

CHILLING TALES

WALTER WAYNE

Venture into the spine-chilling world of "Chilling Tales," an anthology of Horror short stories that will leave you trembling with fear and gasping for more. From the minds of acclaimed authors, this collection explores the depths of the unknown, weaving tales of terror that will haunt your dreams.

Prepare yourself for a rollercoaster of emotions as you journey through the darkest corners of human dread. Each story will grip your soul, forcing you to confront the monsters that dwell within. As the line between reality and nightmares blurs, you'll question your very sanity.

In "Chilling Tales," the macabre takes center stage, beckoning you to embrace the terrors lurking in every shadow. Brace yourself for heart-pounding encounters with the inexplicable, where secrets are unearthed

and horrors are unleashed.

Walter Wayne is the pseudonym that has been used by the author over the years for all the fiction that he has authored. Here, too, he has used the same pen name for this compilation.

This Anthology is dedicated to all the creators of these fantastic works.

Dedicated to both the living & the dead - and all those yet to come and create more such stories.

Dedicated to You too, since you have now become a part of these horrific experiences.

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Preface

Enjoy this rollercoaster of thrills, chills, and spills.

Just pray that none of these happens to you.

You never know though

Acknowledgements

This collection is in honor of both those who are scared of horror and those who aren't.

However, special mention goes out to those intrigued, amused, and thrilled by horror stories.

Prologue

Introducing "Chilling Tales," a spine-chilling anthology that will drag you into a world of relentless suspense and unyielding terror. Delve into a collection of thrilling short stories that is guaranteed to haunt your dreams and leave you trembling in the dead of night.

Between its pages, you will encounter a horrifying cavalcade of demons summoning darkness, the relentless pursuit of the undead, and unearthly encounters with the paranormal. Brace yourself for heart-stopping encounters with psychopaths lurking in the shadows, ghastly apparitions that defy the laws of existence, and spine-tingling encounters with extraterrestrial horrors from beyond the stars. In this collection, every turn unveils a new mystery that will keep you hooked until the very end.

Through the masterful storytelling of acclaimed authors, "Chilling Tales" will transport you to the darkest corners of the unknown, where fear reigns supreme. Immerse yourself in tales that will have your heart pounding and your mind racing, as you discover the true extent of human dread and unearth the secrets that lie within the realms of the inexplicable.

Prepare to lose yourself in a world where nightmares become your companions, where the line between reality and nightmares blurs beyond recognition. "Chilling Tales" is a gripping journey into the realm of the macabre, an irresistible invitation to confront your deepest fears and embrace the terrors lurking in every shadow. Dare to take a step into the abyss and uncover the secrets that lie within the twisted realms of horror and mystery.

With "Chilling Tales," expect nothing less than an extraordinary collection of narratives that will send shivers down your spine and ensure sleepless nights. Brace yourself for an hauntingly unforgettable

experience that will leave you yearning for more, if you dare.

1

Scary Stories for Kids - 1

Everyone, including children, enjoys a good horror story for some reason. Children of all ages, from infants to teenagers, enjoy shivering in response to anything unsettling or frightful. We have very short stories as well as lengthier ones with escalating tension in our collection of spooky tales for youngsters. Make sure the one you choose is acceptable for the youngsters listening to the story in terms of both their age and emotional development. To avoid any issues, we advise you to discuss your plans to deliver a terrifying story to extremely young children with the parents beforehand.

The Clown Statue

A girl in her teens babysat for a wealthy family one night. The wealthy family had a very large house with many rooms. It was filled with lots of artefacts and old ornaments from all over the world. As the parents were leaving to go out, the father told the girl that once she put the kids down, she must go down to the basement, watch TV there, and not go

wandering around the house.

Once the kids are asleep, the girl retires to the basement room to watch TV. However, she cannot concentrate on her show because in the in the corner of the room is a life-size clown statue grinning at her. She finally decides to drape a blanket over the statue so she can ignore it. After a while she can't stand looking at the clown statue's over-sized feet sticking out from under the blanket. She decides to call the father and ask his permission to watch TV in another room, because she is freaked out by the giant clown statue in basement room.

