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TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 3

**BY GIANNA MANIEGO
AND HER TEAM OF
GHOST WRITERS**

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 3



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Editor's note

Like Scheherazade in "A Thousand and One Arabian Nights," we have discovered that one good story often gives birth to another.

It seems there's no limit to the supply of ghost stories and supernatural experiences that Filipinos have in store.

As a result, we are now on our third round of ghost storytelling and the stories still keep on pouring.

The tales we have compiled for you in this volume are good for at least one more scary night under the covers. That is, if you're up to it.

Gianna Maniego

- To Catriona Rhiannon,
Who is ten times a better storyteller than I am.

Illustrations by Jim and Jay Jimenez and Gilbert Monsanto

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The party girl

By Jonathan Celeste

This story happened about a year ago, to a group of typical happy-go-lucky teenagers who liked going out to have a good time.

John, Patrick, Mikhail and Lee were all classmates at one of Bacolod's exclusive boys' schools.

Being scions of well-off parents, they would always go out at night, even during exams to visit a bar, drink all night and meet pretty girls.

They were young and handsome, their school's heartthrobs. They like nice clothes, cars and pretty girls.

Money was no object and they spent most of it in the city's bars, getting drunk and picking up girls.

This particular night, they were celebrating something. It was the end of Christmas vacation, after all, and they were all graduating from high school in three months.

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They all had big plans for college. John, Patrick, and Lee were going to Manila, to enroll in the top universities there. Mikhail was leaving in May for the United States, where he would continue his studies.

"Hey, hurry up!" John yelled at Patrick as he honked the horn on his canary yellow sportscar. (It was really a flashy thing, people never failed to notice whenever it whizzed by in town.) "Come on already! We're running late. We'll miss the fun."

"Wait up, I'm done," said Patrick, running down the stairs as he swung his favorite navy jacket over his head, smoothly slipping his arms through the sleeves.

John and Patrick have been best friends since grade school. They met Mikhail and Lee in high school and the four have been inseparable since.

"Did you tell them we're picking them up now?" asked John.

"Yup. They're ready," said Patrick. "Lee's waiting at Mikhail's."

The two were swinging by Mikhail's house en route to one of Bacolod's hottest nightspots.

It was midnight by the time they arrived at Mikhail's. Mikhail and Lee were waiting in front of the gate. They jumped into the car and were soon on their way.

"Boy, I want this night to be the best!" said Mikhail.

"We'll be men by next year. Good times are ahead, better to practice now!" Lee agreed.

"Relax guys, with our good looks and nice car, all the girls in the bar will surely drool over us!" said Patrick.

"Alright!" the other three chorused

They were cruising down the highway at this point, in between the towns of EB Magalona and Silay. The road was smooth and it was Mikhail's turn at the wheel. As usual, he was driving like Mad Max.

All of a sudden, Mikhail stepped on the brakes.



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"Hoy, ano ba! (Watch it!) Be careful, naman!" Lee, who was riding shotgun and nearly kissed the dashboard with the sudden move, grumbled.

"Guys! Don't you see what I see?" asked Mikhail, his voice tinged with wonder.

All three turned in the direction he was looking.

There, on the right side of the road, in the middle of nowhere, stood a pretty young girl.

She stood about five-foot-six, had fair skin and long silky straight hair. She had on a little black dress and red lipstick.

"What could she be doing in the middle of the road at this time?" mused John.

Mikhail pulled over to the side of the road.

"Hey miss, need a lift?" John asked in the vernacular from the backseat.

"But you're jam-packed already," answered the girl in the same vein.

"We can still accommodate you," Mikhail said as he opened the door of the car.

"Miss, it's fine. We can't let you walk around in the dark all by yourself. Don't worry we're nice boys," Lee said.

"OK," the girl said as she joined John and Patrick in the backseat.

"So, where is a beautiful girl like you headed at this time?" asked Mikhail, looking at the girl in the rearview mirror.

"I wanna go to Bacolod, have a good time," said the girl simply.

Before Lee could ask the girl her name, Mikhail butted in and said, "What a coincidence! We're headed that way too. Why don't you join us, we'll go dancing and have ourselves a really good time? Don't worry we're all good boys, right guys?" he said.

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"Yes!" they all answered.

"Sure," the girl obliged.

At the dance club, the four boys sat down and ordered beer.

"Do you drink?" Mikhail asked, offering the girl a cold bottle of beer.

"Yeah," the girl replied, smiling seductively at Mikhail as she reached for the beer.

As the DJ put on the some house music, the four guys pulled the girl towards the dance floor.

"This babe is hot and I think she likes me," Mikhail proudly whispered to his peers.

"Mikhail strikes again..." said John.

An hour passed and all five of them were exhausted from jumping around and dancing. They all went back to their table.

"Shit, it's 3 a.m. already. I need to go," the girl said.

"Why so early? The fun is just starting," asked Mikhail, who by this time had a big crush on her.

"But I need to," the girl said.

"OK, we're also pretty tired, right guys?" John said. "Why don't we all call it a night?"

The others agreed and they all trooped back to where the car was parked.

"So, where can we drop you off?" asked Mikhail.

"Where you picked me up," the girl answered.

"No problem, but isn't that area deserted? There didn't seem to be a house for blocks. It's late, are you sure you'll be alright there?" Mikhail wondered.

"I'm sure, just drop me off there. My house is a bit far from the main road so you couldn't see it from there," she assured.

The air was cold and the girl shivered. Noticing this, John took

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off his jacket and offered it to the girl.

"Here, put this on," John said.

"Thanks," she said.

Twenty minutes later, the girl said: "I'll be fine here."

"Here? Are you sure?" Mikhail said.

"Yes."

Mikhail pulled over, alighted from the car and opened the door for the girl.

"Thanks," she said and gave Mikhail a wet kiss in the lips.

The girl walked in the grassy area and waved goodbye to the boys.

"Mikhail, you're the man!" shouted John while the other two boys also teased Mikhail.

The following day, John texted Mikhail and said he forgot to get his jacket from the girl. As Mikhail wasn't able to sleep that night thinking about the girl, the two agreed to look for the girl.

Going back to the spot where they dropped off the girl, the two were shocked to discover that there were no houses visible in the area. Just miles and miles of empty fields.

"Didn't she say their house was far back from the road?" Mikhail asked John.

John shrugged. They both plunged into the grassy field. A few meters from the road, they stumbled upon a small house. Curious, the two went up to the silent house and knocked on the door.

"Hello, anybody home?" said Mikhail.

"There seems to be no one in here," said John.

"Hello, anybody home?" Mikhail knocked again.

An old woman with grizzled hair opened the door.

"What can I do for you, my sons?" she asked in the vernacular.

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"Good morning, *lola*. We're looking for a girl who lives in the area?" Mikhail said.

"I'm sorry, son. I live here alone."

"But we're very sure that the girl lives in this area. We dropped her off here last night," Mikhail said.

"Are you sure? There isn't any other house here for blocks," she said.

"Uhm, she was about five-six, long straight black hair, fair, pretty. She was wearing a black dress," Mikhail described.

At that, the old woman looked stricken. She clutched her chest, saying "This isn't funny. Why are you doing this? Did someone put you up to it? Don't tease me, my sons, I'm old. Please give me some peace of mind."

The boys looked at each other, confused. They had no idea what the old woman was babbling about.

Seeing the look of confusion on both their faces, the old woman beckoned to them. "Come inside. I will show you something."

The old lady led them to a photo on the mantle. It was the picture of a very pretty young girl.

"Look closely. Was she the one you saw last night?" the old woman asked.

"Yes, *lola*," Mikhail and John agreed, peering closely at the picture.

"That's Lisa, my granddaughter, my only granddaughter. She died in an accident a year ago. She was about to go to Bacolod to meet some friends but she never returned home. She was hit and run by a reckless driver," the old woman sobbed, tears streaming down her eyes.

John and Mikhail could feel their hairs standing on end.

"We're very sorry, *lola*," the boys stammered, at a loss about what to do. They hurriedly left the house.

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"Man, that was creepy. I can't believe this is happening to us," John said.

"Shut up. I'm scared enough!" Mikhail snapped.

As they were about to get into the car, they noticed an old tree not far from the road, but partly hidden by the tall grass.

"I didn't notice this last night," John said.

"Of course, you idiot it was dark!" said Mikhail.

The two approached the tree. At the back of the tree they noticed a group of concrete boxes with white paint on it.

"Is that a cemetery?" John said.

From afar, John saw a jacket hanging on one of the crosses.

"Hey! That's my jacket," John said. They ran to the grave, but stopped cold when they saw what was written on the epitaph:

"Lisa Andres. Born: October 23, 1983. Died: December 19, 2001." □



Antique Spanish Bed

By Judy May Geronimo

In economics, there is a saying that goes “Buyer beware.” A warning to all unsuspecting buyers to be sure they are getting what they pay for.

Most of us forget this saying, particularly when we’re on a buying spree.

Here’s a story that might jog our memories next time that happens.

I have a friend whose mother was wild about antiques. Since they were well off, her mom had no trouble acquiring whatever her heart desired when it came to her collection. From porcelain jars, to delicate figurines, to antique furniture such as tables, chairs, dressers, etc.—you name it, if it was an antique, she collected it.

Fortunately, their house is a vintage-style residence that dates back to the early 1900s, so the collection did not look out of place. In

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fact, they actually used many of the antiques in the collection, particularly the furniture.

Mrs. Villarama, my friend's mom, traveled everywhere to look for bargain antiques. She saw her antique-hunting as an adventure. Haggling with antique dealers, she said, sharpens her mind. She would proudly show off pieces that she would get for bargain prices, much like athletes would show off their trophies.

As such she became a favorite among the dealers. So much so that whenever a new item comes into their safekeeping, the first customer these dealers call is my friend's mom.

Most antique collectors take time to dig up the history of their acquisitions—and most of them do have stories to tell. But Mrs. Villarama was not one of them. She didn't really care about the origin, nor the past owners of her antiques.

One day, one of her favorite dealers called her and said he had an antique Spanish bed for sale. Would she be interested in it?

"It belongs to the great grandmother of Gabby Concepcion," the antique dealer told her.

Mrs. Villarama merely had a vague notion of who Gabby Concepcion was (was he an actor? A model? Oh, the guy who was once married to Sharon Cuneta) but she was really interested in the bed, which the dealer described as made of mahogany. It was a four-poster bed complete with canopy. It came with lace bed sheets and all.

"Hmmm...that would be perfect in the guest room. I was planning to redecorate it anyway," she thought to herself.

According to the dealer, the Concepcions would be shipping the bed to Manila from their rest house in Boracay.

"I can't wait to see it. Can't we just go to Boracay ourselves to see the bed?" the excited Mrs. Villarama asked, but the dealer assured her the bed was already on its way as they spoke.

This only whetted Mrs. Villarama's interest more. Sight un-

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seen she quoted a price for it. After a bit of haggling, the dealer relented and let her have the bed — for a whopping P180,000!

But my friend's mom considered the price a bargain when she saw the bed in question. It was beautiful! The bed looked so inviting, she decided to use it herself instead of putting it in the guest room.

Trouble began on the first night that she slept on it, however.

Immediately after laying down on the soft pillows, she fell into deep slumber. Pretty soon she was dreaming.

She dreamt of a pretty mestiza and a handsome guy having a heated discussion. She'd never seen either person before, yet their faces were so vivid, she could probably sketch them from memory. They were in bed, the same antique Spanish bed she had just bought, and they were arguing violently.

"Sino yun lalaki na iyon Cecilia? Nakita kita kausap mo siya kahapon. Ngayon nakita ko ulit siya dito. Sino siya? (Who is that man Cecilia? I saw you talking to him yesterday and today he is here again. Who is he?)" she heard the man ask angrily in accented Tagalog.

"Dati ko siyang katipan Alfredo. Siya ang totoong mahal ko! Hindi ikaw! Kung hindi mo pinilit ang Papa ko na ipakasal sa iyo, siya dapat ang asawa ko ngayon! (He's my old lover, Alfredo, the one I truly love, not you. If you didn't force my father to marry you he would have been my husband!)" the woman shouted back.

The couple argued some more in Spanish, until the man, unable to stop himself, put his hands on his wife's neck and began choking her.

At this point Mrs. Villarama woke up, in a cold sweat, shivering. It took her sometime to calm down enough to go back to sleep.

Upon waking the next day, she told her family about her nightmare. Mrs. Villarama could only remember snatches of the conversation, most of which was conducted in Spanish.

"Mama, baka yan yung mga dating may ari ng kama mo? (Mama, maybe the couple are the former owners of your bed?)" my

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friend hazarded a guess.

"Eh hindi naman ata yun ang lola ni Gabby. Hindi naman nya kamukha. (But the woman didn't look like Gabby's great grandmother,)" Mrs. Villarama said.

She was haunted by the dream every night for several months. She would wake up in the middle of the night sweating and shivering, her whole body aching.

After three months of torment, Mrs. Villarama felt exhausted for lack of sleep. She'd lost a good deal of weight and had dark eyebags under her eyes that seemed like they were permanently etched on her face.

Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer, she decided to get to the bottom of her dream. She called her antique dealer and told him about her recurring nightmare. And for the first time, she asked him about the origin of the antique Spanish bed.

The dealer confirmed that the original owners of the bed were not the Concepcions but a young couple who once lived in Bacolod at the turn of the 20th century.

According to the story, the man, Alfredo, loved his mestiza wife very much but Cecilia, the woman, was in love with Guido, a struggling medical student. But because Alfredo was a lawyer and could provide a better life for his daughter, the woman's father married her off to him.

For a while, Cecilia tried to be a dutiful wife, even though she didn't love Alfredo. But her husband was a difficult man to live with. He was constantly jealous of other men who would talk to his wife and would fly into a rage everytime this happened. He would humiliate her in front of friends, calling her a flirt, or when he was really, really angry, a whore.

For a time, all Cecilia could do was cry silently, for no one dared to defend her in the face of Alfredo's wrath—not even her family.

After a few years, Cecilia saw her old lover, Guido, who was already a doctor by then. The two renewed their romance and Guido

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promised Cecilia they would elope when he'd saved up enough money.

