

80 Pesos

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES

BOOK

6

By **Gianna Maniego**
and her team
of ghost writers

PSICOM
icompublishing.com

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

By Gianna Maniego And Her Team Of Ghost Writers

Copyright 2004 PSICOM Publishing Inc.

All Rights Reserved

First Printing 2004

Printed by PSICOM Publishing Inc.

Quezon City, Philippines



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

For comments and suggestions, Txt us at **09189305034**

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

*All stories submitted will become the property of Psicom Publishing Inc.



If there's anything that can prove how popular ghost stories are, it's the fact that we are now on our sixth book and the stories still keep on coming.

Ghost stories have been popular for thousands of years, passed on from generation to generation, from campfires to classrooms to sleepovers and drinking sessions.

Why are ghost stories so popular?

Perhaps it's the vicarious thrill of being scared out of our wits without being in any real danger ourselves.

Perhaps it's the fact that these stories reinforce our suspicions of an afterlife (indeed, who wants to believe there is no afterlife?)—a conviction of faith for Christians and non-Christians alike.

Or maybe it's the delicious possibility that if one is foolish enough to tempt Fate and challenge the unknown, then Fate is more than capable of biting him back on his behind.

Be that as it may, there's no doubt that ghost stories are as much a part of our culture as legends and superstitions.

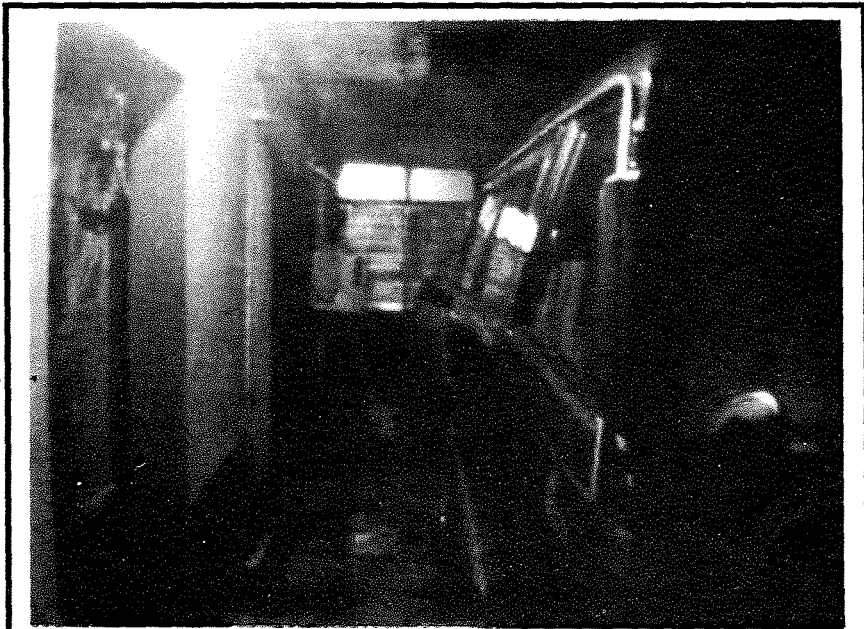
At any rate, ghost stories are here to stay—and so are we.

The Editor

ISBN 971-0372-02-5

THE STORIES

Vengeful Spirit	5
The Promise	9
BAby On Board	15
Betty's Funeral	20
Happy Birthday... From Beyond The Grave	26
Confessions Of A Spirit In Limbo	31
Hardworking Ramon	35
The Haunted Science Laboratory	41
The Baby	44
The Difference In Me	48
The Haunted Ringtone	53
The Last Cabin	57
The Pink House	62
The Roommate	65
Veiled Lady	69
Heritage Ghosts	72
The Visitors	76
TrainIng For Terror	79
Ghostly Tales	80
The Cubicle	82
Baguio Chills	84
Zapote House	86
The Undead	89
Bloody Mary	92



Saturday morning when my brother called my attention regarding my dog crawling Friday night, the dog seems to see something unusual. It was then that I informed him that I saw a woman wearing kimona and saya going up the stairs that same night. A few minutes later my nephew came with a picture taken from the camera of his cellphone also Friday night.

A group of teenagers headed by my nephew were having a good time that night inside our compound, when suddenly one of them saw a person pass by but suddenly disappeared. They dared my nephew to take a picture in the area. After they saw the shot, they all run out of our compound.

In the picture you will notice a man wearing maong pants facing the camera, and a picture of a naked child also facing the camera. But when you look at the picture through the cellphone, there was another man looking sideward.

VENGEFUL SPIRIT

By Stephanie Valenciaga

I was mad, so mad I wanted to hit someone, something, and anything, just to get this rage out of my system. I did everything to make our relationship work and after two years together, Jake comes up to me and says he has fallen in love with someone else.

It's bad enough that I'm being dumped but to be set aside for a woman who looked like she grew up in a house with no running water and flush toilets is another matter.

Was I wrong about this? No, Jake's friend Alex told me that she's a saleslady in a boutique somewhere in Makati. Hah! That means she lacks education. He also said she has a son out of wedlock. Hah! That means she's promiscuous.

I know that at 25, I'm too old to think of this — but I want revenge. So bad that I can taste it. I want to wreck Jake's car with a sledgehammer, throw bleach on all his clothes so they'd look like a tie-dyed nightmare, massacre his family and mutilate his new girlfriend.

I'd thought of *kulam* but didn't really know anyone who could perform it. Thought of calling his office and spreading

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

horrible lies about him but people there knew my voice. I also thought of stalking Jake's new love but it's not worth getting caught.

I spent my days wrapped in a rage I couldn't explain or control. I barely slept, ate or bathed. It wasn't that my relationship with Jake ended; it was the thought of being replaced by someone who was not even my equal that really got to me.

Then, I remembered a story my cousin told me. That she was mad at someone and she summoned a vengeful spirit out of the mirror at midnight. It's not clear to me now how the spirit can help someone who's out for revenge but I do remember how to summon it.

My cousin said to say "Bloody Mary" 13 times in front of a mirror in a pitch-dark room lit only by a single candle. You are supposed to be looking at the mirror while doing this although for the life of me, I cannot imagine what I can see in a dark room. Oh, and you're supposed to do all of this at midnight.

But at this point, I had nothing to lose. I hated Jake and his girlfriend and they had to pay for my misery.

The thought of what I am about to do made me feel weird but I decided to go ahead and do it. Throw all caution to the wind and forget everything. Hakuna matata-I don't care.

It's now about six minutes to midnight and I'm about to summon my vengeful spirit. How scared am I? Well, I've peed about four times in the last hour, I haven't had dinner and I'm not even hungry. I'm nervous as hell. What do you expect? I feel I'm about to make a pact with the devil and I'm not even sure I want to.

Here goes nothing. I'm about to do it but I swear, I can't do it with my eyes open. I remember my cousin saying that when you chant, each incantation has to be louder than the last.



I do it in the bathroom, the only place in my room with a mirror big enough to summon any spirits, vengeful or otherwise. On my sixth “Bloody Mary,” I feel so cold. The bathroom floor seems to have turned to ice.

...Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen. Ouch, is someone pulling my hair? Incredibly hard? I thought the spirit was supposed to help me get revenge? Whoever is pulling my hair will not let go. I’m holding its hand but it doesn’t feel like a hand. I scream and scream.

“What’s wrong? Hey, hey. What’s happening to you,” someone is touching my hair, not pulling it. It’s my sister Ella.

I’m still screaming and I realize, crying.

“What happened, why are your hands like that?” she asked with panic in her voice. She was shouting now, calling our

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

mother to come to my room.

In a few seconds, the whole household was in the bathroom. The two maids were screaming, my mother was hysterical and so was I. There was a lot of blood in my hands. I thought I had a big wound. My hair looked like a tornado had gone through it. My face was streaked with dirt. I looked like a crazy person.

Ella had the good sense to make me wash my hands. There was a lot of blood but no wound.

I didn't want to sleep in my room anymore. Ella said I should sleep with her. In two hours, we were fast asleep.

What's that noise? I nudged Ella who was already awake. The noise was coming from my room. The household was being disturbed for the second time that night. Soon, it was quiet. Ella and I asked the maids to accompany us to my room to see what really happened.

My room was more than a mess. It was a wreck. My four-poster bed didn't have posts anymore, they were broken. My clothes were all out of the closet. Bottles were broken and pictures were out of their frame.

The next day, my mother called a priest to bless my room and the house. I never admitted my part in what happened so to this day, they look at me as the victim.

I sleep in my room now, only I don't tell about the noises I hear or the presence I feel. I've gotten used to it. After all, it's my entire fault.

THE PROMISE

By Joel P. Salud

This is a story that sounds too scary to be true. But, according to the source, it did happen...

Ronnie (not his real name), an OFW civil engineer that worked for an American company in Thailand, had just received his first pay check and was excited to tell his wife about it. To earn a fat sum of American dollars was a dream-come-true to the couple who'd been married for almost six years. It was 1990, the height of Filipino overseas workers migration, when the couple thought of trying their luck abroad. They loaned from a bank and from close relatives who were just too thrilled to see the couple make something of their lives. Both came from very modest, lower-middle-class families and had been childhood sweethearts since they were fifteen. When Christia gave birth to her only son Paolo, the husband Ronnie thought of earning more money so that the couple could prepare sending Paolo to a good private school when the time comes. The first trip Ronnie made was in Dubai, where he worked for a very appreciative Arab boss, who gave him extra cash incen-

tives just so he could send more to his family back home. After two years, he was recommended to a Thai entrepreneur who needed a civil engineer for a specific project in Bangkok, Thailand. Coming highly recommended, the Thai entrepreneur even doubled his salary. Ronnie could not pass up an opportunity to earn more cash, hence, he accepted the job.

The couple and their son Paolo, who was then about five years old and studying in a Quezon City elementary school, celebrated the eve of Ronnie's departure by going to the movies and having dinner at home. Christia herself prepared all there was to prepare to make the *despedida* party worthwhile. After going to the movies, the family arrived home and had dinner as planned. It was a wonderful night for the couple, as well as Paolo who spent most of his time on his father's lap. After Paolo went to bed, Ronnie and Christia talked for almost five hours until finally they both went to rest.

"Promise me you will come back to us..." Christia said as if having a foreboding of what was to come.

"Chrissi, babe, of course," Ronnie replied with more than the usual tenderness while softly caressing his wife's cheeks.

"I will miss you..."

Christia, out of the blue, made a promise: "On the day you come back to us, I promise a bouquet of roses, the same white ones I gave you during your birthday, will be waiting for you on the table..."

It has been a flattering gesture of Christia to give Ronnie flowers during special occasions. They kissed that evening and promised to love each other more.

For almost two years, Ronnie worked hard to provide more than enough of his salary to his family. He wrote and mailed letters to Christia and his son Paolo almost every other day. Christia, on the other hand, never missed an opportunity to give her reply or send pictures through email.

However, during the first week of the last three months before his furlough, Ronnie noticed that Christia had missed writing back. He was too busy to notice at first since he was in the thick of finishing a multi-million-dollar project in Bangkok. A friend and co-worker who was also a Filipino told him the company's email server had been down and offline due to repairs for the past so many days. However, Christia should have written and sent her letters through regular mail, Ronnie thought. He hasn't received a letter or email for almost four days.

When the server was finally fixed, Ronnie received an email from his neighbor in Quezon City, saying that his wife and kid met a tragic accident a few days ago. Their house burned down due to faulty electric wiring, killing Christia and Paolo who were trapped within. He almost fainted; the news was more than he could bear. However, he saw another email in his inbox – from his wife Christia — sent a day *after* the aforementioned tragedy.

The email message read:

<Ronnie, please come home... I miss you so much... Christia>.

A faint photo of Christia and Paolo smiling while sitting on the couch in the living room was attached to the message.

The next day, Ronnie filed for an early vacation leave so he could go back to the Philippines. When his boss asked why, he kept mum about it, and instead whispered that his mother was gravely ill. The boss, without second thoughts, granted him permission and even took care of the travel requirements and expenses. The only available flight was the late evening flight back to the Philippines, but he did not mind. Ronnie was just too glad to come back home and make sense of what has happened.

He arrived at the airport at around 11:30 in the evening

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

and went straight to the subdivision by taxi. Since it was a Saturday, it took him more than two hours to reach his house. When he finally arrived, his house was there, not burned down as was told him, and the lights were all open. He rang the doorbell and out came Paolo and Christia, looking delighted that the man of the house had finally arrived. Ronnie hugged them both tightly as they walked into his home.

Nothing seemed to have changed. Paolo went to bed at eight in the evening, the usual time. Christia and Ronnie had a long conversation about what had happened in Thailand, his projects and his work. Christia listened attentively. Ronnie, however, was having misgivings about telling her the bad news he received. It was probably a bad prank, but why would his neighbor do something like that? He never mentioned a word. The only thing Ronnie noticed was that there was a bouquet of white roses on the dinner table, and the very faint scent of burning wood, which he thought was coming from outside.

“How did you know I was coming today?” asked the puzzled Ronnie.

“I just knew...” Christia smiled.

“Why don’t we celebrate? Tomorrow, let’s invite our neighbours to a party for your safe return. I want to do this, baby. Please go invite Roxanne, the Barangay Captain. She’s probably at home at the moment.” blurted Christia.

“Let’s not bother her anymore. Just do it tomorrow morning...” said Ronnie.

Tired and exhausted from worry and jet lag, Ronnie asked Christia not to clean up the dishes that night and just go with him to bed...

