

## **Click-Clack**

In a small town of Georgia there was an old man who had no legs. The only way he could move around was by dragging himself around by his long, long, nails. He was also a killer. He would sneak around the town and kill people with his long, long, nails. So, because of this, the people were ordered to go inside at exactly 6:00 pm and lock their doors until he was caught.

One night a little girl asked her mom if she could go play at her friends house. The mother looked at the clock, it was 4:00pm. She told the little girl to be home by 5:45 because thats when "click-click" came out. The little girl agreed and was on her way. She played and played but lost track of time because when she headed home, it was already 5:48. By the time she was close to her home it was 6:00 pm. She observed people locking their doors and calling in there kids.

"Shoot, I'd better run" she thought. Finally she reached her street. But that's when she heard the noise...click click drag click click drag. It got louder and louder. She turned around and there he was, Click-Clack! She ran to her front door...click clack drag click clack drag... She pounded on the door but her Mother had fallen asleep...Click Clack Drag Click Clack Drag... The pounding stopped.

Upon waking, and forgetting that her daughter had gone out to play the last evening, Mother opened the door to get her newspaper. She screamed in horror at the sight. Written on the step in blood was, "Mother, why didn't you open the door?" She was never seen again...

## **The Cemetery**

She walks out of work at midnight, every agonizing step being felt by her swollen feet, having survived one of the busiest nights at the diner. She daydreams of the "things to do" list that has to be tackled tomorrow and the hot bath waiting for her when she gets to her house. Suddenly, she is brought back to reality when she hears footsteps falling in behind her. She strains to hear their rhythm, trying to assure herself it's just someone out for an evening stroll, or perhaps just needing to buy something at the corner store. Desperately she tries to keep her heart from pounding so loud that the whole neighborhood isn't awakened.

She picks up her stride and turns the first corner towards home. Convinced her imagination is working overtime until she acutely notices the heavy falling footsteps turn the corner and quicken their pace. She turns sharply, ready to face the unseen stranger but all she views is an empty sidewalk. Though no one appears to be around, the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, warning her of impending danger. She looks around for anything that will offer her safety, when she sees the local cemetery groundskeeper tending to one of the graves. Quickly she reaches the cemetery's large cast iron gate and throws it open with a force that even surprises her. Running through the grounds, she is unaware that the footsteps

have stopped short, refusing to enter this forbidden darkness of souls.

She stumbles on the first mound encountered and scrambles to get up. Finally, getting to her feet, she realizes something is preventing her from moving. Looking down, she sees dirt encrusted hands rising from the bowels of the grave and encircling her ankles. She lets out a blood curdling scream and fights desperately to get released, but the gnarled hands hang on with an unearthly strength. Kicking as hard as she can, she loses her balance, falls backwards and begins being pulled under the soft soil. Down into the eternal darkness...down into the terror that lies beneath.....Her fingernails claw at empty air and she brings them down, where they settle on the handle of a shovel, left behind from work done earlier in the day. She lifts it in the air and comes down hard on the imprisoning hands. The grip loosens for a split second, time enough for her to break free and scramble from their reach. She quickly rises and looks for the groundskeeper, knowing he is her only chance to survive.

"Over here," she hears someone yell. "Come over here. I can protect you." The voice beckons her to a lake in the middle of the grounds. Searching the area with her tired eyes, she can't see who summoned her. Then, the waters start to stir and a man appears, rising from the water's ripples. She stares at the broken face. One eye, apparently injured in some long ago accident, is shut. The other taunting her with it's evilness. A large wart on his forehead is only overpowered by the scar stretching across his cheek. Out of the corner of her eye she spots the groundskeeper and tries to break away from the force she finds enveloping her mind. A force so engulfing that it pulls her to the waters edge. She sees the beauty of the rippling water and feels an almost overpowering urge to slip into it's unspoken promise of safety. As she is about to enter into the velvety softness of the lake, a cat streaks by behind her, scared by some unheard noise in the night, and breaks her from her trance. She gathers her wits quickly and races off towards the ground's keeper. "He's the only one here to help me," she thinks. Getting closer to him with every stride.

Begging for help as she runs toward him, she doesn't notice that he seems not to hear. She only knows that a few more steps and she can be safe again.... a few more steps to someone who will guide her out of this "garden of terror"... a few more steps and she's on her way home..... just a few more steps ..... As she reaches him she feels her burning lungs about to explode. Her air supply exhausted by the marathon gate she never knew she was capable of. Her hands grab at the cape that he wears for protection against the cold, night air. "Help me please," she stammers, "I need your help to get out of here." He slowly turns around and her body shudders uncontrollably as she stares into the face of death. The last thing she hears is the unmistakable voice offering his frightful greeting.....WELCOME!