This gave Cecilia courage to admit to her husband that she didn't love him. Alfredo was livid with rage and vowed that no other man would have her.

One night, he saw his wife in bed with Guido. His sanity snapped.

"Binaril daw ng lalaki ang kalaguyo ng kanyang asawa at inihampas naman sa poste ng kama ang ulo ng kanyang asawa hanggang sa ito ay mamatay. (He shot his wife's lover and then smashed his wife's head against one of the bedposts until it cracked open and she died,)"

According to the dealer, antiques are expensive not just because they are unique and beautiful, but because each one has a story to tell.

"Ang mga antigo ay hindi mga pangkaraniwang bagay. May mga antigong na-preserve dahil sa kaakibat na istorya. May iba na nabuo dahil ginawa ng isang tao sa panahon na kasalukuyan siyang umiibig o di kaya naman ay napopoot. (Antiques are not ordinary objects. Many of them are preserved because of the stories they have to tell. Some of these stories are about love, others are about jealousy and rage,)" he said.

Upon arriving home Mrs. Villarama inspected her bed and saw traces of dried bloodstains on one of the bedposts, proof that all the antique dealer had told her was true.

The following day, she moved the bed into the guest room. And from then on, she made sure to ask about the history of every antique she bought. □

urban legends . urban legends.

At the Broadway centrum

This was a popular urban legend in the 1980's.

As the story goes, a couple is out on a date at night, when their car breaks down at the parking lot of the old Broadway Centrum. The boyfriend gets out and tries to fix the engine but fails. He tells the girlfriend to stay in the car, close the windows, and lock the doors while he goes to get help.

The girl waiting for about half an hour, notices a strange man watching from the shadows. He approaches the car and starts banging on the windows and trying to force open the doors.

Terrified, the girl honks the car horn to get attention and scare the man off. He gives up and leaves, only to return a few minutes later. He starts circling the car, holding something in his hand, which he raises to the window.

To her horror, the girl realizes it is her boyfriend's decapitated head. Then, she is even more horrified to see what the man lifts up in his other hand: the boyfriend's car keys.

The next day, the police find her inside the car, alone, laughing and screaming nonsense, driven insane by an unknown terror. □

HORROR HOTEL

Anonymous, Submitted through e-mail

As my two sons were growing up, I would make it a point to go with them on one-on-one bonding trips. On one occasion, I brought my eldest who was then 12 years old to Leyte, which is my home province.

Not wanting to open up the ancestral home, we stayed at the **** Hotel in Tacloban.

Aside from the beautiful view of the San Juanico Strait and the hills of Samar, the hotel has a very nice swimming pool with a slide.

We spent the better part of the afternoon swimming and horsing around the pool.

We got home at about 11 o'clock that night from a baptismal party and bedded down for the evening. We had twin beds with a night table and lamp in between.

Throughout the night, the air conditioner was going off and

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on and off and on since it was connected to the electric cooperative.

We had no problem with the night table lamp as this was connected to the hotel generator.

At 4:20 in the morning, I decided I had enough of this off and on of the air conditioner so I shut it off and opened the balcony doors to have some ventilation.

From the balcony I could see a cargo ship at the Tacloban dock and I thought — what a calm evening.

I got back to bed and as soon as I laid down, I felt a movement and heard a rustling on the right side of my head, then the bed shifted as if a weight had just shifted by my left hip.

I sat up to check what was pressing down on the bed. Then, right at my feet, I saw the bedsheet move slightly and felt the bed tilt towards my feet — as if a weight had just been put there.

All of a sudden, the bed started rocking violently as if it were being jumped on. The rocking was so violent that from a sitting position, I was thrown on my back. Then I felt the bed rising (about six inches) and then it dropped down on the floor with a loud bang.

At first I was paralyzed with fear and shock, then my rationale took over. The thought that came to mind was — earthquake!

I rushed to the balcony door to check if the bay waters were receding fearing that a tidal wave would follow. Instead, I saw that the cargo ship was there on calm as ever waters. I looked at the ceiling lamp — and it was not swinging — which would have been the case had it been an earthquake. I checked under the bed — nothing!

Then a creeping kind of fear started to come over me. I checked out my son and he was sleeping soundly — but with his head where his feet had been.

I sat down on the edge of my bed and started to pray keeping a close watch on my son so that no harm would come over him.

Among my prayers was “Lord keep that generator running. I need that light to stay on.”

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I felt a heavy atmosphere in the room and it had a reddish gloomy hue. I kept on praying but throughout, I could feel this heaviness in the room and it was gloomy despite the light.

Finally, sunrise came at around 5:30. Thank God! I told myself.

"Haaay, magpapahinga muna ako (I'm gonna take a rest first.) I'm so exhausted."

With that thought, I laid back and all of a sudden the beings started to jump on the bed again making it rock violently.

I bolted out of bed and woke up my son. He woke up, protesting, and asked why I was waking him up so early. I told him I was hungry.

"Hurry up lets have breakfast," I said.

It was only when we arrived in Manila later in the morning that I told him and my wife about what had happened.

I made some discreet inquiries about the hotel and I learned that it is located on the site of a Japanese garrison during the war and later a Philippine Constabulary camp. God knows what things took place there.

A few years later, I returned to Tacloban to attend a ceremony for the naming of a street after my father.

Despite what had happened to me before, I opted to stay in the same hotel since, as in the previous time, I did not want to open up our ancestral home.

Besides, if something happened again, that would be too much already!

This time, I was with my wife, my mother and my sister who shared a connecting room with ours.

I was out most of the day and returned a little before 2:00 a.m. to find everybody still awake. After a little chat, everybody re-tired for the evening.

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There was a sign on our night table (this time we were sharing a double bed) that there would be a brownout at 2:30 a.m.

So my wife and I were making small talk when the brownout came. Suddenly right at the foot our bed - we heard a woman wailing and crying in deep despair. As if she had no more hope left!

My wife, who was always a skeptic said, "What's that?"

I said, "Just pray."

And we held each other tight.

The anguished cries kept on for a little less than a minute, but it seemed like an eternity until they finally stopped.

Needless to say, no one had any sleep that night and we stayed there with rosaries around our necks which we kept on until we left later that morning. □

it's still her office

By Jonathan Celeste

This is a story about a bank executive and her family who went to Boracay in the summertime and never returned to Manila.

My sister told me that this happened about a year ago.

Mrs. Belen Cruz (not her real name) was a strict bank executive in Manila. She was known for her no-nonsense way of doing business.

Her husband was also a professional. He worked for a big advertising firm in Makati. The couple had two children – a boy, aged 7, and a girl, aged 5.

Despite her tight schedule at the bank, Belen always took time off every summer to spend quality time with her family. She spent a lot of time excitedly planning a summer getaway for her whole family — whether it's in Baguio, or Tagaytay, or Batangas.

That year they were off to Boracay. It was a first-class trip all

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the way. Belen and her husband saved up all year and had set aside a substantial nest egg for the trip.

The family planed into Aklan en route to Boracay, where they stayed in one of the first-class resort-hotels.

Opting to go sailing, they hired a yacht and cruised around the island to view its harbor. They were the only family on board. The whole day, the family navigated the crystal clear water of Boracay and went island hopping.

By the time they decided to return to the main island, it was after dark already. The families were exhausted from their day on the yacht. Suddenly, they noticed the crew having difficulty handling the boat.

"Is there a problem?" Francis, Belen's husband, asked after half an hour had passed and the sailing party were nowhere near the main island.

Belen and Francis felt a slight unease, but were not unduly upset. Maybe the crew was just taking the scenic route. They seemed really capable and competent.

"Sir, it's okay. We are just adjusting our bearings," the captain replied.

So the Cruzes settled down to wait until they reached the island. Outside the cabin, the booming roar of the sea's waves and the eerie cawing of birds and bats flying in the darkening sky provided little comfort.

Night came and went yet the boat never reached safe harbor.

The following morning, news broke out in Boracay that a family of four aboard a yacht was missing. Local officials and the Coast Guard formed a search and rescue team to look for the missing yacht but after 48 hours the authorities gave up.

The officials informed the relatives of the Cruzes and the crewmen of the tragedy. Everyone mourned the loss of lives.

Days after, the remains of the victims were found floating in

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the middle of the sea. The rescuers noticed something peculiar about the bodies, though: their stomachs were not bloated with salty seawater. They should have been bloated if they had drowned, but they weren't!

Residents of the islands believe that unholy spirits roaming the island and the sea might have been taken with the family so they "invited" them to join their underworld kingdom.

Meanwhile, back in Manila, Belen's officemates noticed several strange things happening on the same day that the Cruzes were last seen in alive.

A janitor was cleaning the desk of Belen, when suddenly a cold breeze wafted into the room. At first, the janitor didn't mind, thinking that it might just be the air conditioner. He went to clean the window, close to where the aircon was installed. He dropped his bucket in surprise when he realized the aircon was unplugged!

Turning toward Belen's desk, he was flabbergasted to see fine white sand scattered all over it! And not only on top of the table, but even under it!

Where in the world would that fine white sand come from, the janitor asked, his hair standing on end. The janitor fled the office shouting 'Multo! Multo! (Ghost! Ghost!)

Curious, the other bank employees crowded around the janitor, who was sweating profusely and gasping for air.

"Ano nangyari sa iyo? Bakit ka hinihinal? Bakit ka nagsisisigaw ng multo? (What happened to you, why are you out of breath? Why were you shouting about ghosts?)" the bank manager asked. The janitor merely pointed to the room he just vacated.

But when they peeked into the room, it looked as normal as ever. No sign of sand and the air was stale, like the room had been unoccupied for some time.

They looked questioningly at the janitor, who swore up and down that he was telling the truth.

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The employees decided not to make a big deal of the incident. The janitor was sent home to rest, and the door of Belen's office stood open the rest of the day. From time to time, the employees would steal surreptitious glances inside the room, half curious, half fearful of what they may see in the room.

Some of them were creeped out. They had a strange feeling. A bad feeling. Like something was wrong.

The following morning, the Manila office received the news that the Cruzes were lost at sea. And the janitor never returned to that office.

With Belen's demise, the bank had to fill in her position. The bank's top executives deliberated on who would succeed her. They decided to promote one from the ranks.

A day before the new manager was supposed to move into the former office of Belen, the room "acted up" again!

This time things became even creepier!

Belen's black executive swivel chair began turning around and around, but there was no one in it! A cool breeze blew in and was felt through the room — but the room was tightly sealed. The secretary and the newly appointed boss fled from the room.

Days passed and the employees decided to have the room blessed. They called for a priest and offered a mass for Belen and blessed her former room and the whole office as well.

But Belen's office remained unoccupied.

It seems that Belen didn't want to relinquish her room just yet. Every once in a while, whenever someone tried to use her room, strange things would happen. The smell of candles or sampaguita, the sound of the window opening and closing, and once, the sound of someone tapping on the desk...

Everyone believed it was Belen. Reminding everyone that it was still her office. □

Beyond the cemetery gates

By Louie Magdamit

Most people I know have personal accounts of the unknown — encounters with spirits, apparitions of the dead, white ladies, ghouls and others. Most of the time, these eerie encounters would happen to individuals when they are alone. Or, even if they are with other people at the time of the incident, only they would witness the apparition, while the others would be oblivious to what is happening.

But this story I'm about to tell isn't like anything like those.

This happened roughly around 10 years ago when disco dancing was at its peak and dance music was dominating the brewing rock scene. It spawned numerous dance groups, competing in different cities and provinces inspired by then famous Street Boys and UMD.

My friend's brother, Jeff, couldn't help but be a part of a dance group. With five of his friends, they rumbled to compete and outdance other groups in the *barangay* and other neighboring districts. Sur-

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prisingly, they were successful in hammering out the competition with their moves and flare that impressed judges and hosts in famous clubs and discos.

Taking notice of their talent, Jeff's friend invited them to try their luck down in Cavite where a hefty cash prize awaited the winners. With a rising sense of anticipation and their girlfriends in tow, Jeff took his cousin James, and friends, to help him drive the van that took them to Cavite.

Along Aguinaldo Highway in Bacoor, they passed a cemetery and joked that they'll come around to visit the graveyard after the contest. Everybody on the van laughed at the idea except Jeff's friend, Ryan, who felt a frisson of dread upon seeing the cemetery.

The competition drew a lot of contenders from other districts and lasted throughout the night. Intermissions from hosts and special guests added fun to the delight of the public.

Finally all the contestants were done with their routines.

With fingers crossed, the dance groups awaited with bated breath the moment they had been waiting for.

Much to their surprise and delight, Jeff and his group won the award!

After much back-slapping and high-fives, the group finally calmed down enough to head for home.

It was past midnight so they hurriedly packed their stuff and drove off to the nearest gas station where they got some gas and bought food and drinks at the convenience store. Everybody was excited, and the drive back home was filled with animated laughter and they kept popping beer cans and throwing chips inside the old van.

As the van threaded down the highway, one of the gang, Jaque, remembered the dare to drop by the cemetery. Doubtful and somewhat terrified, the majority howled and jeered at the idea but decided to stick with the plan. The idea was cemented when one of the girls, Kyle, recalled that there was a path somewhere in the

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cemetery, which would cut their trip and get them home faster.

A few meters before reaching the cemetery gates, Ryan pleaded for them to just go home and forget about the plan.

"Ano ka ba? Madami naman tayo eh, para kang di lalaki (What's wrong with you? There are a lot of us here so you don't have to worry. Are you a man or not?)" one of the girls snidely remarked.

They all ignored Ryan and the van continued to enter the old rusty gates of the cemetery.

Huge ferns and tall, uncut grass covered the dry soil, running rampant along countless graves and crypts. Some of the tombstones were left to rot and appeared never to have been visited.

All of a sudden, a loud shriek echoed inside the aging van. The van drew to an abrupt halt and dead silence ensued inside the vehicle.

"Ano ka ba Mike, 'wag mo 'kong takutin! (What are you doing Mike, Stop scaring me!)" said Christy.

