



# THE LEGEND of

# DARK HALLOW

A COLLECTION OF BOON MOUNTAIN  
GHOST STORIES  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF  
CLOVELAND HIGH SCHOOL

#### IKE & ARNOLD

He Robertson supposedly shot himself through the chest. Some people did not believe he shot himself.

Ike's death was a great tragedy for his family. They grieved a long time after his death. His brother Arnold was having dreams about his dead brother. They were real bad dreams. Arnold's mom said the dreams were because Arnold kept thinking of Ike. A month after his brother's death Arnold was still having a dream about Ike. Once something told him to go to the root cellar. When he got there he heard something inside. Arnold was afraid to go in; but he did go in, and when he did, he saw his brother Ike. It scared Arnold real bad. He stood there in the doorway not knowing what to do. Later he went to his room. When he could tell the rest of the family about what had happened to him in the root cellar, some people did not believe him while others thought Ike's ghost had something against Arnold. Other people believed that Arnold had murdered his brother.

Hable Robertson, my grandmother, has said that while she was walking up the road by the house one night she saw lights in all the windows of the house, flickering on and off. She says that she knows that no one was in the house at the time. It was as if someone was trying to send a message.--Sandra Robertson

#### THE SLEEPY MAILMAN

There is a story about a mailman who delivered mail on horseback. He had an unusual habit. Every evening after he had finished delivering all the mail for the day, he stopped at one particular house. The house was deserted, no one having lived in it for years. Each evening the mailman would get down off his horse, tie it up and then walk into the house. He would put down his mailbag and then climb the stairs to the second floor where he slept until the following morning. The mailman did this every night for ten years.

One night as the mailman was finishing his deliveries, a thunderstorm blew in. It was a terrific storm with lightning flashing everywhere. One lightning bolt struck the mailman directly, and immediately, he fell off his horse. He was dead before he hit the ground.

Through the years different stories were told about the mailman. One story said that he still haunted the deserted house. About 40 years after the mailman's death, a group of boys decided to spend the weekend in the "haunted house." On the first night in the house, the boys crawled into their sleeping bags and put out their lanterns. They slept undisturbed until about midnight. Sharply at 12:00 o'clock midnight, they were awakened by the sound of hoof beats. They sat in their bags waiting for something to happen. The hoof beats seemed to stop at the front door. The door opened and a figure glided across the room. The boys thought they were seeing things. After some time had passed the boys drifted off to sleep again. The next morning, however, when the boys looked around upstairs, they found a bed which looked as if it had been slept in. As soon as they saw the bed, the boys began packing up their things. They left the house in a hurry and to this day, no one has ever gone back to the house during the night. I suppose that every night as before the ghost of the mailman still continues to stop at the house to sleep.--Todd Hill

#### HOUSE ON THE HILL

My Uncle Joel Brown was walking up the road one night when he walked by an old house on a hill. Standing under the tree near the old house was an old woman wearing a long white dress. My uncle went on up the hill and spoke to her. She never said a word. The woman's face was as white as snow. He spoke again, and the woman did not answer. Then he turned around and ran for a mile and a half to his house. He says the woman looked like his great-great-grandma. From that time on my uncle carried a shotgun every time he had to go by the house on the hill. My great-great-grandma was 120 years old when she died. Her name was Vast Birchfield.--Farrell Perkins



#### PANTHERS IN THE BARN

One spring day on Buck Mountain, my dad and his brother were playing. He dad was so young that he cannot remember clearly what happened that day. He and his brother were in the barn and his brother was going to ambush dad from the barn loft. After he had gotten up in the loft dad's brother thought he heard something behind him. He turned and saw five or six odd looking cats. He ran back to the house and told my paw that there were all kinds of big, odd cats in the loft. My paw went out to the barn to see what his son had seen. What he saw were panthers. He ran back to the house to get his twelve gauge shotgun, but when he returned the cats were gone. Some of the old timers on Buck Mountain say they saw the odd looking cats that same day, but they aren't sure if they were the same cats.--Bryan Edwards

#### THE SHAKING HOUSE

My friend, Sherry Stevens, has a grandmother who lived in an old house with a past. A story is told that a man got his head cut off in the old house. One day Sherry's grandfather went into town for cornmeal. Sherry's grandmother was at the old house alone. When she went out to get coal and wood for the night she saw an old man lying on the ground near the gate. His head had been cut off at the shoulders. Grandmother screamed and ran back into the house. All at once the house started shaking. Grandmother ran out of the house to her son's house and got him to go back to her house. When the son got to the old house he found it buried in the ground. As he stood there in shock he looked up to see a man on a black horse on the hill above where the house used to stand. The son chased the horseman, but when the horseman reached the church it disappeared.--Shelia Julian

#### THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN HENLAND

A family once moved into a certain house in Henland in which an old woman had died and had not been discovered until eight days after her death. The father of this family worked away from home often, and he was away the first time the family saw the old woman. The wife had gone to the kitchen to get the baby a bottle when she saw the old woman at the window. She thought she was imagining things and went about feeding the baby. After she had gone to bed the wife heard the kitchen door open, and she heard footsteps coming down the hall. She felt someone come into the bedroom and heard the closet door open and shut. She saw and heard nothing else the rest of the night. The following night the wife put butcher knives under the kitchen door so that it could not be opened because she had found the kitchen door standing open when she had awakened that morning. Again that night the wife heard the door open and the footsteps in the hallway. She felt someone come into the bedroom, go to the closet and open and shut the closet door. The next morning she found the kitchen door open again. From then on the wife and children slept in the car at night.

All this time the woman never told her neighbors or relatives about the visitor. For two months this woman lived in fear of the night visitor. One evening she became ill and her neighbors took her to the hospital. Her husband was contacted and he came to the hospital to see about his wife. That evening the husband returned to the house to rest. He lay down on the sofa in the living room where he fell asleep. He was awakened when he felt someone standing over him. He saw the old woman standing there looking at him. He became frightened and grabbed his shoes and ran to the truck. He drove to his wife's mother's house. He told those present what he had seen. He described the old woman. His In-Laws told him that it sounded as if the old woman had returned to her house. Brothers to say the family moved out of the house the next morning. The next family who moved into the house stayed only one night. Some people in the area believe that the old woman had hidden money in the closet. Who knows.--Angi Shell

#### STAFFER IN THE ROOPS

This is the story of an old man and his wife. I will call the couple Frank and Margaret Thatcher. This is a true story. If you want to believe it, I myself say that it is true.

