



*True West Virginia
Ghost Stories*

JONATHAN MOORE

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Ghost Encounters

1913 Grim Reaper

By Brook Tucker



Grim Reaper / Stock Photo

In the Fall of 1996, I was living in Huntington, WV sharing an apartment with 3 friends. Our apartment address was 1913. I came home after work one evening and walked inside. No one was home which wasn't unusual but it was a typical night where we didn't have a bunch of friends hanging out together as we were all 19 to 24 years old at the time and we're either attending Marshall or working some job.

I walked inside and immediately I smelled a foul smell. Very putrid other than a typical dirty trash smell. Back then, we had a landline phone with a cassette tape answering machine. So, I entered through the kitchen to where the answering machine was. This apartment was two floors. First floor just a living room with an open kitchen and upstairs was two bedrooms and a small bathroom. I played the machine and there were no messages.

I said out loud to myself, "where is everyone?"

The next thing I know a dark growl said "nobody's home" and a finger tapped my right shoulder. I sensed that something was behind me and was very very tall. I'm 5'8" so it was at least 6'6" or taller. Very tall.

I turned my head slightly to my right and saw a 3 knuckled bony finger that was very long and tapered. It had no skin but rather like a shiny metallic green and blue to it. And I could see a black hooded entity. I guess you call it nerves of steel or Good telling me to calmly and slowly walk up the stairs and lock my bedroom door which I did.

About an hour later, I was still in the bedroom and heard my roommate come home. She asked me why I was upstairs with the door locked and I told her what happened. Later that evening, we both revealed strange things that had occurred leading up to my experience. She had felt something smack her feet at night while she slept. I told her I felt the same thing and sometimes we would feel something hit the end of the couch where our feet were if one of us was watching a movie chilling on the couch.

To this day, it is getting easier to talk about it and share my experience. But I rarely talk about it. I will never forget it.

4th of July Ghost

By Judy Osborne



East Lynn Lake / Stock Photo

The Summer of 1980, I was sixteen and was visiting my family in West Virginia. My mom and my sister stayed with her parents for the summer while my dad was away at work. I grew up in Pennsylvania but we visited WV a lot.

As the 4th of July approached my granny Tilly was planning on taking the camper to East Lynn Lake. My papa Bill got the camper ready to go. The first day of July we headed camping.

My sister Anna was twelve and had never been camping. I went camping with them when I was ten.

We got the camper all set up and I and my sis played in the creek. We grilled out and ate a ton of food, we played games and at dark we watched fireworks.

That night we slept on the sleeper sofa. I was awakened by a loud noise. I looked around the room. I heard a car door slam and a horn blow. I looked out the window to see a girl in a pale blue dress walking from an old blue car. I watched her as she disappeared into the woods. I saw her again every night.

Finally, I talked to one of the security guards and that guy told me about a story that a young girl on the 4th of July got in a car with a guy who picked her up and he drove her to the secluded area at East Lynn and murdered her. Now her ghost haunts on the 4th of July.

4th of July Ghost Story

By Susan Crites



4th of July Fireworks / Stock Photo

Every year, the city park in Martinsburg, WV, fills to overflowing for its annual display of 4th of July fireworks. Today, the park is a wonderful green space with pavilions, picnic tables, miniature golf and a swimming pool. During the Civil War it was a large open space with a major fresh water source. Close to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the space was used as camp by soldiers in gray and blue throughout the war. During those frequent times when the armies fought for control of the town, men died violently in the park.

A few years ago, one extended family arrived at the park several hours before the fireworks were to begin. They wanted just the right spot to spread their blankets and enjoy the goodies in their picnic basket. All together, there were twelve of them; five adults and seven children. After dinner, the children left the picnic site to roam through the gathering crowd while the adults lazed on the blankets and ignited a couple of firecrackers of their own.

The grandfather was the first to notice the smell. He turned his head in the direction of the offending odor and saw a teenaged boy leaning on a nearby tree. The teenager didn't seem to notice the family but, the family certainly noticed him and the pungent odor that seemed to be wafting off of him. They described the odor in various ways; old sweat, horse flop, rotting garbage, or the smell of rancid meat.

