

SPECIAL EDITION

**Reader
Submitted
Stories**

**TRUE
PHILIPPINE
GHOST
STORIES**

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BOOK

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**AT ALL TIMES AND
IN ALL PLACES... PRAY!**

PSICOM
publishing.com

Edited By Reginald Ting

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 3



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Our heartfelt thanks to all the readers who submitted their stories.

Most names of the characters in the stories found in this book have been changed to protect their real identities.

If you have any ghost stories, feel free to share them with us.*

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Bagat

(shape-shifting demon of the Visayans)

By Stephen Robert Honorio



Mom was born and spent her younger years in Ilóilo City. They were poor at that time, barely able to eat a full meal. She was about 7 years old when this frightening tale of her life happened.

Mom was walking home from school with her younger sister Imee and their older cousin Patricia. Imee and Patricia had fetched mom from school. It was about 6 p.m. and they decided to take a shortcut by walking through the tall stalks of sugarcane or *tubuhan* (sugarcane fields). The night was only illuminated by the light of a crescent moon. As they walked through the *tubuhan*, they heard a rustling sound.

"Imee, *narinig mo ba ang tunog na iyon?*" [Imee, did you hear that sound?] mom asked.

"*Ewan ko pero parang kinikilabutan na yata ako. Tara na bilisan nating umuwi.*" [I'm not sure, but I think I'm having goose bumps. Come on, let's hurry home.]

Suddenly the tall sugarcane stalks swayed violently. There was no wind blowing. It was like someone or something had just passed through them. Then an unusually large, black carabao appeared in front of them, staring at them with its pitch black eyes. Mom acted quickly. She picked up a large rock and threw it at the carabao. The carabao suddenly faded away. They froze in their tracks for a minute before resuming their walk home, still shaking with dread.

Hurrying home, they got out of the *tubuhan*. As they walked on the road they saw another weird creature. It was a huge, black, snarling dog. Just like the carabao, it was staring at them menacingly with its pitch black eyes. They thought they were complete goners.



Then Patricia remembered an evil creature called the *bagat*, told by the elderly in the province. The *bagat* was said to be a shape-shifting demon or *aswang*, commonly taking the form of animals and giving them a devilish appearance. It shows up late in the afternoon until the moon rises, in wide fields such as rice, corn, and sugarcane fields, and on deserted roads. It kills its victims by possessing them or corrupting their souls. It's been said that people who encounter a *bagat* develops severe trauma and die or suddenly vanish.

"*Di ba sabi ni mama kapag nawawala ka raw sa daan, baliktarin daw ang damit?*" [Didn't mama say that if you get lost, you take off your clothes and wear them inside out?] Patricia said. They hurriedly took off their dresses and wore them inside out without looking at the monster. Then suddenly, the *bagat* vanished. Seeing their house at the end of the road, they rushed to it and never looked back.

Grandmother called for an *albularyo* (shaman) to drive away the evil energy that was in the bodies of the three girls. From that time on they never walked in the fields again or stayed up late at night. Not one of them ever dared to venture in the possessed *tubuhan* again.



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Early Morning Stroll

By Juan Paolo de Leon



This happened when I attended the last day of a vigil in La Union last summer. Ando and Jess were my friends, and their relative had just died. The wake was at their relatives' house.

I visited my friends and paid my respects to their departed. We stayed in the house and swapped stories for many hours. By 2 a.m., I was worried that my parents might look for me and I told my friends that I had to get home. They said, "*Huwag muna pare, last day na nga ngayon. Sige na, dito ka muna. Mamayang alas-kuwatro ka na umuwi.*" [Not yet, pal, today's the last day. Come on, stay awhile. Go home later around four.]

"*Ok, sige na nga, hanggang 4 lang ako ha kasi baka hanapin ako sa amin.*" [Ok, I'll stay but only until 4 because my parents would be looking for me.] I said.

We got bored and sleepy, so we swapped stories to keep awake. After a while, we saw their relatives' jeep. The jeep was mainly used to carry pigs that will be sent to the slaughterhouse in town. Ando suggested going with them so that we can take a stroll in town. Jess and I both agreed, and we rode in the jeep to the town.

We were dropped off at the town plaza and we told the driver to wait for us at the market. There were a few people in the plaza and, after walking a bit, we decided to go the ocean, which was just a few minutes' walk away. But to get to the beach, we had to go through a cemetery. Along the street outside the cemetery, we saw a transparent figure of a man standing in the middle of the road. We couldn't see him clearly because he was a bit far and it was dark. But from what we could tell, he had no face and the body seemed to be floating in mid-air.

"*Pare, ano iyan? (Pal, what's that?)*" I asked.



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"Oo nga ano! Ano iyan? (Yeah, what is that?)" Jess also asked.

"Ano pa, eh di tao? (What else but a person?)" Ando replied.

We continued to walk towards the figure. As we drew nearer, the figure crossed the street and entered a side street. As we passed that side street, we glanced in that direction but didn't see anyone. We decided to go down that side street. It was very quiet. It was only then that we realized that it was early morning and that we were inside the cemetery.

We quickly went back to the market where the jeep was waiting for us.

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Lost Love

By Myra Cando



This is a personal account of a ghost story that occurred over 10 years ago. This "true experience" firmly supported my theory that our departed loved ones can convey messages through dreams.

Back in 1989, being a fresh Psychology graduate, I landed a job in the personnel department in one of the government offices in Quezon City. A male co-worker, Jun, was 11 years older than me. He became one of my friends while working there. Jun was kind, loving, and romantic. He was the breadwinner of his family. His parents and relatives liked me a lot. Being single and unattached, he courted me in 1990. I accepted his marriage proposal during the latter part of that year.

My parents did not approve of our relationship and when the first quarter of 1991 came, my parents made me quit my job. My dad, being a military man, even threatened Jun to stay away from me. To make our long story short, I left my job. I lost track of Jun as I busied



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myself with the family business. Basically, I went on with my life and tried to forget about him.

On the morning of June 2, 1994, I received a telegram from his aunt, saying that Jun had died the day before, June 1, 1994. Shocked, I crumpled the short note and hurriedly phoned his aunt for confirmation. She told me that when we parted, Jun resigned from his job and drunk heavily each day. He neglected his health as well as his body. Pneumonia had caused his sudden death. "You know Jun. Everyday and up to his remaining hours, all he ever wanted was to see you. During his final moments, while suffering from delirium, he even told us that he still loves you very much," Jun's aunt said.

Sadly, my parents wouldn't even allow me to go to his wake. I mourned quietly inside my room. There even came a point where I convinced myself that he wasn't dead.

On January 1995, just before my birthday, Jun visited me in a dream. I dreamed that I was inside a hospital room. I was wearing a hospital gown and I was sitting at the foot of my bed. Jun suddenly appeared before me, clothed in bright lights. We communicated mentally. I told him it wasn't true that he was gone. He replied that I must accept the fact that he was already dead but it didn't mean that he was leaving me. "I will always be beside you, guarding you," he said.

I cried saying, "I'm sorry I didn't have the guts to fight for our relationship."

He comforted and soothed me by shrouding me with his bright lights. The bliss I felt was interrupted by a voice calling his name. "It's time for me to go," he told me.

"But what about me?" I asked, tears in my eyes.

"I will be here for you always," he replied, "and I will be waiting for you there. And don't ever forget that I love you very much."

After saying this, he vanished before my eyes. I woke up crying.

After this incident, I finally began to accept his death. And whenever I'm depressed I feel his presence beside me. I know somewhere out there he's still waiting patiently for me.



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Prayer Room

By Marites Sierra



This story happened in 2001. I was still very active in our church activities — the daily Block Rosaries, the weekly 15 Mysteries (the *kinse* as we called it), and the meditative silence, when one of my unforgettable encounters with the souls of the dead occurred.

In our church, which has oftentimes been mistaken for a cult, we believe that each of us is blessed by the Holy Spirit with a Spiritual Guide that is unique to each individual. Also, some of us are blessed with the gift of sight; some are given the gift of tongues; and some with the gift of knowledge and healing. For me, my Spiritual Guide (or *Gabay*) was an angel of the Hijas de Maria, and I was given a bit of everything I mentioned above.

It was a very peaceful night, despite the usual night noises in the household. After the Rosary around 8 p.m., we proceeded to our small prayer room. We did the necessary preparations before praying — lighting candles, settling down in our places, kneeling. Everyone was enthusiastic and the ambiance was pleasant. The prayer went solemnly and everyone was participating in leading each Mystery. I was satisfied that my group mates knew their turn and we prayed without disruptions. When the Prayer reached the Sorrowful Mysteries, we stretched our arms wide in supplication (as is our usual custom). It was then that I noticed that my arms were getting heavy, like someone or something was pulling them down. Usually, I can finish all the 5 Mysteries with my arms stretched but not that time. The air became heavy, as if we were enveloped with something invisible.

Then the voice of one of my group mates suddenly changed. It became deep and full from her very small and petite voice. A blast of cold air circled the room and something seemed to be behind me. My eyes were closed but my other senses could feel what was hap-



pening. I couldn't fully explain what I felt, but I was sure that there was something definitely not normal going on. I gathered my courage and, with my eyes still closed, I prayed loudly, pulling up my arms and fighting the heavy feeling. A few moments later, my group mate's normal voice returned.

We were able to finish the Mysteries and I was thankful that we were about to finish the Rosary without further disturbance. But when we were about to sing the last song before ending the Rosary, the hair on my arms and neck suddenly stood as I listened to my group mate's voice change again. But this time it sounded lonely and in pain. The voice sounded near to breaking and crying. To my surprise,



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even my voice had changed! It was not my own. The voices of my other group mates were also deep, like they were coming from a vault or somewhere deeper. I was very astounded. And afraid.

My eyes were still closed but I could hear some of my group mates crying. I didn't open my eyes for fear that I might see something that I wouldn't like. Then I heard voices coming from outside the room. Some were whispering, some were asking what was going on, and some were shouting, telling us to let them in. I thought that the neighbors were there, the *tsismosas* and *tsismosos* (rumormongers), because of the commotion made by our loud wailing and singing. I was surprised to see images in my mind without me imagining them. It was like the black and white residual image you see when you look at something too long and when you close your eyes you can still see the image. But on that occasion, I hadn't opened my eyes but I could clearly see that there were people outside.

It was the moment that you sometimes regret that you have your "gifts", because you experience what you're not ready to experience yet. I thought my mind was playing tricks on me. I slowly turned my head towards the windows, with my eyes still closed. I regretted that because I saw transparent figures of men and women, like smoke. They seemed like completely dressed figures, with legs, torsos, arms, and hands, necks, heads, and what seemed like hair on top of their heads. But their faces were truly horrific – they were in pain, agonizing, begging, and some of them had disfigured features. All of their eyes were empty sockets. One face was very significant to me: he was a young boy, and he became relevant because he was sticking his face to the window near my face. He was "looking" at me, and we were almost face-to-face. I turned my head towards the door and some of "them" had their heads sticking out of the door's corners, like peeping children. I was terrified and I pulled my head back towards the altar and pressed my eyes tightly closed.

When the song ended and we made the sign of the cross, I opened my eyes and looked at the windows and doors. There was no one there. We were all inside the room and there was no one outside. I sighed with relief that we had finally finished the Rosary.



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All of a sudden, two of my group mates fell faint, their hands and feet ice cold. I immediately told my other group mates to straighten the arms and legs of the two and lay their hands over them while praying the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, and Glory Be while I made the Sign of the Cross over the "openings" or "channels" on the forehead, palm of the hands, and soles of the feet. They recovered moments later.

An elder *manggagamot* (medicine man) came to our rescue. Before he entered the room he sprinkled water and salt on the windows and the door and made shooing gestures. He saw "them" too. The two who had fainted were given water to calm them down. Soon enough the night air settled to what it was before we started the Rosary. I went outside and I didn't see any sign that someone or something was there or that something untoward had happened. I asked some of my group mates if they experienced what I had experienced and saw what I saw. They nervously laughed, because they did experience the same thing and saw the strange beings. At first they thought that they were spectators or the neighbors looking in on us.

When we finally settled down and my two group mates had composed themselves, we asked them if they knew what had happened. They didn't. All they could remember was singing the final song, crying without apparent reason, and a certain coldness creeping up their feet and backs. One of them said that she couldn't control herself from crying. The elder who came to our rescue, Apo Ramil, said that they were not themselves at the time. He said that two of those from outside were able to enter the room and picked them as hosts. They wanted help to release them from the nothingness that they were in. He also said that we were very fortunate that two gigantic angels were guarding our door. Had it not been for the angels, perhaps all of us would have been possessed. It would have been chaotic because some of those outside were not souls of the dead but evil spirits who wanted to destroy us and our faith.

This didn't hinder me from praying again in that room, but this made me more aware that beings like them do exist.



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Unseen Officemate

by DarK_eYes_Mikko



One particular night in our old office on Estrella, we were all rushing with booking and scheduling sales and deliveries to catch up with our targets, as it was one of those days leading up to our sales cut-off. By 1 a.m. only three of us were left. We decided to take a break for some coffee and a light snack in the make-shift pantry before we get back to work.

Just as we were about to step out of the pantry, we heard a typewriter clacking away. We also heard the Xerox machine snapping away as if someone was copying a book (like the ones in Recto). We asked each other if anyone else was there. We all assumed that someone had forgotten something and came back. We went out and the typewriter suddenly went quiet. As we approached the corner where the Xerox was located, it, too, suddenly stopped. Maybe someone was playing a joke on us? I went to check the main door and the fire escape of the 3rd floor to make sure that they weren't open. As I had guessed, both were locked from the inside and it was only the three of us in the whole floor.

As scared as we were, we shrugged it off and continued work. The sooner we finish, the sooner we could go home. But just as we were about to resume work, the old swivel chair at the far end of the room started creaking, as if someone was sitting and swinging on it. My two companions were really scared. I gathered what was left of my courage to see about the noises and what was making them. I grabbed one of the in-trays on the table, with the intent of bashing the head whoever burglar decided to come into the office.

As I neared the swivel chair, I jumped into the cubicle. I was not ready for what I saw –the chair was angled back and the seat was pressed as if someone was sitting on it. As soon as I jumped in, the



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chair straightened up. I rushed out of there, calling for someone to open the main door. My two friends were already at the door and we rushed down to the guards on the ground floor.

As we gathered our breath, our *Manong* Guard told us that there really were ghosts in the old building and that he had seen some strange happenings while he and the other guards were doing their rounds.

After that experience we made sure to go home as early as we could.

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Napaglaruan

By **Dark_eYes_Mikko**



My *tito* (uncle) and dad told me that my cousins and I were once victims of "*napaglaruan*" (played upon), and my cousin's *yaya* (nanny) was a low-key white witch who rescued us.

I was 7 or 8 years old then, vacationing and playing with my brothers and cousins in my *tito*'s big backyard in Rosario, Cavite. During those times, *mga tirador* (slingshots) were the thing. There we were, picking off cans and what-have-yous perched on branches of trees. We didn't know that it was bad to do that until late that evening, when all of us suddenly came down with a fever. My *tito* was a doctor and he gave us medicine, thinking it was only a slight fever. But two days later, our fever hadn't subsided.

On the third day, *yaya* came home and saw us. Immediately, she gave orders to the maids to prepare hot food and cigars. She went silent, mumbling something in some arcane language. Then she went to the backyard and seemed to talk to someone that no one else can see. After that she lit the cigars and offered the hot food at the foot of the big mango tree in the center of the yard. A couple of hours later,



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our fevers subsided and we all became well.

After that, she forbade us to play in the backyard by ourselves.

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Haunted Hardware Store

By REBELQUEEN83



One rainy night, my boyfriend and I went to our hardware store to stay and wait for my brother to fetch me. I had an extra key so we went inside to wait.

The 3-story hardware store was already closed and nobody was around except for the two of us. We were bored so we decided to play cards. We checked the cards and found them to be complete. We played *tong-its*, but after a few rounds, the cards went spooky. All the cards we picked and put down were all the same—the seven of spades. We got really spooked that we threw the cards away.

It was still raining hard outside and we decided to stay in the old master's bedroom. We had already forgotten about the game and I was really sleepy. I decided to take a nap while my boyfriend stayed up to watch over me. A little while later, my boyfriend woke me and told me to get up. We went outside and I saw that he was shivering and looked very scared. I asked him what had happened. He told me that when I was sleeping, he thought he heard something upstairs but he didn't mind it at first. As the minutes went by, he heard it again and it was coming nearer. He heard dragging footsteps on the staircase and they sounded like that of a big creature with chains locked around his feet. That was when he woke me and urged me to go outside. I was spooked to hear what my boyfriend had described because our workers in the hardware store had described the same sound. Some of them had even quit their jobs because of it.