Everyone had a laugh at what Mike did and others began pounding on him while the girls took turn scolding him like Christy did. Ryan continued to plead with James, who was at the wheel, to turn back and take the old route. James seemed undecided, but he felt a tap from Jeff, signaling him to continue the ride.

The ride continued as the van's headlight steadily lit up the dark trail.

"Sigurado ka bang may daan dito Kyle? (Are you sure there's a road here Kyle?)" asked Karl, one of the guys.

"Yup, dati dumaan kami dito eh, mabilis nga yung daan! (we used to pass here before, it really made the trip shorter,)" Kyle answered.

They shut tight the windows of the van, fearing something would jump or appear from nowhere. The pranks and taunting continued, as the beer cans continued to empty.

Then, suddenly the radio squawked dead. Mike tried to twitch

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the dial but heard only static from the speakers. As they were around 50 meters from the gates, James noticed the path getting narrower. Branches slapped against the side of the van to the girls' horror.

"*Maluwag 'tong daan na ito dati ah* (This road used to be wider)," Kyle wondered aloud.

The fun of the dare was already fading; terror was beginning to grip their senses. Ryan pleaded again for them to go back. This time, everyone agreed. As James hurriedly put on the brakes, he shifted the gear into reverse. But as the van began backing up, the engine died.

Everyone froze, a feeling of impending doom falling over them. James cranked the starter but the engine didn't budge. He tried again but the effort proved futile.

"*Bakit hindi tayo maka-atras* (Why can't we back up)?" Jeff asked. James couldn't explain it, the van's gasoline gauge read half-full, the battery was ok.

Then, strange things started happening.

Christy cried out as Ryan fell unconscious. Mike rushed to Ryan and attempted to revive their friend. Feeling an immediate need to leave the burial ground, Jeff suggested that they step out of the van and push it. The group opposed the idea and insisted James to crank the engine again. But the engine didn't start.

"Dude, *kailangan nating itulak talaga yung van!* (we really have to push the van!)" Mike shouted, "*kailangan umuwi na tayo* (we have to get home.)"

One by one they stationed themselves around the vehicle and started to push. Ryan was left in the back seat, still unconscious, while James started to jerk the engine. Mike with his girlfriend and Kyle were at the left side of the van; Jeff with his girlfriend and Christy were in front of the van; and the last to come down, Jaque with two guys placed themselves at the right side.

They started to push the van back but the van wouldn't budge. All of a sudden, a strong gust of wind blew from different directions.

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James signaled to push the van back.

"Ibaba mo yung handbreak (release the handbrake)!" shouted Christy. But still the van wouldn't budge. Then suddenly, simultaneously, Christy felt something pulling her leg; on the other side, Jaque saw a bloodied woman hanging on an acacia tree; and Mike saw an old man, red eyes and a deformed arm clutching a sharp object.

In panic, they poured all their strength into pushing the van back hurriedly until the engine started to run again. They rushed inside the van, closed the door and turned on the lights. James stepped on the gas pedal and sped back toward the gates. They realized it was taking them too long to reach the gates considering they weren't that far inside the cemetery.

Speeding backwards toward the gates, everybody held their breath hoping to get away from the terror that was dogging their heels. Finally, the van skidded past the gates and drove on north down Aguinaldo highway.

Everybody was breathless from the incident. Nobody said a word except Ryan who finally became conscious.

"Anong nangyari (what happened)?" Ryan asked. It took awhile before they told their frightening tale to each other. They couldn't believe what happened to them; it was unimaginable. Then they asked what happened to Ryan, why did he fall unconscious? He said that the last thing he remembered before they entered the cemetery was a child near the gates of the cemetery, signaling him not to go inside. Then he remembered waking up and saw Jaque going down from the van.

"Tatanungin ko sana kung saan kayo pupunta, kaya lang pagtingin ko sa likod ang daming naka-sakay pero hindi kayo! Ang pupula ng mga mata nila. After nun wala na akong ma-alala...(I was going to ask where you were going, but when I looked behind me I noticed there were a lot of passengers. But none of them were you guys. And they all had red eyes! After that I couldn't remember anything else,)" he related.

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It was then they realized why they couldn't budge the van!

The shock and the horror of encountering a pack of ghosts face-to-face left the group trembling. The girls broke down, crying while the van cruised down the Coastal Road.

A few months after the incident, the group disbanded and never competed again. It took awhile before Jeff told me the horrifying tale they encountered. Many didn't believe the tale, but Jeff swears it's true. □

Of "Mangkukulam" and "Mambabarang"

Here in the Philippines, Mangkukulams and Mambabarangs are very much known. Mangkukulams and Mambabarangs are synonymous to those practicing voodoo. They usually perform the ritual by themselves but most of them belong to a cult. In most cases, mangkukulam uses dolls (similar to voodoo dolls). They will say a prayer to this small dolls and whatever they do to the dolls, will happen to you. (eg, if they boil it, you'll have the stinky feeling of being boiled and soon enough you'll find your skin burned. Anyone who wishes to take revenge on someone can go to a mangkukulam, just bring any property of your enemy. They will say a prayer to your property and just like in the dolls, whatever happens to it happens to you. Mangkukulams are very powerful, in a few days time their victims are usually found dead. Mambabarangs are a bit more powerful. They usually don't need any of your property. They can just remember your face and your name and take revenge on you. Mangkukulams and Mambabarangs are not just mere urban legends, here's why:

A woman friend (let's call her Lita) of ours from Batangas (Philippines) had an ugly fight with an old man regarding a coconut tree. After sometime, Lita finds her tummy getting big. Thinking she was pregnant, she announced it to almost everyone in the barrio. Days passed she became aware that there is something wrong with her pregnancy. Her tummy gets bigger way too fast - considering that she had only been "pregnant" for two months. When she went to a doctor, the doctor tells her that there's some kind of a "mass" inside her tummy, and it's definitely not a baby. So she had surgery. When the doctor opened her tummy, nata de coco (a processed coconut) spilled out of her. Almost 2 bags were taken out. "Binarang ka siguro ng matandang nakaaway mo, kilala iyon sa lugar namin bilang mambabarang" (The old man you had a fight with is well known to be a mambabarang and you had become his victim) says one of our ka-barrio. Sometimes they place cockroaches or balls of hair or other disgusting things inside their victims.

The cases with mangkukulams are too many to count. I don't know which one to share. The example I gave above (the dolls being boiled and the victim being burned) is very common.

So next time you go to the Philippines, don't forget to say sorry when you stepped on someone's toes specially the old ones :) You'll never know which of them are mangkukulams or mambabarangs ... www.unsolvedmysteries.com

The Rider

By Louie D. Magdamit

It was a cold evening, that night in November. It was nearly 2 a.m. The smell of Christmas was very much in the air and a thousand twinkling lights dotted the city's landscape like stardust.

I loved driving around the city on nights like these. Hardly any traffic at all. There were very few vehicles around at this time. Mostly cabs roaming the streets in search of fares.

I was on my way back from my girlfriend's place of work near Chino Roces and Buendia Avenue. Actually it was a short drive coming from Kalayaan Avenue, to my destination, a good five-minute ride to be exact.

I usually pick up my girlfriend during her break. We grab a quick bite at a nearby fast food joint and spend the rest of her break chatting.

After awhile, I would head back home and she heads back to

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her desk.

Driving back home that night, I was a bit drowsy. I had a good, satisfying meal and the low humming of the engine was lulling me to sleep. As I crossed Ayala Avenue, all I could think about was my comfortable bed at home.

This wouldn't do, I said, as I turned off the air-conditioner of the car. I rolled down the windows to let the invigorating breeze keep me awake.

Luckily, I hit a red light on Makati Avenue. I had a chance to grab a quick smoke from a cigarette vendor, who seemed out of place selling cigarettes in the wee hours.

This woke me up a bit as I drove toward the flyover that would take me back down to Kalayaan Avenue.

The last intersection, which was, unfortunately on a red stop, reminded me of the old Buendia flyover which I was to take. I remember there was a construction ramp that widened to another flyover opposite my lane.

It was the same ramp where singer Ric Segreto had a tragic motorcycle accident that took his life.

Green. The thought of Ric Segreto's death was instantly forgotten as I drove off to my last stretch. As I gunned my engine however, a Volkswagen Beetle sped past me. As usual I had to switch my headlights to high beam because the light posts on the flyover were rarely lit.

Also, I had to be wary of the diversion slot on the incline, as many vehicles have fallen victim and slammed into the concrete barricade, while the metal patch linking the flyover has no grip on tires especially when it rains.

I've seen and heard many horror stories about that ramp. Once I saw an overturned taxicab sitting on its roof on the left side of the ramp headed for Kalayaan Avenue.

The other was a sedan that miscalculated its turn departing to

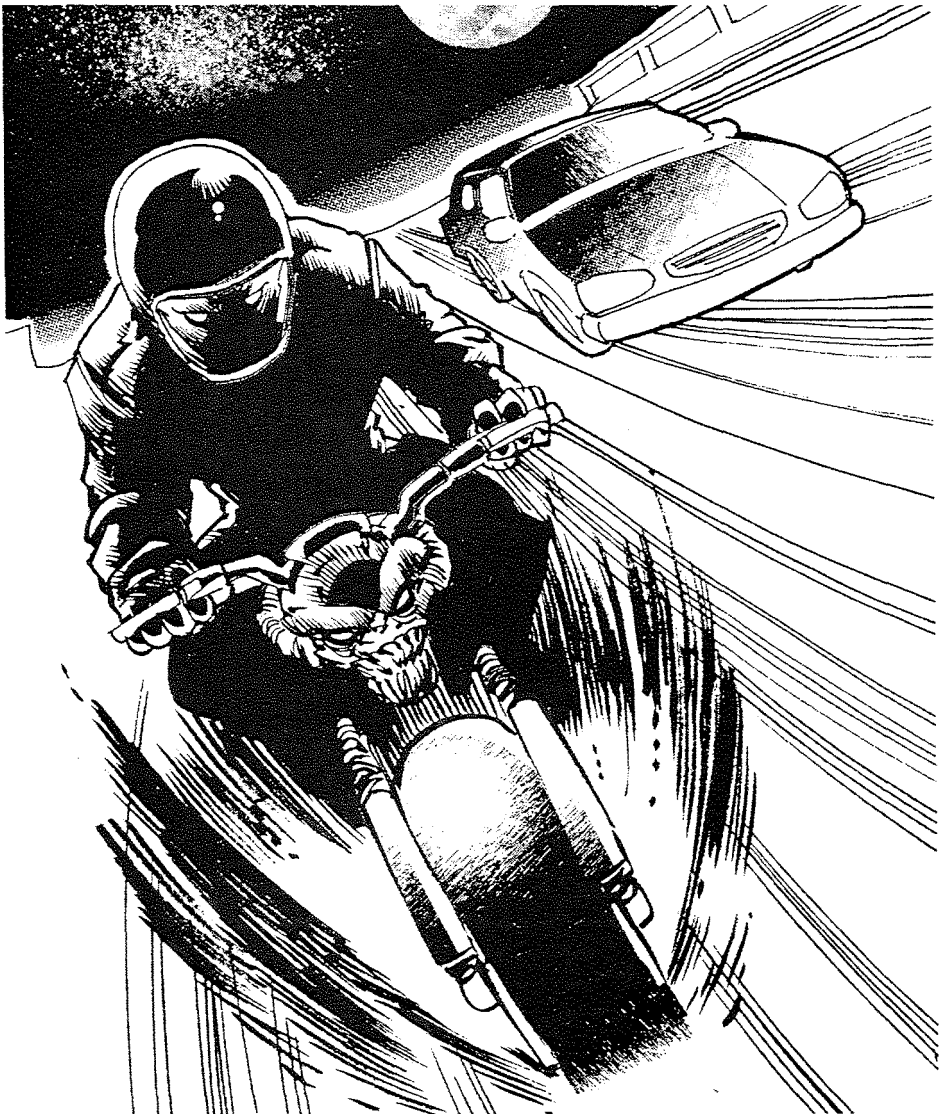
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Edsa.

In other words, it is a risky drive taking that flyover if you're unfamiliar with the ramp.

As I carefully maneuvered my car to the left, high beam and all, I noticed a figure hovering ahead. It kept apace with my car, approximately 20 meters from my hood, curving to the right.

I instantly realigned my eyeglasses closer and twitched my light switch hoping to get more beam from the light, an accident at that time was unacceptable.



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I figured it was riding a motorcycle, wearing a helmet and was silhouetted from the lights of an approaching vehicle from the other side.

I was almost done with my cigarette when I decided to check out the figure; thinking it was really dangerous for that guy to ride without using his headlight and not switching on his taillight.

From time to time, I would look up to catch a glimpse of the figure, who was now a bit farther on, light from several directions throwing it into relief.

I should have had a glimpse of the motorcycle he's riding by now, I thought. Curiosity and anxiousness prompted me to step on the gas to see what it is.

As I turned right, gaining pace, cigarette on my lips, it disappeared instantly from my sight!

"What the..." I craned my neck as I slowed down.

In the next instant, I felt a burning pain in my thigh. My cigarette had burned my pants right down through to the skin. I could feel my skin blistering from the burn.

"Yeooooouuch!!!"

I immediately flicked the butt of the cigarette away when I realized what I was doing and hurriedly rolled up my window.

When I passed the spot where I last saw the bike rider, I noticed a new construction structure. It was half in the dark and unnoticeable. If I hadn't slowed down, I might have caught the edge of it. At the rate I was going, I could have easily met an accident.

As I parked the car, my thoughts were spinning with what I saw.

Was I hallucinating or was I just dead tired? To this day, it gives me the chills whenever I pass that ramp, which I do almost every other night.

One thing's for sure, the mysterious figure saved me from serious injury. □

Baby steps

By Judy May Geronimo

Somewhere in UP Village in Quezon City stands a beautiful house. The house is such a showcase that movie and television outfits often lease it and use it for shootings.

Unfortunately, the house is nearly deserted. Its owners, Claudio and Marita Villarica have decided to be with their children, who chose to settle in the United States.

A few years ago, Mrs. Villarica suffered a mild stroke and her husband decided to take her on a vacation in the US and also to be with their children.