All agreed it was such an awful smell, they weren't going to put up with it a minute longer. The father yelled at the boy saying, "Get out of here, Boy, you're stinking up the place!" The teenage boy continued to lean against the tree, ignoring what he must have heard.

Outraged, the mother said, "That's it! I'm going to get a cop!" And, off she charged with a full head of steam.

In a few minutes she returned with a uniformed policeman. "He's right over there," she said as she pointed dramatically to the tree where she had last seen the smelly teenage boy. He was gone and her normally loud and rowdy family was utterly silent.

“We were all watching that kid,” said the grandfather to no one in particular. “He just disappeared in front of our eyes!” The older man turned to the police officer and said, “I know you won’t believe us but I’m pretty sure we just saw a ghost!”

That night, the police at the park received two other complaints about a foul-smelling teenage boy. He was never found.

The next day, I met with one of the officers who had been at the park and responded to one of the complaints. “Everyone who smelled and saw that boy described him the about the same way; 5 foot tall, torn brown pants, filthy red checked shirt, suspenders, no shoes, filthy feet and a weird flat top cap with a small brim in the front. Do you think he could have been a Confederate soldier?”

Yes, indeed, officer!

Confederate soldiers were often ragged. Soap was unavailable. Caps with “weird flat tops and small brims” were worn by Confederate soldiers. They were called kepis.

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A Death Angel

By Samitha Marcum



Williamson Memorial Hospital / WMH

The story didn't happen to me but to my father who used to do security up at Williamson Memorial Hospital. He, for some odd reason got to know when the death angel was around. He would know when this angel would be around, because he could feel a cold presence up where he was standing.

This story in particular happened to an older lady, I don't know her name but she was in the intensive care unit. Dad was on the third floor when he heard her calling from her hospital bed. Being a nice guy and doing his job, my daddy went to check things out. The old lady as my dad recalls kept asking dad to remove the man standing at the foot of her hospital bed and saying these words "IT WASN'T HER TIME TO GO." Dad believed that the old woman knew the presence, that what she was seeing in the room was the death angel. Dad said he would try his best to help her in anyway possible and she asked him not leave her and stay in her room until the man left. So being a nice man and all my dad stayed in the room until she said that he had went away. After about ten minutes my dad left the room... dad told me after the ten minutes that he had been gone that he was just standing right around the corner from the room in the hall way when he felt the cold presence. About that time dad said he heard her heart monitor go off and that she passed away before the nurse and doctors could assist her. The nurse and staff tried their hardest but it was too late. The death angel as my dad recalls had taken another.

I do believe this story that my dad has told me. It very much is true because my dad is not a type a guy to lie about something like this and this is only one out of a lifetime of experiences. I just felt like this was one of the scariest but then again I don't know because my dad has seen and heard and so have I. There are many other different kinds of ghosts. Each with their own story, some unexplained and most not even scary. But we never really talk much about them to other people cause we don't want them to think we are crazy. I don't care if you believe this or not. It comes from my daddy and I know for a fact that his stories and mine are and will always be true and passed on throughout our family.

A Foggy Night in March

By V.E McNeally



A Foggy Night In March / V.E McNeally

It was March 13, 2002, me and two of my friends was walking home from my house down to the store a mile down the road. It was right after school at about 4:30 in daylight. Being March it was very windy and rainy but the rain had stopped at noon and it was a very pretty afternoon.

Kelly was telling us about her birthday party plans. Ashlee stopped and looked over at the small park. I asked her what was wrong and she said she heard something. We arrived at the store and got us some snack food for Friday night and started to walk back. When we reached my street the entire street was covered in a thick fog. We tried to walk through it. I touched something. I called out " Kelly, Ash is that you?"

The girls responded and they were behind me. Kelly flipped her phone light on and in front of me was black and white scary looking ghostly thing. Then a car light shined, the ghost disappeared and so did the fog. Mr. Dent's black truck was in front of us. Needless to say, we ran to my house.

7 years later I saw that same fog and ghost again this time I was 21 and in college. I drove through it and that ghost appeared in front of me. The ghost was the creepiest thing ever. I blew the horn and it and the fog disappeared. I'm in my thirties now but my parents still live on Barrett road. I haven't seen it again.

Cryptozoology

A Scream Of Terror Of A Female Beast

By Aaron R.



