We slept with the lights on and with the bed sheet over our faces.

I promised to myself I would never sleep in that house again. I don't want to experience any paranormal things again.

To this day, I have kept that promise. □

Fiction Focus:

TEEN TRAVAILS

By Viveca R. Singson

“I love you.”

Jane didn't know how to react to those three forbidden words.

When she was a child, she had expected to hear bells ringing and angels singing when a boy declared his undying love for her.

At sixteen, Jane knew better. Boys are only after ONE thing... at least that's what her mother told her. And Jane always believed her mother.

Plus, Jane wasn't ready to give it up yet, to any boy.

But that didn't mean that she couldn't have her fun, however limited it may be.

And boys her age usually, though grudgingly, relent whenever Jane stopped hands from going too far, and kisses from running too deep.

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Unfortunately, this one was different.

First, he wasn't exactly a boy. At 19, Joey was more of a young man... a confident, cocky, strapping young man.

Second, he was not from their province. Joey was a city person, with sophisticated ideas and mature ways.

Third, Joey had a strange, hungry glint in his eyes. Too bad she didn't notice it before she agreed to meet him in the dead of night.

Jane shivered in fear. Getting out of this one won't be as easy.

Joey thought it would be easier for him to score with rural girls. Hell, it should be the one good thing that made living in the boondocks worth his precious while.

But this one — with her long black silky hair and delectably smooth skin — was turning out to be more trouble than she was worth.

Damn his family for forcing him to move out of Manila anyway. At least the female lot of the city required no stupid flattery for a little bit of lovin'

Tired of her whining and growing more impatient by the second, Joey roughly pushed Jane to the ground.

"Joey..." Her eyes became fearful. "No Joey, please, don't do this."

Joey ignored her pleas.

"Please Joey... Please don't. I'm begging you." Jane started to cry. "I have to go home now. My mother will be very angry."

Joey merely laughed.

"You think I care about your mother, little girl? You should know that when a boy asks you out, you have to show him a good time."

Jane prayed that someone would intervene. But there wasn't a lone soul walking around that night. There was only deep silence in the sleepy little barrio hidden in the enclaves of *Aklan*.

All of a sudden they heard a loud swooshing noise directly

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above them.

Then, the sound of wings flapping.

"What the..." Joey looked up involuntarily and was immediately scratched on the face by something long and sharp. Joey yelled in pain as blood gushed from the deep wound inflicted by his unseen assailant.

Half a second later, the sound disappeared.

The city boy was enraged and profanity spilled out of his mouth, while Jane continued to quiver in fear.

Then the noise came back... faint at first, then louder... and louder still as a winged creature flew out of the black sky like a strange, giant, distorted bird. Joey could not make out what it was for, in spite of its size, it moved with lightning speed and agility.

He didn't even have time to cover himself with his arms. Joey's head was scratched just a little deeper than the first.

Joey and Jane yelled in unison, he in excruciating pain and she in fear. Joey's voice was so loud, Jane thought the townspeople would come running out of their houses.

No one came.

"What the hell is that?!?" He took a switchblade from his pocket and held it high in front of his face, waving blindly.

"Where are you?" Joey screamed but the only answer he got was the stillness innate in the little town buried in rural Philippines.

Jane peered at the darkness around them, shivering, scared out of her wits. She knew what it was, knew of its true nature, the extent of its strength... and the voracity of its hunger.

Jane also knew that she and Joey were alone in the night with the creature. Not one of the locals would have the guts to interfere.

"I think it's gone," Joey whispered hoarsely, face drenched in sweat and blood. "Yeah, think it's gone."

Jane clamped her eyes shut and prayed that he was right. But

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she knew better.

The sound of rustling leaves made the couple look up. They couldn't see the top of the trees for darkness covered the leaves like a thick blanket.

Joey clutched his knife tighter.

Behind them, something cackled softly.

Both spun around and the sight that met their eyes made Joey howl with fright.

He had heard about these things during his boyhood. It was one of those stories his mother told him when she wanted to scare the mischief out of him.

A *Manananggal*, she called them. Abominations of nature that fed on human organs ripped out of still-warm bodies, chewing on insides and washing everything down with fresh blood.

His mother had also said that these elementals were ordinary men and women by day. By sundown, their torsos would separate from the lower part of their bodies, and would fly off into the night in search of prey, with huge wings that sprout on their backs.

Their lower bodies, from the waist down, would wait out the evening, hidden from human sight.

A *Manananggal* — Joey never believed they existed. He had always scoffed his mother's stories.

Now, there was one right in front of him, just a few yards away from his face.

His mom had been explicit about how horrible looking *Manananggals* were. But her description did not give justice to the horror he faced at that instance.

It was a woman, evident because of the monstrous sagging bosom that clung to the black sackcloth it wore. Tangled strands like gnarled vines covered its head, some falling over a face that gave new meaning to the word frightening.

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The creature was 10 feet above the ground, floating towards him, its huge wings flapping grotesquely. Joey felt his knees sag. His pants were drenched with the physical evidence of his fear.

Without thinking of the date whom he was forcing himself on not even half an hour earlier, Joey started to flee but the creature was just too fast for him.

With one rapid swoop, it was on him, falling on his back with a thud, its dead weight crushing him to the ground.

"Jane, help me!" Joey sniveled like a baby as he felt his blood running down his back. When he heard his bones crunch, he howled maddeningly and looked at Jane with pleading eyes.

But Jane was uselessly frozen to the spot. She watched with horror as the creature finally picked him up, talons firmly clutching his back. It flew off into the night with the strapping city boy.

The minutes seemed an eternity as she tried to think logically. Finally, she decided to flee. She struggled to stand up stumbling a few times in the process, took a few tentative steps and looked around warily before scampering away.

+++++

Joey knew he was doomed to be the creature's midnight snack if he didn't act fast. Dizziness was starting to overcome him. The creature's grasp was too tight and he struggled to break free, but succeeded only in adding more pain and pressure to his already beaten back.

Below him, the blur was getting bigger and bigger as the creature flew higher into the sky.

Gathering all the strength he could muster, Joey made one last ditch at preserving his existence on earth. He grasped his switchblade tightly, swung his arm upward, and stabbed as hard as he could.

Joey managed to puncture the creature's wrist. It screeched in pain and loosened its grip on Joey's back. The boy fell to the ground

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with a loud thump.

Miraculously, he was alive in spite of the beating he took. He lay on the warm earth, shocked and overcome by fear and revulsion.

Joey was oblivious to the loud noises that the creature was making. Joey didn't even notice that it finally flew away, leaving him flat on his stomach.

Joey lay there for a long, long time, staring sightlessly into nothing.

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Jane continued running through the trees, ignoring the branches that scratched her face. When she tripped from a tree branch, she stood up as quickly as she could and continued her rush to safety.

She knew what was coming next... And she was afraid.

When she heard the dreaded sound of flapping wings from above, she closed her eyes and braced herself for the inevitable.

The creature swooped down and grabbed Jane by her shirt. Jane felt talons dig into her clothing, deep into her flesh. She felt the creature's saliva drip into her hair, her scalp. And she resigned herself to her fate.

After what seemed like an eternity, the creature dropped Jane roughly in front of a tiny, ramshackle hut in the middle of nowhere.

While the *manananggal* floated 10 feet above the ground, Jane pushed herself to her feet and looked at it with frightened, doe-eyes.

It stared back menacingly, blood flowing from a nasty gash on its hand. It picked up a long, mean-looking wooden plank.

Jane felt her face burn with fear... And shame. She knew what was coming next.

The creature swatted Jane's behind with the plank. Jane could do nothing else but sob and shout in pain.

"I'm sorry mother!" She blubbered, unable to look anywhere

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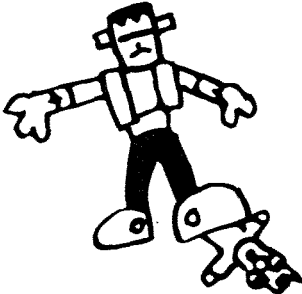
else except her feet.

"Stupid girl," the creature admonished. "I don't know what could have happened to you if I didn't arrive in time."

The creature threw the plank, rose higher in the air and before it flew off in search of prey, muttered, "I'll whip you good the next time I catch you running around with boys in the middle of the night."

It turned and left, leaving Jane shamefaced and remorseful. □

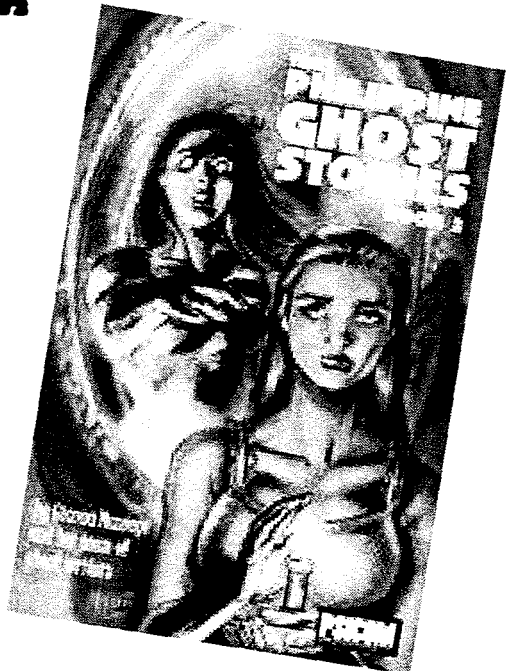
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sundo

By Geray Cadiz

The concept of spirits of dead relatives coming back to pick up the soul of the dying is very popular in Filipino culture. There are probably three out of five people who can tell you a story involving the “sundo.”

In 1998, my maternal grandmother’s diabetes got worst. She had been in the hospital for a few weeks already and my mother, the only one not living in Laguna where her entire clan is based, decided to go home and care for my grandmother. My father went with her.

For the next couple of days, it was just me and my siblings and the maid in the house.

One night, my sister and I got into this huge fight. I forgot what it was about but I’m pretty sure it was one of those tiresome fights over a new shirt.

She was still crying when I went to bed. Feeling the total bitch

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that I was, I turned off the lights, pulled the blanket to cover my face and had a pillow sandwiched to my ear so I wouldn't hear her.

It helped and before I knew it, I was fast asleep.

I didn't know how long I dozed before I heard a muffled wailing. The pillows had been tossed aside during my sleep but I was still pretty much under the blanket. And though the sounds were muffled, I could distinctly make out sobs.

I've always slept with an alarm clock beside me on the bed. (It takes forever for anybody to wake me up. I like to keep track of the time I'm really supposed to get up as opposed to the time I've set the watch up. When you're as attached to the bed as I am, you'd know what I'm talking about.)

Anyway, when I woke up from the muffled sobbing, I checked my trusty old digital alarm clock. It said 2:13 a.m. I was mad as hell. I mean, what's my sister doing still crying into the wee hours of the morning?

I tore the blanket from my face, ready to lash out at her again when my heart froze in mid-beat.

Sitting at the foot of the bed was a woman dressed in black, her face hidden under a raven veil, her shoulders shaking as she sobbed.

My whole body suddenly went numb. I felt my head growing big; felt it ready to explode.

I felt my sister turn in her sleep beside me. I wanted to shake her to wakefulness but damn! I was so paralyzed with fear.

The sobs got stronger, almost shaking the bed. Mustering all my will, I managed to lift my arms, simultaneously horrified and curious at this apparition before me. I wanted to end it — the irrational fear, the crippling madness.

I thought that if I could touch her, somehow feel her firm flesh with my fingertips, I would know that she was as corporeal as my sister and I.