Many years ago back in the mountains stood a cabin. It was a nice cabin, not too small, and not too big. In it lived Frank and Margaret Thatcher, a quaint old couple. One day the husband, Frank, had to go to the city on business. He took his gun and left Margaret at home alone. The day passed uneventfully, but that night something did happen. Margaret was rising to make a pan of cornbread when she realized she had no cornmeal. So she took her lantern down and started to the store. It was getting dark on the way back from the store. Margaret heard someone or something stalking her. She turned around to see who it was, but she saw nothing. She continued on her way. She kept hearing the breaking of sticks and later the sound of heavy breathing. She started to walk faster and faster. The beast was upon her. She started running as fast as she could. Then she tripped over a root protruding from the ground. She dropped the lantern and the cornmeal, got up and kept running. It was another hundred yards to the house, then fifty, then twenty, but the creature was on her heels.

Finally, the old woman made it to the door of the cabin. She managed to get into the cabin and close and bolt the door just as something heavy rapped into it. She was safe she thought. Her mind was racing. What could she do! Her husband had taken the gun so she had no protection. All of a sudden something landed on the roof. She heard soft-padded steps one after another on the roof. She screamed and screamed, but that still did not help her. The beast began tearing the shingles off the roof. There was nothing she could do. After a few minutes she went into a state of shock.

The next morning when the husband came home and saw all the tracks around the house and the shingles torn off the roof, he knew something was wrong. He went into the house and looked around. There was his wife, untouched but dead. Her empty eyes were staring into space. She had had a heart attack, convulsions, and other symptoms of fright. What the old woman had not known was that the beast, a black panther, was so big that it never could have gotten through the rafters in the roof.--John McNahan

#### I SAW WHAT YOU DID AND I KNOW WHY YOU DID IT

One pitch dark, full-moonlit night about four girls who lived near Bean Mountain were having a slumber party. They were calling people and saying, "I saw what you did and I know why you did it." They called about ten people, and then they called a certain man. He had just killed his wife, but the girls, of course, did not know that. He answered the telephone and the girls said, "I saw what you did, and I know why you did it." After they said that the man became frightened and did not know what to do. He started kidding and flirting with the girls. He got them to tell him where they were. When they finally hung up the telephone he went to the house where the girls were.

The girls had begun to tell ghost stories. One girl said, "I'm hungry; I think I'll go get something to eat." She went into the kitchen. After a while she thought she felt someone behind her. When she turned around she saw a man with an axe. He struck at her just as she started to scream. When the girl did not return, the other girls began to worry about her. They went as a group to the kitchen and noticed that blood was running out from the kitchen under the door. The man with the axe came through the kitchen door and the girls screamed and ran from the house. One girl hid behind a tree. She was safe until she stepped on a twig and the man heard the sound. He came up behind her and struck her with the axe, killing her instantly. One of the other girls had managed to get to the car and was trying to start it when the man with the axe reached her. He broke the windshield with the axe but the girl managed to drive off before he could hurt her. She drove into town to the police office. When the police and the girl arrived back at the house, they found the man. He had fallen under the car as the girl had driven away. He was carried to the hospital where he recovered, but he was later sentenced to be electrocuted for the murder of four people.--Gree Hatfield



### THE WITCH ON BUCK MOUNTAIN

There was once an evil woman who people believed was a witch. No one like her. Her name was Alma Peterson. One day she went walking through the woods, and a little boy threw a rock at her. She turned around and cast a spell on him. The next day they buried the boy. One day she went to Jake Tipton's to get a pig, but he wouldn't give her one. She told him that before she got home the pigs would die. Sure enough they died. Another time she went to a neighbor's house. While she was there an old drunk came in and shot her. About a week after she died, the man who had shot her was walking by a graveyard. He was accompanied by a gang of boys. Somehow the man got separated from the group, and after a while the boys heard him screaming. When they found the man they saw that his head was missing. As they had come upon the body of their friend they had seen the old witch going back into her grave. Today people still believe that the old woman comes out on stormy nights to kill people who didn't like her when she was alive.

### ELTA

Once there was an old woman named Elta. She was about 90 years old. Almost everyone called her a witch. There was a little girl named Christy. She did not think Elta was a witch. She loved old Elta. Christy went up to Elta's house one day as Elta was making soap. Elta asked Christy if she would like some. Christy said, "No." The witch told her to eat some anyway, that it would make her wise. Christy did eat and died. Christy's brother went looking for his sister, but he did not find her. He went back home and went to bed. He heard something at his window. He opened the window and saw his baby sister, Christy. He told her to go get in the bed and he would tuck her in. The next morning, he went into his sister's room and she was gone. The bed had not been slept in. He said he believed it was the witch who had come back for Christy.--Lahoma Hughes

### WHISTLE WHEN YOU'RE SCARED

One dark night, January 21, 1929, Mr. John Hughes came home from work. He worked in a graveyard until late every night as a caretaker. He came in one evening and started a fire in the cookstove. He ate a bite, and then went to bed. He was awakened when he heard a noise. It was a noise he had never heard before (or so he thought). He said to himself "Should I get up or just lay here?" The noise kept getting louder, and it kept getting higher in pitch. John thought he was going out of his mind! He said, "Oh Lord, please come and get me! My time has come, and I'm ready to go!" Finally he said to himself "I'll just take a look around." So he went out of his bedroom. He went through the laundry room. He ran into shirts and sheets which he thought were ghosts, but soon he came to his senses and remembered where he was. When he finally reached the kitchen he saw what was making the noise. The kettle which he had forgotten to take off the stove was boiling and whistling.--Beth Reine

### VISION OF A WIFE

There was a death in the Mackley family who lived on Crabtree. Birtha Mackley, John Mackley's wife, died. Her husband was very upset; and a couple of weeks after his wife's death, John had been drinking very heavily. That night after he had gone to bed and fallen asleep something touched him and woke him. John looked up to see Birtha, his dead wife, sitting on the bed. She had on a white dress, and her long black hair was flowing down her shoulders. She spoke to John. "John, I want you to stop drinking and be a good man." Then she vanished. Needless to say John Mackley stopped drinking from that time on.--Toni Zollinger

### THE THING

There was a man named John Brown whose wife's name was Martha. They had six children, one of them one of the youngest children heard scratching at the basement door and got out. He tried to go back but he couldn't get the noise. He went carefully down the stairs and when he got to the bottom of the stairs he heard a sound that sounded like someone's heart beating. She went to the box in the corner of the room because that's where the sound seemed to be coming from. She lifted the lid of the box and stuck her hand down into it. She touched something, and when she tried to pull her hand out it became stuck. She tried to scream, but something flew over her mouth. The next morning the family saw that the girl was missing but they never found her. Each night a child would disappear until only the eldest boy was left. One night he heard something coming up the stairs and ran to tell his father. But when he got to his room's bedroom they were both gone. The thing kept coming closer and closer. The boy managed to get to his closet and get a baseball bat. The thing had come closer; it sounded as if it were just outside the boy's bedroom door. The boy jerked the bedroom door open and then he saw it. It was a creature made of his brothers and sisters joined at the fingers. The boy did not have time to do so he hit each child over the head three times. The creature turned into a hiss and flew off. This was too much for the young boy, and he suffered a breakdown.--Martha Williams

### THE STRANGE TRIP

This is a story told by Mr. J. C. Julian and my Grandmother Thompson. The story took place in a little community where my mother was raised--Hughes, North Carolina. It was a cold, snowy night in the little community. No one was stirring outside because Kiltzard's winds were high and one could freeze to death quickly on a night like this one. A man, a woman, and a child passed through the store, fighting against the wind and snow. They managed to reach a general store belonging to Brown Hughes. No one remembers who let the family in to stay the night, but everyone remembers that after the family disappeared strange things occurred in the little community.

