

1: Bardfilm: Fodor's Hamlet: Not Just Another Ghost Story

Find ghost hunters and paranormal investigators from South Africa. Comments about this paranormal experience. The following comments are submitted by users of this site and are not official positions by www.enganchecubano.com

Specters and Shotguns Chapter Text Specters and Shotguns Rhys pulled on his pants irritably, the material already raising his body temperature by a few degrees. Vaughn startled awake with a shrill cry. Vaughn squinted at the taller man half leaned on the dirty mattress and sighed out in relief. Vaughn lifted up slowly, his ridiculously well toned abdomen folding with the action. Rhys frowned and looked down at his own physique. Was he the only one not sporting a six pack around this joint? He pulled out a package of around ten stale crackers and sighed heavily. Vaughn yanked on his own clothing and perched his glasses on his nose, adjusting them accordingly. Rhys offered the small package to Vaughn and frowned. Vaughn sighed out and shook his head. Rhys walked to the door and peered out into the vast desert, the world painted glorious oranges and reds with the new sunrise. Things were not looking to be any more in their favor than the day previous. There were still miles of endless sand dunes between them and any sort of hope to live. Rhys looked down to his robotic arm sadly. The communication between his echo eye, and his arm had been knocked loose days ago after falling out of the van. Rendering them pretty much shit out of luck. All they could do was keep moving, if they stayed in one place for too long, bandits might be able to trail them, bandits, or wildlife, and neither was ideal. Rhys trailed behind Vaughn slightly his footsteps slow and tired. Though the nights rest had rejuvenated him leaps and bounds, his body was still worn from the past few days of hardship. Rhys felt his cheeks fill with color a little at the mere thought of last night. He was used to Jack torturing him, taunting him, making him absolutely miserable—but he was not used to—that. He was not used to Handsome Jack handing out pleasure? It only left Rhys more confused and frustrated than before. He knew Jack could see his every thought, his every memory, he should have known Jack would find the ones where Rhys had—pleasured himself to the thought of Handsome Jack. That was just another way Jack could toy with his brain. Just some more strings for him to pull. Jack had been unusually quiet for most the morning and Rhys was mentally thanking him for it. He just needed to be alone—or the closest thing to it. He was never really alone anymore. Jack was always there, silent or not he was always looming within Rhys, and he could do nothing about that. Was it always going to be like this? Sharing a body with the Hyperion CEO? Feeling his dreadful warmth within his skull forever? Rhys shuddered at the thought. He had to find a way to undo all of this. He had to reclaim his body somehow. Rhys sunk down in pain, clenching his port miserably, knees digging into the sand as he writhed. Jack backed away from the thin Hyperion employee and rolled his eyes in a disgusted fashion. Uh—what did I say? Rhys realized how the scene must look to his best friend and he shook his head violently. Vaughn tilted his head eyes glittering with concern. He offered Rhys a helping hand and Rhys lifted himself to his feet. Rhys sucked in a long breath his shoulders falling slightly. His eyes flicked just to the left of Vaughn, where Jack stood scrutinizing Rhys with displeased eyes. He stared Rhys down like a predator hunting weak prey, every movement slow and calculated, simply waiting for his meal to step wrong. He was watching, observing, stalking and when Rhys least expected, his teeth would come forth to wrap around his jugular. Rhys could feel all the blood rush from his face as the president stared him down with vicious intent. But I can make your every waking second a living, fucking, hell. Rhys flinched away from the cold touch and shot Jack a vicious glare. Piece by piece, I can tear you down like wet tissue paper. So you best think long and hard before you answer that question kiddo—. Vaughn knew that tone of voice. He would know it anywhere. There was more the taller man wanted to say—but for some reason he was holding back. He was hiding something. Vaughn wanted to ask what it was, he wanted to know why. Something told him to just leave it be, and so he did. Rhys could always count on Vaughn to look on the lighter side of things. Rhys said nothing, just kept his eyes straight forward, gritting his teeth at the remark. The day seemed to drag along like some sort of maimed animal, limping forward slowly, bleeding out onto the sand. Hours had gone by with not so much as a single sign of civilization. Rhys shielded his eyes from the sun and looked skyward, he could feel his skin frying, his lips becoming more chapped than they already were. Vaughn rounded the corner of the