There was another case when my friends and I stayed there for a



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project. It was late and all we had were instant noodles. While cooking the instant noodles, I excused myself for a quick pee in the bathroom. My friends were so afraid that they followed me wherever I went. But when I returned, I saw them holding hands in the kitchen, slowly going around the gas range, their backs to me.

“*Anò ba kayo? Anong ginagawa niyo diyan?*” [What are you doing there?] I said, raising my voice. They turned to face me and they looked stunned. They asked me what I was doing behind them when they were following me in the kitchen. They even became angry with me for scaring them. I said that I had just come from the comfort room.

“*Eh sino yung sinusundan namin kanina sa kusina, eh tatlo lang tayong nandito?*” [Then who were we following in the kitchen, when it’s only the three of us here?] one of my friends said.

After hearing her explanation, I freaked out and we all ran out, screaming. We even forgot the noodles we were cooking.

Until now, whenever there is a visitor or someone new in our building, the creepy stuff just keeps on coming back...

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Baguio Holiday

By Surfer_gal



My family and I went to Baguio last Christmas. We owned an old, big house, where a lot of strange things happened during our stay.

During our first night there, *Mang Jun*, the driver of my *lola* (grandmother), went to the bathroom to take a leak. When he opened the door he came face to face with something that made the hair on the back of his neck stand—a headless man! The headless man was wearing old-style American clothes. *Mang Jun* screamed and ran out the



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door. When he turned to look at the bathroom, the man had disappeared.

A few days later, most of my family decided to visit Mine's View Park. I was left in the house with only my sister and one maid for company. I played *Dance, Dance Revolution 4th mix* on the PS1 to while away the time. I got a glass of water from the refrigerator to quench my thirst. As I closed the fridge's door, I saw the headless man out of the corner of my eye. "Think you idiot, think," was what ran through my head. I closed my eyes and prayed the Angel of God prayer. I covered my eyes and ran to my room. I locked myself in until the rest of my family arrived. Maybe the headless man was an American soldier who had died in the Death March back in the war?

The next morning, I stepped out onto the balcony and into the bathroom. I quickly took a bath and when I emerged, I saw my sister. She pointed at the balcony and said, "Ate, look! Who's that?"

I looked at the area she pointed at but saw no one. The house's caretaker, Ate Minda, saw us. She told my sister not to go near the area she was pointing at. "*Ate Minda ano bang kalokohan ang sinasabi mo kay Lina? Baka matakot mo iyon.* (Minda, what kind of nonsense are you telling Lina? You might scare her.)," I told Minda.

"*May mga white lady doon, hindi ako nagbibiro!* (There are white ladies there, I'm not kidding!)," she said to me. Thinking that she was joking, I just went about my business and forgot about the so-called haunted balcony.

That night, my two *yayas* (nannies), Jenny and Krissy, slept near the balcony. I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of someone crying. When I opened my eyes and looked around, my parents weren't on their bed. Hoping that nothing bad had happened, I slowly went to the door and looked out on the balcony.

I saw Jenny and my parents trying to calm Krissy down. Krissy was having a *bangungot* (nightmare) and they were trying to wake her. They gave her water and slapped her, but she wouldn't wake up. Only when they made her smell some perfume did she calm down and woke up.



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"Krissy! Gising ka na ba? Anong nangyari sa'yo?" [Krissy! Are you awake? What happened to you?] my father asked.

"May mga white lady na nakita ko sa panaginip ko na sumubok na makapasok dito at ginigiba ang pintuan ng balcony! Nakapasok sila at sinakal nila ako, tapos nagising ako dahil may narinig akong tumatawag ng pangalan ko." [I saw some white ladies in my dream, and they tried to get in here, trying to tear down the door to the balcony! They were able to get in and they were strangling me, but I was able to wake up because I heard someone calling my name.] she managed to say.

Scared, I went back to my room, covered myself with the blankets, and said a prayer before finally falling back to sleep.





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For the rest of our stay there, we would sometimes see a tall lady in white along the balcony. We would get scared and we'd close our eyes and pray until she disappeared. My *lola* said that the white lady must have been the wife of the house's former owner, both of whom were long dead.

The morning after the incident with Krissy, my brother, my sister, my mom, and I went out into the garden. It was so clean and fresh that morning. We had this cat named Muning that lounged around the house. That morning, we saw her stare at something we couldn't see and quickly ran away. We saw a mud-covered empty plant pot with a *Star Wars* logo on it. My brother, who loves anything *Star Wars*, wanted it. The water hose was nearby, and when I looked at it, water suddenly came out. It wasn't a strong stream, and maybe that's why I was the only one who noticed. I didn't mention anything to anyone so as not to scare them or make them think that I'm making things up. "Mom, can we go into the house? I'm thirsty and I'll ask *yaya* to wash that *Star Wars* pot," I said to them.

"*Yaya Minda* went to the *palengke* (market) with Jenny, and it's Krissy's day-off," she said.

"Oh, okay," I said. My brother didn't hear what mom said as he had already gone into the house. When we returned to the garden after lunch, the *Star Wars* pot was clean and the hose was in it.

"Yay! I can get it now," my brother said as he happily picked up the pot.

"Mom, who cleaned it?" I asked.

She thought for a while. "Maybe it was the old gardener who had already passed away," said my mom. This gave me the creeps and I quickly ran into the house. Later we would just laugh about the incident.

That wasn't all. My *yaya* Jenny was looking for her cellphone one afternoon. She found it under her bed. As she crouched down and reached for it, a cold, white hand grabbed her arm. Jenny screamed, but the hand held on to her for the next five seconds before disappearing.



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Convoy

By Mia Estanislao



During a Halloween trip to Baguio, my relatives and I decided to embark on an adventure. We dared each other to visit Baguio's haunted places: Hyatt Hotel, the Spirits Bar, and so on. After some discussion, we eventually settled on Loakan Road, where the famous Loakan White Lady haunts the Loakan Tree that stands in the middle of the road.

It has been said that a white lady haunts a certain tree that stands in the middle of Loakan road. Many have tried to take down this tree for safety reasons but all the people who have tried always ended up either gravely ill or worse, dead. It has also been said that this white lady is fond of haunting taxi drivers who drive down Loakan road alone. It is rumored that she was raped and killed by a taxi driver on that very road, hence her preference for lonely taxi drivers.

We did not plan to disturb the white lady that night, and so we parked outside an abandoned cemetery along Loakan road. There were seven of us: my sister and my gay brother, my cousins, *kuya* Marco and *ate* Kris, two bodyguards, and me. We were using my cousins' van that night. After staying inside the van for a few minutes, we decided to step out and view the cemetery across the road. We had a hard time locating the tombstones because the only light that was available was from our van and the headlights of passing cars. Bored, we narrated ghost stories to scare each other. *Kuya* Marco even turned off the van's headlights and engine, plunging us into darkness. So there we were, in the middle of a haunted road, across an old decaying cemetery in near pitch-black darkness. After a few more spine-tingling stories and a lot more goose bumps, a van came down Loakan road and turned into our parking area. It seemed that



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they also wanted to join our stakeout. The funny thing was that they also had the same number of passengers as us—three men, three women, and one gay. Even their van was the same as ours, down to the model and color. Coincidence? Anyway, we were happy for the company.

We then decided to continue the fun at a bar we knew, and we invited our new friends. On our way down Loakan road, *kuya* Marco remarked that they were driving too slowly, and quickly overtook them. The other van didn't keep up, but since we were the only cars on the road, we were sure that they could easily follow us. On the curb that led to Nevada Square, we noticed that the other van was not following us anymore. We didn't give it much thought, thinking that they had changed their minds. We proceeded to the bar and enjoyed ourselves before going home. We went back to Manila in the morning.

Five years later, my cousins and I had a family gathering. After dinner, we told horror stories to each other. I found myself remembering that night at Baguio. Why did it occur to me then? I brought up the subject and they laughed nervously. They must be all thinking the same thing, that we were haunted that night! Thinking back, we determined that there was no other exit on that road except the one that led directly to Nevada Square. The next intersection was a few kilometers away from Loakan Road, so how could they get anywhere without us noticing them overtaking us?

Maybe they did not mean to harm us. Maybe they were the ghosts of a car accident that happened on Loakan Road. Maybe they were there to guide us out of that very dark, quiet night to the city, so that we won't meet the same fate they went through. Whatever the reason, whatever the story, we will never know. One thing for sure, we enjoyed that Halloween adventure, and we enjoyed it even more because they were there.

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Saying Goodbye

By Marisheil Pagtacconan



My father died at the hospital last May 2004 due to cardio respiratory failure and hemorrhage. While we were still at the hospital, our female boarders back home were watching TV when they suddenly saw my father standing outside the window, looking at them with a smile on his face. They didn't know that he had passed away at that very hour.

At the time of his wake, my father's co-workers saw him one morning riding in a white car. They tried to call his attention but he didn't smile back or acknowledge them. They didn't know that he was already lying peacefully in his coffin.

I hope that you believe my story...

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The Maniac

By Allen



Note: the names have not been changed as requested by the author.

This story happened to my girlfriend and me when we went to my family's rest house in Zambales. My family had just bought the house from an old man, and we went there last year for a vacation. The old man had just died a month before.

We had invited the rest of my *barkada* (group of friends) but we got there ahead of them. When my girlfriend (Sarah) and I arrived at the rest house, she told me that she felt someone touching her. We looked around but we were the only ones there, apart from our two



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maids that took care of the house.

We rested a bit before hitting the beach. "*Arrel, may sumusunod ba sa atin?*" [Arrel, is there someone following us?] Sarah asked.

"*Tayo lang nandito sa resort na 'to, kaya huwag ka mag-alala.*" [We're the only ones in the this resort, so don't worry.] I said.

We went to the restroom to change into our bathing suits. As we exited the restroom, a dark shadow passed over us, prompting us to run to the beach as fast as we could. Sarah's phone rang, which made us jump, but when I looked at the number it was only Anton, our *kabarkada*. I answered it and he said, "*Nandito na kami, asan na ba kayo? Ang maid n'yo nakahilata dito sa garden n'yo!*" [We're here, where are you? Your maid's sprawled here in your garden!]

Sarah and I rushed to them, and we noticed a dark figure exiting the garden. My *barkada* (Anton, Dennis, Jason, Mark, Jenny, Carla and Trish) were there, looking over Elena, the maid. We tried to wake her up.

"*Umalis na kayo! Iwan ninyo ang babaeng iyan dito!*" [Leave this place! Leave that woman here!] Elena suddenly said, in a deep voice, pointing at Sarah.

We called her fellow maid, Auring, and asked her to wake Elena. After 15 minutes, Elena became conscious. We waited until evening to make sure that she was okay.

By 6:35 p.m., with the crisis over, we decided to drink the night away and get into the vacation mood. Soon, most of us were drunk except for Sarah, Carla, and me (we weren't heavy drinkers). Anton, Trish, Jason, and Jenny went to the game room to play billiards and cards. Dennis, Mark, Sarah, and I were left in the living room.

Suddenly, the lights went out and a strong gust of wind passed through the room. We also saw an old man unexpectedly appear in front of us. Dennis, the most fearless among us, stood up and confronted the old man. When Dennis moved nearer, the old man floated and disappeared. We then ran to the game room and told the others about our experience. We decided to go back to Manila the very next



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day.

When we boarded the car in the morning, we felt a presence inside. So, instead of going straight to Manila, we went to the nearest *albularyo* (shaman) and asked him why the old man was following us.

“*May gusto sa isa sa inyo ang espiritu. Manyakis ang espiritu na nakadikit sa inyo. Namatay siya dahil nirape niya ang isang babae at sinumpaang siya ng nirape niya.*” [The spirit that’s following you likes one of you. He’s a sex maniac. He died because he raped a woman and that woman cursed him.] he said.

We then asked the *albularyo* to bless us to make the malevolent spirit leave us. We went back to Manila right after that.

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Bed Shaker

by Carmela J. Balenia



This story happened over 10 years ago when I was in my final year of high school. Our school is located in one of the small towns in Negros Occidental. It is a catholic school built back in 1967.

I was a 3rd year transferee then, and during the first year of my stay, I had been hearing different kinds of ghost stories. It was said that the place where our school was built used to be a graveyard during World War II; there was also the story about my English teacher who encountered a headless ghost in the middle of the night during a camping activity; our school directress once woke up in the middle of the night because of noises she heard in the school basketball courts and she saw several images of little children playing there; and many more unusual stories told by my classmates who had been there since first year and were natives of the town.

At first, I couldn’t convince myself to believe those unusual sto-



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ries. I was a skeptic; I didn't believe those kinds of stories unless it happened to me personally, which was when this story took place.

I had to stay late in the directress' office to finish proofreading all the articles for our school organ (I was a part of the staff then). When I had finished my article at around 11:45 p.m., I decided to call it a night and made my way to the students' quarters (I was staying in the students' quarters because our house was far from the school).

Safely ensconced in my double-decked bed and shielded beneath a mosquito net, I immediately fell into a deep slumber. At around 12:30 a.m., I woke up with an odd feeling about my surroundings. I suddenly heard somebody breathing right by my ear! At first I thought I was only dreaming but as I stared at my hand I realized that I wasn't. My hand was on top of the mosquito net and I noticed that my hand was moving together with the breath I was hearing. It wasn't the wind because there was hardly any breeze and the night was hot.

I started to utter some prayers and a minute later, the breathing stopped. But after a while my bed started to shake! At first it was in slow motion, like I was experiencing an earthquake. I looked around and saw that everything was normal. Then the shaking got faster and more violent! I thought that my roommate Daria (who occupied the bunk above me) was shaking the bed. But I remembered Daria bidding me goodbye that afternoon before she left to visit her family in the nearby barangay.

I uttered more prayers and asked God to guide me and to save me from whatever was happening, but the shaking didn't stop! I got up from the bed and ran with my eyes closed, not even bothering to remove the mosquito net (which had covered my whole body). Upon reaching the door, I was still praying and asking God to give me the strength to run until I reached the directress' office (her office was just a few meters away from the student's quarters). I felt that something or someone was behind, following me!

As I reached the office, I saw that my classmates were still busy with their work. I knocked and called out to them, my voice trem-



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bling. As soon as they heard me, I saw them stand up and quickly gather in the far corner of the room, as far from the door as possible. It was as if they had heard something strange and creepy and looked as if they had seen a ghost! But our corps commander and my boyfriend both recognized my voice. As soon as my boyfriend opened the door, I fainted.

When I woke up, my classmates asked me what had happened and why. I looked like all the blood had drained from my face. They even gave me a mirror so that I could see what they were talking about. It was true, I really had a very pale face! Before answering their questions, I asked them what got them scared when I knocked. Gladys answered, "because we heard your voice as if it came from six feet below the ground!"

One of my classmates gave me a glass of water and it helped me relax. As soon as I gathered my strength I told them what had happened inside the student's quarters. They were all stunned and horrified but they believed all the things I told them. I also told the incident to our school directress and she believed my story just the same.

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A Little Respect

by **Mariel Sandico**



Our student council organized a Halloween party last year. It was an exclusive event for high school students and was held at the school quadrangle, with the proceeds going to the CAT (Citizen's Army Training) and the school. The student council included some contests to the bash — a dance showdown between two clubs and the best in costume. They also had a surprise treasure hunt where two students and a teacher were to search for prizes in the upper floors of the school, but they could only search starting



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midnight. It was a game to test their wits and courage, and a great way to end the party.

While everyone was enjoying the dancing at the party, Javier, a student council representative, went upstairs to hide the prizes for the treasure hunt. When he returned, rumors of ghostly sightings had already spread. I ignored the rumors (so as not to scare myself) and continued to party the night away, dancing like crazy on the school grounds. But by 11 p.m., the electricity kept fluctuating, and then the power completely died. The technician was stumped at this because there were no tangled wires and all the systems were running perfectly. I was so disappointed that I decided to call it a night. I tried to find my brother, the student council president, so he can bring me home. When I saw him, he and the other student council members were in a circle, praying the rosary. I approached them, but as I got near, my whole body suddenly shivered from cold, even though I was wearing a jacket.

"Umuwi ka na. Sabihin mo sa guard na pinapauwi na kita." [Go home. Tell the guard that I'm sending you home.] my brother said when he saw me.

"Pero hindi ako papayagan niyon! Hatid mo na'ko!" [But he won't allow me to leave! You have to bring me home!] I protested.

"Doon ka muna, hintayin mo ko!" [Go there and wait for me.] he replied.

I followed his instructions and went to the school gate. I chatted with some of my friends as I waited for my brother to arrive. He came after a few minutes and we took a tricycle home. *"Kuya, ano nangyari? Bakit kayo nagdarasal kanina?"* [Brother, what happened? Why were you all praying earlier?] I asked him while in the tricycle.

"Basta mamaya, kuwento ko sa iyo." [Later. I'll tell you the whole story.]