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When my hand was only inches from her, she lifted her head to look at me. Or at least that's what I thought she did.

Because staring right back at me was nothing!

There was no face looking at me. There was only darkness where her facial features should've been.

I screamed. I screamed like I'd never screamed before.

I remember feeling a hard smack across my face. My sister was so pale, she looked like she might faint. Both my brother and our maid were in the room.

"What was it?" my sister asked.

When I told them about the strange woman sitting at the edge of our bed, my brother laughed and told me it must have been a nightmare.

I told them flatly that I never have nightmares.

I went back under the blankets and did not emerge until it was daybreak.

Around 8 a.m. that day, we got a long distance call from my mother, saying that my grandmother died. At 2:13 a.m., to be exact.

This made all our hairs stand on end! We all looked at each other speechless, before crossing ourselves and murmuring short prayers.

It was then we realized, it was probably my lola's "sundo" that I saw.

But why she chose to show up at our house, miles away from where my grandmother actually was, I do not know.

Perhaps there was a message — that I should be nicer to my sister or that it was a stupid-looking shirt to begin with and not worth fighting over.

Whatever it was, I will probably never know. The old woman never did show up again. □

school spooks-2

DE LA SALLE UNIVERSITY

It was a little early, not even 7 a.m.

Alyssa purposely went to school earlier than usual so she could review for her accounting exam in school. She couldn't study at home because things were always crazy in the morning, what with three of her younger siblings, not to mention her parents, getting ready for the morning rush.

Sitting at one of the benches on campus, she managed to complete her review in less time than she thought.

Alyssa checked her watch and decided to drop by the chapel to ask for Divine support.

"Nothing wrong with asking God for a little boost on my exam," she thought.

The chapel was empty when she got there, so she walked up

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to the front pew and knelt down. With eyes shut, she began to pray.

A few minutes later, she heard a shuffling sound and frantic footsteps. Startled out of her reverie, Alyssa opened her eyes and turned around.

To her horror, she saw a limping, pale-faced man. His clothes were torn and covered with blood. Deeply embedded in his chest was a bayonet. With blood dripping from his hands, he reached towards her, mouthing the words, "Help me..."

Then, right before her eyes, the apparition disappeared.

Alyssa grabbed her books and fled the chapel, vowing never to pray in the chapel again.

Nowadays, DLSU students make sure not to go to St. La Salle Chapel by themselves.

DLSU Main building was used as a bomb shelter during World War II.

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MINDANAO STATE UNIVERSITY

It was early March, and for old dorm residents of Princess Lawan Bae Hall (PLBH), it was time for the annual ritual.

"I wonder who that could be?" Mercy asked her roommate Nelia, after she heard footsteps in the hall. It was 3 a.m. in the morning and everyone, save the two of them, were supposed to be fast asleep.

"It's started," came Nelia's cryptic reply before she put out a hand to stop Mercy from getting up from her bed and taking a peek outside.

"What's started?" Mercy asked, curious.

"The annual ritual," her roommate said, explaining that every year, towards graduation, footsteps would be heard along the hall-

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way. Whenever someone checked, however, no one would be there.

"But who are they?" Mercy persisted.

"They're the ghosts of the seniors who committed suicide after finding out they were pregnant just before graduation," Nelia said, adding, "why do you think the comfort room on the second floor has been closed down?"

"Why *nga ba?*"

"It's because residents have reported eerie things happening in the CR. Some of them have reported feeling something or someone breathing down their necks when they use one of the cubicles."

According to the old janitress, a student died in one of the cubicles of that bathroom, Nelia related.

"She tried to perform an abortion on herself and bled to death. It has been eight years now, but the CR remains closed," said Nelia, shuddering.

"Oh my God. It's a good thing I don't go there," was Mercy's frightened response, after which she buried herself under the bedsheet and willed herself to go to sleep.

Mercy moved out of the dorm the following day.

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ST. PAUL'S Q.C.

Students at St. Paul's College, Quezon City have long wondered why there are no mirrors in all of the comfort rooms in the campus, except for the public one on the first floor.

After a check with some of the old administrative staff, the Paulinians learned that sometimes, an anonymous lady appears in the mirror unexpectedly and gives the students a real shock.

The anonymous lady was said to be a student who had killed herself in one of the bathroom cubicles.

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The old staffers also cautioned the students not to stay within the school grounds after 6 p.m.

The reason?

They may just encounter a faceless nun walking along the corridors!

“That happened to one of the students some time in the seventies. She stayed late in school for a school play practice and was walking along the second floor corridor, when she saw a nun a few paces ahead. Just as she passed by the nun, she greeted, ‘Good evening Sister!’ But when the nun turned to look at her, she saw that the nun had no face! The student almost tripped down the stairs in her hurry to get out of the school!” said the staffer.

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Arellano University

Anyone who enters Arellano University enters at his own risk.

According to some of the students, they hear strange voices in the faculty room every morning at 6:00 and the ceiling fan spins faster and faster even without being turned on.

Once, a guard patrolling the 3rd floor of the high school building noticed that a strong wind was blowing all the doors on the floor open.

Another time, some students took pictures of themselves outside the college building using a classmate’s 7650 cellphone.

When they all looked at the picture they saw a girl waving in the background.

They told that to the teacher, who said:

“Alam nyo meron talagang ganyan dyan at meron kaming naririnig na umiiyak dyan (sa building) pag gabi na (You know, we’ve heard of that, and we’ve also heard someone crying inside the build-

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ing at night)."

Another teacher also related that one time she was left alone in the library, reading, when she felt a presence beside her. Later when she left the library, a student who was also in the library accosted her and asked her if she knew the woman who sat beside her earlier in the library. She seemed to be whispering to the teacher, but the teacher seemed to ignore her.

He said it looked like she was trying to strangle her! □

A very popular urban legend

A group of medical students were bored and so they tried to think of ways of livening things up. Eventually one had the idea of "borrowing" a human foot from the dissecting laboratory and putting it in his girlfriend's bed as a joke. She was also a medical student staying at the same hall of residence. The students "obtained" a human foot, went up to the girl's room and put it in her bed. They thought it would be fun to hear her reactions so they hid round the corner and waited for her to come home.

The student who had the key realised that he had left it in the door. However, before he could remove it the girl arrived back and, not thinking, unlocked the door with the key that was in the lock, took it in with her and locked the door on the other side.

A few moments later they heard her screaming and crying out. They ran to the door and tried to open it but it was locked. They shouted to her that it was alright but she continued screaming hysterically. At this point they decided to break down the door. However, it took them a while and they were relieved when the screaming subsided.

Finally, when they broke in and turned on the lights, they were horrified at what they found. The girl was sitting in the corner of the room with a glazed expression on her face eating the human foot. The practical joke had backfired and they had driven her mad. □

pasta please

By Cassidy Corpuz

My friend and I decided to try the new pasta place in one of Makati's restaurant rows because we heard they served very good pizza and pasta.

As we sat down to order, I felt the need to go to the ladies room. I asked my friend to order for me and I went straight to the restrooms located at the far end of the restaurant.

The room was a bit small with only two cubicles and a wash basin with a mirror near the door. The wall was painted red and orange, perhaps to go with the color scheme of the place.

As I started to wash my hand, a feeling of dread started to envelop me.

"Get out of here, you stranger!" It was an unspoken message that kept on coming at me from all sides.

There was no one else in there with me. The feeling of terror

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was starting to pool at the pit of my stomach. I felt my head growing bigger with fright each second I stayed in there.

With every bit of nerve I had left, I grabbed my bag from where I placed it beside the washbasin and fled towards the main dining room.

Outside, patrons were enjoying their meal. Waiters were scurrying about with trays laden with food and drinks. Everything looked normal.

Me? I had to fight the urge to run and scream. Forcing myself to stay calm, I walked slowly to our table, where my friend immediately noticed my hands shaking.

“Are you alright? Why are your hands dripping wet?”

My friend took one look at my pale face and started asking questions.

“There was something in there,” I said. “It was not happy that I was there.”

My friend’s eyes grew big as she finally understood what I was trying to tell her. But by this time, it was too late to cancel our order and leave.

Before long, a waiter appeared before us with a tray heavy with our orders of pasta and pizza and we proceeded to eat quietly.

Although I was ravenous, I couldn’t bring myself to enjoy my dinner, despite the undoubtedly tasty dishes before me. My friend didn’t seem to have an appetite either, after what I told her. Both of us just picked at our food.

“Should we talk to the restaurant manager,” I asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe we should, I mean, what if the same thing happened to some other customer?” my friend reasoned out.

“Yeah, but what will we say? ‘Hey mister! You have strange beings in your CR?!’ Come on!” I said incredulously.

“Basta! We’ll just play it by ear,” my friend said.

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At the end of the meal, we called the waiter to our table and asked to talk to the manager. He came over with a worried look on his face.

"Was there anything wrong with your food ma'am," he politely asked.

"No, everything was splendid!" we chorused, but stopped after that. We didn't know what to say next. We just looked at each other helplessly.

"It's not the food," I said finally.

"I felt something in the ladies' room. A kind of 'presence.' And it was totally unfriendly. I felt its malevolence even though I was barely in there for 10 seconds. It seemed like it didn't want me in there. I felt I was intruding on something. It was so scary," I confessed.

I told the manager everything I had experienced. He listened patiently and after some hesitation, he sat down, lowered his voice and told us in a conspiratorial whisper that I was not the first person to feel the "presence."

"I know what you mean. We all felt it too. But you are the first customer to call our attention to it. We are also not sure who or what it is. But we have a feeling it was one of our employees who died in an accident outside the restaurant."

He then continued to tell us of light bulbs blinking on and off, of strange goings on in the bathrooms and in the kitchen. It has even come to a point where female employees would accompany each other when they have to use the bathroom.

"I am truly sorry for this, I will tell the owner of what happened to you," the manager said.

We bade him goodbye after that. We had to tell him, though that we would never set foot in the restaurant again. ☐

Housemates

By Gianna Maniego

I grew up in a very old apartment in New Manila. It was a two-story dwelling, built in the style of the 1940s — with painted hollow blocks on the walls, red adobe tiles on the floor, and wooden beams on the ceilings.

At the back of the house was a dirty kitchen and an elevated laundry area that my mother had enclosed and converted into another room, which she sublet to boarders.

There were two bedrooms and two bathrooms, one upstairs at the end of the second floor landing, and the other downstairs, near the minuscule kitchen.

It was cool during the summer months but leaked whenever the rainy season came around and despite its new coat of garish green paint, it had the definite look of being rundown.

Our landlady, Doña Amparo, said the apartment complex had

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already survived a war and a fire that broke out in one of the units in the 1950s.

One thing's for sure, it had seen better days.

Yet it was a favorite location for several movie outfits, maybe because of its proximity to the studios in the vicinity.

In fact, it was customary for us to come home and see a production truck parked on the street and any of the popular stars of the moment loitering around, waiting for their scenes to be shot.

We'd see Nora Aunor, Vilma Santos, Maricel Soriano, Richard Gomez, Ricky Davao, etc., walking around, cigarette or coffee in hand, waiting for their cue. Once we watched Claudia Zobel, one of the up and coming bold stars of the 1980s, scream her head off in the middle of the night. Little did we know she'd commit suicide only two months after shooting that scene.

Many of those who lived in the apartment complex during our stay there were longtime residents. We stayed there for 17 years before finally moving to our own house in Antipolo. Many of our neighbors, as far as I know, still live there.

At the time, my mother used to take in boarders to augment our family income. Sometimes she took in students, sometimes she took in working girls, sometimes she took in families.