However, the trip did not improve the health of Marita, more due to old age than anything else. Hence, they decided to stay there for good.

There was one relative of the Villaricas, though, left to take care of the house while the family was abroad.

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Aling Demetria is the 40-year-old half sister of Mr. Villarica. She didn't have a family of her own, so Claudio assigned her to be the caretaker of the house.

Shortly after the couple had settled abroad, twin tragedies befell the family.

Aling Demetria received a letter from the US informing her that Marita already passed away. Barely had she finished grieving when, a month later, a lawyer contacted her to inform her that her half-brother also died.

According to the lawyer, Mr. Villarica left a last will and testament making her the legal owner of the house.

Aling Demetria was very happy to hear the good news. Since she had no family, the house was so big for her to live in all alone. Hence, she decided to move into the guest house and have the main house rented.

But she seemed to have a string of bad luck when it came to her tenants.

Her first tenant was a Chinese family who after three years of living in the house had to move back to China.

The second tenant was a Muslim who used the house for illegal gambling and Aling Demetria had to kick him out.

The third tenant was somewhat decent. A woman gynecologist in her late 30s. Never in her wildest dream did Aling Demetria think that this woman will give her the biggest problems.

The first five months passed uneventfully. One night, Aling Demetria was awakened by a loud scream coming from the basement of the house which had been converted into a clinic by her tenant.

She got up to check where the scream came from and saw a light coming from the basement clinic.

When she peeped inside she saw a woman lying in a pool of blood on the bed. She was about to run and call the police when the doctor grabbed her arms to stop her and pleaded.

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"Please, Aling Demetria, don't be scared, help me here. It was an accident. That lady begged me to abort her baby for a half million pesos. I obliged because I needed the money. At my age I'm still a striving doctor," the doctor explained in an agitated manner. "It's her fault! She didn't tell me she had a heart ailment."

Aling Demetria was scared and shocked, but agreed to help the doctor not just out of pity but also because the doctor was her responsibility because she lived in her home.

She went back inside the room, and she almost fainted when she saw the cracked fetus on the bed beside the girl. But it was too late to back out, she was already an accomplice to the crime.

Together they carried the corpse inside the trunk of the car of the doctor. They dumped the dead body on a grassy lot somewhere in Lagro.

It was dawn by the time they reached home.

For several days they did not mention the incident, going about their chores like zombies.

A month after, the doctor started to act strange. Aling Demetria would often catch her talking to herself, mumbling: "It was an accident, it was an accident" over and over again.

One midnight, Aling Demetria was awakened by a piercing scream.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

It was the doctor! The scream seemed to come from the basement. Abruptly, the screaming stopped.

"*Ano na naman kaya ang ginawa nang babaeng yan? Tama na! Tatawag na ako ng pulis* (What is that woman up to again? This is it! I'm calling the police this time!)" Aling Demetria said as she ran to the house to find out what happened. When she got to the door, she nearly stumbled over an obstacle.

There on the threshold was the doctor, her body contorted in pain.



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She was dead.

Her eyes were wide open in shock, a look of horror mirrored in it. She had a broken neck.

Stifling a scream herself, Aling Demetria looked inside the clinic. She nearly fainted when she saw what was inside the clinic.

Baby footprints. Bloody baby footprints. All along the walls of the clinic.

Where did they come from?

Aling Demetria could not say. But after, as she related to the police the whole story, she began to wonder:

“Were the footprints real? Or were they just the hallucinations brought on by a guilty conscience?” □

Dormitories of Doom

By Mario Banzon

España

These stories came from my friend who spent her entire college days living in a dorm. Living in a boarding house, she said, was an eye-opening experience. There is always something going on. Alcohol binges, catfights, girls weeping over two-timing boyfriends, and sometimes, enraged parents of dropouts who have been duped into believing their son was acing his studies.

The dorm my friend once lived in was along España Avenue. It was a typical dormitory with rows of rooms on every floor and a long gloomy corridor.

What was nice—or terrible?—about it was that the rooms had thin wood for walls so they could always eavesdrop on what was happening in the other rooms. And, according to her some rooms never ran out of action.

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There was one room, however, that the students didn't even want to come near to, despite it being at the top of the stairs right next to the exit.

The room had been unoccupied for the past two semesters before my friend moved into the dorm because of the tragedy that occurred in the room. Rumor had it that its previous occupant had killed herself.

Soon after her death strange things began to happen.

Footsteps would be heard outside the corridor during ungodly hours. The footsteps would begin at the girl's room and would pace from the other end and back again.

One time, when my friend was studying for her exams, she heard a soft knock on her door. When she opened it, nobody was there.

At that time she had no inkling that something strange was happening. After all, she was cramming for an exam and hadn't had any sleep, so the last thing that she thought about was a ghost. This is why she wasn't spooked when she heard the rap on her door.

A few minutes after, a slight knock interrupted her again, and again she opened it without much thought.

A few seconds later, the rapping was repeated. But this time it was more like a pounding.

"Ano ba? Sino ba iyan? (Hey, who is that?!!!)" she snarled.

She bolted out of her study desk, cursing whoever was on the other side of the door. She was already screaming the names of the usual suspects when she went to the door and opened it.

It was then she realized something: she was alone in the building. Everyone had gone to a party!

Suddenly it dawned on her: It was the girl.

She quickly went back to her desk, closed her books and hit the sheets. That night, she slept with the lights on.

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Apparently her experience was rather a common occurrence in that building. It had even become some sort of rite of passage for students living in that boarding house.

The boarder who had the bad luck to occupy the haunted room had it worse. Late at night, always late at night, she would hear the dead girl praying the rosary over and over again. Sometimes, she would hear the girl so clearly that she knew if she opened her eyes she would see her right beside the bed kneeling before her.

Sta. Mesa

After two semesters, my friend transferred to another boarding house. This time in a newly constructed house in Sta. Mesa. The place, as she described it to us, had a magical quality to it. It was a simple, one-story building with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, and a spacious sala.

At the back of the house was a lush, large garden, which more than made up for the polluted and grimy view along the highway. It didn't look creepy at all. One wouldn't expect it to have a past. Which it did.

As usual, all the normal hijinks of dormitory life could be found there: all night alcohol binges, furtive escapades in the backyard, a girl who flashes her boobs when drunk, and a greasy ugly dog named Nestor (not his real name).

Doppelgangers abound the garden. Persons thought to be out of town suddenly made an appearance. Friends of the previous occupant kept calling at the most eerie hours— 12 noon, 3am, etc.

Doors creaked in the middle of the night and a white lady that would appear every so often in the bathroom mirror during late nights.

The bathroom itself was stifling, and bathers would come out of it sweatier than when they went in.

My friend described the temperature inside the bathroom as hell-like, as if the bathroom were a portable hell containing banished



Jay
Jimenez

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souls.

But the incident that really crept my friend out happened one day during exam week.

Alicia (not her real name) was in the living room with her room mate, taking advantage of the cooler air. She had a pretty important exam coming up and she was deep into her biology books.

Somewhere in the house, someone's radio was on, providing background music to the studious group. All of a sudden, someone heard a loud cry.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

It was Alicia. For some reason, she was trembling from head to foot and staring blankly ahead. She was babbling words that were barely intelligible, talking very fast in a whisper.

"There's blood in the kitchen...blood in the kitchen!" she whispered over and over.

"She's having a seizure!" one of the girls said. Another rushed to some of the rooms, calling for help.

As several dorm mates rushed to Alicia's aid, her ramblings slowly became clearer.

"Somebody's been murdered...the body's in the laundry room!" she said.

Most of the people in the room were crept out. They could feel their skin crawl.

Two or three of the braver ones rushed to the kitchen—just to see whether if Alicia's ramblings had any grain of truth.

They all uttered a horrifying shriek upon reaching the kitchen.

True enough, there were bloodstains on the kitchen floor and sink! Pinkish stains that could not be covered by the scrubbed white tiles and newly painted walls.

At this Alicia fell into a dead faint. When she came to, she could not remember what she did.

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By now the incident had aroused the interest of everyone in the boarding house. At first, they thought to ask the landlady, but she prevaricated and evaded the subject.

So, the students decided to investigate the matter on their own: by taking out the ouija board.

At this point, there were more non-believers than believers, particularly among those who were not eye witness to Alicia's seizure. They were the ones most eager to ferret out the truth.

The night was set. Beers were taken out of the ref, the lights were turned off, a candle was lit, and fingers pressed on the glass. After a series of Hail Marys and Our Fathers without Amen, they summoned the spirit.

At first nothing happened. No ghosts appeared. They did, however, manage to rouse an elemental spirit living in the garden.

My friend knew it wasn't a hoax because as soon as the glass began to move the atmosphere suddenly changed. A thick blanket of silence enveloped the entire room that even the air seemed to stop moving. Their serious faces, illuminated by the lone candle, appeared *chiascuro*-like before the circle of light.

The *dwende* said the ghost doesn't want to talk to them but would make a connection through other means. Then the glass suddenly stopped and that was it. A brave student stepped outside the circle and turned on the lights. Upon seeing their scared faces, the group broke into a nervous laugh.

But just as they were beginning to cheer up, the phone rang. The buzz sounded rather urgent, like calls in the middle of the night.

It was the ghost.

"Hello?" the voice at the other end of the line sounded normal. Not ghostly at all. Not like he'd been dead for 10 years.

He simply told them his name and said in a calm but insistent manner that he wanted them all out.

Still dissatisfied with what they had unearthed so far, several

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students asked a neighbor about the previous owner and she was more than accommodating.

What she related was a grisly tale that could have easily made the front pages of the popular tabloids.

According to her, a newly married couple had the house built. The wife was a few months pregnant and the husband often worked late. They had a maid. The house was in the last stages of completion when the couple moved in. They had employed two carpenters who stayed in the garage until the work was finished.

Trouble set in when the husband failed to pay the carpenters their usual wages. In revenge, the two barged into the house and murdered the family. The first victim was the husband, whom they found in the kitchen eating a late dinner. After the initial struggle, they bludgeoned the husband on the sink hence the blood stains.

Then they found the maid in her room, raped her first and then dragged her to the bathroom where they eventually killed her.

The pregnant woman was spared. She was locked up in her room but the incident left her psychologically damaged. She is said to be in a US mental institute now.

But, as my friend wondered, if she was locked up in the US, whose ghost was it who lingered in their old bedroom? □

Headless

By Judy May Geronimo

My boyfriend hails from far-flung Ozamis City, in Misamis Oriental. Although he's migrated to Manila, he still goes back from time to time to visit some relatives who still live there, including his favorite uncle.

Uncle Gaspar was a middle-aged bachelor with a pleasant disposition. Unlike other men who got grouchy with age, Uncle Gaspar remained cheerful and friendly, particularly to his neighbors, for whom he had only good words.

Uncle Gaspar had a vegetable plantation in the next town which he visited everyday. Along the way, he passed several neighbors, whom he never failed to greet with a jovial "hello" and a compliment.

"*Pareng Ambo, ang gaganda ng mga tanim mong halaman ah* (Hey there Ambo, your plants are looking pretty)," he would call out fondly to his bestfriend.

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"Inday, ang puno ng mangga mo hitik sa bunga, ang galing mo kasing mag-alaga (Inday, your mango tree is heavy with fruit. You really have a knack for growing these things)," he would tease another neighbor.

This was his daily routine. In fact, his neighbors wouldn't think their day complete until they see Uncle Gaspar winding his way around the community and saying hi to them.

Needless to say, Uncle Gaspar was a favorite in the community. Everybody liked him.

On one particular day, Gaspar was on his usual rounds, shouting friendly greetings to every neighbor he passed. Spying his best friend puttering in the yard, he waved excitedly and ambled over to the fence.

"Bay, pahingi naman ng mga rosas mo mamaya pag -uwi ko. Anibersaryo kasi ng kamatayan ni Nanay at balak kong dumaan sa simbahan pagkagaling sa taniman ko. Anibersaryo kase ng kamatayan ng nanay eh (Brother, may I have some of your roses later on? It's Mother's death anniversary and I plan to pass by the church after checking on my plantation to make an offering)," Gaspar requested, with a smile.

Ambo was watering his plants with a tabo (dipper) and a pail. With a smile and an answering greeting, turned at the sound of his voice. He dropped the tabo in shock.

"Diyos ko (My God)!" he croaked, hurriedly making the sign of the cross.

Gaspar had no head!!!

Ambo blinked once, twice. Finally, he rubbed his eyes in earnest. But it was no use. Gaspar's head was gone! He was talking to a headless body!

"Bay, para ka namang nakakita ng multo dyan. Masama ba ang pakiramdam mo (Brother, you look like you've just seen a ghost. Are you feeling alright?)" Gaspar noticed his agitation.

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"*Ano bibigyan mo ba ako ng mga rosas mo* (So, are you gonna give me some of your beautiful roses)?" Gaspar persisted.

Ambo, who was still in a state of shock, merely nodded his head. He blinked again, and this time, when he looked again, Gaspar had his head back.

"*Sige Bay, ipipitas na kita at daanan mo na lang mamaya* (Okay Brother, I will pick some for you. You can pass by for them later)," Ambo answered, still bewildered.

Minutes after Gaspar left, Ambo was still wondering whether what he saw was real or it was just a trick of the light. I really need to have my eyes checked, he thought to himself.

By this time Gaspar was on his way to his vegetable plantation.

Riding in his jeep, he saw an elderly woman with long white hair on the road. She was wearing a black dress and a black veil over her head and was walking in a zigzag fashion.

Gaspar thought she was drunk or sick, so he tried to avoid her. In his effort to avoid the old woman who seemed to pop out from every direction, he failed to see the oncoming car.

Gaspar was dead on the spot.

At his wake, Ambo couldn't stop crying. He blamed himself for the death of his best friend.

Beside him, several witnesses to the accident were talking about it.

They said Gaspar was zigzagging on the road, like he was drunk or avoiding someone on that fateful day.

The strange thing was, there was no one else in the area with him.