I nagged him but he refused to tell me the story. He dropped me off at our house and he returned to the school. I pestered him again the next day until he finally told me the whole story:



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My brother, with the other student council officers, was in the SPDO office that night. They were busy arranging things when my brother noticed a boy dressed in our old school uniform. The boy was walking in the corridor, carrying a bag. How could there be an elementary student walking in the corridor at this time of night, my brother wondered. My brother never really believed in ghosts but when he saw the boy, he had goose bumps all over.

While on his way to hide the prizes for the treasure hunt (candies, chocolate bars), Javier heard some kids calling out my brother's name. He looked around but there was no one there. He ignored this and continued with his task. But just as he was about to reach the 4th floor, someone or something pushed him and he tripped. He wasn't able to hold on to the candies and they spilled across the 4th floor corridor. He was so scared that he just ran down and left the candies.

When Javier returned to the others, he told his story to the rest of the student council. One of them, Michael, said to have a sixth sense, told the others that the spirits in the school were angry because the student council didn't light candles for them as a sign of respect. Furthermore, he told my brother that the boy he saw was angry, because of all the noise and because he was not respected. They think that the spirit was Steven's, the student who committed suicide. He made himself visible to my brother because he knew my brother was responsible for organizing the party.

The student council felt sorry for not respecting the spirits and they decided to pray the rosary. That was when I saw them all huddled in a circle, praying intently. I knew then that something was not right, especially when I got near them and felt how cold it was. When they finished praying, the sound system was restored, the lights came back on, and everything returned to normal.

After the party, when everyone had gone home, the other student council members accompanied Javier to retrieve the candies. But when they got to the 4th floor, there was no trace of the prizes. They talked among themselves and rationalized that maybe the kids who were calling my brother wanted to have their share of the candies. They trooped back down and cleaned up. But just before leav-



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ing, Javier, coming out from the SPDO office, saw some people on the 3rd floor. They were two beings, a teacher and a student, waving merrily at him.

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My Guardian

By Darlene Clark



I want to share a story about my adopted cousin and me. I was in grade 6 and my cousin Sheila was 5 years old at the time. Sheila wanted me to give her a ride on my bicycle, where she would sit on a kiddie seat that's attached to the bar. I told her I didn't want to because it was getting dark and there were *momo* (kids' term for ghosts) around.

"Hindi naman ako sinasaktan ng mga momo eh! Nakikipaglaro pa nga sila sa akin at mayroon nga ako nakikita na isang momo na lalaki na laging nakatingin sa'yo eh! Sabi pa nga ng momo sa akin na huwag ko raw sasabihin sa'yo na may gusto siya sa'yo kung di'y di na kami bati. At kung minsan nga nagagalit ako sa kanya kasi hinahalikan ka niya kapag tulog ka at may ginagawa siya sa'yo, para bang nire-rape ka!" [The ghosts don't hurt me! They even play with me and I see one of them always looking at you. He even told me not to tell you that he likes you or else he won't be my friend anymore. Sometimes I get angry at him because he kisses you while you're asleep and he does something to you, like he's raping you!] said my cousin.

I was shocked! I didn't know that she had the gift like me! I had goose bumps. I told her to stop making stories, and that it was just her imagination. When I was her age I knew it was hard to have the gift, so I knew what she was going through.

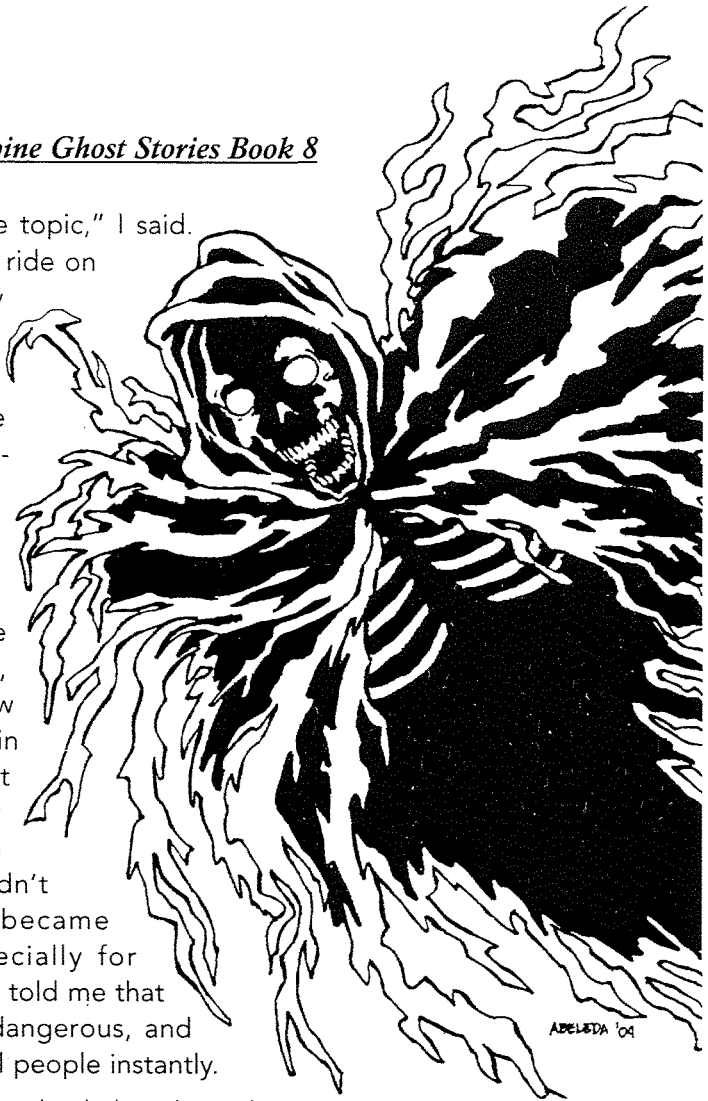
"I'm not lying, I'm telling the truth! Why should I lie? Didn't you tell me that children didn't know how to lie?" she said.



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"Let's drop the topic," I said.
"I'll take you for a ride on the bike but only for a little while, okay?"

I took out the bike from the garage and put on the kiddie chair. By then it was about 6 o'clock in the evening. We rode around a bit, but then I saw something flying in the air. It was about three paces away from us, wearing a red dress and didn't have a body. I became frightened, especially for Sheila. My mother told me that red ladies were dangerous, and that they could kill people instantly.



I decided to turn back, but the red lady grabbed Sheila by the neck. I got off the bike and ran towards them. The red lady looked at me and I was stopped in my tracks, unable to move. I feared for my cousin. I closed my eyes and prayed, "Lord, please don't let that red lady hurt Sheila. Please tell her that if she wants my cousin, she can get me instead."

When I opened my eyes I saw the red lady doing something to Sheila's body. I couldn't describe it exactly, but I knew that she was leeching out Sheila's soul.

"*Sus Mariosep Abe Mariastela!*" I screamed. My mother had taught me to say those words should I encounter something paranor-



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mal.

The red lady looked at me then disappeared. I ran to Sheila, put her on my bike, and quickly rode home. I thought it was over but then something pulled at my bike's wheel, causing us to fall. "Sheila, run! Run as fast as you can!" I shouted to my cousin.

Sheila ran without looking back. When I looked behind me, the red lady had appeared again, floating above my body. I closed my eyes and prayed, "*Lord, di ba sinabi ko na huwag si Sheila? Pero pababayaan mo naman ba ako?*" [Lord, didn't I tell you not Sheila? But now, are you going to forsake me?]

I heard someone tell me to open my eyes but I didn't. I must have fallen asleep because when I did open my eyes, I was already at my house, with Sheila standing over me. "*Mama Darlene, may nag-uwi sa'yo dito na lalake, ang guwapo, maputi, at mukhang mabait! May pakpak pa!*" [Mama Darlene, there was a man who brought you home, he was good looking, fair, and looked nice! He even had wings!] said my cousin.

Could it be my guardian angel? I thought. "Sheila, if you see this guy, tell him I said thank you, thank you very much!"

"Oo ba!" [Yes, of course!] Sheila replied.

When I went to sleep that night, I dreamt of my guardian angel, and I was thanking him for watching over me.

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Lullaby, One

By Mia Estanislao



A family of five found a new home for their growing family: a big, Spanish-style home in one of the villages in Marikina City. The house was like most old, Spanish homes—sliding windows, wooden walls and doors, long staircases, big, spacious rooms, long



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corridors, and a forest-like garden. After a long day of unpacking and cleaning, the family members settled down in their respective bedrooms for their first night's sleep at their newfound home.

That night, the eldest of the three daughters was still awake at three in the morning. She could not get her mind to rest; much she tried to sleep, her eyes remained open. Then she heard a woman humming a lullaby outside her door. Thinking it might be her mother or one of her sisters who also couldn't sleep, she tried to ignore it.

But after a few minutes, the humming became louder and she could hear it inside her room! Knowing that she had locked her door, she hesitated opening her eyes, afraid of what she might see. Instead, she pulled the blanket over her head. Little help that was, as the humming came nearer, until she could hear the lullaby near her ear. It was so near that she even felt the breath of the one humming. Before she could scream for help, somebody reached under her blanket and reached out for her. She screamed, jumped up, and ran to her closet. She locked the door and screamed and cried until she passed out.

The next day, her parents could not find her in the house, nor did she answer their calls. They thought that she had woken up early and went around the village to check out the new neighborhood. Her mother went up to her room and cleaned up. When her mother opened the closet, she found her daughter covered with bleeding wounds, as if made by someone with long nails and a bad temper. She was immediately rushed to the hospital, where she quickly recovered.

Without any explanation as to how this incident occurred, the family immediately packed their things and left that same day, never to return and never to purchase an old house that might hide some tales from its past.



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Lullaby, Two

By Mia Estanislao



Living in a haunted house all her life, Paula, 25 years old, has had a lot of experience with spirits and other unexplained phenomena. But this night was different.

Paula arrived late from work and only the white lady (a spirit of their household they've named Lady) welcomed her home. Paula greeted her hello and even managed to say goodnight. The rest of her family were already asleep. Paula was so used to seeing these beings around their house that she wasn't startled whenever she sees one of them. Their family even gave names to these spirits!

Just before she fell asleep, she vaguely heard her bedroom door open. Being too sleepy, she did not bother to check who had entered and assumed that it was her mother (her mother loved tucking her in). She felt someone sit beside her on the bed and tapped her legs while singing a lullaby.

But she realized that there was something wrong: she felt the comforting touch grew faster and harder, while the sweet humming slowly became into an angry cry. She tried to tell herself that she might just be dreaming or imagining, but as lullaby continued, the tapping became a painful slapping. Irritated, shocked, and angry at her mother's unexpected behavior, she sat up to tell her to stop and ask her what was wrong.

It was then that Paula realized it was not her mother at all! She was face to face with the Lady, the spirit that greeted her at the gate earlier. The weird thing was that Lady had no face, and she felt that Lady was smiling creepily at her. It was only then that Paula realized that they had never seen Lady's face; Lady would always walk with her head bowed, her hair covering her face.

Gathering her courage, Paula went back under the sheets and



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prayed until she fell asleep.

The next day, Paula narrated the event to her mother. Her mother said, "Maybe she always sees me tucking you in and singing a lullaby. Maybe she thought that since I was already asleep when you arrived, she decided to tuck you in herself." And as for her angry behavior, "Maybe she got carried away," said Paula's mother.

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Haunted Promenade

By Zia Grimares, Shadya Tuason, and Ina Villegas



This incident happened August 19, 2004. It was the parent-teacher conference, where the parents of the students and the teachers talk. During this time, most of the students were outside in the field, talking and playing.

One of my friends, Cindy, saw some students carrying flashlights, ready to go ghost hunting. Almost all of us (ninety-six students) were going to try our luck and see if we could brave the so-called haunted promenade on the third floor. It was rumored that the ghost of a girl who had died of brain cancer back in 2001 inhabited the third floor.

We divided into batches, so we won't crowd along the stairs and along the promenade. Just before it was our batch's turn to go up, we noticed that the second and third floor lights kept blinking on and off. When we reached the third floor, it was horribly dark. My friend Charla turned on the lights. Charla was the brave one, and she was leading our expedition.

And she was the one who saw the girl.

She screamed and ran back down the stairs, which caused us all to scream and run after her in horror too. When we returned to the field, Charla told us that she saw the girl and that she was wearing our school uniform. The girl was seated in an Indian sitting position, her



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head was bowed, and she was crying. It was then that we realized that we had left the lights on in the third floor. We all went up to the third floor again, turned off the lights, and quickly ran down. But when we looked back up at the third floor, the lights were still on.

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School Ground Entities

By Perry Portana



I am the marching band instructor of one of Quezon City's top Elementary DLCs. When we go to competitions, I usually have my band assemble on the school grounds early in the morning for a final briefing before heading to the contest venue. As instructor, I have to be extra early to make sure that everyone is accounted for before leaving.

On the day of a particular competition, I told my students to be at the school by 5:45 a.m. However, I got there too early; I was the only one in the school and I decided to kill some time in my office. That morning, as I walked to my office, I saw a girl wearing a teacher's uniform headed to the 4-story building. I thought that she was the advisor of one of my students and I speeded up my pace to catch up with her. I was following at a distance, and I could still see her as she went up to the 4th floor. But when I reached the 4th floor, I was alone. I checked all four rooms on that floor, but there was no one there.

In the early years of the school, a major storm took off the roofs of some classrooms. There are stories that circulate on campus about the teacher who got beheaded because she was at the school during that severe storm. My guess is that the strong winds during that stormy morning pried off a sheet of yero (galvanized sheet), which flew off and beheaded the poor woman.

Last May 2003, a group of us stayed in school beyond the regular hours to repair some instruments for an upcoming national DLC com-



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petition. Suddenly, the door to my office slammed shut, but what scared the living daylights out of us was that it occurred three times in succession, as if somebody was trying to get our attention. Being the one in the group with the ability to “see” stuff, I stood up and said, “You have my attention. What do you want?”

Everything then became silent. Everywhere I looked I saw entities passing, one by one. Most of them were only wearing black pants; they were barefoot and their chests were exposed.

My companions were scared enough, without my telling them what I saw. I told my companions to keep working and ignore the door-slamming incident, but “they” started throwing pebbles at us. The longer we stayed, the worse it got; the frequency of the rocks increased and they were throwing bigger and bigger pebbles. I finally decided to quit for the day and leave because I had the feeling that things would get worse if we continued to stay. To calm my students, I told them to walk with me and told them to look down as we walked out of the school.

When we were finally outside the school grounds, we talked about what happened. My students said that as we were walking out (with their heads down), they saw numerous feet headed our way and would stop in front of us as we passed.

After that we made sure not to linger in school after regular hours...

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Cinema Ghost

By Marlene Florentino



This incident happened about a year ago during the Chinese Hungry Ghost Festival. I went to Yishun 10 to catch a midnight comedy movie with my boyfriend. There weren’t much people in that particular cinema. (I couldn’t recall the theatre number, though,



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so don't bug me about it).

At first we got a seat that's off to the side, which didn't have a very good view of the screen. We waited until after the advertisements before we moved to the back seats of the middle row, the second to the last row of the middle platform of seats. When I first sat down, I noticed that the second seat on my left was especially dark. It was dark in the cinema but the darkness in this seat was something else. I felt a chill run down my spine but I just attributed that to the cold of the cinema's air conditioner. There was no one on either side of us.

The show started and I quickly forgot about the dark seat. The movie was pretty funny and I was having a good time. During one of the funny scenes, when everyone was laughing (including me), my head was twisted to the left, with a sudden force. I was shocked! I tried in vain to turn my head back towards the screen.

My boyfriend noticed that I was not looking at the screen and asked me what was wrong. Funny thing was, at that point, I could turn my head back to him and to the screen. I looked around the last row and to the left and right of our seat but there was no one there! Not wanting to make him worry, I told him that I was all right, even though I was quite irritated.

The show continued, but ten minutes later, something twisted my head again! I don't know why I didn't feel fear that second time, and my anger came boiling to the surface for being interrupted from watching the movie. I tried again to move my head back, but I couldn't. My temper got the better of me and I blurted out some profanities at whatever was twisting my head, in a loud voice. To my surprise (and relief), the grip immediately let go of me.

However, I had shocked my boyfriend and some of the moviegoers with my outburst. They looked at me funny then went back to watching the movie. I just grabbed my boyfriend's hand and urged him to change seats. There was no way I was leaving the theater; I wasn't going to waste \$17 for something like that. I only related the incident to my boyfriend after the movie, and he was shocked at what happened.



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I was determined to find out what had happened and so I did some research on the paranormal. I discovered that for the Chinese, there were some cinema seats called 'Tuo Di Wei', meaning seats that are especially reserved for friends on the other side. It just so happened that when I changed seats that night I sat on seats that were not mine.

A word of advice for moviegoers: don't change seats unnecessarily and especially during the month of the Hungry Ghost Festival.