"Listen very carefully," says the man to the girl.

"Our children have been complaining about a clown that comes into their room in the middle of the night. We just thought it was nightmares. We don't own a clown statue. You need to get the kids and get out of the house NOW! I'll call the police."

The girl hangs up the phone, turns around to look at the covered clown statue, but all there is a blanket on the floor! She hears steps coming down the basement stairs.

Hide and Seek

Two young brothers were at home alone in the

apartment while their parents visited their neighbours next door for a while.

“Be good boys,” their parents said.

To keep themselves occupied the boys decided to play a game of hide and seek. The older boy turned his head to the wall and began to count. He could hear his little brother’s feet as he scampered about looking for a place to hide.

“Ready or not I’m coming,” cried the older brother and off he went looking for his brother. He looked in all the usual places, behind the sofa, in the bathroom behind the shower curtain, behind the curtains in every room, and under all the beds, but he couldn’t find him. The apartment was eerily silent.

Then he heard a scraping sound coming from the wardrobe. The boy was sure he’d already looked there, but he went anyway and called out, “Come out I’ve found you!” but there was only silence.

Again he called for his brother to come out and again nothing. Opening the door, the boy tried to peer behind the wall of dresses and coats hanging there. He bent down, but he did not see any feet standing there. He began to rise up and put his hand out into the mass of clothing to feel for his little brother when a small, white, icy cold hand came out, grabbed his wrist, and tried to pull him into the closet.

As he is trying to pull himself free, he hears a noise behind him, looks over his shoulder, and sees his brother behind him. “Couldn’t you find me?” asks the boy.

The older brother screams in fright and desperately tries to free himself from the grip of the hand, all the while being pulled into the wardrobe. The younger brother grabs him and together they manage to pull free. They both run screaming from the apartment.

Nobody knows what would have happened if the hand had managed to pull him in. Do you!

The Flying Dutchman

An old legend and famous scary story, there was even a movie based upon this legend in the 1950s. Some versions say the Dutchman must sail the seas until he finds the love of a good woman.

The legend of The Flying Dutchman began 1641, when a Dutch ship sank off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope. The captain, a Dutch man named VanderDecken, failed to notice the dark clouds looming. Only when he heard the lookout scream out in terror did he realise that they had sailed straight into a fierce storm.

The captain and his crew battled for hours to get out

of the storm. At one point it seemed as if they would make it. Then they heard a sickening crunch; the ship had hit treacherous rocks and began to sink. As the ship plunged downwards, Captain VanderDecken knew that death was approaching. He was not ready to die and screamed out a curse: “I WILL round this Cape even if I have to keep sailing until the end of time!”

So, even today whenever a storm brews off the Cape of Good Hope, if you look into the eye of the storm, you will be able to see the ship and its captain – The Flying Dutchman. The legend goes that whoever sees the ship will die a terrible death.

Many people have claimed to have seen The Flying Dutchman, including the crew of a German submarine boat during World War II.

On 11 July 1881, the Royal Navy ship, the *Bacchante*, was rounding the tip of Africa when they were confronted with the sight of The Flying Dutchman. The midshipman, a prince who later became King George V, recorded that the lookout man and the officer of the watch had seen The Flying Dutchman and he used these words to describe the ship:

A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief.

It is pity that the lookout saw the Flying Dutchman. For, soon after, on the same trip, he accidentally fell from a mast and died. Fortunately for the English royal family, the young midshipman survived the curse to become The King of England!

The Vanishing Hitchhiker

(This urban legend appears in many forms in different parts of the country. Resurrection Mary is the most famous and is associated with the southwest suburbs of Chicago and Resurrection Cemetery. Tell this story as if it happened to a personal friend.)

My Uncle Joe was driving home late one night when he picked up a pretty girl hitchhiking in a white dress. The girl was very nice and they have a good conversation. He drove her home and dropped her off at her house. The next day, he realized she left her sweater in his car. He decided to drop the sweater off at her house. When he rang the bell, an old lady answered the door. He tells her his story and she tells him he must be mistaken – her daughter died in a car accident after a night of dancing many years ago.