Christia was still asleep beside him when Ronnie woke up and took a walk outside the house. He recalled what Christia said that night and proceeded toward the Barangay Hall, which was just a few blocks away. When he reached the Hall, he



knocked on the door and Roxanne, the Barangay Captain, opened it. When Roxanne saw Ronnie, her face fell.

“When did you arrive?” Roxanne blurted out uncontrollably.

“Last night...” said Ronnie with a puzzled look on his face.

“Were you told about what had happened?” the barangay captain could not contain her tears. She’s been a family friend ever since the couple moved in the house down the street.

Ronnie asked, “What about?”

“Didn’t Christia’s family tell you? Come with me!” Roxanne said while she dragged Ronnie out of the Hall to walk back to his house.

When they reached the street where the couple lived,

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

Ronnie saw nothing but piles of burned wood and collapsed cement walls. Everything from furniture to clothes was gutted to a crisp. He could make out their bed among the ruins, black now because of the soot. Ronnie fell on his knees and cried aloud, not knowing what to say or think. He saw his travel bags placed in front of the burnt gates of the house, unpacked and intact. When Ronnie got back his composure after about an hour, he went inside the gate to look through the rubble.

After a while, he noticed something sticking out of the smoking ruins – a small white rose petal, fresh and untouched by the apparent wreckage. It was only then when it dawned on Ronnie that Christia kept her promise.

According to the story, the white rose petal, withered now, still remains with Ronnie to this day.

BABY ON BOARD

By Joel P. Salud

It's been three weeks since Rene and Alicia (not their real names) got married at a church in Quezon City. Little did they know that the couple's exhilaration would take an unexpected turn toward a macabre journey into the unknown.

It was an exciting time for the couple. The parents of Alicia, the richer among the two families, gifted the pair with a house in New Manila, Quezon City, while the parents of Rene offered roundtrip tickets for two to Los Angeles, California as a wedding gift. The two did not lose time furnishing the new house with the necessary furniture. Alicia, the interior designer by profession, took care of all that.

Rene, as a sign that he will not depend on his parents for further support, gave up his old white Honda Civic to his younger brother and bought with his own savings a second-hand, yet fairly new, Pajero from a neighbor in New Manila. Their neighbor decided to sell their car for a cheaper second-hand sedan.

Everything fit into place, or so it seemed.

It was obvious that the artistic inclination of Alicia got

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

the better of her because the interior of the new house started to look like a smaller version of an antique showroom where wooden statuettes, Chinese and Middle Eastern jars, which she collected during her frequent trips abroad, were displayed.

They matched well with the late 18th-century façade of the new house, embellished with expensive *narra*, carved arches made of dark *kamagong*, and capiz shells. The huge stained glass image of the sprawling flatlands of Batangas crowned the new house and gave it the aura of a sacrosanct Roman cathedral.

The living room was vast and spread out evenly to frame the antique furniture Alicia's parents gave her as a keepsake. It was deliberately designed to be a reproduction of their old and abandoned ancestral house in San Juan, Batangas, with more than enough space both inside and outside of the house for children to run and play.

However, Rene and Alicia knew prior to getting married that they would not have any children. When she was a teenager, Alicia suffered a cervical disorder when she fell more than twenty feet during her mountain climbing days. At first, Alicia did not easily accept her fate. In fact, she thought she would never know a man that would empathize with her condition until Rene came into her life. When Rene proposed marriage, Alicia's bouts with depression stopped. The wedding was the culmination of a life-long battle with self-doubt.

It was their second week in New Manila and everything went fairly well. They lived like any family would in that neighbourhood. Mornings were given over to trips to the market or grocery, and the afternoons were either spent at home or in meetings with the clients of Alicia and Rene.

One Thursday morning, as they were driving their Pajero to the market, a 70-ish couple inside a car drove slowly past them and waved their hands, but not to them directly, but to someone or something at the back of the couple's SUV. Alicia

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

turned her head to look who was in the backseat of the Pajero, but found no one. Rene and Alicia just dismissed the incident.

But that Saturday night, the same thing happened while they were cruising along E. Rodriguez Avenue.

A car filled with children drove past them and started calling and waving their hands, as if playing with someone at the back of the Pajero. Again, there was nothing and no one there. It happened more than six times in a span of four weeks.

With a pocketful of questions in their minds, Rene and Alicia finally decided to ask Mitch, the neighbor who sold them the Pajero who lived only two blocks from their home. When they reached the house, they found no one there but Mang Ricardo, an old caretaker. They related the story about the Pajero. Mang Ricardo's face turned 'white.

The old man told the story of Michelle, Mitch's four year old daughter who died in a terrible car accident during the



TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

summer of that year. The Pajero crashed accidentally into a cement telephone post as father and daughter were driving home from Baguio. Mitch and his friend Christian were both in the front seats while Michelle was seating at the back. For some reason, Michelle was able to detach herself from the especially designed seatbelt when the accident happened. The young girl hit her head and died instantly from a crushed skull.

One Thursday evening when Mitch was driving the Pajero back home from a meeting, a car with children drove passed him and waved at someone or something at the back of the SUV. It happened five times during the course of a month. The last time it happened, Mitch quickly went down and tried to talk to the couple who waved. The couple said they saw a beautiful girl waving and smiling at them from the back of the Pajero.

That was the very reason why Mitch decided to sell the Pajero and take a trip to San Francisco where he has finally decided to stay.

MAKATI OFFICE SCARE!



This is a picture of my friend's brother taken last year at one of Makati's office buildings. He chose to have his picture taken behind the window glass overlooking the shopping malls. However, when the pictures were developed, they were surprised that also behind him is the supposedly white lady that is haunting the said office building. It was rumored that the supposed white lady is a former model who committed suicide when she learned that her boyfriend has a wife and family.

- submitted by Aida D.

BETTY'S FUNERAL

By Jherry Barrinuevo

“It’s bad luck to go to wakes.”

This is what my friend Serge told me after consulting his friend who is an expert in feng shui. He had asked his friend if it was alright for him to go to a wake, because one of our close friends had just died.

Serge and I both worked for a radio station when we met Betty, who was with a promotions group. We grew quite close after we worked together on several projects.

Betty passed away after a lingering degenerative illness that affected her brain.

“I really can’t go, he told me it’s really bad for my feng shui.”

“But we have to go, we have to show up at her wake. Betty’s parents would never forgive us if we ignored their daughter’s funeral. And besides Betty is so close to you, don’t you remember that you told me she had a big crush on you?” I reasoned with Serge, hoping to convince him to come to Betty’s wake.

“Well my friend told me that if it’s really important and if I really have to go, what I should do is not go directly home after the wake. I must stop by some place before going home because if I go straight home I might bring bad luck to my house,” Serge said.

But I could tell that Serge was really reluctant to go. Serge was blessed with a third eye and could see and feel supernatural spirits everywhere he went. Going to a wake would be like walking into a lion’s den.

“I’m afraid that Betty’s spirit would be at her wake. I can feel that she’ll be letting us feel her presence there,” Serge, my clairvoyant friend said.

“Have you not gotten used to it yet? You’ve been seeing ghosts and other supernatural creatures since you were a kid. And at least when you see Betty later you can say goodbye to her,” I told Serge, half in jest.

“Well alright then, but I’m telling you something extraordinary will happen, just wait and see when we get there,” he told me as we prepared to leave his house and go to our friend’s wake.

Serge and I have been friends for years. We met during my first job at the radio station immediately after I graduated. He was then the station manager, and he hired me as one of their “trainee jocks.”

He took me under his wing and trained me, allowing me to go on board with him during his time slot as a disc jockey. We’ve become good friends ever since and though we are now working for different companies, we try to keep in touch with each other, to see what was going on with our lives.

Through the years that Serge and I had been together, I have been witness to his ‘special ability.’

He could see ghosts. He could see different creatures that the ordinary human eye couldn’t see.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

They call him clairvoyant because he had the third eye.

But possessing this “special talent” did not make him happy. For him seeing ghosts and supernatural beings was more of a curse than a blessing.

“Imagine seeing ghosts and scary creatures everyday,” my friend would explain.

“What happened?” I blurted as the van screeched to a sudden stop.

“What’s got into you now?” I asked Serge, anticipating another supernatural episode.

“Sorry, Betty’s face just suddenly flashed before me. She seems to be relaying a message that she’s going to be at her wake,” Serge told me as he stepped on the gas again.

When we arrived, Betty’s mom and sisters immediately welcomed us. They were sobbing as they led us to the chapel where Betty’s body lay.

When we were almost at the entrance of the chapel Serge suddenly stopped.

“Can I just stay here, I am not used to looking at people inside their coffins. And also I want to remember Betty’s face when she was still alive.” Serge told Betty’s mother and sisters.

Betty’s mom and sisters understood Serge’s predicament and allowed us to stay outside.

“Well that’s okay. We’ll just serve your food and drinks here. Andrea (one of the sisters of Betty) will stay with you so you can chat and you won’t get bored,” Betty’s mom said.

As we chatted and munched on the snacks that was served, Andrea asked Serge the question he dreaded answering.

“Serge you can see ghosts right? Is Betty right here now?” Andrea asked.

“Do you really want to know?” Serge asked Andrea before reluctantly admitting “yes she’s here. I can see her.”

Serge’s remark sent chills down our spines. We were all speechless and waited for Serge to talk more about what he could see.

“What does she look like?” Where is she? “ Andrea asked Serge after she called some of her sisters and her mom over to listen in.

“Well I’m not going to tell you where Betty is. But I can tell what she is wearing now. She is wearing a long white dress, with sequins and ruffles. The sequins are mostly located in the chest area,” Serge said.

Serge and I heard a collective gasp. Betty’s mom and sisters broke down and wept.

“We now truly believe you can see spirits. You haven’t looked at Betty’s coffin yet you know what she is wearing.” Betty’s mom told Serge.

“Huh? You mean that’s the dress Betty’s wearing now?” Serge asked Betty’s mom.

“Yes exactly as you have described it,” Mrs. Galang reiterated.

Immediately after Betty’s mom said this, all of us felt an icy breeze touch all of us who were outside the chapel listening to Serge.

After a while Betty’s mom and sisters went inside the chapel to attend to other guests.

“Something extraordinary will still happen. I’m telling you,” Serge murmured to me.

“Wasn’t that it?” I asked Serge, my eyes almost as round as saucers..

“No,” Serge answered. “Hey, just stay here. I’ll just go to the wash room.”

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

As I waited for Serge to come back, I heard women's voices chatting behind the bushes near the area where Serge and I sat. I stood up to find out who were chatting..

To my surprise nobody was there. I looked around and watched the other people outside the chapel hoping that I could see where the voices were coming from.

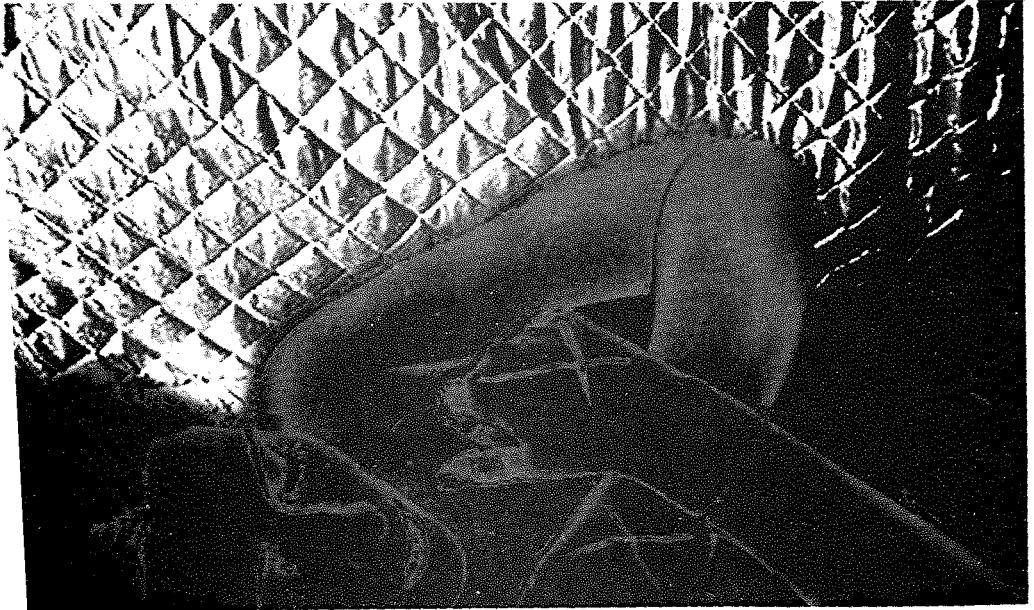
I watch the lips of all the people talking and tried to match if the words I was hearing were coming from them. But to my shock, nothing matched.

The voices continued and as if getting nearer and nearer to my ears. I suddenly jumped from my seat and followed Serge to the wash room.

"Hey, what happened to you?" Serge asked me, as I was running towards him.

"Something really weird and scary just happened." I told Serge and proceeded to tell him exactly what just happened.

"I told you something extraordinary would happen.



Maybe that's Betty with other spirits outside the chapel."

"I didn't expect the extraordinary thing you were talking about will happen to me," I told Serge.

"Well maybe Betty likes you too," Serge jokingly said to me.

"That's it, let's go home," I told Serge. We bid goodbye to Betty's mom and sisters and made our way back to the van.

"We can't go home. Remember? My feng shui? We must first go somewhere else," Serge told me as he tried to look for a place where we could stay for awhile.

