

# True Ghost Stories



Real life ghost stories and hauntings  
From the TRUE GHOST STORIES Website

# Introduction

Hi.

Welcome along to the official True Ghost Stories Ebook.

In this volume, you will find an utterly fascinating and varied selection of some of the best true cases of ghostly experiences and paranormal activity, which have all been submitted to me by the many people who have visited the True Ghost Stories website over the past year or so. If you enjoy reading actual cases of hauntings and spirit manifestation, then I guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy reading this book!

There are all kinds of spirits here: from ghostly grandparents to spectres that haunt fairgrounds. There are also a few stories about such famous cases as The Brown Lady and The Amityville Horror.

I must express my deepest gratitude to all those people who very kindly submitted their experiences, without which this book would not have been possible. I must also thank everybody for the continual interest and support you have all shown since the site was first launched.

I hope to compile a further book soon, so keep sending those True Ghost Stories in!

Kind regards

The Webmaster

True Ghost Stories

[www.trueghoststories.co.uk](http://www.trueghoststories.co.uk)

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## The Shuffling Slippers

(This is an actual experience which happened to me, The Webmaster of [www.trueghoststories.co.uk](http://www.trueghoststories.co.uk), around 1979, whilst I was in my late auntie's flat, all alone, one Sunday afternoon. I still get goosebumps to this day each time I reflect on it!)

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in early spring. I was minding my auntie's flat whilst she was out visiting relatives. As the Sunday afternoon movie on TV wasn't quite to my liking, I thought I would pop into the bedroom and relax with a good book.

As I lay there, deeply engrossed in my adventure novel, I suddenly heard the faint sound of shuffling footsteps from somewhere inside the flat.

I listened, frowning as the sound of the footsteps grew more distinct, as if they were shuffling, nearer and nearer, towards the closed bedroom door. The footsteps sounded just like those that my auntie would make . . . or any old woman with a habit of dragging her feet as she walked.

Putting my book down, I listened closely. My immediate thought was that maybe my auntie had come back to the flat, for some reason. However, I could not recall her knocking on the door, or even using her own key to let herself in . . .

"Fran, is that you?" I called out.

No answer.

The footsteps shuffled to a stop. Right outside the room in which I was lying.

I frowned puzzledly.

"Fran, are you back?" I called out again.

Still no answer. A deathly silence.

Expecting the door handle to turn any minute, I jumped up off the bed, my novel falling to the floor with the sudden disturbance, and rushed towards the door. My breath seemed to catch in my throat. My heart was thudding madly. Suddenly, a weird feeling of unease was gripping my stomach.

I pulled the door open, expecting to see a figure standing there to greet me.

But there was nobody there.

The flat was completely empty, except for myself.

Then I remembered that the old lady who used to have the flat before my aunt, a woman called Jessie, had died there a few years ago. Like my aunt, she too used to drag her feet as she walked along.

Were the shuffling footsteps I had heard so clearly actually been hers?

Suddenly, I was in no mood for further contemplation. I hastily put my book away, locked up the flat, and was out of it like a shot.

Right to this day, I can still hear my dad's reaction that Sunday afternoon as I arrived back home:

"You're back early, Al. What's wrong?"

The Webmaster

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## A Real Horror Story

I will call myself Jenny

I am not sure where to begin, as all my life I have been surrounded by real ghosts and premonitions that have come true.

I shall begin by telling one story, and if you want more, I can tell you many.

While I was expecting my third child, even though I was told not to have anymore by the doctors, but I knew the child would be born. It starts seventeen years ago.

I was going for my check up with my then sister-in-law. I was so pleased because the doctor wasn't in so I could leave earlier than expected, so I asked my sister-in-law to go for a coffee, as there was a cafe in the hospital, it was very crowded but I didn't care, so anyway I was drinking a coffee when suddenly I went all funny, stood up and said, "Oh my God, something is going to happen to one of us."

My sister-in-law got really scared and said, "Jenny, what do you mean?"

I replied, "One of us, me or my brothers and sisters."

With that, I started running out of the hospital to get to my car. Everyone was staring at me, but I didn't care; all I knew was I had to get home.

When I sat in my car, it wouldn't start.

I knew something was trying to stop me, so I stood in the middle of the main road and stuck my hands up in the air to stop the first car I saw.

Well, a car did stop and I begged him to take me to where my husband was working. He did, I ran out of the car screaming at my husband that something bad has happened to one of my siblings. Without speaking, we got into his car to come home.

As I entered my house, the phone was ringing. I picked it up without speaking and on the other end it was my sister's husband telling me my sister had been killed in a car crash. I just dropped the phone.

At the time I went crazy in the hospital was the exact time my sister died.