Fort Ashby Cemetery / findagrave.com

Every night from 12:00 till 2:00 I take a relaxing walk to the cemetery to walk 40 laps for exercise but on 6-24-03 at 1:45 am at the Fort Ashby Cemetery.

I almost bit and swallowed my tongue when I heard these screams coming from in the woods, it sounded like a female getting raped, or murdered. I went closer to the tree's to help but it was not human and it was not hurt it ran past me at a high rate of speed and it turned back and looked at me for 4 seconds it was pure white had pointy teeth and had feet of a horse. It ran off, up the remote mountain, you could even hear it scream again from up there. This is not a fake story it is real I am a UFO investigator and Ghost hunter I believe in the paranormal. I know a few other times I heard noises like huge snaps of wood breaking in the woods and small hisses from the woods, but at the time I figured deer and weak tree limbs, the trees are old as it is, but now I wonder. When I go up to the cemetery now I take a camera to try to get a picture of it, if I ever do I will have it on here. Yes I do get chills up my spine when I go up there I am going up there still because I want to get pictures I might never, but I hope I can.

All I can describe about the screams it just sounded like a female with a lot of terror like being stabbed to death that's all I know and this is my first time encountering something like this.

Another Black Panther

By Josh Kyer



Black Panther / Stock Photo

I can confirm not only by myself but with about half the town of Richwood as well that black panthers do exist in WV. I saw one myself while camping on the south fork of the Cherry River. It was about 2:00 am and my dad and I had returned to our camper for the night. We had just laid down in our beds when we heard leaves crunching and sticks snapping. I looked out the window first and with the small glow of the fire that was burning out. I could see a long and slender black cat that was about 4 or 5 feet long and a massive tail.

I whispered for my dad to look and when he did he was trying to say it was a black bear, but after he saw it's tail he agreed with me that it was a cat, and also nothing like he had ever seen. We watched it for a good 5 or 10 minutes so I know it wasn't mistaken identity.

Another White Beast Encounter

By Mike P.



New Cumberland, WV / Stock Photo

I've had two encounters with The White Beast. Both occurred around or near my best friend's house in New Cumberland, West Virginia. I used to spend more time there than at my own home. His dad owned about three acres of land, but only about three-quarters of an acre was cleared for their house and yard. The rest was thick woods.

The first incident occurred around 1994, right in his front yard. We were playing, running in and out of his dad's small pull-behind camper. Around dusk, we decided to leave the camper and go inside to play some games. I stepped out of the trailer first, followed closely by my friend. When I looked to my right, I saw something that looked like a large, white bear. When my friend looked to see what I was staring at, the thing looked back at us. It was approximately fifty yards away from us. Then it stood up on its hind legs and was about six and a half feet tall. It turned and ran through the woods away from us, breaking sticks and medium-sized limbs off of trees as it went.

The next incident occurred around 1999, in the same woods. This time we were camping out in the woods. The only trail leading to the camp site was a little less than a mile long. Around 2 AM, we began hearing something moving around just outside of the light provided by our campfire. All of the sudden, the White Beast appeared out of the darkness and charged at us. We jumped up and ran back to his house, all the while this thing was chasing us. The thing stopped at the wood line and let out a terrible scream. Then it just turned around and headed back into the woods. The next morning, we examined the trail, and the ground was so torn up that it appeared as though someone had taken a tiller all the way out the trail.

Ayew Monster

By Sarah Willis



Red Eyes / Stock Photo

My dad told me a story about a critter his grandfather "Doc" Carpenter encountered once while hunting in the woods surrounding Erbacon, WV which is in Webster County.

He said he was stalking either turkey or deer when he realized he was being stalked by a creature that resembled a black panther with an almost "bull-dog" like face and red eyes. He said the creature had a yowl that sounded like "A-Yeeew", thus the name. My dad said it may have been a panther that had been shot in the face, but one never knows.

Perhaps this is the same animal as the black panther thing someone else posted on the site.

Beast in the Night!!!!

By Anonymous



Scary Wolf / Stock Photo

Hi I am a West Virginia native. This is a true story told by my father when he was a teenager. The family farm where he and my mother still live. It was late on a November night with a deep snow, he woke up and went to the kitchen for a drink of water when something caught his eye.