Hearing this, Ambo spoke up

"*Dapat nang nakita ko s'ya kanina na walang ulo habang kausap ko, dapat ay sinampal ko s'ya para di s'ya namatay. Hindi ba't may*

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kasabihan tayo na pag nakakita ka ng taong buhay na walang ulo o di kaya ay malabo ang mukha, sampalin mo agad para di matuloy ang pagkuha ni Kamatayan (I should have slapped him when I saw him earlier, then he wouldn't have died. Don't we have a saying that if you see a person without a head, or whose face is blurred, it's a sign that he's gonna die and that you should slap him to keep him from Death's clutches)?" he asked sadly.

"Hindi ko nagawa sa kumpare ko kanina, dahil nagulat ako at natakot (I wasn't able to do it because I was too stunned and scared. I lost my wits." □



Tama na po

By Judy May Geronimo

This is the sad story of one of my high school friends.

Their family lived somewhere along Ma. Clara St. in San Francisco del Monte.

Her father, a neighborhood pediatrician, had a clinic beside their house where all his patients would visit anytime of the day.

He was a great pediatrician and a well known personality in their neighborhood, primarily because most of his neighbors brought their children to him to be checked up, or when they became sick.

Even the children of the tricycle drivers in their place were his regular patients.

All that changed one day, when an elderly woman together with her 8-year-old son came to the clinic.

Dr. Reyes (not his real name) knew immediately that the patient was not from their place because that was the first time he saw

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them in his clinic.

"Dok tulungan n'yo po ang anak ko, kung kani-kaninong duktor na po kami kumunsulta, pero hindi malaman ang sakit ng anak ko (Doctor, please help us. We've consulted several doctors but no one can tell us what his problem is,)" cried Mrs. Delfin (not her real name).

"Ano po ba ang dinaramdam ng anak n'yo (Can you tell me his symptoms?)" Dr. Reyes asked.

"Wala naman pong sumasakit sa kanya o di kaya ay lagnat man lamang pero bigla-bigla na lang po siya nagdedeliryo at tumitirik ang mga mata (He doesn't experience any pain, nor does he have any fever, but sometimes he suddenly falls into a delirium and his eyes roll back in his head,)" Mrs. Delfin worriedly supplied.

Dr. Reyes asked the boy to lie down on the bed inside the examining room.

"Hmmm...mukhang normal naman lahat ng mga vital signs niya at mukhang malusog naman siya, ano kaya ang diperensiya (His vital signs are normal and he looks healthy enough. I wonder what could be wrong with him?)" he told himself.

As he was checking on the body, the boy suddenly went into spasms and started thrashing about, shouting:

"Ayoko na po, tama na po (Please stop it, I don't want anymore.)"

Dr. Reyes had to hold down the boy to keep him from hurting himself. After five minutes, Miguel passed out. When Dr. Reyes examined him, there was no pulse rate and no heartbeat as well.

The boy was dead.

The doctor was shocked, too. He didn't know what happened nor what to say to the boy's mother, waiting outside the room.

"Misis...Huwag po sana kayong mabibigla.... Ikinalulungkot kong sabihing patay na po ang bata. Hindi ko po malaman kung ano ang nangyari. Basta na lamang siyang nagkikikisay at maya-maya pa ay nawalan ng ulirat. Nang tiningnan ko, hindi na siya humihinga."

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(Madame...please brace yourself...I'm sorry to tell you the boy is dead. I don't understand what happened. One moment he was normal, then all of a sudden he began shaking and thrashing about. After a few minutes he passed out. When I checked he wasn't breathing anymore,)" the doctor swallowed convulsively.

"Ano????? Ang anak ko!!! Anong ginawa mo sa kanya????!! Pinatay mo siya! Pinatay mo siya!!!! (What? What happened to my son? What have you done to him? You killed him! You killed him!!)" the mother shouted.

Several people came to the door of the clinic to see what the commotion is all about.

"Misis, hindi po (Madame, I didn't.)" the doctor said as calmly as possible.

Mrs. Delfin lunged at him, trying to scratch his eyes out. He tried to hold her off, but she seemed to have superhuman strength. She managed to scratch him, leaving a big gash on his cheek.

She would have done more damage, but fortunately, other people intervened. It took three people to hold her back. After she calmed down however, she quietly collected her son and was never heard from again.

The incident left Dr. Reyes in a state of confusion. He was wracked with guilt for letting a boy's life slip through his hands. At the same time, he didn't know what he could have done wrong to have induced the boy's fit.

For several days, Dr. Reyes could not sleep, mulling the incident over and over, retracing the events of the day. He still couldn't find the answer.

One night, about a week after the incident, the doctor fell asleep on the couch in his office. After several minutes he began shouting, waving his hand about.

"Hindi! Hindi ko kasalanan! Wala akong ginawang masama! (No! It wasn't my fault! I didn't do anything wrong!)"



Jay
Jimenez

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His wife rushed in and shook him awake.

"Ano ang nangyari? Bakit ka sigaw ng sigaw? (What happened?) Why were you shouting and shouting?" she asked, handing him a glass of water, which the doctor took with shaking hands.

"Nanaginip ako. Nakita ko ang bata, nung una humihingi siya ng tulong. Maya-maya dinuduro na niya ako at sinasabing ako daw ang pumatay sa kanya. Hindi ko siya matingnan ng deretso dahil parang nanlilisk ang kanyang mga mata! (I dreamed of the boy. At first he was pleading for me to help him. Then he pointed accusingly at me and said I was the one who killed him. I couldn't look at him directly because his eyes seemed to be ablaze with fury!)" the doctor said gasping for breath.

For several nights, the doctor kept having the same dream. Once, he woke up and thought he heard someone crying. He couldn't turn around for fear that he would see the little boy sobbing. He covered his head with a blanket and tried to ignore the sobbing.

The sleepless nights took their toll on the doctor. He began losing weight and became listless in the daytime, moving in a daze, attending to his medical chores like a zombie.

After a year, he locked up his clinic and his family moved out of the neighborhood.

Nobody knew what had become of Mrs. Delfin. And until now the mystery of what really happened to her little boy remains.

Two years after they left the neighborhood in shame, my friend told me that her dad had gone crazy.

He is now in a mental institution.

To this day, the house and clinic remain closed. Sometimes, neighbors hear the sobs of a little boy, saying "Tama na po! (Please, that's enough!)" □

The cemetery

By Jherry L. Barrinuevo

Serge is my closest friend. We met several years ago, when I worked at this popular radio station where he was one of the deejays.

Now Serge is your typical yuppie: young, upwardly mobile, and dedicated to his job. To his credit however, Serge does not take himself too seriously. He also has a wild and funny side that he lets loose every once in a while.

But Serge is not a typical kind of guy.

For like Haley Joe Osment in the Bruce Willis movie, Serge "can see dead people." Literally. He's one of those who have the third eye—which means he's "sensitive" to the presence of other "beings" on earth.

For more than 30 years he's been wracking his brains trying to figure out if what he has is a gift or a curse.

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I still remember when I was still working at the radio station. I would hear my officemates chatting about Serge's ghostly experiences. I heard stories of him being possessed by entities that only Serge could see. There are also stories wherein he would just be running scared from something that no one in the office sees. Sometimes he would just scream in terror as if a horrible monster was in front of him.

Once or twice I myself have been witness to some of these incidents.

After a few months I left the radio station and now I work for a newspaper. Despite the change in workplace, Serge and I remain close, and I still hear of his adventures with these "other beings."

Every time we go out, he would point out to me the different entities who have tried to contact him, or have made their presence felt.

One of the eeriest stories I heard from him was the time Serge decided to visit his grandmother's grave.

Being a clairvoyant, Serge dreads to be in cemeteries. According to him, cemeteries harbor numerous ghosts who are hungry to make contact with the living.

He says, when ghosts sense that a living person can see them or communicate with them, they appear to the person and ask them to relay their messages to their living loved ones, like what Patrick Swayze did to Whoopie Goldberg in the movie "Ghost."

What makes the situation worse, he says, is that ghosts are very persistent. They continually pester the medium until their message is completely relayed.

So to prevent these ghosts from bothering him, Serge never sets foot on any cemetery or even gets close.

Once, he made the mistake of driving by a cemetery in Metro Manila. Without his realizing it, Serge fell asleep at the wheel. When he awoke, he was shocked to see where his car had stopped.

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At the very gate of the cemetery!

That was bad enough. What made his hair stand on end were the eerie voices calling out to him, calling his name, entreating him to hear their requests. Gunning the engine of his car, he immediately sped from the place, the voices of the unseen beings fading away as he drove farther and farther away from the place.

From then on, he made sure he never passed by any cemetery.

But one day Serge was invited by a friend to his party in one of the small towns in Pampanga. Being a fun-loving guy, he didn't think twice about accepting the invitation. Anyway, he said, he could use a break from the grime and pollution of the city, not to mention the stress of work and urban life.

Together with his friends they drove north to attend the party.

They all were expecting to have a fun-filled night. Serge, normally a conservative drinker, expected to cut loose and let down his guard. For a moment, he forgot his special ability to see people who already "crossed over."

He said to himself, "We are going to a party, no haunted houses, no cemeteries, so no dead people."

Even his friends, who knew about Serge's third eye, assured him there would be no spooks lying in wait for them.

Unfortunately, his host failed to mention one thing: he lived near a cemetery! Worse, they had to cross the cemetery to get to the house. Serge upon learning of the situation quickly said, "Let's just go back. I told you I would never set foot in a cemetery."

Upon hearing this, his friends called up their host.

"Pare, wala na bang ibang daan papunta sa inyo? Alam mo namang kasama namin si Serge. Hindi kami puwedeng dumaan sa sementeryo (Is there no other way to your house? You know that Serge is with us and we can't pass the cemetery,)" one of his friends said.

"Pare, sorry, wala nang ibang daan eh. Nakalimutan ko nga

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pala hindi puwedeng dumaan si Serge sa sementeryo, paano ngayon yan (I'm really sorry but there's no other way. I completely forgot that Serge can't go through the cemetery. What are you going to do now)?" the host answered.

Serge's friends thought it would be a wasted trip if they just turned around and went back to Manila, so they tried convincing him. After several hours, Serge finally caved in.

After all, he thought, it's still broad daylight, what could happen?

What's more, he had his friends by his side. There's safety in numbers—or so he wanted to think. Besides he didn't want to be a kill joy—everyone was in vacation mode and going back to the city at this time would definitely spoil the fun.

So they decided to go through with it.

Warily, they began their trek across the graveyard, stopping every now and then to check on Serge's condition. He seemed quite fine by the time they were halfway into the cemetery.

"He's gonna be okay with this one," a friend of his said.

But as they neared the exit to the cemetery, they noticed Serge slowing down. He was bent over, like he was carrying something heavy on his back.

Thinking Serge was just probably not used to long walks and was tiring out, they paid no heed to him at first.

As they approached their friend's house, at the end of the cemetery, they looked back at Serge.

They were shocked to find Serge practically crawling. He was bent so low like he could no longer carry the weight on his back. As they rushed to help him, Serge fell unconscious.

They carried Serge to the house and laid him on a bed. After several minutes, Serge regained consciousness. He was surprised to see himself already inside the house.

He looked around and saw all his friends staring at him, wait-

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ing for him to tell them what had happened, "What happened to you Serge?" they asked.

He said all he could remember was something getting on his back as they were going through the cemetery. As they walked deeper and deeper into the graveyard, the load became heavier and heavier. Later, he heard children giggling. Serge felt as if children were riding



on his back. Serge said it came to a point that he was hearing numerous giggles and the load on his back became too heavy for him to carry. That was the time he practically crawled his way through the cemetery.

His friends were all astonished as he relayed his story. None of them saw any children running around the cemetery. In fact the only children they saw were the kids of their host.

As Serge finished relating his ordeal explanation, their host let out a loud scream.

All eyes turned to him. He looked pale and shaken. Stuttering, he gestured in the direction of the cemetery.

"How did you know? How did you know?" he said over and over to Serge.

"Know what?" Serge asked, curious.

"That it is a children's cemetery!" □

The visit

By Mario Banzon

I have never really visited a cemetery during All Soul's Day.

Well, I did once, but I wasn't there to visit any of the graves. And I was drunk at that time, so I guess that doesn't really count.

But I've always thought it was nice to visit, along with the crowd. Just think about it: droves of people, blankets all over the grass, flowers, barbeques, kikiams, or whatever being sold on the sidewalks.

It's practically a picnic.

My father, however, was buried in the province and for the last few years we haven't been visiting his grave.

So last year, when a friend asked me if I was going to the cemetery that weekend (All Saint's Day fell on a Saturday), I thought of something witty (or what I thought of to be witty, at least) to say.

"Bakit naming siya bibisitahin kung kami nga hindi niya binibisita (Why would we visit him when he doesn't visit us at all?)" was my glib



by: JIM JIMENEZ

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reply to whoever asked me about my weekend plans.

In fact, I squeezed out whatever laugh I could get with that line, which wasn't even funny to begin with.

The weekend came and I forgot all about it until one particular night when we sort of had a "visit."

My brother and I were preparing to go to bed. It was around three in the morning. We had just watched TV in the sala and we were in the process of turning off the lights in our room when we heard someone at the door.

Someone was pushing it forward, trying to get in. At first I thought it was a burglar so I sat up and listened very intently to the noises at the door.

The truth is, I was scared to death of *akyat bahay* gangs. We heard the lock click.

I mentally went over the list of people living in our house and checked if somebody was still out. But I was sure everybody had come home already.

The door began to creak. It seemed to have budged only an inch before it was closed again. It was all done in silence, which freaked me even more.

I was convinced that someone or some entity had just come inside our house. After the door was locked the trespasser walked across our living room.

The footsteps were very light, very soft, they barely made a sound but I could feel a presence and I could sense where it was heading.

It went to my mother's room, which was just beside ours. I knew this because I heard her door open.

I picked up our flat iron and bravely tiptoed to our sala. No one was there.

I glanced at our door. I suddenly realized that we had a bolt. Even if the person had a key, he wouldn't be able to get into the

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house because our door was locked from the inside.

"Hmmm....that's strange," I mused, before going back to bed and tucking myself in.

The next day when I mentioned this to my mother she was stunned. She said she had a dream about my father that night but what it was all about she never really told us.

