

http://www.halloweenishere.com/ghost_stories3.html

The Woman In Grey

Two gentlemen were working in the town's small general store. The store was quiet and no customers were shopping until she walked in. A small frail woman dressed in grey entered the store, and proceeded toward the dairy section, saying nothing. She picked up a glass container of milk and, without paying for it or even glancing at the gentlemen, walked out of the store.

The men, surprised by the woman's thievery, hurried out of the store after her...but she was gone.

A few days later, the incident occurred again.

The same small woman dressed in the same grey dress entered the store, grabbed a glass container of milk, and left without paying. Again the men tried to follow after her, but she was nowhere to be seen.

After a couple of weeks, she appeared once again.

The same small woman, dressed in the same grey dress, entered the store, paid no attention to the men, snatched a glass container of milk, and vanished out the door. The men, slightly more prepared this time, quickly followed the woman out of the store. She hurried down the town's main street and the men found themselves having to run to keep up with her. She hastily turned down a dirt path, just at the edge of the woods. This is where the men lost her.

They trekked on further and came to a small cemetery neither of them knew existed. Suddenly, they heard a small noise. Concentrating, they identified it as a baby's cry...it was coming from the ground. The ground from which it was coming from was in front of a fresh gravestone marking the death of a mother and her infant who were buried together. Unsure of what else to do, the men quickly found shovels and exhumed the coffin. The crying became louder as they dug.

When they reached the coffin, they pried off the lid and inside found the small, grey-dressed woman...dead...with a live, crying infant in her arms...and three empty glass containers of milk. The poor child was mistakenly buried alive and the spirit of her deceased mother kept her alive until she was found.

The Call

Lisa's parents had gone to a party for the evening. And all poor Lisa had to do was stay home and watch her two little siblings, making sure they didn't get in any trouble. Wishing she were out hanging with her friends on a clear and beautiful Friday night instead of at home baby sitting the two kids, Lisa flicked on the TV in

the den.

The kids were in the next room, the living room, playing with their toys. After flipping the channels for what seemed like hours, she finally came across a made-for-TV movie that looked pretty good. A romance, her favorite. As Lisa started to settle into the movie, the kids came in, saying that they were hungry and wanted something to eat. So while the kids took over the television, Lisa went into the kitchen to make spaghetti for the three of them.

Just as everything was about to be finished, the phone rang. Lisa went to answer but her little brother got to it first and said, "Hello? Smith residence." No answer. "Gimme the phone!" Lisa said, snatching from her brother. "Hello, who is this?" Lisa demanded. "I'm near" said the voice on the other side. "Near where?" Lisa replied, but there was nothing but a dial tone. A little shaken, Lisa checked on the kids and finished preparations for dinner. She set up the table and dished out spaghetti for everyone. After everyone chowed down, the kids decided to take a nap on the couch while Lisa finished up the movie. As she turned on the TV, she saw it was almost over. "Great... she mumbled right before the phone rang again.

Forgetting the previous episode, she ran to the phone before it woke the kids and shattered her peace. Snatching up the receiver, she blurted, "Hello?". "I'm closer" reported the other end. "Huh, excuse me?" said Lisa. But once again, nothing but a dial tone. Lisa was bugging out now. "I'm near, I'm closer?" "What the heck?" she wondered aloud. Deciding to get to the bottom of it she called the operator. "Yes, how may I help you?" the operator said.

"I'm getting a couple of strange phone calls here and I was wondering if you can tell me where they came from?" asked Lisa.

"No," replied the operator, "but I could put a tap on your line and the next time he calls I can tell you where it came from." Lisa thanked the operator and hung up.

She walked over to the kids and woke them up. She didn't want to scare them but she had to have them awake in case of emergency. Lisa deliberated on calling her parents, but she decided that she is old enough to handle this herself. "I'm 17, and I'm brave" Lisa knew, "I can handle this". Just as she was summoning her courage, the phone rang. Lisa told the kids to stay quiet and on the couch. She answered the phone with a faint, "Hello?" The weirdo said, "I'm here now, and my, it is so sharp..." He giggled in the background.. "Huh? Wh.. What's so sharp?" Lisa blurted. "Where are you?" But the man hung up. Instantly the phone rang again. It was operator. "Get out now! Those calls are coming from inside your house! I will call the police! Get out!"

Lisa slammed down the phone, grabbed her keys and the kids and flew out the front door. They got in the car and locked all the doors..All of a sudden, police cars came roaring up the driveway. One car checked on the kids while four policeman burst into the house. They searched everywhere until they finally came to the attic. Upon going in they found a young man standing in the corner with a cellular phone

and a butcher knife, getting ready to head downstairs.

The Whistling Tea Kettle

Back in the 1890's when trains of the Santa Fe Railroad first began to run in the vicinity of Ardmore, Oklahoma, one was held up by bandits seven miles from town where the tracks crossed Caddo Creek. Afterwards the robbers retired to an old house, where they divided and quarrelled over the spoils. One robber was shot and killed. It is a tradition that part or all of the booty was hidden for a time in or about the house. People soon began to say that the ghost of the murdered bandit walked about the place trying to find where the money was hidden and for many years nobody was willing to live there.