cliff slowly and Rhys saw his whole body freeze. Rhys picked up his pace, closing the gap between him and his counterpart quickly. Vaughn turned gleefully, his face lighting up brightly. Rhys did his best to jog after him, wincing in pain as his blistered feet rubbed against his boots. Vaughn sunk to his knees on the shore of the small pond and laughed heartily, dipping his fingers into the clear water. Vaughn looked to Rhys expectantly. Rhys scanned the pond with his echo eye and a wide grin cracked across his slim features. Rhys joined him, the cool water rushing down his throat and hitting his belly like a kick to the gut. He groaned out lowly, bringing more to his lips, quenching his burning thirst greedily. Rhys let the water wash up over his face and through his hair, tiny streams running down the back of his neck and underneath his undershirt. Without really even thinking about it, he was stripping off his shirt and hustling to undo his pants. He just needed to feel that relief all over; he just needed the water all around his tired body. He suddenly wanted nothing more than to wash all the filth of the past few days from his body. With his jeans and his shirt left abandoned on the shore he eased himself into the ponds water, walking the bottom until it was over his head then sinking beneath the liquids surface. Rhys ran his hands through his soaked hair, letting all the remnants of dirt, dust, and sweat wash free from the locks. Rhys sighed out in relief just letting his body become weightless in the water, thankful for this small stroke of luck. It was about time something; anything started working in their favor. Rhys eased himself out of the water and flopped back on the wet sand of the shore, closing his eyes for a moment and simply letting his overheated body rest. The sun was beginning to sink low in the sky, giving the two travelers a small window of just a few more hours of daylight. Rhys looked to Vaughn with tired eyes. Rhys wandered through the twisting red rock formations, climbing over them slowly, peering out over the landscape. His eyes settled on a rather dead looking plant just a few paces away and he trekked on toward it. His feet paused as he came to the brittle looking pile of dead plant life. He guessed this would have to do. The young man gathered the rough sticks up into his arms, bundling them carefully. As he reached down to grab another of the gnarled little sticks, his ears were kissed by a monstrous noise booming over the landscape. Rhys snapped back into a standing position and squinted off into the sand dunes. He could tell the sound was getting closer. The growling, beastly, engine of a bandit technical. Rhys whipped around, his boots nearly slipping in the soft sand and took in a desperate sprint. He could hear the engines drone becoming closer, the sound rumbling up louder from the landscape. It was a hellish sound, dark and low and mean. Rhys skidded around a large bolder, Vaughn not feet behind him, and pressed his back against the rock, panting fearfully, his breath ragged and terrified. Vaughn looked to Rhys with wide, fearful eyes and Rhys put his mechanical finger to his lips in a shushing fashion. The rumbling engine suddenly cut off, throwing the world into silence as the machine quieted. There was the slamming of doors then the gruff sounds of voices following shortly behind. Been runnin down Hyperion shipment trucks all day, I aint been out here.

2: Just Another Ghost Story - Your Ghost Stories

There is quite a large percentage of the world's population who don't believe in the super natural. Ghosts, demons, spirits, these are fictional to that percentage.

The haunted plantation house known as Oak Alley fits every idea that we might have about the grand old homes of the south. There is a ghost who haunts Oak Alley Plantation Some say that it might be the ghost of a young girl whose life was destroyed here many years ago and some claim that the spirit is that of her mother. But regardless, it is a legend that has been told many times over the years. But is it just another ghost story? Not according to the tourists who captured this ghost on film? They took a number of photos in and around the house, never expecting to uncover proof that the legendary ghost of the plantation actually existed. When they had their film developed, they sent a copy of one particular photo back to the staff members of the house. In the photo appeared the image of a slender young woman with long, dark hair The staff members were so impressed with the photo that they even sell picture postcards of the image today But who is this ghost and why does she haunt Oak Alley? The house was begun in and took four years to complete. When it was finished, it was the finest home in Louisiana. The word, Creole, comes from the Spanish of "criollo" meaning "native born" but it was used to describe the children born in this country from European parents. French Creoles looked down on the Americans, who lacked the manners and refinements possessed by the Creoles. They clung to their old language and ways and created an insulated community of their own. Some believe that the ghost who haunts the house may be that of Josephine Roman, who loved the place and gave the house its original name. Other believe that it may be that of her daughter Louise Roman held just as closely to the ways of Creole manners and honor as her family did. This was why she was so enraged when she was called upon by a drunken suitor one evening. He attempted to kiss her and she fled in anger. Unfortunately, Louise was wearing a hoop skirt with an iron frame at the time and she fell down, cutting her leg open. After a few days, the terrible cut refused to heal and gangrene set in. The leg had to be amputated and Louise considered herself scarred for life. She never really recovered mentally from the wound and left the plantation. She journeyed to St. Louis, where she entered a Carmelite convent. She would later miss the south and would move to New Orleans, where she would start a new convent. The amputated leg was put away in the family tomb so that when Louise died, it could be buried with her and indeed it was. Jacques died of tuberculosis in and the management of the plantation fell to his only son, Henri. The Civil War and Reconstruction would ruin the Roman family, as it did so many others. They managed to hang onto the house for some time, but it was finally abandoned and left to the elements. In , it became part of a non-profit organization which still manages the place, keeping it open for tours and even renting out bed and breakfast rooms in the cottages near the mansion. Over the years, the house has become one of the most famous haunted houses in the state and visitors are always encouraged to bring their camera when they come to visit Oak Alley is open daily for tours and is located in southeast Louisiana in St. Copyright by Troy Taylor.