## **The Lake**

"Boomer!", he yelled as the screen door slammed behind him. "Where is that darn dog?", he thought as he headed for the shed where his fishing equipment was kept. Just then the springer spaniel came bounding around the corner of the shed; his tail wagging ninety miles a minute. "Bout time dog. Another 30 seconds and you'd been left behind." He gathered the pole and tackle box and started for the trail that ran behind his house and down to the lake. No matter how many times he'd been on the trail he was still awed by the beauty of the area. Trees grew as high as the sky. Flowers burst out as soon as the sun rose. "Yep", he speculated, there was nowhere prettier on earth.

He rounded the corner and caught sight of the lake shimmering in the morning sun. He strolled over to the tiny boat moored at the landing. After he loaded his fishing gear he gently lowered Boomer into the boat and climbed in behind him. He started rowing for the middle of the lake where his favorite fishing spot is located. He'd been coming to this spot for 6 months now and couldn't get enough of it. He really didn't catch a lot of fish but he was drawn back, time after time, anyway. Something kept him coming back to the lake, something pulled at him if he even missed a single day. He pushed those thoughts aside and let the beauty of the lake engulf him. Basking in the warmth of the sun, he settled down and started baiting his pole.

He woke up with a start when Boomer let out a howl. "Darn", he thought, "I must have fallen asleep". He looked around and saw the sun already starting to set. He scratched his chin as he wondered what would have made him sleep the day away like that. As he sat, bewildered, he noticed his pole, next to him, hadn't been used at all. Just then Boomer sprang to the other side of the boat and let out another long howl. "What is with you, dog?" he snapped, but Boomer didn't stop and another moan escaped. Boomer started clawing at the wood located at the end of the boat. Confused by these strange actions, the man got up to investigate. He peered over the edge of the boat and there in the water, just below the surface, was a woman's face staring up at him. Her beauty startled him. So enthralled was he, that it took longer than it should have for him to realize she seemed in no distress being under water that long. His brain, trying to take all this in, wasn't registering as fast as it usually did. The soothing sound of the rippling water had lulled him into a false sense of contentment. As he reached down to the woman, hoping to help her out, the water sprung up and surrounded him pulling him into a pool of darkness. He was gone before anyone could have reacted. Boomer sat in the middle of the boat howling for the master that would never come back. Growling at the "thing" that emerged from the waves. The woman grinning at some well kept secret.

"I'll take it!" the man exclaimed to the Real Estate Agent. He shook his head and hid the smile that wanted to escape. He just made a beauty of a deal for the cabin at the lake. The moment he walked down the trail to the lake he could hear the water beckoning him. He knew he would be happy here. Happy living with nature. Happy that he was so close to the lake for fishing. "After all", he mused, "I could hear that lake calling my name the first time I saw it". Yep, there was something about the

lake that kept calling him back.....

### **Room For One More**

A young woman on her way to town broke her journey by staying with friends at an old manor house. Her bedroom looked out to the carriage sweep at the front door. It was a moonlit night, and she found it difficult to sleep. As the clock outside her bedroom door struck 12, she heard the noise of horses' hooves on the gravel outside, and the sound of wheels.

She got up and went over to the window to see who could be arriving at that time of night. The moonlight was very bright, and she saw a hearse drive up to the door. It hadn't a coffin in it; instead it was crowded with people. The coachman sat high up on the box: as he came opposite the window he drew up and turned his head. His face terrified her, and he said in a distinct voice, "There's room for one more."

She drew the curtain, ran back to bed, and covered her head with the bedclothes. In the morning she was not quite sure whether it had been a dream, or whether she had really got out of bed and seen the hearse, but she was glad to go up to town and leave the old house behind her.

She was shopping in a big store which had an elevator in it -- an up-to-date thing at that time. She was on the top floor, and went to the elevator to go down. It was rather crowded, but as she came up to it, the elevator operator turned his head and said, "There's room for one more."

It was the face of the coachman of the hearse. "No, thank you," said the girl. "I'll walk down." She turned away, the elevator doors clanged, there was a terrible rush and screaming and shouting, and then a great clatter and thud. The elevator had fallen and every person in it was killed!

