

Ghost Stories

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1.The Unseen Made Us Transfer To A New Home

I was born in a city but I spent all of my years growing up in a rural area. I was happy to experience childhood in my first home. Although we live in a rural area, the houses are not that far from each other since we live in a subdivision. Our house is located in a corner lot which also seems to be the boundary of our subdivision. At the back of our house is a police training facility where a Balete tree is also located across my house.

My father was already been informed by a local albularyo (witch doctor) that our house is a passage way for the unseen creatures since the balete tree is planted in line with our house.

I was not blessed with the gift to see the unseen but I am no stranger to creepy experiences that happened in my house. My grandma (when she is still alive) saw a white lady almost every time she smoked her tobacco in the wee hours of the night. She said the lady keeps on getting her attention yet she knows she meant no harm. My uncle also saw a creature in our house during his stay in our house but he won't tell us what he saw.

My brother and I were also not spared by these unseen creatures, we decided to sleep in our living room so we won't disturb my parents because it is summer time that time and we planned to play video games and watch movies all night. Our activities were stopped when some creature keeps on running around our house. At first we thought it was our dog but when I checked through our window, our dog was safely sleeping in her kennel house which is locked. The

running went on and on for 5 minutes until it stopped but as it stops we heard our screen door opened (We have 2 doors which was put together to have some ventilation and not having insects go inside your house at the same time) As we noticed our screen door opened, we heard scratches on our wooden door which seems like someone or something is trying to enter. I bravely check through our window to see who or what was scratching our wooden door but to my dismay I found nothing.

We went to my father since he was having his vacation that time, and he went out to check but he only felt someone or something was checking on him by our tree but he wasn't able to see it. Apart from me and my brother's experience the usual creepy scenarios that were experienced by us and the people who come to my house ranged from eerie feelings up to apparitions. So my family just let it slide since it is not yet that big of a deal.

What made my family bothered was the time when some unseen creature took interest in my mom. My mom is a house wife, she left her job to take of me and my sibling full time. When we are at school she is always alone in our house since my dad is a Seafarer and just comes home 2-4 months per year. Her experiences were no joke. She didn't tell us at first because she is also in denial or not that aware of what is happening to her but this was not held for too long since her experiences went from tolerable to unbearable. According to her it started as an eerie feeling whenever she is having her siesta she always felt someone watching her from our window. This went on and on until the unseen become more and more aggressive After a week of these eerie vibes when she's having her siesta she then started to feel light and dizzy before dozing off.

Her last straw happened at a time she felt sleepy but was not yet asleep. She felt dizzy and light so she planned to get up to ask our neighbor what is the remedy for her before-siesta dizziness. When she actually did get up she felt like her bed fell. It was odd because when she thought about it it's like her bed was floating that's why she felt light or dizzy. She consulted our local albularyo. He told us that an engkanto (elemental beings) took a liking to my mother. And he explained the only way for it to be stopped is through offerings.

We offered a native chicken's egg outside our house. Her eerie experiences and dizziness stopped but when my father came home that year he was then the target of the unseen creatures. He was always staying up late since he plans to take an exam for him to get his rank higher, he always felt something is watching him from our window. He usually shrugged it off since whenever he checked the window there is no one or nothing. One night as he goes outside in our backyard to pee, he noticed a man wearing a barong tagalog standing underneath our Indian mango tree. He was not able to move or apprehend the person he saw since he was aware he is not a human or a living one. He kept on mumbling a prayer (Our father) and kept on brushing his eyes so he can confirm that what he was seeing is real. As he kept on brushing his eyes while praying the creature didn't vanish for a while he said it only started to vanish as he finished his prayer and took steps closer to that being. After that incident he consulted our local albularyo again. This time, he suggested we spray a pinch of salt in every part of our house and pray 1 our father, 1 hail Mary and 1 glory be before we sleep. My brother and I did that ritual every night until the day my parents has decided it is time for us to transfer to an urban area since me and my brother also started to go a school which is located in a city.

The only experience we then heard from the family who bought our house started when they decided to cut the Indian mango tree that was planted in our backyard all of them started to get sick (simultaneously one after another). I really didn't understand at first because I thought the creatures were just passing through our house and they live in that balete tree but we also thought some of them may have transferred to the Indian mango tree that was planted in our backyard.

By ZSneider

2.Experiences In Okinawa

Forgot to give a timeline for the last story. This set of experiences was during my time in Okinawa from 2009 to 2011. I was stationed there on Kadena Air Base and lived in an on base dormitory. There were three major occurrences while I stayed in that room.

The first of the three was the least jarring. My room was occupied by a pair of young men who'd passed presumably during the US occupation way back. They never really bothered anything as they tended to just mill about the small room. At night, they usually settled into the chair by the window and on the foot of the bed. Never really felt anything negative from them just felt like company.