One of those who lived with us was a distant relative. Tito Carling and Auntie Alice were real estate brokers. They had a house in San Mateo, but needed a phone to keep in contact with their clients (these were the days BC—before cellphones), so they asked my mother if they and two of their children, who were in college at that time, could stay in the house five days a week. Weekends, they would go home to their house in San Mateo.

"Sige na Norms, nahhirapan kasi ang mga bata pumasok. Si Bettina alas-siyete ang pasok, umaalis ng bahay nang alas-kuwatro para hindi ma-late. Si Maricris naman late na ang dismissal, minsan nakakarating sa bahay alas-nuwebe, delikado pa naman sa daan (Please Norms. The kids are having a hard time. Bettina has to leave the house

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at 4 a.m. to be on time for her 7 o'clock class. Maricris, on the other hand, gets off school very late and sometimes gets home at around 9 o'clock in the evening, when the streets aren't safe anymore,)" Auntie Alice entreated my mother.

Sympathizing with Auntie Alice, my mom agreed to sublet the other bedroom to them. At the time, she was spending more time in Antipolo, overseeing the construction of the house, so it wasn't that big a deal. I, myself switched from Antipolo to New Manila, depending on my schedule in school.

Since my mom and I weren't there most of the time, Tito Carling and Auntie Alice had the run of the house most of the time. Auntie Alice was a good cook and would often putter around in the kitchen with our cat, Jasper.

One early morning, Auntie Alice came down to cook breakfast. From the living room, she peeped into the dirty kitchen to check on the cat. She was startled to see, sitting on top of the dining table, a little girl, about two or three years of age.

"Who could that be?" she wondered, since there was no child in the house at the time. At least, no one that she knew.

She looked at the child for a long moment, debating whether to come closer and ask her name, or just stay put and see what the child would do.

The child looked angelic, with the early morning sun's rays shining down on her short curls. Slowly the child turned and looked in her direction and smiled.

Then, right before her eyes, the child began to fade into the ray of light, until she'd disappeared from sight.

Auntie Alice rubbed her eyes. Was it just a figment of her imagination? Or was she still dreaming? She wasn't upset, just mildly disturbed.

Later on, she told us what she saw, and we all agreed she was just probably half-asleep.

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A few days later, Tito Carling and Auntie Alice brought Mackie, their youngest child and only son to the house to stay for the weekend. They'd come from a birthday party and Mackie, who was eight at that time, had brought home two balloons, one red and one white.

The weekend passed and Mackie went back to San Mateo, leaving behind his balloons, which by now had no more helium in them and were lying limply on the floor.

Two days after, while Auntie Alice and Bettina were in their room watching TV, they heard a piercing scream from outside the room.

They rushed out, thinking someone had fallen down the stairs or had an accident.

Outside the door, they saw Maricris pointing mutely at the stairs.

Looking over the balustrade, the two could not believe what they saw.

Mackie's balloons were going up the stairs!

What's more, they were not gliding up the stairs the way one would expect balloons to do. They were touching each step, one at a time, so the two balloons looked like they were actually going up the steps in a line!

Totally creeped out, the three ran inside their room and waited under the covers for Tito Carling to come home.

"Did you see? Did you see?" the three pounced on Tito Carling the minute he opened the door.

"See what?" he asked, confused.

The balloons!! They said in unison.

"Oh you mean these?" he said, holding up both balloons. "I saw them here in front of the door so I picked them up.

Auntie Alice, Bettina and Maricris all fell in a dead faint.

When they came to, they related to Tito Carling the strange

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goings on in the house.

"Is this house haunted? How come nobody told us it's haunted? We have to talk to Norms," Auntie Alice said. But my mother had gone home to Antipolo that night and wouldn't be back for two days.

That night, they slept with their lights on.

The following days, they went about the house in pairs, just so they wouldn't be caught unaware.

One afternoon, Maricris decided she was going to launder her clothes while she took a bath.

So she set up the basin and her dirty clothes under the faucet. Dressed only in a piece of towel, she squatted down to wash, thinking of her crush while singing to herself.

"UUUUHHHHHHHH!!!"

Shocked out of her reverie, she looked around to see where the sound came from. It sounded like a loud sigh, like someone had taken a deep breath and let it all out.

Thinking it came from the faucet (sometimes the pipes made a lot of noise), she cocked her head towards the faucet.

"AAAUGGGHHHHH!!!!!" This time it definitely sounded human, like someone crying out.

Dropping everything—laundry bar, *tabo* (dipper), and *palupalo* (laundry stick)—she clutched her towel to herself and ran, wailing, to her room.

"Mooooommmmmeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!" she cried, panting as she related to her mother what had just transpired.

The following day, when my mother came home, they all confronted her and asked her what was going on.

They told her everything that had been happening for the past week. My mother said it must be the work of our "housemates."

"According to Doña Amparo, there was a family who lived here a long time ago, in the fifties. A couple and a child. The couple

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worked for the movie studio nearby.

Since no one else would take care of the child, the couple customarily brought the child to work. Letting her play in the studio lot, with one or the other parent watched over her.

At that time, the area was next to a big field full of *talahib* (tall wild grass), with a brook running nearby.

One day, the couple noticed that the child was not at her usual spot in the studio lot. They began searching for her, asking everyone if they had seen her.

Someone mentioned seeing her walk off in the direction of the field. At that time, there was a shoot going on, a picnic scene, and there was a lot of people. Somebody must have invited her to join the picnic group.

But when the couple went there, the child was nowhere to be found.

For two days and two nights, they searched the area, not finding a trace of the little girl. On the third day, someone on the far side of the brook spotted what looked like the little girl's dress.

The rescuers fished out the lifeless body of the little girl. Apparently, the girl wanted to dip her feet in the brook but the other adults wouldn't allow her. So when no one was looking, she slipped past and ran to the banks of the stream. In her hurry to get to the water, she fell into the water and drowned.

The heartbroken couple immediately packed their bags and moved to the province.

A few months later, the family that moved in after them began experiencing several strange goings on: a baby wailing in the night, little feet running on the stairs, etc.

Several times, in the early morning, just when the sun begins to rise, the little girl could be seen sitting on the table, waiting.

As far as I know, the little girl is still in the house, waiting. □

FACES in a BOTTLE

By Angela Chua

"Can you see the forest?" the man asked with hardly a perceptible note of irritation in his voice.

She almost jumped from her seat. "Of course I could see the forest! I was just scared to tell you since I may just be imagining things."

It was the third time he had asked her if she could see something. She didn't at first but slowly, she began to see what he had aptly described as a forest.

The funny thing is, they were not out in the jungle. The man and the woman were seated at her dining table in one of the high rise buildings in the middle of the city.

He had asked for all the lights to be turned off. Only the flickering flame of a candle illuminated their faces.

The soft light had cast an eerie glow on a covered glass bottle placed a few inches from the table's edge.

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The man filled the bottle earlier with water, screwed the lid on and taped a small piece of white paper to cover one side from top to bottom.

Right there before their eyes, a black and white forest full of trees, shrubs and stones had materialized inside the bottle.

"What else can you see?" He continued.

"What else could he want me to see?" she wondered, her eyes scanning the thick growth they both could see inside the bottle.

Seconds later, she calmly held onto his arm and uttered, "I see a face."

It's not human, was her first thought. The face was hairy and somehow bordering on monstrous. School lessons on the early homo sapiens that walked the earth thousands of years ago came to her mind.

The man started to slowly turn the bottle.

"Hold it, I could see another one," she called out.

As the night wore on they both counted up to eight faces inside the bottle, all male except for one, a female with European features.

"These are the spirits haunting you. We have caught them all," the man said matter-of-factly.

"Do they intend to do me harm?" the woman asked.

"I don't think so. Some of them were, I guess, looking after you. The rest just somehow gravitated to you. They like you, you know," he informed her.

"But why are they in a forest?" she asked, curious.

"That, my dear, is where you went and where they saw you. When was the last time you went out of town? Can you remember where you went?"

She screwed her forehead in thought, trying to remember. But she could not really recall when she was last in a forest. She had

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been to different places these past few years. Work, and sometimes vacation, would take her to far flung places in the country.

The woman told him the faces seemed to sport startled looks on their faces. The man explained:

“They still don’t know what had just happened. They still don’t know that they are now prisoners in this glass.”

By this time, the clock showed 2 a.m. The man then ended his prayers, blew out the candle and she turned on the light.

“Will it now stop?” She asked him.

“It has to,” was the answer.

He then bid her goodbye. As agreed upon, he took the bottle with him. There was no place for her to bury it. Before he left, he gave her something.

“I am giving you this prayer,” he handed her a piece of bond paper with computer printed words in Latin. “It will protect you.”

Minutes after he left, she still sat in her living room. It was now almost 3 a.m.

Soon enough, she began to feel drowsy. For the first time in years, she looked forward to going to bed.

I can finally sleep soundly now. No more rocking bed. No more feeling of invisible companions sharing the bed with me. No more strange sounds. No more nightmares, she thought.

Before she closed her eyes, she uttered a short prayer. In the end she whispered, “thank you the exorcism went well.” □

Death Half A World Away

By Cassidy Campos

It was past midnight. I was in bed waiting for sleep to come. My eyes were wide open.

Then a movie started playing – in my mind.

It was a secluded place. It was daytime. A clear brook was gurgling along. Light colored boulders were strewn about. The weather was balmy. It was peaceful. I knew right away the place was not anywhere in the Philippines.

A woman then came. She was wearing a dark red poncho. She is of medium height with flowing curly black hair framing her face. She has fair skin and is of medium built. She was soaking in the scenery. Her face was serene.

A man was walking near her. He was a bit chubby and quite short for a Caucasian. His blonde hair was cropped, his mouth small, he had small Oriental eyes like that of a Chinese. He was in light col-

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ored pants and jacket. He was wearing cream nubuck work shoes.

The woman then bent down as if to pick something up beside some boulders. Suddenly I felt a dull blow to my head. There was no pain.

The scene shifted to the man, who was looking surreptitiously over his shoulder. I could no longer see the woman.

"He bashed her head in!" The thought flooded my brain.

The vision stopped and for a few seconds I was confused. I didn't understand what just transpired. I lay motionless on the bed. I told myself that whatever it was that just happened will go away.

I started shaking, chills ran up my spine, and I could feel goosebumps all over my arms. I bolted from bed and grabbed the phone. "I have to call Noel," was the first thought that ran through my head.

Noel is a friend of mine who studies the paranormal and the supernatural.

One ring, two...then I heard a lady's voice answer. It was his wife. She told me to hold on while she fetched Noel. Thank heavens they were home.

Still shaken, I recounted to Noel everything that happened in my vision.

Noel calmed me down. He told me I was safe and not in danger. He advised me to write down everything I saw.

I did, and felt better after pouring out my feelings on paper. I put it aside and promptly put the dream out of my mind.

I completely forgot the incident. Months passed.

One night, I suddenly woke up at 2 in the morning, for no apparent reason, and found it hard to go back to sleep.

Deciding that I wanted to watch some TV to make myself sleepy, I tuned in to CNN.

Still feeling restless, I left the TV on and proceeded to do little

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things here and there. I went back to my viewing just as a news story was winding up.

The program flashed the picture of a missing person. The woman, Chandra Levy, had fair skin, of medium built and flowing black curly hair cascading down her shoulders.

She was a political intern in Washington for California congressman Gary Conduit, with whom she was romantically linked. She had been missing for about three months at the time I saw the news broadcast.