3: Just Another Ghost Story from South Africa

*Just Another Ghost Story: A critical thinking novel [Francis Theriault] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Wiggly and his sister, Wishy, live in Transfillevania with their family. Wiggly's keen interest in the supernatural becomes mixed with reality when a Ghost begins to invade his room.*

It is essentially hippie paradise. Blessed me, I located an extremely affordable one bedroom bungalow with a lovely lawn, bay windows in bedroom and the lounge that ran to the ground. I will attempt although I am not great at describing layouts. You walked into an extremely spacious lounge with the windows for your right when you entered the bungalow. The left hand side was a little kitchen with refrigerator and a sink. There was a measure you took that led to the bedroom when you carried on straight. It was perfect for me that am single. Okay on with the story-line! I moved in and nothing appeared amiss for the first few weeks besides the area was dark and very chilly considering the windows ran from top to bottom along the whole right side walls. I ignored it as the location of the bungalow, it faced away in the sun. When it just began but I began feeling a presence in the home after several weeks I am uncertain. It was only an ongoing existence in the beginning but as time went by it also made its existence more noticeable. I shut the door because it made me feel somewhat uneasy after I slept. Then it began pacing up and down the couch. Simply walking down and up. I frightened, just easy. As I was reading when I did and I felt the urge to look up into the family area I saw an aged white man. If that is practical he was solid but not solid. I believed he only needed to make himself known in my experience although he was expressionless. He strode but it would be like he was scrubbing his hands and I Had feel him move towards the towel and dry his hands and when I was sleeping I Had hear the tap water open. I always just kept my eyes close and listened. I mean I understand he is there but seeing him was cool enough. He constantly stared at him and eavesdropped in our dialogue which I guess annoyed my buddy. This was long but I miss the old position and hope whoever remains there gets combined with the old man cause he was not genuinely harmful, even comforting occasionally cause I was actually going through a difficult time. Unfortunately after annually of living there because I developed pneumonia from your cold and dampness of your house I has to move. One involving my closest friend who passed away. Funny how I always desired to live in houses that are haunted, now it appears like every place is haunted. Talk about being mindful of what I wish for.

4: 12 Terrifying Ghost Stories You Shouldn't Read Alone | HuffPost

Meet Lucy Jones. A fourteen year old social outcast who attends Casper High. Also, best friend of Danny Fenton. A somewhat awkward boy who is also a social outcast.

It has lots of art galleries, pop up restaurants, thrift shops and book shops. There was also a University close by so most people turned their houses into boarding houses for students and young professionals like myself. Lucky me, I found a very cheap one bedroom cottage with a beautiful yard, bay windows in the lounge and bedroom that ran from ceiling to the floor. When you entered the cottage you walked into a very spacious lounge with the windows to your right. The left hand side was a small kitchen with a sink and fridge. Very small cupboard space but I lived alone and had sold most of my furniture when I moved in with my ex so it was fine. When you carried on straight there was a step you took that led to the bedroom. In the room again the windows were to the right and on the left hand side was a shower and next to it a toilet and tiny sink. There was a sliding wooden door that separated the bedroom from the lounge. It was perfect for single me. Okay on with the story I moved in and nothing seemed amiss for the first couple of weeks other than the place was unusually cold and dark considering the windows ran from top to bottom along the entire right side walls. It was just a lingering presence at first but as time went by it too made its presence more pronounced. I always closed the door when I slept because it made me feel a bit uncomfortable. Then it started pacing up and down the lounge. Just walking up and down. I never felt scared, only uneasy. As I was reading I felt the urge to look up into the living room and when I did I saw an elderly white man. He was solid but not solid if that makes sense. He was expressionless but I felt he just wanted to make himself known to me. I always just kept my eyes shut and listened. No one else did. D and eavesdropped in our conversation which I guess annoyed my friend. Sorry this was long but I miss the old place and hope whoever stays there now gets along with the old man cause he was really harmless, even comforting sometimes cause I was really going through a rough time. Sadly after a year of living there I has to move because I developed pneumonia from the cold and dampness of the house. I have other incidents that have happened, nothing major though. One involving my best friend who passed away. Funny how I always wanted to live in haunted houses, now it seems like every place I stay in is haunted. Talk about being careful of what I wish for.

5: 'Poltergeist' Remake Isn't Just Another Ghost Story in First TV Spot | www.enganchecubano.com

Funny how I always desired to live in houses that are haunted, now it appears like every place is haunted. Talk about being mindful of what I wish for.