However, about seven years ago, a family named Lynch moved into the deserted building. One afternoon, in the summer, Mrs. Lynch left her two oldest children at home and crossed the fields to visit some neighbors. An hour later, she heard her children screaming and ran out with her friends to learn the cause. Almost in hysterics, the youngsters came flying along shouting that someone was tearing the kitchen to pieces and that the tea-kettle was laughing and singing. Mrs. Lynch and others went to investigate. They found the tea-kettle steaming in the middle of the kitchen floor. A fire was burning in the cook stove, though none had been burning in it when Mrs. Lynch left home. The mystification of the onlookers was changed to horror when they observed that drops of blood were sprinkled about. The next day, the Lynches moved out and no family has lived in the building since . . .

Ellis Perkins, who lives in the vicinity, had the latest known experience in the old dwelling. One afternoon, about four years ago, he was caught in a heavy rain storm while hunting. The only shelter . . . was offered by the old house, so he and his bull dog ran into it to get out of the rain. He walked upstairs and looked around the second floor, but there was no sign of recent occupancy. He shut the door at the top of the stairway and descended. As his foot left the lowest step, his dog sprang around and looked toward the top, his hair bristling; then began to bark as though he scented the presence of a stranger. Mr. Perkins said that he also looked back toward the top of the stairs. Under his gaze the door knob turned. The door opened, as though to permit someone to pass on to the stairway, and closed noiselessly. The hunter waited for nothing more. Followed by his yelping dog, he sprang to the front door and rushed out into the downpour. The wind must have blown the door open, friends tell him, but his invariable retort is, How could the wind have turned the door knob?

From the New York Times, Reprinted in a textbook, Basic Writing.
By Harold Y. Moffett and Willoughby H. Johnson,
Harper & Brothers, New York, 1937

Down In Back

A woman has just left a mini-mart after purchasing a few odds and ends for supper that night. She walks to her big four wheel drive vehicle and climbs in. She puts her bag over on the passenger seat along with her purse, she settles in and starts up the engine. She pulls out of the shopping center, onto the main road. It's about 8:00 and she is trying to rush home to get supper started, knowing that her husband will be starving.

As she drives she feels a chill run up her back, so she turns on a little heat. She has a very unusual bizarre feeling that she can't quite name. All of a sudden this maniac swerves by her car almost running her off the road. He stays along side her car waving and pointing at her, swerving dangerously all the while. She's frantically trying to keep control of her car while trying not to run into this maniacs car beside her. She finally speeds up and leaves the weirdo behind her.

She turns on the radio for some soothing, calming music.

She's relaxing, trying to talk herself into a calm state after the incident with the unknown driver. All of a sudden she sees bright lights flashing her from behind. She glances in the rear view mirror and it's the same car, driven by the psycho she's just encountered 3 minutes ago. She ignores him and concentrates on the road only to be flashed again from behind by the glaring lights. She once again looks in the mirror back at him. Her forgotten radio station is interrupted by a news flash about police helicopters in the area, on the trail of a serial killer. She turns the radio off and concentrates on the road and turns her attention away from the pesky car behind her. She's only a few miles from home and again the car behind her flashes a bright blinding light straight into her rear view mirror. She's had enough of this guy but she's not bold or stupid enough to stop and confront him.

She tries to lose him by going down some back roads. She's hoping he will go on his way and not follow. As she turns down another dirt road she sees his lights once again. She quickly picks up her cell phone and hits 911 quick dial. She tells the police the story of what's been happening. They assure her that they will send out some squad cars to meet her at her home, but she will need to drive around for about 10 more minutes so the police can get to her house before her. So she drives on, only to have the maniac drive up closer to her bumper, threatening to hit her car, flashing her each time.

She is frantic now and can't wait to pull into her driveway. After about 10 minutes she heads down the road to her home and the safety of her husbands arms. She sees the police cars ahead and suddenly feels all the pressure and frantic, wound up nerves in the back of her neck relax. She rolls into the driveway and the unrelenting car behind her rolls in behind her. The police are stationed outside her home in the bushes and in the neighbors bushes.

As the frightened woman jumps out of her running car and runs to her husband who is waiting by the garage, the police approach the old man in his car. They have their guns drawn and they instruct him to get out of the car with his hands up. He's shocked and doesn't understand why the police are pointing guns at him. He gets out and the police start frisking him against his car. When he's asked about the incident and why he wanted to scare the woman. He looks up with sad eyes and says, "I was simply trying to save her life, but she wouldn't let me help her". The police are baffled and they know that they have a senile man on their hands. They ask him what he means by "saving" her life. The man says, "If you'd check in her car you'll find him. He has a knife in his hand. He tried to kill her over and over again. I flashed my lights so she would look up and he would then lie back down in the back of the seat".

Two policemen quickly run over and throw open the back door of the woman's car. A sharp glistening knife swipes out at the first policeman making no contact, the second policeman fire's immediately at the body and arm attached to the knife. The arm goes lifeless. The police quickly pull the body of the dead serial killer out from the lady's back seat. He was still clutching the knife he was going to use to kill her!