The girl looked familiar, I thought. A few seconds passed, then it hit me. THAT WAS THE WOMAN I SAW IN MY VISION MONTHS BEFORE!

She has been missing for sometime and the police had no clues what happened to her.

I decided to send an e-mail to the cable news station. I got no answer. I tried logging on to the website that her family put up but I couldn't get through. Days passed. I was getting stressed out. I knew going to the police may not be a good thing. They would probably just laugh at me.

Deep inside me, though, I was convinced that I had to do something. So I decided to call the police in California.

It was 1 a.m., a detective got my call and gave me his personal e-mail. He promised he will forward whatever I sent to the one in-charge. I don't know if he ever did.

A few nights after, I became aware of a faint smell of flowers and I started crying. I knew it was Chandra and she was perhaps, just saying thank you for what I had done.

As the months wore on, the authorities still could not find her or her body. They suddenly started inviting psychics to give their "vibrations." All of them said there was water nearby.

"My goodness! That was all they can say! But I saw everything!" I thought.

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By this time, there was nothing else I could do. As more months passed, I just learned from the news that a jogger found her remains at a spot that resembles what I saw. As for the congressman, suspicion arose that he was involved in her disappearance, but he was never charged. He lost in the elections that followed. □

urban legend - urban legend

A Japanese newlywed couple went to Europe for their honeymoon. In Paris, the wife spent hours shopping for clothes. At one trendy boutique, she decided to try on several dresses. So the husband waited outside the dressing room.

A long while passed and the wife didn't come out. So the husband began to wonder what was keeping her. He inquired of one of the shop girls; she checked, then told him, to his surprise, that the dressing room was empty.

His initial reaction was that his wife was playing a practical joke on him. So he went back to their hotel. But she was not there. Still thinking it was a joke, he sat down to wait for her.

As the hours passed, he became more and more anxious. And when she had not returned by the following morning, he was distraught. He called the police, the boutique and all the Paris hospitals. There was no trace of her anywhere.

The police did what they could, but after three weeks, there wasn't a single clue. Exhausted and in despair, the husband returned to Japan.

Five years passed. And then the husband, finally having gotten over the loss of his wife, received a phone call from a friend who had just returned from a trip to the Philippines. The friend told him that he had seen the wife in Manila — as the featured attraction of a freak show.

With great sadness the friend explained that the wife's arms and legs had been horribly mutilated. □

A Davao encounter

By Gerrilyn Cadiz

As part of the Marketing Team of one of the country's top radio networks, I get to travel all over the country. This March, due to a road show for one of our clients, I found myself for the first time in Davao City.

We left Manila at 5 a.m. The flight was uneventful and as I looked outside the window, I psyched myself up for a wonderful stay in Davao.

We touched down in Davao a little under an hour later. We went directly to our hotel, a genuine landmark in the city of Davao what with its great view of the Davao skyline.

After checking into our rooms, we headed to the coffee shop where a breakfast buffet welcomed our growling stomachs.

The breakfast, like the flight, was uneventful. We stuffed ourselves with bacon and eggs, chicken *adobo* and an assortment of

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fresh fruits, fully aware that a long and hectic day was before us.

We then went to the mall where the event would be staged. With rehearsals done, we went off to lunch.

Lunch afforded us the privilege to sample Davao's tantalizing seafood — tuna belly, grilled squid, fish roe and fried chicken for those who were not great fans of the bounty of the sea.

We then went back to our hotel for a quick shower and a nap.

At around 2 p.m., we went back to the mall for the actual show. Except for a few minor hitches (my radio malfunctioned), the show was a total blast.

Dinner was basically the same as lunch — more mouth-watering seafood and a couple of beef dishes and some vegetables.

To celebrate the success of the show, we all decided to check out Davao's exciting nightlife.

My roommate had an upset stomach and went back to our room to rest. I, on the other hand, was more than willing to paint the town red.

After doing the rounds of the bars (I didn't touch any alcohol because I was afraid I'd wake up late), we ended up in *** ** a local spot known for its delicious durian coffee.

We went back to the hotel at around 2 a.m. My roommate was already sound asleep in her bed. She fell asleep with the television on.

I quickly washed my face and changed into my pajamas. Not really sleepy yet, I watched whatever it was my roommate was watching before she dozed off. It was some shoot-'em-up B-movie and I soon found myself bored.

It was while I was channel-surfing that I distinctly heard footsteps inside the room.

I quickly pushed the mute button, eager not to jump to any silly conclusions. But I heard it loud and clear.

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Before I proceed, let me offer you a quick layout of our room. It was not like the other hotel rooms I've stayed in before where the door opens into the bedroom right away. This one has a small passage where the bathroom is. It takes a few steps to reach the beds and there is a corner where the bathroom ends and the bedroom begins.

I held my breath. I clearly heard feet dragging on the plush carpet. As I felt it growing nearer, I quickly turned the TV off and buried my face under the pillows and the blanket.

I willed my eyes shut.

"This isn't happening," I thought, not feeling any real fear yet. More like irritation at my own fear. I mean, how many times have I seen these ghostly manifestations? I should have been used to them by this time, right? Wrong!

Anyway, I tried not to dwell on the nearing footsteps (I thought they're quite heavy to actually register some sound on the thick carpet.) and concentrated instead on sleeping.

I decided that I wouldn't move while sleeping. I mean, he/she/ it could walk the entire length of the hotel room and I wouldn't move a muscle! I'd rather suffocate under the pillows!

I soon drifted off to sleep. I didn't know for how long exactly but I soon found myself jerked out of sleep. My bed was shaking!

It was mild at first and I had the silly notion that it must have been the coffee making ME shake. I slowly groped for the edge of the bed to make sure that it wasn't ME shaking.

Surprise, surprise, it was indeed the bed shaking by itself. It felt like massive hands gripped the bed's edge and shook it like his/her/its very existence depended on it.

I shut my eyes closed, thinking that the whole thing would last only a split second. But it didn't.

Then I felt a light touch on my leg. I stiffened. There I felt a hand, albeit tentative, on my leg.

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I was torn between screaming at the top of my lungs and crying for my roommate and keeping my face under the pillow. The only thing that stopped me from raising hell was the knowledge that my roommate wasn't feeling well plus the fact that if I do start screaming, I would have to get myself out from under the pillows and risk a face-to-face with whatever entity was shaking the wits out of my bed.

I stayed put and uttered the only prayer that came to mind — "Our Father." After three "Our Fathers", the shaking suddenly stopped. I held my breath. Once again, my fingers groped for the edge of the bed to make sure that it really did stop. I dared not take a peek from under the pillow. Call me chicken if you will.

I breathed a sigh of relief and willed myself back to sleep. □

Bhoot

By Geray Cadiz

I met brothers Hareesh and Sunil last year. We were working on a tie-up between our radio station and their bar, ****. Though the tie-up did not exactly push through, it didn't take long before we all became buddies. What with our mutual passion for everything alcoholic and our penchant for ghost stories.

Sunil, for one, is very "sensitive," making him the official spookmeister in the group. When inebriated enough, we would goad him into telling us his encounters with the unseen. Most of his tales were peppered with humor that we were more than inclined to take them as jokes.

Last November, a few days after Halloween, we all sat down for our usual drinking session at their bar. It was way past midnight and all the customers had already left. The only people left were the ones in our little group and some of the bar's waiting staff.

It was a chilly evening, the wind was howling, and we were in

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the mood for a real ghost story. After exchanging a couple of "little" ghost stories, Haresh asked us if we would like to hear something really sinister.

"Of course!" we all replied.

"Go on, Sunil," he told his younger brother. "Tell them about the *bhoot* (ghost)."

After downing another glass of Blacula, Sunil began his tale.

"It happened while we were vacationing in Ajmer, Rajistan in India. I was 12. We had been there for days, doing the usual kids' stuff, you know, just hanging out and playing with cousins and friends.

"One night, we went out to play in the streets. We saw some dogs and started taunting them. We ran after them, throwing water balloons at the poor creatures," Sunil recalled.

The brothers laughed at the memory.

"The dogs ran so fast down the street that we instantly lost them. It was already quite dark and it was just us kids out in the street. We stopped to catch our breath when we suddenly heard the dogs howling. These were not their typical barks. It was like they were scared out of their wits. The howls made our hair stand on end. Then, from down the street, we saw them running back, their tails behind their legs.

"We were struck dumb by what we were seeing. What could have made those dogs run back? I mean, they ran away from us, right? What could have been more menacing than our water balloons?" we all thought, looking at each other.

"And then we noticed that seven tall men were chasing the dogs. In the early twilight, all we could make out were their silhouettes. They looked like shadows rising from the arid pavement. They had their arms linked together and they were not really running so much as they were 'riding the wind'.

Sunil paused to take a sip of his drink. He seemed reluctant to continue, but a slight nudge from his brother prodded him into continuing his tale. By then we were all hunched closer to the table, strain-

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ing to hear his every word.

“We all looked at each other, feeling terrified and confused. By this time, the dogs had already passed us by. And in the back of our minds, logic told us we ought to follow suit, but for some reason, we couldn’t get our feet to move.

“Then we heard the laugh — it was a creepy kind of laugh, sort of maniacal and deep, like it was coming from a deep well. It sounded strange to our ears because though we know there were seven of them, the laugh sounded as one, yet with varying degrees and pitch. It sounded hollow and menacing. It was all so bizarre. Above the laughter, I could distinctly hear some chanting. Alien words that we couldn’t completely understand. It didn’t sound Indian; it seemed far older, more ancient than our native tongue.

“As they neared us, we caught a glimpse of their faces. Or rather, what looked like their faces. They looked like they just rose from their graves, and in the space where their faces were supposed to be, all we could see were skulls!

“That’s when we started running like hell! We did not stop until we reached our gate. We didn’t even realize we were screaming.

“When our nanny saw us, she knew instinctively what happened. She ordered us to take our clothes off and to wash before we entered the house to prevent the *bhoot* from going into the house with us.

We never played out in the street again after dark .” □

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e-mails - txt - e-mails - txt - e-mails

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Dear Editor,

Greetings! I'm Kathy Uykiat. I'm from Binondo, Manila. I'm a college student. I love to watch horror movies and read ghost stories. I bought True Philippine Ghost Stories Book 1 & 2 last February 13. I finished reading the Book One on that night. And, I finished the Book Two on the next day. I loved your work. Congratulations to Gianna Maniego and her team. I have some ghost stories to share. I hope you like them. I hope that there is Book Three!!!

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE

I was just four years old when I experienced this incident. We lived in our former apartment on Juan Luna St. It was in the late afternoon, and I was in my parent's room watching a popular program on TV.

I was alone. After a while, my yaya came in and sat near me without saying anything. I wondered why she was so quiet. And, before she left, she walked around and danced. I called her, "Yaya! Yaya!" But, she ignored me. Then, before my very eyes, she passed through the door!

I was shocked. I shouted, "Yaya! Yaya!"

My mother came in and scolded me.

"You are so noisy! What's wrong with you?" she asked, annoyed.

"I saw yaya come in," I replied.

"Your yaya is in the kitchen. She is helping me prepare our meal," she explained.

"But, I saw her come in," I insisted.

To settle the argument, she called my yaya and asked her if she entered the room. The latter said she didn't.

My mother said, "You see? I told you. She didn't enter the

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room." Then, they left. When my mom and yaya left the room, I heard the voices of two women talking. I didn't know what they were talking about. I became suspicious. □

THE MAN

When I was a child, I was sickly and very weak. One day, I had a fever. My parents moved the folding bed near the dining room so I would not be left alone inside their room.

I was resting on the bed. My yaya and our former laundry woman were gossiping.