A few months later, I received news that the security guards at my father's old office always see him walking around the premises.

They said his old gaunt figure still haunts the corridors of his building, casually talking to the new guards about trivial matters. It was only when the old timers explained to the new guards who my father was would they realize that they had been talking to a man who'd been dead for about a decade.

My father, apparently, remained busy even in the afterlife.□

ghost of a scorned woman

By Judy May Geronimo

My friend's boyfriend, Donald had an ideal family...or so he thought.

His parents were perfect. His father was a God-fearing, law-abiding and good provider, while his mother was the perfect homemaker.

For a long time, they lived in peace and harmony.

One day, this peace was shattered when Donald's mother felt a slight twinge in her chest.

Thinking it must be some kind of pulled muscle, she was not bothered. She simply slapped rubbed a little Ben Gay and ignored the pain.

But the pain kept coming back, and as the days passed became even worse. Soon, she could barely lift her right arm, because the pain in her chest had spread to her shoulder and was travelling

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down her arm. She found it excruciating to do the simplest chores.

Finally, she sought her family doctor to find out what was wrong with her. The doctor referred her to another specialist, who ran several diagnostic tests on her.

When the results came, the doctor asked her to come to the clinic. But she wasn't prepared for the news.

"Mrs. Aguilar, the tests results came in. I'm afraid I have some bad news. You have breast cancer. I'm sorry," her doctor said regretfully.

At first Donald and his father ranted against what Fate had dealt them. But they realized they had to accept God's plan, they resigned themselves to losing her.

Mercifully, his mom did not suffer long. In two months, she was gone.

Donald and his father tried to live a normal life after his mother's death. But it seems his mother is the one who can't find peace in her death.

A week after Mrs. Aguilar was laid to rest, Donald and his Dad went back to work.

After a few weeks, Donald noticed that his father began going home late. Donald was used to this, his father is a known workaholic and would usually keep late nights even while his mother was still alive. But Donald noticed that his Dad was going home later than usual, and more often than usual.

When Donald confronted his father, his dad merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Gusto kong lunurin ang sarili ko sa trabaho para malimutan ko ang nangyari sa Mama mo. Miss na miss ko na siya (I want to drown myself in work because it's the only way I can forget the loss of your mother. I miss her so much,)" he said.

Donald understood this. He missed his mother too.

Out of habit, Donald would peek into his parents' room every-

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day when he got home, just to check on things.

But of course, there was no one there.

One thing he noticed, though, was that every time he dropped by his parents' room, he would find his mother's things on the floor. Like someone threw her things around.

At first he thought it was the family cat. But how could the cat get into the room when it was closed the whole day?

Patiently, he would pick up his mother's things and replace them on the dresser.

But every night, the situation in the room got worse.

Donald wondered who the vandals could be. He became angry, thinking someone was pawing through his Mom's things.

One day, things came to a head when he found the room in total disarray.

A picture of his parents lay on the floor, the frame broken, the glass shattered, and the picture torn to bits.

Seeing this, he became furious. Who would do such a hateful thing? he thought. Knowing he could no longer handle the situation by himself, he decided to visit his Dad in his office to tell him what had been happening.

But when he got to his father's office, he didn't even have to ask his dad anything. The answer was right before his eyes.

There was his dad, and on his lap, kissing him passionately, was a woman who was not his mother.

Donald caught his father with another woman.

"Dad, akala ko masaya ang pamilya natin! Bakit mo nagawa ito? Hindi mo na ginalang ang Mommy. Kaya pala hindi matahimik ang kaluluwa niya, kahit sa kabilang buhay, dahil matagal mo na pala kaming niloloko (Dad, I thought we were one happy family, how could you do this? Have you no respect for Mommy? It's no wonder she couldn't find peace, even from beyond the grave—because you've been fooling us all this time)!" □

city of ghosts

By Jherry L. Barrinuevo

When it comes to spooky places, ghosts normally gravitate to dark, old buildings. Particularly those with a history.

In Old Manila, no place has more history than the Walled City.

Intramuros—behind the noisy façade of Wow Philippines is a catacomb of old cells, ruined fortresses and dark, dank crevices where shadows hint of unforgettable horrors.

This former battleground during the Spanish, Japanese, American wars oozes with spine-tingling and hair-raising horror stories. Psychics and supernatural experts believe that because of Intramuros' dark and violent past, supernatural activities became common to the place.

The Walled City, the former enclave of Manila's rich, was also home to the notorious Fort Santiago, site of untold suffering and torment. One can imagine the many tortured souls that walk there.

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A couple of years ago, before the onset of Wow Philippines, Intramuros was a late night *gimikero's* quiet alternative to the noisy celebration of Malate—with fine dining restaurants and coffee houses tucked into cozy cubbyholes.

And a few resident ghosts.

Halloween was just around the corner. My editor asked me if I could think of a scary story we could feature for Halloween. I told her I knew someone who is a clairvoyant and I can do a feature story on him. My editor gave me the nod so I called up my subject and told him I would like to do the interview.

We agreed to do it in Intramuros, since it is the nearest and most convenient place for me to do our *tete-a-tete*.

But upon arrival, it was pretty plain that Neil (not his real name) was reluctant to venture into Intramuros.

"Huwag doon, madaming multo doon, ayoko sana kasi ayaw ko na nakakakita pa ng ganoon (Not there, there are a lot of ghosts out there, I don't want to stay there because I don't want to see those kind of things anymore)" he said trying to persuade me to hold the interview some place else. I told him that I couldn't find any other place to do the interview so he finally acceded to my request.

We did our interview at night. We went to this famous coffee shop and picked a nice place to talk. But before we could get started, Neil said that we better get something to drink before we began the interview. We both went to the counter and looked at the list of the available drinks.

I turned to Neil to ask him what he was gonna have, I noticed that Neil was getting fidgety. He looked pale and looked like he was about to faint. Concerned, I asked him, *"Pare ano ang problema?* (Dude, what's the problem?)"

"Wala naman (No nothing,)" he shrugged, *"ikaw na bahala kung ano ang order mo iyon na rin ang sa akin. Eto na pare ang pera, ikaw na ang magbayad, babalik na ako sa mesa, hantayin kita dun* (Nothing, just take care of the orders, I'll just have what you're having.

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Here's the money, please pay for me. I'm going back to our table to wait for you.)"

I watched Neil walk back to our table. Every once in a while, he would look over his shoulder at something near the counter.

As I got our orders and made my way to the table, I wondered what the hell scared Neil from the counter. Before sitting down I asked him again what happened, and he still answered, "Nothing"

We started the interview. I asked Neil questions while sipping my cup of coffee. I found out that he'd been seeing spirits and other entities since he was a child. He remembered running to tell his mom everytime he saw one, thinking they saw what he saw too.

His mom and sisters became used to him pointing to things or beings that were not there.

He said being "near" supernatural entities runs in his family. He had a *lola* who was a faith healer who cured victims of witchcraft. He also added that some of his sisters could not see, but could feel when something "extraordinary" was about.

He also recalled when his mom brought him to a soothsayer. The soothsayer told his mom that he had strong energy when it comes to contacting the dead and other supernatural life forms.

"She tested my power by putting tarot cards on the table in front of me. She asked me to feel every card and tell her what it is saying. He was amazed because I correctly identified every card."

Neil's special ability also caused him to be invaded by ghosts everyday in his room. "I was waking up with someone in front of me. It was so scary, that's the reason I have always my Bible beside my bed." He said that these creatures want him to relay a message to the living or sometimes let him know that a catastrophe is coming.

He also experienced being possessed by thirteen ghosts, which took almost a week before priests exorcise them. " We played spirit of the glass, and my friends asked me to call on spirits. I called the spirits and they all went inside me and controlled my body. Since then my third eye became stronger."

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He told me some other experiences. Like seeing the ghost of a person whose wake he was attending, and seeing the ghost of a friend who told him he was killed brutally. And seeing 18 ft. tall creatures in his office.

“Even my officemates have gotten used to me. Some of them even use me as a barometer for when something bad is about to happen.”

Neil by the way also can perceive catastrophes and calamities.

“Sometimes even the water and the wind whispers to me if a big calamity is coming,” he said.

But Neil doesn't consider his extraordinary ability as a gift. To him it is a curse, which burdened him for years. “I really don't want to be like this. Imagine seeing these creatures every day. They give me sleepless nights. They terrify me. And I also don't like seeing bad things that would be happening in the future.”

Neil and I finally decided to end the interview as it was already getting late, and we were the only ones left in the coffee shop. I had also enough details for me to write. As I was about to bid goodbye to Neil, I again asked what spooked him at the counter earlier.

This time his answer made my jaw drop.

“A huge black entity was at the counter staring angrily at me. I couldn't tell you that I could see him, because he told me not to. Even while we were talking, he kept looking and listening to us trying to monitor if I would tell you that I saw him. He is not a ghost but a *laman lupa* (supernatural being).

After a few days, I called a friend of mine who knew someone working in the coffee shop. I asked her if they had been experiencing strange things in the area. Her friend said that there are nights when pots, pans and glasses would fly around. She also said that she and her fellow workers would have goose bumps every time they ventured near the counter.

Like someone walked over their graves. □

crying lady

By Mario Banzon

When my friend's grandmother died her mother was inconsolable.

Mrs. Montez (not her real name) wept constantly: at the hospital bed where Lola Ynez drew her last breath, at the funeral home, where the family held a five-day wake, and finally, at the cemetery, where she was brought to her final resting place.

Mrs. Montez' grieving continued even after the tomb was sealed in cement and the last remaining relatives went back home to the provinces.

On the night after the burial, Mrs. Montez locked herself in the master's bedroom and refused to come out.

At first, her family left her alone, thinking she needed time to grieve.

Dinner came but Mrs. Montez still refused to budge from her

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position. She remained stoic at the far end of the bed, completely wrapped in a thick blanket.

She just lay there alternately crying and staring at the white wall. Much, much later, after years passed, Mrs. Montez would tell her kids the vacuum she felt after her mother's death.

She said her grief was so acute she even felt it physically. She was so devastated that she couldn't move. A slight movement would cause pain to vibrate throughout her body so she tried to remain as motionless as possible. She was literally paralyzed by her loss.

But at the time, her family thought she was being overly dramatic. One by one they trooped to the master's bedroom at the encouragement of their father and offered their comfort.

But none of them were successful, not even the father who had decided to give his wife her space. After tucking her in, the husband turned off the lights and went to sleep in the guestroom.

The mother cried the entire night. It was one of those crying marathons where she would fall asleep from exhaustion and upon waking up, resume weeping again.

It must have been dawn when she woke up and heard someone crying beside her. She thought it was her daughter so she just lay on the bed and listened to her sobs.

But as the sobs grew louder, she realized it wasn't one of her children at all.

The voice sounded familiar. In fact, very familiar that she sort of had an inkling who the person was.

But she couldn't turn around, and it took her a few minutes to muster enough courage to turn around and find out the identity of the weeping person beside her.

She was right. It was her mother. □

The Kamuning Lover

By Maricris Bacala

Hong Kong in late November is just perfect for a trip. I was among the lucky ones chosen to participate in a tour hosted by one of the world's top air carriers.

Great, I thought, I can get some Christmas shopping done.

I felt pampered all throughout the trip, enjoying only the best services on offer: business class seats on the plane, first class hotel accommodations, sumptuous food and a whirlwind tour of the island's famous spots.

It was the perfect vacation for me.

I have been breaking my back for the past three months as a feature writer for one of the glossy magazines in town. Our publication is centered on personalities and issues, and would oftentimes be heavy on research.

Sometimes I would be assigned to report on the effects of the

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latest disease, like hepatitis B, and at others I would be told to interview a reclusive business tycoon.

But things are not all as glamorous as they seem. Putting the stories together entails research and sometimes a lot of legwork.

Plus, there's always the pressure of an upcoming deadline hounding you, sometimes even in your sleep.

In the past three months, I have also been pinch hitting for our publication's managing editor, who is on maternity leave.

This means that, for the past three months, I have been putting the publication "to bed", inheriting all the tension, pressure and attendant headaches that being a managing editor entails.

This is why, when I was offered to cover the launching of a book in Hong Kong, I immediately jumped at the chance.

Fortunately, Lisa, our managing editor was due back from her leave and my editor-in-chief allowed me to join the tour.

The first two days of the tour passed by in a blur of cocktails, luncheons, and of course, shopping tours. We barely had time to rest before we were dragged to another party or function.

At the end of another full day of touring around the territory, I decided to make it an early night and catch up on my sleep.

After enjoying a long luxurious bath in the tub, I finally settled in for the night.

I went over the day's events in my mind as I slowly drifted off to dreamland.

I had just dozed off when I was rudely awakened by some force pressing me down on the bed. Vaguely, I tried to think whether I was alone in the room.

Slowly I gathered my wits and remembered where I was — alone in a hotel in Hong Kong.

I tried to sit up, but I couldn't lift my head. I felt a heavy weight across my chest, like something was laying on top of me. Oh no, this

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couldn't be happening again!

This wasn't the first time this happened to me.

A few months ago, I also woke up in the middle of the night. I was at my rented room within the confines of a gated village in Makati.

Someone or something was pressing me down on the bed. It was pressing down on me so hard, I could hardly breathe. I was so scared because I thought this would lead to an attack of asthma. I had asthma ever since I could remember and sometimes stressful events triggered my attacks.

I cracked my eyes open, and what I saw nearly made me faint with fright! Sitting on top of me was a creature so hideous, I could barely describe it. The best I could say was that it resembled a horse standing on its two hind legs.

I shut my eyes tight and prayed hard. After a while, I felt the pressure ease, and then, all of a sudden it was gone!

I slapped at the lamp switch beside the table. Light flooded the room. There was no one there.

But that was three months ago, and several thousand kilometers away, in Makati. How could it be happening again? How could 'it' follow me to Hong Kong?

I could barely muster enough courage to open my eyes. I knew what I would see and I prayed so hard I cried. This time the pressure on my chest was like a vise getting tighter and tighter.

I don't know what happened next. I think I lost consciousness. But when I woke up, it was broad daylight, and the hotel phone was ringing off the hook on the night table beside me.