We decided to go to a coffee shop and relax for awhile before going home. We talked again about the scary incidents that happened at the wake.

"We forgot something,!" Serge suddenly told me.

"What?" I asked.

"We forgot to say goodbye to Betty," Serge told me. "I guess that will not be the last time we will be seeing Betty again, or rather feel her again."

As I sipped my coffee, I know Betty's going to be back to say her goodbye to us, I just don't know when it will be.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY...

FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

By Jherry L. Barrinuevo

I got this story during a trip to Tawi-Tawi. My fellow reporters and I were invited to see and write about Tawi-Tawi's floating clinic. It was a long trip from Manila to this southern-most province, and since it took us several hours to get to our destination, we had a lot of time to chat about anything under the sun.

We started our trip around 2 a.m. We arrived at the Philippine Airlines Domestic Airport around 3 a.m. for our flight to Zamboanga. The flight to Zamboanga was scheduled to depart at 5 a.m. and obviously we were too early for the flight. So the media relations practitioners who were with us suggested we kill time in a coffee shop inside the airport.

After ordering our coffees and fraps, we engaged in an animated discussion about ghosts.

Since some of the reporters and media relations practitioners know that I am one of the ghost writers of this book they decided to share their own ghost stories, hoping to have them published.

Among the stories I have heard, one really caught my

attention. It came from one of the media relations practitioners who was also a close friend of mine. Her story is so touching, and of course scary, that it is worth being included in this book and this is how it goes.

Hazel has been a media relations practitioner for the past ten years. I don't know if it's really natural for her or because of her profession, she has this aura of being accommodating and always cheerful. She seems to have no problems and has always an infectious smile with her.

But even a happy person is struck by tragedies. Hazel's grandmother died three years ago. According to her, she was the favorite *apo* of her *lola* that's why she loved her grandma so much.

Hazel said her grandma spoiled her a lot. She bought her everything she wanted — toys, food, clothes — anything she would request.

Her grandma was so protective of her that she would even watch over her when she played outside the house with her friends.

But if there was one thing that she couldn't forget about her *lola* is that she never failed to greet her a happy birthday.

Even as a kid, her grandma would visit their house no matter how busy she was just to greet her a happy birthday. Her *lola's* greeting was usually accompanied by an expensive gift.

Her grandma would give her expensive clothes for her birthday. Sometimes these were clothes from abroad, which her grandma buys for her when she goes out of the country. Sometimes it would be jewelry.

She remembers one time her grandma gave her a jewelry worth P100,000 just for her birthday.

"I was so loved and spoiled by my grandma. That's why I can't forget her, our bonding was so strong even as we moved

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

far away from her place,” Hazel recalled.

But when Hazel’s parents moved to Manila so that she can have her schooling here, her relationship with her *lola* was put to the test.

“Since we moved, my *lola* and I seldom see each other,” Hazel tearfully recalls.

But she says that even as they are thousands of kilometers away, her *lola* still lets her feel that she’s just around and she still loves her so much. She would send gifts and letters to her brought by her relatives who live near her *lola*’s place.

And the most important of all, her *lola* never failed to greet her a happy birthday even when they lived far away from each other.

“She never failed to greet me even we were apart. She would call, text me or even ask some of my relatives to relay her greeting to me. But our distance seemed to take its toll on her because she grew weak and sickly.”

Hazel started to worry about her grandma’s poor health, part of which she attributed to the fact that they were apart. She knew that her *lola* missed her so much.

“I know that our distance was a major factor of her deteriorating health condition. Some of my relatives told me that my *lola* stopped eating and sleeping. She would always ask them how I was doing and also telling them she wants to see me.”

Hazel tried visiting her grandma during weekends but when she started working as a media relations practitioner her visits became few and far between.

“I became too busy. The best thing I could do was call her.”

But Hazel said her thrice-a-week calls to her *lola* were not enough to make her grandma happy. “She still became sickly and eventually she died. It was very painful for me be-



cause I lost my grandma who loves me so much and who I loved since I was a kid.”

“When my grandma died I became so sad. I know I would be missing her love, her care, and most especially her greetings during my birthdays,” Hazel said.

Time passed and Hazel slowly overcame her sadness and longing for her *lola*. She finally knew she had to move on.

“I know that I had the last greeting of my *lola* during my birthday before she passed away. That was it, no more greetings from my dear grandma,” Hazel notes.

But Hazel’s birthday after the sudden death of her grandma proved that she was wrong. She thought she would never hear from her *lola* again. “I thought that her birthday greetings would stop. But I was wrong.”

“The night of my birthday, I was shocked to hear heavy

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

footsteps downstairs of my room. The sound was slowly getting nearer and nearer to my room. Then it stopped. But what happen next gave me the greatest scare of my life. I suddenly heard a whisper, which sounded so familiar, greeting me happy birthday,” Hazel fearfully recalls.

“After that, I told my mom and my relatives what happened and they can’t believe it. But they were only convinced after it happened again on my next birthday.”

“It happened again during night time. I first heard my grandma’s footsteps. It’s like she was dragging her feet up the stairs. I also smelled her favorite perfume, then her footsteps came nearer and nearer to my room. The footsteps stopped and a cold breeze of air suddenly filled the room. Then the whisper, ‘happy birthday.’ Then I felt someone kissing my cheeks,” Hazel recalls her terrifying experience.

After that Hazel knew that her grandma didn’t miss her birthday and that each birthday from now on she would get a grisly greeting from beyond the grave.

As I write this story Hazel was waiting for her *lola* to greet her because she just had her birthday. She said maybe this time it would not just be a whisper and a kiss, but also a hug.

CONFESSIONS OF A SPIRIT IN LIMBO

By Tea Cup

Though I look like death sometimes, I would like to think that I am still a person of strength. My strength is not a flowery inventory of physical attributes or abstract virtues that sound too good to be true. My strength lies in my spirit – God’s gift of rectitude that has helped me brave the worst circumstances.

God knows how many times I have fought my personal demons. I have been fighting them since I was eleven. They would come to me in dreams, chasing and haunting me. Some unseen, others grotesquely tangible, they would cast shadows in my sleep and visit me with the same warning that one card-reader-interviewee gave: *Sooner or later, we will get you.* Often unable to scream, I would pinch myself to consciousness and I would wake up breathless... muttering a short prayer for strength.

Two summers ago, the demons I feared so much edged a bit closer to reality. For one month, I would hear voices incessantly calling my name. I tried to think them away, hoping it was a slight case of delusion and paranoia. The voices never stopped and finally, I told my mom.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

We went to see the priest in Bacong the following day. I do not wish to think it was an exorcism session that ensued. It was not. I would rather call it a spiritual cleansing session. As if a weight had been lifted off my chest, my heart beat calmly. For the first time in years, my spirit was at peace.

For hours, Fr. Pepe just kept quiet and along with two other mediums he prayed until large beads of sweat trickled from his brows. “How many green? How many red? How many brown?” he would ask the mediums and they would give him different answers. The only thing certain was that their answers were in hundreds. Until today, I have not really figured out what the colors and numbers meant.

After the session, he simply gave me a list of 20 names to pray for. They were the names of my ancestors whom I should have offered mass. “Sometimes, the succeeding generation pays for the sins of the ancestors,” he said quietly. I still remember him smile at me weakly.

For quite some time now, my spirit seems to be in a limbo. Once in a while, the voices would come back and again, I would find myself waking up breathless in the middle of the night. Still, my stubbornness would not let me give up easily. I have learned to make do with the situation and have self-imposed a hectic work schedule so I could push the nagging evil spirits behind. Still, I was glad that the demons tormented my mind... in “nightmare land” only. I entertained the silly thought that as long as I do not see the demons in the flesh, I will be okay.

They did come. How wrong I was to think they only existed in my mind! Again, my heart raced as I realized that the ultimate demon could be man himself – man, the *creature*: greedy, base, and earthly....

Creatures that spring from my nightmares... I’ve never seen so many of them until this year. The August thirty-first

was the fateful day when I first set foot in London, the most unlikely place I expected to find them.

It was neither the greasy darkness of their skin, nor the unruly tangle of their curls that haunted me. Rather, it was their gruff, labored panting and bright wild eyes. They were there: vigilant animals eyeing a prey. Like a frantic school of piranhas feeding on an unfortunate animal's carcass, they elbowed and stepped on each other's toes in frenzy.

They stepped on *my* toes but I too headed towards the thing that the creatures ranted and raved for: a plane leaving for Africa. To them, the name is home sweet home. To me, it was a dreaded place in my nightmares. For the first time in my life, I admitted that I was hopelessly, helplessly afraid – afraid of demons-in-the-flesh, of the dark, of traveling alone, and of never coming home alive.

Tortuous and excruciating, the plane ride left me no second of peaceful slumber. I closed my eyes to wish the *creatures* away until 13 hours later, which was when I had to face my nightmares, my own fears: demons in the flesh.

The wind hushed a warning and two of the *creatures* approached me. They were men – *creatures* with greasy dark skin, unruly hair, gruff panting, and wild bright eyes. Their lips curved to a smile as if to lure their prey and then they struck. They took my pounds – all the money that I ever held in my cold, clammy hands – and started to pull my most precious possession: a shabby blue-gray suitcase full of not-so-new clothes, which I would use during a peace conference.

One of the *creatures* was so rough and strong that for a moment, I imagined myself physically wrestling the same demons that tormented my slumber.

I don't know if he had a knife or a gun. If he had, I was glad I did not see either weapon anyway. I knew only that I had to risk my life or attend the two-week-long conference

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

filthy or undressed.

Such vanity saved me. I never screamed or cried. I simply refused to be the helpless victim that I was in my nightmares and became – in an instant – a trapped cat clawing her way to survival. I held my suitcase tightly, glared at him defiantly, and said quietly, “I’m going to make a phone call.” I wanted to bite my tongue off I heard myself speak. I could have had shouted for help or at least, called him a litany of foul names. Yet, the *creature* froze and he too went away quietly and became one with the mob of *creatures* that peered restlessly at the arrivals gate of Kotoka International Airport.

Today, I still toy with the idea that the worst could have happened. Still, it did not happen and I am just grateful.

The experiences were not the “good” things that I have fantasized in my childlike world. Yet, they taught me well. My body remains the fragile shamble of bones that I was born with but my spirit has grown a lot stronger.

HARDWORKING RAMON

By Jherry L. Barrinuevo

This story was a told to me by my mom who works for a publishing company in Manila. Her company only has a few employees, that's why many of them are tasked to do a lot of things.

They are picky in hiring people, because they want workers who are industrious and can work overtime. As a result, majority of the employees are hardworking and willing to take on extra hours.

But according to my mom, they had an employee who was "the most hardworking of them all." His name was Ramon.

His work was to prepare materials for publishing. Ramon's work was so demanding that he would always work in the office until the wee hours of the morning, alone. Sometimes he leaves the office around 4 or 5 in the morning especially when there is a rush job. "He is so astounding, I have never seen any employee as industrious as him," my mom would describe Ramon.

All of the employees in my mom's company thought Ramon was a model employee. He was smart, industrious and

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

honest. Even though sometimes Ramon is left to do the job by himself, he never complains. He is serious and dedicated to giving his best to his company, whatever it took.

“I am ready to give my life for this company,” Ramon once jokingly said.

Ramon soon won the best employee award. The company finally realized his work and gave him a raise as well as a cash gift. He was even promised additional compensation if he would keep working for the company. He was given additional benefits for his work.

Ramon was so happy with the award he won and the prizes he got. During the awarding they let Ramon say a short speech, and here is what Ramon said.

“I am so happy with this award. The prizes you gave me will go a long way. This will help my family. Thank you very much,” Ramon said before the audience.

When he was about to end his speech, somebody in the audience asked him why was he so hardworking and did he have any inspiration? What made him do his best and give his all to the company?

“Well before I was employed here, I worked for numerous companies. I was always fired because of my laziness. I was not serious in my job. I was an easy go lucky guy because I didn't have any family to take care. Even if I got fired from my job, it was alright with me since I did not need much money,” Ramon said.

“I jumped from company to company. I always got fired because I was too lazy, Lucky for me I had connections, so I always got hired. But later it got harder for me to find a job and this happened when Rhea and I got married.”

“Rhea got pregnant and I needed to find a job so that I could prepare for her child birth. I was in a desperate situation, I said to myself that I would turn a new leaf and make

good in the next company that hired me. I'll be giving them my one hundred percent service," Ramon continued.

"That's why when I was hired here, I gave my best. I don't want to lose this job anymore, There might not be another chance for me. Especially now that I have two kids, I can't afford to be fired again," Ramon concluded to thunderous applause.

Everyone was happy for Ramon. They knew he was an asset to the company, a model employee that everybody must follow and his experience must be remembered and learned.

So Ramon continued working hard and continued being a model employee.

But later some of the employees got jealous of Ramon, some of them also coveted the best employee award and thought Ramon was a show-off, only working for the money. Ramon later had enemies in the company. Some of them were eager to boot him out.

But try as they might, they couldn't dethrone Ramon. They couldn't even match his zest for work.

Unable to slow him up, they decided to make life miserable for him instead.

So they tried to play pranks on him while he worked late at night, calling the office late at night, making believe they were robbers or terrorists about to bomb the building if Ramon didn't go out.

Some even pretended they were spirits of former employees who died.

These prank calls took their toll. Ramon soon became a bag of nerves, paranoid about everything from robbers to ghosts.

It destroyed his confidence and he couldn't work properly. At night, when he went home, he would tell his wife that dead employees of the company were haunting him at work,



destroying his peace of mind and robbing him of sleep.