He went to the window for a look and what he seen to this day he still can't explain. There is an old tractor road that comes off the hill into the driveway. Standing in the middle of the tractor road was a dog/wolf like animal that looked to be 6 to 7 feet long.

It heard him in the house and when it looked at him he could see its K-9 teeth well past its gum line. It had bright red eyes and walked on top of the snow. He yelled for his father who grabbed a single shot 16-gauge shot-gun. My grandfather slid the window up and tried to fire but the gun's firing pin broke and would not discharge.

This beast, they both to this day say, GLARED at them for what they think was about 30 seconds, it let out a very loud growl and they said they could tell it was just plain evil. It then turned and walked back up the tractor road and went back into the woods. After about 3 to 5 min they went to look for tracks and this thing left none at all nothing to show it was there. They also had champion coon hounds that was so scared they would not bark or come out of their dog boxes.

My father to this day does not know what they seen nor do I. He still says when ever he looks out that window he can not help but to think about that animal. No one has ever seen it since.

Aliens & UFOs

Beaver's Strange Tail

By Justin Massie



UFO Streaking across Sky / Stock Photo

Not much of anything to write about this experience, but as a long time believer of UFO's, Ghosts, and paranormal activity in general; I find it to be a small account of proof for me.

My wife and I were driving along interstate 64, just before the Eisenhower Drive exit closest to the new Erma Byrd college building (which sits between Beckley and Beaver, just off airport road)

We were conversing about whatever at the time, and we both happened to look straight up out the windshield at the same time. I slowed down to a creep, and we simultaneously said "what the?"

What we saw was an extremely bright white light dart from the middle of our view straight across the sky to our left (headed in the direction of old crow) It emanated a tail like a comet or meteor, but I know that when you see a meteorite, it flows at a diagonal angle towards the earth.

This object was very far from the ground, as high as an airplane in full flight, so its hard to estimate an elevation, but we were both convinced that it didn't resemble a "shooting star" or meteorite.

Skeptics call it as you wish; but I believe it was genuine. There have been several reports here locally of sightings at/around the airport as well. I hope someone else can give this sighting some credibility. E-mail me if you wish: justinmassie2004@yahoo.com

Hopefully there will be more reports posted of similar accounts from around the area.

