



Curious tales, spooky anecdotes and real ghost stories

A growing collection of real spine chilling
tales, told by people like you

By Kate Goldstone



Introduction

Most people have a ghost story or two up their sleeve. A spooky tale about something inexplicable they - or someone they know - has seen, heard or experienced.

I had few of my own Here they are, a short collection of strange but true happenings designed to send an uneasy chill down your spine.

Your ghost stories

What about you? If you have a great ghost story email it me and I'll feature it in this ebook. Don't worry if you're no good at writing. I'll edit it for you. Just give me the skeleton of your story (pun intended!)

Just for a laugh, no charge, no strings.
Send your stories to katien@helpinthecity.com

“I was walking back home cross country from the pub. I’d only had two pints so I wasn’t drunk, just a bit mellow. It was a bright moonlit night and I could see for miles across the Vale of York.

I’d just rounded a curve in the grassy lane when I heard a horse some way behind me, galloping fast. As it got closer I could hear it’s breath blowing. It was obviously either terrified or really angry so I threw myself into the ditch before it turned the corner and ran me down.

As I fell the sound stopped dead. But it didn’t sound as though a horse had stopped running. It sounded like a *recording* of a horse had been switched off. One second it was there, the next it had completely gone.

I picked myself up out of the ditch and walked back round the corner. No horse. No people. No nothing. Just silvery moonlight and total silence.”

ghoststrider

“I’m eighty now and I’ve lived in this house for sixty years. Every night after going to bed I hear two sharp knocks on my bedroom door. You know the kind of knock someone makes when they’re saying ‘It’s only me... are you there?’ A sort of questioning, friendly knock?

I’ve always expected a third knock but it never comes. I’m not scared. If something wanted to hurt me, it would have done so a long time ago. I’ve always promised myself if it ever knocks a third time, I’ll tell it to come in...”

knockknock...

“I wanted to take a geology field trip to a local quarry to look for fossils but I had to ask permission from the landowner first.

A little girl answered the door. I explained that I’d like to take a group of students round the quarry and asked if her mum and dad were in. She said they were out but it should be fine, adding that we should be careful of the horse because it bites.

I thought I’d better confirm things with her parents so I dropped by on the way home the next day. The door was answered by an elderly lady. I explained I’d spoken to her granddaughter the day before and wanted to check with an adult that it really was OK for us to explore the quarry. But she had absolutely no idea what I was talking about. She said she didn’t have a granddaughter, there were no children in the house and there hadn’t been horses on the farm since she was a child. Then she went white as a sheet with what looked like sheer terror and slammed the door in my face. Weird.”

blastfromthepast

“My toddler Katie kept waking up crying, saying she was cold and there was an old lady sitting on her bed.

Her bedroom door closed with ‘sneck’, an old fashioned iron mechanism mounted high up on the door well out of her reach. Even if she could have reached the sneck she wasn’t strong enough to click it open. But every night for weeks we found Katie’s bedroom door had mysteriously swung open and it was *freezing* inside. One night it was about fifteen degrees C in the hallway but so cold in her room that we could see our breath steaming.

I knew who the old lady was. It was my Gran. I recognised her from Katie’s description. This went on for six weeks or so then it stopped as suddenly as it started.”

visitsfromgran

“I was staying in this French hotel.

I woke up in the small hours to total chaos. The wardrobe was rocking to and fro, there was all sorts of banging and crashing going on and the curtains were streaming horizontally in the wind. Which was really strange because the windows were closed and locked.

I threw myself out of bed a split second before the wardrobe wrenched itself from the wall and crashed down where I'd been lying. It was a massive great mahogany thing and it could have killed me. Then, after five more seconds of mad crashing and banging, everything fell silent.

I packed my stuff in two seconds flat and sat in the car until it got light, then paid and left. The hotel owners didn't say a thing about the state of my room - or the noises in the night - and I didn't mention it either, I was so freaked out.”

hotelmayhem

“My farm is on the site of several ancient settlements, the oldest of which is Iron Age. I’ve always kept my eyes open when I’m in the fields and over the years I’ve found Roman coins, stone tools, little bronze bits and bobs, all sorts of interesting things.

The other day I was out on the tractor ploughing a long-neglected bit of wasteland when I suddenly felt a strange sensation, as though someone was pushing one hand against my chest to stop me going any further. I cut the engine and sat for a bit, then decided it was just my imagination and carried on. This time it felt like *two* hands were pushing hard against my chest, really firmly, harder than before. I tried once more but the feeling of being pushed back spooked me so badly I turned tail and drove off at top speed. I’ve got no idea what was going on but I’m not going to try and plough that bit of land again. It can stay put.”

phantom plea

“I used to work in a pub next door to a theatre. We always had loads of actors in, often in full costume, so I wasn’t particularly surprised to see a man in a tall stovepipe hat and long brown overcoat wandering down the corridor just ahead of me.

I *was* slightly surprised when he turned left into the broom cupboard, but I assumed he was lost and hurried to help. I expected to see an embarrassed man backing straight out again, but there was nothing there. He’d disappeared.”

a c t i n g d e a d

“After our cat died, my little brother and I used to hear the bell from his collar tinkling all around the house, especially outside the door of our playroom.

We taped it several times and played the recording back to our parents, but they never really believed us.”

missing you

“I was moving house, leaving my top floor rented flat in Farm Road, Brighton, for the last time. I’d taken all my stuff down to the van, hoovered every room and was just popping back up to triple check I hadn’t left anything behind.

When I walked into the living room, which was light and full of sunshine, I heard an older woman’s voice say, close to my ear, *“Just leave then. See if I care.”* She sounded angry, scared and sad.

It made me jump out of my skin. Spinning around, I could see there was nobody else in the room or elsewhere in the flat. But there was a white, unmarked, sealed envelope in the centre of the room that hadn’t been there before. There’s no way I’d missed it, I’d hoovered so carefully but there it was, slap-bang in the middle of the carpet.

I panicked, scooped up the envelope, ran out of the room and down the stairs without locking the door behind me. Outside, I opened the envelope. There was a fiver in it. No note, just a crisp, new fiver.”

ghostly bribery

“I bought the house from a Mr Grace. He’d only bought it a few months previously himself and was half way through renovating it when he was run over and killed by a bus in the town centre.

The day I moved in we were standing in the front room chatting when the curtains suddenly billowed right out as though the windows were wide open on a windy day, even though they were closed. Then I saw a silvery, sparkly mist growing and swirling around in the centre of the room and the temperature dropped right down.

I wonder if it was him?”

final goodbye