This is a true story and there are many more. If you are interested, let me know.

Jenny

## A Scottish Haunting

A call came through to a local spiritual centre in Woodford, Essex, that a house had been having some strange supernatural phenomena that was causing the two elderly occupants some distress.

The phone call for me to check it out came at a busy time for me, so I asked to get someone else. Then I was informed that this was a “Red Code 5.” These come up once in a blue moon and are rated as the very highest category in spirit infestation.

So on asking for what was happening:

- (1) I was told that food would go missing in the night,
- (2) Things would be moved about inexplicably,
- (3) Dark shapes would be glimpsed quickly that disappeared,
- (4) Footsteps could be heard walking round the ceiling for much of the night.
- (5) The old couple swore that they heard muffled unintelligible spirit voices.

Now the average haunting had just 2 or 3 of these phenomena, but this had 5, so I went as soon as I could.

The old Scottish couple had been in dispute with another Scottish clan and believed the haunting was connected to a clan battle going back some 300 years, and as the old chap spoke about the dispute, he jumped up and took an old sword from above the fireplace and was shouting; ” If it be anything but ghosts, I would slay them with ma claymore as we did before ye ken”

This excitable old chap was at his wits end, and as my accomplice and I set about a close examination for spirit contact, we drew a blank. We could find no signs of a malicious haunting.

It was actually a relief to me, as I was anxious of a long drawn-out battle with a whole nest of spirits which may have to be exorcised. So on asking if they were on any medication, something perhaps that would cause

hallucinations, they seemed pretty well balanced and not in dementia, and no signs of nocturnal cerebral anoxia, night-time oxygen starvation in the elderly that can bring on realistic imaginative dreams. Many sleeping tablets, particularly the soporifics of the Benzodiazepan variety, can instigate strange dreams. We decided to spend a couple of hours quietly in the bedroom, where most of the footsteps were heard.

After a time, yes, we heard them too. The spiritual centre was contacted, and Colin and his wife came for the night watch, and we went home, content that an experienced medium and her husband were there over night at the Scottish couple's troubled home.

The weekend intervened and then I had a brief, but stern, call to come by the spiritualist centre. I thought I had seen it all, and wondered what had happened in the night, but what occurred had me stumped!

It turned out that after an examination of the loft to investigate the footfalls, a bunch of asylum seekers had broken through the attics from the empty house 2 doors down and were creeping out at night and stealing food from the Scottish couple and the people next door!

The police were called and no less than ten people had been living in the loft spaces! This was seen as hilarious, "Haunted by Refugees" was the headline on the monthly Woodford spirit newsletter, that took some living down, but it is true that most so called "hauntings" have a very physical explanation.

The funniest thing of all was that the old Scottish chap really believed, and absolutely insisted, that the foreigners were sent from a rival clan to spy on him!

T Stokes

## A True Ouija Experience

Hi, my name is Michelle, and I am the age of 19 years now. I would like for you to read my story and tell me if YOU think that this is real or what.

It all begins when I moved to Minot, North Dakota with my brother and his girlfriend. I was 15 years of age at the time. I am 19 years of age now. Well, we were just sitting around talking about the past when one of our neighbours came around the side of the house and asked my sister in law to go and see her for a second. Minutes later she appeared and she asked me if I would like to play with an ouija board. Out of curiosity, I went.

She told me that she had contacted this young couple that had died in the house with three of their four children and the woman who they had contacted wanted to speak to them. I thought for sure that they were just lying and just saying this to scare me, which was not going to happen (so I thought). I went next door with my sister in law and my sister in laws neighbour and we were sitting in her living room on the floor and we were playing this ouija board when all of a sudden we were interrupted by these loud banging sounds coming from the basement. (Note that this is a duplex that was once a house.) We got scared and thought that it was our neighbour's b/f who had been visiting with my brother next door and we thought was trying to scare us. We thought that we would play the following night since it was so late in the evening. We only figured out so much that night of the names of the family, and that they had died horrible deaths in that house.

Well, the following night, we went over to the neighbours once again and decided to reach "Deb" again. Succeeding in contacting her, I decided to ask her a few questions as to which she was, starting with her last name. As we all had our fingertips on this board, I thought that I would scare them by giving them a false last name: St. John.

Well they had believed this and again we were trying to get some information off of her as to how her and her family had perished in the home. Well, finding out the exact date, which was in the year of 1990, we decided to look up this information in past newspapers. So I went into the library and went to look at past newspapers when we had looked at the month and year that she had given us, not expecting to find anything but you know nothing. When we turned the page of the newspaper just about to give up on the search. When what do you know we seen the house that we were staying in and it had all these cops and

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