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Spooky Dorm

By mae



My school dorm in Iloilo is not really that spooky once you get used to it. But if you're a newcomer, and it's your first time to see it, you'd think that it's a lonely and scary place. That was my first reaction when I moved in. Because of the many scary stories I have heard from my friends, I was hesitant to stay there. I had expected to see all kinds of ghosts to pop out when I went to bed on the very first night, but my first paranormal experience happened weeks later after I had settled in.

My dorm mates and I had a little get-together in our room on the second floor. We were just talking and weren't making much noise when we heard a knock on our door. It was a dormer from the room directly below us. She asked if we were cleaning and we told her that we weren't. She left but came back a little while later and asked the same question again. We asked her if our matron wants us to clean up. The dormer said no and left. But after a few minutes, she came up again and again asked if we were cleaning our room because she could hear the noise down in her room.

Puzzled, she then asked us to follow her to her room. Confused and getting a bit frightened, we all trooped down to her room. When



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we had all gathered in her room, her roommates told us to be quiet and to listen. We could hear creaking sounds coming from the ceiling! It was as if someone was cleaning the room above, moving beds and cabinets. We were shocked and spooked, but also excited. My first-ever spooky experience!

We then made our way back to our room, a bit apprehensive as to what we might find. We were relieved (and maybe a bit disappointed) that nothing was there or had moved since we left.

During my stay at the dorm I would experience other things, but I wasn't scared anymore. Usually, when I'm doing my homework late in the evening, I sometimes hear someone moan from inside our comfort room. The "ghost" seemed friendly enough, and does not bother us too often. There are just the times when the doorknob to our room would turn by itself and the door would open, or when we'd hear a knock even though no one was outside.

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Apartment of Terror

By Ray of Light



Last year pa nangyari ito (2003). Ako nga pala si Ray, isang med student sa isang kilalang unibersidad dito sa Manila. Dahil malayo lang bahay namin, nag-board ako sa Malate area, para malapit lang sa pinapasukan ko. Doon sa apartment na ni-rentahan ko, may mga kasama akong limang co-boarders. Di naman ako nahirapan mag-adjust sa kanila, kahit iba-iba ang aming backgrounds—may beautician (Allan), secretary (Mikey), manager (Joe), "budding artist" (Ron), at dalawa kaming estudyante (ako at si Les)—dahil lahat kami'y bakla. At alam niyo naman ang nangyayari pag nagsama-sama ang sisterhood ng mga kabadingan—tawanan, kantiyawan at kaingayan sa buong araw.

Masaya kami sa aming apartment, dahil para sa amin, ito ang



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pagkakataong ilabas ang aming tunay na personalidad na madalas kailangan itago mula sa pamilya at sa trabaho o sa school. Pinaganda namin ang apartment: makulay na wallpaper, kurtina, at mga iba't-ibang gamit pa. Maayos at malinis lagi ang apartment. Napaka-OC namin sa chores at gawaing bahay. (Magaling kami riyani!)

Kaya naman laking gulat ko nang umuwi ako ng medyo maaga galing sa hospital duty at nakita ang ilang putik-putik na footprints sa sahig ng sala area. Siyempre, naimbiyerna ako sa kung sino mang roommate ko ang nagpasok ng maputik na sapatos at di man lang ni-mop. Pero, pagsilip ko sa dalawang bedroom, walang tao! At naalala ko na sinabi ni Les na medyo male-late sila ng uwi dahil manunuod sila ng sine, at di lang ako nakasama dahil akala ko late kami idi-dismiss sa duty.

Kinabahan ako, pero di dahil sa multo. Di ako masyadong naniniwala sa usapang paranormal, kahit na marami na akong narinig na kuwento tungkol dyan. Ang kinatatakutan ko ng panahong iyon ay baka may pumasok na magnanakaw. Kaya naman dahan-dahan akong lumibot sa apartment, tinitingnan kung baka may nakuha nga (pero wala naman). Napagod na rin ako sa pag-iimbestiga, kaya nanood na lang ako ng TV. Di ko muna nilinis ang kalat para makita din ng roommates ko pag-uwi nila.

Mga bandang 10:30 p.m. nang dumating ang barkadings. Lahat sila'y gulat na gulat nang ituro ko ang maputik na bakas. Nguni't di namin matantsa kung saan nagmula at saan papunta dahil ilang yapak lang (mga lima o anim) ang naroon at biglang naglaho. Para bang nag-appear and disappear lang ang gumawa nito. "Minumulto yata tayo!" ang hinala ni Ron, pero dahil wala naman sa amin ang may "third eye" o "sixth sense" o past experiences with ghosts, di kami na-convince.

Kahit na medyo kabaado na kami, we just decided to mop and clean the area and forget about the whole drama. Pero for added safety, sama-sama kaming matutulog sa isang bedroom. Nilipat namin nina Les at Mikey ang kutson namin sa sahig ng kabilang kuwarto at doon kami natulog since then.



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Walang “untoward incidents” na nangyari after that until around three weeks later. Ginising kami ni Les dahil parang may naglalakad sa labas ng pintuan ng kuwarto namin. Nanahimik kami at, totoo nga, may mabibigat na paa na para bang daan nang daan sa labas ng pinto. Para bang nalunok ko ang aking sigaw nang magpatong-patong kami sa kama nina Allan. Paulit-ulit lang ang paglalakad hanggang nag-dawn. Bigla na lang nawala, as in, “Poof!” Wala sa amin ang nakatulog.

Pumasok ako sa school na puyat. To think may duty pa ako sa ospital! Pero sa sobrang takot ko sa nangyari ng gabi, di ko maisip na umidlip. Kahit na pagod na pagod ako, tuloy pa rin ang pagtulong sa mga doctor at pasiyente.

Pagkauwi ko ng bandang quarter to ten p.m., lahat ng roommates ko’y nakaupo sa harap ng TV sa may sala area. Bumili si Joe ng pirated VCD ng “Matrix Revolutions” at, siyempre, sumali ako sa pagpanood (at paghanga) kay Keanu Reeves.

Nguni’t biglang may dumaan na madilim na anino sa TV screen. At kung gaano siya kabilis nagpakita, ganoon din kabilis naglaho na parang bula.

Anim na malalakas na tili at doseng binte ang tumakbo sa iba’t ibang direksiyon. Sigurado na kami ngayon na minumulto kami sa apartment namin.

Nag-regroup kami sa kuwarto nina Allan at nagsiksikan uli sa kanilang kama. Nagtakip kami gamit ang kumot. Nanginginig na ang buong katawan namin. Umiiyak na kami, nagmamakaawa sa kung ano man iyon na huwag kaming takutin, o kaya’y saktan. Wala naman kaming ginagawa sa kanya, di ba? Nagdarasal na ako na sana tigilan na kami.

Habang nagtatago kami sa kumot, may narinig kaming BANG! Bumagsak ang kahoy na aparador ni Allan na parang may tumulak nito. Nagkalat ang gamit. Imposible na hangin dahil masiyado itong mabigat at walang bintanang malapit sa aparador.

Hala, sigaw! Takbo! Nagmadali kaming pumunta sa kitchen. Halos pumutok ang mga puso namin sa tinding takot. Dahil sa sobrang tension, in-asthma si Les. Agad namin siyang binigyan ng tubig. Buti naman



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at nag-calm down siya. Hinintay namin ang kinaumagahan sa kitchen. Tulad ng dati, di kami nakatulog. Wala sa amin ang may lakas na loob na pumikit kahit sandali.

That same day, nilapitan ko ang dati kong classmate noong college na may "third eye." Ikinuwento ko kay Katkat ang mga nakakatakot na pangyayari. Sinamahan niya ako pabalik sa apartment at sinubukan niyang kausapin ang nagpaparamdam sa amin.

Kaunti lang ang nakuhang impormasyon ni Katkat. Di niya masabi kung lalaki o babae ito, o kung ilang taon na siya at kung bakit (o paano) siya namatay. Pero sigurado siya na kaluluwa ito ng tao. Basta ang sagot sa bawat tanong niya ay "Umalis kami sa apartment" dahil sa maingay at magulo raw kami, at naiistorbo siya sa amin.

Pinasabi namin kay Katkat na susubukan namin na di masyadong mag-ingay, para di na magparamdam sa amin ang kaluluwa. Pero ayaw pumayag ng multo. Dapat ay tuluyan na kaming umalis sa apartment kundi'y baka "saktan" daw kami.

Natakot kami sa babalang ito. Nakiusap kami kung puwede niya kaming bigyan ng isang linggo para makahanap ng lilipatan. Pumayag ang multo. Nagkandarapa kaming maghanap ng bagong titirhan. Sa sobrang desperado namin, di na kami masyadong namili pa. Lahat kami'y gustong umalis sa "Apartment of Terror."

Buti naman at nakahanap kami ng bagong apartment na kung saan kami puwede magsama-sama uli. But to make sure, this time, sinama namin si Katkat sa pag-inspection ng lilipatan namin. We were all so relieved to know na walang "presences" doon sa new place.

Habang kami ay naglilipat ng gamit at nilalagay sa delivery van, tinanong ng landlady (ang may-ari ng "Apartment of Terror") kung bakit nga pala kami aalis. Siyempre, di namin sinabi ang tunay na dahilan. Pero bigla siyang-humirit, na halos pabulong, "Pero alam niyo, ang dati kong boarders diyan, sinabi na parang may multo daw."

Nagkatinginan na lang kami ng mga roommates ko. Pero this time, di na kami nag-ingay. Tahimik kami hanggang nalabas na namin ang kahuli-huling bagay sa apartment dahil takot kami na baka sundan pa kami. Pero salamat sa Diyos, hindi. Natapos na ang kabanata namin doon.



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My Eerie Experiences

by Sol Gapuen



When I was in high school, I used to go out with my *barkada*, usually sleeping over at one of the group's house. One time, Sherry invited us to stay at her house in Cogeo, Antipolo. There wasn't an occasion; we just agreed to spend the night and do our usual chitchat. The guys drank some beer, while us girls did the cooking. When everybody called it a night, we all trooped upstairs to where the rooms were. Before we went to sleep, one of my friends cracked a funny joke that made everyone laugh so hard and kept us awake. Some time later, we got hungry. Everyone went downstairs to have a midnight snack. I was the last one to go down.

As I headed down the stairs, I passed an old man going up. As a sign of respect, I greeted him. "Good evening *po*," I said.

The old man kept going up without glancing at me. I just went down and joined my friends (who were still laughing at the joke from earlier). I asked Sherry who the old man was. "*Lolo mo ba ang nakasalubong ko? Umakyat sa taas. Parang naka-barong pa. Saan ba siya galing?* (Was it your grandfather I met? He was headed up the stairs. I think he was even in a *barong*. Where had he been?)"

My friend was struck speechless. She immediately called her mom, even though her mother might have already been asleep. They asked me to describe the old man I saw. "It was funny because he was wearing something like an old *barong tagalog*."

Sherry's mom went back to her room to get something. When she returned, she was holding a family album. Sherry's mom showed it to me and asked me if the person in the picture was the old man I saw. I looked at the picture and there was the old man! It was exactly the same man I saw coming up the stairs! Sherry and her mom looked at each other and told me that the old man was indeed Sherry's grand-



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father. But he had been dead for more than ten years, and therefore impossible for me to see him that evening. Then Sherry's mom suddenly realized that it was her father's death anniversary and she had forgotten all about it.

As this developed, everyone was now too scared to go back up to the rooms. We all decided to stay in the living room and stay up until the morning.

In college, I used to stay at a girls' dormitory in U.P. Los Baños. We had a double deck bed in our room – my roommate Christie occupied the lower bed and I slept in the top bunk. I have this habit of sleeping with my arm or leg hanging down the side of the bed, irking my roommate a lot. She would grab my arm or leg and pull it, causing me to wake up irritated. She would then tell me to keep my body parts in my bed so they wouldn't disturb her when she has to go to the toilet in the middle of the night.

One night my roommate slept earlier than usual. I was reading a good book and stayed up until midnight. The dorm was quiet; everybody was asleep. A few minutes after I had closed my eyes, with my arm hanging over the side of my bed, I felt a cold, damp hand holding my arm. Without opening my eyes, I yelled, "*Christie, ano ba? Tigilan mo na nga ako!*" [Christie, what are you doing? Stop pestering me!]

Even after I yelled, she never let go of my hand. I yelled at her again, angrily this time, and opened my eyes. To my horror, a pale girl with long hair (like that in the movie *The Ring*) was standing beside the bed. What scared me the most was that she had no face; it was like a blank slate- no eyes, nose, nor a mouth. I was so scared that I just closed my eyes and prayed. I know the Lord's Prayer by heart but at that time, I couldn't finish the prayer; I got the words jumbled up and forgot some of the words. All the while the girl was still holding my hand and trying to pull me down. After a bit of a struggle, I finally got my hand free. *Napabangon ako talaga!* (That made me jump out of bed!)

I yelled at my roommate and tried to wake her, but she was in a



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deep sleep. I turned on the light and checked the door if someone had entered our room. It was locked.

Fearing the girl's return, I couldn't sleep and I stayed up all night.

The next morning, I told my roommate what had happened. The news reached our landlady, and she came and talked to me about my uncanny experience. The landlady told me that a few nights ago one of her boarders in the apartment behind our dorm saw the same girl with no face. The description I gave exactly matched what the other girl saw.

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The Lady by the Bangka

by John Tarachand



I am John Tarachand, residing both in Makati City and Sydney, Australia. I have business in both countries; hence I stay in Makati and Sydney 3 months at a time. It was on one of my trips back to Australia that I met the Jet Setter White Lady. The date was April 23, 2003.

It all started when my old buddies from High School and I went on a 3-night, 4-day Scuba Diving and Snorkeling trip around the Palawan area. The hotel we stayed in was so beautiful with its untouched Philippine antiquity and natural areas. The hotel rooms to the different function areas evoked a feeling of the early 1900s.

There was a *bangka* (small boat; dinghy) that was parked next to the hotel's beach entrance, and that's when I saw her. It was around 5:40 p.m. and the sun was setting, giving a different light to the powder white sand and the blue of the sea. By the *bangka*, I caught a glimpse of a beautiful lady. She looked so lovely, with her mixed Spanish and Japanese-Pinoy features (a lethal combination of beauty!), that I couldn't help but smile at her. To my delight, she smiled back. I went



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over and introduced myself. She giggled and smiled. What beautiful set of lovely teeth and what a gorgeous smile! I fell in love on the spot.

The only odd thing about her was her clothes; she looked to be wearing a long traditional Spanish dress. It was so out of fashion but I didn't care. For me, the more traditional, the better.

She said her name was Antonia Conchita. We shook hands and I felt her cold fingers. I asked her if she was feeling cold or not feeling well. She mentioned that she was just feeling chilly, as she had been waiting for her family for some time (Her family usually takes a stroll by the beach, I would learn later). I asked her where her house was, and she pointed in a direction where I couldn't see any landmarks. I didn't really want to know where it was, as I didn't want her to think that this half-breed of a guy was stalking her.

I asked her if she would want to join me for dinner so I could introduce her to my friends (in my mind I wanted to show her off to them). She said no (in such a lovely sweet voice) because her family might come and look for her. She said that her dad was very strict, especially when he catches her talking to a guy. I said no problem and asked her if I could see her again. I told her that I wanted to know her better and wanted to see her tomorrow. She said that she would want to see me too! I was on Cloud 9! I wanted to kiss her but I had second thoughts about it, as I didn't want her to think I was too forward. Before we separated, I told her that I was going to make it a point to see her again. She said that I was and said some more words in Spanish, which I could only partly understand (something like "I will make sure I will see you"). She then told me that she couldn't wait for her family any longer and started walking home. I watched her walk away until I couldn't see her anymore. I looked at my watch and it read 6:15 P.M. I went back to my friends in the central dining area.

When I got there, I saw that my friends were worried. When they saw me, their expressions turned from worry to irritation. "What's wrong, mate?" I asked Carlo, my best friend.

"Man, you were missing for 6 hours!" he said.

"What?"



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"6 hours!" they all shouted.

"Hey it's only a little past 6 and I was near the beach area the whole time!"

"No way dude! You weren't near the resort or in the nearby areas. We even looked for you near the *bangka*!" said Chad, another buddy of mine. According to him, the last time they saw me was when I told them that I was going to go over to the hot and sexy chick by the beach. He also said that they had laughed when I left, thinking that I was fooling around or hallucinating because there was no one down there!

At that point I looked at my watch it indicated 12:21! "Holy \$#!@, what happened?" I cried out loud.

My other buddy Patrick started laughing and asked if I had pooped, smoked weed, drank some liquor and fell asleep inside the *bangka*! "Impossible," said Chad, humorously. "We looked for this \$#!@ inside the *bangka* and he wasn't there."

