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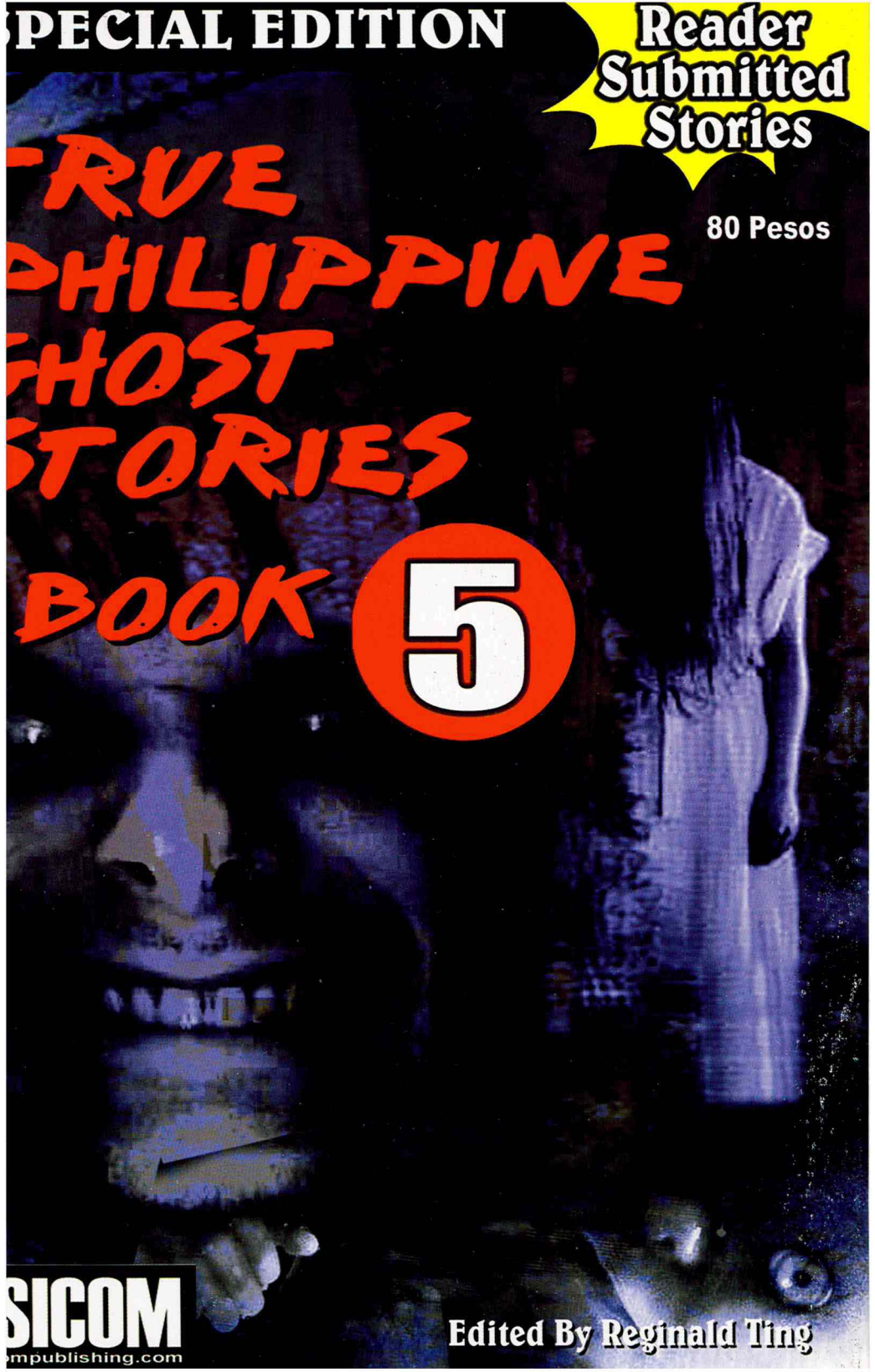
**TRUE  
PHILIPPINE  
GHOST  
STORIES**

**BOOK**

**5**

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**Edited By Reginald Ting**



# TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 5



Edited By Reginald Ting

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

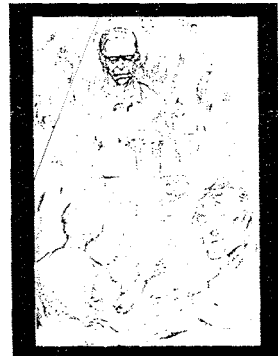
Most names of the characters in the stories found in this book have been changed to protect their real identities.

If you have any ghost stories, feel free to share them with us\*.  
E-mail us at [psicom@vasia.com](mailto:psicom@vasia.com)

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If you want to talk about ghost experiences, join us at our messageboard at <http://www.psicompublishing.com/forum>

Pencil illustrations by Jim Jimenez



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# GHOST STORIES AT HOME



## *Mysterious Shadow*

By Joan Candaza



I grew up in the 54-year old house owned by my grandmother. People don't like that house, especially those that set foot in it for the first time. They said that it had a bad aura and that it was haunted. On my part, I was not afraid, maybe because I haven't seen a ghost yet. But I've seen a shadow of a man more than a couple of times, walking to and fro in the kitchen while I made myself a cup of coffee. I remember a long time ago when that same shadow brought chaos to our home and left us a frightful experience that we won't forget.

It was a hot summer night and my sisters Jane and Heather asked my cousin Lizzie to hang out with them in their room. Our nanny,



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Tessa, soon joined them. They talked for hours, sharing different jokes and stories. They finally dozed off at quarter past midnight.

Suddenly, Lizzie leapt from the bed and woke them all up. The four of them stared at each other with puzzled looks on their faces.

"What's your problem? It's only one in the morning," Jane asked her, rubbing her eyes.

Lizzie swallowed hard, her face ashen white. "Something cold touched my back and caressed my hair," she said. Lizzie looked really frightened.

"Me too," added Tessa, "But I just ignored it. I didn't want to scare anyone. Someone touched my feet and legs and it was really cold."

Everyone exchanged glances. "Don't try to scare us," Heather told them. "This isn't a good joke."

"Shhh...", Jane interrupted. She ordered them to be quiet for a moment.

There was silence. Then they heard something that made the four of them jump out of bed. They squeezed themselves into one corner of the room, their mouths hanging open.

"How is that possible?" Jane muttered under her breath.

It was the old electric floor polisher that was outside their room. Somebody had turned it on. No one else was there and my brother was fast asleep in the other room. How could the floor polisher work even if it was broken?

After about 5 seconds, it stopped. Nobody was able to utter a word.

But that wasn't all. They didn't know what was happening in the other room.

My brother John thought that he was dreaming. He woke up, sweating all over and could hardly breathe. He suddenly froze; he couldn't move his body, as if someone was holding him tight. Then he found himself floating a few inches from his bed. He tried to reach



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the rosary under his pillow but someone was stopping him. He couldn't move his hand. He opened his eyes to see who it was. He was shocked to see a man's figure, lifting him up. The man had no face. In fact, he saw nothing but a man's shadow beside him.

My brother gave out a very loud scream. He immediately fell back on his bed. The shadow was gone in an instant. Without another word, he ran out of his room as fast as he could without looking back. He knocked on my sister's door before he headed downstairs. "Jane, Heather, get out of your room now!" he cried.

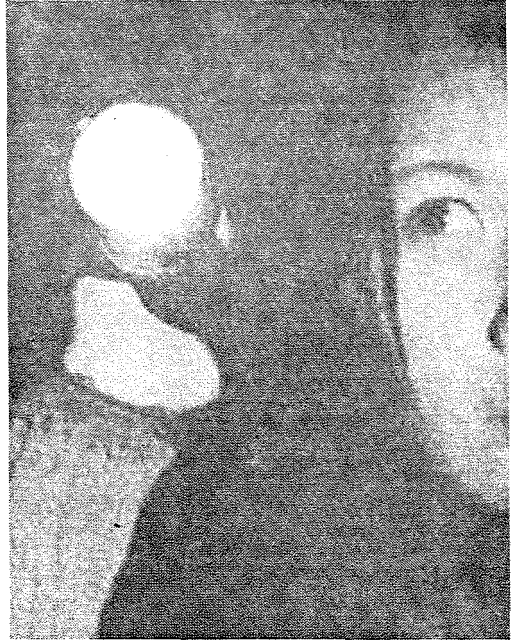
Jane, Lizzie and Tessa exchanged frightened looks, save for Heather who was frozen in her seat, looking blankly at the window. Lizzie and Tessa got up and were on their way out. Jane was grabbing Heather's hand but Heather did not move.

"What's wrong?" Jane asked her, terrified.

There was no reply.

"Come on! We must go now!" Tessa shouted at them. Tessa and Lizzie were the first ones to leave the room, followed by Jane who was pulling Heather along.

I was awakened by a loud knock on my door. I was in my parent's room at that time. It was half past one in the morning. My parents asked the girls what had happened. Lizzie told us everything—from the cold hands touching them to the electric floor polisher. Then my





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brother told us what happened to him in great detail.

“A shadow?” Heather finally managed. She was silent all this time.

John nodded. “Why?” he asked.

“I saw him too. He was at our window.”

Jane, Lizzie and Tessa looked at her at the same time. I was scared from hearing their stories. They all stayed in my parent’s room until morning. None of us dared sleep. We talked about it over and over again. We were all scared that the man’s shadow might show up again.

It has been a long time since this happened but I’m sure the man is still in our house; I already saw him with my own two eyes. Every time I see him walk behind me at night, I wonder how long he’s going to stay with us. Our house had already been blessed but he’s still there. Until now, we don’t know who he is and what message he wants to tell us. I wish I knew what it was. □

## *The Black Lady*

By Monique



**A** *kala namin noon lima lang kami sa bahay pero hindi pala.* (We thought there were only five of us in the house but we were wrong). Let me share with you two stories:

One time, my twin brothers and I were watching TV, particularly GMA’s *Extra Extra* (now *Extra Challenge*), when we heard my mom scream. We went to the *sala* (living room) to investigate, only to find my mom crying. She said that when she looked in the mirror, she had no head!

We went to a clairvoyant to have this explained. She told us that there was a black lady in our house. The black lady blocked my mom’s



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image when my mom looked in the mirror.

Me, being a person with a developing third eye, experienced a visit from this same black lady. I woke up one night at around midnight to go to the restroom. But what I saw forced me to dive back under the covers. The black lady was at the foot of my bed! It still gives me the creeps at night! □

## *Ssshhh...*

By Aki Reinhart



**T**his was a story shared to me by my eldest brother, Benjie. It was his girlfriend's (Ate Bev) younger brother (Jerdy) and his friends' ghostly experience, when they encountered something in their former house here in the small city of Muntinlupa.

One evening, Jerdy and his friends decided to have a small drinking spree in their house. It was a two-storey house. Stairs on the outside led up to the second floor. There was a room upstairs that belonged to their aunt. Their aunt had suddenly left for some reason and the room was unoccupied. It was the perfect spot for their drinking spree.

When Jerdy opened the door, the room was totally dark. One guy brought out his lighter to aid their desperate search for a light switch, which turned out to be one grave mistake. The small flame illuminated the dark room and they soon found the light switch right beside the electric fan. And right beside the electric fan was a woman in a white dress. She was looking at them from crouched position (which looked freaky). She had one finger over her lips and whispered, "Ssshhh..."

The boys raced downstairs, cursing loudly from what they saw.

Apparently this was only one of the many ghostly encounters in the said house. There were times when radios would turn off or even



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adjust their volume on their own. There were also times when foot-steps were heard upstairs when there was no one there.

Another freaky experience was when Ate Bev's cousin and her boyfriend were in the kitchen. While they were eating, they saw the mother of Ate Bev's cousin walk across the living room and entered one of the rooms downstairs.





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"Mama mo yata iyon (That was your mother, wasn't it?)," said the guy.

"Ma," the girl called out to her mother. "*Kain na tayo dito* (Come on let's eat)."

Her mom didn't reply. Thinking that the elder woman didn't have an appetite, they ignored her and finished their lunch. After eating they decided to check on her mom. They went inside the room she went in but they found no one inside.

Neighbors would tell us that these uninvited guests were from the nearby trees and from the long and thick array of bougainvillea bushes that surrounded their house. They said that these spirits and elementals might prefer the tranquil state of their house. They are said to be really fond of places where they can be left at peace... □

## *Reflections*

By Silent Killer Reily



It was eight in the evening when I decided not to go to our prayer meeting. Since I was all by myself, I prepared a little dinner. While I was in the kitchen I heard someone knocking at the door three times every minute. But the weird thing was that I didn't hear our screen door's chime.

"Who's there?" I asked.

Nobody answered. Terrified, I cooked my food quickly. It seemed like there was someone looking at me through the window. But every time I look out the window, nobody was there. I wasn't sure because it was too dark even if the outside light was on. I ran to the living room, forgetting my food.

I sat on the sofa and turned on the TV. We had a small mirror that was facing the door. From the sofa, I could see the door in the mirror's



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reflection. I was terrified of what was happening that I kept glancing at the mirror. While I was looking, I suddenly heard our door chimes tinkle. Then I saw a long-haired girl with no body in the mirror's reflection. She had a black face that seemed to be looking at me.

Freaking out, I immediately called my friend to get my mind off what was happening. My mistake was calling my classmate who had a father who was believed to be psychic, which meant that she was also some kind of a "psychic". She told me that when she visited my house, she saw long strands of hair through in the mirror that was in our kitchen. I hung up the phone, thinking that this prank wasn't pretty good.

I suddenly had a flashback when I was about seven years old: Here in the same house, I saw a group of "stars" or "fireflies" in the shape of a boy staring at me from the second floor while I was calling my brother. When my flashback ended, another of my frightening flashbacks came to me: I was playing dolls with my best friend in my room when the windows opened and closed continuously, even when there wasn't any wind.

After those sudden flashbacks, I remained seated on the sofa. I was trying to guess what would happen and hoping when my parents will come back. Another flashback came to me: One night during a blackout, I had opened my door to let more air in. It was too hot and I couldn't sleep. I pushed the bed cushion to the floor and positioned it in front of the door. Before I fell asleep, I saw a white sheet floating outside my doorway. As I kept looking at it, a cold wind suddenly blew and the white sheet was gone.

Then back to the present, my parents finally arrived and everything was all right. But when I looked back in the mirror, the girl's head was still there. I rubbed my eyes and slowly opened them, thinking it was just a trick. To my surprise, the head was still there!

Everyday when I look in the same mirror, the head is still there, never leaving its place... ☐



## *Boarding House Stories*

By J.B. Albano



I own a small boarding house in Makati that could admit twelve female boarders. The boarding house is located on the second floor; the first floor is my residence. Unfortunately, from twelve boarders, I only had five. Some of them decided to move to another leased space that is closer to the company they work for, while some went abroad for better jobs, and some had to move out because of certain matters we couldn't agree upon.

During the time I had twelve boarders, strange things happened to them that they could not explain — doors would close and open on their own, a man in black would be seen standing in the corner of their pantry, some would have nightmares of an old woman fiercely staring at them while uttering something they could not understand, and a little boy looking into their window from outside (which was impossible because their rooms were on the second floor — how could a boy float in mid-air?). Things like that would sometimes send them all rushing downstairs into my living room late at night, with their faces pale from fright. □

### *The Visitor*



One of my boarders, Cel, said she has the third eye or sixth sense, so these things didn't bother or scare her at all. From what I've observed, she was the bravest of my boarders.

One night at around ten, Cel woke up from a deep slumber and



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got out of bed to take a leak. When she opened the door to her room, she saw a young girl in her teens, sitting with her legs crossed on the monoblock chair in the living room. Her head was bowed and her long hair covered her face.

Cel thought, "*Ay, may bisita pala.*" (Oh, there's a visitor). She thought it was a guest of one of her co-boarders, so she went past her to get to the comfort room across the living room. When she was done with her ablutions, Cel noticed that the girl was no longer there. She saw that the main door was open. Cel shrugged her shoulders and thought that maybe the girl had left.

When Cel was sitting on her bed, she suddenly felt eerie. Goosebumps crawled up her body, right to the tips of the hair on her head. Her roommates were fast asleep and so were the other boarders. She came to her senses and thought, "*Sino kaya ang babaing yon?* (Who could that girl be?)" All the others were asleep, so the girl could not have been anybody's visitor! □

## *The Man*



A few days later, Cel's older sister paid her a visit. Her sister also has third eye. That night, the light in their restroom was out. I wasn't able to replace it yet since I didn't have an extra bulb to replace it with and all the hardware stores were closed at that time of night. So her sister left the door to the bathroom open to let the light from living room provide some illumination. She didn't mind because they were all girls anyway.

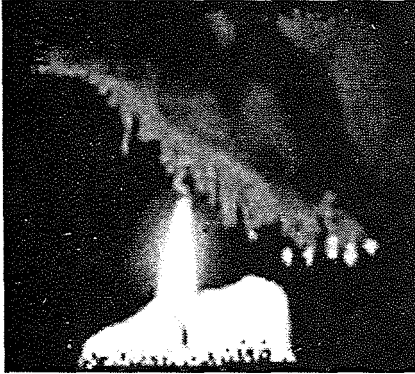
The bathroom also had divisions to provide some privacy to individual. The moment she sat on the bowl, she felt her hair stand on end. She saw a pair of men's feet in black leather shoes in the cubicle next to her! Fright made her hold back her "business". She quickly pulled up her pants and ran out of the restroom. □



## The Candle



This was an experience of Cel's three roommates, Sha, Jo and Nika. This time, Cel wasn't there because she slept over at her sister's house in Cavite. Normally, they would leave the lights on in their room the whole night because they were afraid of the dark; they couldn't sleep when the lights were off.