The morning after the storm the family had vanished without a trace and no one saw them again. Strange things began to happen at the general store. It seemed that the store had ghosts. One night a brave, burly man in the community decided to find out what was going on and prepared to spend a night in the store. He packed a six gun and he felt he could handle whatever came up. After everything got quiet and the man had gone to bed, rolls of cloth began falling off the shelves. Selves could be heard cutting the cloth. The accounts book opened and the pages began to turn. The man looked about him and he saw a monstrous figure coming at him. This big, brave, six-gun packing man became so frightened that he ran out of the general store without putting his pants on. No one else has the seen the figure the man described. The store was torn down a few years after this event. The people who lived in Hughes in the 1900s tell this story as a true story.

### SARAH CATHERINE, THE WITCH

One day long ago in July as my grandma, Gladys Cole, was milking her cow, Sarah Catherine came by for a visit. After Sarah had gone my grandma said that a spell had been cast on the cow and they would have no milk for the following day. The next morning when grandma went out to milk the cow was dry. Grandma decided to go see Sarah. At Sarah's house grandma had to wait at the stove and saw Sarah casting a spell by the fireplace. Although Sarah did not see grandma she called "Who's there?" Grandma did not answer but slipped away back home.

Sarah was known to get what she wanted. Once as Sarah was going to town she wanted a pig she wanted. She asked the man if she could take the pig. The man told her "I have a pig all right but that pig, and I am going to keep it for myself." Sarah told the man he would be eggs for not giving her the pig. The next day when the man went to feed his pigs, he found that all were dead except the one that Sarah had wanted. He decided to get rid of the dead pigs by burning them, but each time he would throw one into the fire, Sarah would jump in after it, kick it, and he dragged her out.

Sarah owned much land but she still wasn't satisfied. She wanted to own the land she



My grandma would not sell the land so Sarah began moving the fence each night. She was caught in the act one night, and after all was straightened up everything was forgotten.

Again, Sarah came to grandma's house wanting something that grandma wouldn't give her. Sarah cast a spell on grandpa who became sick. When grandpa wouldn't get better, grandma became suspicious of Sarah. She began reversing the spell Sarah had cast on grandpa. To do this grandma cut hair from the cow's tail and laid it under the dog iron. The next morning Sarah came to see grandma. She told grandma that she felt as if she had slept under a dog iron all night. In order to get rid of Sarah and break the spell, grandma let Sarah borrow something. Sarah came to grandma's house complaining of a headache, so grandma gave her an aspirin. Sarah moved away to Johnson City and was never seen or heard of again.--Karen Cole

#### THE APPLE WAGON

My great grandfather said that his wife told him about the apple wagon. She and some of her friends were walking from picking up apples. One of the friends said "I wish we had a wagon to carry these apples in." In a few minutes they heard the click, clack and rumbling of wagon wheels and horses feet beating against the ground. When they turned toward the noise they saw a wagon but no one was driving it. They began to run until they ran into some other friends who told the girls that they had been behind the wagon joke. Later the girls had found out that their friends had been with a sick friend all night and couldn't have had anything to do with the apple wagon.--Lagina Hill (told by Kim Whitehead)

#### BLACK HOUNDS

One time my great grandfather and a preacher went to an association meeting. It was a long distance, and they couldn't make it in one day. They had to stay at someone's house that night. The owner of the house they stayed that night showed them to a bedroom. There were several locks on the door but the owner told them that there was no need to lock the door. My grandfather locked the door anyway and went to bed. The next morning when he awoke the door was standing wide open and there beside his bed on the floor lay two big black hounds.--Shannon Stocton

#### THE BANJO PICKER

During the 1950s there was once a man who would get drunk and go down to a certain bridge below his house to play his banjo. His wife would ask him not to go because she was afraid. There was something weird about the place, but the man would go anyway. One night as he was playing at the bridge he felt something grip his arm. He couldn't turn around to see what had played him. The grip was so strong that he thought his arm would break. The man was pulled up and pushed around and was steadily being pulled farther away from his house. The banjo picker finally managed to get away from whatever gripped him. That was the most awful experience he had ever had, but no one would believe him. How could he explain the black and blue bruises and marks on his arm? After that night the banjo picker would not drink or go back to the bridge to play his banjo. He stayed home and played for his wife.--Billy Thompson

#### THE BLURTICK DOG

One day some friends moved into a house. The old woman got sick. Walter Hill and some man went to get water for the family. On the way the other man (my uncle) saw a blurtick dog. My uncle jumped at the dog which disappeared. That night the old woman died.--Lagina Hill (told by Floyd Hill)

#### THE HOUND

There is a story about a group of men who decided to go hunting every Saturday night, all night long. One man in the group was in the habit of sleeping all day after one of these all night hunting trips. One time his wife told him that if he did not start going to work on Sunday morning instead of sleeping something bad would happen to him. He laughed at her.

One weekend the men went hunting as usual and shot two or three coons. They were starting around the fire while the dogs were hunting more coons when a dog came out of the woods. The men noticed that it was not one of their dogs. The dog seemed to watch one of the men who one who slept on Sunday mornings. The man became uneasy after a while and he threw a stick at the dog. The dog ran into the woods at the left where it disappeared only to reappear at the right. It kept doing this. The men became frightened.

At daybreak long after the dog had first appeared, the hunting party began to break up. As usual one man went home to sleep while his wife and children prepared to go to Sunday school. Sunday passed uneventfully, and on Monday morning the man went to work at the saw-mill as usual. Early in the day as he was doing his job, a large log flew off the saw and hit the saw, killing him instantly.

The men in the hunting party talked for years about their fellow hunter's death. They all agreed that the dog which had been seen on the eve of the man's death had been a vampire.  
--Jeff Gouge

#### DEATH OF THE DAVIS FAMILY

Luck Davis and his wife lived on Buck Mountain in a two story house. They had two children. One night, people say, a demon possessed Mrs. Davis. She cut up the children and put them in the fire. Her husband heard them screaming and got up and saw his wife cutting the children up. He started hitting her and she turned and stabbed him with the knife. She killed him also and cut him up and threw his body in the fire.