Then, a short dark man knocked on our door. He was not alone.

Our former laundry woman talked to him. Apparently he was asking for directions. I noticed that there was a tall man beside him. He was wearing the same shirt that my father used to wear. I thought that he was my father. He came home to see if I was OK.

I greeted that man joyfully, "Papa! Papa!"

My yaya asked me, "Where's your father?"

I replied, " He's outside!"

She looked outside but saw nothing there except the man who was asking for directions.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked, annoyed. "You father is not home yet."

When I looked outside, he was gone. I only saw the short dark man who was asking for direction. Our former laundry woman and the man were talking with each other. Then, the man left. When the man left, I felt awful. I threw up everything i ate. Then, I heard yaya and our former laundry woman talking. My yaya said, "Maybe someone wanted to take her away." □

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THE OLD STORE ROOM

I was in the 6th grade. We had home economics every Saturday. After the class, my friends Angie, Ingrid, and I went to the third floor. We sat and formed a circle beside the old and dirty store room.

I said, "Girls, let's form our group. We held our meeting after class in this area. Each of us would share a ghost story every meeting."

Angie objected, "I don't like to listen to ghost stories. I'm scared."

Ingrid replied, "Then, we don't count you in."

But, Angie wanted to be part of the group. So, she finally gave in. "Ok. Count me in."

Then, I started to tell them ghost stories. My ghost stories were my past experiences in our old apartment at Juan Luna Street. Then, it was Ingrid's turn.

She said, "Girls, do you know that the room behind us is a former kindergarten room. Many students believe that there is something there."

Then we heard a loud noise. It came from the room behind us. It was locked. There was no one there. So, we ran as fast as we could after we heard that noise. □

more stories by kathy

MYSTERIOUS NOISE

This incident happened when I was in senior high. I joined the track and field team because a friend of mine recruited me for their team. At that time, I decided to lose some weight and to be active. After our work-out and practice, a few of my team mates and I shared ghost stories. We were left inside the room. It was dark. Then, we heard a noise coming from the platform. There was no one

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there. So, we went outside as quickly as we can. We decided to keep our mouth shut. Some of our schoolmates said that there are ghosts dwelling at the third floor. But we knew better. □

GHOSTLY VISITOR

This story was told by my classmate in high school. She was a member of our school's dance troupe. It was late afternoon. They were practicing at the auditorium. They saw a woman dressed in white sitting beside their dance instructor. The woman was very pretty, with long, black hair. She was watching them while they were dancing. Later on, she left the auditorium. After their practice, a few girls asked the instructor about her. He was puzzled. He told them that there was no one sitting beside him. At first, they thought their dance instructor was playing jokes on them. Later on, they realized that he was telling the truth. □

THE TRESPASSER

This is another story told by my classmate. Our disciplinarian was roaming at the 3rd floor while we are having computer classes. Then, she saw a lady dressed in white enter the computer laboratory. (According to others, she passed through the door.) There is a strict policy in our school that outsiders are not allowed to enter the school grounds. Our disciplinarian knocked on the door and asked our teacher who the visitor was. The teacher replied that no one had entered the room at that time. □

THE STUDY HALL

It was late afternoon. My tutor and I were at the study hall. I was finishing the first set of questions, while she was preparing the second and the third set of questions. Only the two of us were left in the 4th floor. Then, the janitor came in to check us. After he put away the trash, he told us that he was about to leave. We requested him to give us more time. He agreed and left.

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After a few minutes, something caught my tutor’s attention. I looked up and saw her gazing in the direction of an old cabinet, where the old theses were kept. I followed her gaze and blood drained from my face.

Reflected on the glass door of the cabinet was a girl wearing a blue skirt. It was a high school uniform that she was wearing. I couldn’t see her face or the upper part of her body. I only saw the skirt.

My tutor noticed that I had gone pale and asked if there was something bothering me.

I told her it was nothing.

After finishing the second set of questions, we decided to go home.

I asked her: “Did you notice anything unusual awhile ago?”

She answered: “I’ll tell you later.”

When we had reached the street, she shared what she experienced in the study hall. She said she heard someone calling her. Then, I told her that I saw something at the study hall.

The odd thing is, the sound she heard emanated from the direction of the reflection. Scary, isn’t it? ☐

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FROM MIKA YUUKI

I - First Encounter

It was cleaning day for our maid, Manang. While she was cleaning, she saw a girl in the office of my dad and thought that it was me, because I loved hanging around in my dad’s office at night.

The following day, she told my mom what she saw, but my mom did not believe her. My mom recalled that she had sent me to bed early the previous night.

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"Baka namamalikmata ka lang sa pagod (Maybe you were just sleepy).." she said.

But Manang insisted that she really saw the girl. She even described the girl.

"*Talaga* ma'am the girl is tall, tall as my *alaga* Aya, with white face like hers, red lips that matched hers exactly, and she was wearing a very white dress that seemed to glow. *Talaga* ma'am, *nakakatakot, kinilabutan ako... kaya di ko na natapos ang ginagawa ko... natulog na ako agad* (It's true! I had goosebumps when I saw her, that's why I didn't continue what I was doing and immediately went to bed)" our maid attested. □

II - The girl who looks like me

A week after I heard Manang's story, I stayed up late. It was around 11:00 pm and everyone was asleep, I was chatting, using my dad's PC in his office, where Manang reported to have seen the girl that looks like me.

The aircon was cold, and I was all alone downstairs. Later on it became so cold that I had to turn off the aircon. After about 30 minutes I felt a very cold wind blow from behind.

Thinking that it was only the electric fan, I didn't mind. But the breeze grew stronger and I suddenly felt the presence of someone at my back. When I turned around, I saw a girl, exactly like the one described by Manang. She did look like me except her hair was very dark, and eyes very black. I didn't get scared, because I was used to seeing weird things in our house.

I told the story to a cousin who was staying in our house at that time. She freaked out just hearing the story. □

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III - The Dream

Another week later, after I told my cousin about it, she dreamt of the girl. In her dream, I was using the computer in my dad's office, at night as usual, then, she took a peek to see what I was doing, but got freaked out when she saw me, using the computer, and the Girl, sitting next to me. She heard the girl telling me, "*Pinatay nila ako... kaya magbabayad sila! Sinaktan nila ako kaya maghihiganti ako!* (They killed me, so they have to pay! They hurt me, now I'm seeking revenge!)"

After the girl said that, my cousin entered the office and the girl, after looking straight at my cousin with her jet black eyes, suddenly disappeared. Then my cousin asked me, "Did you see that?!" and I replied, "See what?" (the end of dream).

After 7 days, the girl appeared to my friend. He told the whole story to someone else, and that person, whom he told the whole story to, saw the girl after hearing the story in 7 days but he did not tell others about it, fearing that no one will believe him, and ever since the girl has been haunting him saying the same words over and over again.

"Pinatay nila ako... kaya magbabayad sila! Sinaktan nila ako kaya maghihiganti ako!" □

IV - Epilogue

After the incident in the office of my dad, I never wore that dress again. We still don't know how the story works, but all we know is that who ever got told by the story, through a personal experience of the story teller, will be the one who will be haunted by the girl. It's like the movie "Ring" or something. It's a chain that can never be broken. What happened to the girl, we don't know. Who the girl is remains a mystery. All I know is she looks like me, and wearing a dress that looks exactly like mine. □

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We were having our vacation in Sagada, in Banawe, where we had gone caving. It was a hard trek but my sister and I, along with our guide, wanted to go all the way to the bottom. Upon reaching the bottom I felt something following me. Throughout our trek, I could feel the presence beside me. Several times, I felt it trying to grab my hand, but I just ignored it, thinking it was just nerves. I was unwilling to let my fears get the better of me.

After viewing the magnificent formations in the caves we began our ascent, this time with lighter feet. The feeling that someone was with me had lifted me and I was able to move freely.

Upon finally reaching the top, our guide confessed something that made my hair stand on end.

He said every time the lamp shone in my direction, he could see another shadow walking beside me.

Then he told us that previously there were two Austrian tourists who died while attempting the trek. They did not hire a guide to show them which way to go. But the mountain is too steep and its trails are too treacherous to attempt without an experienced guide. Somewhere along the way, they slipped and fell in one of the ravines and died.

While walking back to the car, the guide took us to the grave of the two Austrians and an unidentified grave. According to our guide, this unidentified person's spirit is the one misleading unaccompanied trekkers and pulling them to their deaths—even to this day. □ +639166531793

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Hi, my name is Ingrid Ilano Inandan. I want to tell you a story about our old mango tree. When I was just 3 years old, my mom warned me against going near an old mango tree near

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our house.

Back then I was very naughty, every time my mom told me not to do something, I would be challenged to do exactly what she didn't want me to do.

So every afternoon, despite my mother's warnings, I'd go to the tree and play there. And everytime I'd go there, I would talk to a creature named Kindalong.

After a year they cut down the tree, and I lost communication with Kindalong. After seven years, he came back, now garbed in black and very grumpy.

He was no longer the happy-go-lucky creature who befriended me before. Now he is the worst creature that I ever seen. He said he wanted to get his revenge on those who cut down his tree and demolished his house. ☐ +639208958633

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In our school in St. Augustine, in Iba, Zambales, several people have seen a headless nun roaming around our high school building. Usually nakikita ito ng mga students na late nang umuwi. Sabi nila baka yung madre ay isang dating prinsipal ng school na namatay na! ☐ +639195830708

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I consider myself one of those gifted with the sixth sense, only a milder version, maybe my third eye is not fully opened yet, but I can see "them" (other beings).

Thank God no one has dared to communicate with me or asked me to do things for them. This ability of mine started way back in my childhood days. It is also said that my family is a descendant of those

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who practiced witchcraft, so my gift was accepted and I did not experience any rejection. But a weird thing occurred to my younger sister that my gift was not able to see...

This experience of my family will then recall the issue "do animals have a soul?"

My younger sister was seven years old when she lost our pet cat, Muning. Muning was hit by a car. We suspected that she was having a hard time accepting that her pet was gone, for she still acted as if Muning was alive. As in, she put food in the pet's platter, acts as if she is cuddling a cat in her hands but there is nothing to cuddle.

We thought it was just a childish game, that soon she would accept the truth. Our neighbor even gave her new kittens but still she clung to her imaginary pet, claiming that she still had one.

After a month, my mother got worried and set up an appointment with her friend who is a child psychiatrist. The day of the appointment came; the strategy of the psychiatrist let my sister realize that her pet was gone.

The psychiatrist asked my sister to bring along her imaginary friend to the clinic. The psychiatrist let my sister pose with her imaginary pet and then took pictures of her. She said she would have the film developed the next day to be used as a medication tool for the next session.

The next day, the psychiatrist called us when the photos were developed, and asked me and my mother to come to the clinic as soon as possible.

She showed us the pictures, all 23 shots were normal, those are pictures of my sister... but one was my sister holding a smokey figure resembling a cat, Could it have been "Muning?" - Ronnel Navarro

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SPIRITS' LAIR

by Mia Estanislao

(Story 1)

It was New Year, 1999. I was spending the holidays with my family at our rest house in Baguio. It was a special New Year because my grandmother, who lived in the United States, was finally spending the New Year in the Philippines.

Our house was a very old rest house on top of a hill. The view from the windows is great because you could see the whole of Marcos Highway and almost half of Baguio itself.

But aside from its beautiful scenery and peaceful atmosphere, the house boasts a great mysterious history hidden within its walls. The house was built right before the Japanese invasion. When it was first constructed, it had four bedrooms, but because of the family's increasing size, my grandfather decided to renovate the house, adding three more bedrooms, as well as bigger living and dining rooms.