One night the light in their bedroom shorted out. They left their bedroom door slightly open to let in light from the living room area. During the night, Sha woke up because she sensed that there was something wrong. She saw a lighted candle in between the double-decked beds. She got out of bed, woke up Jo and whispered, "Jo! *Ikaw ba ang nagsindi ng kandila dito?* (Jo! Were you the one who lit the candle here?)"

Jo was very sleepy and didn't bother to look at the candle Sha was talking about. She just grunted, "*Hindi! Bakit naman ako magsisindi ng kandila?*" (No, why would I light a candle?) She turned her back on Sha and went back to sleep.

Sha then thought that their new roommate, Nika was the one who lit a candle. Nika was asleep so Sha didn't feel like getting into an argument at night. She was angry because the candle might start a fire in the boarding house, to think that one of their towels was hanging just a few inches above the lighted candle. Sha blew out the candle and went back to sleep.

The next day, the candle wasn't there anymore, but there was the



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remnants of melted wax on the spot where the candle was the night before. Nobody asked Nika about it because they found the new girl unapproachable. Nika was more of a loner and would spend most of her time reading pocketbooks in one corner of the house than mingling with the others.

I decided to talk to her myself, starting with little light conversation to break the ice. When I felt that she was already comfortable with me, I asked, "*Nika, ikaw ba ang nagsindi ng kandila sa kuwarta n'yo kagabi? Nagising kasi si Sha dahil may nakasindi daw na kandila sa pagitan ng mga kama n'yo.* (Nika, did you light a candle in your room last night? Sha woke up because there was a lighted candle in between your beds).

Puzzled, Nika looked at me and said, "*Ha? Hindi ako! Bakit naman ako magsisindi ng kandila, eh kung masunugan tayo? Tsaka parang wala naman akong nakitang kandila kagabi ah!* (What? Not me! Why would I light a candle that might set this house on fire? Besides, I didn't see any candle at all last night!)"

We blankly stared at each other in silence, probably because we were both thinking of the same thing. Then she said, "*Hoy huwag ka namang ganyan, lagi akong naiwan ditong mag-isa maghapon!*" (Hey don't be like that, I'm alone here in the afternoon!)."

To this day, the wax stains remain. Nobody knows who lit a candle that night, but if an unseen creature did it, I'm sure it meant no harm; it only wanted to give my tenants some light! □

## *Company*



It was the day after All Souls' Day and most of my boarders haven't returned from their provinces. Cel came back early that afternoon from Cavite to finish some laundry. She came back early so that she could rest for tomorrow's "back to work" day. She was alone in the



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boarding house and this made her feel uneasy because of the strange happenings that have been going on. She kept herself calm, thinking that it was too early for ghosts to appear, if at all they would. The silence made her feel uncomfortable, so she hummed a tune to distract herself. While sorting through her dirty clothes that she needed to wash, she heard the door to the next room close. She felt relieved and thought, "*Ay, dumating na sina Farah. May kasama na ako.* (Oh, Farah has arrived. I'm not alone anymore.)"

When I saw Cel coming down the stairs, I greeted her and asked, "*Cel! Saan ka pupunta? May ibang tao na ba sa itaas?* (Cel! Where are you going? Is there anybody else upstairs?)"

She answered, "*Bibili ako ng sabon. Sina Farah yata dumating na. Narinig kong may pumasok na sa kuwarta nila eh.* (I'm going to buy soap. I think Farah arrived already. I heard someone enter their room)."

When she returned, she carried her clothes to the comfort room and did her laundry. Because her back was turned to the door of the comfort room (which was open), she wasn't able to see if someone was there or not. Again she heard Farah's door open, then close. This assured her that there was someone else in the boarding house with her. Unfortunately, she wasn't on speaking terms with Farah because they had a little argument some months ago.

Cel then heard footsteps going down the stairs. After a few minutes, she heard footsteps coming up. The door to Farah's room opened then closed again. Cel finished her laundry at around 7:30 p.m. She returned to her room to lie down and rest for a while.

Other boarders arrived starting at 10:45 p.m. Farah and her roommate Ledz arrived at 11:00 p.m. but didn't go straight to their rooms. They came to my living room and chatted with me. They asked me for a glass of water. They looked tired so I asked jokingly, "*Saan kayo nanggaling, bakit parang ginahasa kayo?*" (Where have you been? Why do you look like you've been raped?)"

Farah answered, "*May sale kasi sa Glorietta. Alam mo na...* (There was a sale at Glorietta. Well, you know...)"



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This puzzled me because all this time I had thought that they had arrived home earlier. I said, "*Ibig n'yong sabihin kararating n'yo lang? O dumating na kayo kanina pero umalis kayo uli? (You mean you just arrived? Or did you arrive earlier but left again?)*"

They looked at each other wonderingly and said, "*Kararating lang namin ngayon, dumeretso na kami sa Glorietta pagkagaling sa probinsya. Heto nga't dala pa namin ang mga bag namin eh. Bakit? (We just arrived from the province and went straight to Glorietta. Here, we still have our bags with us. Why?)*"

I sat there and stared blankly at them, trying to figure out what's been happening. Then I said, "*Sabi kasi kanina ni Cel na dumating na raw kayo dahil naririnig niyang nagbubukas-sara ang pintuan ng kuwarto n'yo. Tapos may umakyat-baba pa sa hagdan. (Cel told me earlier that you had already arrived because she kept hearing your door open and close, then she heard footsteps going up and down the stairs)*"

Farah and Ledz were surprised and didn't know what to say. We just sat there, wondering whom Cel thought was with her, when really she was alone all this time. □

## *The Bloody Room*

By Chelsey



**W**hen my cousin Melissa (not her real name) moved into a new home she said to herself, "*Bakit kaya puro antique ang mga furniture dito? Pati nga ang bahay gawa sa wood. (Why are the furnitures all antique? Even the house is made of wood.)*" Her room was also filled with antiques but she didn't mind.

As she lay down on her bed she felt a cold breeze around her neck. When midnight came, blood spots dripped from the art frames that hung on the walls, the drawer corners started having blood on it,



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and the floor had droplets of blood. When Melissa woke up in the morning, she saw all this and screamed, "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Her parents heard her and rushed to her room to see what was wrong. When they got there they saw the bloodstains. They immediately called the owner of the house and asked why there was blood in the room.

"There are a lot of bloodstains in that particular room because a family died in that room," the owner said.

Here's how they died: the father, Frank had an argument with one of the neighbors, Jack. Frank and Jack always gambled when they played cards (*sugal*), and Frank always win. People heard about this and soon the neighbors started teasing Jack about him being a loser. Jack was embarrassed about the ribbing and one day he finally got fed up.

Jack broke into their house with the intent to kill Frank and his family. It just so happened that Frank's family had decided to sleep in one room (their daughter's room) that night. Jack crept into the room and locked the door. He took the art frame from the wall and smashed it on Frank's head. Blood scattered everywhere. Jack grabbed Frank's wife and banged her against the drawer, her head hitting the corner. Jack then turned to Frank's daughter Zoe.

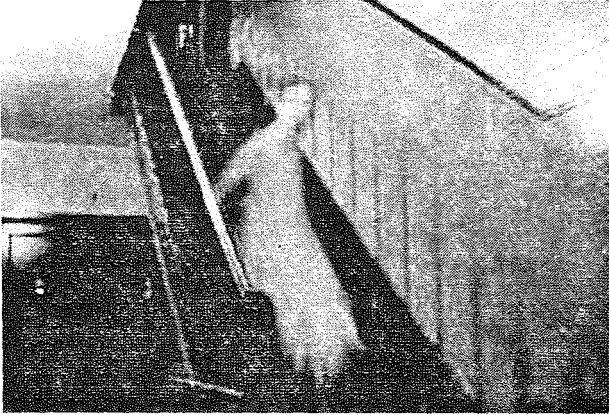
Zoe did not take things lying down, though. She grabbed her lamp and smashed it against Jack's stomach. As Jack winced in pain, Zoe got the door open and dashed out of the house. She ran out crying and screaming, waking the neighbors. She told them what happened and they quickly took her in. They then called the police.

So if I were you I wouldn't buy an antique house or even an antique furniture. □





# GHOST STORIES AT SCHOOL



## *A Horrifying Camping Trip*

By Annaliese Marie Turner



**O**ur teacher announced that we were to go on a camping trip. We were going to sleep over at the school. He told us to get a buddy so I partnered with my classmate. On the day of the campout, our teacher announced that he would conduct a bravery test. This consisted of walking to all of the classrooms and looking inside.

But before I tell you the whole story, I'll tell you about the two teachers who worked in my school long ago.

The two teachers were sisters, Ina and Lana. One day Ina got



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sick and she stayed home for a couple of weeks. Her sister Lana taught section 6-A. She gave her students a seatwork exercise. When the students submitted their work, Lana didn't have time to check them so she brought the papers home. What she didn't know was that her sister's illness was contagious. Eventually she got sick too.

Ina died the next day. After the burial, Lana went to school. Her students asked her if she had finished grading their seatwork exercise. She said, "Sorry, I forgot to check it. Tomorrow." But as she was on her way, she slipped on the school stairs, broke her neck and died.

This is where my story comes in. It was 1:00 a.m. when our turn to go through the classrooms came. When we got to section 6-A, I felt a certain chill. My buddy felt it too. We looked inside and we saw a teacher checking some papers. She wasn't solid; you can actually see through her form. She looked at us, and suddenly she was getting closer and closer, her hand reaching out to us. My partner and I ran so fast that we weren't even looking where we were going. When we got back to the campsite, our teacher noticed that we were so tired. It's a good thing that he didn't make us go up there again. □

## *Boys' School Variety*

By Krizia Lim



In Greenhills, there are a lot of ghost stories, mostly from the two private schools that are just across each other. Like in the girls' school, the Thing from Addams Family will come out of the toilet if you don't flush the toilet, or the headless ballerina that lives opposite the Grade 5 bathroom, or the lunatic clown bursting in the school chapel, and spirits coming out at night in the playground in the back of the school. That's what I've heard because I study there. But my brother, who studies in the boys' school, knows a lot of stories from his school. I don't know why the boys never stop gossiping about ghosts



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from their school. This story is from that school...

One Friday night, my classmate Alexa, her big brother Ian, and some of his friends (Elton, Ryan and Matthew) wanted to spend the night at the boys' school. Since one of them was a relative of the guard on duty, they were able to get in without any problem. That night they were to sleep in one of the classrooms. They partied until they fell asleep.

Elton woke at midnight and wanted a drink of water. But he could only get water from the cafeteria downstairs. He woke up the others. "*Oy! Ryan! Matt! Ian! Gising! Samahan nyo ako sa baba. Kailangan ko ng water.* (Hey! Ryan! Matt! Ian! Wake up! Come with me downstairs. I want to drink water)," he said.

"*Ganitong oras sa gabi? Ikaw na lang kaya bumaba ng mag-isa!* (At this time of night? Why don't you go down by yourself!)," Ian told him.

"*Takot ako eh! Madilim doon 'no!* (I'm scared! It's dark downstairs!)"

"*Hello?! Grade 7 ka na! Takot ka bumaba ng mag-isa? Sus! Halika na nga!* (Hello?! You're already in grade 7! You're scared of going down by yourself? My goodness! Let's just go!)," Matt said as he scratched his head. Alexa was laughing at this exchange. They decided to all go down to the cafeteria.

"*Hay salamat! Nakababa na rin tayo!* (Thank God! We're finally down here!)," Elton said as he smiled.

"*Hay naku! Come on! Let's just get water and go back already,*" said a pouting Ian.

Suddenly, Alexa shouted.

"*Alexa! What happened?*" her brother shouted.

"*Ayun o! (There!) The clock is going berserk!*" She pointed to the clock. It really was going crazy. Everyone shouted and ran upstairs.

"*Kasi naman si Elton eh!* (It's all Elton's fault!)," Matt panted.

"*Ano? I didn't know naman eh! And I still need tubig. Uhaw na uhaw na talaga ako.* (What?! I didn't know! Really! And I still need the



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water. I'm really really thirsty!," said Elton as he sat down.

"Hay naku! Let's go down and get the water, then we'll sleep sa field!" Alexa shouted.

"Sige (OK). Let's just go as she said," Ryan said.

They grabbed their sleeping bags and went downstairs again. They got the water and walked onto the field, which was across the cafeteria. But before they left the cafeteria, the cafeteria lights turned on and off, the door shut and opened, and the

clock's hands were going clockwise and counter clockwise. They all screamed and ran onto the field.

"Sus! Grabe naman! Parang nagwawala tayo! Matulog na nga tayo! (Sheesh! This is too much! We're like crazy people! Let's just go to sleep!)," Elton said as he went inside his sleeping bag.

Then it started to rain. "Ano ba 'to? Minamalas na talaga -tayo! (What the heck is going on? We're really getting bad luck tonight!)"

"Aaaaaahhh!!!" Ryan, Ian and Alexa shouted. They saw a flame in the corner of the football field. Not only that, but three elves and a boy were dancing around it. The rain made the fire stronger. They all shouted and grabbed their things.



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That very moment they left the school.

On Monday, Alexa told us what happened. We never knew what was up with that school. All I knew was her story, the different variety at the boys' school. I think it was even published in our school newsletter. No one knows what happened there. I guess only when students try to sleep in that school. Want to try? I dare you... □

### *Early to School*

By Christine



It was my first time to be early to get to my school in Marikina. I went to my grade 4 classroom but there was nobody else around. I didn't know that we were supposed to be in line at the hall. I decided to wait in the classroom. After a while I got bored waiting for my classmates. I took out my book in Reading and read some stories.

I heard children laughing and shouting outside, whom I thought were my classmates. I stood up and the laughing and shouting stopped. I looked outside but no one was coming up yet. I got bored again so I started to arrange some of the books on the shelf. Then I heard children laughing again. I stood up again and when the noise didn't stop I carefully looked outside.

Aaahhh! It was a girl, a creepy horrible girl! She had long hair covering her face. She was in a very dirty white dress. Her dress was ripped and her nails were colored red (it's blood) Ewwwww! And yes, she was covered with blood.

She came closer and closer to me! I began to sweat. When she was just about three meters away from me, the bell rang and the students started coming up to their respective classrooms. The girl smiled at me and went away. It was scary! I told my friends about what I saw. Some of them believed while some of them didn't.



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She even followed me home! When I was about to sleep, I saw the girl smiling at me from the window. She was floating outside. I screamed, "Aaaahhhh!" I went to my mom and slept there. I never saw her again but maybe she will haunt you if you study at my school... □

# *Bloody Toilet*

By Anonymous



**T**here is a school rumor that had been going around since last year. There was a pretty girl named Maira (not her real name). She was the most popular student in high school. She had very long hair and white complexion.

One night while practicing her dance for the program in school, she went to the bathroom. When she got there she discovered that it was locked. She was about to leave and try the second floor bathroom when the once-locked bathroom door slowly opened. Thinking that she was mistaken to think that it was locked earlier, she shrugged and went inside. While brushing her hair, she heard a girl crying from inside the center cubicle. She went to check on the girl to see if she was all right. She knocked three times but there was no answer. The noise vanished as she opened the cubicle door. She saw no one there.

She saw blood bubbling in the toilet.

Maira got scared. Suddenly a long knife popped out of the toilet, a disembodied hand holding on to it. Maira screamed and ran to the bathroom door. She tried opening the door but it was locked. No matter how much she turned the knob, the door was locked shut. The hand, still holding the knife, came crawling towards her. Maira shouted, "*Saklolo!* (Help!)" Her body was chopped to pieces.

In the morning, when the janitor came to clean the bathroom, he saw an arm waving at him. □



## *The Peeping Boyfriend*

By Happy Lero



This happened some 4 years ago during my Social Sciences class at one of the universities in Manila. Our room was in the second floor of a building that was built in the early 1950's. Our class was from 6 to 7 p.m., and we were the only ones in the second floor.

During one of those classes, my professor paused every now and then during his lecture. He seemed to be distracted by someone outside, like he saw someone peeping through the back door of our room. Most of the rooms in our school have two doors—one in the front where you can see the professor's table upon entering, the other at the back for emergency purposes or for students that come in late.

Annoyed and disturbed, our professor asked us whose boyfriend was waiting outside. We were 17 in the class (15 girls & 2 boys), occupying two rows of chairs near the front of the room. We didn't know what he was talking about. He said that there was a bald guy outside, peeping through the back door with one eye. We answered him that the guy outside wasn't a boyfriend of ours. We thought our professor was kidding us because it was impossible to notice anyone lurking at the back door without seeing him go past the front door. Besides, the whole floor was made of old wood. It was very old that if you walk on it you would hear squeaking sounds and your heels tapping against the wood.

My professor went outside, only to learn that the "guy" was not there anymore. This was odd because there was no other way for him to leave. If he ran, we would have heard him. Next to our room were a closed audio-visual room and a dead end.

Stunned and shocked, our professor came back. In a scratchy voice he said, "*I swear may nakita akong lalaki diyan sa likuran!*" (I swear



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I saw a man there at the back!)” All I can remember was that we all hurriedly squeezed through the front door to get out of the room.

