

[Page 13 - Ghost Stories Told by Students from St. Joseph School](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 56](#)

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In 1984, my parents and a whole bunch of my aunts and uncles were sitting around a big campfire. All of a sudden there in the background, about 50 feet from the campfire behind a kitchen tent, burst in? to flames at the stroke of 11:00 p.m. They thought the tent was on fire but it was just the hay behind the tent. The day after, my relatives were joking about how, "I wonder if Mr. Twist really has a for? tune." And right at the stroke of 11:00 p.m.--the very same thing happened!! Was it Mr. Twist telling us where the gold was? Was it Mrs. Twist who oddly disappeared, and was never seen again? Was it her telling us where she was bur? ied? Was it a warning from the English sailors not to look for the gold? To this day we do not know the answer....

A Big Pond Ghost Story by Ryan Hollohan This is a story about something that hap? pened to my Uncle Bruce. This incident happened many years ago in the small com? munity of Big Pond. My uncle's wife lived in a home in Big Pond which was used for several years be? fore they bought it, as a funeral home for the area. Everytime there was a funeral, the custom was to nail a cross onto the wall to keep away the evil spirits. With this kind of history, you can see why the house had a spooky feeling about it. In the hallway upstairs there was a pic? ture of a very mean-looking lady. This lady was my uncle's wife's grandmother. One night my uncle slept over in the spare room. This spare room is where the grandmother had died many years ago. During the night my uncle was awakened by a very strange presence. He was scared out of his wits when he looked up and saw a ghostly vision of what he swears to this day was the grandmother. Every? thing seemed so real that he is still not sure if it was the grandmother or just a bad dream.

The Suspicious Moving Chairs by Shawn Murphy When my great-grand? parents were alive, they lived in the country, miles away from their neighbors. Because there were no phones, people . believed there were signs that told you someone was about to die. One of the signs was you would hear someone sawing and hammering wood, as to build a coffin. Another sign actually happened to my great- grandparents. One night, everyone was in bed, when they heard nois? es downstairs. When they went to investigate, all the dining-room chairs had been moved around.