Thinking that they were just messing with me, I joked around with them for a while before I narrated my meeting with the lovely *señorita* Conchita. When I finished, they cracked up again and made fun of me. They said that I was just drunk and tired from our earlier scuba dive. I was confused on whether to believe my experience or to believe my friends.

After the (late) dinner, my friends and I decided to hit the sack as we had an 11:00 A.M. scuba diving session.

But the weirdness didn't stop there!

As soon as I got to the room I shared with Chad, I took a long hot shower and dove straight into my narra-made bed. Before falling asleep I remembered Conchita and asked myself if I really did meet her. If my friends were telling the truth, where did I go for 6 hours? And what was a gorgeous lady doing alone on an island that had a population of around 20-30 fishing families?

Before I go on, I want to make it clear that I believe in ghosts, fairies, and other beings, as my third eye has been open since I was



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very young.

I started praying and held tight my Chinese-Indian Bracelet (given to me by my grandfather), which was supposed to protect me from any evil. I finally fell asleep at around 2:00 AM.

Then I had a dream about Conchita. But at a certain point it became a nightmare, for she no longer looked lovely; she looked like a half-beast half-60-year-old human! Her eyes were blood red and her hair was a long mess! She chanted some words, making me worried. In the dark background there were thousands and thousands of scary red eyes, and all of them seemed to be looking at me. Conchita was no longer wearing the traditional clothes I saw her in; she was now wearing a very long white gown. But the most frightening image was the scar on her forehead – it was shaped like the Jewish star, and it looked diabolic! I started shouting and luckily I was able to wake up.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying in a hospital bed, my friends standing around me. “What happened?” I asked.

“Relax and take it easy. We’ll explain what happened when your condition has improved,” said Carlo.

“Okay, but at least tell me where we are,” I said.

“We’re in a hospital in Puerto Prinsesa, the capital of Palawan,” Carlo said.

The next day I woke up feeling refreshed. The first thing Chad told me was that two of our group were arranging our trip back to Manila and that the rest of them remained with me until I awoke.

“Okay, what happened?” I asked.

Carlo, my ever-loyal Australian-Pinoy buddy, explained everything. The following account gave me the goose bumps of my life.

Chad had heard me screaming and knew that I was having a nightmare. He tried waking me but I didn’t budge. He called for our group mates and the owner of the resort for medical help. Nothing they did woke me. Everyone started to panic when they saw me crying, screaming and throwing up. The owner of the resort suspected that I was being possessed by an evil entity, and had the presence of mind to



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call the local *albularyo* (shaman).

As soon as the *albularyo* came, my friends heard him talking in the local dialect, John (another of our group) asked the owner what he was saying. The owner of the resort translated, "According to the *manong* (old man), your friend is being possessed by a strong water element queen!"

The shaman then approached and touched my forehead, saying something in the local dialect. Once again the resort owner translated, "The *manong* said that the elemental queen wanted him (or should I say his soul) and bring him to her kingdom as she is madly in love with him. But something prevented her; it was some sort of amulet of protection that he wears. That amulet is blessed both by a higher power and by a relative of his that had gone to the eternal paradise."

After 3 minutes, the *albularyo* said, with the owner translating, that I would be in perfect health in 1 to 2 days and that the element queen cannot harm nor get me. She could only seduce and scare me but cannot touch. He then pointed at my bracelet, saying that that was the protective amulet.

After the session with the *albularyo*, the resort owner advised my friends to bring me to the hospital in Puerto Prinsesa, and he even offered the use of his speedboat.

By the 24th of April, I was feeling better. We checked out of the hospital and all of us checked into the Puerto Prinsesa hotel, which was excellent. We were all flying back to Manila the next day at 1:00 P.M. My friends were all teasing me and calling me enchanted boy, fairy boy, fairy heartthrob, and the like for the rest of our stay.

That night I dreamt of the elemental queen, but it was her lovely face that I saw. And yes, she was seducing and teasing me, even asking me to remove my bracelet. Even during the trip back to Manila and back to Australia, I still dreamt of her!

Up to this day she is still with me, especially when I go on dates or when I'm in a relationship. She's always around, like a jealous girlfriend, doing nasty things. She would come in my dreams with horror



or rage when I express interest in another lady. However, she gets weaker everyday, as if she's losing hope in getting me...

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Eye to Eye

By Nathanell Llonora



It was around 3 p.m. and I was alone in our house. I was really exhausted from the events that morning that I decided to take a nap. I turned off the lights and jumped into bed.

After I had fallen asleep, I felt someone grab hold of my feet. Shocked, I immediately woke up. I jumped out of bed and crouched down beside the bed. I didn't see anyone or anything. I looked at my cell phone and saw that it was 4 P.M.

I made sure that there wasn't anyone else in the room before going back to bed. As I was drifting off to sleep, I felt that someone was watching me but I ignored it. A few minutes later, I heard someone call my name.

"Nat...," the voice said.

It sounded like it was coming from beside me! I didn't know what to do! Then I felt someone beside me. I opened my eyes and I saw a man beside me, looking straight at me! And to make things worse, he looked to be decomposing; his skin was torn in several places. His big red eyes were looking straight into mine. There I was, lying on bed, this creepy man mere centimeters from me, and try as I might I couldn't move or scream. When I finally was able to move, I ran to the *sala*.

Thankfully, a few weeks later, we moved houses. Only then did I tell my father what happened to me. My father then revealed that he often saw that man when he was alone in the house, and that was the reason we moved. Our old neighbors told us strange things have



been happening since we had moved out. I don't know why that man appeared to us, and I don't really want to find out!

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Mountaineers' Stories

by Perry Portana



Most of my Drum and Bugle Corps band mates are mountaineers. One time, they decided to go to Corregidor. They got there in the afternoon, and instead of trying out the



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walls right away, they decided to set up camp for the night. When night came, they were all in their tents.

Suddenly, a ball of light (or fire) approached their tents (which they could see from the inside). What was freaky was that there wasn't anything or anyone holding the ball, not even a shadow. The ball circled their tents several times before finally flying away.

But that wasn't the worst of it. A few minutes later, they heard some shouting, in Japanese! Then they heard people stomping around in unison, much like marching. This lasted the entire night. Unable to take it anymore, they packed their stuff and moved their camp to another place.

Another time they went up Mount Banahaw. The view at the top was awesome, and that was where they had set up camp for the night.

One of them, Joey, was still up at 12:30 a.m., cooking a late night snack. He was facing the majestic view, the tents behind him. To his right was a big tree, and he saw Lito there.

"Lito! Hoy, Lito!" he called to the person by the tree.

But the real Lito was inside his tent and was woken up by Joey's calling. "*Sira ulo talaga itong si Joey. Anong oras na sigaw pa nang sigaw* " [Joey's crazy. It's the middle of the night and he keeps on shouting] Lito muttered.

Lito got out of his tent and approached Joey. "*O bakit?*" [Why?] he asked Joey.

Joey was surprised to see Lito behind him. "*Bakit diyan ka nanggaling? Di ba kanina ka pa nandoon?*" [Why did you come from there? Weren't you there?] he asked Lito, indicating the direction of the big tree.

"*Kanina pa ako nasa tent! Eh narinig kitang tinatawag mo ako!*" [I've been in the tent! I heard you calling me!] said Lito, getting alarmed.

Then they both felt a strong cold breeze.

Elder mountaineers would tell the story of a mountaineer couple who always went up Mount Banahaw. While the couple was at the



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summit, the girl died in an accident. The guy was so burdened by his girl's death that he hung himself on the tree that Joey saw. Every year, anyone carrying a bag and pass that tree would feel their bag get heavy. It was as if the guy was saying, "be careful of the terrain."

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Family Reunion

By Lachlan Gow



My name is Lachlan and I'm from Scotland – the land of *Braveheart*. My wife, Jasmine, is Filipina and one of our two children was born in the Philippines. You could say that I'm a modern man. My father, a Scottish Highlander, has the 'second sight' of his ancient Highland race, but I, in contrast, have always been totally blind to any supernatural phenomena. My wife, a Roman Catholic, has much more belief in an unseen, miraculous world.

The tale I'm about to relate is all the more wondrous as I witnessed these supernatural events myself. This true story happened to my family and me in 1994 in Sucat, Parañaque.

In November of 1994, I was in England working at my company's head office in London, and organizing the official UK documents for my family to live there. My wife and infant son had moved with her parents from Pasay to a modern two-storey house in Sucat, Parañaque. My son's baptism was getting close and I made plans to be there. I was especially excited, as I haven't seen my son and I wanted his baptismal to be special. I flew out on PAL and arrived in early November. My wife met me and we rode a taxi to Sucat. I was happy to be with my family but I was quite fatigued from the trip. My wife suddenly said, "Papa, we have a *multo* (ghost) in our house!"

The first thoughts in my tired head were, "Oh great – I've just gotten here and already we've got ghost and ghoulish stories! I guess it'll be *asuwang* next!"



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My wife told me of nocturnal voices whispering her name and seeking attention. Her mother and younger sister later told me of shadows and fleeting glimpses of people and also being spoken to. They said it was a whole family – adults and children – and they often asked to eat with my wife’s family.

Everything seemed normal when I arrived. I settled in quickly in the room I shared with my wife and son. It had built-in cupboards, a double bed, a baby-cot and an oscillating stand fan. Sitting on top of the cot was a baby’s exercise toy, with various rotating parts consisting of rattles, mirrors, and other shapes.

During the first night, our son slept on our bed next to the wall, my wife slept in the middle and I was on the outside. I always like sleeping with the lights off. I wasn’t sleepy yet since the UK was seven hours behind and my bio-clock was still set on British time. It was just after midnight when the voices started.

I heard a “Psst!”, which was repeated several times. Then I heard, “Mina!” (my wife’s nickname). The voices all seemed to be from inside the room. My eyes have adjusted to the grayish darkness and I saw black shapes move around the room. This was very strange but I felt that there was a rational explanation that I’d work out the next day. Meanwhile, the voices continued and only stopped when it was almost daybreak.

The next day, I worked out a list of reasons for the noises and shadows – noisy pipes, insects, wind effect, and spiteful or mischievous neighbors. One by one logic and my investigation wrote off each item until I was left with no logical explanation at all.

On the second night, we slept with the light on. I was reading a book to while away the time until I got sleepy. At around midnight, the voices started again.

“Psst, Psst, Psst” and “Min” again and again.

I tried to concentrate on my book, trying to ignore the sounds. After a while I could hear the sounds getting louder and more insistent.



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Back in our room, all was peaceful. We locked the door as usual. We lay down and did what husbands and wives do in bed. Afterward, my wife slept and I read my book.

Then the voices started again. Suddenly, I felt the bed move – up and down, from head to foot. I looked at my wife but she was asleep and motionless. My son was also asleep. I thought it was an earthquake but when I looked at the bottle of water on our bedside table, I found that it was completely still. The bed continued to move up and down, not really shaking but moving steady and rhythmically. I sat up in bed, looking at the sheet that was draped over my wife's and my feet, trying to figure out this puzzle. I even mused that it was the *multo* making fun of our earlier passionate motions.

All of a sudden, beyond the end of the bed, I saw a black round shape start to appear in the gap between our feet. It looked like black hair on a small head, perhaps a child's. I stared at this vision, which rose up then dropped out of sight. As I stared in amazement, the black shape appeared again. This time it kept rising, until I could see brown skin below the hairline. As it revealed a forehead, I freaked out and started shaking my wife and shouting at her to wake up. She awoke a little but she fell asleep again. I sat in bed rigidly, staring at the where the head had appeared, for it had disappeared out of sight again.

How did it get in? The door was locked! I thought about crawling to the foot of the bed to look over the end, but I chickened out. Instead, I pulled my legs towards me and concentrated on my book, desperately waiting for daylight.

The next day, I got a sheet of paper and a pen, and in my poor Tagalog wrote "*Pangalan mo?*" [Your name?] I then put the paper and pen on the floor at the foot of the bed. That night, just before midnight, I chickened out and took away the paper and pen. My wife was asleep and I was again reading. Like clockwork, the voices started again. I tried to ignore them but as if to attract my attention, a packet of Jack and Jill snacks on the bedside table started to rustle for no reason. The voices got louder.



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I couldn't take it anymore. In my basic Tagalog, I demanded that the voices leave us alone. I must have been forceful, because the voices suddenly stopped. After that, no one heard any voices at all during the rest of my vacation.

We went out the night before I was to leave for the UK. When we got home, I locked the bedroom door and put my money into my wife's bag. The next morning, my wife said that she couldn't find the P500 bills I had put there. All the P500 bills had disappeared into thin air! My wife said it was the *multos*' last revenge for me getting angry with them.

Before I left for the airport, I went alone into the room and apologized to the *multos* for my rudeness and bad temper. I was a little scared for my family. I asked the *multos* for forgiveness and asked them to return if they wished. Once I was back in England, I phoned the Philippines and my wife told me the *multo* family had indeed returned.

Many weeks later, I was reading an article in a history magazine about events in Manila in 1944. During the assault by US forces to liberate the city from the Japanese, over 100,000 Filipinos were killed, many through Japanese atrocities and the rest in bombing and shelling by US air and naval forces. Many of those deaths occurred in Sucat. Could it be that our *multo* family was one of those tragically killed by shells and bombs in 1944, their lives cut short before their time? Could it be that they just want to share smiles, laughter, warmth, delicious food and friendship with the living? I wish I knew more. Ever since then, I have felt sad that I didn't try to understand. But maybe it's not too late.



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White Lady

By DarK_eYes_Mikko



During my first year at a popular university in Quezon City, I quite foolishly joined the COCC (Cadet Officer Candidate Course) to be a cadet officer because *medyo nainggit ako sa mga kaklase kong officer noon sa HS CAT* (I was envious of my classmates who were officers back during high school's Citizen's Army Training). One of the requirements of the course was that we were to be billeted at the DCMT every Friday night so that we will be early on Saturday, the CMT (Citizens' Military Training) day for the cadets. The DCMT was located right behind the College of Music. At night, the upperclassmen COs (commanding officers) would have us jog around the academic oval.

One night at around 11:30 p.m., as our squad of 6 COCCs and 1 CO were returning to the DCMT, we passed by the College of Music. We were chatting when one of us stopped on his tracks and pointed at something in the distance. My head started to swell (a sign for me that something supernatural was present) and we all saw a white lady walking behind the College of Music building. What was eerie was that her feet were not touching the ground; she was floating! Though I have experienced apparitions before, when my buddies ran, I ran with them. I didn't want to be left alone there.

When we reached the DCMT, we were panting and out of breath. Our TO (training officer) asked us what was wrong and our CO told him what we saw. Our TO was not surprised; he said that in his 3 years as an officer, he had heard stories about the white lady that appears around midnight by the College of Music. It was said that the lady was a music student who killed herself, because she was not very good no matter how hard she tried.

After that we steered clear of the College of Music during the evenings.



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In My Cousin's House

By Kuniko Nakamura



I'm Kuniko Nakamura, a Japanese who has a cousin here in the Philippines. I also have a special talent – seeing what ordinary eyes don't see. When I first visited the Philippines on May 20, 2003, I met my cousin for the first time. She brought me to Baguio and I was amazed at the beautiful scenery.

We went back home on May 25, and we arrived at my cousin's house past midnight. We were so tired from the trip that we all quickly fell asleep.

At around 1 a.m., I felt someone waking me up. "Let me sleep," I moaned. "I'm tired."

Suddenly, I heard the sound of a crying girl. "What are you on about?" I asked. I stood up and opened my eyes, and my hair stood on end when I saw a young girl right in front of me! She had no eye-balls, her long black hair covering her body, her face was white and covered with blood, and her body had many



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holes.

I was so scared that I couldn't move at all! She was walking towards me, closer and closer. And then she went right through me! I remember fainting and waking up the next morning.

In the morning, I told my cousin what happened. She told me, "That girl was Mary and she used to live here. She was murdered, and she died in your bedroom."

After that incident, I went back to Japan. Also, my cousin moved to a new house.

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Grandmother's Room

By Lee-jhene



My friend Leanne told this story to me. Her grandmother lives in an old Spanish house in Cavite. Her grandmother has two children, Leanne's aunt Cecil and Leanne's father. When the two kids had finished their studies, they both moved to Manila for good. The two of them only went back to the old house when their father died. They asked their mother to live with them in Manila, but she refused to leave the house, even if it meant living alone.

And so every year, the two children would visit their mother, and made it a point to always be there during her wedding anniversary. Even when they got married and had children, they would still visit their mother, bringing along their families.

One day, the four grandkids were playing hide and seek while their parents were preparing lunch. Leanne (one of the grandkids) decided to hide in the closet of her grandmother's room, thinking that no one would find her there. It was such a good hiding place that her other cousins couldn't find her and they all gave up.