According to stories I’ve heard, spirits who used to be professors, janitors, students, and even a dead relative of the university’s owner haunted the building. They would make themselves visible if their privacy was being disturbed. The personnel from the audio-visual room even kidded us when we told him what happened the other night. He said, “*Siguro pinapauwi na kayo kasi puro kayo mga babae, delikado na sa daan.* (Maybe he was urging you to go home because you were mostly female, and it’s dangerous on the road.)” □

## *In Memory Of Cherry 2*

By Elayza



I’m here to share my experience with Cherry. I’ve been studying for 8 years in our school (the same school mentioned in “In Memory Of Cherry” from *True Philippine Ghost Stories Book 2*), from senior kinder until the present (I’m in second year high school). These rumors about Mary Cherry are very popular story in our school; I’ve been hearing them since I was in grade 1.

The story went like this: there was a 4th year high school student that tutored younger grade school students named Cherry (*that’s why I was shocked when your book said that she was only grade six!*). She was still in school at around 7:00 pm when a janitor saw her going into the CR. When Cherry got out she saw the janitor but she didn’t mind him. As she walked away, the janitor followed her. Cherry panicked and ran. She decided to hide in the auditorium but the janitor saw her and chased her. No one can see them in the auditorium.

The janitor chased her with an old mop with a frayed mop head. When the janitor caught her, he immediately pounded the mop on Cherry’s back, hitting her until she lost consciousness. He then proceeded to rape her. Cherry woke and was shocked to see the janitor



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kissing her. She slapped him. The janitor hit her again and again with the mop until she died.

They say that he buried her under the stage.

When I was in grade 4, this story began to circulate again so my classmates and I dared each other to go into the auditorium. It was decided that whoever was scolded the most by our teachers was the one to go in. I was chosen.

"Ok si Elayza ang taya, pupuntahan si Mary Cherry sa audi! (Ok, Elay you're it. You go see Mary Cherry in the auditorium)," said Clare.

"Ok ba! Dali-dali lang niyan eh. (Sure! That's easy.)," I said.

Outside the auditorium, they pushed me and said, "*Dali na! kaya mo iyan! tapang ka naman eh!* (Quickly now! You can do it! You're brave!)"

As I walked to the entrance of the auditorium, I saw a pretty girl in the window. I couldn't see her clearly. I went in and I saw the same girl inside the building. She was in a white polo and a checkered pink skirt. I ran out as fast as I could and immediately told my classmates what I saw.

"Ulol! Blue ang uniform natin at jumper ang atin. Bakit pink iyong nakita mo? Niloloko mo ba kami? (You're crazy! Our uniform is blue and we wear jumpers. Why did you see a pink one? Are you kidding us?)," Nicole said.

That question was only answered during a school tour when I was in grade six.

The teacher brought us to a room that had a wall that showed our school's old uniforms. There was also a sketch of a uniform: white polo top, and a pink skirt. I was shocked because I suddenly remembered all the things I saw from a few years before. I was dizzy from fear. Some of my friends wouldn't believe me when I told them this. But some did because they saw the fear in my eyes.

To this day, when we're required to watch a program in the auditorium, I'm always scared that I might see HER again!



# *The Haunting*

By Storm Angel



**M**y unforgettable experiences in my high school life would probably be the “spooks”. I had my own share of scares but thankfully I was always with friends when they happened.

Last June 2003, our school had their annual leadership training wherein my friends and I had to stay overnight in school. It was like any other night and it would’ve stayed that way if that child hadn’t appeared.

A group of students had gone to the comfort room beside the canteen. It was dark and only the light along the hallways illuminated their path. They were hurrying back to the session hall for dinner when they saw a little boy eating at one of the tables inside the canteen. They tried talking to the child to ask him what was he doing in school at that time of the night and why he was alone. After several attempts of calling the child’s attention, they realized that the canteen was closed and there was no way for the kid to get in or out. The only way for the child to get in (or out) was to walk through the walls!

Being a fan of the supernatural, I interviewed one of the witnesses. I asked her to describe what she saw and where she saw the child. To my surprise, the child was sitting at the table where I usually eat! I quickly told my friends whom I shared the table with and wondered why the child chose to be there. There must be a reason.

Months later, one of my friends related her own spooky story: She was sitting towards the front of her school bus, which is actually a converted passenger jeepney, when she felt cold. At first, she didn’t pay attention to it because it was still early. She thought that maybe it was the morning chill. When they arrived at school, one of her busmates (and happened to have an open third eye) asked about the little boy sitting beside her.



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"Ano ka ba? Ako lang kaya ang nakaupo doon sa harap kanina, (What are you talking about? I'm the only one that sat in front.)," she said.

"Hindi, nakita ko, may katabi kang bata kanina! (No, I saw that a kid was sitting beside you earlier!)"

That freaked her out as she made her way to her classroom.

The next phenomena involved all the six of us: We had our retreat early this 2004. Because this was a religious gathering, we felt safe and spent the morning worry-free. As the retreat came to a close, the mood became spooky as each of us shared ghost stories. We didn't do this long since one of us was getting really frightened. That night during dinner, two of them decided to go to the restroom while the rest of us stayed. After a couple of minutes, the two came back looking shocked and panicked.

"May multo doon sa C.R.! (There's a ghost in the restroom!)" they said.

"Ha? Ano bang nangyari? (What? What happened?)" I asked.

"Kaming dalawa lang doon sa C.R. Tapos bago umalis, pumunta muna kami sa mirror para magsuklay. Tapos nang paalis na kami, bigla kaming may narinig na nag-flush doon sa isang cubicle! (The two of us were the only ones in the restroom. Before we left, we went to the mirror to brush our hair. As we left, we suddenly heard someone flush a toilet in one of the cubicles!)" they said.

"Sure ba kayo na kayong dalawa lang ang nandoon? (Are you sure that you were the only two there?)" I replied.

"Oo naman, e di ba nandito kayong lahat? (Of course, weren't the rest of you all here?)"

I checked the refectory and sure enough, all my classmates, my teachers, the helpers and even the priest were there. In an attempt to forget the incident, we sat silently and ate dinner. Then we noticed a man and a woman peeking through the windows. I was startled at first but calmed down after thinking that they might just be a couple of attendants making sure that everything was all right.



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"Tao iyan di ba? (They're human, aren't they?)" I asked.

"Oo, tao iyan. Kumain na nga lang tayo, (Yes, they're human. Let's just eat.)," my classmate said.

When we came home the next day, one of my classmates and I discussed the trip. "*Ang creepy nga niyon tapos biglang may sumilip doon sa bintana. Akala ko nga multo na eh, pero attendants lang pala.* (It was really creepy. Then there was a couple that peeked through the windows. I thought they were spirits but they were just attendants.)," I said.

"Huh? Window saan? (Huh? Which window?)" she asked.

"*Doon sa refectory noong dinner. Di ba katabi pa nga namin iyong table ninyo. Doon sa may gilid, ang malalaking bintana.* (In the refectory during dinner. We were even beside your table, don't you remember? There by the side, the big window.)," I replied.

"*Imposible iyon, may hukay doon sa may side ng window. Kahit sinong sumilip hindi kita doon kasi malalim iyon. Plus, wala naman kaming napansing dumungaw ah.* (That's impossible, the ground's being dug up on the side of that window. Nobody can peek through there because the hole's pretty deep. Plus, we didn't notice anyone peeking.)," she said.

"*Sigurado ka ba? Wala namang takutan!* (Are you sure? Don't scare me!)" I said.

"Seriously," she said.

And if that wasn't creepy enough, something happened to me recently: I was talking to one of my friends on the phone when we heard the voice of a little girl on the line. I continued talking, thinking it was just the TV at my friend's house. She interrupted me and asked, "*Narinig mo ba iyon?* (Did you hear that?)"

"*Ang alin?* (Hear what?)" I said.

"*May narinig akong boses ng bata na nag-hi.* (I heard a child's voice say hi.)," she said.

"*Narinig ko din iyon. Hindi ba iyon TV ninyo?* (I also heard it. Wasn't



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that your TV?” I asked.

*“Hindi, ako lang mag-isa dito at naka-off ang TV, (No, I’m the only one here and the TV’s off.),” she replied.*

*“Hindi rin ako nanood ng TV. Wala namang bata dito at diyan sa inyo di ba? (I’m not watching TV either. There’s no kid here or in your place, is there?)” I asked.*

*“Natatakot na’ko, tama na. (I’m getting frightened. Stop it.),” she said.*

Up to now, I still wonder: what do these ghosts want from us? □



# GHOST STORIES ABOUT RELATIVES



## *The Sitter*

By Jovi



**M**y elder cousin JC (not his real name) was four years old when this incident happened. As a child he was the silent type, preferring to just play or sleep. He was sort of the black sheep in our family because of several reasons—*nasa loob ang kulo, isnabero at may págka-masungit* (keeps things to himself, snobbish, snappish). When he got into a fight with his elder brother or if his mother punished him, he would just play by himself.

JC was playing by himself in our library with his toy cars. Just a kid, he played with sound effects: Broom! Broom! Eeeennngg! Beep! Beep! Suddenly a figure appeared in front of him—an old woman in white.



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He wasn't bothered by the sudden appearance of the woman. Instead, he continued playing. The woman then disappeared.

JC was playing by himself again the next day. The old woman appeared again, but this time she whispered something. When he looked up he saw the face of the woman. He then cried loudly, attracting my father's attention. He



came up and asked JC what happened.

*"May matandang babae sa likod mo, nakaputi siya! (There's an old woman behind you, she's wearing white!)"* JC answered.

My father looked behind him but didn't see anything except the narra chair. My dad asked JC again and JC told him that she was still behind my father. Then my mom and the other members of the family came to see JC. My mom had brought a glass of water to calm him down.



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That night JC described the old woman. Upon hearing the description, my grandmother said that it was her *lola* (grandmother).



# *Misty Window*

By Izie Blaze

I wanted to share this scary experience that happened a couple of years ago. It was when my Lolo passed away. My family and I visited him at his funeral at around seven or eight in the evening. Seated inside the funeral chapel, my auntie (Lolo's daughter from a second wife) and I got into a discussion about *Charmed* (a TV series about witches). Lolo's two daughters from his first wife arrived, and they immediately went to the coffin to see their father.

But something strange happened. When Lolo's two daughters were crying beside the coffin, the glass in the coffin fell on Lolo's face. The glass was in one piece and showed no signs of tampering. There wasn't even a crack on it.

That wasn't all. After the glass incident, the flames of the candles beside the coffin went out. The flowers beside the coffin also fell down. This was strange because there was no breeze inside the chapel.

People were shocked and scared. Lolo's second wife (my Lola) lighted the candles and placed the flowers back to their location on the coffin. The funeral parlor said that they would change the glass the next day. Imagine, many of us saw what happened.

By two in the morning, we had to go back home. My father went off to get our Revo with my uncle (mom's cousin). My mom and I went to my Lola's house to bid her and my auntie goodbye. By the time we said our goodbyes, I heard our car coming to the front gate. I asked my mom's permission if I could go ahead to the car and she agreed. I hurriedly went out of the house. When I was about two meters from the car door, I noticed a thin white mist forming on the Revo's win-



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dow. I recognized the face as my Lolo's, and he was smiling at me. Obviously, I shouted as loud as I could, "AHHHHH!!! MAMA!!!"

My father opened his window and asked me what happened. I couldn't stop my tears. I answered, "It's Lolo..."

They asked me where I saw him. I said that he was in the window. But when I looked at the window the mist had turned to air and had quickly disappeared. I saw my uncle's face looking at me. They tried to make me believe that I had seen my uncle and not my Lolo. My father said that I was just "*Namamalik-mata*". I tried to believe but I was sure that Lolo was looking at me for at least 15 seconds. I asked my mom why I saw him.

"Maybe your third eye opened," my mom said.

I answered back, "Do I have a third eye?"

She explained to me that all of us have a third eye and are able to see other beings. Most people's third eyes are closed but sometimes it opens. With some of us, our third eyes are already open because since birth they were already active. □

## *Footsteps*

By Izza Santos



This happened about a couple of summers ago. My cousins and I were staying at my grandmother's place during our vacation. It was an old house, about fifty years old, located in the city. Our parents grew up there but they never told us about seeing any ghostly appearances in the house. But when my grandfather died, my cousin told me that fireflies fluttered around the house. They weren't there before when grandfather was alive. Being just a kid at that time, I didn't notice those fireflies he was talking about.

One night, we were going through our usual routine of midnight



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snacks, endless chatting and watching scary movies. We were all in the living room with all the lights turned off. The only source of light was from the television. I was sitting beside the open door that led to the dark kitchen. I was so scared of the movie that I didn't even dare look towards the kitchen.

While munching on some chips and sharing screams with my cousins, I heard footsteps. It sounded like a foot dragging a slipper after each step and it was walking very slowly. I thought that it was my grandmother so I called to her, "*La, paki buksan ang ilaw. Takot na kami.* (Grandma, please turn on the lights. We're already frightened)."

No one answered. My cousins asked me whom I was talking to.

"*Di n'yo ba narinig? Lumabas si lola sa kuwarta niya. Baka kumuha ng tubig.* (Didn't you hear? Grandma went out of her room. Maybe she got some water)."

But they didn't hear anything, much less anyone coming out of any room. I got scared and ran towards my cousins. "*Walang ganyanan! Nananakot ka naman eh!* (Don't do that! You're scaring me!)"

My cousins didn't believe me. They turned on the lights. They saw tears on my cheeks and saw that I was really frightened. We stopped the scary movie and called it a night.

The following morning, we asked our grandmother if she had gone out of her room that night. She didn't. We told her what I heard and how the footsteps sounded. "*Ganoon maglakad ang lolo n'yo. Siguro alam niya na nandito kayo kaya nagbabantay.* (That was how your grandfather walked. Maybe he knew that you were here so he was guarding you)." □



## *Beautiful*

By Hazel Faith



**M**y family moved into a beautiful new house five years ago. It was really an antique house and I instantly fell in love with it. I have a thing for appreciating beauty in everything around me. We lived there for four months.

I had my own room that was pretty much the most beautiful room in the whole place. It was so beautiful that I didn't want to sleep in it. I slept next to my *Kuya* (*big brother*) in his room.

Although many had said that my *Kuya* and I didn't look alike, we didn't care much. We used our differences to our advantage all the time. We would pretend we were not related and that we were sweethearts just to avoid all the other girls and boys from trying to seduce us. Modesty aside, my *Kuya* and I are both 'beautiful'. He wasn't gay or anything; it's just that there was no other word to describe him. Calling him handsome was a grave understatement. My *Kuya* had taught me many things in life: how to act properly and how to be the woman that I am today.

We were inseparable! He never had a girlfriend and I never had a boyfriend. I knew my reason: I didn't need another man other than my brother and father. I didn't really know his reason, though.

One day, he finally finished his driving lessons and bought his own car. He promised me that he'd drive me to school everyday and give me a ride home. He gave me a ride to school one morning and everything went well.

Until I had a call at lunchtime. It turned out that my *Kuya* had a driving accident and that his condition was critical. I was filled with fear during the whole trip to the hospital. I kept praying to God, "God, *'wag n'yo pong bayaang iwan ako ni Kuya! Mahal na mahal ko po siya! 'Wag n'yo po siyang kunin sa'kin!* (God, please don't let my brother



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leave me! I love him with all my heart! Please don't take him from me!")"

When I arrived at his room, I saw him lying helplessly on the bed. I couldn't help but cry as I went near him. I gently touched his hand and whispered, "*Kuya, nandito na'ko.* (Brother, I'm here now.)"

Suddenly, a loud beeping noise started going off. The doctors came rushing in. I found out later that his body had given up and that he was dead. I cried my heart out that night.

When we got home, I couldn't bear to look at the bed my *Kuya* and I shared. For the first time since we moved in, I was forced to sleep in my own bed. I cried myself to sleep that night.

I woke up feeling cold at my back and around my waist. I pulled the covers tighter around my body but I still didn't feel any warmth. I turned to look at the window to see if it was open but I saw something else.

More precisely, someone else.

My eyes widened to see my brother lying asleep beside me like before. I gasped in surprise and sat up while pressing my back against the wall. I seemed to have woken him for he slowly opened his eyes. At that point I thought of how truly beautiful my beloved brother was. He was transparent but I could see him smile serenely at me. I was too terrified to speak. He was dead! And yet there he was, smiling at me.

When he sat up I pressed myself harder against the wall. His hand reached out to my face and I felt the cold yet gentle caress of his hands. He then opened his mouth as if he was speaking. I didn't hear anything from him but his lips read, "*Mahal na mahal kita.* (I love you very much)." My eyes widened once again when I felt a chill on my lips.

He vanished and left me there in a stupor. When my mind registered what had happened, I had come to the realization that *hinalikan ako ni Kuya!* (My brother kissed me!) So that was the reason he never had a girlfriend. He lived with the notion that he and I were really lovers!



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The very next day, we moved again since my family couldn't take the loss of my *Kuya*. We never went back to that house, and I never wanted to remember it. But sometimes, whenever I cry or feel bad when I sleep, I'd feel a chill wrap itself around me and I'd instantly stop crying. I never would have thought any of that would happen... but it did. □

# Mama Mel

By Samantha Sylim



**M**y aunt Mama Mel (not her real name) died two years ago after committing suicide. My parents refused to tell me how she died but my cousins told me that she drank a lot of sleeping pills and Muriatic acid. Her death was really sad and surprising. She really had plenty of problems but we were there for her.

After her cremation, I had lots of sleepless nights. I kept thinking that she might show up beside my bed. I was really scared.