Putting awesome in your eyeballs all day every day. After a long day of work, she came home, placed her phone on the counter, and went watch to TV; her son came to her and asked if he could play with her new phone. She told him not to call anyone or mess with text messages, and he agreed. She then ran over to her room to find him sleeping on her bed with the phone in his hand. Relieved, she picked her phone back up from his hand to inspect it. Browsing through it, she noticed only minor changes such as a new background, banner, etc. She began deleting the pictures he had taken, until only one new picture remained. When she first saw it, she was in disbelief. It was her son sleeping on her bed, but the picture was taken by someone else above him

Ghost Bro My house was built in It is a single family home, wood frame setting on a concrete block foundation. I have been living here for about 12 years. Of all the weird things that my siblings and me have seen or heard in this house this one event is my favorite. This happened to my brother. About ten years ago my brother and his best friends had started a garage band playing mostly "Spanish rock," alternative music but in Spanish. His friends could only get together on Sunday afternoons. They would practice into the early evening, and they would usually call it quits by 8 pm. This was the time I usually showed up and went to bed, cause I worked the graveyard shift. This happened in late fall, so the days were getting shorter, they had just finished a long session when the decision to head to someone else house came about. My brother handed his car keys to his buddy so they could load up the equipment. Everyone had filed out of the basement, but the tricky part was that they needed to walk all the way to the back of the basement, up the back stairs, through the kitchen doorway, down the hall into the living room and out into the front porch. My brother was walking up the back stairs when he remembered that he had left his pancakes in a to go container sitting on a speaker in the basement. He made the decision to go back. Now the basement is not clean, with full sight lines, there had been partitions made, and the boiler and main heating unit are right smack in the middle. So after my brother walks back, he is about to retrieve his food container, when out of the corner of his eye he sees it. It is a shadowy figure, right at his peripheral vision, this feeling of dread and uneasiness washed over my brother. We had been taught that if you are in the presence of a spirit or ghost and you felt a bad vibe, to say quick prayer or to cuss at it. My brother started to walk to the back of the basement and briskly up the stairs, closing doors and turning off lights as he was walking out. The last light switch is on the opposite side of the front door My brother said he felt something at his back, but at no point did he turn around. As he flicked the last switch the living room went dark, as did rest of the house. As he stepped out he pulled on the door closing it behind him, still holding his food container in one hand he jogged down the few porch steps. He walked towards the front gate As he closed the gap between himself and his friend-laden truck he kind of smiled and thought things over in his head, mad at himself for spooking out when there was no reason. He went to work early tonight, he is already gone, do you see his car anywhere? My bedroom was the entire top floor of our house with my bed and such being on the left side and storage closets and a play area being on the right. I was lying in bed when I heard a noise from the other side of the room and see a rocking horse begin to rock. It was sitting just outside one of the storage closet doors. It proceeded to rock its way halfway across the room and stopped dead under the ceiling light. At this point I was freaking out and just buried my head under my blankets and never peeked out again until morning. It was all confirmed to not be a dream as the rocking horse was still in the middle of my room when I woke up. Furthermore, I got a stern reprimand from my parents for being up out of bed playing with my toys well past my bedtime. I lived with her once for about 3 months, and so much weird stuff happened in that time. I used it and put it back where she kept her makeup. She accused me of taking it and made me buy her a new one and refused to listen to my side of the story. About a year or so later when she was packing to move to a new house, she found the makeup in a shoebox with some old letters. The shoebox was in a zipped up suitcase that was underneath her bed. But probably the most scared I ever felt was one afternoon when I was the only one in the house which never happened as four other people

lived there. I was standing in the bathroom and started squeezing a pimple on my chin when a female voice in the hall said "stop picking your zits! So I laughed, told her to "fuck off" and asked what she was doing for dinner. I stuck my head out into the hall. I searched the house top to bottom and there was no one home.

Annie96 Is Typing This is much more of an interactive experience than anything else on the list. As you read through this WhatsApp conversation you have to manually click enter to make each new message appear.

The Whispers This is a story I do not often tell. I promise, sincerely, that this has scarred me for life and although I have looked into psychological explanations for what I heard and natural explanations for what occurred, they remain unsatisfactory. When I was a child, I was scared of the dark. I swore to my mother I heard voices in it. They were not evil, but they were not familiar and so they scared me. It was not uncommon in the middle of the night for me to wake up and hear "whispers" as I would call them when asking my mom. She figured they were just "bumps in the night" and typical kids nightmare material. It was an added bonus that the bathroom was directly outside of her bedroom door for my late-night tinkles. On one such night, around Christmas, I awoke and felt the need to relieve myself. I walked out from the door and distinctly heard the phrase "Look! The light had no other source, it was by itself, and I was transfixed by it. How else could he get into my house to know I was being a good boy? I was so excited I began walking down the stairs to greet him, picking up my pace after the second step as it began to creep off the wall and fade into the darkness in my living room. A very strong, masculine voice. Different from the first. Go back up those stairs. When we awoke the next morning, the poinsettia lights little Christmas flower lights that glowed red my mother had put on the railing down the stairs were pulled straight down to the bottom of the stairs, some broken from what seemed like a forceful tear, laying in a single pile. The dry sink in my living room had fallen from the wall. My mother could not explain it! My father was worried we had been the victims of a home invasion. My sister was crying. There was nothing missing, nobody had broken in, there did not seem to be any reason this had happened. And then I saw it, and I kept quiet about it because I was so afraid that I could not force words out of my mouth. There, on the edge of the wooden dry sink which had been facing up, were three indentations where the finish on the wood had been worn, almost as if in a forceful grip. That was what the bang was. After that day I never heard a single voice again. I do not like to imagine what was waiting downstairs for me that night, if it was anything at all, but I can tell you that the reality was that something had physically acted upon two things in my house near the bottom of that stairwell. After this, I had never heard another whisper again. Which is sad, because in some ways I would have liked to thank the man masculine energy? This happened when I was 7. I am 20 years old now, and because of this incident I am still afraid of the dark.