I sat up, but immediately fell back down on the bed, weak as a newborn kitten. I searched the night stand for my asthma medication and immediately took it.

I tried to act normal in front of the other people in the tour until we flew home to Manila.

When I got home, I immediately called up my cousin Anna to

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help me look for a psychic who could perform a "tawas" or candle ritual that would purge the spirit that kept following me.

We found one in our old neighborhood in Kamuning.

The psychic said the spirit was that of a "lamang lupa" or earth creature who fell in love with me when I was 16 years old and living in Kamuning.

She tried to purge the spirit out of me, but to no avail.

The psychic said the creature was very stubborn. It has formed an attachment to me and has vowed to stay with me wherever I would go.

Which is why it is still with me. Until now.

Blood in the Room

By Jonathan C. Celeste

We Filipinos have a number of traditions and superstitious belief that we religiously observe. We have practices for getting married, taking care of a newborn child, and even constructing or moving into a new house.

As a Pangasinense, our family keeps some rituals too.

When my sister's house was built, Pangasinenses' that we were, we kept up our belief that before laying the groundwork of any construction, animals' blood should be poured on the pillars of the house so that the house could withstand any earthquake that will rock its foundation.

It was just like in the Bible when God ordered Moses to paint the door of every Israelite's house with lamb's blood so that the Angel of Death would pass over them, thus giving birth to the Feast of the Passover.

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My uncle who headed the team that built my sibling's house bought a live goat, offered it to the spirits of the place, slaughtered the animal and poured the goat's blood on the pillars.

This tradition also applies to the construction of bridges. In our province of San Carlos City, Pangasinan, old folks in town say that to make a bridge strong, human's blood must be offered, preferably a child's blood.

Our old folks used this belief to scare children in town who played outside at night. They say a man from the construction team will get the naughtiest kid and offer his/her blood.

Although this speculation that a kid's blood is offered was never proven, it grew in popularity and gained the notoriety of an urban legend.

As I was growing up, I thought this weird practice was only a tell tale.

But something happened to our community in Sta. Cruz, Manila that made me think twice.

The house next to ours was a big old Spanish house. It belonged to an old rich clan whose surname can be found in one of Parañaque City's streets. Since there was no one else left to inherit the house, the family decided to sell it to some real estate developers.

The new owners wanted the old creepy house torn down. In its place, a five-story apartment was to be built.

Naturally, a throng of construction workers was deployed to build the edifice. As they were about to tear down the old house, the team encountered several difficulties.

First they had a hard time pulling down the steel rope they tied to one of the walls of the house. After about two days of painstaking effort and mind-boggling brainstorming on what strategy to could best be used to bring down the wall, an old Visayan carpenter named Mang Simon (not his real name) suggested to his foreman that they make an offering to the spirits of the dwelling.

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At first the foreman was confused. How could an offering bring down a wall? But he was running out of ideas, so he obliged.

So the crew bought a live chicken, skit its throat and offered its blood to the spirits.

The following day, on their first attempt to tear down the wall, they were all surprised when the wall was easily brought crashing down to the ground. They were even more surprised when they were clearing the rubble. Three skulls and several human bones were unearthed on the site! How could that be when an old house was the only structure on the site all this time?

Mang Simon said they might have been buried there for a longest time. But to whom did the skulls and bones belong to? The old man said, maybe when the house was being built, three human beings were sacrificed and offered to the spirits.

A month passed and the rubble had been removed. The construction team began to dig into the earth to lay the foundation for the building's pillars.

One Friday morning, shocking news awakened our community. Mang Simon was found brutally stabbed dead in the heart in the makeshift quarters of the construction site.

His co-workers said Mang Simon probably had a fight with someone he was drinking with. The old man just couldn't hold his liquor and would become hotheaded whenever he got drunk. He must have pissed off someone violent.

The night before, the workers said, Mang Simon was just normal. He cooked the crew's dinner and played some cards and went out for some drink. Nobody noticed when he came back to the site.

What made this creepier was Mang Simon's corpse was practically emaciated—thin and dried up, when only last night, he was positively plump.

Mang Simon's autopsy report declared he died of 13 stab wounds. Not only that, Mang Simon's body had shed about a cup of blood when he was being embalmed. His body had been bled dry!

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I don't know if it was just plain coincidence but the day the poor Mang Simon was found dead, the foreman ordered the immediate pouring of cement on the site.

Mang Simon's case was logged with the police but to this day, no one was ever caught.

Months passed and soon no one in the community remembered the crime. The building was finished and new neighbors moved into the brand new apartment.

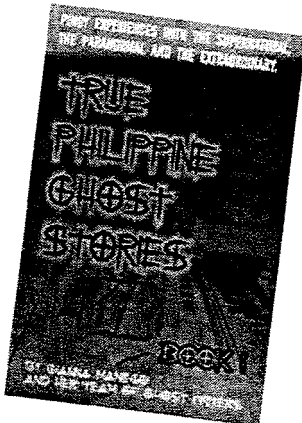
The place bore no traces of the brutal crime that took place there. Until one night.

The maid of a Chinese family that lived in one of the units woke up shouting at the top of her lungs.

She said she saw bloodstains painted inside her room.

The following day, they found out, this was the exact area where Mang Simon's body was found. □

If you have any ghost stories, feel free to share them with us.
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3 Stories As Told By Larry Imatani, Pilipinas Makro, Inc. - Pampanga

cousin who called her playmate

A female cousin of mine who was living with us passed away when she was around twelve years old. During the time of her wake, we went home after visiting her body at the funeral parlor.

Upon coming home, I decided to bring my one and a half year old daughter to the back of the house and see some of the birds in my dad's aviary. On the footpath leading to the aviary, I kicked a glass which was left there. I was quite surprised but also stunned since it was usually my newly deceased cousin who would do such things. I decided to sweep the broken fragments away using a dustpan and a *walis-tingting*.

As I was putting my child down on a plastic bench in order to get the cleaning tools, I heard the voice of my cousin calling my child's name. She said "*Chrizel, Chrizel*". The voice sounded like it was echoing and what is worse is that it was coming from above my head. It sounded exactly like my cousin. The scarier thing is that my daughter answered back, looking above my head talking to the one calling her. I felt my head swelling. Nevertheless I was in disbelief but did not find the courage to look up behind me and see who was calling her.

So I decided to still sweep away the glass fragments quickly in order to make sure no one gets hurt from stepping on them. I was still feeling my head swelling. After sweeping the glass and as I was picking up my child from the plastic bench, I again heard the voice calling my child twice again. And again my child answered back.

This time I was convinced that it was my cousin. My daughter happened to be her favorite playmate when she was still alive. Still in disbelief, I went inside and asked everyone if they were calling my daughter. They replied that they cannot call her because they were

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all in the sala watching TV while my daughter and I were all alone at the backyard which was three rooms away from the sala. □

noises at the workplace

I used to work for a health insurance company in Makati. The office used to be a hospital and there have been several stories lying about. I happened to have two myself. One night I was working late, about 9 pm thereabouts when I heard the water faucet being used at the pantry which was behind my cubicle. It sounded like someone was washing his hands and eating utensils. The pantry was at the end corner of the floor and anyone who would use it would have to pass my cubicle. Needless to say, I would know if someone will use the pantry since I would see them passing by. So when I heard that someone is inside and that I missed whoever it was, I thought I needed a break from being too engrossed with my emails to even notice him or her. So I stood up to chat with the person for a while. To my surprise, the pantry lights were off. I turned it on and looked for whoever was inside washing his dishes in the dark. There was no one around. I decided to pack up my things and go home. Our resident ghosts are telling me to let them rest.

At another time, I went to the seventh floor to submit a report to my boss. It was 7:30 pm then. Since he had already left, I was told to just put it on top of his desk. On my way to his office, I heard someone whistling from the IT department and it was dark. So after putting the report on my boss' desk, I decided to see who was working there. I turned on the lights and found no one. I asked the guard and he said he was not whistling at all and was in fact in the comfort room when I entered the floor. I was all alone in the floor when I heard the whistling.

My staff have their story to tell. One time a couple was practicing for a Christmas party presentation. They were dancing when all of a sudden, the female staff shouted because she saw a head on top of a PC monitor.

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One staff decided to report for work on a Sunday. He heard children running inside the office and giggling. He also heard folders and other office paraphernalia being dropped on the floor. Then while stooping down to do his paperwork, he felt someone hovering over him. He also saw someone passing by him but when he took a closer look there was no one in the office except him. □

corregidor ghosts

There was a time that my former employer sponsored a values formation camping trip for the male children of his plant. I joined as one of the facilitators. We went to Corregidor for one week. During this time, my companions had experiences which made our hair stand.

One was while we were camped at the topmost which they called Topside, one of our doctor companions tried taking a nap on the grass beside the ruins of Cine Corregidor. It was about 12 noon then. As he was about to fall asleep, he heard a violent stomp of a booth near the top of his head. When he looked, there was no one around. The facilitators and the children were inside the museum looking at some war mementos. This happened to him three times before he decided not to take his nap there.

At another incident, the facilitators were taking shifts in guarding the children at night. The shift was for two hours. It was decided that it would be three facilitators per shift who will guard the kids. When the 12 to 2 shift finished, one of the guys decided to do some laundry. Our children were camped at the front of a ruined building that they called Bachelor's barracks. The faucet where he would do the laundry was at the back. As he was washing his clothes, he heard someone whistling and dragging his feet inside the ruins. He called the name of his shift mates but no one answered. Then the whistling sound and the dragged feet disappeared. It was probably one of the officers who died there during the war. □

AT THE UST Main Building

By Maria Teresa Ozarraga

This happened about four years ago my friend and I were freshmen at the University of Santo Tomas It was at the UST Main Building the oldest building in the University. It was another one of those rainy days that it was too late when they announced that classes were cancelled, I got to school at around 6:45 am only to find out that classes were cancelled. I had made plans with my friend the day before so I decided to wait for her since she told me that we would still go on with our plans. When she got to school she asked if I could accompany her to the comfort room. Naturally we used the comfort room that was in the first floor since the aura of the whole building was too eerie we didn't dare go anywhere else.

While we were at the ladies room, I jokingly asked her "*what if may makita tayo na white lady or something??, ano kaya gagawin natin?*" She told me "*Wag kang ganyan!*" After that we just laughed it off then went out of the ladies room. We were barely 10 meters away from the ladies room when she told me that she had to call our other friend that was going to go with us.

She was facing the door of the ladies room and my back was slightly facing the door so I could still get a slightly good view if someone was going in or out of the ladies room. Just as she was about to call our friend I noticed that the door opened, I knew that it was open because I noticed the light coming out of the ladies room then I noticed that there was a dark figure that covered the light. With that, I started to convince myself that someone else might be in the building or something, I wasn't going to say anything to my friend until she asked me..." *Nakita mo yun?? Bumukas yung pinto di ba?*" I answered her "oo" I was starting to get a little scared. Then I asked her "*meron bang pumasok?*" she answered me..." *WALA*" with that we just started to walk away from the door we didn't dare look inside to confirm whether or not someone was inside.

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Though some may say it might have been the wind, but what would explain the dark figure that entered the door?... □

NUN OF THE ABOVE

by Katrina Salvador

I studied at St. Scholastica's Academy of Marikina from second grade to senior high school. During my eight years of stay in my alma mater, I've heard countless ghost stories about spirits haunting the halls of the school. This story I'm about to narrate is just one of the many that gave me the chills. At around 7 pm in the evening, security guards do their rounds around the campus. One of our lady guards was assigned to do her rounds in the high school building. She was about to leave the third floor when she saw a nun walking at the hallway approaching her. The guard knew that during that time, the sisters are praying at the chapel. Confused with what the nun is doing at the third floor, she decided to wait for the nun to reach her, perhaps greet her a pleasant evening and ask her what she's doing at the said floor. As the nun approaches her, she realizes that the nun is not walking! She is floating in the air! Shocked with what she saw, the guard jumped at the staircase rushing her way down. □

doppelganger?

By Hannah 14, los baños, Laguna

Nabasa ko po yung libro ninyong sinulat, At naliwanagan ako. Kasi matagal na akong nagtataka tungkol doon sa isang being na kamukha ko na gumagala sa bahay. Naisip ko na ito yung "doppelganger" ko. Kasi nagsimula iyon noong naglilinis ng bahay yung maid namin sa kuwarto ko. Sabi nya sa akin na nakausap niya ako sa loob ng kuwarto ko. Inutos ko daw sa kanya na linisin nya yung kuwarto ko. Pagdating ko sa bahay, nakita ko na malinis yung kuwarto ko at sabi ko kay Ate Maricris (maid) na sana di nalang siya nag-abala

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dahil kaya ko namang linisin yun ng mag-isa. Sabi niya inutos ko daw. Nagtaka pa siya kung saan ako pupunta at ba't daw ako nakabihis. Sabi ko kakagaling ko lang sa bahay ni lola. Nagtaka siya kasi daw ay kausap niya lang ako kanina.

Isa pa ay yung gumawa kami ng project ng mga kaklase ko sa bahay namin. Lumabas ako ng terrace para manguha ng batong maliliit. Pagbalik ko tinanong ako ng isa kong kaklase na bakit nasa labas ako at sabi ko daw kanina ay masama ang pakiramdam ko. Eh kakausap lang daw niya sa akin kanina sa taas at saka nagpalit daw ba ako ng damit? Kasi naka blue kang sweater kanina, tumawa pa nga ako kasi ang init-init tapos naka sweater ka. Sabi ko naman daw ay giniginaw ako at masama ang pakiramdam ko. □

sa vacation ko sa fairview

Niyaya ako ni Tita na mag-stay muna ako sa bahay niya, mag-isa lang kasi siya doon. Tuwing umaga hanggang 5:00 pm, mag-isa ako sa bahay kasi nag-ooffice siya, may-ari kasi siya ng isang kumpanya. Noong ikalawang araw ko ng pag-stay sa bahay niya naisip kong magwalis sa labas ng bahay, kasi wala siyang katulong. Actually inuupahan niya lang yung bahay na iyon ng P15,000. May bahay kasi sila sa Singapore, Germany at America. Ayaw ng asawa niyang magpatayo ng bahay dito sa Pilipinas. Pagkatapos kong magwalis, naligo ako doon sa pinakamalaking CR sa bahay, yung may malaki ring salamin. Pagkatapos maligo, tiningnan ko ang itsura ko sa salamin. Ang dami kong pimples, sabi ko sa sarili ko, makabili nga ng clean and clear. Tapos ang bilis ng pangyayari, biglang nag-iba ang itsura ko sa salamin, gumulo ang buhok ko tapos puro dugo ako sa mukha. Hinawakan ko ang mukha ko at wala namang dugo, pagtingin ko ulit sa salamin, malinis na uli. Naalala ko tuloy yung mga kwento tungkol sa Fairview at pati na rin mismo sa bahay.