I had a dream one night. Some friends and I were sailing on a river. No land was in sight. Suddenly, we spotted a small island. As we came near it, I spotted Mama Mel. Her face was expressionless and was very white. Sadness was in her eyes. I felt scared but I love her. I hopped out of the boat and went to the island. I was about to make *mano* (sign of respect to elders) but she suddenly held my hand tightly. It was so tight that I almost cried out. I immediately woke up from my dream. I was holding my wrist and could still feel the pain in my hand. My heart was beating so fast. I prayed very hard and begged for Mama Mel's soul to have peace. I closed my eyes but I couldn't sleep because I imagined that my aunt was beside me.

Finally, I dozed off and started dreaming again. I dreamt of other things that I couldn't really remember. Suddenly, I saw myself again sailing with the same friends from the first dream. The small island was



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there too and so was my aunt. She was standing again with her expressionless face. I hopped out of the boat to make “mano” to my aunt. Like before, she held my hand tightly. I felt like crying and suddenly said the words “I love you”. She wasn’t looking at me but I noticed that she was about to cry. I woke up and felt that pain again in my hand. I wanted to cry but I didn’t know why.

After a few weeks, I almost forgot my dream. We were buying groceries in SM when suddenly my youngest sister pointed at something and said, “*Ayun si Mama Mel oh! Akala ko ba patay na siya? Ayun siya oh! Niloloko n’yo naman ako!* (There’s Mama Mel! I thought she was dead? She’s there! You were just teasing me!)” My sister was only 4 years old. *Kinilabutan ako* (I felt goosebumps on my body) and I gave my mom a scared look. To avoid scaring us, my mother told us that it was a child’s imagination.

A few months later, my cousin (who is around my age) and her mom visited us. She slept in my room and we chatted about stuff like boys, Harry Potter, and anything else that girls talk about. Our conversation eventually turned to my dead aunt. She mentioned that her youngest brother, who is the same age as my youngest sister, saw our aunt. She said it was night at that time and he had pointed at something at the window and exclaimed, “*Si Mama Mel! Si Mama Mel!*” Upon hearing that, I immediately told her what my youngest sister saw in the grocery. We were so shocked and scared that we immediately changed the topic.

There was one time I was watching television in my parents’ room. I heard my father mention something about Mama Mel. I asked them what they were talking about. They wouldn’t tell me what it was at first but they eventually gave in.

This was the story: Tita Violet, my mom’s friend, went to their friend’s house one night. While the friends chatted, the youngest son of Tita Violet’s friend went to her and asked: “*Nasaan na ba po iyong isa pang babaeng kasama n’yo? Iyong maputi, na mahaba ang buhok na maganda?* (Where is your other female friend? The beautiful one with white skin and long hair?)”



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Tita Violet and her friend looked at each other, confused. Tita Violet had gone to their house alone. "What was the kid talking about?" they thought. Her friend showed her son a picture of Mama Mel and asked him if that was the woman he was talking about. The kid nodded and asked again where the woman was.

This next story just happened this past summer. My relatives (on my mother's side) and I had planned a family reunion in Angeles, Pampanga. On the first day, we went swimming, shopping and other fun activities. That night, Tito Paul, Mama Mel's ex-husband, arrived with his wife. He is a Filipino but his wife is an American. Tito Paul mentioned something about a dream of his. He dreamt that Mama Mel was so angry and told him to get something on a roof. Nobody understood what that meant.

A week after the reunion, my cousins told me a very *nakakakilabot na* (hair-raising) story: Mama Mel's ashes were scattered on the roof of her mausoleum. Unfortunately, some guys thought that there were jewels on her jar and they had tried to steal it. Since there was none, they just left it somewhere.

When my grandfather died, my whole family went to Pangasinan for the wake. During the wake, at around 1:30 a.m., Tita Adet was still awake. It was her time to stay awake and guard *lolo's* coffin. The coffin was located in the living room. There was a door dividing the living room and dining room. My aunt decided to stay in the dining room. She was falling asleep when she heard footsteps made by an old person. My aunt was so tired that she ignored the sound. After half an hour, she heard the footsteps again.

The next day, she told us about her experience and asked my grandmother if she had gone out in the middle of the night. Everybody said that they were asleep at that time and nobody had gone into the living room.

Could it be my grandfather making a last visit around his house?

After burying my grandfather to his gravesite, we went home. Then my brother told me about his dream. He was standing somewhere where the background was all white. In front of him was a cof-



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fin. He went near the coffin and peeked. He saw my late grandfather lying in the coffin. Suddenly, the coffin slowly turned around. He then peeked again and saw Mama Mel lying in it. Then it turned around again. He peeked again and saw my grandfather who had just died.

He dreamt this a week before my grandfather died. Was it a coincidence or was it meant to be?

*Note: I am a half-Chinese but we use the Chinese culture when it comes to different festivities like death, Christmas, etc. Still, we mostly use the Catholic practices. Please pray for Mama Mel's soul, because she really needs lots of prayer for the peace of her soul. Thank you.*





# MORE GHOST STORIES



## *A Warning*

By Kimmy Francia



**Y**ou'd better be careful because ghosts might care for you and that's what happened to my mom, Maria (not her real name). Mang Roberto, one of mom's friends, died of heart attack. My mom was really sad. But she remembered one thing he said, that if you sleep when you have high blood pressure you'd never wake up. Maria did that. In the wee hours of the morning, guess who woke her up? It was Mang Roberto. He kept massaging her hand until she said she had to go to the hospital. Was that a warning? □



## *Bloody Mary*

By Janine



**M**y best friend had this neighbor who died because of a horrible experience. Her neighbor's name was Michelle (not her real name) and she grew up in Bicol. When she was ten her family moved to Las Piñas, just two blocks away from my best friend's house. My best friend was just a baby at that time.

When Michelle was in high school, she wasn't afraid of ghosts. When she would hear rumors, she never believed them or fainted; all she would do was laugh at them. But there was one rumor she heard that she would never forget until the day she died: the rumor of bloody Mary. She fainted after hearing it, so her friends brought her to the school clinic. When she woke, her friends started asking questions, but the only thing she said was, "I'm not afraid of ghosts!"

"Really?" her friends asked. They formed a circle and murmured amongst each other. Then they dared Michelle to do the bloody Mary ritual. She did it that night in her bathroom. She turned off the lights, shut the door, and said, "Bloody Mary, bloody Mary, bloody Mary." She chanted it thirteen times, louder and louder, almost to a near scream, and kept glancing at the mirror on each pass. On the thirteenth time, she looked in the mirror and saw her face but it was all covered in blood! She touched her face but there was no blood.

Then something or someone knocked on the door. She thought that she might see something creepy so she didn't answer it. It knocked ten times then started banging on the door! She wondered why nobody could hear the banging and thought that the thing had killed her family! She screamed, "Leave them alone! Leave them alone!"

The banging stopped. All of a sudden, the bathroom became red and the knocking started again. It stopped after five knocks. Michelle



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peeked out of the bathroom and saw something red on the ground. She stepped on it and it disappeared. She sighed and went back to bed but left the bathroom door open.

Her mom woke her up sometime in the evening. Her mom said that while she checked on Michelle, she saw something flashing in Michelle's bathroom. She checked the bathroom but saw nothing. She woke Michelle to ask her to check it out.

Her mother went back to sleep. Now it was Michelle who couldn't sleep because right in front of her just outside the bathroom was a little girl. She was drenched in blood and pleading for help. She had an ID that read "Mary Tarchwrite". Michelle closed her eyes and when she opened it again the apparition had disappeared.

Two days later Michelle died of a severe heart attack. Because of what her friends did to her they all got expelled. They committed suicide because every night they saw the same thing Michelle did. Her friends were all poor because their parents got fired. Michelle's mom was their boss and she didn't appreciate what her employees' children did to Michelle.

Please pray for the lost souls of bloody Mary and Michelle. □

## *Blinking Virgin Mary*

By Samantha



This was my own experience when my family and I went to a church in Batangas. Inside, the church was really beautiful and the place was big. There were lots of images of saints and the Virgin Mary. The one that caught my attention was the small image of Mary that was put on a pedestal that looked like a mountain. I stared at it, finding it very interesting.

Suddenly, the Virgin Mary blinked. I blinked as well, thinking that



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I was just imagining things. Its eyes started moving, like it was watching everyone. I just stared at it, making sure that what I was seeing was real. What made me jump and run away was when it suddenly locked at me.

After a year, I had almost forgotten about the incident. Our class went to Batangas for a retreat. We stopped at a church that looked familiar. When we arrived at the retreat house, two of my friends with open third eyes told us that they saw a statue of the Virgin Mary with its eyes moving. That reminded me of my own experience. I'm a Catholic but I just found this experience very weird. □

# *Doppelganger Brother*

By Frankie Torres



**M**y maid's name is Chona and she comes from Tagum City, Davao. She is a pert young woman of twenty with a talent for humor and a love for life. This story happened when she was only twelve and in her first year of high school.

One day she was very angry with her mother. She went outside to throw away the trash. Outside there was a small stone bench and a faucet where they did the washing. She stepped out the door and was surprised to see her brother waving at her from the bench. But her brother had left for another town on an errand an hour ago. She questioned her mother whether or not her brother had already returned. She was shocked to hear that he had not. She quickly ran outside but saw no one. Her brother was never there! She screamed, "*Multo!* (Ghost!)"

She was hysterical until her brother returned. She takes the story with good humor nowadays but I'm still afraid to look in the mirror...





## *Failed Abduction*

By Adriel Diaz



When I was young, we lived in Biñan, Laguna. The houses in our village were a goodly distance from each other. Our house had bushes and tall grasses. I lived there with my mom, my older brother, and my younger brother (who was a baby then).

My baby brother was a bit abnormal—his big toe was bigger than regular babies'. His right ear was also a little strange. The doctor said that he had symptoms that were easily curable. But when he got worse, my grandmother referred my mom to the *albolaryo* (shaman) to heal my brother. The *albolaryo* made a thing called *tawas* on my brother. He said that dwarves were interested in my brother. He went on to say that these *laman-lupa* wanted to get my brother and replace him with one of their kind. The *albolaryo* did what he had to do, and he gave my mom some *pangontra* (counter spell) to put on my brother. That night the *albolaryo* said that we should take care of my brother.

Around midnight my older brother woke me up and told me that there was someone in the backyard. Through the small window screen of our room we saw an old man wearing a black jacket (silk or leather, I wasn't sure). He had long hair and a hat. He had a cane. He just stood there, and we could see him clearly from the moonlight.

I got up to tell my mom but my brother told me that the old man had disappeared. My brother was intently watching the old man but when he blinked and opened his eyes, the man was gone. That night we couldn't get back to sleep from fright.

We told our mom the next day. I didn't know what happened after that because a week later my family decided to move to Manila. We live here now and things are way too normal here. My younger brother is now 14 years old and happy, except that he still has those big toes and weird looking ears. □



# Haunted Cemetery

By thirdeyberkz\_yui\_#13



I grew up in a little town in Laguna. I was not born with an active "sixth sense" but as I grew up, I learned to discover it with the help of my psychic friends. When I looked at my family tree, I found out that a lot of my aunts and uncles from my father's side in Bataan also practiced these psychic gifts.

## PART I: THE MAN AT THE CEMETERY

During mid term of my third year at a Catholic school run by RVM sisters, I ran around with a group that seemed normal but actually were far from it.

We dared each other to scan the cemetery grounds one Friday night. The moon was at its best light, so we entered the grounds with the full knowledge that this will awaken something different in us.

Consisting of about twenty students (including me), our group took our dare to the test. While wandering through the grounds that night, my friend felt something different, but some of us didn't stop talking and joking each other, treating this as a game. Before we reached the gate, my friend Kris (not his real name) said, "*Pakipatay ang kandila.* (Please douse the candles.)"

After we turned off the lights, there seemed to be some light at our backs, especially behind me and three of my friends who were at the back of the group. "*Shh, 'wag kayong maingay* (Shh, don't be noisy)," Kris said. This was the second time he warned us and I was already feeling weird.

After we stepped out of the grounds of the cemetery, we started chatting amongst ourselves again. Kris came up to us and said, "*Alam n'yo ba kung bakit ko pinapatay ang kandila? Saka kung bakit sinabihan ko kayong tumahimik?* (Do you know why I had the candles doused?)



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And why I told you to be quiet?)”

“Kasi bago pa lang tayo pumasok may lalaking nakasunod na sa atin, especially sa aming mga nasa likod. Tapos hindi n’yo ba napansin na nang pinatay natin ang kandila, biglang lumiwanag ang likod nàmin? Kasi iyon ang mata ng lalaki. Parang ayaw n’ya kasi tayong pabalikin,





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rather, *papasukin*, (Because even before we entered there was already a man following us, especially those of us in the back. Didn't you notice that when we doused the candles that there was this sudden brightness behind us? Those were the man's eyes. It was like he didn't want us to go back, rather, to enter)," he explained to us.

Then Jepoy spoke after a long eerie silence, "*Alam n'yo guys, nang naglalakad tayo sa gitna ng patio, pakiramdam ko ang lupa lumulubog sa tuwing itatapak ko ang paa ko, tapos parang may humihila sa paa ko.* (You know, guys, when we were walking in the middle of the patio, I felt that the ground was sinking. And like there was something pulling at my feet.)"

After his confession, I felt goosebumps on my arms. We then decided to call it a night.

### PART II: THE CANDLES AND THE AWAKENED

**A**fter our first dare, we decided to play a game at the cemetery grounds. Call it crazy or whatever, but our curiosity couldn't be swayed just like that. This time we went with a bigger group, with at least seventeen students coming from one section. Five of us became the heads of the game: me, Ice (my boyfriend at that time), Kris, Manny, and Crystal. We divided the group into two, each having a group leader and an assistant.

Before darkness fell we positioned the candles in their places. Then we strongly warned the group not to make noise.

At about 6:35 pm, we began the hunting game. My boyfriend, Ice, said to me, "*Wag kang lilingon kapag pinatay ko ang sigarilyo ko.* (Don't turn around to look when I douse my cigarette.)"

I asked him why, but he didn't answer. He just put out his cigarette. Then I felt someone was at my back, watching over the two of us. "*Ano ba yon?* (What was that?)" I asked Ice.

"*Wag ka nang lumingon, 'wag kang matakot.* (Don't look, don't be afraid.)"



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How reassuring his answers were!

Then as I watched my friend, I saw something eerie, like someone was running after her.

Then the tables of fate played a joke on us.

Kris lay unconscious when we stopped the game. My friend immediately took him outside the grounds. I looked around and Ice was nowhere to be found. I called his name hysterically. My friend Jane (not her real name) came to us and she said to me, "*Wag kang matakot, nandoon siya sa dilim, may kausap.* (Don't be afraid, he's there in the dark, talking to someone.)"

Manny was starting to cry. Alvin then said, "*Wag kayong umiyak, baka lalo pang lumapit eh* (Don't cry, it might come closer)".

We remained silent, the quietness punctured by occasional sobs.

Ice returned and said, "*Lika na labas na tayo, may problema pa sa labas.* (Come on let's go out, there's still a problem outside.)"

We hurriedly fled from the cemetery, not sure what to expect outside.

Outside the cemetery grounds, we saw Kris trying to rip his rosary apart. After a minute, he regained his calm.

But not Jepoy.

Jepoy was being possessed by some entity we didn't know. We were trying to hold him and trying to slip a rosary into his hands.

Jane said to him, "*Sino ka ba? Umalis ka na! Lumabas na kami di ba? Pabayaang mo na kami.* (Who are you? Get out of here! We went out, right? Leave us alone.)" She cursed the entity that possessed my friend's body continuously. Ten minutes later, Jepoy calmed down.

We then discussed among ourselves what happened. "*Kanina pa lang nang naglalagay kami ng kandila sa mga nitso, hindi na namin makita. And worse nababali pa. Eh hindi naman siya bali nang inilagay namin.* (Earlier, when we were putting candles on the tombstones, we couldn't see the candles. And worse, they would break. But they were whole when we placed them.)"



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Jane answered us, “Eh kasi mukhang di naman nila gusto na maglagay kayo roon, rather, ayaw nilang magpaistorbo sa ating lahat. (Because they didn’t want you to place candles there, rather, they didn’t want us disturbing them.)”

“Kanina ng papasok pa lang, magkakasama kaming apat, sumasayaw pa nga kami ng Asereje eh. Tapos bigla na lang mayroong tao sa may gate, eh wala naman iyan doon kaya tumakbo na kami sa inyo. (Earlier, as we were entering, the four of us were together, we were even dancing the Asereje. Then suddenly there was someone at the gate. There wasn’t one earlier so we ran to you.),” Jackie told us.

Ice told Katie, “May batang nakasunod sa’yo kanina ah! (There was a child following you earlier!)”

Katie answered him, “Ah oo! Dumaan lang ako doon sa may puno tapos nakita ko na lang na sumusunod siya sa’kin. Pinabayaan ko lang kasi di naman ako inaano eh. Kumanta pa nga ‘ko ng Happy Birthday song eh tapos bigla na lang niyang hinipan ang kandila. As if nakikipaglaro ako, kaya sabi ko na lang sa sarili ko nagustuhan lang akong laruin kasi isip bata din ako. (Yes! I passed by that tree and I saw him following me. I didn’t mind him because he wasn’t doing anything to me. I even sang the Happy Birthday song and he blew out the candles. It was like we were playing, so I told myself that he wanted to play with me because I think like a child.)” Katie happily smiled at us.