The Grandfather My grandfather told me this story about how one time he was sitting in a chair in front of the house, when he heard his wife repeatedly calling him from inside the house. The thing is, my grandmother passed away a few years before that. But he told me that the voice was so pressing that he actually got up to look inside the house, and as soon as he got inside he heard a loud crash behind him and turned around to see that the chair he has been sitting in moments ago had been crushed by the cast iron gutter that fell on it. I was studying and started dozing off when I heard some whispering and realized it was coming from the monitor. I have never been more terrified in my life, but the shadow was clearly there where it had not been before. I went back to the TV, and the shadow was clearly gone. We have never to this day told her about that damn shadow, and she apparently never saw it. I was living in a house in Laguna Beach that had been there since the s. One day, my new wife and I were having an argument. She walked down the block to get a cup of coffee and cool off, and I was alone in the house. The way the place was built was incredibly haphazard. There was a bedroom and living room on one side, then a bathroom with two entrances. On the other side of the bathroom was a hallway that had windows in one side and two bedrooms on the other. From my bedroom, I could look across the hall into the bathroom, then through the bathroom and down the other hall.

6: A Ghost Story () - IMDb

Here in the first TV spot, we get some fancy new effects shots, and an ominous voiceover touting that this isn't just another ghost story. And using a little kid to whisper the title at the end is.

Ghosts, demons, spirits, these are fictional to that percentage. Things you only see in movies or hear in campfire stories. To the rest of the world, to the believers, ghosts and paranormal activity are a complete reality. I grew up with a mother who ensured that I spent my childhood believing in fairies and magic, so as a child, ghost stories seemed normal to me. As I began to grow older, I no longer only believed the stories I heard from my mom due to my crazy imagination and beliefs, but because I myself started to experience paranormal activity in front of my very own eyes. This story takes me back to when I was around the age of 8 or 9, my first very own paranormal experience. I was living with my mom and my older sister Destiny in a one bedroom apartment located in London, ON. Due to financial reasonings, my sister and I shared a room majority of the time through out our child hood, and my mom would sleep in the living room. Since I became so accustomed to sharing a space, sleeping alone became a struggle of mine for quite some time. Since I knew she would be gone all night, I had asked my mom if she could sleep in bed with me that night. Of course, without hesitation she agreed. As it became later and later it was finally time to go to sleep, so off to the room we went. I felt most comfortable sleeping against the wall, with my mother on the outside, this felt the safest. My mother and I got into bed, turned off the bedroom light, and shut the bedroom door almost fully but not quite all the way. After I fell asleep, I woke up suddenly, to then see the bedroom door open slightly and then close back shut. I noticed because the light in the hallway was left on, so as the door opened, a gleam of light shined directly in my face and then my room slowly faded back to black as the door closed softly. Seeing this frightened me, so to calm myself down, I did my very best to not let my imagination get the best of me. As I stayed in bed with my eyes shut tightly, I tried to think of every possible reasoning as to how the door opened and closed by itself. The first initial thought I had was that it could have been my sister and her friend, but I quickly remembered they were sleeping at Kianas, so my next thought was maybe my hamster escaped from his cage, or my bearded dragon, but I realized how impossible it would be for something so small to open and close a door. After thinking so hard, I fell back asleep. A couple hours must have gone by, and suddenly I found myself woken up abruptly. My blanket was half off of my body, and my face was inches away from the wall. I felt a strong presence of fear and coldness surrounding my entire body. For an unknown reason, I was frozen in fear, unable to speak or move or open my eyes. I could still feel my mother lying down beside me, so after what felt like eternity, I gathered the courage to ask my mother to put the blanket back on me. Next thing I felt was the warmth and safety from the blanket being pulled over my frozen body, followed by a hug, I then fell back asleep. The next morning, I went to the living room and brought to my mothers attention that I had experienced something strange that night, to see if she maybe experienced anything herself. I began to explain what had occurred. Noticing her reaction, I questioned her facial expression. She began to tell me her experience that night, she also woke up to witness the bedroom door open and close slowly. After seeing this occur, she felt a great amount of fear and could not manage to fall back asleep. She then went to the living room, called a friend, and spent the entire night with every light on in the house besides my bedroom, talking on the phone. This is when I came to the realization, that although my mother left the room that night, I was not alone. Somebody had pulled the blanket up over my body, and gave me a chilling hug that night. Every door and window in my apartment was locked. To this day, we will never know if that spirit who hugged me was a good or bad presence, but every now and then it brings chills up my spine and I will always wonder who I shared the bed with that night.