Braxton County Green Monster

By Braxton Citizens News



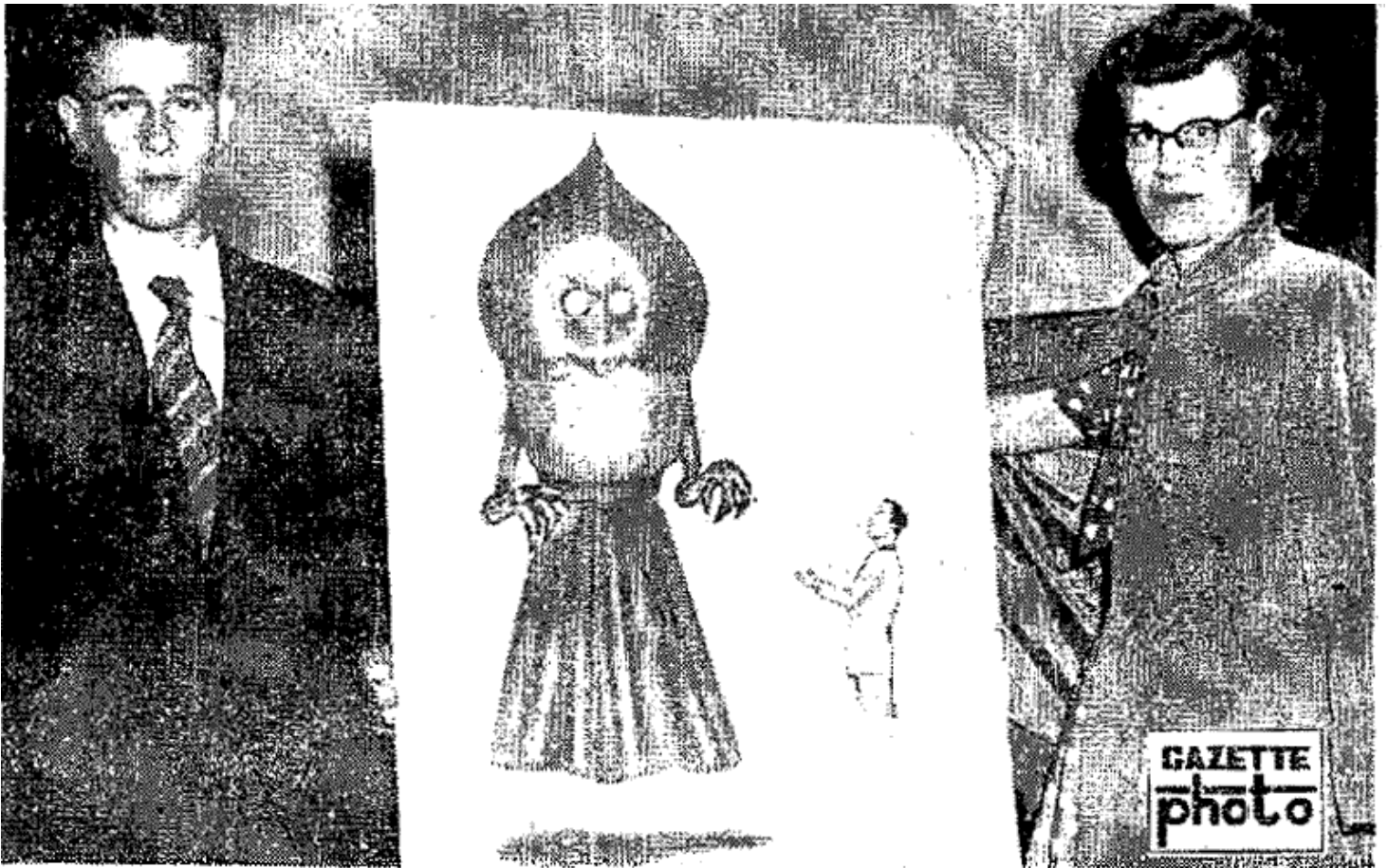
Flatwoods, WV Sign / Stock Photo

On September 12, 1952, just before dark four boys were playing football on the playground at Flatwoods School. These were local boys and they often played at the school in the evenings. Today would be special because what was seen this evening would cause people to talk for many years to come.

What the boys saw was described as a “shooting star” that fell to earth on the top of the hill adjacent to the playground. The place where it landed was known as the Bailey Fisher property. As children are prone to do, they decided to check it out. On the way up the hill, they stopped at the Kathleen May home and Mrs. May, plus her two sons accompanied the group up the hill.

When they got to the top, Mrs. May noticed that “...the night was foggy and there was a mist in the evening air”. She also said that “...the air had a metallic smell which burned their eyes and noses”

About the length of a football field away, they all saw an object that was glowing and hissing. Walking closer to check out the “star”, they noted that it was about 10 feet around.



THE MONSTER which prowled the hills of Braxton County on Friday, Sept. 12, was drawn by a New York artist from descriptions given him by Mrs. Kathleen May and Gene Lemon. Flatwoods residents who said they saw the "thing." The two witnesses, with A. Lee Stewart, Jr., Sutton publisher, told their experiences on "We The People" television show in New York Friday night. The artist's conception was featured on the program with a background of weird music. Lemon and Mrs. May hold the portrait which they say is "quite accurate." The photo was taken in Charleston at the Greyhound bus terminal.

A few feet away from this glowing object they saw two lights, much like the glow of flashlights, about 12 inches apart. One of the boys had a flashlight and when he turned it on the object a huge creature with "...a bright red face, bright green clothing, a head which resembled the ace of spades, and clothing which, from the waist down, hung in great folds" was seen.

* * *

The story of the Braxton County monster is not dead. "Fate," a pocketbook size magazine devoted to accounts of the strange and unnatural carries a lengthy article in the January issue of the supposed 10-foot, red-faced monster that appeared Sept. 12 near Flatwoods.

The article is the result of extensive investigation by Gray Barker, a free lance writer in Clarksburg. Barker interviewed all persons who figured in the strange story, even collecting from three youngsters their penciled drawings of what they allegedly saw.