My friend asked Kris the reason he fell unconscious. Kris answered us, “Kasi nang naglagay pa lang tayo ng kandila ang sama na ng tingin sa’kin ng lalaki na nakita ko doon sa may cross noong una nating punta dito. Tapos nang palabas na ko ramdam ko ang galit niya sa’kin, tapos nararamdaman ko na lang, sinuntok niya ‘ko sa likod ng ulo ko. (Because when we were placing the candles, the man standing by the cross was giving me a bad look during that first time we were here. When I was going out, I could feel his anger towards me, then I just felt him punching the back of my head.)”

That gave me the creeps!



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Ronny then said, "*Ang bigat-bigat mo nga nang binuhat kita eh. Jep, may natatandaan ka ba sa pinaggagawa mo?* (You were really heavy when I carried you. Jep, do you remember what you were doing?)"

Jepoy answered him, "*Wala! Bakit ba?* (Nothing! Why?)"

We explained to him that he was possessed by something about an hour ago. "*Nang tinanong ko kung ilan ang bilang ng daliri ko sabi mo, tatlo! Sabi mo pa, anong akala mo sa akin tanga?* (When I asked you how many fingers I had, you said three. Then you said, 'What do you think I am, stupid?'"

We decided not to come back again after that incident. That was what we thought!

### PART III: THE WOMAN FROM THE CEMETERY

**T**wo weeks later, the whole story was circulating around the school. Every student must have heard it. It was Thursday before our Chemistry class, my friend Marco (not his real name) acted weird. I called his name but when I looked at him there was a fierce look in his eyes. I started to cry hysterically and I ran towards the other side of the classroom. I was sobbing and wailing something like "*Ilayo n'yo 'ko sa kanya! Hindi iyan si Daddy Long Legs! Ilayo n'yo 'ko sa kanya!* (Get me away from him! He's not Daddy Long Legs! Get me away from him!)"

Another friend came to me and comforted me. Kris also came to help. While I cried, Marco became hysterical and his breathing became faster. When our classmates tried to calm him down, he resisted and tried to roughly shake them off.

Our adviser came and told us not to panic. He said that Marco was just suffering from an asthma attack. But we know that he wasn't. After half an hour, I sat behind Marco. I asked him, "*Daddy, anong nangyari sa'yo?* (Daddy, what happened to you?)"

There was a hardness and fierceness in his voice, like when men raise their voices to women when they're angry. He answered back,



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"Hindi ako si Marco. Pero hindi ko din puwedeng sabihin sa'yo kung sino ako. (I am not Marco. But neither can I tell you who I am.)"

I remained silent, puzzled by what seemed to be occupying Marco's body. When Marco came to his senses, I asked him again, "Anong nangyari sa'yo kanina? Ang taray mo sa'kin kanina! Pinaiyak mo pa 'ko! (What happened to you earlier? You were so rude to me! You even made me cry!)"

He looked at me with a puzzled look. "Alam ko ang nangyayari, nakikita ko pero hindi naman ako ang gumagalaw o nagsasalita. Basta may nakita akong babae dito sa tabihan ko, tapos para akong nanonood ng sine. (I knew what was happening, I could see but it wasn't me moving or talking. I saw a woman beside me, then it was like I was watching a movie.)"

Then I noticed that there was a pool of water beneath his seat. It hadn't rained that day; it was sunny and hot. Until now, I still have a vague memory of why I cried hysterically that day. □

## *Mini-kitchen*

By Mcee



I'm a third year high school student from a particular school in Quezon City. I just wrote to tell my experience about these ghosts. I, too, have a third eye. It was opened when I was 9 years old. You might not believe me, but as a child I've experienced many ghostly encounters. And honestly, while I'm writing here I can feel something that I can't explain. All I can say is that something is here in my mother's office.

When I was a child, my mother often took me to her office during Saturdays. One day my mom left me sitting alone at her table. I heard kids playing and laughing from the nearby mini-kitchen. My other



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playmates usually play in the mini-kitchen when we were all there. I went there to check if they had arrived but there was no one there. The only things there were the refrigerator, the table and the filing cabinets. I heard my mom call me. I ran to her and told her what happened. After that incident she never left me alone again.

Sometimes she asks me if it was really real. I think she just doesn't believe me. □

# *My Protectors*

By Maxwell Evans



**M**y story started when I had a near death experience. I had just finished a late and heavy lunch. I decided to retire to my room for a little *siesta* (nap). I fell asleep almost immediately.

Suddenly, I felt something heavy on my chest. I knew I was awake but my body lay unconscious. I couldn't move a finger! I was soon panicking. I started to see blank faces before me, like those white theater masks you see in Greek tragedies. They were beckoning me to join them. Freezing white hands materialized beneath the faces. They caressed my legs and started pulling me from the bed. I kept saying, "No, please, *huwag, ayoko sumama...* (No, please, don't, I don't want to go with you...)"

Something illuminated above my headboard. There was an extremely tall dark man whose head was covered by some ethereal light. He was wearing a checkered polo and he was touching my arm.

"*Gumising ka, sige, kaya mo iyan...* (Wake up, come on, you can do it...)"

I was terrified out of my wits! I didn't know whose command to follow—the gentle voice of the tall man or the persistent caressing of



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the white faces by my feet. I tried with all my might to move my left arm, concentrating on moving at least a finger.

“*Sige, kaya mong gumising, gising ka na, bilis!* (Come on, you can wake up, wake up now, quickly!)” the tall man gently cheered.

Snap! Before I knew it, I was sitting atop my bed, sweating and panting as if I had a Herculean struggle with a wrestler. The first thing I did was rush downstairs to drink some water. I could not believe how thirsty I was. I went back to my room and lay on the bed, still sweaty and exhausted, trying to convince myself that everything that happened was just a bad dream.

But it wasn't. I learned afterwards that the tall man wearing the checkered polo was my uncle, my mom's half brother. When I described him to my mom, all she could tell me was, “*si Kuya... (Big Brother...)*”

My uncle had died of lung cancer a month after I was born. He lived in the house next door, easily seen from my room. After he died, another aunt, a cousin of my mom's, lived in the same house. She also died of lung cancer. Unlike my uncle, however, she was a non-smoker and had a health-conscious lifestyle.

Some say that traumatic experiences can open your third eye. I couldn't see spirits, but I can hear and talk to them. Soon I was conversing with my dead relatives inside my room.

One time I had a friend over who also had a third eye. We shared stories about the dead. On one occasion, she stayed at my house to finish a stage design we were working on. We were going to present it to the director of the play we were doing.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly shifted, as if a train had passed, and I heard her say, “I don't feel good, *uwi na ako* (I'll go home now).” I escorted her to the gate and she left in a hurry. I knew she saw one of my “relatives”. I, on the other hand, felt something leave the house with her.

The next day, she came to rehearsals. She was furious. She asked me if I had been astral projecting, because she saw me while she was



taking a shower that morning. I vehemently denied that I could astral project. She swore it was me even though she couldn't see the face. The entity was my height, slim, and had the same posture I had.

“Come back to the house. *May sumabit sa iyo na multo.*”

(A spirit latched on to you). It's my uncle, one of my guardians.” She went back with me to the house and I asked my uncle to stay when she leaves. She soon left and she no longer complained about being disturbed in her shower anymore.

We used to have this huge rubber tree in front of our yard. I knew there was a *duwende* (dwarf) living under the ground. It bore witness to all my hardships, trials and silent mourning.

One time, my father (God rest his soul) was burning trash in the yard and carelessly set aflame to the roots of the tree, leaving a gaping hole in its trunk. For a month he couldn't get out of bed. No doctor could determine what was wrong with him.



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Another time, a friend of mine was bragging about an old Wicca incantation he got from a book in the seminary. He tried to summon spirits in the yard.

"My name is Dorothy," something whispered in his ear.

"What was that?" he asked me.

"My great grandmother," I smiled. "Your chanting worked."

He turned pale and started pulling out a piece of paper and began chanting a protection spell. He quickly said goodbye and went home.

One time I had this big fight with a guy from my band, and we stopped talking to each other. I often cried under the rubber tree. Soon, the guy's father came to my house and told me, "*Kailangan ninyo mag-usap-ni Bryan. Nasisiraan na yata ng ulo. Nagsasalita mag-isa, ayaw kumain, hindi natutulog.* (You and Bryan have to talk. I think he's going crazy. He talks to himself, doesn't want to eat, doesn't sleep.)"

That wasn't the only time. I had another fight with a friend, and he told me I was the most pathetic creature he had ever encountered. I resented his remark and said, "I hope you feel what pathetic really is."

Months later, I heard he was so destitute that he started to sell his body to gay customers. He would charge 500 pesos to go 'all the way' with him. I talked to him about this but he stayed inconsolable. I never heard from him since.

Sometimes, the dead and the supernatural don't ask for help. Sometimes they know it's us who need the protection and/or the help.

I wish they would go easy on my enemies though. □



## *The Child*

By Anonymous



**M**y mom worked as a nurse and a marketing coordinator at a memorial park in Bulacan. During Sundays she was always alone in her office. Sometimes I would join her to keep her company.

One Sunday in her office, she saw a child (probably a girl) going out the door. She saw it through the glass window. She ran out the main door to look for the girl but she didn't see her. What my mom saw was the roving guard approaching her.

"*Nakita mo ba ang batang lumabas ng pinto?* (Did you see the child that came out this door?)," my mom asked the guard.

The guard replied, "*Ate, wala naman akong nakita* (I didn't see anyone)."

My mom was puzzled because when she saw the child going out the door, the guard was already near the door so there was no reason that he couldn't have seen the child. □

## *Nobody Believes Him*

By taichi\_student2000



**I**want to tell you a story about my joker cousin. He loves to play practical jokes on people. This past March, he took a vacation in Samar. He went there with my aunt to attend a wedding. Some strange things happened when he visited my relatives in a certain barrio.

At first he enjoyed the place because the environment was always



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clean, there was plenty of fresh air, and many more reasons. A few days after the wedding, my cousin had just finished taking a bath at the river (because there was no other place to take a bath). His cousin Rocky (not his real name) came to the house and told him that my aunt was at *lola* Meme's house. My cousin quickly ran to the house of my *lola* Meme (not her real name) when suddenly he heard a person shouting his name. He looked back and saw his cousins standing on the other side of the river (namely, Ding and Mitchy, not their real names). He wondered why they were on the other side of the river. My cousin told Ding to wait for him there because he will take the *bote* (local speedboat) after searching for my aunt.

He found my aunt at *lola* Meme's house. He told her that Ding and Mitchy were on the other side of the river waiting for them. But my aunt laughed at him for there was no way his two cousins were there. She revealed that Ding and Mitchy were at *Catarman* that day, also having a vacation. My cousin insisted that he saw his cousins, even though no one believed him.

Back home in Manila, while eating dinner in their *sala* (living room), my cousin broached the issue again but no one would believe him. That night he felt like he was having a fever. His *lola* came over and told him that she an *engkanto* (elf). She said this *engkanto* was able to replicate someone he knew, to entice him to return with it to its world.

After a few days of unbearable fever, my cousin became well again. He told my aunt that he had dreamt about a man without a nose. The man said, "*Kung kumain ka ng biko doon sa lugar na pinuntahan mo'y di ka na makakauwi* (if you ate *biko* at that place, you can never go home)."

But my aunt just ignored that dream. After all, who would believe a liar like my cousin? □



## *Somewhere Down the Road*

By Butterfly\_08



I was only in elementary school when my dad brought me along to one of his business trips in Olongapo City. When we arrived, I was so tired that I decided not to go with him to his meeting.

"*Magpapahinga na lang ako (I'll just rest),*" I said to my dad. Before he left me he gave me instructions on where to go if I wanted to see him.

When I awoke an hour later, I decided to go to my dad. To get to the conference hall where my dad was, I had to cross this bushy track until I saw the cottage where they were having a meeting. When I found the track, I felt chills run down my spine.

"*Nakakatakot naman ito (This is scary),*" I said to myself when I saw the path leading down to the cottage. There was no other way so I plowed on. I had the feeling that somebody was there walking with me. The wind blew harder as I neared the cottage. Then I saw a lady all dressed in black standing not far from where I was standing. As I looked closer at her, I noticed that she was coming nearer and she was floating! At that point I was about to scream but I thought that maybe no one would come or maybe they'll just think I was crazy!

(Before I go on with my story, I just remembered that if you see one of these "things", NEVER say a memorized prayer...)

I stood still and didn't move from my place. I decided to close my eyes and prayed the Hail Mary. As I said the words to the prayer, I felt the wind blow very hard, so hard that I was afraid that I might be blown away.

Suddenly the wind stopped. Before I opened my eyes I felt that someone was just a few inches in front of me. I then heard someone in front of me shout, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" A strong wind blew and it was like someone walked through me.



And then everything was just like it was. Without a second thought, I opened my eyes and ran to the cottage where my dad was. □

## *The Phone Call*

By Maricar Lopez



**M**y parents separated when I was six or seven years old. I presently live with my mom while my dad lives with his new wife in another house. We still see each other and talk. My dad lives in Multinational Village, Paranaque City. His house is big, with two stories and two dining rooms. There are two phones that face each other upstairs. The phone downstairs is beside the sofa in the *sala* (living room).

Until now I still remember the voice that I heard. I was having my vacation and spending time at my father's place. My half sister was in the hospital watching over her sick son. The maids were also in the hospital, helping watch over my nephew. My stepmother had gone out, and my father was still at work.

By three in the afternoon, only a maid and I were left in the house. The phone rang; it was my boyfriend. I talked to him while typing on the computer. After chatting a bit he informed me that Rachel's mother had died. My hair rose on end while he told me this because she was the mother of someone I knew. My friend Rachel (not her real name) was a bit of a rebel; she got pregnant while she was still young.

"Paano? (How?)" I asked.

"*Binangungot, kanina pang tanghali iyon pero ngayon lang napansin, naninigas na eh, si papa nga ang nag-asikaso.* (She died in her sleep, it was around lunchtime but she was only discovered now, her body was stiffening up already, Dad's handling it)," he said.

A little while later, my little sister called. She was watching *Nginiig*



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(a local horror show) at my aunt's house and she was about to go out shopping. "*Uy 'te, manood ka, tingnan mo ang multo sa Nginiig kamukha ng mama ng friend mong si Rachel!* (Hey sis, watch this, look at the ghost in Nginiig, it looks like the mother of your friend Rachel!)"

My hair rose on end again and I told my sister that Rachel's mother had just died. We had to cut short the conversation because the maid came up and asked for money. She was going home to San Juan. Before I accompanied her to the gate, the phone rang. I picked it up but there was only silence on the line. I looked at the caller ID on the phone and saw that the number was my aunt's. Maybe it was my sister again and there was a bad connection. I hung up the phone and went to close the gate as soon as the maid left. I called my sister and asked her if she had just called. She said no, so I said goodbye and put down the phone. I was alone in the house.

As I was going up to the second floor, the phone rang again. I immediately answered the phone, thinking that it was my sister again. But the voice on the other end said, "*Pakisabi kay Rachel na magpakabuti siya.* (Please tell Rachel to be good.)"

The voice sounded terrified. I glanced down at the caller ID but an error message was displayed. I quickly put down the phone and immediately called up my boyfriend. I told him what happened and I was crying from fright by the time I finished. He tried to calm me down but I said, "*No, uuwi na ako!* (No, I'm going home!)"

I hurriedly closed the house without turning off the lights. I traveled from Parañaque to Cavite, crying from fright.

Until now I hear that voice when I tell this story to my friends. That was my scariest vacation ever... □



## *The Overnight*

By Jovi



It was March 30, 2003. We were waiting for that day because my friends and I had planned to spend the night drinking until the morning. We arrived at our house at around 4:30 p.m., complete with our booze. One of my friends and I went to the nearby mall to buy some snacks and Island Punch.

When we returned, the food wasn't ready yet. We opened the gin and ate the snacks. Rammil drank first and we passed the bottle around. He was the first one *who* got drunk for he began saying weird things.

After dinner, four of my friends said their goodbyes and went home. We didn't urge them to stay because we'll be seeing them the next day during our swimming outing. When they had left we installed the video player and the TV to watch *hentai* (sexy Japanese animation) movies.

Halfway into the first movie, the phone rang. A friend of ours had gotten lost looking for our place. I went and fetched her. By the time we returned, my head was starting to ache from the booze I've taken. My friends were having fun playing a board game. As I went up the stairs and prepared for bed I could still hear them shouting and laughing.

Chie, one of my closest friends, went to the bathroom to brush her teeth. The others also decided to brush their teeth. When Chie was about a foot from the door, she saw a girl in white. She rubbed her eyes and saw nothing. She thought that it was just *guni-guni* (imagination).

Celine, another friend, was already lying on her *banig* (mat), ready to go to sleep when she heard approaching footsteps. She said to herself "Ah! *Baka si Jovi na iyon, baka magalit 'pag nalaman niyang gising pa kami.* (That must be Jovi, she might get angry if she sees us



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still awake.)” She closed her eyes but when no one came she started wondering. She asked the others if they heard anything.

“Wala kaming naririnig na bumababa or kahit na anong footsteps galing sa hagdan. Siguro guni-guni mo lang iyon. (We didn’t hear anyone going down or any footsteps from the stairs. It might just be your imagination.),” they replied. Satisfied, Celine went back to sleep.