The house is built behind an abandoned old school, which was slightly destroyed during the earthquake of 1990. Rumor has it that many children, women and men were killed in that school and that women were supposedly raped, at the same spot where the school was built, during the Japanese invasion.

Because of my young age then and due to the stories told by my relatives, I always believed that there were really spirits lurking in our house. But because of the celebration in the house, I wasn't really thinking of ghosts.

While waiting for twelve o'clock to strike and the fireworks to paint the sky, I lingered inside one of the rooms and, sitting down by the dressing table, started fixing myself in the mirror. I was busy thinking of the things I planned to do next year when I felt someone looking at me. I was staring at the mirror feeling that someone was behind

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me and staring straight at me.

Through its reflection in the mirror, I felt like I saw something inside the cabinet's slightly ajar doors. I was thinking that it might just be a bag, so I told myself that I have been visiting this house for years and I have never, during my visits, seen any spirits. But curious creature that I was, I couldn't help taking a closer look. As my face drew closer to the mirror in front of me, my hairs stood on end when I saw that there really was something inside the cabinet - a face, gaunt, with hollowed eyes, nose and an open mouth frozen in a scream.

And it was looking right at me.

Petrified with fear and afraid to turn around, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the image. My face was just inches from the mirror's surface.

Suddenly, the cabinet doors flew open and the face came out and rushed towards me!

Instinctively, I threw my hands over my eyes and ran out of the room, screaming wildly in the middle of a cold Baguio night.

That night, while everyone else welcomed the New Year and enjoyed the prepared midnight dinner, I lay on the living room couch, stupefied and terrified beyond belief. I could not even think of anything else but that horrible, hollowed-out face flying towards me and what I would have seen if I had turned around. □

(Story Two)

Even before I was born, the house in Baguio has always had the same caretakers. They lived in the basement of the main house, where they had their own kitchen, living room and bedrooms in a cozy little niche that connected to the main basement room. After a century or more of their family's service spanning from generation to generation, they decided to retire and we were forced to find new caretakers for the house.

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It wasn't long before a new family of caretakers moved in, but these new caretakers had no knowledge of the house's history and the stories behind its antique walls.

One night, the niece of our caretakers was fixing the bedrooms of the main house due to the notice that some of the owners would be coming in and staying for the weekend. She was busy with her chores when she found two teenaged girls seated in the living room.

Thinking that the owners might have decided to arrive earlier than expected, she greeted them and asked them if they needed any help. The two teenagers asked the girl if there were any blankets and well-heated rooms to stay in because they were feeling quite cold. The girl escorted them to the bedrooms down to one of the hallways. It was a house rule that she was not to accompany them up the stairs and inside the rooms, so she stopped at the end of the hallway and told them that their rooms were just up the stairs. The teenagers thanked her for her help, and one of them brushed past her as they climbed the stairs slowly.

The girl shivered, because the place on her hand where one of them brushed up against her was suddenly freezing, as if thrust into a bucket of ice-cold water. As they ascended the stairway, the niece couldn't help but sneak a peek through her lowered gaze at the two teens' retreating figures. What she saw made the rest of her freeze up, as if her very blood had turned cold.

The feet of the two teenagers were not touching the floor. They hovered several inches above the steps. But on the steps that they had already passed were light footprints.

In blood red.

Suddenly petrified and not wanting to be near the two "teenagers" any longer, she walked briskly to the other end of the hallway, where she broke into a frenzied run to her aunt and uncle, the caretakers.

When the owners arrived that weekend, the caretakers retold

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the story of their niece to them.

The owners then told them the story of two of their teenage relatives who died in a tragic car accident that made the headlines in 1985.

They were sisters, one was 18 years old while the other was 17. They were driving down the highway, coming home sober from a party, when the night took a hideous turn as their Volkswagen malfunctioned and skidded into the opposite lane. The car slammed head-on into a truck and the collision smashed them into oblivion. One of the girls was thrown meters away from the scene like a rag doll while the other's body, still in the car, was crushed beyond recognition. They died on impact and the family had to conduct a closed coffin ceremony.

The owners thought that their souls may have been unhappy with their sudden ends, and believed that all these girls just wanted to do was to "come home". □

(Story Three)

There was a swimming team on vacation that rented our house in Baguio for the duration of their stay. They were new to the place and had come to enjoy staying there. They held nightly parties and danced the nights away, being raucous and disrupting the normally still house. They were oblivious to the noise due to their partying in the living room.

One of the senior guys suddenly stood up and ran to the back door near the kitchen, which led to the back garden.

His friends followed him and, seeing him holding open the back door, asked why he rushed from the party. Then, looking quite stupefied and not just a little shaken, he told them about seeing an old man with very white hair with a cane that was walking towards the back door.

Thinking that it might be a burglar, he ran to head the old man off and ask what he needed. Being a big guy, he expected to be

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intimidating but the encounter really scared him out of his wits because an old man such as the one he saw will not be able to run down the steep steps leading to the back garden at that fast a speed.

When they got back to Manila, they approached me immediately knowing that I was the granddaughter of the owner of the house. So I told them that they might have seen my grandfather who always stayed at that house during the whole summer when he was still alive.

Realizing that it was summer then, they might have been too noisy that they disturbed the spirits resting there. My grandfather might have warned them that they were too noisy. □

The ghost in my car

By Carlo Reyes, Imus Cavite

I had my share of supernatural experiences. I've seen my lola sitting beside my bed weeks after she died, smelled flowers out of nowhere some days after an uncle passed away,

I've seen a clothe like spirit fly in front of me in my ex-girlfriend's house. But there are two scary experiences that still make me a bit nervous when I think about them - Seeing friends possessed by who knows what kind of evil beings and that GHOST WHO DECIDED TO TAKE A HITCH IN MY CAR!

This happened many years back when I was a choir member of my local parish church. We were a busy, superior church choir. We practiced all the time and had concerts every now and then.

Anyways, some of us would always eat out after these many practices. It was around 9 or 10 in the evening after one such practice when 6 of us decided to dine in one of our favorite "tapsilog" restaurant.

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There were 4 men and 1 girl cramped in my not so spacious car bound for the restaurant with me driving . I was famished. Singing those high pitch notes all night can really make you hungry. So I decided to take a shortcut en route to our destination.

This route made us pass through a squatter's area. There was nothing odd about this area, I drive through there all the time.

But that night was different. Immediately after passing that area there was this smell! It was the smell of candle wax! I didn't want to react at first thinking I'm the only one smelling it.

But then Peter who was beside me exclaimed nervously- "*Ano ba yan!*" - while opening the window so the smell would breeze out.

They all smelled it! "*San nanggaling yun?*", said my other companion.

No one knew. We all opened the windows until the smell of candle finally faded.

We were silent for a moment when another companion said- "*Natuwa sa inyo yung babae*".

He was clairvoyant or so he says. Apparently, he was able to communicate to whatever the smell came from. He said that the squatter's area that we passed was once a cemetery and that was where she is buried.

That's all he said, not explaining further. Not that it mattered, not one of us wanted to know.

We were all surprised (or scared) to what transpired and just needed to shrug it off, get to the restaurant, and fill our bellies. And that's exactly what we did - forget it! But I do remember not taking the same route back and turning up the volume in my radio when I was alone driving home later that night.

But the story doesn't end there! Two days after that incident, I was visiting a friend, Bong who lives not far from that squatter's area. We talked for some time about different matters, my thoughts long gone from what happened that night.

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Until he asked me in a somewhat concerned way- *"Pre, sino yung chick na kasama nyo nung isang gabi?"*

"Ha?!?", I was puzzled.

"Sinong chick?", I said.

"Yung chick na katabi mo sa kotse nung isang gabi.", Bong said.

And then I remembered with goosebumps on the back of my head thinking- *"Nagkita kami ni Bong nung gabing kasama ko mga ka-choir ko"*.

BEFORE we passed the squatter's area that night where it suddenly smelled like candle, I stopped the car briefly in the middle of the road to say hi to Bong and his friend in another car going the other way. I remember their faces that night. They were smiling courteously but oddly enough they seemed like they were squinting. And they ended the conversation quickly and bade good-bye. I didn't give it a thought at that time.

"Hindi ba si Maya?", I said looking for an explanation.

The one girl that was with us that night, Maya, was sitting at the back. Bong insisted it wasn't her- *"Kilala ko si Maya eh, yung babae sa harap na katabi mo."*

"P@\$!!"*, I thought.

"Nakita nila yung multo". So I explained to Bong what happened to us that night after we met in the middle of the road. He said they were squinting because THEY COULDN'T SEE THE GIRL'S FACE!

Is it possible that the ghost needed a ride back home? My friend Bong saw it long before we passed the squatter's area (former cemetery).

Could the smell of candle wax the ghost's way of saying "Thanks for the ride!".

Or, could it be, as our clairvoyant companion said, *"Natuwa sa inyo yung babae"*. Who knows. □

The dormitory

By The Dark Siege

February 13, 2004 — Friday the 13th...

We were hurrying our asses off to go to Dangwa (A Flower market in Manila), since it was the day before Valentine's Day, we ought to buy bouquets for a cheaper price. It was already around 8 pm when one of my classmates, Anne told us that she needs to go to her dorm before going to Dangwa.

Her dorm is just around the vicinity of Dangwa so I and my best friend volunteered to accompany her to her dormitory. I was told before that the said dormitory was haunted by (seemingly lots of) ghosts. This also urged me to go with her for I want to encounter the supernatural.

Once we got near the dormitory, it never looked as scary as I imagined. It just looked like an old commercial building with a termi-

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nal below it.

“So you call this scary... Oh... I’m getting freaked out...” I sneered.

“Just you wait when we get inside.” Anne said.

My best friend, Mark, can somehow sense ghosts and as we were going towards the entrance of the dormitory, he told us that he can already feel something’s creepy going on the building. We got to the stairs and saw the tinted glass on our right as we were going to the second floor. Right there I felt really spooked. I can sense that another person beside the two is walking with us. I glanced quickly at the tinted glass and it felt like someone’s also at the other side looking at us... Then we got to the second floor where Anne stays. It was dirty, dark and awfully quiet in the second floor as Anne led us to her room. Her room had three beds and a bathroom... it’s quite small for three people actually. We sat on one of the beds, and then Anne told us her ghostly experience...

Months ago have passed when she teased the ghost to appear, knowing that the ghosts are just urban legends to scare the students. On that night, while she was sleeping, she was awakened by something jerking her on the bed. As she opened her eyes, a figure of a lady clad in a white gown stood before her. She can see the face of the ghost, angry with deep-set eyes. Anne couldn’t scream as she tried to wake her brother up... The ghost stood still reaching her hand to Anne. Her brother woke up, irritated, as he went towards the light switch (which is blocked by the ghost standing before Anne). He didn’t notice the ghost as he went to the switch; the freakiest part is that he walked through it! Anne can finally scream with fear as she saw her brother went through the hostile ghost...

“Why don’t you leave this place?” I asked.

Anne just nodded and told us that this is what they can only afford. They must be getting used to it I thought. She also told us of her cousin’s encounter when he (her cousin) took his own picture in his room (also in the same dorm) using only his phone’s digital camera. When he looked at the picture, he was surprised that an image of

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a lady clad in white standing behind him! He was alone in the room; moreover, he was on the corner so nobody can get behind him without getting seen! It was the ghost that appeared before Anne. He doesn't want to show the picture to others yet he never deletes it. I urged Anne to let him show the picture to us but, she insisted that he doesn't want to.