It was close to an hour when Leanne realized that her cousins



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haven't found her yet. She exited the closet and went to the window. When she looked out, she saw everyone getting ready to eat. She was about to go down and join them when something by the edge of the bed caught her eye. She looked towards the bed and she saw a lady with long black hair in a long black gown. Leanne hadn't noticed her when she entered the room nor did the lady announce her presence to Leanne. For some reason, Leanne stared at the lady. To her shock, she realized that the woman was floating! As Leanne stood in terror, the lady turned towards her. The lady then walked furiously towards her and stopped right in front of the frightened girl,

"Why are you here?" the woman demanded angrily.

Leanne panicked and the next thing she knew, she found herself in the hospital. She saw her parents standing over her and crying. When they saw that she was awake, they thanked God for saving her life. Leanne asked what had happened and her mother told her that she found her unconscious in grandmother's room. She had been in a coma for two weeks. The doctor explained that someone or something had given her severe trauma that caused her to slip into a coma. Leanne's grandmother came over and asked her what happened and what she was doing in her room. Leanne told them what she saw. Her grandmother told her that the lady in her room had always been nice to her, and that she didn't allow anyone else to enter that room other than her.

Her grandmother then related the lady's story. She said that their old Spanish house was used as a headquarters by the Spaniards. The lady was brought there because she was accused of something she did. She denied the accusations but the Spaniards didn't believe her. Instead, they raped and killed her in that room.



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Rest House Terror

By insomnia029



I'm a college student in Iloilo City and this happened during my semestral break. I didn't want to spend it in our house because I was already bored to death.

"Mama, may alam ka bang lugar kung saan ako puwede mag-spend ng break ko?" [Mother, do you know of a place where I can spend my break?] I asked my mom.

"Nasabi ng tita Delia na may bago siyang tayong rest house doon sa Capiz, maganda raw doon." [Aunt Delia mentioned that she put up a new rest house in Capiz, and it's said to be beautiful there.] my mom said.

Sounds exciting, I thought. Wasting no more time, I asked for tita's cell phone number and called her. I asked her if I could stay at her rest house, and to my delight she said yes. She would send a driver to fetch me that Sunday at 8 a.m.

Tita Delia is a professional businesswoman and still single. We have a special bond between us and she treats me like her own son. As much as she can, she gives me anything I ask for.

"Ano ka ba, darating na ang sundo mo't hindi ka pa nakabangon. At ayusin mo ang gamit mo!" [What are you, you're about to be fetched and you haven't gotten up. And fix your things!] my mom said as she shook me awake.

I immediately took a bath and packed my things. I brought my player and my CDs of Eminem and the Gregorian Chants to keep me occupied during the trip.

"Mag-ingat ka, huwag mong bigyan ang tita mo ng sakit sa ulo." [Take care, don't give your aunt any headaches.] mother said before I left.



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"Opo." [Yes, ma'am.] I replied.

As we entered the province of Capiz, I looked out the window and felt an eerie ambiance. "*Manong, may mga kababalaghan ba na nangyayari dito?*" [Mister, have there been strange happenings here?] I asked the driver.

"*Malay ko. Basta marami na akong naririnig na kuwentong hindi maipaliwanag, mga mahiwaga at kababalaghan.*" [I don't know. I have heard stories that cannot be explained, the miraculous and the strange.] he answered.

I didn't bother to question him further for the rest of the trip. Instead, I increased the volume of my CD player and bobbed my head to the beat of the music.

Finally, we reached my tita's rest house. It was quiet and tranquil, and the chirping birds nearby added to its serenity. When I entered the house, I saw a couple of traveling bags on the floor. My tita was there to welcome me, the housemaid helping her with her bags.

"*Sorry ha hindi ko nasabi sa iyo na may seminar kami ngayon sa Aklan,*" [I'm sorry that I wasn't able to tell you that I have a seminar in Aklan] she said as she fixed her dress.

"*Paano yan?*" [How's that now?] I asked worriedly.

"*Naipagluto ko na po kayo ng ulam. Initin ninyo na lang mamaya pag gutom na kayo.*" [I have cooked food for you. Just heat it when you get hungry.] said the housemaid.

"*Sorry talaga,* [I'm really sorry] I need to attend this seminar. *Hindi pala ma'tutulong ang katulong dito. Uuwi siya pero babalik din bukas para asikasuhin ka. Kaya mo bang mag-isa?*" [The maid won't sleep here. She'll go home but she'll be back tomorrow to take care of you. Can you handle things all alone?] my tita asked me.

"*Opo, hindi po ako takot mag-isa.* [Yes ma'am, I'm not afraid to be alone.] I said.

"*Feel at home ka lang ha. May mga snacks diyan, may mga VCDs diyan kung gusto mong manood ng sine. Eto tandaan mo: matulog ka*



ng maaga, huwag masyadong magpagabi." [Just feel at home. There are snacks there, some VCDs if you want to watch a movie. Just remember: sleep early and don't stay up late.] she added.

"Bakit po?" [Why?] I asked.

"Basta sundin mo ako." [Never mind, just follow what I say.] my tita said as she left.

As darkness filled the sky, the maid came up to me. *"Iho, aalis na ako. Babalik din ako bukas."* [Son, I'll be going now. I'll be back tomorrow.] she said.

"Opo manang, mag-ingat po kayo." [Yes ma'am, take care.] I replied.

Before I could turn away, she said seriously, *"Ikaw ang mag-ingat,*



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iho." [You're the one that should take care.]

I was taken aback and I was starting to wonder if I heard her correctly. I asked her why I should take care.

"*Malalaman mo rin. Basta kung may marinig ka huwag kang sasagot; kapag may nakita ka, huwag kang lilingon.* [You'll soon find out. When you hear something don't answer; if you see something, don't look.] she said.

"*Manang, dumito ka na lang.*" [Madam, please stay here.] I begged her.

"*Aalis na ako, iho. Bago ka matulog budburan mo ng asin ang pintuan para hindi makapasok ang kung sinumang espiritu. Aalis na ako't mag-ingat ka.*" [I'm going, sonny. Before you sleep sprinkle some salt on the door so that the bad spirits won't get in. I'll go now and take care.] she said.

To keep my fears at bay, I watched the movie *The Sweetest Thing*, a comedy starring Cameron Diaz. I didn't notice that it was getting late and forgot to sprinkle salt on the door. Thinking that everything was all right I decided to hit the sack.

I was wrong. I was almost asleep when I heard a whistle. I didn't mind it at first. But the whistle became louder and louder. I remembered what the maid told me. My curiosity got the better of me as I bravely looked through the window. I didn't see anything.

Then I heard a loud BANG from downstairs. It sounded like something hit the door. I cautiously went down and I saw the doorknob twisting, as if somebody wanted to enter. I felt a chill run down my spine and felt my hairs stand on end. I immediately went to the kitchen and grabbed some salt. When I returned to the front door, the knob had stopped twisting.

I don't know why but I turned the knob pulled the door open. I saw a very dark shadow of a man flash in front of me very quickly. I dropped the salt and quickly locked the door.

As I was going up back to my room, I heard a sinister laugh, as if coming from the pits of hell. I couldn't move, as if the voice was mak-



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ing me go to him. Not giving up, I ran to the kitchen and grabbed the remaining salt. While walking back I sprinkled salts on the floor, all the way up the stairs, on the door to my room. Lastly, I poured the remaining salt on the four corners of my bed before getting into bed again. I stayed awake, waiting and dreading what might happen.

I still heard the voice but now it seemed angry and wanted to get inside the house. I heard someone knocking on the front door but I didn't go down. The wind blew, so strong that I felt that the thing I saw was still around. I gave a last look through the window and I saw a tall man standing outside. He was draped in deep shadow but his were red. He saw me looking out the window and he looked straight at me. I felt his anger through his stare and I could feel that he really wanted to get me.

I continued staring at him, trying to stare him down. But he was too strong! I lay back down and rested for a while. I snuck a peep through the window but he was still there. I gathered my strength and courage and said (in a shivering voice), "*Kung sino ka man, huwag mong gambalain ang hindi gumagambala sa iyo, huwag mong takutin ang hindi gumagalaw sa iyo. Imbes manahimik ka, at kung may gumambala sa iyo doon ka magalit.*" [Whoever you are, don't disturb those that don't disturb you, don't frighten those that don't pester you. Instead, be quiet and be angry at the ones that do disturb you.]

There was no effect. I lay down on the bed very tired, not caring what may happen next. I soon fell asleep.

The next morning, I heard someone knocking downstairs. It was *manang*, the housemaid. "*Nagkalat ang asin dito ah. May nangyari ba?*" [Salt's all over the place. Did anything happen?] she asked.

"*Opo. Ano po ba talaga iyon?*" [Yes, *manang*. What was that thing?] I said.

"*Hindi mo ba alam na may namatay na lalaki dito mismo sa tinatayuan ng bahay na ito? Ayon sa kuwento pauwi na ang lalaki nang may tumaga sa kanya na di malaman ang dahilan, tapos tinusok ang mata niya. Kaya ayon sa mga nakakita sa kanya matangkad daw siya at mapula ang mata.*" [Don't you know that a man died on this very spot



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where this house stands? According to the stories, the man was on his way home when he was stabbed for unknown reasons, and his eyes were stabbed too. And so according to those that have seen him, he is tall and has red eyes.] *manang* said.

I was so exhausted because of what happened last night. I called my *tita* and asked her if she could have the house blessed. She agreed and did the blessing right after her seminar.

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Back Seat Passenger

By DarK_eYes_Mikko



This happened to me when I was working as a salesman covering the South Luzon area during October of 1996.

After a full day's work with my distributor, I was driving alone around 11 p.m. from Batangas City to Manila. I had the radio on and was cruising over the part of the highway right after the Bauan shortcut. I usually get goose bumps when I pass that area and that night was no different.

I suddenly smelled sampaguita and burning candle wax in the car. I don't have a car freshener because my wife's allergic to them. The hair on the back of my neck stood and my head felt like it was getting bigger. I tried not to mind it but when I glanced at the rear view mirror, I caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure in the back seat. I looked at the road in front before glancing again at the rear view mirror to make sure there was really someone (or something) there.

Knowing that I could get into an accident if I panic, I calmed myself. I don't scare easily but I am cautious. I told the being to spare me and to not startle me because I feared getting into an accident. I told it that my kids were waiting for me at home. I then recited the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" prayers. After the Amen, the figure van-



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ished. The heaviness in my head went away.

I stopped at the nearest 24-hour gas station to collect my wits. There, the night manager and several gas boys asked why I was so pale and shaken. I told them what happened.

They revealed to me that that dark stretch of road I just passed was the scene of many accidents – from people ran over by big trucks



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and speeding cars to collisions between cars. Several motorists have reported to have had shadowy passengers in their vehicles. Some survivors of accidents even said that the ghostly back seat passenger startled them, causing them to get into their accidents. The store manager and the gas boys advised me to stay a couple of minutes before resuming my journey. I waited for an hour before driving off.

Nowadays, I avoid going home alone late from Batangas.

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Unlikely Dorm Mates

by **Cristal A.**



I believe in ghosts and the supernatural but I've never seen an apparition until the time when I lived in a dormitory somewhere along Dapitan. I have always felt their presence since I was a kid but I was never scared until lately, when I had the chance to actually see one.

I was inside our room alone, praying the rosary, when I heard a knock on the door. I heard it opening and felt someone enter the room. Because I was praying intently, I didn't open my eyes to see who it was.

I felt someone sitting beside me, and the atmosphere inside the room seemed to get heavy. It felt like the person beside me was looking and listening intently at what I was doing.

At first I thought it was my dorm mate Nancy, because she always enters our room without making a sound. But when I opened my eyes, there was no one there, making my heart beat faster. I hurriedly went to Nancy's room and found her talking with her roommates. I asked her if she had gone into my room but she said that she hadn't. That gave me the creeps!

When I was studying late for our preliminary exams in the hallway



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outside our room, my roommate May and I heard someone call my name from Nancy’s room. It sounded like Nancy so we naturally assumed she was calling me. But when I looked inside her room, she was fast asleep. May and I looked at each other, as if trying to convince each other that nothing had happened.

After lunch, I brushed my teeth in the common bathroom. Nancy had just left the CR when I felt someone pass behind me. I thought it was Nancy but when I glanced behind me I saw someone in white going past the cubicles. I then heard a cubicle door close and lock. After brushing my teeth I went to the cubicles to check if someone was really there, and to my surprise there was no one. The doors to all the cubicles were open and unlocked. And so I went straight to my room, got my things and went straight to my next class without looking back!

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Fascinated with Slippers

By Jesus Torres



My first spooky experience happened back in 1999 in our ancestral home in Makati City. It was around 5 o’clock on a Sunday afternoon and I was alone in the house, as my parents had gone to visit a relative. I was in my room and I realized that I wasn’t wearing my slippers. I looked for them and I was surprised to see them on top of the pillow on the bed. I swear that I was not intoxicated and I did not place my slippers on my pillow.

Fifteen minutes later, I went to the comfort room next to my bedroom to relieve myself. It was my custom not to wear my slippers in the bathroom for fear that they might get wet (they were *alpombra*), so I left them outside the comfort room door. When I stepped out of the CR, my slippers had disappeared. I searched for them and found them on the bed, wrapped and bundled in my blanket. I didn’t know



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how fast I ran from my room, terrified and shaking. I rushed down to the ground floor and out to the front yard where I waited for my parents to arrive.

The second incident happened in 2001. Once more, I was alone when it occurred. At around 2 p.m. I heard someone crying. It was very clear and it sounded like a young girl. It was close, only a few inches away from where I was. The house to our left was abandoned and demolished while to the right was a chapel. Therefore it was impossible that the crying came from a neighbor's child.

I would later learn that my brother Bonnie and my mom have also heard that mysterious crying at different times of the day. A family friend with an open "third eye" said that the abandoned house next to us was (and still is) a favorite "hang out" of spirits and other elements, which occasionally played tricks on us. How I wish those spirits would be content in their territory and not bother us again.

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Balete Drive Experience

By jason



One night in 1993, my parents were driving home and they passed Balete Drive. It was 1 or 2 in the morning and my mom was asleep in the passenger seat.

My dad saw 2 houses that looked like they were built in the 50s. They were facing each other and both had their gates open. Their lights were on and he saw a lady in a white nightgown. He assumed that there was a party there and that the lady was about to cross the street to get to her house. Thinking that she was about to cross, my dad slowed down. When he got close, she hadn't moved from the sidewalk. Thinking that she was letting him pass first, he accelerated. That was when she jumped directly in front of the car! Her face was



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directly in front of him but her face was blurry, like when a camera's out of focus.

Instead of cursing, my dad just said, "SORRY!"

Then poof! The lady disappeared.

"Wake up. I think I just ran over someone," my dad told my mom as he shook her awake.

They both got out of the car and looked everywhere – under the car and beside it, but there wasn't anybody there.

After the incident, my dad always tried to look for the two 50s style houses. He never found them again. Maybe they went back into time?

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Doctor's house

By velvet



We were fortunate (or you could say, unfortunate) to have been able to purchase this lot in a good subdivision. The lot was on the main avenue and was undoubtedly a good buy. We wondered why such a good piece was for sale at a low price. A few of the neighbors tried to discourage us from buying the property, saying that it was cursed and might bring us bad luck. We didn't believe in curses, so we went ahead and bought the property. We had the house remodeled and we soon moved in.

We found out later that the place has a bit of history. A successful doctor had built the house there. It was rumored that he did abortions, hence his quick rise to fortune. It was even rumored that the aborted fetuses were buried in the backyard.

During our stay, we heard strange sounds, like the cries of infants (sounding like "uha-uha"). My youngest was already 2 years old at the



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time, and impossible to cry that way. I checked with the neighbors and discovered that none of them had an infant.

When my 2-year old was playing on the carpet in our bedroom, he appeared to be playing with several playmates. He would "talk" to an invisible playmate then laugh loudly, like he was being tickled. His *yaya* (nanny) once told me that he was handing a toy over to someone or something, and the toy actually floated for a while before falling to the floor. There was also a time when he walked towards the kitchen and then suddenly shrieked, as if he saw something he recognized and ran after it.

My husband and I separated a year after we had moved into the house. I don't think it was because of the curse or bad luck; it could very well have been just coincidence, but almost everything seemed to have gone downhill ever since we bought the property.

I don't consider myself as someone who has an active third eye but when it comes to children, I guess my mother instincts kick in. My heart breaks at the thought of all those aborted babies. I can only imagine how much they had looked forward to coming into the world, belonging to a family and having someone to love and care for them, only to have someone squish them to pieces. Whatever they may be, affecting the lives of those who are/were involved with the property might be their only way of getting back at the doctor.

What happened to the doctor, you may ask? Apparently he gradually went crazy until his relatives had to institutionalize him. He eventually died there.

Sad 'noh? Tsk, tsk, tsk.