Variation:*The hitchhiker never gets to her house. She mysteriously vanishes from the car as they pass the cemetery gates.*

The Big Toe

A woman is gardening when she digs up a hairy toe. She brings it in the house and puts it in a jar. When she goes to bed that night, she hears the wind moaning and groaning and then she hears “Where is my Hair-r-r-y To-o-e?”

She creeps further under the covers as the house creaks and cracks and she again hears, “Where is my Hair-r-r-y To-o-e?”

Continue this story as long as you wish, with more details about the scary noises in the house and repeating the question “Where is my Hairy Toe” more forcibly and louder.

Finally, say “Where is my Hair-r-r-y To-o-e?” in a low, menacing voice and then jump up, point at the listeners, and scream, “You’ve got it!”

2

Scary Stories for Kids - 2

Scary stories do not need to be long and drawn out. Kids have short attention spans and our

collection of short, scary stories for kids considers this fact and provides a good scare in a short amount of time.

The following stories are a bit longer. To build the suspense, read them slowly while imagining a great deal of vocal expression.

The Lady with the Emerald Ring

A rich man's wife became deathly ill the night before Christmas in 1798, so he called for the doctor. By the time the doctor arrived, his wife had died, or so it seemed. Her husband was so grief-stricken that he locked himself in his room and did not attend the funeral the following day. The servants of the house carried the rich woman's body to the Vicar who, in a drunken stupor, held the ceremony quickly. The veil was drawn across her face, the stone lid lowered, and the iron grille locked.

Just before the clergyman fell to sleep later that night, he remembered the beautiful emerald ring on the finger of the woman he had laid to rest. Wanting the ring and thinking no one would find out, he went downstairs, unlocked the lid, opened it, and tried to pry off the ring. It would not budge. He ran and brought back a file to cut the ring off her finger. When that did not work, he severed her finger and pulled the ring off. As he left, he turned around to pick up the iron lid, and screamed at the top of his

lungs. He dropped the ring and ran. The woman had awakened, was moaning, and held her severed finger towards him with an evil smile on her face.

Wearing nothing but her fine silk dress, the woman walked back to her home, knocked on the door, and rang the bell, but to no avail. The servants had all gone to sleep, for it was late on Christmas Eve. She lifted a heavy stone, threw it at her husband's window, and waited. He came to the window with a sorrowful look on his face.

Suddenly, to her surprise, he yelled, "Go away. Why must you torture me so? Don't you know my wife has just died? Let me mourn and do not bother me again."

With this he shut the window. He did not realize it was his wife who had thrown the rock at the window. She repeated her actions, again throwing a rock at the window. He opened the window again, and she yelled to him, "I am no one but your so-called dead wife. Now come down here and open this door, unless you'd like me to die a second time on our doorstep."

"You are a ghost then?" he said to her.

She said, "No, for ghosts don't bleed. Now come down here before I catch my own death of cold."

The man with a joyous look on his face came down

to meet his wife and took her inside where he called the doctor once more and told him the news.

Meanwhile, the clergyman ran home and up the stairs. In a state of fright, he hung himself from the rafters of his home. If he had only known that the woman only wanted to thank him. She had not died after all but had gone into a coma. When he cut off her finger, the pain woke her up.

The Long-Dead Boy

Once upon a time, there was a 10-year-old girl who lived in London in a very old house. She hated the house. It was cold and damp all of the time. Plus, none of her friends would visit because it was believed by everyone in the neighborhood that a ghost lived in the house. The little girl was curious about the ghost, but nobody would talk to her when she asked questions about it or the history of the house.

The house was scary, and some nights were worse than others. One night, when she was in her room reading, the lamp suddenly went off. She thought the light bulb had died. She did not want to bother her mother, who was already sleeping, by asking for a new bulb. So she put down her book and prepared to sleep. All of a sudden, there was a quiet knocking on the window next to her bed. She saw the reflection of

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