Despite the lack of sleep, however, Ramon showed up for work everyday, and continued to stay late at night. He later developed tuberculosis, doctors said he needed to get enough rest and drink his medicine. But Ramon kept on working. He didn't obey his doctors, did not take his medicine.

After some time, Ramon's health deteriorated. His employers urged him to take a vacation, but he insisted on going to work.

Until finally, he succumbed to the illness and died.

All the employees were shocked when they learned what happened to Ramon, even his enemies.

"We were all saddened by what happened. We all feel pity for Ramon and his family. We lost a very valuable employee, we lost our best worker," my mom said.

"After Ramon's death we never had any employee like him, no one who was willing to work till the wee hours of the morning," my mom said.

One night, however, the owner of the publishing house, who resides in the office together with her husband, was awakened from sleep by a noise inside one of the offices.

According to her, She could hear someone typing in one of the rooms of the office.

They also heard someone whistling, cheerfully and chairs being moved around.

“Now who could still be here at this time of the night,” she asked herself.

She immediately told the guard to check the room. The on-duty guard opened the room but found no one inside. He even checked the bathroom to see if someone was hiding there, but he still found no one.

My mom’s boss kept the weird incident to herself and told no one, not even her husband about it. Aside from her only the guard on-duty that night knew what happened.

But that wasn’t the last incident.

One night while doing his rounds, the guard heard a noise. He thought it was an intruder, a robber bent on stealing office equipment.

He said that he heard someone moving inside the same room where the boss heard someone working. The boss thought of a clever way to find out if someone really was inside. They decided that the guard would call the phone located inside the room.

Rrrriiiiiinnngggg.....

The shrill ringing of the phone could be heard, several feet away.

“Hello..?” said a familiar male voice.

The guard dropped the phone with a clatter. Both the boss and the guard ran to the room to see who was there.

But the room was empty. Papers and other office supplies were scattered all over the floor. They even saw the chairs all tumbled down. But that was the only thing they saw, no one is inside, they checked if the windows were open and but

they were all closed.

My mom's boss, who could no longer keep the weird goings on to herself, blurted what happened to her husband. Not satisfied the following day, told other employees about the incident. Soon all the employees were alarmed that a burglar or burglars are trying to rob their office. But some of them believe that a ghost is haunting the office.

One day an employee who resigned before Ramon died visited the office. "Ramon is so hardworking, imagine the other night I tried to put a prank on him by calling the office, I think that's around 2 or 3 in the morning, he answered the call and greeted me by name suddenly. I was surprise that he recognize my voice, he told me he is finishing some work and also asked me how am I doing in my work. He's really a nice person, we chatted about 30 to 45 minutes."

All of the employees who heard what the ex-employee is telling were terrified. "What? You talked to Ramon? But Ramon is dead already for a year, How can that be?"

The ex-employee was shocked. He can't believe that he talked to a dead person.

When all the employees knew about what the story of the ex-employee, they now know who is the person working or moving in the wee hours of the night inside one of the rooms of the office. "It is Ramon.... hardworking Ramon. Even death can't stop him from working. He is so industrious, until now that he is more than a year dead, he is still working in wee hours of the night," my mom said.

"Even today, some of the employees, who try to check if someone is working inside the office during late hours by calling the phone, report that someone is picking up the phone but no one is answering. But some that are lucky say they heard a male voice saying "hello." A voice that resembles Ramon's, the voice of hardworking Ramon.

THE HAUNTED SCIENCE LABORATORY

By Joel P. Salud

The fourth floor science laboratory of this old and prestigious university in Manila is known for its numerous ghostly apparitions.

More than a hundred and one ghost stories have centered around that place alone, which is probably the most haunted area in all of the schools in that area. Through the years, a number of eye witnesses had sworn they have seen something or someone that's not supposed to be there in that part of the Science Building.

One eerie story was related by a Psychology major student who spent a little more time inside one of the laboratory classrooms at the fourth floor after class hours. It was eight o'clock in the evening of July 1983. The rains were pounding on the pavement with claps of thunder and lightning.

The whole junior college class was already dismissed, and Jenna, together with her teacher Ms. Alvarado (not their real names), stayed behind for further tutoring in Comparative Anatomy.

Jenna was preparing the slides for the microscope when

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

a figure, which she described as pale white and reddish, started to float passed the classroom door.

She thought she was just tired and probably seeing things, having been in school for more than 15 hours already.

But just as she was about to dismiss it as a hallucination, a shimmering yet faint figure of a young woman appeared once more to float slowly from one end of the room to the other, passing through the wall where the animal specimens were kept.

Jenna glanced surreptitiously at Ms. Alvarado to see if by any chance the teacher saw the apparition.

But the instructor was still looking into the microscope, apparently, the teacher was oblivious to what was transpiring around her.

Jenna tried hard to get the image out of her mind as she continued preparing the microscope slides, but it kept playing in her head like a worn-out record.

The apparition was ashen white, not quite corporeal yet clear enough to be seen from where she was standing.

It moved slowly, she recalled, as if it was being dragged by a rope, had torn clothes, or what looked like clothes, its skirt and feet dangled above the pavement.

She and her classmates had heard a lot of ghost stories about the science lab but she never thought she would actually see one.

Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer, she had to tell Ms. Alvarado about what she saw or else she would faint.

Having made the decision, she looked up to see where Miss Alvarado was and nearly jumped out of her skin.

THERE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER WAS THE GHOST!!!!

The woman wore a tattered white blouse and skirt. It stood

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

before her, feet floating an inch or so above the ground. She had misty eyes that looked back at her sadly.

But what riveted Jenna was the woman's mouth, WHICH WAS WIDE OPEN AND SPOUTING BLOOD.

AAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Out of sheer fright, Jenna suddenly dropped the slides and the specimens and screamed.

She shut her eyes to avoid the deathly stare of the apparition, but then she felt something cold touch her shoulder.

This prompted her to shout louder.

Then she felt someone shaking her shoulders and asking her to stop shouting. It was only Ms. Alvarado trying to comfort her.

Jenna asked if the professor left the room a while ago. The professor swore to Jenna she never left.

Jenna related to the professor what had happened.

Ms. Alvarado said it was a common occurrence in the fourth floor to see either the ghostly image of a priest without its head or a woman whose clothes were torn flitting from room to room.

Many of the janitors have witnessed the apparitions which begin at around eight o'clock and last till about midnight. The apparitions occur, more often than not, during a thunderstorm.

As far as I know they still haunt the room to this day.

THE BABY

By Stephanie Valenciaga

Seventeen-year-old Marita's excitement knew no bounds.

"Free at last!" she thought.

She was going to be on her own for the first time in Manila as a freshman at one of the country's most prestigious universities! This after what she felt was an entire lifetime of being the sheltered daughter of a rich businessman and his wife somewhere in Mindanao.

In her hometown, Marita couldn't even go to church alone or visit her friends. An elderly aunt or one of her two brothers always accompanied her.

"You have to be more responsible," said Caridad, Marita's mother, who vehemently objected to her daughter being alone in the big city.

Caridad however, had no choice except to agree to her husband's wishes. Marita was her father's pet, being the only girl.

"Yes, Mama," Marita replied, thinking that she would have the grandest time of her life once her mother left her and

went back to the province.

Marita was to stay in a women's dormitory near her school where she would take up Fine Arts. Her mother or father would come to visit her every month to check on her and bring her allowance.

Marita loved her dorm and her roommate Charing. Charing was a year older than her at eighteen but seemed a little nervous and agitated.

"They say there's a ghost haunting this dorm," Charing whispered to Marita after their respective parents had left them on their own.

"Really?" she replied with an arched eyebrow.

Charing nodded.

"The rumor is that a girl died here of a miscarriage and you know what? She died in the bathroom right on this floor! How horrible is that? They say she continues to haunt that bathroom. How scary!"

Despite growing up in the province, Marita was not very superstitious nor easily scared. She did not believe in ghosts, *aswangs* and other supernatural creatures that many Filipino children were scared of.

"I'm here to have a good time, not listen to scary stories. Besides, if there's really a ghost, I'd like to see her. Let's see who gets scared," she said to herself.

Marita promised herself that she'd have a good time and after a few weeks, she did, forgetting all about the ghostly rumor in her pursuit of newfound adventures.

Surprisingly, she didn't find college boring at all. In fact, she enjoyed her studies and really immersed herself in school work.

She also made many good friends, among them, Charing and another girl from Mindanao named Baby.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

Marita hated to admit it to herself but the best times of her freshman year were spent in the school library with Charing and Baby, poring over books.

In their leisure time, they would paint each other's nails and talk about the boys from Ateneo and La Salle.

There was one thing troubling Marita though that she would never admit it to anyone.

Every time she would use the bathroom, she would get the funny feeling that someone was watching her go through her bathroom rituals. She was so sure she was being observed that she checked the ceiling and walls for peepholes.

One morning, after a long night spent completing a project, a bleary-eyed Marita went to the bathroom to get ready for school.

When she entered the cubicle, she realized she had stepped on something sticky.

Because it was barely 5:30 it was still a little dark, so she could not clearly see what it was she was stepping on.

"Eww.." she thought as her foot nudged a bulky mass on the bathroom floor. She peered at the floor, trying to determine the unidentified object.

What she saw nearly made her faint.

At first glance it looked like a little lump. But looking a little more closely, she realized the lump was a dead naked child and the sticky thing she stepped on was blood!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!"

Barefoot, wild eyed and screaming at the top of her lungs for help, Marita scrambled for the door as she fled the bathroom.

Charing and the other girls who stayed on the second floor came rushing.

"What happened?" Charing asked, as she tried to calm

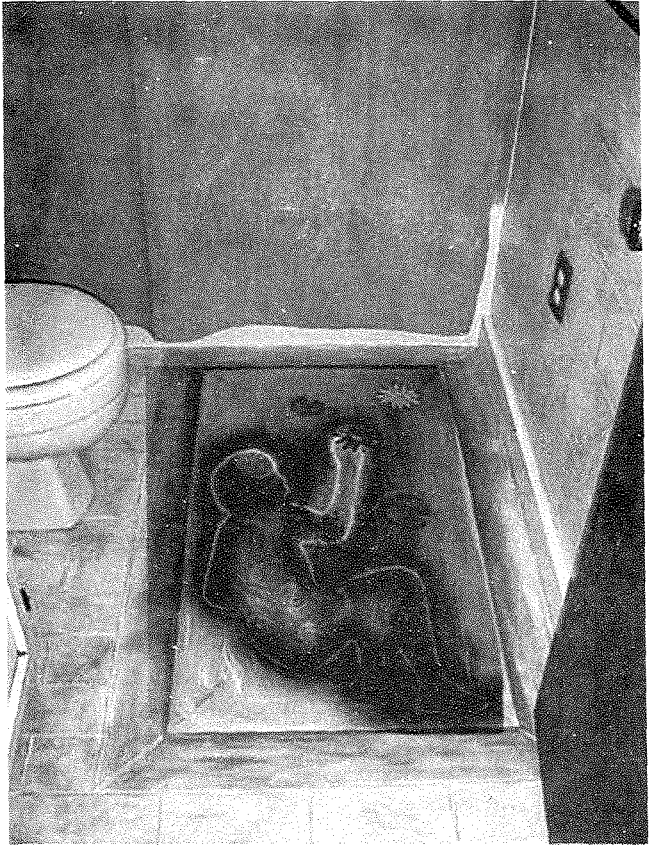
down her hysterical roommate.

“Ch - c h - child,” Marita gasped, gesticulating wildly.

“What? I don’t understand,” Charing said.

“A BABY. A DEAD BABY! ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR!” Marita finally pieced together a coherent sentence.

“AAAAHHHH!” her revelation drew a collective gasp from the crowd.



A few brave girls peeked into the bathroom, while the rest tried to calm Marita down.

“There’s nothing there.” one of them remarked.

“It must have been the ghost that I heard about,” Charing said.

Whether it was indeed a ghost or not, Marita did not want to know.

Two days after the incident, she moved into another dormitory, followed by Charing.

THE DIFFERENCE IN ME

By Laarni Limaco

Some say it's a gift... to some, it's a curse and to a chosen few... it's an unending wonder packed with amazement... Personally, I really don't know how to call it either but what I'm sure of is that... it will be with me forever.

It all started out when my biological grandmother died, the year was 1989. I was only five years old then.

Lola's death meant two things to me... first, that marked the end of my blissful days with her and second, it opened the doors to a gift I never knew I had.

After that first blow, experiences with death in the family, dreams and sleep were never like before.

There were times that I'd hear my lola call my name and I'd cry out for her begging her to come back — I would become uncontrollable. My parents and lolo were badly worried for they didn't know what to do to console me...

I couldn't even blame myself for acting like that for I was clueless to as what death really meant. My mother consulted close relatives with regards to my 'case' and she dis-

covered that what we must really do is to pray for lola's soul and ask her to spare me. And as for me, they've decided to talk things over to me and make me fully understand that lola is gone and will never come back. Then and there, death's true meaning dawned to me... the nightly calls were over but the dreams continued...

MEMORY, 1992:

I still dream. This is how I can describe this point in my life. Though I'm so engrossed with the Polly Pocket toy or the *Tamagotchi* craze, I did had a hard time with sleep. Paul and I should be in bed by 9pm yet, even at around 11pm—I'm wide awake. I didn't know what to do... if I transfer to *nanay's* room then surely, *tatay* would scold at me. I may not be able to sleep with lolo since he snores a lot and not with Paul either for he has this weird sleeping position. So, I'm left with one option which is to stay in my room and cry myself to sleep (I tell you, it works). After a few nights, I discovered something... something terrible that my mom made me sleep in their room for about a year!

