My cousin and I had gone to San Antonio, and we had heard rumors of some haunted railroad tracks. The story was, a school bus full of children had stalled on these tracks with a train coming. The train was going too fast for there to be time to get the children off. So they all died. When we finally found the tracks, we stopped the car, parking it right on the railroad tracks. We were both a little nervous, and scared, and waited for something to happen. Just when we were about to leave, the car started rolling. We were both too freaked out to do any more than grab each other and gasp, eyes wide, mouths open. After what seemed like an eternity, (but was actually less than five minutes tops) the car stopped rolling. We looked around, and we were off the railroad tracks.

Now, that may not seem spooky, but what we saw next scared us enough to jump back in the car and make the six hour trip home THAT NIGHT. Both of us got out of the car and walked around to the back. After the first six hour drive, our car had accumulated quite a bit of dust on it. That's not scary, no. But what was scary was the little sets of handprints all over the back of the car. All the size of children's hands