Barker is convinced that the witnesses may or may not have seen a monster, but they "did see something."

1952

As the creature seemed to be floating on air towards them, the group all ran from the hill back to the May home to call the sheriff.

The sheriff, Robert Carr, and deputy Burnell Long were investigating a report of a burning object thought to be a downed airplane, below Gassaway on the Elk River. By the time they got to the Flatwoods scene, much evidence was destroyed by people who had heard the story and had gone to see the "monster" for themselves.

Newspapers sent special reporters to cover the story. Many investigators also came and took soil samples. One well-known scientist, Ivan Sanderson, and his assistant, Eddie Schoenenberger, came from New York City. Mr. Sanderson was known for his studies of odd and unusual happenings. With Mr. Schoenenberger, he made a detailed study of the land and soil. Pictures were taken, some of them from airplanes. Mrs. May and the boys were all questioned many times about what they had seen, and the stories were always the same.

With all the attention given to this sighting, one would think that a report would have been definite. However, it was never revealed what was found from the scientific tests and the investigation.

Bright Light Over The Farm

By Robin Simms



Bright light at Night / Stock Photo

It was the winter of 1999. My four kids and I were coming home late on a Wednesday night from Bible study. It was around 10 pm.

When we turned off of the main road, Rt. 60, onto our country road, we saw, off to the north, a bright light in the sky. It looked like a very bright star at first.

As we were going out our road, we would lose sight of it for a few seconds, and then as we would go around the twists and turns, we would see it again. Each time we would see it again, it was bigger and brighter. As we neared our home, some 3 miles off the main highway, there was a huge glowing ball of light. Not a little star looking light. It was hovering over the hillside, right behind our home. It looked like it had been descending down over the hills from space.

As I pulled down our long, steep driveway, we lost sight of it behind the trees. When I pulled to a stop, we noticed, our dogs were running around and around our mobile home. They were barking and howling.

I told the kids to quickly run for the door. I grabbed the youngest, and carried him as I ran. When we got to the door, as I was trying to unlock it, the dogs had pushed their way passed the kids, and as I opened the door, they pushed past me, and ran into the trailer.

Now, these dogs are outside dogs. They NEVER came into the house. For them to push their way in meant they were scared of something big. Real big. They ran into the kitchen and lay down on the floor. I tried to pull them up by their collars, but they would growl at me. That was also very bizarre behavior. They have never growled at us before or since.

I was too afraid to look outside. I don't know when the thing went away. About an hour later, the dogs did let me put them back out.

A few weeks later, I saw in our local Charleston Newspaper "Ventline", someone had called in asking if anyone had seen the big, bright light hovering over the hills at the back of the Hurricane/Culloden area (north of I-64) on that particular Wednesday night. I "vented" back saying they weren't alone. It was hovering right over our hillside!

Calhoun

By Anonymous



Farm in Calhoun County, WV / Stock Photo

“It was making maneuvers over the two Sycamores, going up and down, end over end, right to left...very rapidly. It was cigar-shaped, rounded on each end,” recalled 92-year-old Bernard McDonald of Mt. Zion. McDonald, a former Calhoun teacher and farmer was 43 when the sighting occurred, and is still blessed with a razor sharp memory.

Fifty years after the event, he sat down and detailed the story he has told to his family and neighbors over the years. “I haven’t seen anything like it since,” he said. McDonald’s was on his farm just south of the Mt. Zion Church.

He and Penny Burrows had just made the first cutting of hay, unloading the hay wagon in mid-morning, pulling it outside the barn. “We were hot and tired and just sat down on the wagon to talk. We looked to the south over Slabcamp, three miles or so away, or it could have been much further,” he recalled. “It was making split-second maneuvers.” Within seconds the object came directly toward the McDonald Barn which had a fresh coat of aluminum paint on the roof. “It went down behind the barn and I went around to see it.

I could hear this soft, very finely tuned sound like the valves in a car engine. You had to be pretty close to hear it.” The object then disappeared over the nearby brink of the hill and Mac followed it. “It was halfway down the hill (maybe 150’ to 200’) and took off following a cow trail around to a gas well which had also just been painted aluminum.