The next one however... There was a woman who'd wander the dorm. Usually she came to drunks and gave them "pleasant dreams" for the sake of keeping it PG. One evening I'd had a bit of alcohol myself but, no more than enough to be tipsy. I felt soft, feminine hands running down my back. A feeling I've had before years prior that like then, I rebuffed.

Apparently, she didn't take kindly to my dismissal as after that she appeared more frequently. I would be playing games on my laptop and my room would chill noticeably during the summer. It couldn't have been the AC since that came from the inner hallway. It was sometime after her visitations that another spirit started coming around.

I tie these two together due to them almost always appearing together and from what a friend told me later. This presence was another male, both him and the woman were native spirits. He would appear around the same time as her and they would stand opposite one another. His presence was accompanied by the air feeling much hotter than before. I'd end up half hot and half cold in the middle of their staredown.

One evening, I laid down to sleep for the night. Shortly after I laid down, I found I couldn't move. I felt a large rough hand on my head and another on my side before hearing the sheets creak as I was pressed into the bed. Of course, I

panicked mentally and started muttering in my head "Get out" and trying to shake myself. It took some time before I wiggled slightly and utter "Ge..." As soon as I said the phrase aloud I was able to move freely and sprung out of bed.

At this time, the light was on but, there was seething shadows where the ceiling met the walls. I could actually see them writhing like small tentacles outward. There was an overwhelming presence bearing down on me so I contacted a friend of mine I'd just been speaking to on TeamSpeak. She came on and I explained the situation, she strongly advised that I did a banishing ritual to get rid of the offending spirit or that she could.

Not wanting to make things worse by messing any part of it up, I asked her to do so. She said to put her on the speakers and she read the words. No sooner did she finish than she disconnected abruptly midsentence as things calmed on my end. When she came back, a woman's voice screamed from behind her own. She said she'd dealt with the spirit although it had made an attempt at her.

That was when she explained what she'd gotten from the spirit. The woman in life had gotten involved with the wrong people and then the wrong forces. They "owned" her as she put it and she came that night to get me for scorning her. The man that I had kicked out, she mentioned him without prior knowledge, had come to protect me from her. He had taken his own life because of her and became bound to her and the Earth by custom.

I spoke to the man, apologizing for shunting him out as I had in panic. I thanked him for trying to protect me and said that I would honor his passing. As I finished speaking three lights blinked in the air over my bed. The shape of a triangle, first the top point, then down to the right, and lastly across to the left. After that night, I never saw nor felt either of them again. Speaking with my mother, she told me that the lights were his acceptance of the apology, his thanks for my honoring him, and his goodbye as he moved on.

The last one certainly startled me but, was altogether peaceful. I'm not sure if the two happening were connected but, they may have been. I was driving back to the dorm from the flightline that night when I saw a shadow blot out my back

passenger window. It crept up toward the front passenger window before latching onto the side mirror. I couldn't see so much as I knew that it was swirling in around that window before it slid off entirely.

That night in the early morning, I'd woken up with the feeling that I was being watched. As soon as I opened my eyes, I was met with the white eyes of a small local girl staring unblinking into my own. I started with a jump before I felt she was harmless. I shook my head and told her that she could stay as long as she didn't watch me sleep anymore. She wandered away to look around the room as I fell back asleep.

Later on, I always kept a bucket next to my computer chair as a small table. I didn't use it as a table then because a small part of me said not to. So as I was playing my game waiting for a call from my mother, I'd feel something gently graze my leg at a steady rhythm. When she called, during our talking she'd asked me who my friend was. I was confused for a moment before she said; "The little girl sitting next to you." She also said she enjoyed watching me play my games.

She told me that she'd gone blind and passed away due to an old childhood illness a ways back. She'd been drawn to me as, whatever it might've been, I was the first person she'd 'seen' in ages. After that, I'd more frequently leave the bucket uncluttered while I played games or explained when I couldn't. My other two members of the room that I mentioned were unbothered by her so I didn't mind her either, so it was me and three spirits in that small room.

As I was writing these out, I recalled a couple details. My friend had said that the woman had guided something into the room that night and it had left before I'd gotten her help. The other was that my two resident spirits from prior were nowhere to be found during the incident. Not that I suspect them to have helped nor expected them to, just a curiosity.

By Skadus

3. Not Alone-tragic Loss Warning

On the evening of August 8th, 2022 around 6pm, my evening turned bad when I started having terrible lower abdominal pain, lower back pain, and pressure out of nowhere. I was 14 weeks pregnant and it seemed odd to me to be hurting like that already, so early on in my pregnancy. I sat down and figured I just needed to relax. An hour later I felt something and realized that I was bleeding. It became very heavy and I was terrified that I was going to hemorrhage to death. I went to Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak where I was told that I had to come alone, no visitors. I got the grim news once the ER staff performed an ultrasound and there was my baby on the screen, lying still with no heartbeat.