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Girl in the Mirror

by suicidal_freak



My dad asked me to run an errand for him; he asked me to go to his office in Makati to retrieve some important documents he forgot to bring home. I reached the office at exactly 9 p.m. and, fortunately, I was still able to catch the janitor on the ground floor. He told me to go ahead and get what I needed. I wanted to ask him to accompany me (my dad's office was on the 26th floor) but I decided to go alone. I assumed that some of my dad's officemates were still there logging in some overtime.

The elevator was filled with mirrors — the walls and even the doors were covered with them. I kept telling myself that there was nothing to be afraid of. On the way to the 26th floor, the elevator stopped on the 6th floor. The doors opened but there wasn't anybody there. I got scared so I closed my eyes and uttered a short prayer as the elevator doors closed. When I opened my eyes I saw a girl in the mirror, standing before me. Her face was bloody and her clothes were torn. She reached for my shoulder so I shut my eyes again and prayed, hoping that she would be gone when I opened them again. To my relief, she wasn't there anymore when I did open my eyes. I decided not to go to my dad's office and went home. I lied and told him that I couldn't find his files. I was still so scared.

I thought that was the last I would see her but I was wrong. One night in the bathroom at home, the same girl appeared in the bathroom mirror. Her face was still bloody and she was wearing the same torn dress. I hurried to bed, covered my face with a pillow and dared not move.

The following day I asked my dad about the girl. He just shrugged and laughed, thinking that I was making it up. To this day, I make sure to utter a short prayer whenever I see a mirror.



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It Happened Again

By suicidal_freak



I had just returned from a vacation and was at my aunt's house. I was excited to be there because I wanted to hang out with my cousins and go out with them.

That night, my cousins wanted to play hide and seek. We were too old to play but I thought, "What the heck, it's just for fun. Besides, the full moon is out."

We decided that Frank be the first "it". He counted from one to ten while the rest of us hid behind tall trees. After a minute, Frank found us and it was my turn to be "it".

Suddenly, there was a guy smiling at us. He looked charming, and his teeth were so white. He asked if he could join us. I didn't want to be "it" so I begged my cousins to let him join. Frank was considerate enough and agreed. After a couple of games we got tired and sat under one of the trees.

I must admit I was quite attracted to Michael Deron (that was his name). I asked him if he lived nearby. We talked about a lot of things until Michael decided to go home.

I guess I was curious about him because I asked my cousins to accompany me in following him to find out where he lived. He headed towards the cemetery. To ease my nervousness, Frank told me that Michael must live near there and there was nothing to be spooked about.

Suddenly, Michael just disappeared. Frank said that maybe we just didn't notice him turn somewhere or where he went. Ellen, my other cousin, told us not to worry, that we'll ask Mang Eman (the gravedigger) if he knows about Michael. And so, without anything else to do until the next day, we left.



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The following day, Ellen and I went to see Mang Eman. He lived near the cemetery and we inquired about Michael Deron. He looked surprised when we asked him. "*Sigurado ba kayo na iyon ang pangalan ng taong hinahanap ninyo?*" [Are you sure that that's the name of the person you're looking for?] he asked.

"Opo" [Yes, sir.] we answered in chorus. We told him that we had met him last night while playing hide and seek, and that we followed him when he went home.

"*Malabo yata iyan*" [That doesn't seem possible] Mang Eman said seriously, "*kasi namatay siya tatlong taon na nakakaraan.*" [because he's been dead these past 3 years.]

Ellen and I couldn't believe what we heard. We ran back to my aunt's house and we didn't dare look behind us. We were scared that if we did, we might find Michael there looking back at us.

+++++

Sundo

By spunky



My wife and I flew to Palawan because my father-in-law was dying. After an hour of sitting on the plane we arrived at the Puerto Prinsesa airport. My father-in-law's officemate met us at the gates and brought us to the hospital.

When we got to the hospital (the same hospital where Rico Yan died), many people were in the room and most of them were crying. My father-in-law was lying on the bed and looked at me. I reached out to him, held his hand, and hugged him. When it was my wife's turn to hug him, I saw a white entity at the back of the crowd, looking at us. I realized who it was and I knew that my father-in-law's time was almost up. My father-in-law saw me looking at the entity. He took my hand and held it tightly. I leaned over to him and I whis-



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pered "Tay, huwag mo muna kaming iiwan. Huwag kang sasama sa kanya." [Dad, don't leave us yet. Don't go with him.]

I looked towards the back of the room and I saw the entity leave. I followed it but as soon as I got out the door the entity was gone. I tried calling out to it but there was no response.

The following night at around 1 a.m., my father-in-law was looking out the window. I was watching over him that night, and I looked to where he was looking. I saw the white entity outside looking back at us. I summoned my courage and tried to talk to the entity, but it remained silent.

When I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth, I saw the entity at the back of the room. I tried to talk to it again, asking it to prolong my father-in-law's life. It turned its back to me and disappeared into thin air.

After that incident my father-in-law's condition miraculously became better. We left for Manila feeling good and not even worrying anymore. But a week later the inevitable happened and my father-in-law succumbed to the complications of his sickness.

At the wake I got a chance to talk to one of his doctors. The doctor said he had given my father-in-law two weeks to live but to everyone's surprise it was almost a month before he died. I'd like to think that my talking to the entity did something about that. I hope my father-in-law is finally happy in heaven. I miss him so much.

+++++

The Nurse

By mitch



I went to the new hospital for treatment. My back hurt and my left leg had become numb. They treated me and checked for my vital signs. They then assigned 2 nurses to assist me. I just won-



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dered why there was this one nurse that kept on getting my blood pressure. The funny thing was that there was blood on her uniform. I just ignored her and let her do her work.

After that they transferred me to the observation room. There were 4 patients there, including myself, resting. I was singing a song in my head when I heard a voice singing along with me. I closed my eyes, because it was creepy, and I think I fell asleep. Just before I closed my eyes, I had looked at the time and it was 3:45 p.m. When I woke up at around 4, I was the only one left in the observation room but I could still hear the voice singing a song. I told my doctor that I wasn't comfortable and that I wanted to go home.

Siguro naman hindi ghosts ang mga kasama ko 'noh? O naapektuhan lang ba ako ng gamot na ininject sa'kin? [It wasn't a ghost that was with me, right? Or was I affected by the medicine that was injected in me?]

+++++

The Chair

By pinsesa



This happened when I was in high school. We were about to have a first aid lecture during our swimming class in the Film Viewing room right beside the library. I don't know if that room has seats now but back then there was only one seat and that was for the teacher.

The swimming teacher had been teaching the section right before ours. When the students came out from the Film Viewing room, they were all pale. Even our teacher was pale. I felt a weird chill as I entered. I also had an awful feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Was there a blackout?" the teacher asked.

There wasn't, we assured her. Instead of starting with the lecture,



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she told us what happened earlier. She said that everything had 'shut down' – the slide projector and the air-conditioning. The lights were already off so they didn't bother turning them on. They opened the blinds to let some light in so she could 'manually' do her lecture. She tried to drag the chair to the center of the room so that she could sit down while she lectured. The chair was beside the TV; it was situated in a manner so as not to bother the students while the teacher was earlier explaining the slides (before the blackout). She tried pulling the chair but it was heavy, as if someone was sitting on it. She even scolded the students for being noisy when in fact no one was talking. As soon as they told her that, they heard whispering. That was the reason they were pale when they came out.

Now I always sit in front because I have weak eyes and some of my classmates use me as a pillow. I was sitting right in front of the chair. The chair's center was *solihiya*. When the teacher finished her story, the old *solihiya* eased up like someone was slowly getting out of it.

Freaky, eh?

+++++

The Smoking Night Visitor

By DarK_eYes_Mikko



My Korean boss Al and I were in Cebu, visiting our distributors and resellers. It was a Friday night and we were on our way to the airport to catch the last flight to Manila. But because of the traffic, we arrived late and were unable to check in. We rebooked for the first flight the following day and resigned ourselves to staying overnight in the hotel adjacent to the airport.

Unfortunately, the hotel was nearly full and so the two of us had to share a twin room. I didn't mind sharing but Al was a huge smoker. We made a deal that if he had to smoke he had to step out onto the



balcony. He agreed and we had a quick dinner before turning in for the night.

Halfway through the evening, I awoke to the smell of cigarette smoke in the room. Since the light was out, all I could see was the glowing ember of a cigarette and the shape of a man sitting in the corner lounge chair. Thinking that Al wasn't able to control his urge to



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smoke, I said aloud "Hey boss, didn't we have a deal that you had to step outside to smoke?"

A grunt was all I heard in response. I told him to just get it over with and make sure to put out the cigarette. I even jokingly said that I wouldn't want us to be the cause of a fire. I was about to turn around and go back to bed when I saw movement on the other bed. A head popped out and I quickly fumbled for the table lamp. There was my boss Al on the other bed, rubbing his eyes and asking me why I was still awake and talking in a loud voice.

The hair on the back of my neck stood and my head began to swell as I turned to the corner lounge chair. The chair was empty but I could still smell the cigarette smoke. By this time Al was fully awake and was asking me if I was smoking.

"No, I thought you were," I said.

"Of course not, I was sleeping when you woke me up," Al said.

I told him what I saw and he shrugged, saying that it was probably just a dream. But he was also puzzled as to why he could also smell the cigarette smoke. Needless to say, I was not able to sleep comfortably until morning.

At breakfast, we talked about what had happened the night before. The headwaiter overheard our conversation and asked us to tell him what happened.

"*Sus, ginoo.*" [Jesus, man] he said when he heard the story. He then asked our room number. When we told him what it was, he told us that what we saw was the ghost of a judge who had stayed with them after handing out a very stiff verdict in one of his cases. The judge was troubled by his conscience that he may have made a mistake in his verdict and in sentencing the accused. During his stay at the hotel, he was seen smoking a lot and was even reprimanded for smoking in the no smoking areas of the hotel. That night, the judge had shot himself.

Was the judge the figure I saw, still feeling guilty and smoking to calm his nerves?



+++++

Mass Possession

By **Mirage_X**



There was this time na nagkaroon ng mass possession doon sa high school ko. And I mean marami, like around 40 students among first year to fourth year students. Napublish pa nga ito sa newspaper.

May ginawang bagong CAT headquarters sa may tabi ng other door leading to the church na katabi ng school namin. Nang nagawa iyon at lumipat na ang CAT doon, diyan na nagsimula. Una, may isang cadet officer ang hinimatay. Tapos biglang nagsasalita na siya ng kung anu-ano in a weird language. May sakit ako ng time na iyon at absent ako kaya hindi ko nakita ang pangyayari. Nevertheless, one of my friends called me and told me what happened (they know that I'm into the supernatural). Nang nakapasok na ako, hindi pa rin natigil ang usapan tungkol doon, although wala na masiyadong updates. It seemed normal na.

To make things worse, a group of freshmen played the spirit of the coin. Then nearing lunchtime, the cadet officer from earlier got possessed again. I was there this time at inalalayan namin siya. We were calling her name at kinakausap namin. Hawak namin ang both hands niya. She was in a trance, umiiyak at tulalang hindi kumukurap. Her eyes seemed so distant. Then I felt her hand tighten her grip on mine. Nasaktan ako sa ginagawa niya, and I felt an electric shock going up my hand. I was beginning to feel dizzy, at tinangka kong alisin ang pagkahawak niya sa akin. I peered into her eyes and there was a certain glow there that seemed to grow bigger. Natakot na ako so I immediately disengaged her hand from mine. When I did that, nawala ang electric shock sa braso ko and I seemed to have regained consciousness kahit hindi ako hinimatay. Hindi ko napansin na ang isa ko pang classmate naman ang hinigpitan ng grip niya. Sinabi sa akin ng



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wing commander na inaantok daw siya.

“Don’t sleep!” sabi ko, pero too late, hinimatay na siya agad. At that same instant, hinimatay din ang possessed girl. Pareho silang dinala agad sa clinic. Nang tatayo ako para sumunod sa kanila, I felt heavy at nag-buckle ang legs ko at sobra akong inantok. I fought hard not to collapse.

Pagdating ng 12 noon, doon nagsimula ang maramihang posesion. Hindi kami nakapag-class dahil pati ang teacher ko umiiyak daw sa faculty room. Takbuhan here and there lahat ng CAT officers kasi nga marami from first year to fourth year ang napo-possess. There was a lot of crying, mga nagwawala, mga hinihimatay, mga naglalakad ng tulala. May isa pa nga na sobrang galit ang look niya, nakakatakot talaga! Ako naman, sobrang heavy ang feeling.

There was this girl with a fully opened third eye, and she kept looking at me and reading my thoughts. Iba na nga raw ang aura ko.

There were a lot of other facets to this story, but some of them were part of my friend’s family secret that I couldn’t disclose.

+++++

My Visitor

By Shane Ranosa



Every night, my close friend Carina and I would hang out and sleep on the *banig* in the room I share with my brother, *kuya* Shane. We talk about a lot of things and we would usually have the lights off.

One night, in the middle of our conversation, a person with long black hair dressed in black entered the room. We thought it was *kuya* Shane because he had long hair and often wore black clothes. Carina and I both giggled and teased him, “*Uy, layo pa ng Halloween ah! (Hey, Halloween’s still a long way off!)*”



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But he just remained quiet and stood beside the window. Without a word, he left the room while Carina and I resumed our conversation. We both felt weird about what happened and we asked each other if it was really my brother who had entered the room.

We stood up and went downstairs. In the *sala*, we saw *kuya* Shane sleeping on the sofa, while my sister-in-law and her daughter (my niece) were watching TV. We asked my sister-in-law if *kuya* Shane had gone up to our room.

“*Paano tatayo iyan diyan? Eh kanina pa nga iyan diyan natutulog!*” [How could he get up? He has been sleeping here all this time!] she said.

+++++

Woman in Black

By pinesa



As a music lover, sometimes when I listen to music I space out in such a way that I am not aware of my surroundings; I don't hear anything but the music – I breathe, feel, and drown my senses in the music. In school when I sit in one corner and my eyes lose focus, only the irritating school bell can shake me awake (all the classrooms have school bells right beside the door).

I see stuff in my peripheral vision though. Sometimes, even 20 minutes before class, I would see figures moving around as if the bell had rang and the people had already come out from class. Sometimes, they would even step on me, causing me to flinch. When the bell rings and I remove my headphones, I only see a few heads as students start to emerge from their classrooms.

But the weird thing I saw was in a guesthouse by the lake in Fairview. I have heard some spooky stories about the place, especially the staircase. I didn't want to believe those stories. At that time, I had



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refused to believe in the existence of Satan so I reasoned that ghosts and monsters also did not exist.

My mom was inside the room and I was sitting right outside, facing the stairs. I had my trusty earphones playing out music and sending me in some form of musical trance. I felt someone sit on the couch beside me, like a huge person. I looked up and saw that it was a beautiful woman in a black wedding dress. She didn't look like a ghost; she looked like a regular woman. Her skin was so white that she could have been mistaken as a model. I didn't find it odd that she was wearing a black lace dress. I was used to 'bohemians' – people who wear fashionable old-style clothes. That day I was even wearing a black top similar to her dress top. Who was I to question her fashion sense?

When I glanced at her, she was looking at me. I smiled at her. She smiled back and looked outside towards the lake. She didn't talk so I kept my mouth shut.

My mom poked my back to 'wake' me, indicating that we were about to leave. What I thought odd at the time was that she didn't acknowledge the presence of the person beside me.

The next time I was at the guesthouse was at a Christmas party. My mom's officemate was wearing a grand Maria Clara outfit and the others were wearing all sorts of Filipiniana dresses. Not being a fan of the Sex Bomb and other cheap Filipino 'fun' music, I cranked my headphones to full blast to drown the noise. I had to go to the wash-room in a little while, though; there was Bicolano food everywhere and I had consumed plenty liquids.

When I came out from the cubicle, the woman in the black lace dress was looking at herself in the mirror. She was wearing the same dress when I last saw her. I didn't find it odd that she was wearing the same dress; it looked like a costume. I smiled at her and asked her if she was enjoying herself. She just smiled at me and exited the room. I followed her but as soon as I walked out, I lost sight of her.

I went to the balcony and sat there hoping to find some peace and quiet. I had removed my headphones. Even though I could still hear the Sex Bomb-type music, I was far enough from the shouting



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men and the chatting women.

Underneath the balcony was a piece of land that was pretty inaccessible – the only way to get there was to jump off the balcony and the only way to get up was to have someone pull you up or swim across the lake to the other side. After I pondered this, I put on my headphones again and rested my chin in the ledge. Seconds later, I saw the woman in the black dress on that inaccessible piece of earth. She was looking out towards the lake. That was when I realized she was not human.

A month ago, I had heard a story about a woman dressed in black. My mom’s officemate was jogging by the lake. He said that he saw a woman standing on the sidewalk. When he talked to the guards, they told him that the woman was seen sitting in the guesthouse couch at night. Sometimes, the woman was headless. Some have said that they see her walking in the vicinity, but she would disappear as suddenly as she had appeared. Most of the time, she appeared as a bloody mess.