The next day my friends narrated their experiences of the night before. I decided to tell them everything:

“Walang multo sa bahay although namatay si Tito Jun-jun noong grade four pa lang siya. Pero ang sabi nina mama sa akin noong maliliit pa lang daw sila may nakikita raw silang magkapatid na duwendeng kulay puti. (There are not ghosts in the house although uncle Jun-jun died when he was just four. But my mom told me that when they were small that they had seen a couple of white dwarves).

“Tapos noong grade 2 naman ako, nangyari rin sa ‘kin ang kay Celine, nagdo-drawing ako ng mapa ng Pilipinas tapos biglang may narinig akong umaakyat, di ako puwedeng magkamali kasi tahimik talaga sa itaas, lalo na sa library. Pagkatapos ng ilang minuto pumasok sa loob ng kuwarto ko si kuya Mike (not his real name) tapos sabi niya kanina pa niya raw ako hinahanap. Sabi ko naman sa kanya, ‘eh bakit ngayon mo lang ako pinuntahan sa kuwarto ko?’ (And when I was in second grade, what happened to Celine happened to me. I was drawing the map of the Philippines when I heard someone coming up the stairs. I couldn’t be wrong because it was quiet upstairs, especially in the library. After a few minutes, my big brother Mike entered my room and told me that he had been looking for me for the longest time. I told him why didn’t you come to my room in first place

“Sabi niya ‘eh umakyat na ako kanina!’ (He said, “I did come up earlier!”)

“Minsan pa nga nakakaamoy kami ng boarder namin sa taas ng kandilang may sindi eh! (Sometimes us and a boarder of ours would smell a lighted candle upstairs.)

“Saka isa pa noong minsan nakita ko rin iyong sinasabi ni Chie, pero masyado siyang mabilis kaya parang kulay puti lang ang nakita



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ko, at nahulog ang mga piraso na papel sa may sahig na dinaan niya, ibig sabihin totoo lahat iyon! (And another thing, sometimes I see what Chie saw, but it was too fast and I'd only see a blur of white, then pieces of paper would fall on the path where she had passed, which means everything's true!)”

I also told them about my cousin's experience in *The Sitter* story. My friends were shocked to find out that it wasn't their *guni-guni* but reality! □

## *The Shoot*

By Jerwin



This story happened during my college days. I was a graduating student taking up Mass Communication at a college at the university belt in Manila. A requirement to graduate is for our class to produce a short film. My friend Chad (not his real name) and I wrote the script, with me taking on the responsibility of the director. The story was a suspense-thriller like the movie *Scream*.

We had to do location hunts that will suit every scene. The climax of the story was a *barkada* (clique) outing where the serial killer will be revealed. I chose a beach resort in Naic, Cavite as a good place for us to shoot the scene.

Before we arrived at the resort, we encountered different kinds of trouble: One of our actresses was not physically and mentally prepared for the shoot; I had no spare tire for my car's flat tires the day before the shooting day; some of my crew went missing the night before. We were nearing the deadline of for the film, so as director and team leader I decided to proceed with the shoot. "Whatever happens, happens," was my attitude.

As we arrived at the resort I was shocked by its ambiance. Shocked but happy. I had been to the resort a couple of months before but



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now it was totally different from when I was first there. A storm had gone through it recently—wrecked cottages and fences, dead plants and trees. There was no one else there but a few caretakers and a little white dog. It looked like an abandoned beach resort. And that suited the scenes we were about to shoot!

I ordered everybody to prepare before the darkness fell. Together with the production team, I studied the place, checked the angles for the cameras and lights, ready to film just as the night fell.

We took our dinner break at around 8 p.m. As I finished eating, I glanced at the place where I will film Sharon, the actress that wasn't mentally and physically ready. As I checked the place, I felt somebody watching us. I saw a tall man's shadow walking around the area. I immediately went back to the cottage to get my rosary. I didn't tell anybody about what I saw to prevent any commotion. My classmates knew beforehand that I could perceive with my third eye.

We continued filming after the break. By 11 p.m. I felt exhausted. I asked my assistant to take over to allow myself a short nap. During the nap I had a mind-boggling dream. I dreamt of a man, around 40 to 50 years old, wearing a floral-designed polo and white shorts. He was pointing and walking around us while we were filming. With him was a white dog, the same dog that I had been ignoring the whole day.

When I woke up I hurriedly ran to the shore where the crew was filming. The white dog was still there, staring at me as I ran towards the group. I didn't tell anybody about my dream or anything that might panic my crew. We continued filming.

By 12:30 a.m. we were about to shoot in the place where I saw the tall man's shadow. As we checked on the camera angles, Sharon approached me and told me that she wasn't comfortable with the place. "*Parang ayoko yata dito mag-shoot, kinikilabutan ako. (I don't think I want to shoot here. It's giving me the creeps.)*," she said.

Even though I knew what was there, I made them believe that I didn't feel anything. I told myself, "We have to take the risk. We have to finish this film." The scene was this: Sharon, holding a flashlight,



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walked towards the camera while shouting for her missing friend. To speed things up, I manned the camera. Take one: Sharon was afraid to walk; she could barely act. Take two: I saw the man's shadow following behind her. Sharon stopped walking and told me that she heard somebody whispering near her while she was walking. Take three: Sharon ran towards the camera, screaming. She looked to her right and collapsed.

When I turned my head in the same direction, a demon's face was a few inches from my face.

Everybody panicked as Sharon collapsed. One of my crew carried Sharon to our cottage. Everybody in the cottage was shocked and curious about what happened. Sharon was placed on the bed, still unconscious. Some of my classmates were already crying as we told them the story. We didn't know what to do with Sharon. Then I remembered that we left one of our cameras at the site—the camera that I had been using, and I left it on and still recording. I asked for a volunteer to come with me to get the cam but nobody was brave enough. I was left to do it myself. But as I opened the door, a heavy wind slammed the door in my face, making me lose courage.

My classmate who used to be a volleyball spiker slapped Sharon across the face to bring her back to consciousness to no avail. Then Sharon opened her eyes in a different manner. She stared at us and started to lose her head—she shouted and screamed. Six of us, (the big men including me), held her down. I was holding her right arm. She was growling in a very deep voice. I asked her who the spirit was, thinking that it was the one I saw in my dreams. As we held her we heard noises banging everywhere—on the walls, floor, ceiling, and even the lights were turning on and off. It was like a *Shake, Rattle and Roll* episode. We prayed as we held her. When she calmed down we asked her to pray with us. She was eager to pray at first but the spirit that was in her wouldn't allow her to continue.

The second time she calmed down, she hurriedly told us that it was "Paciano." Her description of him was the same as the man I saw in my dreams. Then she started growling and shouting again. I was so



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afraid of what was happening that I couldn't control myself from cursing Paciano and commanding him to let Sharon go. When I looked at Sharon I saw a different face, like she had thicker eyebrows.

I was sure that our group prayers urged the spirit to let go of her, but it took us hours to do so. We were able to expel it from her but it was still roaming inside the room, choosing its next victim. I commanded everyone to guard each other and never let fear conquer our faith. We held hands and formed a circle while continuing our prayers. The sun was rising when we finally felt calm.

When morning came, I immediately went back to fetch the camera that I left. It was still there but it was off. We checked for any damage or defect, turning it on. We played the scene that scared us; the cam had captured it all—Sharon running towards the camera, shouting then collapsing. We heard our shouting voices as we left the camera on the ground. And there it was, the tall man's dark shadow walking from right to left and back while staring at the camera. Everyone saw this video clip and we were horrified. We decided not to finish the film and went straight to the nearest church to get blessed. We hoped that our professors would believe our story since we had captured it on film.

As we packed our things, we had a chance to talk to the caretakers of the resort. When we told them what happened, they told us that they heard the shouting from the night before. They thought it was part of the film so they ignored us. I asked one of them if there was any story about a man named Paciano. They knew his story—Paciano had died in the ocean decades ago. There were a lot of stories about his spirit guarding the resort. According to them, his spirit was harmless; he was one of the good ones. If that was the case, I thought, we were not battling Paciano last night but a totally different spirit.

After packing up we went to the nearby church. At first, the priest wouldn't believe us. He was a skeptic about these things, but just to make us relax he would offer a mass for us. When he started the mass, I knelt down. As I did, I felt a spirit beside me. It went out from the



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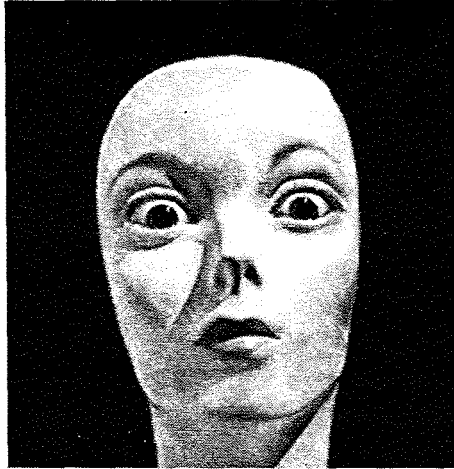
resort to join us. The priest ordered us to fall in line to bless us with holy water. There were five of us who could strongly feel the spirits around us and we were in the last line. When our turn came, the priest stopped and said "*Ayoko na, hindi ko na kaya.* (I don't want to anymore, I can't do it anymore.)" It seemed that the demons were with us and the priest was too weak to face them.

On the way home, we still had the frightening experience in<sup>1</sup>our minds. We talked to our professors and told them the whole story. Some believed us, some didn't. When we showed them the video clip, it was all gone; it seemed like it was a new blank tape. Mr. Reyes, one of our professors also has the third eye. He told us that it was neither an ordinary lost spirit nor a simple black one; it was the fifth demon that we faced. He told us that if God had his angels so did Satan. Paciano was one of the good guys; he gave us signs and guarded us. If he wasn't there the time Sharon was possessed we might have lost her.

Until now, every time I tell this incident, I feel their presence—Paciano and the fifth demon. □



# GHOST STORIES IN TAGALOG/TAGLISH



## *Decoration of Horror*

Ni Rh@inne



**M**y story happened when I was in 4th year high school. It was a Friday, and there was an announcement ng mga nanalong bagong classroom officers. I was one of them; I got the second highest position.

The next day, Saturday, my co-officers and I decided to go to school and decorate our classroom. Konti lang kami nagpunta sa school, siguro mga 10-20 thereabouts. Inutusan ko ang isa sa mga officers na bumaba to buy something. Two na lang kaming natira sa classroom at bukas pa ang door sa kabilang room. Medyo nakatalikod ako sa back door ng classroom pero kita ko pa rin kung may dadaan.



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Suddenly parang may dumaan na image na kulay black. Hindi ko naman pinansin, akala ko friend ko sa kabilang section. Kasi mahilig ang friend ko na mag-black. Tumakbo ako palabas ng classroom para makisuyo sa kanya na bumili ng materials. Paglabas ko, wala na siya. Instead nakita ko ang classmates niya. I asked them, "Nakasalubong n'yo ba si Marco?"

Sabi nila hindi. "Bakit", tanong nila. Hindi ako sumagot dahil ayaw ko silang takutin. But I was sure doon dumaan si Marco kung saan sila nanggaling.

Pagbalik ng inutusan ko, dala na niya ang mga materials. We went on with our work.

Suddenly ganoon na naman, meron namang white image na dumaan sa front door. Hinintay kong dumaan siya sa back door pero wala. I thought baka pumasaok siya sa kabilang classroom. Biglang namatay ang electric fan. I said, "I have had enough of this!"

Pumunta ako sa kabilang classroom to ask them kung meron ba silang classmate na naka white na kapapasok lang sa classroom namin? Sabi nila wala at wala ni isa sa kanila ang lumabas. They asked me, "Why?"

I told them about the eerie experience I had. Lahat sila tahimik na nakinig sa akin. After my story, biglang pumutok ang isang bumbilya ng ilaw. Nagsigawan kaming lahat at tumakbo palabas ng school. □

## *Kabilin-bilinan ng Lola*

Ni Mary Kris Malto

**N**akatambay ako sa bahay ng barkada ko. Apat lang kami at ako lang ang babae. Lumabas ng bahay ang dalawa kong barkada para bumili sila ng yosi. Ako lang at ang best friend kong si Allan (di totoong pangalan) ang naiwan sa house. Sabi ko sa kanya na I wasn't feeling well kaya nag-decide siya na ihatid ako.

Bago kami umuwi nag CR muna ako. Paglabas ko sa CR ay may



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lola na pumasok. Akala ko lola ng barkada ko kaya nag-give way ako. Sinabi ko sa barkada ko, "Uy, nandiyan pala lola mo! Di mo sinasabi! Ang ingay pa man din natin."

Na-shock ang barkada ko! Sabi niya na apat lang kami sa house. Hindi ako naniwala kasi naramdaman ko na may ibang tao doon sa bahay. Pero na-convince niya ako nang inikot namin ang buong bahay, just to show me na kami lang talaga ang tao.

Two weeks later, bumalik ako sa bahay ng barkada ko dahil may ginagawa kaming project. Pagtingin ko sa may salamin sa may sala ay may lola na nakatayo sa tabi ng window! Napasigaw ako kasi nakita ko siya ulit! Pina-describe sa akin ang lola. May ipinakitang picture sa akin ang barkada ko. Picture ng lola niya. Pero hindi naman iyon ang nakita ko.

That night nilagnat ako. Sabi sa akin na baka dahil doon sa matanda. Nagulat ako kasi bago ako matulog nakita ko siya sa kuwarto ko! Nakasimangot siya na parang galit. Sinabi ko kay mama at pina-describe niya ulit ang lola. Pinakita niya sa akin ang picture ng lola ko. To my surprise lola ko pala siya! Sabi ng mama ko na paboritong apo raw ako. She died when I was just 7 years old. Malapit na raw ang death anniversary ni lola kaya nagpapakita siya.

Sa mismong araw ng anniversary ni lola, binigay ni mama ang singsing ni lola noong dalaga pa siya sa akin. Hinabilin ni lola kay mama na ibigay sa akin when I reached 13.

Di pa diyan nagtatapos. Laging pumapasok si lola sa panaginip ko at may mga babala siya na sinasabi. Minsan mga premonition din. Noong sinabi niya na huwag akong tumuloy sa camping noong high school, nakinig ako. Nagulat ako sa balita na namatay ang head camper namin, hindi alam ang rason. Nalaman ko na lang na ang mga ginawa ng head camper ay sana gagawin ko rin kung nagpunta ako sa camping. Sabi nga nila na muntik na akong mamatay. □



## *25-cent*

Ni Jr Evaristo



I'm the kind of person na hindi naniniwala sa mga multo kahit noong bata pa ako. Kasi hindi naman ako nakakakita nito, kahit na ang namatay na relatives o friend ko. Hindi ko sila nararamdaman kahit na may nagsabi na nagpakita sila. Ang paniniwala ko kasi ay kapag namatay ang tao hindi puwedeng bumalik sa mundo ng tao. Ang mga kaluluwa ng patay ay may lugar para sa kanila. Pero ang paniniwala ko ay nabago nang sumubok ako at ng dalawa kong kaibigan na maglaro ng spirit of the coin. Three months na ang nakalipas nang mangyari ito.

Dinalaw ko ang kabarkada kong si Rico sa hospital dahil sa naaksidente siya habang sakay ang scooter. Nagkaroon siya ng bone fracture sa left leg at kailangang i-confine siya ng ilang linggo. Napansin ko agad na ang silid ni Rico ay malinis, maayos at very comfortable dahil sa nasa private room siya. Sabi ko sa kanya na baka puwede dito na lang ako matulog kasi maluwag at naka-aircon pa.

Maya-maya dumating na ang dalawa pa naming kaibigan na sina Ricardo at Jon. Masaya kaming nagkuwentuhan, kumain at nanood ng TV. Hindi namin namalayang malalim na ang gabi. Nag-suggest si Jon na mag-overnight na lang kami sa hospital para bantayan si Rico. Pumayag naman agad ang mommy ni Rico dahil sa matagal na kaming magkakaibigan magmula noong grade six pa.

Ako naman ang gustong umuwi kasi hindi ako nagpaalam sa bahay. Tinukso nila ako na mahina ako sa kanila at walang kuwentang kaibigan nguni't alam ko namang nagbibiro lang sila. Tinawagan ni Rico ang mama ko at tinanong niya kung puwedeng payagan akong mag-overnight. Pumayag si mama at kinausap pa ako sa cell. Tuwang-tuwa ako na pinayagan ako dahil sa first time ko lang mag-overnight sa hospital.

Ika-siyam ng gabi ay umuwi na ang katulong at mommy ni Rico.



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Naiwan kaming magkakaibigan sa silid at siyempre, libre kami sa kalokohan. Napagalitan pa nga kami ng doctor dahil sa ingay pero okay lang dahil isang beses lang kami napagalitan.

Nakaramdam na ng antok si Rico at nagpaalam siyang matutulog na siya. Nanahimik at nagkape kaming tatlo hanggang sa makatulog si Rico. Nagkuwentuhan na lang kami ng kung anu-anong bagay hanggang sa mapunta ang usapan sa nakakatakot. Hindi ako kumikibo at nakinig lang sa kuwentuhan ng dalawa. Alam nila na hindi ako naniniwala sa multo. Di-nare ako ni Ricardo na bumili ng chips sa vendo machine na malapit sa elevator. Pumayag ako pero kapag nagawa ko ay ibibili nila ako ng 300 peso load at isang internet card. Pumayag sila at inabot nila sa akin ang apat na five peso coins na pambili.

