**BURIED ALIVE!**

My great-great grandmother, ill for quite some time, finally passed away after lying in a coma for several days. My great-great grandfather was devastated beyond belief, as she was his one true love and they had been married over 50 years. They were married so long it seemed as if they knew each other's innermost thoughts.

After the doctor pronounced her dead, my great-great grandfather insisted that she was not. They had to literally pry him away from his wife's body so they could ready her for burial.

Now, back in those days they had backyard burial plots and did not drain the body of its fluids. They simply prepared a proper coffin and committed the body (in its coffin) to its permanent resting place. Throughout this process, my great-great grandfather protested so fiercely that he had to be sedated and put to bed. His wife was buried and that was that.

That night he woke to a horrific vision of his wife hysterically trying to scratch her way out of the coffin. He phoned the doctor immediately and begged to have his wife's body exhumed. The doctor refused, but my great-great grandfather had this nightmare every night for a week, each time frantically begging to have his wife removed from the grave.

Finally the doctor gave in and, together with local authorities, exhumed the body. The coffin was pried open and to everyone's horror and amazement, my great-great grandmother's nails were bent back and there were obvious scratches on the inside of the coffin.

### “The Drive-By Shooting”

One hot, summer day someone asked a sweet old lady to buy some groceries and bring them to their house in a dangerous part of Baltimore. The old lady was wary but felt that she couldn't say no, even though she was terrified of driving in a violent part of the city. But she picked up the groceries and proceeded to the lady's house.

As she entered the lady's neighborhood, she noticed young hoodlums gathering on every street corner. Slowly, they began to walk toward her car as she rolled up. Quickly, she rolled up her windows, but began suffering in the 90+ degree heat. She felt she was in a hot mess!

Slowly, she drove down a side street when suddenly she heard a loud “Pop!” and felt smack her in the back of her head! She reached to feel the back of her head and came back with a wet oozing mess that she was sure was part of her brain! “Ahh, they’re shooting at me!”

Crying and hysterical, the woman stepped on the gas and sped away. Once out of the neighborhood, she raced to a local hospital.

Somehow she made it to the emergency room and had the strength to walk right in. She told the nurse that she had been shot and she was immediately rushed back to an exam room. Doctors whirled her around and asked her “Where have you been shot?” She said, "My head," The doctors began gently removing clumps of a slimy white substance from her hair. After cleaning the mess, the doctors and nurses was no bullet hole and no blood on her head. The white substance wasn't part of her brain. The Doctor said it was only a lump of biscuit dough from a can that had exploded in the heat of her car.

**Llorona**, Omen of Death: A California Ghost Story

retold by S. E. Schlosser  
  
They say that the Llorona was once a poor young girl who loved a rich nobleman, and together they had three children. The girl wished to marry the nobleman, but he refused her. He told her that he might have considered marrying her if she had not born the three out-of-wedlock children, which he considered a disgrace. The girl was determined to have the nobleman for her own, so she drowned her children to prove her love to him. But still he would have none of her and married another. Mad with grief, the girl walked along the river, weeping and calling for her children. But they were gone. So she drowned herself. For her crime, her spirit was condemned to wander the waterways, weeping and searching for her children until the end of time. It was said that whenever the wailing woman appears, someone will die.

Now I have heard that one night, two young men were car-pooling home from work with the windows down when they heard a terrible wail. It sounded like the desperate cry of a baby or perhaps an injured tom-cat. Beside the road, a white mist began to gather. It moved swiftly among a grove of palm trees and when it reached the largest tree, it became the figure of a lovely young girl dressed all in white. Long dark hair hung loose down her back. She began to weep and wring her hands in agony, and the men realized that they were seeing the ghost of the Llorona. The driver gunned the engine and they drove away as fast as they could. The glowing figure of the Llorona remained visible in the rear-view mirror until the car turned the corner.

The men were upset by the vision, afraid that the rumors about the Llorona might be true. But nothing happened to either of them the rest of that night, so they laughed away the incident, deciding that they had imagined the whole thing.

The next night, the men were riding home from work when their front tire burst at the place in the road where they had seen the ghost the previous night.  The car spun out of control and hit the largest tree in the palm grove in the exact place where the Llorona had appeared to them.  Both men were killed instantly.

### Express Train to Hell: A New Jersey Ghost Story

### By S.E. Schlosser

For days, a ragged old man had hung around the Newark Central Station. The stationmaster kept running him off, but night after night he would return. He kept accosting people, shouting: "It's coming for me! It's coming!" Whenever anyone asked him what was coming for him, he would just clutch his head and cry: "I done wrong! I killed a man that cheated me at cards, and now I'm going to pay!"

The stationmaster finally took the man aside and threatened to call the police if he did not cease and desist. The old man rolled his eyes and replied: "The Express Train for Hell is coming for my soul! You've got to help me." He broke away from the stationmaster and ran for the door. The time was two minutes to midnight. At that moment, new sound introduced itself. A long whistle blew, once, twice. The stationmaster was startled. The next train wasn't due until 12:05.

The old tramp started screaming when he heard the whistle. The stationmaster could hear the roar and chug of a steam train, approaching fast. Approaching too fast to stop at the station. The old man was standing at the edge of the platform, staring down the tracks in frozen terror. The stationmaster ran forward and grabbed hold of the old tramp to pull him out of harm's way.