One time, in my sleep, I felt something strange, it felt something light... I woke up to find myself out of my body! I saw myself sleeping and hugging my "babibube" pillow (baby pillow) I was so much overjoyed but then, something tapped me at my shoulder and instructed me to go back, I should do so, she told me. And so, I did, I went back to my body and held the same position...then I dozed off to sleep... the next day, I told everybody how amazing it was and then... VIOLA! that night, I slept in between *nanay* and *tatay*.

MEMORY, 1995:

Dreams are indeed the best episodes in my sleep. During my "mature" years, I came across to a lot of *kilig* moments. I

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

have a number of crushes like most girls in school do... I'd hang-out with *barkadas* and stay long over the phone and chit-chat about really nothing at all! It's like the best years of my life and I was both happy and satisfied. But then the dilemma I used to have, struck me once again. I felt like giving up and most of the time, I'd question myself "what have I done to deserve such?"

This time it got worst and to a higher level with a deeper degree of pain and continued misery. First, I got to see things that are not seen by others and oftentimes, I'd become the laughing stock. I see one in school or by the lawn or even by the bedside... they're just there... nothing else. This made life difficult for me. I can't distinguish the real ones from those that are not. Then after a while, I got tired of insisting and trying to encourage others with what I really see and so I started to keep quiet—I kept things to myself with the fear of being rejected. I thought that this was the best thing to do and so I continued doing it not knowing that my *nanay*, *tatay* and lolo got worried with my seemingly odd behavior. They started talking things over with me and by then I realized that they believed me all along but they just had to lie because they didn't want me to be in a total confusion. And so to help me out, my lolo contacted the spirit questors.

I was stunned with the very idea at first.. I mean, I just get to read about them.

MEMORY, 1998:

I have to move on. This was a tough and trying year for me. I was given the chance to study here provided that I stay in the dormitory similar to what *nanay* and lola did when they studied here, in Dumaguete City. I must say that this is a one big turn in my life... I was alone in a place I'm not well accustomed with... having a language barrier, it's hard to communicate... with a totally different way of life—I have to fit in

and blend with them.

The first few weeks in the dormitory was challenging, I tend to hear things and see things especially when I wake up and go to the bathroom. One time during my usual catnaps at siesta hours, I woke up to find a wonderfully laden casket by our room... I collapsed and when I woke up—I screamed and vowed to never again sleep in that room nor will I stay in that place.

The next day, I was in Manila and was scheduled to once again, meet the spirit questors but this time, its different—I'm more interested to know what I have with me and how am I to develop it without me being bothered. This is also what they told me before but I never paid attention to it... the thought of seeing them in person was enough for me...

The spirit questors is a group of young, psychic volunteers, who communicate with human and non-human entities in the service of peaceful co-existence and unconditional love. Presently, the group is further subdivided into other sub-groups with its own "specialty", strengths and weaknesses and appropriate training. Primarily, the spirit questors exist as a responsible forum where students of New Age, psychics, adepts and the uninitiated can exchange and interact key concepts about the paranormal, occult and the New Age. The questors also provide information that will help serve up for the physical, social and spiritual educational needs of the society.

As I went back to Dumaguete City, I felt that I became stronger and wiser, not only with my experiences before but because I knew that there are others whom I can share my experiences and who will understand me and my being. I know I can now move on.

AT PRESENT...

I still dream and dreaming is still the best episode of my sleep and now... I am moving on and coping up...

I see things, I dream of dead people, and yet, I'm not less the person I am... I continue to remain in a happy disposition though there's this part of me that I am—unhappy about.

For many of us, everyday life is difficult enough and we can hardly imagine what it would be to lose one of our senses and it must be rather crippling, physically and spiritually. But for some, disabilities are simply a way of life to be dealt with, not to be obsessed about—they are merely challenges.

It took a lot of courage for me to write this down... I consulted friends and close family members ... members of the spirit questors told me that this is a good outlet of self-expression.....writing. And so I did. I chose this for I want others to learn also to appreciate what is good in them. I had a hard time dealing with this but it helped me grow into a kind of person I am now...

THE HAUNTED RINGTONE

BY JOEL P. SALUD

It was a chilly November morning, Saturday, and everyone in the huge house by a corner street in a well known village was in a frenzy, preparing for a big celebration. Mrs. B has just been promoted as Managing Director of a small public relations firm in Makati. Mr. R, who works as an assistant chef for a three-star Makati hotel, insisted that they throw a feast for his wife of twelve years. She deserves to be treated like a princess that day, he probably thought.

Ricky and Julian, six and eight years old, respectively, rushed to the second floor porch of their huge house to play immediately after waking up. It has become a habit for the two brothers for the past couple of weeks to play on the porch while enjoying the cold whiff of pre-Christmas air. Issa, the household help, who wakes up as early as five in the morning to prepare breakfast for the children, would regularly run to the porch to pull the kids back inside the house. But the effort to bring the kids to safety only made the children throw one ear-splitting tantrum after the other. The porch has a low wooden handrail, about three feet and four inches, just enough

for the two children to be held safely inside like a baby's crib. However, Issa was not the type who likes to take unnecessary chances after one occasion when Ricky, the younger of the two siblings, almost fell from the second floor as he tried to squeeze through the thin wooden railings to go after his small ball. What saved the day and Ricky's head from being smashed down on the pavement, was a cellphone ringtone that Issa sounded off, which when Ricky heard it, came rushing back into the room. It was the little boy's favourite. Having worked with the family for the past ten years, the kids falling over the porch is one dark possibility Issa will not have in her conscience, come what may.

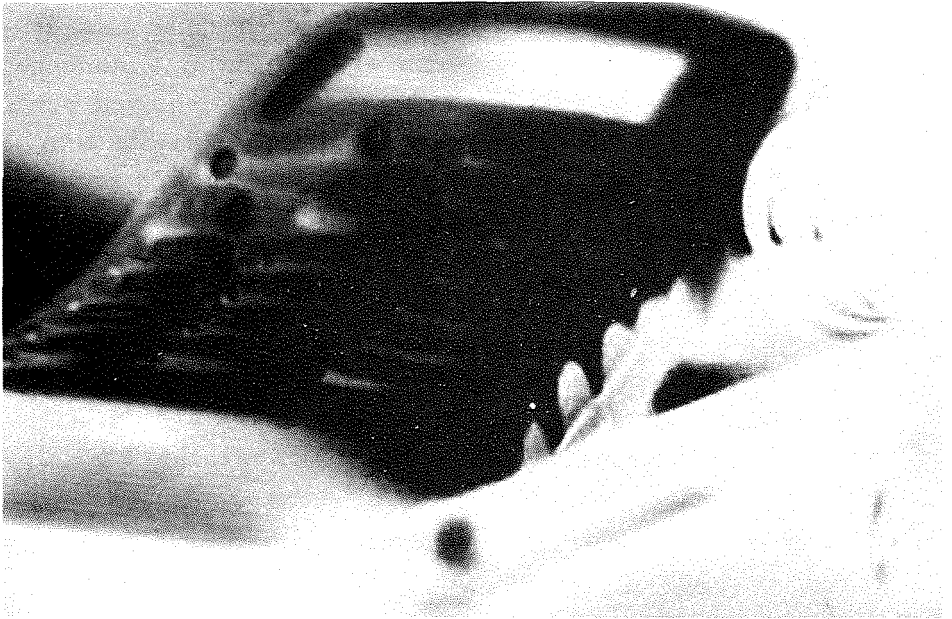
That dreadful day, Issa had been away for about an hour and a half to buy some groceries and no one in the house, including the nieces who were there to help the couple, knew where the kids were at that moment.

Issa returned with the groceries at around 11 am. As she passed through the kitchen door, she thought she heard a faint crying sound just above her head. She didn't mind it at first, until one of the nieces asked if Ricky was already awake. It suddenly struck Issa – "The kids!"

She dropped the grocery bags in the kitchen and ran to the kids' room. They weren't there. Almost by instinct, she took her cellphone and rang the favourite ringtone of little Ricky as she moved toward the second floor porch.

Unconsciously, she could feel her heart throb with unusual apprehension. Faintly, through the bluish-white curtains covering the entrance of the porch, she could make out only one child, the elder Julian, standing on a chair positioned near the handrail and leaning on the railings with his back turned, as if reaching out and down to something. "*Diyos ko!*" she thought.

Issa ran to the porch and saw Julian gripping his little



brother Ricky who somehow fell over and was barely hanging on one of the wooden railings. She dropped her cellphone and tried to pull Ricky up.

“Go and get your Papa and Mama!” Issa told Julian as she grabbed Ricky’s hands.

She could feel the wooden railing crack beneath both their weight. There’s no more time to wait, she thought, and mustered all her might to pull Ricky up to safety. And she did. But as Issa leaned incautiously on the wooden handrail, the hedge gave way all of a sudden. A few seconds later, Ricky’s mother arrived at the porch and saw Ricky walking toward the broken railing. As she grabbed her youngest son to herself, she saw Issa on the pavement below, dead from a massive head wound.

During the wake, which was held at the same house about a day later, a number of family members came to pay their last respects for a faithful and heroic family maidservant. Some

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

close relatives even brought their kids along because Issa, at one time or the other, had taken care of them during a number of summer cookouts held at the house. Mrs. B showed her sisters the porch where Issa saved her little Ricky. As they went out to view the scene of the accident, the children started shouting inside where the wake was being held. Visibly shaken, little Ricky ran to her mother and said, “Mama, it’s Ate Issa! She’s here! I could hear her ringtone!”

And true enough, as they stood on the porch, Mrs. B and her sisters could hear a faint cellphone ringtone coming from all directions of the house. There were no calls made to any one attending the wake at that moment. “Mama, don’t stand on the porch! Ate Issa doesn’t like it!”

It was eleven in the morning when they all heard the faint ringtone echo throughout the house. The huge house was sold three weeks later.

No one knows where Issa’s cellphone is up to this day.

THE LAST CABIN

By Cat Maniego

Boracay is one of the country's most popular tourist destinations.

Warm blue waters that hosts some of the most colorful marine wildlife make it one of the best places in the entire world to scuba dive.

Its white, powder-fine beaches are ideal for lounging around and getting enviable tans.

And for those who love the nightlife, there are the dusk-till-dawn parties where skimpily clad people rub elbows with one another while dancing to the frenzied technobeats of the various clubs.

The island is also bursting with ghost stories.

My friends and I were blissfully unaware of this when we were invited by our friend, Tintin (not her real name), to visit their family's resort. She generously offered us free accommodations, all we had to do was shoulder our transportation expenses.

Of course we HAD to go. Not only was it a cool way to

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

spend summer vacation, it was one way of rewarding ourselves after four years of high school.

So we cajoled, begged, sweet-talked and bartered with our parents to allow us to go.

“Please mom, the whole *barkada* will be going. And besides, Tintin’s *ate* and her parents will be taking the trip with us,” I reasoned out with my own mom.

“But you have a lot of things to take care of, you have your college enlistment to attend to,” she protested.

“That’s okay, I can register before I leave. I will take care of everything before I go on vacation, I promise. And besides, it’s just for one week. Pleaseeeeeee...” I begged.

“Hmph. Make sure you do everything you’re supposed to do before you leave. And text me everyday so I would know how you’re doing,” I could tell she was about to relent.

“YES!” I promised.

After all was said and done, only four of us, out of the supposed eight, were able to go, but that didn’t dampen our spirits.

We were off to Boracay! Without our parents! How cool was that?

As soon as we got to the island, we changed into beachwear. It was lunchtime and after a quick meal at the main house, where we met Tintin’s dad, the owner-manager of the resort.

After lunch, he gave us a quick tour of the resort and introduced us to some of the staff. One of them, Manang Stella, was assigned as our chaperone.

Manang Stella was a jolly islander, funny and full of stories about the island. She grew up in Boracay and saw it evolve from a little-known island back in the 70s, into a playground for the rich and the famous.



She also knew a lot of ghost stories.

“Ooohh,” we said, rubbing our hands with glee. “Ghost stories! This ought to be good.”

That night, we were supposed to visit the bars on the island, but since Tintin’s dad wasn’t free to accompany us (and he wouldn’t allow us to go out on our own) we decided to stay in and have a mini-party amongst ourselves instead.

We invited Manang Stella to join us and tell us her ghost stories.

At first she was reluctant to tell us anything, but after a couple of beers, she relented.

“Did you know that one of the more popular resorts here has a permanent resident?” she asked.

According to her, when the cabins in the resort were being constructed, the owners hired one of the best carpenters in the area.

The carpenter was known not only for being good at his job, but also for being a fast worker.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

And because he was good and fast, he also commanded a high price.

The owners were working against a deadline. They wanted the resort operational by end of March because they wanted to catch the summer crowd. Since the carpenter came highly recommended, and since he promised to get the job done, the owners agreed to pay his price.

So the carpenter buckled down to work and was able to complete the job in two months.

But when he went to the owners to collect his payment, the owners hemmed and hawed. According to rumors, one of the financiers of the resort had backed out and the owners were cash-strapped until the bank approved their loan.

But the carpenter insisted on collecting his pay right then and there, and threatened to create trouble for the resort if he wasn't given his due.

So the owners had him bodily thrown out of the premises.