Now, when people build a fire in the same house, they say they hear the kids screaming as the woman cuts them up. They say that when they go to the graveyard where the woman is supposedly buried that they can hear her say "I hate these kids."--David Jones & Traci Bennett

#### EYES OF FIRE

This is a ghost story as told by my grandfather, Sam Stanley. Faw Stanley's father, Frank, drank a lot. At this particular time, he had just sobered up. He had to get up in the night to go to the toilet. When he got to the porch, the cattle were lying in the front yard. Faw Stanley noticed that there was an extra cow that did not look like his. He did not think much about it at that time so he went back to bed. This kept bearing on his mind until he got back up and drove the cattle up. The extra cow had great big fiery eyes. He tried to drive it away, but it would not leave. The moral of this story was that the Devil was going to get Faw Stanley if he did not quit his drinking. So he did not drink anymore, and he never told Max Stanley about the extra cow until they moved to another house. He likes that Max would not want to live there.--Randy Presnell

#### THE FOOTSTEPS

One dark night a man was walking home from work when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned but saw nothing. He continued to walk down the long, dark road but still heard the footsteps coming closer and closer. He turned again and saw nothing but still heard the footsteps. They were beginning to speed up their pace. He began to run faster and faster. He thought he would never get to the small, narrow bridge that stretched across the deer ditch in front of his house. When he finally reached the bridge he started to cross slowly, but he



became dizzy, too dizzy to cross the bridge. He was afraid he would fall and meet his death in the dark ditch. He turned away from the bridge and started running down toward the smaller end of the ditch where he was able to cross to his house. When the man had calmed down, he told his wife what had happened. She told him that he was working too hard and that his mind was playing tricks on him.

For three more nights, the same thing happened. The poor man thought he was going crazy. His wife and friends began making fun of him. They would say "Be careful, and don't let the ghost get you." One dark and foggy night, however, the man did not come home. A search party started looking for him, but it did not have to look far. He was found dead lying under the little narrow bridge.--Robin Gray

#### THE WARNINGS

My great-grandmother had 13 children. Four of them died after birth. Before the children died great-grandma would receive a warning. The stories of two of the warnings follow.

One night shortly after the birth of a baby boy named Allen, great-grandmother was sitting in her bedroom looking out the window. She saw a small baby coffin floating through her garden. She thought that she had imagined the coffin, but her small daughter asked her what was floating in the garden. Soon after that Allen died.

Another warning came when great-grandma was standing at the window one night. She was waiting for grandpa who usually always got home after dark. This was shortly after the birth of another baby. A face appeared at the window, and it looked just like the new baby's face only about 30 years older. The baby died a short time after the warning.--Vince & Steve

#### SARA

A long time ago there was a little girl named Sara Vance. She lived with her father. She was an only child whose mother had died of tuberculosis shortly after she was born. Sara's father was a farmer, and Sara did all the cooking and cleaning. One day Sara became very ill. It was discovered that she had tuberculosis also, and because very little was known about the treatment of tuberculosis in those days, Sara died.

Sara's father moved away after Sara died. He rented his house to Lenor Shell, his wife and his two children. One night not long after the Shells had gotten settled in the house as they were getting into bed, Lenor's wife heard something in the kitchen. Lenor got his gun and walked out to the kitchen. In the kitchen he saw a little girl. She appeared to be cooking. At first he thought that it was his daughter, but by that time the wife and children were up and were making a lot of noise. The figure turned around, looked at them, and vanished. From then on the family heard strange noises in the house. On occasions they would see a white figure in the kitchen or out in the yard playing. The Shell family moved out, and another family moved in. They stayed only a little while in the house before the land was acquired by the government. The house was torn down, and no one else has seen the little girl since.

The above is a true story. The house was located on Shell Creek, and it was my great-grandpa who first saw the little girl.--Denise Stevens

#### THE DISAPPEARING CALF

Randy Gray and her brother Ralph lived in a small cottage far back in the country. Beside their house was a hole about 10 or 12 inches wide. They had a little calf that wandered around the house all the time. One day the calf was looking in the hole at Randy and Ralph and out its head stuck. Ralph tried to pet the calf out of the hole but couldn't. He got an axe and went inside to try to break away some of the wall to get the calf loose. The axe slipped and hit the calf in the head. Blood splattered everywhere and the calf died. When Randy and Ralph went out to see where the calf's body had fallen, they could find it. They looked everywhere around the house for the calf to no avail. When they searched the fields they found the calf, but it was unharmed. They brought the calf back home, and when they reached the cottage they found no trace of the calf's blood.--Vance Hitchcock & Steve Buchanan

#### THE LEGEND OF DARK HOLLOW

People say that if you cross Dark Hollow at night a girl will jump on your car and ride through the hollow. A man and woman were on Dark Hollow on a rainy night when they heard the sound of a galloping horse. They never saw anything go by, but the woman turned to see the face of a young girl in the car window. The young girl looked as if she were fading in and out and her fingertips on the door were bloodstained. The man started the engine and drove on, but as they were passing the cemetery they saw the girl standing under a tree waving at them.

The young girl is supposed to have lived years ago. It is said that the men and boys of the community were infatuated with her beauty, and the other women became jealous. In anger the women lured the young girl to Dark Hollow and killed and buried her there. Later the women felt guilty and dug the body up and reburied it under a bridge at Cove Creek. From there they again reburied her at a hollow tree at Horseshoe turn in the State Park. An unknown man found the young girl's body when he smelled the rotting odor.--Brian Gouge

#### THE OLD SOLDIER

Evey Barnett still lives today and can still tell the story about the time she saw a soldier's ghost. One night as she was walking home from her friend's house, Evey saw something strange coming around a tree. A man in an old soldier's uniform walked up to her. His uniform was bloodstained and torn. Evey thought the man was a stranger and began a conversation. As he spoke he walked away from her. Then she realized that the man had no face. Evey became very frightened and ran home as quickly as she could. Evey ran through the woods to avoid meeting the soldier again.--Lisa Gouge

#### TEN DAYS BEFORE

Many, many years ago in a real wooded area there was a big, old, white, two-story house which could be seen for many miles over the trees. There was an old lady who lived there. One day a strange old man came through the woods and saw the house. He came to the door and knocked. The old lady answered the door. To the old man's surprise it was the old lady who had killed his only daughter many years before. The old lady ignored the old man as if he was not there and went about her business. A few moments later there was another knock at the door. It was the old man again. So the old lady closed the door once again and went into the kitchen to fix her dinner. While she was standing in her kitchen, she heard a strange noise behind her. She turned suddenly and there before her stood the old man whom she had locked out of the house. He was holding a knife in his hand. With a horrifying scream the old lady fell to the floor, the knife in her chest. The old lady died, but the towns people found out that the old man who murdered the old lady had died ten days before he actually killed her.--Tracie Boone



### THE HEADLESS GHOST'S STORY

It is told that a two story house in Crabtree was haunted. Everyone who moved into the house would not live there because they heard footsteps going up and down the stairs at night, and they couldn't sleep because of the noise. An older lady said she was going to find out what was wrong with the house. She said that she trusted in God, and she feared nothing. One night after midnight she was sitting in a rocking chair, rocking the grandbaby when she heard someone coming down the stairs into the living room. When she turned to look at the visitor, she saw that it didn't have a head. She asked the ghost what it wanted "in the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost?" It told her that long ago he was a salesman, and he had come to this house. The people who were living in the house at the time killed him, cut off his head and buried him. He told the old lady where they had buried him.