Secrets and Ghosts: Not just another ghost story - Kindle edition by Dennis Zaslona. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading Secrets and Ghosts: Not just another ghost story.

Nobody ever said dealing with ghosts would be easy. Everybody has a ghost story to tell, some are just a little more far-fetched than others. Possession, hauntings and things that go bump in the night have never looked quite so good. Well this is my maiden voyage into a story with multiple relationships. It really turns into a Dr. Hyde nightmare for poor Rhys. Rhys is saved by Timothy, the doppelganger who has managed to survive and prosper through the hardships of living on Pandora. As it turns out, the man that looks like Jack, is just the savior Rhys had needed. This story includes a lot of blood, gore, smut, and all that good stuff! As things happen in the chapters I will be updating the tags just to make sure people know what the story involves since some of the content could be triggers for some. I want to keep this friendly for all and I truly hope you all enjoy this story!! D Welcome to the ride, strap on in, grab some popcorn It was deep, unsettling silence. The kind that creeps down your spine and settles deep in your bones. The kind of silence that is heavy, and thick, so much so that when you breathe, the shit sticks to your lungs and gums up your insides. The amber haired male laid in the silence, his thin back pressed into the old, sorry excuse for a mattress, his eyes fixated on the blank ceiling that honestly looked like it could cave at any moment. The air smelled gravely of dust, earth and dried blood, intermixed with the lingering smell of death. No doubt something had curled up in here and died at some point in time, and the smell had simply clung to the walls, soaked in nice and profound. The slender accountant was curled up into the fetal position on the other side of the bed, his body curled in on himself, fists clenched into tight little balls. His glasses were folded on the unsteady bedside table and most his clothing had been piled near the bed on the floor. It was far too hot to sleep any way else. It was the only sensible thing to do in such a situation. They had trudged through the endless sands of Pandora all day long, the merciless heat taking little pity on them, only to find, much to their dismay, that the night brought very little reprieve from the scorching temperatures. It was still just as hot, just as humid, and just as fucking torturous. Rhys shifted a little, his Hyperion yellow boxer briefs riding up uncomfortably, hugging all the places that felt the most drenched in sweat. The young male tugged the material down irritably, trying to move as little as possible so as not to wake his sleeping counterpart. He could just barely detect the faint, haunting wails of far off Rakk, circling the lonely, pitch black skies. What had started as a great plan to get revenge on Vasquez and regain the rank he had rightfully earned had quickly deteriorated into the most hellish experience of his life. Even suffocating to death out in space would have been better than this. Rhys sighed lowly to himself and settled his interlaced fingers on the flat of his chest, the anatomy rising and falling slowly with the intake of air. Quite honestly he had no idea how this situation could possibly get any worse, yet he was sure it would. He had some prick with nice hair that went by the name of August hot on his heels and Vasquez following suit. So here they were, stranded, hopelessly lost, dehydrated and exhausted. It was a miracle in itself that they had even found this pathetic little shack to retreat within for the night. Rhys scratched an uncomfortable itch on his abdomen and breathed in deep. How the fuck did he even manage to get himself into this mess? His eyes flicked to his best friend. Neither of them was cut out for roughing it in the wild. They were Hyperion employees, accustomed to office chairs and air conditioning. About the most physical they got was jogging from one end of Helios to the other on an errand their boss sent them on. Stapling papers together was the most excitement they normally had in a day. Soft as newborn calves, served up and ready for slaughter. The slimmer man shifted in his sleep and mumbled something indecipherable under his breath. Rhys was a little jealous of how quickly the other man had drifted off to sleep, where as Rhys was left to simply stare at the ceiling above him and hope in vain for even the slightest hint of slumber. But how could he sleep? His body was far past the point of exhaustion, every muscle he possessed left unimaginably sore, even muscles he never knew existed. Every bone in his body ached and he had far too many bruises, bumps, cuts, gashes and rashes to count anymore. His eyes were red and irritated from sand being blown into them, plus he