The men who threw him out dumped him near the cabins, where, because it was dark and slippery, he tripped on a stone and fell headlong on the ground. He hit his head on a rock and cracked his skull. Blood poured from the wound in the middle of his forehead, and he weakly tried to press his hands to the keep his life blood from rushing out so fast.

But he couldn't stop the flow until he grew weaker and weaker. He was found dead in the morning, lying in a pool of his own blood near the last cabin.

The owners tried to downplay the carpenter's death, telling anyone who asked that it was an accident.

After a few weeks, they opened their doors to the public. Their resort became a big hit, not only among Filipino visitors, but among foreign tourists as well.

One night, a lady foreigner staying in one of the cabins complained to the owners.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

“If you’re going to do repair work, can you please do it in the daytime? I can’t sleep at night with all the hammering being done!” she complained.

“Huh? Repair work? We’re not having any repairs done at this time. Our cabins are brand new,” they assured the customer.

“Well, someone’s been banging on the roof of my cabin, like he’s tearing the place apart. It’s keeping me up at night!”

The owners sent their handyman to inspect the cabin, but the handyman said the roof was undamaged.

Finally after two more days, the customer couldn’t take it anymore and checked out.

After the tourist vacated the cabin, the owners decided to inspect the cabin themselves.

Goosebumps popped up all over their arms and neck when they realized it was the cabin where the carpenter had died!

Since then, no one has managed to stay for long in that cabin until finally the owners just decided to board it up and leave it vacant.

THE PINK HOUSE

By Stephanie Valenciaga

“It’s strange...”

Jocelyn wondered why every tenant who rented the pink-colored unit in front of their row of townhouses lasted merely a few months.

Even stranger was the fact that almost every tenant would leave surreptitiously in the middle of the night.

But the strangest of all was what the unit’s owner told Jocelyn one day,

“Okay *lang kung tinakbuhan na nila ang utang nila, e hindi naman* (I would understand if they were trying to skip out on their rent, but they’re not.) Even if they leave in the middle of the night, they would call me the next day to settle their accounts,” said Mr. Buendia.

Mr. Buendia said the tenants could only point to one reason for leaving.

“The house didn’t feel homey. It’s as if there is a presence in the two-bedroom townhouse that’s pushing them away, and it isn’t human,” he told Jocelyn.

“They wouldn’t tell me exactly what it is but judging by their reactions, it must be really scary,” he added.

Helen, Jocelyn’s maid of four years, was very scared of the house and would habitually warn her charge, Jocelyn’s five-year-old daughter Patricia, to stay away.

“*Naku, huwag na huwag kang lalapit doon ha. Huwag mong idadaan ang bike mo kahit sa harapan ng gate nila. Sige ka, kukunin ka ng mga bad* (Don’t you dare go near that house, I’m warning you. Don’t even ride your bike in front of the gate, otherwise the bad spirits will get you),” she would admonish Patricia.

Jocelyn reminded her maid that it wasn’t right to scare children, especially Patricia who had a very vivid imagination. But Helen was adamant in her statements.

“*Ate, meron ho talaga. Yung katulong ho na dating nakatira dyan, si Edna, sabi niya ho meron talagang nakatira dyan na hindi tao at salbahe pa* (Ma’am, there really is a malevolent spirit living there, one of the maids who used to live there, Edna, told me.)”

Jocelyn remembered Edna, she was a pretty, fair-skinned young girl who became Helen’s friend. The two maids had a six-year age gap between them (with Helen being older) but they became close because they both came from the same province in Bicol.

According to Helen, from the moment Edna stepped into the pink house, she already knew something was wrong. She always felt that someone was looking at her. It came to a point that even while taking a bath, Edna was sure she was being watched.

Edna revealed to Helen: “*May panahon nga na iniisip ko baka ang amo kong lalaki, sinisilipan ako pero hindi e. Ni hindi nga ako pinapansin nun, ni hindi tumitingin kapag magkaharap kami*” (There are times when I thought that it

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

might be my male employer but that's not possible because he does not even notice me).”

One night, Edna woke up to a feeling of being smothered. When she opened her eyes, she realized that someone was lying on top of her and was horrified to realize that she couldn't see that someone. There seemed to be a force forcing her legs apart but Edna couldn't see anyone.

She tried to scream but no words came out of her mouth. What was even more horrifying was that whoever was trying to rape her was a hairy man or creature.

Edna realized that her rosary was under her pillow; she tried to reach for it. “Maybe it can help me,” she prayed silently.

When the pretty Bicolana was able to get her rosary, she positioned it in front of her. Then, everything stopped.

Edna wasted no time in waking up her employers and recounting what happened. At first, they were skeptical but changed their minds when they saw her bed.

It was full of thick strands of black-brown hair!

Wasting no time, Edna, her employers and their children hastily called a lipat-bahay truck and moved out of the pink house at 2:30 in the morning.

THE ROOMMATE

By Ace Tolentino

I spent the last two years of my college life in a dormitory, a short walking distance away from my campus.

From the start I could sense that something was unusual about my second home. But I decided to stay not only because my roommate was my best friend at the time, but also because I didn't want to endure the murky, stinky floodwater during rainy days — which I would have if I commuted to and from school.

So I stayed.

Despite the initial sense of unease, I learned to like my dorm. Aside from taking me a mere ten minutes to get to school, it was very clean, the rooms were well-organized.

It had a study room, which is convenient to nocturnal students since each study table had a study lamp. Although there were electric fans, the students prefer the refreshing night breeze that wafted in through the large, jalousied windows of the room.

On my first day, I ran to my dorm immediately after class.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

I was excited with my second home, I swept every corner of our room, wiped the jalousies and cleaned everything my hand could touch.

After cleaning the room, I fixed my bed, put my books on the shelf and sorted my clothes. I was glad these trivial chores preoccupied me and saved me from ennui.

When everything was done, I climbed to my bed, which was the upper bunk of a double deck bed similar to that of hospital wards.

It was barely 3 p.m. My dormmates usually arrived at 6 p.m.

I took advantage of my solitude and started studying Russian Literature for the next day's quiz. The quiet, serene atmosphere of the room set the right mood for me to take Nabokov and Tolstoy seriously.

After half an hour, I took a break, laid on my bed and closed my eyes for few minutes. Delighted with the silence of the room, I resumed and moved on with other Russian literatti.

As I was about to open the second hand-out, I heard soft footsteps coming from the stairs. I thought one of the girls in the next room arrived early, so I waited for the other room's door to open. No one opened any door.

I simply shrugged at this, quickly forgetting the incident as I became absorbed with my readings.

It had been an hour and a half since I started studying. I was scanning the second hand-out when I heard the same soft, barefooted footsteps again. But this time the footsteps were inside our room; the floor, made of wood parquet, groaned as if someone was stepping on it.

The hair on the back of my neck stood on end. I could feel a presence with me in the room. I swear it was not paranoia. Someone was with me on that boring, humid afternoon.

I stopped. I could neither concentrate nor scan the pages of my reviewer any longer. I just sat still, stared blankly at the wall with my heart beating oddly fast.

Seconds after, my bed shook slightly, as if someone had sat on the lower bunk. The shaking continued, this time my bed shook harder.

I couldn't move, frozen stiff by shock and fright.

When the shaking stopped, I heard the footsteps walking away from the bed. At the same time a strong gust of wind entered the room. The breeze caught the white linen curtain through the screened windows making me look towards the left corner of the room.

And there she was.

A young girl in blue jogging pants and pink baby tee, sitting in the far corner facing the window. Her face was turned away from me and facing the window, where she sat cross-legged.

I was stupefied, unable to move, unable to utter a sound. I wanted to call out, but I couldn't open my mouth.

Suddenly the door opened. It was my senior Architecture roommate. She smiled and this seemed to release me from the spell. I nodded at my roommate and turned back towards the mysterious girl.

She was no longer there.

"Why do you look so pale?" my roommate asked while leaning on the wall.

I didn't answer.

Then she blurted, "Ah, you've met her, Don't worry she's harmless. All she does is shake our beds."

My roommate shared with me the story of the girl named Rylie.

She was her classmate. It had been a year since she died

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

from leukemia.

According to my roommate, it had been Rylie's habit to poke and have fun with them before studying. She used to sit on the lower bunk of the double deck and shake the bed while sitting on it.

When she found out that she had leukemia, she stopped shaking the bed.

She bitterly resented her parents' decision to pull her out of school for treatment. But the treatment still did no good. She died.

"Rylie always acts weird whenever there's a newcomer. Maybe that's her way of letting them know that this room was once her place. You know your bed once belonged to her," my dormmate said with a creepy grin.



VEILED LADY

By Ace S. Tolentino

My aunt works at the Filipiniana section of a university library. Filipino and Spanish books dated as early as 1800s were kept in that section. She always has interesting stories to tell about those who once scanned the pages of those books and return to touch them again. The most unforgettable one according to her was the veiled lady.

The last bell which reminds employees, students and researchers to leave the library premises had rang. Five minutes before eight, all lights, computers and airconditioners should have been turned off.

She was turning the lights off at the old books section when suddenly she heard someone dropped a book. She looked for the delinquent library user to tell him that library service is over.

Along the way, a book which she suspects the one that dropped a while ago was left open on the floor.

Puzzled, she picked the book and looked around for whoever dropped it. Seeing no one, she just shrugged and turned to return the book in the shelf.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

As she was about to return it though, she noticed a slight movement at the corner of her eye.

Turning towards the movement, she froze.

Before her stood a veiled woman garbed from head to toe in pristine white. My aunt was rooted to the spot.

My aunt knew right away that the woman was not a student. She also had a sneaking feeling the woman was not a living being.

The interesting thing is, my aunt couldn't tell whether the woman was young or middle aged since the lights had been turned off except for the three shelves behind her.

The woman seemed to be floating on air.

My aunt, felt helpless, closed her eyes and silently prayed the "Our Father."

After the prayer, she opened her eyes, expecting the prayer to make the unexpected visitor disappear.

But the woman was still there!

What happened next made my aunt's hairs stand on end.

The veiled lady uttered the prayer that my aunt had just said in her mind a while ago. Her cold voice broke the deafening silence and reverberated across the room petrified my aunt. After a few moments, the woman lifted her arms and was about to unveil herself.

This galvanized my aunt into action. After uttering a bloodcurdling scream, she fell in a dead faint.

When she opened her eyes, the veiled lady was no longer there. Two lady guards were tapping her face until she gained consciousness.

In her terror, she forgot about the book which she picked up a while ago. The book was "Doctrina Christiana" dated 1884.

ANTIPOLO GHOST SIGHTING



This is a picture taken during one of our drinking spree at Antipolo's over-looking bars. It was around two in the morning when we called it quits and headed back to Quezon City.

Since we were all drunk, we kept on laughing until our attention was caught by a person (or is it?) standing behind a post.

One of my friend laughed and even joked, " Pare, mumu yan!!"

And I said "Di ata gumagalaw? Ano ba talaga yan?"

After a cold silence, I heard someone shouted, "Pare, alis na tayo! Bilisan mo na!"

And we quickly left. Good thing one of my friend caught the image with his camera phone.

HERITAGE GHOSTS

By Elvira Buencamino-Bautista

Lory searched in vain for her half a dozen pencils purchased yesterday. Oh what the heck, she grumbled.

She went back to her bed and re-read her opened dictionary, “poltergeist... a noisy (usually) mischievous ghost...”.

She reached for her Nokia 3530 and texted, “Eve, poltergeists here. Lory”.

She hesitated at the send key. Instead, her nimble fingers pressed the erase and start keys almost simultaneously and texted again, “Eve, ghosts here. Lory.”

She liked the word “poltergeist”.

Evelyn’s gift is sensing or seeing ghosts or other supernatural presence.

As a young girl in Sultan Kudarat, she reported seeing a headless man in her school’s hallway. At their Santo Niño Sunday mission when they moved the little image from house to house, she saw bad spirits hanging on trees, peeping behind the vegetation; or scampering across the hosts’ living rooms.

Even at home, she was the one who pinpointed the spots

where these spirits were present — at the back of the kitchen, near an old mango tree and down the road, before the bridge, near a skeleton of a tree.

They learned later that the back of the kitchen used to be a Muslim burial site marked by the side of a giant open clam shell. Down the national highway beside the leafless tree is the accident-prone area where one evening, they saw a bamboo torch lighted to signify that an accident and death just occurred. Lory gets a chill every time she remembers.

Evelyn arrived in Manila not to visit the ghosts but to provide moral support. As she crossed the newly landscaped lawn towards the lodging house, she pointed at the balete tree and said, “There’s a presence at that tree.”

She also claimed to see a white shadow crossing her path.

“At the end of the laundry area in the old comfort room, is another presence”. The comfort room is also, a bathroom and it is part of the old heritage building that was built in 1906.

“Sleep in my room tonight, Eve”, Lory asked her sister before going to work. “I don’t want to be alone”.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have your room blessed by a priest,” Evelyn said.

Lory, a college professor in one of the schools in the university belt area was too busy to attend to the ritual.

Evelyn created a stir among the dormitory’s residents – students, professors, and reviewers including Tita Jannette, the house manager.

She just opened a canteen at the back of the heritage building and consented to Evelyn’s suggestion to include the lodge in the opening and blessing ceremony of the canteen.

Evelyn led the jolly young priest to the laundry area, to the comfort room then situated behind Lory’s room beneath the stairs and in the upstairs rooms. This ritual made the resi-

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

dents sensitive to the existence of other beings in the lodge.