Lumabas ako ng mag-isa. Habang naglalakad ako ay napansin ko na ang ilang ilaw sa dinadaan ko ay patay. Inaamin ko na kinabahan ako dahil sa nabingi ang tenga ko sa katahimikan. Pero sabi ko sa sarili ko na nasa isip lang ang takot at diretso lang ang tingin ko't hindi ako lumingon. Natagalan ako sa paghahanap dahil sa may kalayuan ang vendo machine at nang makuha ko ang chips ay tumakbo akong pabalik sa room ni Rico. Nang malapit na ako naglakad ako para di mahalata na hinihinal ako at para na ring magyabang na hindi ako natakot.

Pag dating ko sa pinto ng kuwarto ni Rico ay tumingin ako sa likod ko. Wala naman akong nakita kaya huminga ako ng malalim at pumasok ako sa loob. Agad kong inabot ang binili kong chips at siyempre, may konting yabang. Walang nasabi ang dalawa at inabutan ako ng four hundred pesos. Kinain namin ang binili kong chips habang nakinig ng mellow music sa radio na nasa low volume.

Biglang nagsabi si Jon na subukan naming maglaro ng spirit of the coin. For experience lang daw at para malaman kung totoo nga. Interesado si Ricardo at pumayag na rin ako. Kumuha ng papel si Jon at nag-drawing siya ng witch board. Nang matapos ito nagdasal kami ng Apostle's Creed, Our Father at Hail Mary na walang Amen. Inikot namin ang 25 cent na coin gamit ang mga dulo ng aming mga daliri at sinimulan na ni Jon ang pagtatanong. Si Jon ang pinakamalakas na



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loob sa aming magkakaibigan.

May dumating na kaluluwa na nakarinig sa aming tawag. Ayaw magpakilala kung lalaki o babae ang kaluluwa kung kaya't nagtanong na lang kami ng tatlong beses at maayos naman itong sumagot, Nagpaalam kami agad pero di pumayag ang kaluluwa. Bumilis ang ikot ng 25 cent sa ginawa naming witch board. Natakot ako at bumitaw ako at ganoon din si Ricardo. Si Jon na lang ang nakahawak sa 25 cent habang patuloy ang pag-ikot nito, pabilis ng pabilis hanggang sa makabitaw na rin si Jon. Kita namin ang mabilis na pag-ikot ng 25 cent sa board hanggang sa tumalsik ito papalabas ng bintana at nabasag pa ang salamin. Nagising sa ingay si Rico at tinanong niya kung ano ang nangyayari. Nagdahilan na lamang ako na naghaharutan lang kami. Nakatulog agad muli si Rico.

Nagtabi-tabi kaming tatlo sa sofa at tahimik na nagkanya-kanya ng dasal. Wala kaming pansinan pero nagsiksikan kami hanggang nakaramdam kami ng antok. Biglang nakakita ako ng taong nakatayo sa tabi ng kama ni Rico na walang mukha at nakasuot ng pang ospital. Napatingin ako kay Jon at tinanong ko kung may nakita siya. Sabi niya "oo" at idiniscibe niya sa akin ang ayos ng nakita niya at pareho ang aming nakita. Agad na tumawag si Ricardo sa guwardiya ng ospital. Tumabi kami sa kama ni Rico para bantayan ito. Maya-maya ay kumurap ang ilaw sa kuwarto ni Rico na parang mapupundi. Kasabay sa pagkurap nito nakita namin ang taong walang mukha sa likod ng sofa na nakalutang sa hangin. Ipinikit ko ang mata ko at narinig kong umiyak si Ricardo at nagsabi siya na sabay-sabay kaming magdasal. Dinasal namin ang Our Father nang paulit-ulit hanggang sa mawala ang pagkurap ng ilaw at ng taong walang mukha. Tinuloy-tuloy pa namin ang aming pagdasal, magkahawak ang kamay.

Dumating na rin ang dalawang guwardiya. Ikinuwento namin ang nangyari at nakita ng isang guwardiya ang ginawa naming witch board at pinagsabihan kami nito. Inamin namin ang kasalanan namin at sinamahan pa kami ng guwardiya sa pagdarasal para mawala na ang kaluluwang tinawag namin. Binantayan din kami ng isang guwardiya sa kuwarto ni Rico habang kami ay natutulog.



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Kinaumagahan ay maaga kaming naging kahit puyat. Hindi kami nagkuwento kay Rico. Nang pauwi na kami ay dumaan kami sa simbahan at nagdasal. Sa mga lumipas na araw wala naman kaming naging problema at nagdarasal na rin ako bago matulog.

Sa mga nakabasa ng story ko ay sana naintidihan ninyo ang lesson na natutunan ko at ng dalawa kong friends na huwag subukan ang masama. Kung alam na makakasama baka magsisi pa sa huli... □

# *White Lady sa Pader*

Ni Rhuby Kaye Saylo



**N**asa labas kami ng isa kong kuya at ang little brother ko, nanonood ng TV. Tinawag kami ng aking kuya at sinabi niya na may white lady daw doon sa ilog. Pinuntahan namin ng kuya ko.

Nakasandal ang white lady sa pader ng tapat ng bahay namin. White talaga ang suot niya and ang haba ng hair niya. Para siyang nagdadasal. Nakaharap pa siya sa amin. Di ako makatingin noong una dahil nakatitig siya sa amin hanggang nagtayuan ang balahibo namin. Feel ko habang nagdadasal kami nasa harap namin siya.

Ika- 9:00 ng gabi iyon at di pa kami kumakain. Naghain ang katulong namin and kumain na kami. Pero nag-pray muna kami para umalis na ang white lady na nakatingin sa amin. Pero kahit natapos na kaming kumain ay di pa rin siya umaalis doon. Nakatingin pa rin siya sa amin. Natakot na kami.

Tinawagan ko ang friends ko at pumunta sila sa house para tingnan. Nakita nila ang white lady. Ang tagal bago nawala. Takot na takot talaga kami. Wala kaming kasama dahil ang kuya kong panganay ay nasa ospital, binabantayan ang mama ko! □



## *Room 26*

Ni Yoyo



**A**ctually, hindi ako naniniwala sa supernatural and ghosts. I'm already 15 and too old for such kind of beliefs. But it seemed that fate made its way for me to at least see for myself they really exist.

Saturday night ay nakaramdam ng pananakit ng tiyan ang



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nakakatanda kong kapatid na si Tere (di totoong pangalan). Tingin nga namin ulcer iyon, resulta ng pagda-diet niya. Binale-wala namin kasi ang akala namin, pag-uminom siya ng gamot ay mawawala iyon. Kaso, sumasakit pa raw ang tiyan niya kaya dinala na namin sa ospital.

Dinala namin si Ate Tere sa ospital kung saan friend ni ate ang isa sa mga doctors. Nagkakatuwaan kami ni Ate Jenna (pangalawang kapatid) nang utusan kami ni ate Tere na pumunta sa infirmary para magtanong kung may naka-duty bang doctor.

Pinuntahan namin ang infirmary pero wala namang tao roon kaya bumalik kami para ipaalam sa kanila. Nang bumalik na kami ay pinagalitan kami ni ate kasi umalis daw kami ng walang pahintulot. "Ano bang pumasok sa utak ni Ate Tere?" pabulong kong tanong kay Ate Jenna. Umiling lang siya at pareho kaming nagtaka. We ignored it na lang. Akala namin apektado ng sakit ang utak ni ate ng mga sandaling iyon.

Dumating ang dalawang nurse at isang doctor na si Dr. Rivera. Ineksamin niya si ate at sinabi niya na kailangan i-confine ng two days si ate para mabantayan ang pagkain niya.

Namimili pa kami ng room nang si Doc na lang ang nagsuggest. "Sa room 26 sa itaas na lang si Tere. Matapang naman yan eh," narinig kong sabi ni Doctor. Di ko nga alam kung bakit may kasamang 'matapang naman yan eh'.

Mukhang normal ang room 26: may TV, may fridge, may aircon, may phone, at dalawang malalaking kama. Walang unusual.

Habang nanonood kami ng TV may kumatok sa door. Binuksan ko ang door pero walang tao. Bumalik ako sa panonood. Pero may kumatok uli kaya binuksan ko na naman nguni't wala pa ring tao. Nainis ako doon kaya napag-isip-isip ko na tingnan sa ilalim ng pintuan kung sino ang kumakatok. Walang kumatok ng ilang minuto. Akala ko tumigil na.

"Aba! Nakahalata siya, sister," sabi ni Emma, ang bunso namin. Tinawanan lang namin dahil baka kasi napagod na.

Pero bigla na naman may kumatok at mas malakas na ngayon.



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Tiningnan ko ang ilalim. Di ko talaga ma-explain ang takot ko nang makita ko kung sino ang kumakatok. As in wala akong nakita ni kahit anino pero may kumakatok pa rin. Halos liparin ko ang kinatutunguhan ng mga kapatid ko noong mga sandaling iyon.

Ilang minuto pa at nagsalita si Ate Tere. Sinabi niya na kanina pa raw niya nakikita na may nurse na pasok nang pasok tuwing binubuksan ko ang pinto. Kinukunan siya ng blood pressure. Alam na pala niya na may nagmumultong frustrated nurse doon. Hindi niya sinasabi para daw di kami matakot pero halos mapugto ang hininga ko doon.

Simula noon, di na ako pumapayag na sa ospital na iyon kami magpa-confine. Kahit mas malayo pa ang ibang ospital ay titiisin ko na lang. □

## *Kuwentuhan sa CR*

**Anonymous**



**L**ast year lang ito nangyari. Alas-singko ng umaga kami dumating sa school. Lima kami ng friends ko ang nauna sa High School building. Sabi ng friend ko na magkuwentuhan muna kami ng nakakatakot sa basement C.R. na nakapatay lahat ang ilaw. Pumayag naman kami.

Siya ang unang nagkuwento. Sa kalagitnaan ng kuwento niya ay biglang sumara ng malakas ang door sa cubicle. Tapos may nagbubulong sa amin pero wala naman ibang tao doon maliban sa amin. Akala ko joke yun. Nang tumakbo na ang isa sa friends ko, bigla na kaming tumakbo lahat habang nagsisigawan.

Tinanong ko ang friend ko kung sino kaya ang nagsara ng pinto at bumulong. Sabi niya na hindi raw siya. Magmula noon ay hindi na kami nagpupunta sa C.R na iyon at sinisigurado namin na laging bukas ang mga ilaw kapag mag C.R kami. □



## *Haunted Hapunan*

Ni Jay Manahan



**N**angyari ang kwento ko dito sa aming tahanan sa Parañaque, mga isang taon na ang nakalipas. Semestral break kaya. madalas ay naka-istambay kami sa kung saan man namin mapagpasyahan.

Isang gabi, mga ika-pito na sa orasan, nagpasya ako at ang dalawa kong kaibigang sina Michael at Miko na kumain ng hapunan sa aming bahay. Nagkataon na nasa probinsiya ang aking mga magulang at kapatid.

Pagdating namin sa bahay, sinimulan ko ng kuhanin ang mga lulutuin habang ang dalawa ay nanood muna ng telebisyon. Nahanda ko na ang lahat ng kagamitan at hinintay ko na lang na magluto si Michael. Habang nasa kusina kami ni Michael, nakigamit muna ng kubeta si Miko.

Ang aming kubeta ay lampas sa aking kuwarto. Pagkatapos ni Miko gumamit ng kubeta, napansin niya na may bata sa aking kuwarto na parang may hinahalungkat. Nakita ito ni Miko at akala niya ay ako ito na naghahanap lang ng kung ano man. Pagpasok namin ni Michael, nagulat siya at sinabi niyang, "Akala ko nandoon ka sa kuwarto 'mo?"

Nagulat din ako ng sabihin niya iyon. "Hala! Eh kanina pa ako sa labas! Nagluluto! Nanakot ka pa \*#@!" sinabi ko ng pabiro.

"Totoo nga! May nakita ako diyan sa kuwarto! Nakaupo na naghahalungkat!" sabi ni Miko. Natahimik kaming tatlo.

Hindi na rin kami nakakain ng maayos. □



# SELECTED POSTS FROM OUR MESSAGEBOARDS

## *Baguio Banshee*

By Velvet



**M**y Tito Egoy's and Tita Verma's new vacation house in Baguio had just been finished and they had invited me to join them for a month-long vacation. They have two sons, both much younger than I. But since they were both boys, I was the daughter they never had.

Everyone was excited. We left Pampanga at around four o'clock in the morning and reached Baguio by 9 a.m. The house was lovely; although large, it looked like a cottage right out of a fairy tale—charming and enchanting. It had four big bedrooms on the second floor and two smaller bedrooms off the spacious living and dining areas on the ground floor.

Tita Verma was a fabulous cook, and so the kitchen was also a great place to hang out. The smell of her cooking was enough to make your mouth water. Tita Verma loved having us help out in the kitchen. There were wide sliding doors that led to a veranda overlooking the English style garden. Her sons and I had a small lawn to play in, surrounded by fragrant and colorful flowering bushes and an arbor with climbing roses. A wooden swing hung from one of the ancient willow trees that defined the lot area.

After unpacking and settling down, we all had lunch and talked about getting the house blessed the next day. Later that afternoon,



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Tita Verma and I went to the parish office and made an appointment for the blessing. We went straight to the market from the parish office and bought ingredients for the small feast that my Tita wanted to prepare in celebration of their vacation home's completion and blessing. From the market, we went back to the house. The van was loaded with every imaginable vegetable we could get our hands on from the Baguio public market.

We ate dinner on the veranda, watching the city lights flicker beneath us like huge fireflies in the hazy night. It was like looking down at the stars, truly an enchanting sight. These visual delights did nothing to prepare my Tita and I for the disturbing events that would unfold later that night.

After dinner, Tito Egoy suggested that we retreat inside the house, as it was getting too chilly outside. He made a log fire in the fireplace in the living room and invited us to watch *Betamax* (to you young ones, *Betamax* is to the early eighties as DVD is to the new millennium, ok?). We kids were sprawled out on the rug while the folks were seated on the couch. Needless to say, the kids fell asleep right there. Tito Egoy woke me up so I can move to one of the smaller bedrooms in the ground floor while he carried Bok (the elder of their sons, not his real name) to the same room. Bok and I shared the room while Bugoy (the younger son, not his real name) slept with his parents in their room upstairs. Bok and I each took a twin-sized bed in the room. Tucked in, warm and safe, we were in dreamland in a matter of minutes.

I was awakened by a very loud scream. It seemed to have come from outside. I leaped out of bed and ran upstairs. Not bothering to knock, I threw open the door and found my Tita awake. She looked disoriented and worried.

"Tita! Tita! What was that? Did you hear it?" I said.

Tita Verma looked at me, "Yes, I heard it. Did you hear it too?"

"Yes," I said.

She took my hand and walked with me downstairs. We checked



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on Bok who was clearly still deep in slumber land. Tita Verma and I went to the back of the house and roused Mang Roger from his sleep. Mang Roger was the caretaker of the house. He and his family had been living on the lot even before Tito Egoy bought it. Tita Verma knocked furiously on their door. Mang Roger came out.

*"Mang Roger, narinig mo ba ang sumigaw na malakas? Halika, samahan mo kami, tingnan natin sa daan, baka may nasagasaan o nasaktan! (Mister Roger, did you hear the loud scream? Come, come with us, let's look at the road, someone might have gotten run over or hurt!)"*

Tita Verma pulled on Mang Roger's arm, leading him up to where the street was. Mang Roger was visibly not interested in venturing out in the street. Despite his yawns, he told us that only the females in the area heard the screams. He said that the screams started a long time ago, after one of the women in the area killed her husband, after finding out that he was having an affair with another woman. Probably dismayed and guilty, she slit her children's throats and ended her own life as well.

The next day, Tita Verma instructed me NOT to tell anyone of what transpired the night before. Tita Verma, although still shaken from our experience, went about preparing food for the small dinner party after the house blessing. I helped out in the kitchen.

The priest arrived at a little past 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The ceremonies started at a quarter before six. We all followed the priest as he went around the house, holding small candles (as is usually done at house blessings). When the priest entered the garage (which was a separate building from the house), we heard a loud scream. Then another, and another! This time, even the males heard it! The priest was startled and began to look around, trying to see who screamed. Tita Verma and I were relieved that we weren't the only ones who heard it this time. Tita Verma asked the priest to continue the blessing and say a special prayer for the dead. After the priest's prayer for the dead, we all heard a sigh, a sound made by one who suddenly received relief.



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After dinner, Tita Verma related to the priest and the dinner guests what happened the night before and what Mang Roger told us. The priest said that the spirit of the woman must have been trapped, and that having the place blessed and a prayer said for the dead must have freed her, hence the audible sigh of relief. We all agreed that the woman's spirit must have been set free from being earthbound because from that day on, no more screams were heard. □

### *I'm a Believer*

By suicidal\_freakk



I've heard a lot of ghost stories but I didn't believe in any of it until I saw one. It started when I went to my best friend's house. We were laughing and teasing each other about her cute neighbor. My best friend Nats told me she wanted to show me her new book by VC Andrews and she went upstairs to get it. I was there in her living room watching TV when I saw this old man coming downstairs. I thought it was her grandfather. The old man went into the kitchen. I even tried to say hi but it seemed like he didn't hear me so I just paid attention to whatever I was watching at that time.

After a minute, Nats arrived and showed me her book. I asked her, "Nasaan na ang lolo mo? (Where is your grandfather?)"

"Ano ka ba? Wala na kong lolong buhay, ikaw talaga! (What are you talking about? I don't have any living grandfather.)," she said.