### **Ghostly Rescue**

One afternoon, a couple was traveling on the road when all of a sudden at a far distance they saw a woman in the middle of the road asking them to stop. The wife told her husband to keep on driving because it might be too dangerous, but the husband decided to pass by slowly so he wouldn't stay with the doubt on his mind of what might have happened and the chances of anyone being hurt. As they got closer, they noticed a woman with cuts and bruises on her face as well as on her arms. They then decide to stop and see if they could be of any help.

The cut and bruised woman was begging for help telling them that she had been in a car accident and that her husband and son, a new born baby, were still inside the car which was in a deep ditch. She told them that the husband was already dead

but that her baby seemed to still be alive.

The husband that was traveling decided to get down and try to rescue the baby and he asked the hurt woman to stay with his wife inside the their car. When he got down he noticed two people in the front seats of the car but he didn't pay any importance to it and took out the baby quickly and got up to take the baby to it's mother. When he got up, he didn't see the mother anywhere so he asked his wife where she had gone. She told him that the woman followed him back to the crashed car.

When the man decided to go look for the woman, he noticed that clearly the two people in the front seats were dead; a woman and a man, both with their seatbelts on. When he looked closer, he noticed that one of the dead was the same woman that was begging them for help!

### **The Curse of Amen-Ra**

The Princess of Amen-Ra lived some 1,500 years before Christ. When she died, she was laid in an ornate wooden coffin and buried deep in a vault at Luxor, on the banks of the Nile.

In the late 1890s, 4 rich young Englishmen visiting the excavations at Luxor were invited to buy an exquisitely fashioned mummy case containing the remains of Princess of Amen-Ra. They drew lots. The man who won paid several thousand pounds and had the coffin taken to his hotel. A few hours later, he was seen walking out towards the desert. He never returned. The next day, one of the remaining 3 men was shot by an Egyptian servant accidentally. His arm was so severely wounded it had to be amputated. The third man in the foursome found on his return home that the bank holding his entire savings had failed. The fourth guy suffered a severe illness, lost his job and was reduced to selling matches in the street.

Nevertheless, the coffin reached England (causing other misfortunes along the way), where it was bought by a London businessman. After 3 of his family members had been injured in a road accident and his house damaged by fire, the businessman donated it to the British Museum. As the coffin was being unloaded from a truck in the museum courtyard, the truck suddenly went into reverse and trapped a passerby. Then as the casket was being lifted up the stairs by 2 workmen, 1 fell and broke his leg. The other, apparently in perfect health, died unaccountably two days later.

Once the Princess was installed in the Egyptian Room, trouble really started. The Museum's night watchmen frequently heard frantic hammering and sobbing from the coffin. Other exhibits in the room were also often hurled about at night. One watchman died on duty; making the other watchmen wanting to quit. Cleaners

refused to go near the Princess too. When a visitor derisively flicked a dustcloth at the face painted on the coffin, his child died of measles soon afterwards. Finally, the authorities had the mummy carried down to the basement figuring it could not do any harm down there. Within a week, one of the helpers was seriously ill, and the supervisor of the move was found dead on his desk.

By now, the papers had heard of it. A journalist photographer took a picture of the mummy case and when he developed it, the painting on the coffin was of a horrifying, human face. The photographer was said to have gone home then, locked his bedroom door and shot himself. Soon afterwards, the museum sold the mummy to a private collector. After continual misfortune (and deaths), the owner banished it to the attic.

A well known authority on the occult, Madame Helena Blavatsky, visited the premises. Upon entry, she was seized with a shivering fit and searched the house for the source of an evil influence of incredible intensity; She finally came to the attic and found the mummy case. "Can you exorcise this evil spirit?" Asked the owner. "There is no such thing as exorcism. Evil remains evil forever. Nothing can be done about it. I implore you to get rid of this evil as soon as possible." she replied.

But no British museum would take the mummy; the fact that almost 20 people had met with misfortune, disaster or death from handling the casket, in barely 10 years, was now well known. Eventually, a hardheaded American archaeologist (who dismissed the happenings as quirks of circumstance), paid a handsome price for the mummy and arranged for its removal to New York. In April 1912, the new owner escorted its treasure aboard a sparkling, new White Star liner about to make its maiden voyage to New York.

On the night of April 14, amid scenes of unprecedented horror, the Princess of Amen-Ra accompanied 1,500 passengers to their deaths at the bottom of the Atlantic. The name of the ship was of course, the H.M.S. Titanic.