I cried hysterically, wishing that I had someone there with me but all I had were the medical staff who told me that I could try again for another baby in the future. I wanted that baby. He was to be my first son. All night I cried as I lay there, helpless and alone. There was not much they could do but wait for me to pass the baby they said. I didn't sleep at all and it made me sad every time I heard the lullaby music played over the speaker system. I knew what that sound meant. A baby had been born, meanwhile there I was with a dead baby inside me.

I was admitted to the hospital and transferred to a room on the 3rd floor. After 12 hours of waiting and crying, it seemed like I was no longer alone in that room. The door to the room that I was in opened and closed on its own and there was an armchair in the room, near my bed. I felt a presence there. Finally when it was evident that I needed surgery, the door opened on its own and closed on its own when the patient transporter arrived to get me and bring me to the OR. He noticed and said that was creepy. As I was being wheeled down the hall to the OR I got a glimpse of a tall, white man in scrubs standing there staring at me. He disappeared into thin air. I looked again but there were no doors he could've went into, only walls. I didn't see him in the OR. After I was moved from PACU to my room again, I felt a gust of cold air fly over me, like an invisible bird. I don't know who or what that was that was there, that presence, but it helped me feel less lonely.

By mamamissy7

4.Nephew's Farewell

I and my brother were the youngest in our clan. My cousins are much older than us so usually we hang out with their children; our nephews and nieces. In our clan, I have 2 close nephews who share the same age bracket. We were always close but as time flies we began to drift apart and proceed with our education. We were in the same city yet we don't hang out as much as we were younger.

It was way back 2018, I was a 3rd year college student at a university. I was attending my last period but before it started my mom called and told me the horrible news. One of my close nephews died due to suicide. He was depressed because of his hardships living with his pregnant girlfriend that time and basically he had to quit school just to earn money for them. His last straw was when his girlfriend left him. My mom told me he hung himself using a belt tied to a bed leg. He really was decided to end his life since the height between the leg of the bed and the floor is not that high. He basically has to kneel in order to kill himself. He was brought to a hospital but was too late.

The scary part happened during his wake. I was not present that time since I can't afford to take an absent with my major subjects but my mom and other family members that were there told the details of what happened on that faithful day. It started off as normal day for them, they greeted and mingled with visitors who came to pay their respect to my dead nephew.

There was a woman, my family and relatives really didn't know her. She basically stood watching the coffin and cried. She was approached by one of my cousins. She told my cousin in our Bisaya dialect "siya man jud to oh" (it was him). She then told us her story that while she was really not affiliated with any of us, she knew my nephew because she met him 2 days ago. They were all shocked since it was already the 4th day of wake. That means if she really met my nephew it was after he died. She told us that she can see spirits and while that was true it was a huge burden for her since spirits that knew she has the ability to see the dead pestered her for last wishes and request. She was

approached my by nephew who also was in denial at first that he's dead. He pestered the woman since he discovered she was the only one who can see him.

He even guided that woman to his grandfather's house where the wake was held.

My nephew instructed her 3 things the first one was to ask for forgiveness from his mother (my cousin) on his behalf. The second one was too ask forgiveness of his younger brother and the last one was to hug his mother in his behalf. His mother really felt his hug one last time while hugging the woman. She then said that my nephew said he was sad but not sorry for what he did. After that the woman stayed for a while then left but before she left they heard her utter the words "Oh mana ko'g tupad saimo hangyo ha. Ayaw na ko disturoboha." (I already did what you requested. Please don't disturb me anymore.)

That was the only creepy incident that happen during his wake. My aunt and uncle still have creepy experiences in that house. Even my nephew's child who is now almost 4 years old cannot stay long in that house because she can see ghosts of an old woman and a boy. We bet she was referring to her great-grandmother and his father (my nephew).

By ZSneider

5.Hitchhiker Haunting At Wee Hours

I work at a MNC company which is situated around 35 kilometres away from my home. So I commute by my bike with another of my colleagues who used to accompany me 5 kilometers away onwards from my home. The road by which I was traveling was being newly constructed for about 5-7 kms. I had my first shift that week and it was around 4:35 in the morning and pitch dark.

Suddenly I saw a figure stand in the middle of the road on which only gravel was dispersed. I was riding fairly slow. As I approached near the figure I saw that it was a man in his late 20s. What was odd about him was that his face was covered with grease and all his clothes looked dirty and shabby. He was wearing a yellow T-shirt and jeans. He was asking me for a lift in Kannada language saying "Anna nilso Anna", meaning brother please stop. I just nodded to him in denial because my colleague had warned me not to drop anyone early in the morning or late at night.

I told this to him while we were returning from work and he said that he saw the same person at a different place late at night when he was returning home after finishing his second shift. I asked about the person's details to which he said that he too had the yellow T-shirt and jeans and his face was covered with grease.

I was scared when he told me that what you saw was not a human being but a ghost who might have met with an accident where I encountered it. I explained this to my parents when I returned home and they were worried about me. Since then my mother applies holy ash on my forehead while going to work and I haven't encountered anything else.

By rahul_shelar16