The next day the old lady led some men of the community to the place where the ghost had said the body was buried. They did not have to dig very deep to find the remains of the salesman. Since that time the house has not been haunted.--Vivian Shell & Mary Ann Greene

### THE HAUNTED BED

This is a story of what happened to my grandma, Anne Brown. She was living in Roger Palmer's house on Hampton Creek at the time of the story. My grandpa, Scott Brown, had gone to fight in World War II. He and grandma owned a bed that would start moving back and forth whenever anyone sat or lay on it. As long as someone would stay on it, the bed would move back and forth.

After my grandpa came home from the war, he and grandma sold the bed to my grandma's sister, Josie. The bed never moved back and forth again.--Lisa Brown

### THE HAUNTED GRAVE

When my grandma, Anne Brown, and her sister Jane Johnson, were little their grandmother Hughes died. They went to her funeral and on the day following the funeral the girls went to the cemetery. They were sitting in the cemetery when suddenly they heard a noise. At first they could not describe it. When they heard it again, it sounded like a moan. Someone screamed. My grandma and her sister got up and ran all the way down the hill into their house -- Lisa Brown

### THE HITCHHIKER

One rainy night on Roan Mountain, a girl about 18 years old was hitchhiking. A truck came by but the driver did not stop to give the girl a ride. Another truck came along. The road was wet, and as the truck got near the girl, it slid into her and killed her. A story is told that if you drive on the Roan at the right time you can see the dead girl's bloody figure standing beside the road. If you do not stop to pick her up, your car mysteriously runs off the road, or if it does not happen to run off the side of the road, the bloody figure will jump in front of the car. One old timer from Burbank says he has seen this scary sight! He was so frightened he quickly drove off only to have a wreck a mile later. After the wreck he thought he could hear someone laughing in the distance. Can you believe this?

### HENRY

In 1934 there lived a man named Henry. He lived on Shell Creek, and he carried a gun all the time which was probably the reason he had killed so many men. My grandpa saw Henry kill a man. It was the last man Henry killed.

Henry said the dead man and had two holes in his head. A stranger who was a friend of his Henry's, Henry's face looked as if it had been blown in pieces, but he was still holding a gun in his hand. Later it was determined that Henry was not really the man with a 12 gauge shotgun. He had died three hours after he had killed the stranger, but he believed that Henry had killed himself because the man he had killed in his throat was haunting him.

Henry had had a little workshop under a barn and a little wood shed by the side of a blacksmith. After his death every night at 12:00 o'clock if someone happened to walk by the shop, they would hear Henry hammering on metal.

### THE HAUNTED FARM

A long time ago, I guess about 60 or 70 years ago, there was an old farm on the side of a mountain. There were only a few people who lived on the farm: a woman, her husband, their little boy and a hired man. Nobody went to the farm very often because the farmer and his wife were considered to be very strange. Anyway, one day the farmer decided to slaughter a pig. He asked the hired man to help him. As the story goes, when the hired man went into the barn, the farmer had a glazed look in his eyes. They began to slaughter the pig, when suddenly the farmer turned to the hired man, picked up the axe, and killed him. Then the farmer killed his wife and small boy. He sold the human meat with the pig meat and buried the remains in the barn. Nobody questioned the absence of the people because nobody ever went to the farm, and the old man never left.

Years later, the old farmer died, and some people bought the farm at auction. After they had moved onto the farm, the people heard chopping in the barn one night. From that time the people found no one in the barn. They began to notice other strange happenings. For instance, they noticed that at slaughter time every year the barn seemed to glow with an eerie light. They felt an eerie presence everytime they entered the barn. People began the story that these were the tormented spirits of the victims and the evil presence of the farmer.--Stacey Berplef

### THE LITTLE MAN IN THE WOODS

On a mountain in North Carolina a young man named Jake was working on a logging job. One night after work he and two of his friends went into town to get some gin. Jake was feeling good when he started home alone and wandered off on the wrong road. Jake kept walking until he decided he was lost and decided to wait until daylight to find his way. A short time after he stopped, a little man with a limp approached him. The little man crawled up on the rock Jake was sitting. He began talking to Jake and finally invited him to go home with him. Jake said "Why not? I can't find my way home." They walked into the large timber together. They walked for miles and Jake became tired, cold and hungry. By and by the little man sat down on an old stump and asked Jake to have a seat. Jake sat down beside the little man and talked with him until daylight when he stood up and yawned. Jake told the little man he had to be going. The little man invited him to stay longer and told Jake that nobody ever wanted to leave that place. Jake looked around and for the first time that night noticed that human skeletons were leaning against the trees. Jake realized that the little man was also a skeleton in an old suit. Frightened, Jake started running. He realized that he had been visiting with a ghost.-- Pat Harrison

### MULE WAGON

Once upon a time during the Civil War a wagon load of silver came through this part of the country. The wagon was pulled by a mule. As the mule was going through Nathan Birchfield's and Sam McKinney's property, it fell and broke its leg. It had to be shot. When the mule was buried, the silver was buried with it because there was no way to carry it to its destination.



Since then, people have claimed to have seen a mule with no head. These people have tried to call to it, but when they did the mule would disappear. Tom Birchfield, Oscar Birchfield and Marion McKinney said they had seen the mule. They went to Sam McKinney's house, woke him up in the night, and tried to get him to go back with them to see it. One night Creed Birchfield came home and said he had seen the mule. He asked his brother, Gernie, if he had put up his horses, and his brother said "Yes." Creed said, "I saw one out." He and Gernie went out to the barn to see if the horses were in the barn. It must have been the headless mule that Creed saw because all of Gernie's horses were in the barn.--Patsy Hicks

#### A MAN WITH NO HEAD

Many years ago Samuel F. Hughes lived on Hampton Creek. He had been to Roan Mountain and was coming home about 10:00. Just above the forks of the road, a man appeared. He was dressed nicely. His shoes looked real shiny, and he wore a white shirt with a stiff collar. But he had no head! At first Samuel thought someone was trying to scare him, but the man walked on with him until he came to a pair of bars. People used bars instead of gates back then, and they were built very, very high. The man just seemed to glide over the bars and disappear. This is a true story and was told to me by my grandmother, Anne Brown, who is Samuel F. Hughes' daughter.--Lisa Brown

#### THE HYSTERIOUS MAN

One time long ago when he was little, my daddy was walking home from church. He was walking on a little path when along the stream he saw an old man walking. Daddy said the old man wasn't really walking he was sort of floating. Daddy said he ran all the way home. He told his daddy about what he saw. After he had described the man to his daddy, his father said "Son, you couldn't have seen what you say you saw. From what you have told me, it sounds like your grandpa, but you couldn't have seen him because he has been dead for 49 years!"--Missy Hill

#### LIGHTS IN THE NIGHT and THE QUILT GRABBER

One night my great-grandpa was sitting by a window. He looked out of the window and saw two big lights coming up the field. It looked like car lights but there weren't any cars then. It came half way and disappeared.