It stopped over the well head and hovered for a few seconds.” It was here that he got a good look at the object, which was about 20 feet long and maybe four feet in diameter. It then took off at a high speed, back toward its original position, generally toward the Sand Ridge section. When Mac returned to the hay wagon, Penny Burrows was gone. Later in the day, Penny went to Kelly’s Store to tell his version of the sighting, still frightened.

McDonald remembers the grayish brown object as not having any other distinguishing features. He said he would always remember its rapid speed, changing positions and quickly making right and left angle turns. "I have thought about it many times over the years, the power it would have taken to maneuver it. It seemed like it was controlled by magnets," he concluded. Bob Burrows, Penny's son, said his father often spoke of the event saying, "That flying saucer, I wish I knew what it was."

Cigar Shaped

By Falco



Cigar Shaped UFO / Stock Photo

I do not see much odd stuff, nothing in nearly 35 or so years of memory, but I did see something that I do not tell many about. I saw it in the sky, in late August of 1999. I saw this in Parkersburg WV. It was huge! Some have suggested a “firework” or something, but NO WAY! It was very high in the sky, above the clouds and possibly even in them. It was shaped like a long cigar. The entire thing was as “a bright light”, now, I use that phrase easily, because, to me the word “light” means something that “glows”, but this did not actually glow, it did not shine light around itself, although it “was” light, and nothing but light.

It did not shine light or light up the clouds around it like the moon does. It climbed at an angle, somewhat slowly, but considering its distance, it had to have been moving fast. It went from cloud level towards space; we (2 of us) watched it for like 2 minutes, then, it disappeared! It was as someone just “turned off the light”. It was wild! We watched it leave! It did not burn out, it did not dim, and it just was gone! Almost like, it went behind something, or, someone turned it off. Just as a note, I did tell a friend about it, they told me ” Oh yeah, I saw something on the news about it! I just caught the end of it, but others saw it too! “Anyways, I never heard another word about it. Just thought I would share this information.

Other Encounters

Area Witch

By Josh Hawkins



Chestnuts / Stock Photo

You may not believe this story but to tell you the truth I really don't care if you do or don't. Anyways, Myself and a few of my friends were walking in the woods directly beside their house. They were going to show me an old tree house that they had found (accidentally) in the woods one day.

Once we had gotten there, we started to hear sounds like branches breaking like someone walking over them. The first time, I looked over, and saw a dog that I guess was a near-by-neighbors. We talked a while and we heard the same sound, but louder/closer. I thought that I was just imagining it, but it sounded again and the others heard it too.

We got kind of freaked out and started to leave. Two of us took the road beside, and two of us took the trail in the woods which we all used the first time. My friend and myself got sort of lost on the trail, I really don't know how because my friend knew the trail like the back of his hand (so he said).

We turned around to the road and noticed a pile of 500 or so nut shells laying on the ground beside us. We took the road and when we finally met up with the others, they had checked the mail and found four chestnuts inside representing the four of us. Someone could be messing with our heads, but I believe that there are legends in these mountains that are yet to be heard.

Area Witch II

By Josh Hawkins



Peterstown, WV / Google Maps

Yes, it's true, it's true. The original "Group of Four" has returned for a sequel to scare the pants off of you. Only this time there is only three witnesses. In the woods of Peterstown, there is a presence that is making us all almost too scared to leave the house.

Why? Because the presence has for some reason chosen us for it's doing. Anytime we enter these woods it is always there. Three of the original "Group of Four" live directly beside of this place and have gone into these woods all their life. I have only been to this place twice and every time, it comes around so to speak.

I think it has something to do with myself because I have been around a lot of ghosts in my time. Mostly those dealing with the civil war and ghosts specifically in the WV mountains. I don't know if it wants something from me but, I am kind of worried about this one.

There is something out there and I intend on finding out what it wants and what it is. Sound like the Blair Witch? Hope not. The things that I speak, are all true. If you don't believe in the this story, take a trip to the Peterstown woods, find an old shack, and it will find you.