I said, "I just saw him coming down the stairs to your kitchen."

"I don't believe you!"

She was so spooked that night she wasn't able to sleep. I asked her mom about the old man but they just laughed it off.

Every time I visit her I always see that old man, sitting on the stairs, waiting or standing guard. Maybe there's a pot of gold inside the house... □



## *Ghosts of PMA*

By M



When I was a plebe (first year in layman's terms), I heard much about ghosts in the academy. One time in May, it was the foggiest night I had ever seen in PMA. It was during our study period, on or about 20:00H (8 o'clock P.M.). My female upperclassman was on duty during that time. According to her story, she had come from her barracks and was on her way to her duty area. Along the way, she met an upperclassman. Since it was foggy, she couldn't tell who he was because visibility was down to 5 feet. She saluted him. But the figure didn't seem to notice or reply to her salute. He just "walked" on. Curious, the female cadet looked back. To her surprise the person she saluted to had vanished. She was scared out of her wits so she ran as fast as she can.

Now let me tell you about why the lights are always on in Borromeo Field. Before, the lights weren't turned on during evenings in Borromeo Field. During the wee hours of the night, the cadets at the Regis and Florendo Halls were woken up by the sounds of marching and shouting at the said Borromeo Field. Regis and Florendo halls are the closest buildings in the field. It was pitch dark and they couldn't see anything or anyone moving on the parade grounds. When they finally switched on the lights in the field it suddenly became quiet. No more sounds of marching or shouting. Every night since then they would hear marching and shouting, until the cadets made a petition to the Officials concerned regarding those ghosts. The Officials granted their petition and Borromeo Field was lit up every night. Since then there were no more marching or shouting ghosts. We assumed that those ghosts were PMA cadets who had died during training or our alumni who died in battle and returned "home" to their alma mater. No one knows, but "they" do. □



## *Seminary Spook*

By velvet



I would like to share with you an experience that I would never have expected to happen, of all places, at a seminary! My cousin is a priest and I would visit him at the seminary where he teaches. This experience happened on one of the very few times I spent the night at the seminary.

My cousin and I decided to round up all the other priests who weren't busy that night to view a movie at the lounge. We were all in high spirits and prepared some junk food and iced tea for the viewing. After some chitchat, we settled to watch the movie *Dogma*. The movie ended at around one o'clock in the morning and we bade each other a good night.

After leaving the lounge, my cousin and I passed the chapel to get to the room where I was staying. The lounge and the chapel were both on the third floor. Since the building was sort of U-shaped, we had a good view of the balconies in front of the quarters of the other priests and those of the seminarians.

Passing the chapel, I noticed that one of the priests, who wasn't able to join us at the lounge, was standing on his balcony on the second floor, looking down at the gardens on the ground floor. I tried to call his attention by shouting. He was stooping over the ledge of his balcony and upon hearing my call, stood up straight and looked at us, then quickly turned on his heel and headed back inside his room.

My cousin and I looked quizzically at each other because this particular priest was known for being super friendly; he was not known to pass up an opportunity for a chat, no matter how short it may be. We just assumed that he might not be feeling well and decided to retire for the night.



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The next day, my cousin and I talked to him during breakfast in the refectory. We asked if he was feeling all right. He said that he was feeling better and apologized for not being able to join us at the lounge the night before. He also asked us how we knew that he was under the weather. Puzzled, we told him that we saw him on his balcony, and that I was trying to get his attention by calling out to him from the third floor. To our surprise, he said that he had decided to stay at his mother's house the night before. Who, then, was on the balcony? Was it a doppelganger?

Anyway, that was the last time I stayed overnight when visiting my cousin. Never again! □

## *Retreat House*

By Kysher



**T**his happened this year lang. I was so excited that day because I had never gone to a retreat before. I'm a second year nursing student, 19 years old.

Nang paalis pa lang kami I was so excited. I looked forward to the upcoming experience, and I was even excited during the trip! Masaya kasi kasama namin lahat ng first year students.

But things changed nang dumating kami sa retreat house. Pagdating na pagdating pa lang namin may naramdaman akong kakaiba. Bigla akong nanahimik then pagbaba ko ng bus kinilabutan ako!

"This place is so great!" my classmate said. Oo, maganda talaga ang place kasi parang garden, napapaligiran ng malalaking puno. But for me it was like a forest, nakakatakot!

Pinapunta na kami sa mga rooms namin and ang mga boys sa kabilang building. May mga activities na pinagawa that day kaya medyo nakalimutan ko ang takot. Pero nang dumating ang gabi, I couldn't



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sleep. Nakipagkuwentuhan na lang muna ako sa mga classmates ko. Double deck kasi ang bed, nasa taas ako at katabi ng window. Nasa second floor ang room namin. Bumaba ako at nakiupo sa kabilang bed.

Maya-maya, sabi ng isang classmate ko na nawawala daw ang wallet niya. Ako naman, naalala ko ang coin purse ko. Baka na-misplace ko kaya bumalik ako sa bed ko. Pagbukas ko ng bag ko, sa gilid ng mga mata ko I saw a girl with long black hair wearing a white dress at nakalutang sa labas ng bintana!

Dali-dali akong napatalon sa kabilang double deck at yumuko na lang. Never na-notice ng mga classmates ko na may nangyari sa akin at kung ano ang itsura ko kasi nakapatay ang mga lights. Pero napansin ng isa kong classmate na tumutulo na lang ang luha ko.

I went to my bed pero di ako tumitingin sa window. Humiga ako at ki-nover ko face ko with a blanket but when I closed my eyes she was still there! Nakikita ko siya kahit nakapikit na ang mga mata ko! I cried a lot.

Maraming natakot, maraming di nakalapit sa akin pero may ilang friends na nag-pray after that. Di ko na alam ang nangyari. Sabi ng mga classmates ko "nagising ang lahat dahil sa nangyari sa iyo! Maraming natakot at di na makatulog!" Ang lakas-lakas daw ng iyak ko at nanginginig daw ang buong katawan ko tapos namimilipit sa higaan. Na-possessed raw ako! Nag-pray lang sila nang nag-pray. After 20 minutes naka-recover ako pero ang laki ng naging effect sa akin. Hanggang sa pag-uwi, tahimik lang ako, di ko alam kung bakit di ako makapagsalita. Di na ako babalik doon, doon sa retreat house na may kakaibang nakatira... □



## *Granny Dearest*

By Edward



People say I that have the power to see the unnatural. When I was a young child, I lived in a small shack in a forest with my *lola* (grandmother). One night I was about to go to sleep but I heard someone shouting and screaming. It was my *lola*. Her eyes were closed and she was holding a knife in her hand. She said, "That boy will find out our secret, we must get rid of him."

I shouted out, "*Lola!*"

She looked at me and suddenly came charging at me with the knife. All of a sudden she just fainted and a cold wind blew past my face. I fell down and my *lola* stood up.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," she said. □

## *Habang Nag-aaral*

Ni Joanna

I tong kuwento ko ay karanasan ko noong grade 5 pa lang ako. Noong panahong iyon ay hindi pa masyado nagagawa ang bahay namin. Hindi fluorescent ang ilaw sa kuwerto at wala pang akong study table kaya nag-aaral ako sa kama ko na malapit sa ilaw. Malapit na akong matapos sa ginagawa kong assignment sa Math nang feeling ko may nagmamasid sa akin mula sa may pintuan. Hindi ko pinansin nguni't hindi talaga ako mapakali! Feeling ko talaga na may nagmamasid sa akin! Kaya tumingin ako sa pintuan.

May shadow doon sa tabi ng pinto!

Napansin ako ng shadow at bigla siyang nagtago. Hindi ko pinansin at binaling ko na lang sa paggawa ng assignment. Pero sa loob-loob ko'y natatakot ako. Bumaba ako kung saan kumakain ang parents at mga siblings ko. Ikinuwento ko sa kanila ang nangyari. □



MORE SUBMITTED STORIES

## *Interview With An Aswang*

By Lee Losaria



Jean and her classmate, Polly, were assigned to a field project in Southern Samar. They had chosen to interview Indang, a woman believed to be an *aswang*.

One of their informants, a man in his late eighties, said that Indang had attacked his mother when she was pregnant with his younger brother. According to him, his father attacked a huge dark dog, hacking it across the neck with a bolo. He said that Jean and Polly should check Indang if she had a scar. If she did, then, without a doubt, she was the same beast that his father had attacked.

Indang lived a good four kilometers away from the town proper. Indang lived alone in a tiny hut in the middle of a sparse forest beside a creek. The barangay tanod's son (who didn't believe in the *aswang* stories) accompanied Jean and Polly to Indang's house. They noticed that her hut neither had a bathroom nor a kitchen; it was just a one-bedroom hut in the middle of nowhere.

Indang was a young mestiza, about 20 to 30 years old. She was of medium height and slim build. She had long thick hair. She looked very much like you and me. But what really bothered them was her smell; she reeked of stale menstrual blood. She wouldn't directly look at them and she kept averting her eyes. And yes, they saw the edge of a dark red scar at the base of her throat. She also didn't have a philtrum, the ridge above the lip



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and right beneath the nose, the sign of humanity.

Jean and Polly interviewed her for around thirty minutes everyday for a week. They asked her generic questions, like if she believed in aswangs and if she believed in what people said about her. She answered absent-mindedly, "People will believe what they want to believe." She said she was very thankful that Jean and Polly took an interest in her. "*Iba ako sa kanila* (I'm different from them)," she said.

One particular afternoon, Jean and Polly were walking in the town proper when they came across Indang. The other people, upon seeing the said aswang, crossed the street or turned their backs on her.

Another time, Polly left her notebook at Indang's house. Since they were a good twenty minutes' walk from Indang's house and it was nearing dusk, they were petrified with the idea of going back. Imagine their surprise when they found Indang seated on a rock a few meters away with Polly's little notebook in her hands.

The other informants in the town gave rather interesting answers to Jean and Polly's queries. Some townfolk claimed that Indang had a family—a sister and her parents. But the rest of her family lived in different towns and were killed by the villagers. Although after their deaths, the towns were afflicted with misfortune: crops fared badly, farm animals refused to multiply, and the weather just turned bad.

An elder said that Indang and the older generation have a verbal agreement. He said that she no longer fed on people and that the townfolk weren't to mind if she preyed on the town's cattle.

After a week, Jean and Polly went back to Manila. Since they were conserving resources while in Samar, Jean and Polly didn't bother to review the tapes they had recorded the interviews on. A week before they would pass their papers, they decided to encode their recorded interviews. As it turned out later, they aced their paper and managed to graduate at the top of that particular class. Perhaps it was because the tapes they passed had a rather intriguing aspect: all of Indang's answers were not in any human voice; it was in the distinct barking of a very large dog. □



## *The Dress*

By Lee Losaria



Jean, Polly and their friend, Sam, a Museology class that required them to visit various museums and to write a 65-page paper on each one.

One day they visited a particular museum in Manila that displayed costumes from Manila's past. They came upon a yellowing brittle ballgown. It was white and beaded, with handmade lace and a sweeping train. It was so frail and old that it looked like a drop of water would disintegrate the ancient fabric. Jean thought that the dress was really beautiful and said so.

The label beneath it stated that the dress was worn by one of Manila's socialites on the night she was crowned queen of the Manila Carnival during the 1920's. She had made such an impression that she wore the dress to her wedding a few years later. Sam loudly remarked that it was an ugly dress and that whoever had worn it must have lost a lot of weight because it looked like it weighed a ton. Jean and Polly were too late to shush him.

A few days later, Sam wasn't able to go to school. He had a high fever and was vomiting. He was also hallucinating. He would see a beautiful woman by his bed glaring at him in a wedding gown. Jean and Polly took Sam to a *mangtatawas* to be diagnosed. An outline of a dress appeared on the *mangtatawas*' waxen image.

Still feverish, they brought him back to the museum. They told the curator that they were researching on a school project and he allowed them access to their records. They were able to find a picture of gown's original owner: it was the girl in Sam's dreams. They went back to the display case and had Sam apologize and pray for her soul. Sam left the museum with his fever gone. □



## *Lee's Story*

By Lee Losaria



I work the graveyard shift in a call center in Libis. Our center is located in one of the buildings there on the nineteenth and twentieth floors. Since my shift starts at 1 a.m. and ends at 10 a.m., I'm used to having lunch between 4 a.m. and 6 a.m.

One particular Tuesday at around 4:30 a.m., I was enjoying a fruit smoothie purchased from a nearby coffee shop on the ground floor. I didn't notice that the elevator I was riding in opened at the second floor because I was so busy appreciating the color and texture of my smoothie, twirling my straw while clutching two complimentary paper napkins from the coffee shop. (The second floor was still closed at that time and wouldn't be open until seven). A girl entered the elevator but I didn't pay full attention to what she looked like. I just recall that that she was wearing denim pants and a pale-colored shirt.

As we went up, one of my paper napkins fell to the floor and I didn't bother to pick it up. But as we reached the seventh floor, I couldn't see the girl's reflection on the elevator's mirrored panels. I was totally alone and that was when I felt complete terror that my hands were shaking. A guard entered at the eighteenth floor, and that was the only time I gathered the courage to look around the elevator.

The members of my team saw me pale and shaking, and I managed to tell them what had just happened. I recall thinking that perhaps I was just imagining things, but as I stayed outside the elevator I noticed a telling detail: the paper napkin was still on the floor, the one I didn't bother to pick up when I was conscious of her presence. I had heard stories about the elevator stopping on the second floor from my other co-workers, but I never thought that she would bother to make her presence felt to me.

Until now I can't ride the elevators during the early hours of the morning. □



## *Ghost Mist*

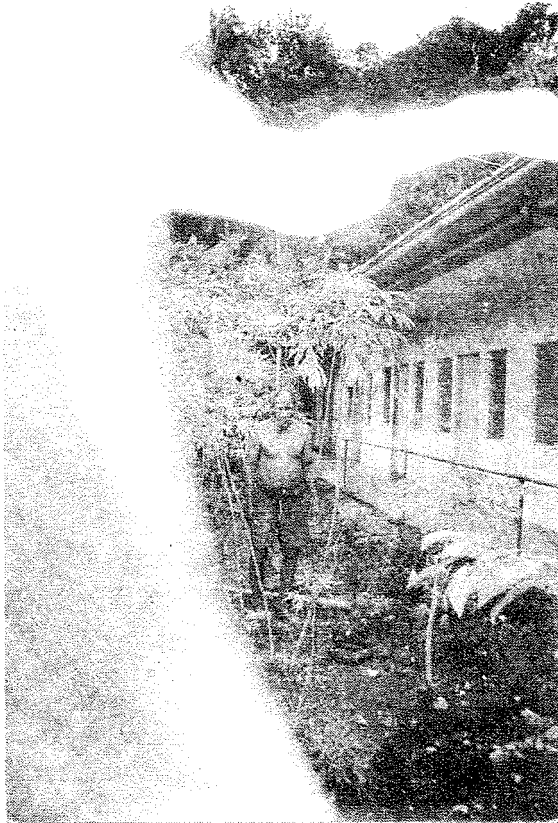
**By Lolali**

Nais kong ibahagi sa inyo ang larawang ito na kuha ko mismo sa sarili kong automatic camera with regular 135 Kodak film. Ito ay noong October 2003.

May training ako noon sa \*\* \*\*\*\*\* (A Home For the Aged) sa Bacolod City. Dalawang linggo akong namalagi doon kasama ng iba kong mga kaklase sa isang international caregiver training center, batch of March 2003. Itong picture na ito ay sa loob mismo ng Home For The Aged. Si Lolo Ricardo ang nasa litrato, isa sa mga matatanda na halos doon na naninirahan dahil wala na siyang kamag anak na nais magkukop sa kanya. Isa lamang siya sa matatandang namamalagi doon.

Alas-kuwatro ng hapon nang maisipan kong bumili sa kanya ng cassava na tanim niya, para naman mabigyan ko siya ng pera. Habang naghuhukay siya ng kanyang tanim ay sinabihan ko siya na kukunan ko siya ng litrato.

Nguni't pag-kalipas ng isang linggo at nang pina-develop ko ang film, nagulat na lamang ako na parang may kakaibang image na lumabas sa larawan! Sabi ng iba ay baka medyo na exposed lang ang kaliwang bahagi ng picture, pero sabi naman ng iba baka blurred lang daw ang parteng may puti. Nguni't kung titingnan ng maigi ay may makikitang hugis na parang nakalutang na damit na mahaba na parang babaing nakasuot ng mahabang damit. Kapag tiningnan ang negative ay mas maliwanag na tala-gang katawan ito ng isang babae. □





Can you Spot the Ghost?

Picture taken last March 2004 at Intramuros

## *How does one open the third eye?*

There are various ways to open the third eye. The easiest and most effective way to open the third eye is through japa. Japa means the recitation of a particular syllable, word, sentence or group of sentences. There are quite a few mantras that also help in opening the third eye. The Gayatri Mantra, for example, helps in opening the third eye, for it invokes the infinite knowledge, wisdom and light. Most effective is the chant Aum. Each centre has a secret sound which is most effective. For the third eye, the ajna centre, the chant Aum is most effective. The 'm' sound should last about three times as long as the 'au' sound. Also, when chanting, the seeker should focus his attention on the third eye.

*\*Excerpt from Kundalini: The Mother-Power by Sri Chinmoy.*

**Do You Believe in GHOSTS?  
Maybe Now, You Will**



**“Something To Scream About”**

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