When my aunt was twelve she was staying all night with her brother at the Old Bill Watson place. She was asleep when something woke her up. The cover had fallen off of her so she pulled it back up. Something pulled it back off of her immediately. She grabbed it, but it was again pulled. She lay in her bed until daylight holding tightly to her cover. At daylight she saw that there was no one in the bedroom with her.--Karen Gouge

#### A WOMAN IN A CAPE

One afternoon when my mom was about eight years old, she was going down the railroad track to get some toys that did not belong to her. In a distance she saw the form of a woman. The form had a long cape down to her feet and a hood over her head. She seemed to be floating instead of walking. Mom could only see the cape; where the face was supposed to be there was emptiness. When mom realized it wasn't a person, she began running. She ran through a ploughed field and ruined her new shoes. When she got home, she told her family about this woman but they didn't believe her. She did, however, get a "whipping" for getting her shoes muddy.--Vivian Shell and Mary Ann Greene

#### GRANDPA'S HEADLESS MAN

The old folks of Hampton Creek tell the tale of a headless man. Supposedly, he wore a white shirt and could be seen on dark nights at a cemetery in Dark Hollow, a trail between Sugar Hollow and Hampton Creek. No one knows where or why the story originated.

One dark night when he was a young lad, my grandpa, Arthur Shell, had been counting and was riding home on his horse across Dark Hollow. He was riding alone blowing a tune on his French horn. As he approached the cemetery, he saw the headless man standing beside the Coffin Rock just at the edge of the cemetery. The horse stopped suddenly. Grandpa said that his hat went straight up off of his head, and he had to reach and put it back down on his head. He pulled out his pistol and cocked it 'till it clicked. He spoke to the headless man, but it did not answer. Grandpa moved closer and spoke again. The man still did not answer. Grandpa moved a little closer and got off of his horse. He spoke again and still did not get a reply. Grandpa picked up a rock and hurled it at the headless man who did not move. He moved closer to the apparition, his pistol still in his hand. Grandpa again spoke to the headless man. This time he told him he was going to shoot him. The headless man remained silent. Grandpa picked up a few more rocks and threw them at the silent creature. This time it moved, and Grandpa held his breath and got ready to shoot his gun. The headless man turned and ran. As it ran down the field, Grandpa saw that it was a big white-faced Hereford bull. Grandpa was so relieved and frightened that he couldn't get back on his horse and had to walk for a little distance to settle his nerves.--Todd Johnson

#### THE STALKER

In the early 1900s corn shucking was popular in North Carolina. Sometimes men would get drunk and get into fights. At one corn shucking, a man got killed. Another man, Dan, became responsible for burying him. He had a horse and aled on which he took the dead man to Shell Creek. Somewhere between Little Horse Creek and Shell Creek, something or someone began following him. It followed him to the burying site. After Dan buried the dead man, he went home. The thing continued to follow him, but he never saw what it was. Dan laid the cloth that had covered the corpse on the porch and went into the house. The cloth, of course, was stained with blood. Later, Dan heard a noise outside, and when he went to see what had made the noise, he saw a creature standing on two feet, screaming and tearing at the cloth. Dan went back into the house to get his gun, but when he returned the creature had gone.--Farrell Perkins

#### THE COW

Cindy Perry went out to milk her cow one day, and she saw that her cow was giving bad milk. People said the cow had been bewitched and they started looking for a witch bowl. When they found it, they put cow hair in it and put it behind a black stick. That didn't work. The cow's milk was still bad. Cindy then went out and milked the cow. She put the milk in a bowl and whipped it with thorns. The next day the cow looked as if it had been shipped in the face. After that the cow gave good milk.--Vince Hitechew and Steve Buchanan



#### THE DREAM

Years ago an old man and an old woman lived on the tip top of Roan Mountain. They had one grandchild who lived with them because his parents were killed in a car accident when he was three years old. The little boy grew up thinking that his grandparents were his parents. However, when he would go to his room at bedtime and finally fall asleep, he'd dream that his parents were saying to him "Son, we are your real parents. Don't you remember?" Every night the little boy would dream of his real parents. Even now that he is grown he still has the same dream--his parents voices are heard saying "Son, we are your real parents. Don't you remember?"--Tammie Shell

#### THE GUARD DOG

Back in 1800 an old man and his dog found some gold. Because he didn't believe in bank the old man took the gold to a cave located on Bear Branch Road and hid it. The old man left his large, white dog there to guard the gold.

Meanwhile, some men heard of the old man's fortune and decided to steal it. They approached the cave, and the dog attacked them to protect his master's gold. The dog was overpowered and one of the men struck him in the head with a club and killed him. So the story goes on to say that a huge rock fell over the mouth of the cave, and no one knows whether the gold was taken or not. But on certain nights a traveler on Bear Branch Road should watch for a white dog that might appear to him. He seems to be going in a circle as if he is searching for someone or something.--Todd Johnson

#### THE LIGHTS

Once upon a time there was a man who had a wife and twins. One night he awoke to a strange sight. He saw two lights on his bed--a big light and a little light. The man didn't think it was an unusual sight so he turned over and went back to sleep. In the morning when he awoke, however, he was to remember the lights because he found that his wife and one of the twins had died during the night.--Shannon Stooton

#### THE GENERAL STORE MYSTERY

There once was an old man and an old woman who owned a General Store in South, West Virginia. They had never had much use for the things that money could buy, and they never had any children. They had managed to accumulate quite a bit of wealth.

One day a young newly wed couple came into the store. They told the old couple that they were looking for a place to stay. The old man and the old woman lived above the general store and they had an extra room. They invited the newly weds to use the extra room. The newly weds never talked much about themselves, but the old couple were in the habit of not mistrusting people. One morning around 12:30 a.m. the old woman heard laughing and whispering. She awakened the old man. They both waited a minute until they heard the cash box squeak as it was being opened. The old man jumped out of bed and ran downstairs to see what was happening. Meanwhile the old woman waited and waited for her husband to return. When he did not, she went downstairs where she found that everyone had gone. She found the empty money box and a pool of blood.