During All Soul's day, the senior residents made up of Evelyn, Lory, and Helen with three young students agreed to sleep at the Baywalk. However they found it impossible to sleep so they decided to go out and have a little fun before going to bed.

An unexpected shower forced them to run for shelter. When the rain subsided, they started home after eating *arroz caldo* in a fastfood before boarding a jeepney that took them back to the lodge.

Lory dreamed of dead bodies rolling on a plank and street boys swimming in their wake, gawking at bottled fetuses. Suddenly she felt a touch on her shoulder, she suspected a rat and waited to be bitten. Abruptly, Lory woke from sleep and sat down. She thought the heavy thuds on the GI roof above were part of her dream. She stood up and walked out through the backdoor that she left open to let in the cool evening breeze.

That week Evelyn started complaining about disturbances in her room that left her sleepless for a week.

"I feel suffocated as if there is tightness in my chest...I can't stay here any longer."

The students were disturbed.

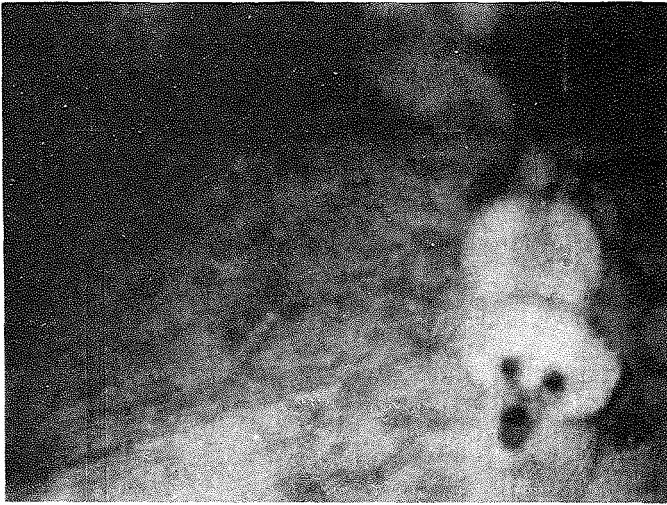
After a few days, it was Helen who began complaining how painful her body was as she confided, "A man seemed to force himself on me. I pushed the body away but it was a woman's body. I thought maybe it was Gelli, my roommate but I saw her asleep on her bed. I tried to hold the face towards me. To my surprise, the face was that of Tita Jenny".

Within that week, Helen left without even saying goodbye.

Tita Jenny's dealings with Eve, which used to be friendly, turned sour. She started to grumble and to blame Eve for her role in bringing these problems and according to her, "instill-

ing fear and terror” among the residents.

Eve decided to go home to the province. To this day Lory grapples every morning with the *tabo* (dipper) and soap case that keep sliding, slipping and jumping out of her hand, and losing her pencils, her combs, glasses, hair clips and earrings. Even her rosaries keep disappearing and there would suddenly be black and blue or scratch marks on her arms or on her face.



Here is a picture of my dog Twinkle. It was taken at our sala a year and a half ago. As you can see there is something floating above my dog twinkle. I used an ordinary camera (not the digital one). I took the picture so I can finish the film and have it developed and to my surprise, I saw something floating above my dog. It was unintentional, I did not see it when I was taking the picture. - Kris

THE VISITORS

By Nice

When I was in first year college I lived in a dormitory. On my first day in the dormitory, as I was going to my bedroom with the lady in charge, I asked her if there were bad spirits in the house.

She said "Yes, they exist."

I just kept quiet and got inside my room.

That summer, I was left alone in my room — I was taking summer classes, while my roommates were out on gimmick — when it happened.

It was two o'clock in the morning I woke up and suddenly the room was in complete darkness (brownout). I got out of bed to get my flashlight and when I sat down I noticed that it was so cold. I wondered why it was cold even though that there was no electricity and the windows in my room were all closed.

Then I noticed that the rosary I usually carried around was lost.

Suddenly a headless man filled with blood appeared in

front of me while on my left side was a door and there was a man sitting in there.

I do not know how he ended up sitting there because there was no chair. He just stared at me the whole time.

On my right was a white lady.

I went into a panic. I did not know what to do when I saw all of them.

I got my cellphone and called my friend on the third floor but I could not contact her. Her phone was busy.

The man on my left began laughing. I was so scared, but just to make sure he was really there, I shone the light of my phone on him. What he did was grab my phone and put it near his face. Basically, he just looked at me and I started screaming.

I fled the room and flew to the room of my friend, which was near my own room. I woke her up and told her what I saw before I broke down in front of her.

My dormmates arrived at four o'clock in the morning from their gimmick. I cried upon seeing them and they tried to console me.

Suddenly we heard the bell in the canteen ring. (when the bell rings it means that someone wants to buy something in the canteen). My friends and I wondered who would be buying at four in the morning.

That day we all slept in one room and when we woke up we went to church. After hearing mass we decided to eat somewhere. There I met the person who used to live in my room and I told her what happened. She said that at least I saw these creatures unlike her who just felt them. She said that the male creature used to sleep beside her!

Right then and there, I packed all my things and transferred to another dormitory.

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

Later I learned that several people were raped and murdered within the walls of the original structure.

A fire razed the whole area before the dormitory was constructed. I'm guessing the souls haunting the area are not yet at peace.

HEADLESS



This picture was taken inside our classroom in Laguna. Our teacher can't explain how this headless man appeared in the picture. - Joel

TRAINING FOR TERROR

by Conrad Contreras

Have you ever attended a leadership training seminar? I did! When I was in Grade 4, I was an officer so I attended a leadership seminar in Pansol, Laguna.

After we unpacked our things, we had a round of storytelling... exchanging ghost stories.

After one hour, we went back to the tent. My classmate Paterno borrowed my pillow because he told me he had a headache.

It was raining that time and I was the only one awake, so I went outside and covered our tent.

I saw a tree when a lady appeared floating with red eyes. I went quickly inside our tent and forced myself to sleep to forget what I saw.

I woke up at 3:00 a.m. I forced my classmate to wake up because I was still scared. But by then the others were already stirring.

By 5:00 a.m., our teacher told us to prepare for the first activity.

As I was preparing, Paterno told me that I had something on my nose. I touched it and I saw blood. I washed my nose and went to our session hall.

As we were singing I vomited green fluid! I was totally freaked out!

Later our teacher told us that we can now sleep in a dormitory.

mitory. This time, I did not sleep early again. I saw a red light coming out of the window. When I opened it, it was the lady again, LAUGHING!!!!

After that, I prayed and I saw no more.

That was last year. This year, I'm an officer again and I need to attend the leadership training again. I hope I will not see ghosts again!

+++++

GHOSTLY TALES

By Ren-ren Poquiz

STORY 1

I am an engineering student in a prestigious school here in Intramuros. Technical person that I am, it's unlikely that I would believe in the paranormal. I haven't experienced any ghost encounters in my life but I'm surrounded by people who had ghost encounters.

This particular story that I'm going to tell you is from a friend who is also an engineering student. It happened not so long ago when she arrived home from school. Weary and tired, she immediately sought the comfort of her bedroom.

It is her habit to turn the radio on and doze while listening to music. As she was about to nod off, she felt that the room temperature suddenly was so cold that icy breath came out of her mouth. Then, without warning, a window banged open, almost breaking the glass.

This was impossible because all the windows were locked. Even typhoon winds couldn't have opened it (and there was no wind at all). Afraid of seeing more, she hurriedly

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

left the room and ran into her sister's where she spent the rest of the night.

She doesn't sleep in the room anymore but still uses it during the day to prepare for school. She would always close the window before leaving but would always find it open again when she comes back the following day.

STORY 2

During my last year in high school, I joined a theater group to satisfy my penchant for acting. It was just a few months before the school year ended and we were practicing every night for a special production before the final examinations.

One night before going home, a friend asked me if I saw a woman sitting on the last row of the audience seat.

He knew that I was a paranormal enthusiast and would give him honest reply without thinking that he's off his rocker. I answered "no" but asked him to tell me about it.

He told me that when he came from backstage, he saw a woman sitting at the back. He thought that she was one of our director's staff who would assist him in stage management.

When the director finished giving last instructions, my friend saw the woman got up and walked towards the exit. He was surprised that instead of going through the door, she went through the wall! I just told him to forget about it and just offer a prayer.

STORY 3

I have a friend here in college who is a member of the student publication. He told me that a ghost named Let-Let hangs out in their office. Although it was confirmed that she was friendly and didn't wish to inflict harm, the idea of a ghost lurking in their office would still give them the creeps.

One time, an editor, coming from a class, dropped by the office to get some things he needed for his next class. Before entering, he took a peep between the blinds of the door window to check if anyone was inside. To his surprise, he saw a girl in a white gown sitting at the computer..... typing.

When he entered the office, it was empty! The keyboard, however, continued typing by itself but no words were registering on the monitor.

He just said to Let-Let: “*Sige lang, ituloy mo lang yan. Pasensya ka na kung na-istorbo ka... may kukunin lang ako* (It’s alright, go right ahead with what you’re doing. Sorry if I disturbed you, I just have to pick up something.)”

He hurriedly picked up his things and ran out of the office.

+++++

THE CUBICLE

By Isabella

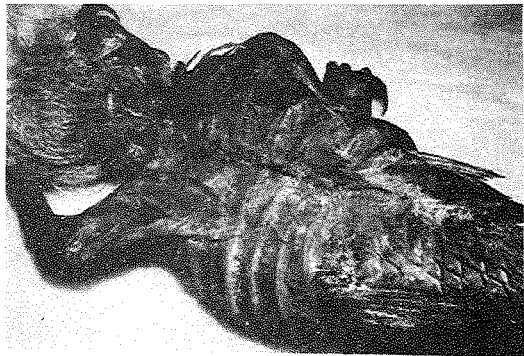
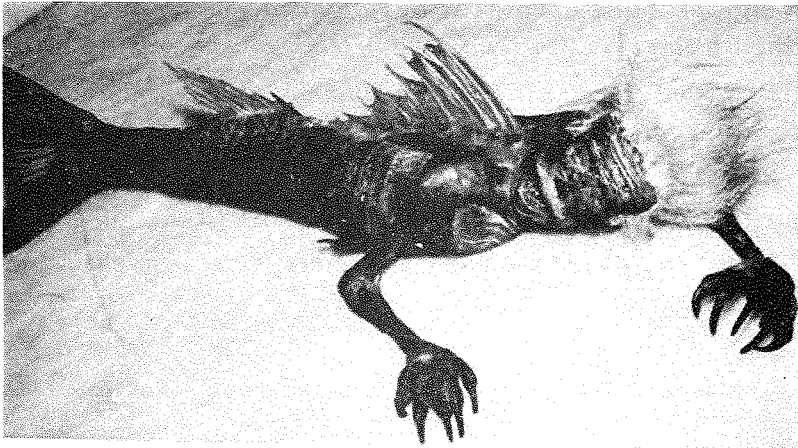
This story was related to me by a close friend of mine who was also my classmate. Stories of our school spread fast, but this one was enough to make my spine tingle.

We had a friend who claimed that she had the third eye. One day, she went to the comfort room, which was just near our classroom. When she was about to go out, she heard a low moan behind her.

Warily, she tried to go out of the cubicle, she discovered she was locked inside. The cubicle also had a lock outside and someone must have locked her in!

Looking behind her she saw a white figure, but it was blurry. Totally scared now, she pushed on the door with all her

MERMAIDS IN THE P.I.



Here are three pictures I found in a web site saying it was accidentally killed by some fishermen in the Philippines somewhere in the Visayas. - *jerry mactal*

strength and the door finally opened.

She ran out of the comfort room screaming.

The following day, we asked some old teachers and janitors about the cubicle.

Manong John, one of the janitors, told us that a second year high school student was once locked in that cubicle, but she died trying to climb out of it.

She tried to use the toilet as leverage to get to the top, but slipped and hit her head on the toilet seat.

The janitors found her lifeless body the next day, her skull cracked open and blood spilled all over the floor.

Her spirit haunts the cubicle in our CR because she's finding her way out.

+++++

BAGUIO CHILLS

By Alexander Dugho

I have read all of your books and I like them all, but I remembered one specific story in Book 4 about a woman who came to a hospital and most of the people there were only spirits.

STORY 1

The first story I will tell you is about a mall. This mall was already featured in a television show a long time ago.

There was a man who went to a mall to watch a movie. The movie wasn't really a blockbuster, so he was surprised to

see that the cinema was jam-packed. He felt a little resentful because he had to stand up for the rest of the movie. While watching he was still wondering why there were many people in the cinema.

But later on he forgot about that as the movie wore on. The movie ended and the lights were switched on. And to the man's absolute shock, he saw that there were only about twenty people inside the cinema.

STORY 2

My cousin and her friends went to Baguio and stayed in a lodging house.

One night they decided to paint the town red. They agreed to take a taxi. Several taxis have already passed, but all were with passengers, so they waited patiently.

They tried to hail one taxi but again it has passengers. But this taxi came to stop in front of them, waiting for them to board.

That time they were whispering among themselves;

“Ano ba naman yang driver na iyan, ang swapang. Puno na nga yung taxi niya gusto pa rin tayong isakay. Para namang kakasya tayo diyan?!”

Finally realizing that my cousin and her friends are not boarding the driver sped off.

They were still saying something about this driver when one of them happened to glance back at the taxi. She called to her friends and everyone turned.

To everyone's surprise they saw that the taxi has no passenger at all. No one could have alighted because they would have seen it.

The Baguio cold seemed more freezing to them when they saw it.