Still in her room, I teased the ghosts to appear but Mark told me not to do that. We can already feel strong forces lurking inside especially in the bathroom. Anne asked us to get out of the room. She's really getting scared. We went to the stairs to continue the conversation. She mentioned something about the fifth floor. This is the scariest floor in the dormitory. Malevolent ghosts appear in the dreaded place and nobody ever gets there at night. I asked them if we can go there but the two protested. The second floor itself is scary enough for us, what more do you expect in the fifth floor? Mark already felt uncomfortable as he alone can hear cries of tortured souls upstairs... This made us go out since all of us are getting scared already.

Outside, we continued talking about the ghosts of the dorm. Anne told us that there was a police who died because he farted... That's stupid! He died because he farted? Anne explained that he was shot dead because of his rudeness. She told us another story where her friends encountered the ghost in the stairs. Her friends were going downstairs when they heard of footsteps approaching them. They saw a man walking towards them. Something bothered the two. As the man walked past them, they were surprised that the man was walking WITHOUT his feet (uhhmmm... Walking in thin air I guess), but they can hear footsteps! They ran out of the dorm and never ever go back to the cursed place.

As for me, I never encountered directly the ghosts of the dormitory but I can assure you that I felt those beings present in that place. One day, I'll try going back there and tell you more of what will happen next. ☐

e-mails - e-mails - e-mails - e-mails

From ejej_moral

This story happened to me at the latter part of last year, it was November or December then. A friend and I attended mass at the Santissimo Rosario Church. This was the church inside the UST campus. I was a freshman then.

Angel and I planned to attend the 5 o'clock mass that's why we arrived a little earlier. It was about 4:45pm and there were few people around. Before we got inside the church, I asked her to accompany me to the ladies room since there were still a lot of available seats.

We entered the washroom and there were only the two of us inside. It was a hot afternoon and my friend decided to go outside for fresh air. She left me alone inside the washroom.

After a few seconds, she hurriedly went back inside the washroom again and entered the cubicle near the door. She slammed the cubicle door twice making sure that it is properly closed. I was pacing around the washroom and started talking to her about something. I waited for her to come out.

Minutes passed and still she didn't come out. What freak me was that she was making no noise at all. Thinking that my friend has played a prank on me, I checked if there was someone inside by peeping on the lower part of the cubicle door. I was really frightened when I found out that there was no one inside. I was stuck for a moment, checking my memory that she had just entered the cubicle a while ago. I began calling her name but after that I hurriedly step out of the washroom.

What freaked me out most was that my friend was patiently waiting outside. I asked her if she had just entered the washroom for the second time but she answered no. I explained to her that I saw

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her enter the washroom wearing the same shirt. I can never be wrong that it wasn't her because they had the same height and same haircut. I can also remember the way she pulled the cubicle door twice to close it. I'm really sure that it was her. According to her, she played a joke on me by opening the door and closing it afterwards. But she didn't get inside. She also noticed me talking inside the washroom and walking back and forth.

We both concluded that maybe someone was imitating my friend while I was inside the washroom as we both looked at the door. We both had creepy feelings that made us run inside the church praying that it won't follow us around. □

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retreat ghosts

I'm Anne Reyes, And I just want to share a story of my life with you. It all started when I was in my 4th year high school way back 1996. We had our retreat in one of the retreat houses in Tagaytay. We stayed there for 3 days and 2 nights.

On the first day, we just arranged things, got to our rooms and took a rest. On the second day, we had our retreat started. We prayed, we shared our stories, we ate, took our *siesta*, we cried and all the stuffs you know about retreat.

On the night of the second day, my roommate and I entered our room to take a rest. We were on room 21. When I was half asleep, something caught my attention. There was a white figure on the door of our room. I tried to wake up my roommate but no voice came out.

When I tried to look at it again there was nothing. Then, I heard all the doors in the corridor banged continuously. I looked outside but no one's there. Then, I got back on my bed and closed my eyes.

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On the next day, that's the time we have to ride our bus back to our school in Pasay City. I was already inside the bus when suddenly one of my classmates shouted that my friend Joy, fainted on the hallway on the first floor.

That same time I saw again the white figure ride our bus and was looking at me. I also fainted.

When I woke up, we were already in our school. According to my friends, we were all seven who fainted at the same time. They called my parents to fetch me in school.

When I was home I saw the white figure, or should I say now, the white lady in our house. I fainted again and began to say words like a possessed one does. My parents didn't know what to do but after a while I stopped.

The next morning in school, everyone was talking about what happened yesterday. How we fainted, how we talked different languages, how we acted in an abnormal state and how we woke up not knowing what really happened.

Every morning in our school, we have our flag ceremony. While we were praying, all of us seven fainted and were possessed by different supernatural beings. Our classmates brought some of us in our school's chapel then prayed for us. Some of us were brought in the clinic.

Mang Tom, the albulario, friend of one of my classmates visited us in school. When we are possessed, he would talk to one of us to find out what was really going on. He told us to visit him in his house. All six went except me. I'd rather stay home than go with them.

Mang Tom used Joy as their medium in communicating to the supernatural beings. All of us were mentioned by the being that possessed Joy. It said that the reason it possessed us was because we were noisy in the retreat house.

The next day, during our flag ceremony one of the seven girls that was possessed fainted again. Upon seeing this, I closed my eyes

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then what I saw was...

I have learned that the retreat house was then an old apartment. There were 3 girls in the garden, two aged 20-24 and the other was only 5 years old. They were playing and chatting there.

The three girls went to their room and it was on room 21, where my roommate and I stayed during our retreat. They were killed. Five guys stabbed them.

Then suddenly I opened my eyes but I still fainted. When I regained my consciousness, I was in the chapel with my other classmates. They told me that the girl who possessed me was begging for a name for she was not baptized when she died. She was only 5 years old. They gave her the name Kate because she was asking to be named after me.

After 2 months, we lived a normal life. But Kate said, she will never leave me. ☐

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“ 6 - 6 - 6 ”

Anthony Roy C. Montero

My story happened last February 11, 2004 when I was on my way to see my doctor at ***** Medical Center. It was a very still afternoon and a very busy day for workers around the hospital.

Before getting to the hospital, I had to validate my health card located just at the back of the hospital. My companion and I went to room 1014. On our way back to the hospital, we were discussing stories about this certain book we read and just working our imagination the whole afternoon.

We we're just making fun about some ghost stories there about

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some hospitals and kind of wondering if the writers were referring to the same hospital we were at.

After getting off the elevator, the whole second floor was filled with people...and I mean a lot of them. The place was very crowded. A lot of passers by, some are sitting down, some are talking and some are like waiting for someone or something. When my companion and I are walking on our way to my doctor's room, three dark men who happened to be sitting at that time caught my attention.

I looked at them and they all gave me a stare, which I didn't mind. Beside them were seated people as well maybe waiting for their love ones or their medical results. If I were to gauge their age, I'd say early 40's to mid 50's.

Some of the people were eating and some are just talking and chit chatting. My companion and I passed by another hallway and there I saw two dark men who gave me a stare....Funny, 'cause we have this kind of connection between us. We didn't utter any word but I'm very positive that they want me to look at them, which I did.

I looked at them but not in a funny way. From there, it had me thinking. There were more than ten people seated in the hallway at that time with them but a part of me wanted to look at them too.

When we got to my doctor's room, we found out that he's out on a meeting so we had to wait for him and have my name on the list which fell on number 15 that time. My doctor's secretary was courteous enough to answer all of my queries but waiting for him to finish his meeting was a total drag so my companion and I decided to take a walk and grab some snack.

On our way to the third floor, we took the stairs instead of taking the elevator since we've been makin' jokes about the elevators and the place ever since we got there. We were joking about the possibility of seeing ghosts around the area.

I remember my helper said at one point "*Ano kaya hinihintay natin 'yung doktor mo sa hallway tapos tayong dalawa na lang ang natira, tapos may mga naglakad sa harapan natin humihingi ng*

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direksyon papuntang morgue.....Ano gagawin mo???" (What if we're the only ones left waiting for your doctor when suddenly some people came walking in the hallway asking for directions on how to get to the morgue, what are you going to do???)

I laughed hard at her after hearing her say these things. I told her that she should stop talking about it because she's been doing it all day and that she wouldn't want to know what it's like to have seen or have experienced one for she might not be able to handle it.

I noticed that almost everywhere I go to the area of the hospital, I keep seeing people who's looking at me...and they were all wearing the same faces; SAD. They were all poker faced. It started to bother me but I tried to ignore the thought for I'm already given signs.

We went back to the chairs where we were sitting down earlier which were in front of my doctor's room and there we finished our snack and had a little chit chat about my friends and the book we both read.

We were very concentrated about our conversation and very focused with it when all of a sudden a certain guy who passed by the hallway caught my attention. I didn't utter a word or two and just kept quiet....then my helper asked what was wrong? I told her that there was this certain guy who passed by in front of us twice.

He was the same guy that passed by in front of us minutes ago. I knew it because I saw him in my peripheral vision. He was headed this way, how come he was headed this way again for the second time with minutes interval???

Then my helper asked me, "*sinasabi mo ba sa akin na nakakita ka ng multo na naglalakad???"*(Are you trying to tell me that you've seen a walking ghost???)

"*Kanina pa nga e, kaya sabi ko sa'yo tigilan mo na yung kwento sa libro, dalawa na ang sign ko na 6, Rm. 1014; 1+0+1+4 = 6; pangalawa pang-number 15; 1+5 = 6"* (It already happened earlier that's why I told you to stop talking about the stories in the book. I

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already have two signs of 6, Rm. 1014; $1+0+1+4 = 6$; second my name fell on the 15th; $1+5 = 6$).

It was 5:00 in the afternoon when I heard my name called by my doctor's secretary. Upon entering the door of the room, I had an idea at the back of my head that the last 6 will come out at the end of the appointment which will be at 6 P.M.....and it did.....

The day gave me the combination of 6-6-6 but I didn't stop there. I knew that there were hidden messages in it so I tried to confirm my visions through another friend who also has a gift.

Without a doubt, my friend confirmed that the people or beings I've seen were lost souls grounded in the hospital. They were looking at me because they were asking for help. They wanted me to help them so that they could go to wherever they're suppose to be staying. They cannot move on and they will continue to walk around the hospital until someone has helped them and released them from pain. They were guilty souls.

After our conversation, it had me thinking that these beings love crowded areas. They blend well and they even take forms. You wouldn't even notice that they're already dead unless you have a gift.....So next time, you come inside a crowded place, be it a bar, a hospital, a mall, daytime or not.....make sure you have someone with you. □

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dead janitor

By Perry Portana

This story happened back in 2001. It was late August and I can clearly recall it was about midnight. My mom who works as a teacher in a public school just a few blocks away from home, received a call from the principal. The principal forgot to unplug his cell phone in his office and asked us to go there and unplug it be-

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cause it might start a fire and burn the school down (since she is the nearest teacher to the school).

My mom asked me to go there and do the "chore". Alarmed I immediately refused knowing all those stories that go on about that elementary school (in Quezon City) and having an opened third eye gave me the creeps!!

My mom told me to call one of my friends to go with me. But when I told my friend about it, he also immediately refused "*ayoko nga! mamaya makakita pa ako dun*".

So hesitantly I went by myself. When I got there, I already knew that I was ALONE and no other person was there aside from me.

As I was doing the "chore" all seem well or so I thought... After finishing what I came for, I locked the principal's office and went on my way.