The old woman never saw the newly weds or her husband again, but every night around 12:00 a.m. she would hear noises as if people were laughing and carrying on downstairs in the general store.--Angie Stout

#### THE LAST DRINK OF SPRING WATER

In 1913 great-grandpa and great-grandma lived on Shell Creek. So grandpa worked with a man named Jim. Each day as they walked home together, Grandpa and Jim would drink from a certain spring. One day as they drank, Jim told Grandpa that he (Jim) was going to die soon. So grandpa argued with him by saying "No you aren't." The following day Jim and Grandpa stopped at the spring as usual, and Jim said "This is my last drink." Grandpa said "No, it isn't." The next day Jim was sick. That night something began screaming behind Grandpa's house and didn't stop screaming until it got to a certain place in the graveyard near Grandpa's house. The next morning Jim was dead. He was buried in that spot in the graveyard where the screamer had stopped. From that day on until her death, Jim's wife would go to Jim's grave every night and scream as loud as she could.

#### BIG SCARE AND LITTLE SCARE

There once was a man who had a son and a monkey. The son liked to stay out late. The man told his son about a place where he had seen a ghost with no head. The boy wasn't afraid so the man thought up a plan to scare him. The man went to an old house next to the road with the monkey trailing along behind him. The man put a sheet over his head and climbed up on one end of the house. The monkey saw the man do this and copied him. He put a sheet over his head also and climbed up on the other end of the house. As the boy came along, the man looked down the road and saw the monkey. He became frightened and jumped down off the house. He started running down the road with the monkey following behind him.

The boy saw all this and yelled, "Big Scare better run or Little Scare is catchin' to get 'im."

#### THE DEATH OF A GIRL

Once there was a girl who lived with her grandmother. They lived in a town below Raleigh, North Carolina, around Hocksville. One night the girl was going to a dance in Raleigh. It was a rainy, gloomy night. As her boyfriend was taking her home from the dance, he had a wreck, and the girl was killed.

Years later on another rainy, gloomy day, an old man was going down the same road that the young couple had wrecked on. He saw someone thumping and stopped his car. The hitchhiker was a girl. She told the old man where she lived, and he drove her home following her directions. As he drove up to the house, there was an old woman standing on the porch. The man turned to talk to the girl, and she was no longer in the car. He was alone. The man went into the house with the old woman and talked with her. She told him that this was not the first time this had happened. When the old man got back into his car to continue his journey, he noticed that the car seat was still wet where the girl had been sitting.

This story is supposed to be an actual happening.



#### THE HUNTY HUNTER

Long ago there was a bounty hunter whose name was Ben Clayton. He lived in what is now called Hampton. Ben was riding to Cove Creek which is located above Bean Mountain looking for a man named Bill Shuck. Bill was a moonshiner and a hired killer. Ben was after him for the murder of a banker named Joe Shills. The story takes place in the woods behind where my house now stands. Bill had a still set up in the woods next to an old house in which he slept at night. Ben had managed to track Bill to the still, but Bill had found out about it and lay in waiting for Ben. When Ben got to the still Bill shot at him and nicked him in the head. Ben managed to shoot Bill in the chest. Bill was able to run a short distance before he fell. As he fell, Bill shot once again. His aim was good and he hit Ben in the chest. Ben shot Bill again--this time hitting Bill in the stomach. When the dead men were found, there were two bullets missing from Ben's gun but there were three lodged in Bill's body. No one has been able to figure out where the third bullet came from.--Larry Roberts

#### THE BLACK PANTHER

When I was little, my Grandpa told me this true story. About a mile from his house there was a black panther which lived in the woods. The panther had silver eyes and everytime someone walked in the woods he would turn into a beautiful deer and lure the intruders into his cave where he would kill them and eat their soul. My Grandpa said that one day he wandered into the cave and saw hundreds of skeletons. He ran home as fast as he could and never returned to the cave. People kept disappearing around those woods. If you see a black panther with bright silver eyes or a beautiful deer, then run for your life or you might be the next person to disappear.--Rachel Shell

#### THE CASKET

Long ago there was a man from North Carolina who was visiting in Tennessee. He had stayed all day, and it was midnight when he decided to return home. He thought he would be fairly safe because there was a full moon. He got on his horse and started across the mountain. As he was passing by a graveyard his horse stopped suddenly. There in the path was a casket. The man couldn't figure out how the casket had gotten there. He opened it and found that it was empty. He got back on his horse and continued his trip home. When he arrived home he found his wife had died. He guessed that she had died about the time he had seen the casket in the path.--Shannon Stocton

#### THE BREAKING GLASS

One time when my grandparents lived in North Carolina there was a house across from their house. It was an old, spooky house with blood on one of the bedroom walls where someone had been killed in earlier years. Many times my grandparents would hear a noise as if glass were breaking. They would go across to investigate but never found anything broken. People who lived in the house said they could hear glass breaking all the time. The house was finally destroyed by fire.--Shannon Stocton

#### THE CREATURE IN THE SWAMP

One time I and my friend were walking home from a party. We were walking down the road when my friend said "let's take a short cut through the swamp." I told him that I heard that the swamp was haunted by a creature that would tear people apart. My friend laughed at the story and said it was a lie. We were halfway home in the swamp when we heard something behind

us. We turned around and there we saw a creature. We started running, but he stayed right behind us. We finally saw a light ahead and realized that it was a light from my house. We kept running until we got to the doorstep where we stopped and looked behind us. The creature was gone. I will never forget that night.--Robby Orr

#### THE DEADLY DARE

It was a dark night, and an old man was going down the stairs of his house. He fell suddenly and hit his head on an old marble statue. The old man died and two days later was being buried. Everyone in town seemed to be at the funeral even though it was a cold and rainy day. The children in the town thought the old man had been the meanest man who had ever lived. Two of the boys were at the funeral. One of the boys began to laugh and the other asked him what was so funny. "The old crazy hat has just died and now we don't have to worry about him trying to kill all of us kids!" The other boy replied "He wasn't all that bad, and he didn't kill children!" After arguing about the man's character the boys decided to visit the grave that night and the following night. On the first night one of the boys was to go and stick his knife in the grave. The following night the other boy was to go to see if the knife was still there. That night the first boy went to the grave and stuck the knife in the grave, but when he tried to get up he couldn't move. The next night the boy's friend came to the grave to get the knife, but when he got there he stared in horror. There he found his friend dead. The boy had died of fright when he had stuck the knife in his own coat pinning himself to the ground. He thought something had grabbed him!--Brian McManhan

#### DARK HOLLOW

Once upon a time there was this wicked woman. She was running around with all the other women's husbands. People say the woman had a baby which she did not want so she drowned it in a small creek in the woods. When the women of Dark Hollow heard this they were furious. They determined to take care of that woman. The woman heard the other women were after her, so she hid in the woods because she thought it was safe there. The women found her, however, and they tarred and feathered her and then they cut off her head. To this day people say they can be in Dark Hollow late at night and hear the woman scream as she is being tarred and feathered. They say they can hear the other women laughing as they torture the woman.