ZAPOTE HOUSE

By Roland Abad

This is an experience from our former house in Zapote St., Makati City.

It's an old apartment owned by my wife's aunt (Aunt Coring).

I used to live in Cavite but when we got married we decided to live in her aunt's house because it was only a few meters away from our office.

When her aunt decided to move to Samar, she entrusted the house to us since we could not find any house for rent at that time.

She told my wife that we had to take care of the house so that when the time comes, she can sell it a higher market value..

Actually there were four of us supposedly in the house but my other brother-in-law was abroad (Rhande) at that time; so it was only me, my wife and Rhyan.

The story behind the house was unknown to me since I didn't believe in ghosts.

On our first year of stay in that house I have not experi-

enced any supernatural just stories from Rhande's unnerving experiences.

In the summer of 2002 Rhyān left for Samar for a vacation, so it was only me and my wife in the house.

My wife was pregnant at that time. When we got home from the office, we ate dinner and I told my wife to go to our room and I would wash the dishes.

As I washed the dishes I noticed an old woman a few meters away from me. She was beside the television, staring at me. I could only see her through my peripheral vision (side of the eye) but when I tried to look at her she would disappear.

At first I ignored her because I thought it was just my imagination but when I continued to wash the dishes, there she was again.

Her image was so vivid except for a slight haze around her face.

She was about 50 to 60 years old, wearing a red *saya* (long skirt), fur coated slippers and about 4'11 – 5"1 in height.

I felt my hair standing on end but I tried not to be scared. When I finished the washing, I put them on the dish cabinet and turn the lights off and I went to our room immediately.

I never told my wife what happened. The apparition of that old woman lasted for three long weeks, day and night whenever I was alone in the living room.

Sometimes I got home earlier than my wife, so I spent my time outside the house.

In the last week of May, Aunt Coring and Rhyān came to visit the house, I told them the story and I was stunned on what she said.

“You can see strange things here because the house is not familiar with you. You are the newest member of this house!”

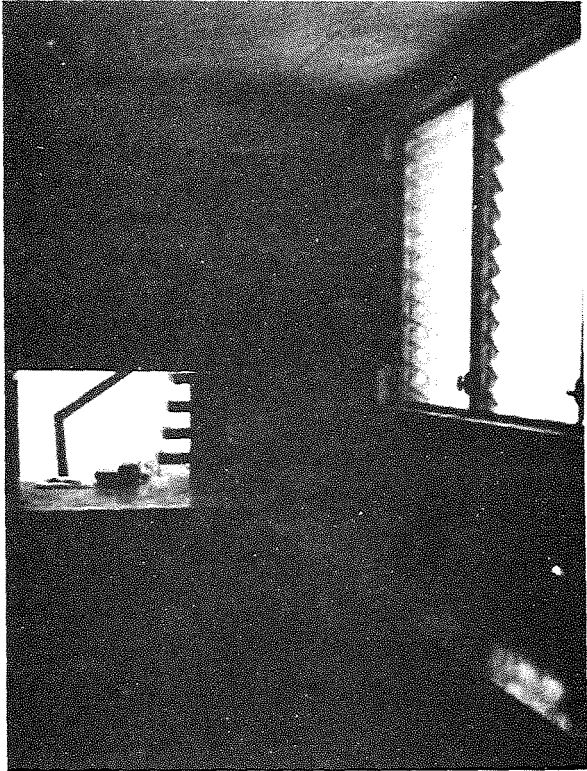
TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

After a week, Aunt Coring went back to Samar. The following evening after Aunt Coring left, I recorded my favorite rock music that lasted until 11:30 in the evening.

At that moment I saw a man through my peripheral vision again that was very hairy. I thought it was Rhyan but when I looked at him he was gone!

After a month, Rhande came home from abroad, after the exhausting voyage he went to sleep, then he woke up in the middle of the night to take a pee, he noticed someone or something was staring at him so close (about half a meter away from him) then he felt so cold.

He couldn't describe it because it was too dark in the room and the thing was almost a shadow or a silhouette. After that incident we never turned the lights off when we sleep so that we could identify what creepy things might stare at us.



+++++

THE UNDEAD

By Grace Uy Pangan

This story happened about six years ago when I was about to graduate from college.

I had a very good friend named Rose who died a tragic death a month before our graduation and just weeks after her birthday. The accident happened at 10pm as she was about to cross the street with her boyfriend.

She was hit so hard by a jeepney that her skull, bones, ribs shattered and pierced her internal organs.

It was also almost impossible to recognize her. She was immediately rushed to a nearby hospital and they put her on life support machines to help her extend her life but after an hour, she was given a 30-70 chance of making it.

I received a call from Rose at exactly 11pm.

She said:

“Grace, pasok ka bukas ha? Exam natin. Tabi tayo ulit. Mag-iingat ka ha? Palagi mong iingatan sarili mo at mami-miss kita. Alam mo mami-miss talaga kita. Baka hindi na tayo magkita ulit pero tatabihan kita sa exam bukas. Lagi kitang

TRUE PHILIPPINE GHOST STORIES BOOK 6

tatabihan at babantayan para hindi ka mapahamak.”

I answered back:

“Ay naku, tigilan mo nga yang drama mo at hindi bagay sa iyo. Basta bukas tabi tayo. Agahan mo lang at baka malate ka na naman. alas 7 exam ha?! Baka naman dumating ka alas 9 na naman!”

The conversation lasted until twelve midnight and told her we had to rest for tomorrow’s exam.

Rose replied: *“Sige na Grace, pagod na pagod na din ako. Tinawagan lang kita kasi mami-miss talaga kita. Nahihirapan na din akong huminga. Basta tandaan mo mga bilin ko sa iyo.”*

We hung up after that.

The following day, no Rose showed up.

I was so worried because she might not graduate if she doesn’t take the exam. We finished the exam, but Rose was still a no-show.

After the exam, I told our other friends about the phone call and the odd conversation we had. I told them that Rose sounded sad, not at all the bubbly person that I got used to. We decided to call up her house.

One of our closest friends, Bong, was the one who called and asked for Rose. Rose’s sister told him that Rose has been dead since 12am. Bong thought she was just joking so he asked me to call again Rose’s house.

So I called up.

Lizette answered me:

“Di ba sinabi kong patay na si Ate Rose? Grace, patay na siya, kaninang madaling araw pa. Nasagasaan siya ng jeep kagabi, bandang alas-10 sa may España. Mga alas-11 bumigay na katawan niya at alas-12, tuluyan na siyang namatay.”

I argued that this can't be possible because Rose called me at around 11pm and we hung up at exactly 12 midnight.

Lizette said:

“Paano mangyayari iyun e nasa ospital na siya noon? at alas-12 ng hatinggabi patay na siya. Kung ayaw mong maniwala, pumunta ka sa punerarya .”

Upon hearing that, I broke down in tears. I can't walk... my legs seemed too weak.

We went to the funeral parlor and saw her lying there. After that visit I never went back to the funeral parlor because I couldn't stand the pain of seeing her lifeless.

The night before her burial I decided that I couldn't go and would sleep early.

At 9 pm I went to my room to sleep. After a couple of minutes, I heard a knock on the wall. I thought it was my dad, playing tricks on me because he was in the other room. I went to check and he was sound asleep. I went downstairs and saw my other siblings were watching television and my mom was doing something.

So I went back to my room to sleep, but when I closed my eyes I felt someone tickling my nose and my ears with strands of hair. I knew right there and then that it was Rose because she loves doing that.

Afraid as I was, I talked to her (but with my eyes closed) and told her that I don't want to go tonight but I would definitely be there tomorrow when they bury her.

After what I said that, my bed started shaking as if there is an earthquake. The laundry bag that was on top of a table was thrown and our clothes were scattered all over the place. My father was roused from sleep and my siblings went upstairs to check because they heard feet stomping so loud. They asked me if I'm alright and asked me what happened, so I told them.

Quickly, my dad ordered me to get dressed and said he would drive me to the funeral parlor .

When we got there, all our other friends and classmates were outside. They told us that feet stomping were heard all over the room as if someone is throwing tantrums and they decided to go outside. The noise only stopped as when I arrived.

My dad said that maybe Rose was offended because it was her last day on earth and we were not going to see each other.

So she made sure we did.

+++++

BLOODY MARY

By Natalie N. Ramirez

I studied at Montessori De San Juan

There was once a legend in the girl's washroom that a Bloody Mary occasionally appeared to people who called on her.

One afternoon, we were really tired and went to the washroom to freshen up.

Suddenly, my friend suggested we try it. We chanted Bloody Mary thirteen times in front of the mirror.

Sure enough, there it was staring right at us. We couldn't move in fright. Then we noticed that it was moving out of the mirror, leaving a trail of blood behind it.

All of us couldn't leave since the Bloody Mary was block-

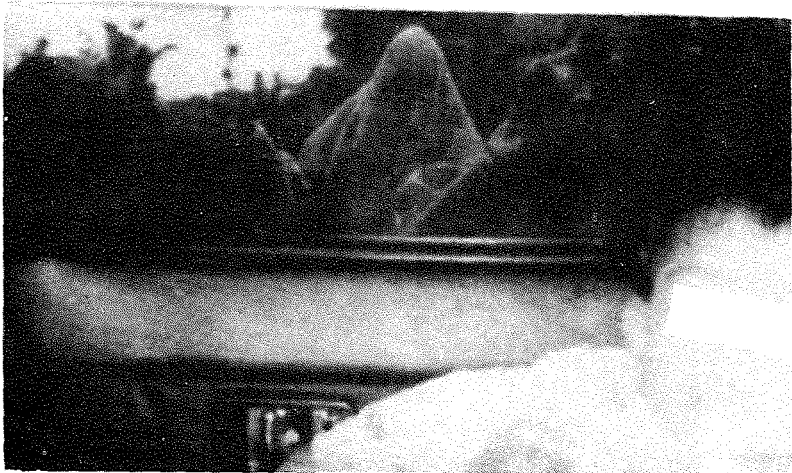
ing the doorway. Then suddenly, all of us screamed at the top of our lungs trying to get away. Since I was in the lead, I was so scared. And then (I don't know why), I just screamed and ran through the ghost.

All the boys were at the opposite side wondering why we were screaming and then I accidentally ran into them, with all the girls behind me and I scrambled up and ran to the principal's office.

All of the boys were so worried they checked it out. Then we just heard them running towards us.

We all vowed never to come into that washroom again!

TAGAYTAY GHOST?



When this picture was shown to me, it scared the living hell out of me only to realize that the images there are just men in their rain gears. - David

Should you be afraid of Ghosts?

Should you be afraid of people? No, I think not. Some ghosts are simply lost or confused, looking for help. When they haunt your home, they are testing you to see if they can trust you. Are you going to judge them, condemn them or label them as evil or demonic. If you treat them with respect, you will gain their trust and then you will be able to help them complete their mission or find their way home. Ghosts are life after life entities who survive the process we call death. I believe that ghosts are proof that we live again after death.

THIS PICTURE IS FAKE! BUT STILL.....



Greetings!

I just want to send you this picture of my cousin taken a few months ago. Sorry, if it is blurred.

Take a deep look at the picture. This picture was taken when I got myself a new webcam. My cousin Faye, who was posing at the picture appeared to have a face looking at her behind her back.

We were clueless about the picture before, but when my sister saw the picture, she told me that she saw a man in the picture. We were so frightened about the picture.

My cousin was also shocked when she saw the picture. The man in the picture appeared to be madly staring at her.

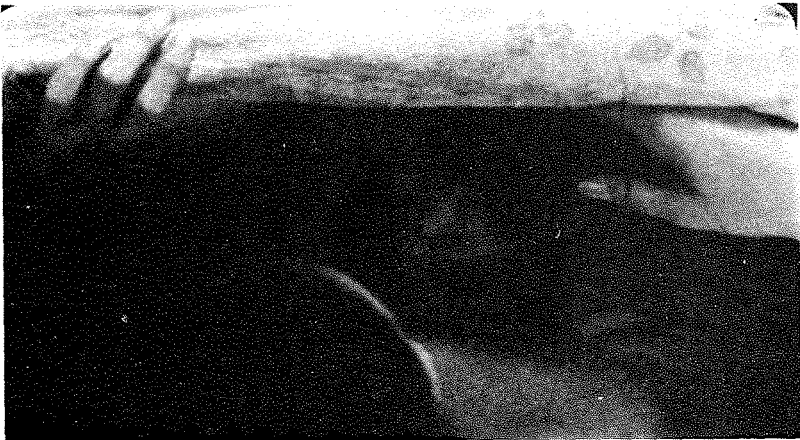
- Emil Alviz



I was really scared one night... I was asleep and suddenly the room was filled with smoke... it was eerie, dark, and chilly... I noticed a dim light outside my bedroom window... I hesitated to peek out of it, but I gathered up all my courage and slowly took steps towards the window.. I parted the binding curtains, the dim light was getting clearer and clearer... I heard a hissing sound... as I was moving closer to the window when the sounds began becoming extremely loudy and repetitive. I swallowed a gulp of spit and decided to look out the window.... and to my surprise...

My neighbor was cleaning the street in the middle of the night... at ang putragis, nagsisiga pa! Buwisit! - *submitted*

DON'T HIDE UNDER THE SHEETS!



SEE YOU AGAIN IN BOOK SEVEN!

THEY are EVERYWHERE!

National Book Store
TRUE PHIL. GHOST
STORIES BK 6
11/12 593916
P 80.00 9710372025
NO. 1000
P. 1000

ISBN 971-0372-02-5