A few meters away from the gate, there is a big and old mango tree (technically older than I am). When I passed by it, the air began to blow chillier than usual. I had goosebumps all over and the left side of my head began to hurt (normally happens to people with a 3rd eye whenever they encounter something from the supernatural / paranormal).

When I was in front of the mango tree, the cold draft blew again but this time it was different, by that time I KNEW I WASN'T alone anymore and "IT" was behind me by no less than 5 meters away.... I saw a man in brown clothing and bare footed!! I stared at him for about 6 or 8 second, then he smiled at me and vanished!

Spooked, I ran home as if a pack of wolves were running after me! When I got home my mom noticed I was very pale and the color of my lips faded.

I told her what happened, she said "*si Mang Kiko yun! yung dating janitor na namatay na*"

I was also told by one of the school's current janitor that he also saw "Mang Kiko" but what he told me confirmed that I had it

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better than him.

When he saw "Mang Kiko", Mang Kiko passed right in front of him with his feet not touching the ground and stared at him as he passed by.

A few months after, I was told by a "psychic" that Mang Kiko was seeking help because before he died he had a love child who was a student in that school when he was still working there. Up till now Mang Kiko still guards the school at night. As a devoted employee, he still serves his work place..... ☐

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something terror this road comes.....

By Ivy Therese I. Cabildo

This blast-ended, spine chilling story that I'm about to share to you happened when I was still in my elementary days in the late 90's. The actual setting where the grably-plank thing exploded was a so-called eastern road "Savanna".

For a typical psycho pathetic girl like me, being intruded by the supernatural, the paranormal and the extraordinary obsessed me ssssssssoooooooooooooo..... Mind you, I've always thought of it as a huge deal, one must face in the other side of the world, which includes, dealing with psychological state of matter, the unpurified hallucinations and keeping a soul-sight mind over psychic people. Well actually, it has been a customary for me to tack all these things for a good possibility. To tell you, neither of my parents would speak on how weird my personality is, why I grew up like this and how accurate my mind evolves with the unnatural phenomena around me. Like for instance, spending my allowance for priced "Halloween Goodies" and working on a four-walled room to make it look crafty & bewitched, as if owned by some old gypsy. Devastating, though surprising, a young lady with spirited mind like me haven't yet bothered by things that can't be explained by the natural outlook although visible to other

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people. However I can relate you a story.

It all started when my big brother Marvin and his buddies decided to have a break from schoolwork, since vacation's almost on the go. They were planning on some road tripping and maybe boost their energy for mountain climbing. After uploading their plans, the next day, late in the afternoon around 4, they started packing their loads of "Junk foods" for midnight snack, valuable things and some portable gadgets in case of emergency. At exactly 5 sundown, they were all ready and packed up. First stop, gasoline station, to bang their engines for day-night's summer trips.

Upon reaching one of my cousin's house in "Lunzurán" (one of the barangays here in Zamboanga City) a gunshot away from a so-called eastern road "Savanna", where they will be heading after. A moment later, they went on to shop for dinner and then started off their road trip-they were riding a Crosswind.

It was almost 12 midnight since they left their cottages, the sky with its deepening twilight lantered the "Mahogany" trees at each side of the rode giving them a good mood for one's fright night. While they were driving ahead of town a sign welcomed them ("Savanna Road") painted in black-stripe ink. While they drove for about 5 kilometers now, a feeling of enthusiast vague in their minds, they can feel now a cold, icy, spine chilling air swiveled on their faces, they felt the moist running deep in their souls. They finally realized that all streetlights were busted off by some electric short-circuit and the only light projections was of their own transportation and were the only ones strolling in the dark portion of the main road.

A minute or two, they were all hooked up by what terrified them. Standing beside the vehicle, near the driver's seat was a lady in her ragged-off cloths, blood stained face and her two eyeballs almost out of its sockets staring blankly at the side of the windshield. As the lady stared at them, the driver gunned the car's engine as fast as possible to get rid of the lady, but there's no use after all. The lady keeps on following them. Soon, they were nearing the market, as soon as the lights suddenly magnified the end of the road; the lady

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vanished at that very point.

After what happened they felt a little cramped and instead of fearing for their lives, they got curious and asked one of the market vendors if they knew who would that lady be. One of them answered, that not long ago a lady was killed by a truck, where in she was hit and ran-over by the driver. Her body was found at the middle of the road a day after the scene. Investigators confirmed that the case remains unsolved up to now. Somewhat, the lady is still wondering in there showing how brutal she suffered from the crime.

Since then, my brother and his friends were already dragged up by what terrified them and from that day on, nobody dared to travel in that road again. NOT ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ☐

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Tis the story about the girl that appeared in the dressing room mirror. Every 5 years, our school hold its own pageant- "The Miss Montessori Pageant". I was one of the contestants in the school's pageant that's why I know about this.

We had our general rehearsal in our school late at night. It was a very tiring night and we did not know that something mysterious will happen. My dressing room is on the right side of the stage and the creepy thing that happened was on the left side. After the gown presentation, the contestants had picture takings in the dressing room.

Anna, Steph, Mille, Kat, and Marie had their picture taken in the front of the mirror. When they saw their picture, they were shocked because they saw a bloody face of a girl in the mirror. IT WAS REALLY CREEPY!

My uncle who is a psychic, attended the dress rehearsal. He told us that the girl in the mirror was a student who committed suicide and HAUNTS THE DRESSING ROOM! until today...☐ - Karah Takai

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Me and my friends went to Bacolod just to loosen up a bit. Everyone was excited for a night-out! After checking-in on a place near a sugar cane field, we went to Golden Field, it's a place for "night-outers", we danced and drunked ourselves until 11:36PM.

My friends and I decided to go to another bar, but one of our friends felt dizzy and can't manage to go to another bar, so we decided to go home instead.

We called several taxis and said that we are going to ***** House, but the taxi drivers doesn't want to go there. We told them that our friend is feeling dizzy and we need to go there fast, but the drivers kept on declining. The time passed... At last! A taxi picked us up!

We were on our way to *****, when suddenly, the driver told us that he won't go and pass the road leading to *****, because it is haunted. We didn't believe him,,so my friends and I decided to walk. Suddenly all of us felt goosebumps and the hair from the back of our neck stood up. We heard a screeching noise of a little girl, crying and begging for help. We all ran from the place we were standing, and then out of nowhere, we saw a girl in a white dress standing in front of us, she's covered with blood, and much scarier is that, there is a knife on her stomach. The girl we saw kept on crying. We ran and neglected the girl.

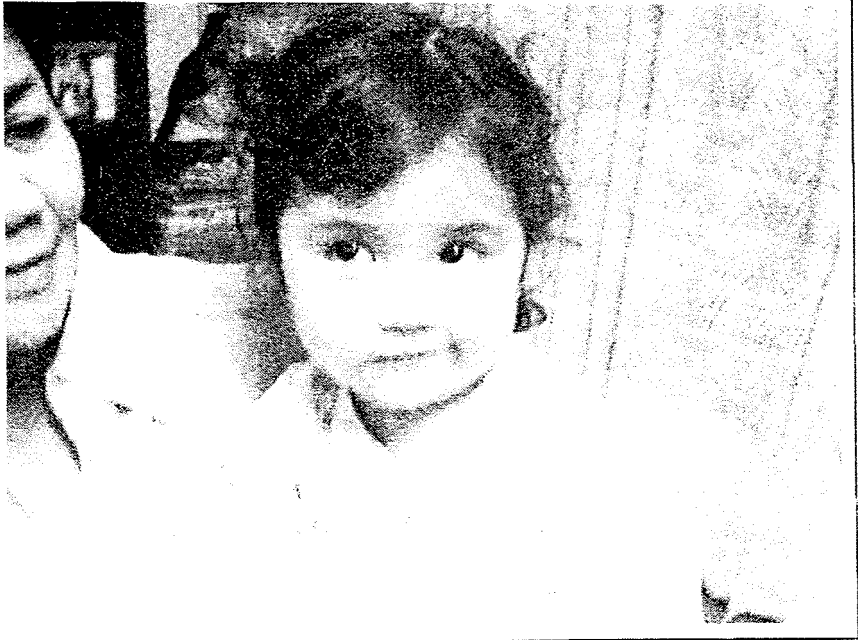
We finally arrived on *****. We told what happened to the owner, and she said that what we saw is a ghost of her sister who was violently killed 24 years ago, she was killed by her uncle, when she was still 8 years old. She also told us that she can also hear and see her sister in great pain every night. After hearing it from the owner, we packed our things and fled to another hotel. The experience was really frightening. ☐ - Dexter Ryan Suarez

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Last March 24 we visited our tita's house at Caypombo, Sta. Maria, Bulacan. At about 9 in the evening, me and my tita played with my *pamangkin*, the "cute" daughter of my cousin.... we took pictures using my ericsson P-800 cellphone, without noticing that there is already a captured picture of Kapre at the middle of my tita and my *pamangkin*.

I only noticed it when we were already in the car on the way home with my parents. I was shock when I took a closer look at the picture in my celfone. There was an image that was captured in the middle of my tita and my *pamangkin*.

We consulted an "*albolaryo*". The findings of the *albolaryo* is that it is a "*baby Kapre*" and he told us that the kapre was looking for a playmate and like my *pamangkin* who is cute, *super kulit* and *bibo*. The *albolaryo* told us then that the Kapre came from the backyard because my tita always walk my *pamangkin* there. □ - win dela cruz



read before you view the picture

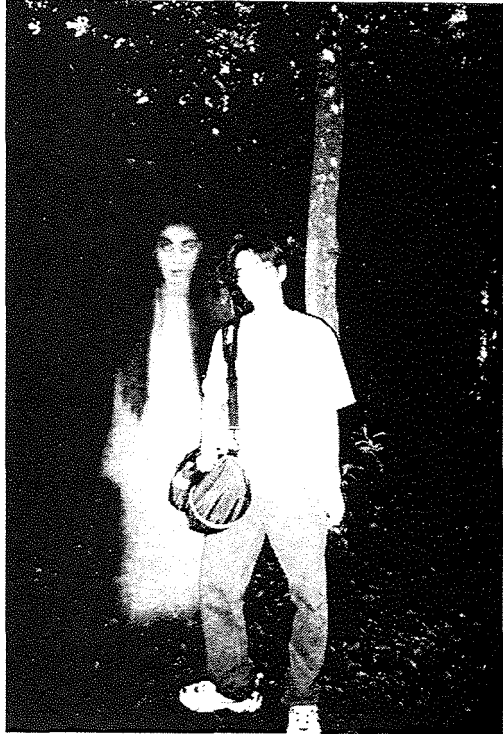
FORWARDED E-MAIL

The guy in the photo went to the Sundarbans with his friends and he asked one of his friends to take his picture in that very place.

While his friend was taking the picture, he screamed and fainted. Two days later he died. Doctors said he died because of heart attack.

When the photos were exposed, in the last photo, there was a lady standing right beside him though friends claim that he was standing alone.

Many people said it is a rumor and the picture is the result of the blessings of latest technology. However, the photo itself is very scary and I'm sure you'll also feel the same way I've felt. ☐



see you alive in BOOK 5!

Do You Believe in Ghosts? Maybe You SHOULD.

AN URBAN LEGEND NO ONE DARES TO TRY

Go into a room with a mirror and turn all the lights off (this works well in a bathroom). You begin, in a whisper, to chant "bloody mary, bloody mary, Bloody Mary", as you continue to chant, your voice should grow louder and louder into a near scream. While you are chanting, you should be spinning around at a medium rate and taking a glimpse in the mirror at each pass. Near the 13th repetition of the words . . . "she" should appear and...?