Some of my friends were curious about this legend so we decided to camp out in Dark Hollow. At exactly 12:00 o'clock we heard screams and laughter.

Someone else once told me that his brother was going across Dark Hollow one morning about 3:00 a.m. when he saw the wicked woman. He said when the headlights of his car shined on her, the woman disappeared over the bank. He stopped the car and got out to look over the bank. He felt she was watching him from behind a tree.--Bryan Edwards

#### THE BOY WHO KNEW EVERYTHING

In 1900 there lived a boy who thought he knew everything. Because of his attitude he had some enemies. In particular there was a group of cruel men who decided to kill the boy. The boy went to night school, and on his way home one night the men grabbed him. They dragged him to their shack where they beat him up. They cut him up with a knife and fed him to the dogs. A month later his mother found a skeleton, but she didn't know it was her son until one of the killers told her. That man still lives today, but he is insane. He says that the boy haunts him once a year. The man is 84 years old and has long since confessed to helping kill the boy.--Mark Stevens



#### UNCLE BOB'S MEETING WITH THE DEVIL

This is a ghost story as told to me by my grandmother, Pearl Stanless:

Pearl's Uncle Bob was very stingy and did not want to share food or anything else. One night he went to a neighbor's house. The lady told him she had just been to his home and borrowed a cup of coffee. She told him she would get it back as soon as possible. As he was on his way home, he kept thinking about what he would say to Kate, his wife, when he got home. He was going to raise the roof! Kate would never loan anything again. Uncle Bob had to cross a fence on his way home. In those days steps were built on either side of a fence to make it easier to cross. Just as Uncle Bob got to the top of the fence, something started shaking the steps. Uncle Bob looked around and there behind him was something that looked like a big dog, except that it had eyes that looked like fire and wore as big as saucers. He thought to himself "This is the Devil!" Uncle Bob started to run on the path that led home. The path had become covered with weeds and briars and in places was very narrow, but the Devil ran beside Uncle Bob always watching him with those fiery eyes. When the path became too narrow the Devil ran behind Uncle Bob. Uncle Bob finally came to a footlog. When he had gotten half way across the footlog the Devil began shaking it trying to make Uncle Bob fall into the deep, rolling water below. Uncle Bob finally got across the footlog and ran as fast as he could. He kept wondering if he would be able to get into the house without letting the Devil in also. He decided he would jump inside quickly and lock the Devil out, but when he finally reached the house the Devil jumped in before him. The Devil went in and sat down between Uncle Bob and Aunt Kate and just glared from one to the other. The Devil kept this up until Uncle Bob went outside to the toilet. The Devil when Uncle Bob opened the door and never returned. Uncle Bob never cursed again from that day on.

#### THE THING ON SHELL CREEK

Around 1920 there was a place on Shell Creek that people were afraid to go near. A man named John decided to go to the hollow everyone feared. While there something came to him and whispered "Come with me." John said "No!" and ran all the way home. The next day John told a man named Paul what had happened. Paul went into the hollow, and the thing came to him also and said "Come with me." It grabbed Paul's arm and took him to a dark place in the woods. Paul said that its hand was cold. The thing told him to dig. Paul began to dig but was unable to dig very deep so he left for home. The next morning he and some other men returned to the site and began to dig. They worked until they dug up a man's skeleton which had a knife stuck in the chest. The thing was never seen on the hollow after the skeleton was found.--Farrell Perkins

#### THE TALE OF R. E. YATES

The story began on a dark night on Buck Mountain. There once lived a man named R. E. Yates. He was walking home one night, and he had had a little bit too much to drink. As he walked by the Old Elk Road, R. E. saw some men he thought were his buddies. However, when they saw him they began to beat him. A neighbor heard R. E. yell, but because R. E. had a reputation as a drunk, the neighbor ignored the noise. The men continued to beat R. E.; they tore off his clothes, and cut deep gashes in his feet. They dragged his unconscious body to a deep pit in the woods and threw him in. A search party found R. E.'s body the next day in the pit. Now the story says that R. E. haunts the woods of Buck Mountain looking for the men who killed him.--Bryan Edwards

#### THE NO-HEAD

One day my great grandpa went into Elizabethton to get some feed for his livestock. While he was there he got drunk and missed the train back to Roan Mountain. He began walking home. As he was walking up the railroad tracks a man appeared beside him. The man had no head.

great grandpa got to the track and began to run. The faster great grandpa ran the faster the no-head came near. At last, the faster great grandpa got back on the railroad tracks and missed his walk home. The faster he walked the faster his companion walked. "Well," my great grandpa always complained "I can't beat you, I can't beat you." As great grandpa finished walking to the location where it appeared, the no-head was still appearing. The no-head was

#### A GHOST TALE

Long ago there was a three story house on a large farm. The house was surrounded by woods and acres of tall dirt piles and cleared fields. There were also old gray stone structures here and there. It is said that every night people would hear the sound of an old casket being hobbled up the stairs of the house to the attic. Several generations of families could try to find the source of the noise but never could. Another tale about the farm said that as people walked across the land at noon near a small branch they could see a small boy appear and walk ahead of them never looking back or acknowledging their presence in any way. The boy could walk to a tall fence, climb to the top, cross one leg over and vanish completely. If you ever knew who the little boy was. One lady saw the child as she and her husband were out walking. She tried real hard to get her husband to see the child, but he never did.

The old farm where have been the breeding place of strange sounds and shadows. People have said that they have seen shadows of terribly crippled or disfigured people and others. One apparition which has been seen by many different people is that of a funeral procession, a group of ten or fifteen people with a hope coffin of raw unfinished planks. When the procession comes to a certain place it vanishes. The corpse is of a high black lady.

Other strange stories include the one about the beautiful lady with the water-tight bath. She appears holding a small baby, and then all at once she starts wailing and filling her arms and screams loudly and pleadingly.

As a result of all the stories, a group of scientists investigated the house and surrounding area in 1914. In one of the places they found the remains of a baby which they guessed to be about four months old. Its body was found in a small pool of water, and it had several sticks stuck in the soft part of its head. The infant's body is said to have been petrified by the chemicals in the water.

There have been other stories, too numerous to mention. One in particular is the appearance of a man's torso from the waist down wearing riding pants and boots. Other people have heard the sound of chains being dragged over rocks. Some of these stories are true, and some I'm sure are fantasies or imaginations. Some of these stories are part of unsolved police cases.--Melissa Birchfield (told by Edith McElhan)