Aunt Kate

By Chris May



Holding Hot Coals / Stock Photo

My Grandmother told this story to me. According to her when she was a child, an old woman lived next door to her and her family in the small coal town of Nolan. My Grandmother stated that many strange things happened in and around the old woman's home. On one occasion my Grandmother, who was scared to death of old Aunt Kate, witnessed the old woman stick her hand back into a coal burning stove and pull out hot coals and wiggle them in her hands without being burned. Grandmother also stated that Aunt Kate would openly admit to witchcraft and on one occasion claimed to have fought with the Devil himself, ripping his leg off and throwing it behind a bed.

The most disturbing story about Aunt Kate pertained to the old woman not getting something that she wanted. My Great Grandfather had produced a garden several miles from his home every year. This particular year was very dry; water had to be carried to the crops as well as extra care needed to be taken with ensuring the crops survival. My Grandmother helped her father throughout the growing season and when time came to harvest the crops my Grandmother worked with him to bring the crops the long distance back to the old home place. As my Grandmother and Great Grandfather were wheeling the crops past Aunt Kate's, she stopped them and stated, "Harrison, give me some of them beans", now my Great Grandfather was a very generous man but felt that the due to the hard work that they had put in, the family should get first choice on the crops. He replied, "Old woman we've worked hard for those beans and your not gonna get any". Aunt Kate was very angry at this reply and stated, "Ok Harrison, you'll be sorry", and was they ever. That night after the family went to bed my Grandmother stated that she heard something walking in the house. According to her the "thing" walked into her room and stood at the head of where she was sleeping and then it would turn and walk out of the room. My Grandmother said she had never been so scared. Because of this walking, she did not sleep all night. The next morning my Grandmother came in for breakfast and was confronted by my Great Grandfather about the "thing" that walked the night before. My Grandmother stated that she and my Great Grandfather were the only two in a house of twelve to hear it walk.

My Grandmother stated that her father took old Aunt Kate the beans without haste and as he gave them to her he told her to "take your booger back!" she replied in an evil tone, "it wont bother you no more" and it didn't.

Bobby's Guardian Angel

By Gladis CREEL Shand



Guardian Angel / Stock Photo

In my other submissions to this site, I have mentioned West Virginian spirits or “ghosts” that seem to follow me around the country. This, too, is one of those instances.

In 1989, my daughter was on her way to the hospital to deliver a baby boy, in hard labor. It was after dark in December. Her husband had just stopped at a stop sign at an intersection and as he started through, my daughter heard my mother, her grandmother say in a very sharp voice, “V _____, get your head up!”

My daughter immediately jerked her head off the passenger side window, just as a 16 year old driver ran the stop sign and hit their car on her side. My daughter made the rest of the trip to the hospital in an ambulance, and promptly delivered a baby boy. We have always known it was her Grandmother because only my mother called her that particular version of her first name.

We have since referred to the child born that winter night as “Grandma’s special delivery”. We know she saved my daughter’s life, even though she died in 1983 in Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Bruceton Legend

By Bree



Bruceton Mills, WV / Stock Photo

This happened to me and a friend in 2010. We were in the 7th grade and talked a lot after school on the phone. Well, we were talking one night and she told me that another house had burnt down in Bruceton. Ok, usually that's not a ghost thing, but there's more.

That was the third house that had burnt down in the past year, in the same area, on the same days of the week. The first burnt down on a Thursday of February at 5:08pm just down the road from her Aunts house, the 2nd in May on a Thursday at 5:09pm, the 3rd in August on a Thursday at 5:10pm. Everyone had figured it out. Every time a house fell, it was a Thursday only a minute after the last one 2 months before had burnt to the ground, there were 2 months in between each incident, and it was in the same general area.

I being curious, did some research. I found out that over a hundred years ago a couple of witches lived on the same ground the houses had burned down on. There were 4 of them and 3 houses had burned down. That leaves one house. I waited till November on the third Thursday and at 5:11, sure enough the 4th house burned. Then I dove into more research. I found yet another article.

It said that when the witches died (burned at the stake), they put a curse on the 4 houses they lived in. They said a few hundred years later every 2 months one of their houses would turn into a pure ball of fire.

One died in Feb. at 5:08pm on the third Thursday of the month, the next died in May on the third Thursday of the month at 5:09pm, and you got the rest from there. They went in order, the same day at the same time their house burned down when they died, hundreds of years later.

Now people claim they see ghostly figures of women around the new built houses, who knows what is coming next?