was pretty sure the entire soles of his feet were just two giant blisters by now. Wearing his skag skin boots on this little adventure was not his wisest decision to date. The expensive footwear was definitely not made for strenuous hikes through the damned desert. Rhys rubbed his ankles together, the thin material of his socks sliding against one another, easing some of the pain in his feet away. The only thing the young male wanted to do was sleep. He needed it so god damned badly, and yet night after night it eluded him. His brain simply refused to shut down and simply sleep. Not by choice—no not by choice. Rhys cringed at the thought and frantically looked around the room expectantly, fearfully. No thought was safe anymore, no single string of thought process belonged solely to him anymore. Every thought, every dream, and every intake of information—it was shared—with him. The room remained occupied by only Vaughn, and himself. Rhys groaned outwardly in relief. He should have really thought about the consequences before shoving that flash drive into his echo port. Nakayama was a nutcase but Rhys had never dreamed what the weird little scientist could have been hiding in that little information card. A hologram, some sort of program, a ghost perhaps? That was beside the point though in all actuality. Whatever it was, it was now attached to Rhys, invading him like some sort of parasite, hearing his every thought, seeing his every movement, lingering around him like some poltergeist only he could see. Whatever it the thing was, it sure as shit sounded, acted, and looked like the deceased Hyperion President. So whatever it was, Jack reincarnated, or ghost raised from the dead, Rhys just wanted him out. Bodies were not meant to be shared that was for damned sure. Rhys could barely manage his own thoughts on most days, much less the added commentaries and input of the mass murdering, psychopathic Hyperion king. The days were getting longer, and the nights were even more so. Sometimes he would allow Rhys to drift off to sleep, just long enough for the dreams to come. Sometimes he would let them form, good at first, something sweet like having lunch with Yvette and Vaughn, or enjoying a quiet evening in his little apartment back on Helios. He would let Rhys get comfortable, let him believe in the dream, just to the point where it felt undeniably real, and then Jack would begin sticking his fingers in the pot. Slowly he would begin twisting the good dreams into something horrid, nightmares—utterly terrifying, awful nightmares. Sometimes they involved his friends being torn limb from limb by Skags, teeth bared, tongues lolling, blood oozing off their bottom jaws as they ate them. Other times they consisted of Rhys being shot, brought back to life, and then shot again, point blank with a shotgun barrel shoved to his skull. The dreams would feel horribly real, like he could simply reach out and touch them, feel them, hear them. To him—they were real, Jack being able to hack into places within his brain even he himself could not. Jack could make him feel the pain of the dreams; make him experience it like he never knew possible. Rhys swallowed hard at the thought. It was awful just the same. Sometimes the young male would wake up crying, sobbing softly into the surface of his bedding, other times he would wake up screaming, his voice coming out frantic and shrill. The first time was the worst. It had come as such a shock that very first night Jack had figured out how to toy with his dream state. The dream was horrid, something about being buried alive if he could remember correctly—he had really tried to block it all out, but the memory seemed to insist on sticking around. His cheeks were wet with tears, stinging his eyes along with the gritty earth. It had felt so real, so horribly real. Vaughn had been there for him, just like always. Hell would he even believe him if he did? How would he even begin to explain it all? When Jack would appear out of nowhere, causing Rhys to jump and swear, he would lie. He could sense Vaughn was really starting to wonder, really starting to think Rhys was teetering on the fence of insanity. In all reality he was. Between the constant exposure to the heat and Jack berating his thoughts his brain was left a soupy mess. The days had certainly not been kind to him. Rhys rolled onto his side warily, tucking his arms in on himself and curling his knees slightly, still waiting for Jack to make his entrance at any second. At one time, the young man had worshipped Handsome Jack, hell he had wanted to be the man. Everybody at Hyperion did. He had looked up to Handsome Jack in every way.

8: Far Away Series: December 13 - Number 20 'Just Another Ghost Story'

While walking home from camp Jack passes by a old run down factory at the edge of town. It is not as abandoned as Jack thought because Gabriel arranged a meeting with a family member inside.

Go there now and click on it. It will take you to a land of enchantment no,not New Mexico where you can sign up for this fun blog hop. You know you want to. Linky wrong, so you got my name instead of the blog title. Of course,you were smart enough to click on the badge and not trust me, so you would have known anyway. When you finish be sure to click on the comments, even if you cannot imagine what you would say to this post. Please see my explanation for this craziness. OK, there is all the "hence and so forth" that follows here and I have to admit there will be no pictures of the ranch attached. It seems a lot of my friends have become people I used to know. My fault not theirs. Enough of the excuses. Yesterday on my other blog Are you kidding me? What a big mouth. Now,roll the Ghost Story, will you please. Let me tell you the reason. About two years ago my husband and I started to realize that our time in Idaho was limited. We began making plans to move to an island. We were looking at Catalina Island off the coast of southern California. Around the first part of April we switched directions and started pursuing a move to the Caribbean. We sold most of our stuff. We packed up the rest and put it in a storage locker in Idaho. Since that time we have sold more of the stuff out of the storage locker. I do miss the memories. I did not bring my scrapbooks and other pictures. I wanted to post pictures of the place. This story happened in a real place. Every word is true. It happened to me. My husband and I have been fortunate to live in some incredible places. We have been tenants of the world for most of our married life. Sometimes I feel a little insecure about that, but most of the time, I sit back and enjoy the ride. One of the best places we lived was on a acre ranch about two miles outside of a major Colorado ski town. We rented from Al and Mary. Al was the grandson of the man who homesteaded the place. Al and Mary lived in a more modern house across the valley from our place. It was the house his father built. The house we lived in was the old homestead house. This was not some poor rancher who built this place. It was a two story log house with all the modern conveniences of the day. By the time we lived there electricity and plumbing had been added, but the conduit and pipes ran on the outside of the walls. There were gas caps over the sconces where gas had been added before our time. There was a massive fireplace in the living room and a smaller one backing up to it in the dining room. Unfortunately ,when we lived there the chimney had partially collapsed in on itself, so fires were not possible. We did have a large wood stove on a back porch addition. The house sat across a narrow road from the big two story barn. This barn was a massive structure with a huge hayloft upstairs. To say there were some deficiencies would be putting it mildly. This place was almost a hundred years old. But the trade offs were worth every one of the deficiencies and then some. I loved that old house. We painted and spruced it up and had a great time while we were there. One afternoon in broad daylight I was sitting on the couch in the living room. I looked up and there was a man standing at the end of the fireplace leaning on the mantle. He was dressed a little odd. He had on heavy pants that looked like maybe they were wool, a heavy shirt and a vest. We was just standing there looking into space. I asked him who he was. He turned his head and looked at me but did not answer. Then he was gone. So I describe him and tell them where I generally see him. Al and Mary exchange a look and the say at the same time, "Martin". It seems he was an ornery old cuss are you surprised? Oh yeah, she killed him. Apparently,she fired the gun at him several times. The next time Mary was at our place,she showed me where one of the bullets was lodged in the hardwood floor. He took the wrap. He was also the District Attorney at the time. It was quite the scandal. He got off on an accidental death deal. A few more interesting facts. That bullet lodged in the floor. This ranch was a prime piece of real estate. We of course,were asked to leave. One day,my whole family and I were home and the house literally shuddered. It shook like it had been hit by a wrecking ball. My husband shouted upstairs to me,"what was that? When we looked outside, we saw them tossing things out of the barn. I mean dark as midnight with no moon or stars or nothing. So dark you could not see your hand in front of your face dark, scary dark, closet dark. They noticed it too, because their vehicles stopped dead in their tracks. I was a sad time. Mary and Al told us that over time the developers went in and remodeled the old homestead house.