Isa pa eh yung nanonood ako ng Lizzie Mcguire sa itaas, mga 11:00 na yata noon. Biglang nag brown out. Matapang pa ako noon, sabi nila may nagpapakita na white lady sa itaas pero hindi ako

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naniniwala. Nag-isip ako, bababa ba ako o mag-istay at magkukunwaring natutulog. Naisip ko napag nagkunwari ako, baka may humawak sa akin o kaya may marinig akong kung ano, kaya naglakas loob akong bumaba, mabilis, tapos patakbo ako na kinakapa ang paligid, nang malapit na ako sa kwarto ni tita, may nakapa akong malamig, pagdilal ko ng mata, nangilabot ako nang may nakita akong babaeng nakaputing nakatingin sa akin, humiyaw akong papunta sa kuwarto ni tita.....tapos biglang nagkakuryente. □



Hi call me Jhen... Here's my unforgettable story... When I was in my first year high school at SIENA COLLEGE Q.C, there was a C.R. which they call "*Haunted by KIT*", a second year student who died in an accident. Naqpaalam siya for their retreat but gumimik lang pala sila ng barkada niya when she had a car accident. Her favorite hang-out is at the third floor C.R, where no one goes except for new students like us. If you are there you can feel the unusual atmosphere of being cold and scary. And for me I already heard her sobbing and shouting at the said C.R. □

night jumper

Anonymous

It was a cold night in our house in Bataan, I was browsing the web with my laptop and really felt something strange. I felt a very cold rush of wind passed on my very long hair. I was scared a bit but I just didn't mind it. But when I turned off my laptop, I heard some rapping from our roof. Scratching... horrible scratching, like a cat that is chasing a rat. Then I heard it jumping, a very loud noise blazed all over the house. I was so scared and shouted "*Mama! Sino ba yun?*" (Mother, who is that?) Then I went outside and checked our house and was horrified when I saw a bloodied-faced girl with a bleeding gush around her neck.

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She was staring at me, very wildly. Her eyes were glaring as an angry cat that wanted to crush a tiny rat. I shouted "Mama! Tingnan mo to may multo! May multo! Hindi pala! aahm, ahm! Halimaw! Ahhhhhh!" (Mother, take a look ... there's a ghost! A ghost! No it is...a monster ahhhhhh!) I started to cry when I saw her going down the roof. Her very long hair was wet with blood and it was covering her scary face.

I run to the door and tried to push it very hard and screamed very loud, but I can't open the door! I was on the grip of horror when a pair of red, beady eyes soared on our window inside our house. The lady was gone but the eyes were still there. I screamed till my mother opened the door.

Next day, I asked one of the few families who were living near our house. They said that once there was this girl who had been jumping on their roof like she was taking a suicide. Then she will go down and chase you and then a pair of bloody red eyes will appear on the window. The residents says it was a very popular occurrence there specially at 3:00 a.m.

We knew the history of that girl and they said that it was the ghost of *Mary Ann Martinez* who attempted suicide by jumping from the roof then fell inside their house.

After a scary encounter, we are no longer living in Manila...

Hope I don't encounter anymore ghosts here! ☐



By Juan Paolo De Leon

This story was shared by our maid's brother who experienced paranormal. Let us call him Romulo, our co-resident in our barangay in Nagrebcan Luna, La Union Philippines.

This story happened to him a few years ago when he was still young and single. One day, Romulo and 3 of his friends planned to

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drink beer and have a good time that day.

They found an old house that is believed to be haunted but they never believed it. It is really haunted because it is vacant and unoccupied for so many years and the owners of the house went to Hawaii and never came back until today. It is really dark and dirty inside the house.

Romulo and his friends continue to drink beer and play in the old haunted house until they had consumed more than a case of beer. Romulo went upstairs telling his friends that he is sleepy and needs to sleep. So he slept upstairs. Suddenly, he was awakened by someone who was watching him.

When he woke up, he saw a beautiful, tall lady in white standing in front of him. At first he was amazed because the lady was beautiful but after a few seconds, he realized that no one is living in that house and remembered that he was drunk with his friends. He got scared and realized that he saw a ghost. He quickly ran downstairs looking for his friends but they were all gone.

The next day, he told his experience to his friends and they all laugh and told him that he was just under the influence of alcohol. Today, the house was rebuilt and used by the former family residents and they never experienced any paranormal event since they moved there. □



By Niko Salgado

Ateneo de Manila University

One day, a high school kid went to class wearing civilian shirt and jeans. He was scolded by the principal for attending classes not wearing his school uniform. After classes, the principal heard the news about an incident that occurred in a traffic and to his surprise, he discovered that the high school student that he scolded just a while ago was already dead! The kid, while going to school was stuck in that traffic and because of the impatience of another car, this other car

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raged his engine furiously and smashed the car of the student and died. □



from ghostvillage.com

I'm from the southern Philippine, city of Davao and since last July strange things have been happening to me in my apartment. One time, I woke up at about 12:00 midnight to go to the bathroom and I saw a girl in either gray or white sitting on the chair right next to my bed. I turned away, but when I looked back she was gone. The night after, I put some of my stuff on the chair just in case something might happen, so when I woke up at roughly the same time, I didn't see anything, but I was shocked when I heard this girl's voice laughing behind me.

Another time when I was going up the stairs I heard someone calling me downstairs in a hushed tone — it sounded female — but I was the only one in the house, I knew that because I was the one that always came home first to unlock the night-latch and the padlock — this continued for three days. Another time while I was lying down on the sofa downstairs I saw this thing on the window being reflected by the TV (the TV was turned off). It was like a girl's silhouette — it continues even today and happens only at daytime.

Another time, while I was running to open the gate of the compound for my father to get in, I saw this naked person by the wall of the apartment next door. When I looked back, she disappeared. Also, whenever I took a bath last August, I'd see this female face with blurry eyes drawn in perfect detail with watery lines from the inside of the mirror when I wipe off the fog (because I always use warm water).

When I went to the far northern city of Tagaytay to attend a national youth congress, I was alone sitting at the stairs in front of the Development Academy of the Philippines (D.A.P.) souvenir shop at about 10-11:00 PM. I saw this girl behind the glass wall behind me wearing a wet white shirt with red sleeves and a pair of jeans, so I went back to taking pictures of the compound, when I took a picture of the

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dark flight of stairs next to the D.A.P. shop, I saw this girl's silhouette on the stairs exactly when the camera flashed. I ran to the hallway of the sleeping quarters near where I previously was but when I sat down leaning on the wall of my schoolmate's room, I saw the same girl I saw in the other part of the building standing in front of the glass door at the end of the hallway that leads to the outside, except this time she covered herself with either a towel or a blanket. I took a picture of the door from where I was and afterwards dashed into my schoolmate's room. I told them about it but they didn't believe me. Of the 36 shots I took on the trip only 28 were developed, all except the picture that I took of the girl. - Regz Regalado □



I was five to six years old when I first encountered a wandering soul. It was afternoon, around five o'clock. I was tired and sweaty from playing, so when I got home I quickly lay in a long wooden chair near the door. My head was in the direction of the door so I couldn't see who would come in (I only see the inside of the house).

I was staring at our ceiling while resting when I heard someone breathing so fast and coming nearer and nearer to the door. I didn't bother to have a look to know who he was because I was really tired. I presumed it was my sister or brother, who got home and, like me they were also tired from playing.

Whoever it was, stopped right at the door, then it move forward to my left side. His breathing became harder and louder (like he was desperate to grasp for a air). Then, to my surprised, he blows his breath straight to my ear. It was a tingling sensation, I felt the moist and warmth of his breath on my ear so I quickly sat up. I was angry and going to yell — then I realized there was no one at my side — I was alone in the house and I saw that there was no one outside. I was nonplussed.

I mentioned my experienced to my mother and she said that maybe it was a soul who was tired from his long journey to find the light. She said that I should have thrown some water outside the door

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so the soul can drink. I felt sorry for the soul.

After a few years it came back, and my opinion about this soul change. My mother and I were watching TV when suddenly my older sister came rushing from upstairs. She was scared and could hardly speak when she told us what had happened.

She said she was standing beside the bed when she heard someone breathing so fast — but she knew she was alone. She jumped up on the bed and when it came nearer and nearer to her she became terrified and thought to jump down the stairs (the bed was beside the stairs).

She could have died if she jumped because we have steep stairs. We conclude that it was an evil soul and was trying to harm my sister. I was not scared, but rather I was furious with the soul.

The third time it came back, many years had passed again, and I was in college then. My father bought a CD disk from abroad. It was a cool disk because it contains a variety of sounds and voices of people and animals. One night, my older sister and I decided to be a prank caller so we can use the CD to trick people. We were using a speaker phone and we were both laughing so hard when we heard the reaction on the other line. (Don't get me wrong, we're not bad girls — we were just entertaining people!) We didn't use bad words or make up a story that will annoy them; we just let them hear funny voices/sounds.

On one particular line, they were angry at us and just hang the phone, then we suddenly heard the fast breathing again. It lasted for few minutes, then it stopped — we felt all of our hair stand on end. My sister and I both looked at each other and asked, "Who is that?" We just both said maybe it was from the other line, but I'm sure it was not coming from the other line because we clearly heard it near to our side, and I can tell the difference between the sound coming from a phone and the sound you can hear just an inch away from you.

This soul removed the smile from me and my sister's face that night and put the joke on us. And now I think he was a clever soul. - Laarni Quiliza □

The phantom of the night

My name is Sheryl, I'm from the Philippines and I want to share to you one of the most horrifying experience I've ever had. An actual close encounter with a lone soul of the 3rd floor.

It happened two years ago when my mom was admitted in the hospital due to her ever increasing high-blood pressure. So, my sisters and I agreed to take turns spending the night in the hospital to take care of my mom. I am the eldest of four siblings, and so it happens that I was the last one to take good care of her on her last stay in the hospital.

It was like any other night in the hospital, like around 12:30 midnight. We were watching HBO when my mom asked me to get her an apple beside the counter. The lights were all off except for the television's reflection that was against my mom's bed. As I got up from the sofa beside her bed to get to the counter which was located between the big mahogany closet and bathroom, I begun to notice a faint smoke-like image at the corner of my eye.

But, thinking that it was just lights from the television playing tricks on me, I continued walking towards it. Then the smoke seemed to get thicker and thicker, until it formed into something. I was thinking that probably now it was the cold...so I looked back, gazing at something, when I felt the urge to look in front of me.

To my disbelief, I saw what seemed like a man standing inches away from my face! He was tall, seemed to be clad with white smoke, and when I gathered courage to look up to his face, I saw that he had no eyes at all! Just a pair of two holes that seemed to be eye sockets.. I couldn't exactly remember how his face looked like for I was so horrified beyond anything! Like I was trapped in a nightmare! I just stood there aghast! My tracks frozen! And felt my heart skip its beat....Felt my hair raise and my head in a whirl. I hadn't even thought of screaming...I couldn't believe what was happening. He just stood there for a few seconds, but it felt as though he stood there longer than that....eventually he just faded into thin air, and right then, I scrambled towards my mom's side...scared and dizzy at the same time. I was frantically making the sign of the cross when what my mom said stopped me...she looked at me and asked me " Did you see it too?"

Shaken and surprised, I nodded ...and then, that night I remained buried deep into my sheets, scared that the night visitor would come back for me. That experience made me feel excited and scared at the same time. And I'd say that night made me say that this tale should be told. The next day I told my tale to the nurses. They just nodded as if it was normal. They said that they're used to the occurring phenomenon in the hospital, especially, in the third floor... □

Tagaytay ghost story

This story happened a few months ago along the Tagaytay Road. There was a guy who got left behind by a pack of mountain bikers. The group was large and he didn't bring a cellphone. He crashed his bike somewhere between Picnic Grove and DBP. To make things worse, a storm came in. So he walked.

This guy was on the side of the road hitch hiking on a very dark night in the middle of a storm. The night passed slowly and no cars went by. The storm was so strong he could hardly see a few meters ahead of him.

Suddenly, just before the junction going to Manila, he saw a car slowly looming, ghostlike, out of the gloom. It slowly crept toward him and stopped. It was raining hard, wind blowing all around you, what would you do? Like you would, he got into the car and closed the door, then realized that there was nobody behind the wheel.

The car slowly started moving again. The guy was terrified, too scared to think of jumping out and running. The guy saw that the car was slowly approaching a sharp curve. The guy started to pray, begging for his life; he was sure the ghost car would go off the road and he would plunge to his death, when just before the curve, a hand appeared through the window and turned the steering wheel, guiding the car safely around the bend.

Terrified, the guy watched the hand reappear every time they reached a curve. Finally, the guy gathered his wits and leaped from the car and ran to the nearest place where there were houses. Wet and in shock, he went into a store and voice quavering, ordered 2 bottles of Red Horse Beer, and told the people about his horrible, supernatural experience.

A silence enveloped everybody when they realized the guy was apparently sane and not drunk. About half an hour later two guys walked into the same store.

One says to the other, "Yan...siya nga yung sumakay habang nagtutulak tayo..."

see you on BOOK 4!



TRAVELING THIS PART OF
SUBIC HIGHWAY AT NIGHT?

NEVER LOOK AT THE
REAR VIEW MIRROR!

READ ON.
MORE FACTUAL TALES TO
CHILL YOUR BONES!