The train whistle sounded again. A warm rush of air blew against everyone near the platform and the stationmaster heard the roar of an invisible train passing directly in front of him. He heard the hiss of the steam and the screech of flanges against iron rails; he felt the wind whipping our hair and faces, but he saw nothing.

Beneath his grip, the old tramp gave a terrible wail. Then he vanished, leaving the stationmaster empty-handed. The roar of the invisible train faded into the distance and then ceased. The stationmaster glanced at the station clock. It was midnight.

The stationmaster stared blankly at the tracks. Around him, the waiting passengers and other bystanders were gasping and murmuring in fright. "Good lord, he was right," the stationmaster murmured to himself. "It did come for him." He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his sweating, bald head with it.

A trembling man standing nearby approached the stationmaster: "Sir, what was that?" he asked. "Son, I believe that was the Express Train to Hell," said the stationmaster. He shook his head and that seemed to bring him to his senses. "Why don't you go back into the station and pour yourself a drink?" he suggested to the trembling man.

He pushed the man through the station door and then turned to address the dazed and frightened passengers. "Nothing to worry about folks," he said. "It was just an express train passing through. The next train will be here in five minutes." The stationmaster's reassuring manner calmed everyone. People turned away from the empty tracks and settled back into their seats, whispering to each other about the strange events that had just taken place.

Then the stationmaster went into his office, closed the door, and poured himself a stiff drink to calm his nerves. "Well, that's one for the books," he muttered aloud. "I wonder if I should put it on the schedule; 12 am-Express Train to Hell."

Shaking his head, he fortified himself with one more brandy and then went back to work.

**The Clown Statue**

So-and-so's friend, a girl in her teens, is babysitting for a family in Newport Beach, Ca. The family is wealthy and has a very large house — you know the sort, with a ridiculous amount of rooms. Anyways, the parents are going out for a late dinner/movie. The father tells the babysitter that once the children are in bed she should go into this specific room (he doesn't really want her wandering around the house) and watch TV there.

The parents take off and soon she gets the kids into bed and goes to the room to watch TV. She tries watching TV, but she is disturbed by a clown statue in the corner of the room. She tries to ignore it for as long as possible, but it starts freaking her out so much that she can't handle it.

She resorts to calling the father and asks, "Hey, the kids are in bed, but is it okay if I switch rooms? This clown statue is really creeping me out."

The father says seriously, "Get the kids, go next door and call 911."

She asks, "What's going on?"

He responds, "Just go next door and once you call the police, call me back."

She gets the kids, goes next door, and calls the police. When the police are on the way, she calls the father back and asks, "So, really, what's going on?"

He responds, "We don't HAVE a clown statue." He then further explains that the children have been complaining about a clown watching them as they sleep. He and his wife had just blown it off, assuming that they were having nightmares.

The police arrive and apprehend the "clown," who turns out to be a midget. A midget clown! I guess he was some homeless person dressed as a clown, who somehow got into the house and had been living there for several weeks. He would come into the kids' rooms at nights and watch them while they slept. As the house was so large, he was able to avoid detection, surviving off their food, etc. He had been in the TV room right before the babysitter right came in there. When she entered he didn't have enough time to hide, so he just froze in place and pretended to be a statue.

### Dancing with the Devil: **A Texas Ghost Story**

### **Retold by S. E. Schlosser**

The girl hurried through her schoolwork as fast as she could. It was the night of the high school dance, along about 70 years ago in the town of Kingsville, Texas. The girl was so excited about the dance. She had bought a brand new, sparkly red dress for the dance. She knew she looked smashing in it. It was going to be the best evening of her life.

Then her mother came in the house, looking pale and determined.

"You are not going to that dance," her mother said.

"But why?" the girl asked her mother.

"I've just been talking to the preacher. He says the dance is going to be for the devil. You are absolutely forbidden to go," her mother said.

The girl nodded as if she accepted her mother's words. But she was determined to go to the dance. As soon as her mother was busy, she put on her brand new red dress and ran down to the K.C. Hall where the dance was being held.

As soon as she walked into the room, all the guys turned to look at her. She was startled by all the attention. Normally, no one noticed her. Her mother sometimes accused her of being too awkward to get a boyfriend. But she was not awkward that night. The boys in her class were fighting with each other to dance with her.

Later, she broke away from the crowd and went to the table to get some punch to drink. She heard a sudden hush. The music stopped. When she turned, she saw a handsome man with jet black hair and clothes standing next to her.

"Dance with me," he said.

She managed to stammer a "yes", completely stunned by this gorgeous man. He led her out on the dance floor. The music sprang up at once. She found herself dancing better than she had ever danced before. They were the center of attention.

Then the man spun her around and around. She gasped for breath, trying to step out of the spin. But he spun her faster and faster. Her feet felt hot. The floor seemed to melt under her. He spun her even faster. She was spinning so fast that a cloud of dust flew up around them both so that they were hidden from the crowd.

When the dust settled, the girl was gone. The man in black bowed once to the crowd and disappeared. The devil had come to his party and he had spun the girl all the way to hell.