The plan was to use it as a vacation home, until they built their mansion up in one of the meadows. According to Mary, after we left no one ever spent the night in that house again. They would show up and cart all their luggage in and around sundown be carting it back out again. I guess Martin had to like you or you were not welcome. For a few years I lost touch with Al and Mary. Around that time I started seeing Al. I would see him different places where ever we were living. It was a little strange. I looked Mary up and she told me Al had passed away. I have no idea. I looked at him and he looked right at me. I hope to have pictures to show you of this beautiful ranch and the house and barn sometime next week. I miss Al, but apparently, he checks up on me every so often. It is a cherished memory. I love that place. I can see it as vivid today as when I lived there. I know, I posted this song one day last week, but I like it and it reminds me of Martin.

9: Murder? Or just another ghost story? | Western Carolinian

Nestled in the hills of Western is the old Moore Building that overlooks all of campus. Once an all-female dorm, the Moore Building is now home to the Health Sciences and Nursing departments.

Once an all-female dorm, the Moore Building is now home to the Health Sciences and Nursing departments. However pleasant and majestic the building may seem on the outside, it was rumored to have once witnessed the murder of a young student who still roams the halls to this day. Located in the older section of campus, the Moore building is currently the oldest building on campus. When the building was converted into classrooms, the third floor was left vacant until recent years. The Moore Building features grand fireplaces, an elegant common room, and architecture that is found only on the older buildings. It is the perfect setting for a ghost story. While others were packing to leave or reuniting with loved ones, one of the girls decided to take a shower while the other got ready for bed. She began to hear heart-stopping scratching and groaning echoing from the other side of the door. Immediately, the girl locked the door as the scratching and groaning continued. She stayed in the locked room until she saw a passing maintenance worker and called out for help. After she called for help, an unknown voice from the other side of the door said that everything was all right. Though the story would make anyone look twice over their shoulder, Phillip B. Kneller, Associate Professor of Health Sciences, uses it in a different way. They claim that a girl in the teaching program was murdered after she refused romantic advances of a local resident. With the help of his well-respected family connections, he was released and lived out the remainder of his life at home. The girl was reportedly killed on the 3rd floor where sounds of crying, screams, and pacing have been heard. Other sites such as unexplained-mysteries. Afterwards, "students had reported seeing her form wandering the hall late at night, and are often awakened by the sounds of sobbing. Some even refused to live there, saying they would drop out before setting foot on the third floor" The students were complaining so much about the problem, so Moore was converted into classrooms. Alex Esmon of the October 27th, , Carolinian wrote, "the interesting fact is that this exact same story has been told for generations at Indiana University, Purdue University and The University of Kansas. Out of all of the stories surrounding the Moore building, only one is a known fact. The Cullowhee Yodel reported that, "sorrow prevailed on the third floor of the Moore Dormitory November 7th, , when solemn funeral services were held for three small orphan mice. Was a young woman brutally murdered on the third floor? Though no names have ever been found of the supposed girl that was murdered, students walking the halls of Moore may have the feeling of being watched whether it be from a long forgotten murder or the untimely death of three orphan mice. Eight of those people were What Whee need to know: Jones said, "Ever since I was

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