I don’t know why I saw a beautiful version of her, though.

+++++

The Cafeteria Lady

By Grace Fuerte



We used to live in my grandparents’ house until my mom gave birth to my youngest sibling. We then moved to a house that was closer to her workplace.

I know we have unseen housemates and I wasn’t the only one who felt their presence. Our maids claim that they would see shadows running in the hallway every morning at dawn. My cousin Abet saw a small creature that looked like a dwarf standing at our gate. During Christmas Eve, he saw a man with a blurred face wearing a *barong* in



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the living room doorway.

Sometimes, when I'm alone in the house, I can feel and hear weird things. There were times when I would hear footsteps going to my brother's room, and sometimes the *tabo* (dipper) and *timba* (bucket) in the bathroom would sound like someone was using them.

The weirdest experience I've had happened a few months ago. In the room I sleep in with the housemaid (because we only have two rooms), my bed was beside the jalousie windows because I love stargazing. One night I woke up between 12 midnight and 1 a.m. for no reason at all – I wasn't thirsty nor did I feel like going to the CR.

Suddenly, I heard a young man's voice and he was chanting something in Latin; I couldn't understand what he was saying. I didn't mind it at first but then the chanting became louder and louder, as if he was coming closer until he was right beside me. I wanted to move but I couldn't; my body felt so stiff. The chanting went on and I told myself, "*Iba na ito*" [This is different].]

I prayed The Lord's Prayer, hoping it would make him stop. Well, he did stop chanting in Latin but to my dismay, he started to chant the Lord's Prayer! I tried so hard to move but the more I tried, the stiffer my body became. And so I closed my eyes and said, "Lord, please *patigilin mo siya*" [Lord, please make him stop.]

To my intense relief, he stopped. I felt so tired; my body was so weak.

I told my friends what happened the next day and some of them got scared. It's only now, after reading one of your stories in book five, that I know what to do: when you encounter things like that or see supernatural beings, don't say memorized prayers because they will surely do the same.

I have another creepy experience that happened back when I was in high school in Caloocan. Our school had three cafeterias – one in elementary, one in high school, and one in the college. My friends and I used to eat in the elementary cafeteria because there were less people there and the staff was nice. An old lady from the staff would smile at me every time I bought food from her. It was funny because



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she had a metal jacket on her front teeth that looked so awkward.

A couple of months passed and I noticed that she was not working in the cafeteria anymore. Our teacher asked us to pray for one of the cafeteria staff because she had died from cancer. At that moment I felt goose bumps.

A week later, I was in my room having trouble sleeping due to the hot and humid weather. I finally got to sleep, only to wake up a little while later because I heard something unusual. Our floor is made of wood; therefore I could hear anyone passing outside my room. I heard light footsteps from the stairs walking slowly towards the second floor, as if the person was trying to sneak in.

It could be a burglar trying to steal some of our things, I thought. Feeling macho, I decided to check what was outside. I opened the door and peered outside. I couldn't see anything except for a small shiny glow. Curiosity got the better of me, and so I turned on the light in my room.

There in front of me was the lady that used to work in our school cafeteria. She was smiling at me in the same way when she was still alive. It was her metallic tooth jacket that was glowing in the darkness! But her eyes were crying and she looked so sad, even if she was smiling. She was pushing the glass doors open and was coming towards me.

For a second, I stood frozen. I was so shocked to find her there that I couldn't move my body. When I was able to move, I freaked and ran to my mom's bedroom. I wasn't able to sleep until dawn and I got sick for almost a week.

My family and I offered her prayers. The old lady never came back for more visits.



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Karanasan sa mga Ospital

By pitbull



Isang gabi sa isang ospital sa Las Piñas, nakasakay kami sa elevator. Binisita namin ang kapatid ng girlfriend ko dahil nagka-dengue siya. Kasama ko ang girlfriend ko na may dalang instant noodles na pinabili ng kapatid niya. At dahil gabi na, nakatigil lang ang elevator sa ground floor, bukas ang pinto dahil wala na masyadong tao.

Pumasok kami sa elevator at pinindot ko ang '3', nguni't natakot kami nang bigla siyang bumaba sa basement! I clearly pushed the 3rd floor at imposibleng nagkamali ako. Matagal nakatigil ang elevator doon sa basement at nang bumukas ang mga pinto, ayaw sumara. Madilim ang basement at mukhang storage room ang itsura. Dahil sa takot namin, nakadikit kami sa gilid ng elevator at pindot ng pindot ng 3rd floor. Nilabas din namin ang mga balisong namin para handa kami sa anumang maaring sumugod sa amin. Mahigit dalawang minuto ang nakalipas bago umandar ang elevator. Pagtigil sa 3rd floor, madalian kaming tumakbo palabas at nangakong hinding-hindi na gagamit ng elevator sa ospital na iyon.

Ang brother ko naman nagpunta sa isang sikat na ospital sa Makati upang bumisita sa kaklase niyang may sakit. Dahil marami silang nagpunta, nagmukahang party ang loob ng kuwarto. Nang pauwi na sila, naisip nilang gamitin ang hagdanan. Ang kalahati sa kanila ay nagpunta muna sa CR habang ang kalahati, kasama ang brother ko, ay nauuna na.

Habang pababa sila ng hagdanan, nakita nila ang mga kagrupong nilang nagpunta sa CR. Tinawag nila nguni't hindi tumigil ang mga kasamahan nila. Naisip nila na hindi siguro sila narinig at nagpatuloy sila pababa.

Pagdating nila sa ground floor, hinanap nila ang mga kagrupong nila nguni't hindi nila makita. Nagtaka sila kung paano nawala agad ang



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mga kasamahan nila dahil halos magkasunod lang sila sa hagdanan.

Nagulat na lang sila nang biglang bumaba ang mga kasamahan nila na nanggaling sa CR. Kung ganoon, sino ang isang grupo na sinundan ng kapatid ko?

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Dahil sa Pag-ibig

By Cris Sarah



Noong una, hindi ko alam kung maniniwala ako o hindi sa multo, at hindi ko akalaing sila mismo ang magpapatunay na totoo sila.

One day, sumama ako sa friend ko sa isang tanyag na university sa university belt. Dahil maaga kami, madilim pa. Sadya naming pumunta ng maaga para makapagkuwentuhan pa kami ng mas mahaba. Nasa 5th floor ang klase ng friend ko. Hindi pa pinaandar ang elevator kasi nga maaga pa. Nag-warn ang guard na mag-iingat kami, nguni't hindi namin ito pinansin.

Nakapatay ang lahat ng ilaw, kaya habang paakyat kami ng stairs, binubuksan namin ang bawat madaanan naming switch. May sinusundan kaming isang estudyanteng babae (hindi siya ang ghost!) habang paakyat kami. Pagdating namin sa second floor, huminto ang babae at biglang bumalik sa ibaba.

Nagtinginan kami ng friend ko. Tinanong ko siya kung ano ang meron doon at parang natakot ang babae.

"Ewán," ang sagot ng friend ko. Nagtaka ako nang kumapit siya sa braso ko na para bang bigla siyang natakot. Hinayaan ko siya at nagpatuloy kami sa pag-akyat hanggang makarating sa 5th floor.

Nagkuwentuhan kami sa room nang biglang parang may humihila



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sa akin palabas ng room. I just followed, thinking na inuutusan lang ako ng instinct ko na magpunta sa CR. Nagpaiwan ang friend ko kasi pagod na raw ang mga paa niya sa pag-akyat; I did not bother to ask kung may iba pang rason.

Mag-isa akong bumaba sa 4th floor CR. Nang pagpasok ko sa CR, biglang nawala ang feeling ko na umihi, kaya hanggang doon na lang ako sa mirror. May dala akong paper bag at nang paalis na ako ay parang may humihila sa bag ko mula sa ilalim ng sink. Sinilip ko ang ilalam ng sink at baka may sumabit. Nguni't bago ko man tingnan, bigla na lang natanggal ang bag. Kinabahan ako kaya lumabas ako kaagad.

Sa labas ng CR ay may window. Doon ko nakita ang babaing nakadungaw sa bintana from the outside facing me! Mahaba ang hair niya at bahagyang nililipad ng hangin. I was amazed dahil paano siya nakarating doon samantalang nasa 4th floor kami? Hindi ako kinabahan that time at matagal ko siyang tinitigan habang paakyat ako patungong 5th floor para masigurado ko na hindi siya katha ng imagination ko.

Habang palakad ako sa hallway ng 5th floor, pinag-iisipan ko pa rin ang nakita ko. When I entered the room and saw my friend, bigla akong parang lumutang, parang nawalan ako ng lakas na tumayo ng mag-isa. Pakiramdam ko na nasa polar region ako sa sobrang ginaw. Napansin ito ng friend ko. Namutla raw ako at umiiyak pa. I then told her the whole story ng nakita ko. Tahimik siya habang nakikinig.

Pagkatapos ng kuwento ko, ikinuwento niya ang tungkol sa isang teacher na nagpakamatay by jumping from the top floor dahil sa problema sa pag-ibig. Nag-iwan pa raw siya ng rose sa isang CR sa building na iyon kaya nagpapakita raw talaga ang teacher sa mga estudyante na malalakas ang loob dahil siguro mayroon pa siya gustong sabihin. Madalas din siyang makita ng mga guards (kaya pala pinagbilinan kami ng guard na mag-ingat!).

From then on, naniniwala na ako na hindi lang mga buhay ang nakatira sa mundong ito.



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The Boy in School

by **Zelda Pallon**



The Physical Education teacher was absent one day, so we had a free period to ourselves. My classmates ran around the gymnasium, while my fellow artist Ina and I went off to one corner of the gym to draw. As I was drawing, I felt a presence nearby. I didn't mind it at first. From the corner of my eye, I saw a pair of feet in black leather shoes beside me. Thinking it was only my imagination, I stared at them and then I noticed a pair of black pants above the shoes.

"Ina! Psst, Ina!" I whispered, trying to get my friend's attention. To my surprise, she wasn't beside me anymore. I saw the pair of legs begin to move, as if to sit down beside me. Horrified, I threw down my pencil and ran out from the gym. I found Ina; she was making her way back to our classroom.

"*Nakita mo ba iyong lalake?*" [Did you see that guy?] Ina asked.

"*Oo pare! Nakita ko! Akala ko di mo nakikita!*" [Oh yes! I saw him! I thought you didn't see him!] I said.

"*Grabe! Kinikilabutan ako ng maige! Uy, anong itsura ng lalake?*" [That really gave me the shivers! What did the guy look like?] she said.

"*Di ko tiningnan ang mukha, eh.*" [I didn't look at the face.]

That was not the last time that I saw him.

One Monday, I did my usual routine – wake up at 5:00 a.m., take a bath, dress up – you know the drill. I was very sleepy that morning as I entered my school's gate, and walked down the old corridors. I passed the faculty room and climbed the stairs towards my classroom. I dropped my bag by my desk and headed downstairs to wait for my friends.

As I was walking down the narrow corridor, I felt I hit someone's foot. I turned to see whoever it was and I saw a man. He was not



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handsome but he was not ugly either. He was young, maybe around 16. He wore a tight white short-sleeved shirt, black pants, and plain black leather shoes.

“Hey, sorry dude,” I said.

He just stared at me, his eyes showing no emotion.

“Uy, sorry nga pare. Bati na tayo, ha?” [I’m really sorry, man. Let’s be friends, okay?] I said, smiling.

He just nodded. I went on my way but as I passed the clinic, it dawned on me: How did a boy get upstairs? This was a girl’s school and visitors weren’t allowed to go up to the classrooms! And with his pants and shoes, he was no janitor! I’ve been studying here for a long time and I got to know everyone. I’ve never seen him before.

My thoughts were interrupted by my classmate Aiza’s voice, “Uy! Zelda! *Baliw ka ba?*” [Are you crazy?]

“Oh! Aiza! *Ikaw lang pala. Ako, baliw? Bakit?*” [It’s just you. Me, crazy? Why do you say that?] I asked her.

“*Sino kausap mo kanina?*” [Who were you talking to earlier?] she asked.

“Aiza! You mean to tell me I was the only one who saw that boy?” I asked her.

“What boy? You were talking to the wall, silly,” Aiza said.

Everyone there confirmed that I wasn’t talking to anyone, just the wall.

I’m studying in another school now. The thing is, he followed me! Two weeks ago, I went to the CR to take a dump. I tried opening every cubicle but the doors were all locked. I felt an eerie feeling as I heard someone coming down the stairs. The sound stopped and all the cubicle doors opened. I quickly went outside. There, the same guy from my former school was there, looking at me.

This morning, while I was going up the stairs to my classroom, I saw him sitting very still. Sometimes, I see him standing under a tree or standing behind my chair.



I guess I have some kind of spiritual admirer, eh?

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Batangas Scare

By **Mirage_X**



We went to Batangas during May 10-12, 2003. *Nakarating kami roon tanghali na* (We got there pretty late). *Nang bandang hapon* (Around the afternoon), around 6 p.m., I heard a choir chanting in a very deep voice. It was like they were singing a hymn *pero di ko maintindihan* (but I couldn't understand). The tune sounded like a hymn from a high mass. I decided to tell my co-officers about this and, of course, *walang naniwala sa akin* (nobody believed me).

That night, we decided to explore the view deck even though it was time to sleep and the lights were off. We brought our rechargeable lamps with us and played truth or dare. My co-officers kept on teasing me about my so-called "gift", and one even jested, "*sapian n'yo nga ito!*" [possess this one!]

I told him to quit it because at that instant, a shadow was encircling us and settled beside me, which made all my hairs stand on end. I told them that we needed to go to bed, fast. To my surprise they all listened and heeded me, and we went back to our rooms.

On the way there, we passed two trees whose trunks were bulky around where the roots emanated. I saw from my peripheral vision that the tree's shadow had become a silhouette of a human and its head was looking towards us.

Which meant that it was staring at us.

The next day, all of us woke up with LBM (Loose Bowel Movement). We all agreed that it was because of something we ate the night before. Because of the incident last night, and because of the stories that were told about it, no one went to the restrooms alone –



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we went in pairs.

When I needed to go the CR, I asked someone to accompany me. After doing my thing, we headed back to the gazebo where we hold our discussions, with me a couple of steps behind my companion. As I was about to close the door to our room, I saw a white figure of a lady sitting on the corner of our bed. I told this to my roommates, and one of them said, "*kaya pala kagabi, di ako mapakali sa kama, pakiramdam ko may katabi ako. Siya kaya iyon?*" [That's why I couldn't sleep well last night. I felt that there was someone beside me. Could it be her?]

That night, we had an activity in which we had heart-to-heart discussions about each other. We were seated in two rows, facing each other, and we gave comments about each officer. When I looked in the direction of the gazebo, I noticed that a shadow took the form of a man, and there were two red lights, which I think were his eyes. I was so scared that I turned pale. Nevertheless, I continued with the activity.

After that, we all decided to stay in one room for the night – all 19 of us – so we can scare each other with ghost stories. We gathered in one room and, while the others were fetching those near the chapel, we did a little chitchat.

I was talking to this friend of mine, Gigi. She was seated against the open back door. However, I couldn't help but look beside her because there seemed to be something pulling my gaze in that direction. She asked me if I was seeing something. I said nothing, even though I felt like someone was staring back at me.

Another officer, Benny, came in. He was also clairvoyant and he said, "*Bakit bukas iyang pinto? Isara n'yo nga yan! Gigi, umalis ka ryan.*" [Why is that door open? Close that! Gigi, get away from there.]

"*Meron pala roon eh! Ba't di mo sinabi?*" [There was something there! Why didn't you tell me?] Gigi said to me.

"*Nakita mo ba iyon? May batang nakatalungko roon at nakikipagtitigan ka sa kanya?*" [Did you see that? There was a kid there and you were both staring at each other?] Benny told me.



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I was stupefied.

Before I could answer him, the rest of the bunch arrived, excited. They said that when they had passed the chapel, they heard singing, like hymns sung by voices coming from underground, and in some incomprehensible language! They told me that I was correct about what I heard the day before.

We all settled in and began talking. I was on the bed, leaning against the headboard. I could sense that something was behind the window, even though the curtains obscured it. The air was chillier than usual. I willed myself not to look in the window's direction but in my peripheral vision I saw something, like a black hand reached out and went beneath my long hair. I felt a chill go down my spine and the air blew the curtains open. I looked towards the window and I was petrified by what I saw – a huge shadow, with eyes so red! I screamed and one of my other co-officers screamed with me. She was seated facing the window and she saw exactly what I saw.

THE END

A SERIOUS WARNING TO ALL:

**NEVER SAY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN
GHOST AT STRANGE PLACES, NEVER.**



**If ever you see a ghost,
check your pulse.
You might be one of them.**

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