

Tornado Leads to Exciting Halloween

by Laura Workman

Peggy didn't really believe in the supernatural. She discounted all the stories about Salem ghosts, and there were a lot of tales being told, as it was the week before Halloween. Peggy laughed at the thought of someone getting scared from noises in the attic. Being the logical sort, she dismissed the noises as shifting furniture or squirrels. Peggy saw the girls who believed the stories of ghosts as weak-minded and superstitious. Then one night, Peggy seriously reevaluated her opinion.

Working hard on the Halloween Party for the town orphanage, Peggy was trying to balance her time with the overload of classes she was taking. Needless to say, she was stressed out and her nerves were on edge; therefore so tonight she thought she would go to

bed early and catch up on her sleep. She was sadly mistaken. After two hours of tossing and turning she finally drifted off. Then the nightmare started. Peggy saw herself walking through God's Acre, trying to catch her breath from a grueling jog. She thought she heard voices but she was breathing so hard she couldn't tell. As she turned down another path, out of the corner of her eye she saw five figures by a huge hole in the ground. She wanted to turn the other way, but she felt herself walking towards them. As their pasty white faces and decrepit bodies came into focus, Peggy fought to turn away, but she felt as though she was powerless. Like a magnet being drawn, she came closer and realized exactly where she was. These were the graves that were uprooted by the tornado last spring! Oh God, help me. The figure on the end spoke. "Please help us. Our domain has been shattered, our resting place destroyed. We are lost souls wandering." The apparition reached to touch her hand and the cold clammy feeling like a damp towel being wrapped tightly round her brought her back to the brink of consciousness. Her nightgown was soaked with sweat and her body shook uncontrollably. She didn't attempt to sleep again.

The next day was unbearable. Her eyes were swollen and her nerves were on edge. So much so that even a knock on her door almost reduced her to tears. What troubled Peggy the most was the fact that her hand was sore - the hand the ghost held. Peggy fought sleep the best she could that night but finally dozed off around 11 p.m. That was a mistake she'd seriously regret.

Her mind placed herself in Main Hall, reorganizing her notes after class on a gloomy, rainy day. She started out the door when the vision of the previous night reappeared in the threshold. "Why did you go?" he asked; "Won't you help?" Peggy found herself saying, "No, go away." The ghost turned Peggy towards the windows that framed the pouring rain falling on Salem square. "Look outside" the apparition spoke. "These are our tears. Lost souls weeping. You must help us." Peggy asked, "Why me?" The ghost replied "Only your strength can lead us back. We need some one strong;" Again Peggy protested. The ghosts face grew dark as he spoke; "If you do not help us, we cannot take responsibility for the consequences." Just then the bell from the church tower began to ring, echoing like thunder. "Time is running out," he said. Peggy looked once more to the

window and saw the rain turn color - to red. Blood red staining the grass, and the buildings, soaking into the stones and wood. "The life is being drained from our souls." His voice quivered. "You must..." the tolls of the bell grew so loud that Peggy crumpled over on the floor clutching her ears. The next thing she knew, she was in her own bed, shaken from her dream by the church bell counting twelve.

The nightmares continued and Peggy tried hard to keep herself on track. Halloween was tomorrow and she had a lot to do. So she tried to focus on the orphans and the costume party.

The nightmare that evening was the worse yet. Peggy was walking across campus when a tourist asked her "Is this where the witches were burned?" Peggy laughed and started to explain that was in Massachusetts when she realized who the man really was. "Yes, it's me," the ghost laughed. "And I hear there's a witch burning to day!" His deep laugh weighed down the air so much that Peggy felt she was being suffocated. Then she realized why it was so hard to breathe. She was tied to a stake in Salem square with flames licking up at her, tasting her flesh. She ghosts stood around her chanting "Burn, burn, burn." Peggy tried to wrestle free of the ropes that tied her to the stake as she cried.

Suddenly she heard Kathy's voice say, "It's alright" and Peggy was back in her room. "It's o.k. Peggy - gosh I heard you crying from my room and I came in here and you were thrashing around in your bed like a fish out of water." Peggy started to explain as she looked down at her wrists where she was tied and she felt her heart skip a beat. There were rope burns encircling her wrists.

The next day was Halloween. Peggy was a wreck, and she felt as though she had lost control of her life. But she tried hard to smile at the Halloween party for the kids. The party was a success, and the orphanage gave her a dozen white roses as a token of their appreciation. After everyone had left, Peggy decided she was losing her mind. For six nights now she had nightmares that got progressively worse. Peggy picked up her roses and walked outside, going wherever her feet took her. As she got closer to God's Acre, she didn't care what happened, she just wanted it all to be over. She mindlessly walked through Old Salem as though she herself had become a ghost, a mere vision of what she had been. The full

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The Ghosts That Haunt Salem

by Caroline Horlbeck

Remember sitting huddled in your bed near Halloween with every muscle ready to spring in case a pumpkin or some other specter pounced on you? Well, that was long ago. Now that you're in college, you are too old to be scared anymore! All those creaks and moans that you have been hearing under your bed lately are probably just the people on the lower floor. You hope. But be forewarned, for there may be far more living in your dorm than you know.

Many strange occurrences happen in Clewell and the dorm is apparently haunted yearly, around Halloween, by a young lady with blond hair. She gave Kara Hayes "the big heebie jeebs" during her very first year at Salem. One evening, Kara was visiting a friend on another floor and came back late to her room only to find a girl with blond hair and a blue blanket sleeping in her bed. My comforter was pushed all the way to the foot of the bed and my pillow was on the floor," said Kara. Thinking that her roommate, Heather, had asked one of her friends to stay without asking, Kara grabbed her pillow and stomped to a friend's room to sleep. Still in a huff the next morning, Kara refused to talk to her roommate. Confused, Heather, Kara's roommate asked her what was wrong and was shocked to hear that someone had been sleeping in Kara's bed. She swore to Kara that she had not had anyone over. The only other person in the room was Julie, a friend of Heather's, and she was sleeping in the bean bag. Julie also saw no one in Kara's bed and even woke several times during the night to wonder where Kara was. To this day, though her friends think no one was in the bed, Kara swears that "someone was in my bed." She also thinks that the ghost usually visits a freshman room with a blonde and a brunette. Though Kara does not fit this description, her roommate had blond hair and Julie, who slept there often, was a brunette. Perhaps Julie's presence confused the ghost into thinking that she was Heather's roommate.

I asked Michelle Duffie whose ghost was wandering Clewell's halls, and she told me that she thought it was the ghost of Nancy Caroline Hayes, a girl who committed suicide in Clewell's attic. Her memorial is under the tree on the right side of Clewell dorm.

Sisters is another dorm that shelters a host of spooks. Many alumni have thought they had seen a roommate late at night, but once together found that it was noone, but simply a ghost. Apparently, the ghost is named Patsy and committed suicide in Sister's attic. According to Katherine Livermon, in one instance whistling to "Rock A Bye Baby" was mysteriously heard one night. The TV was on and when it was turned down, the whistling became even louder. She did not hear anyone outside and one of her roommates, Jenny Savage, also heard the same whistling. Another instance happened when Kristin Johnson was in her room and heard noise coming from the bathroom. She went and looked and saw nothing, so she closed her door. All of a sudden, the door swung opened and stopped dead.

Many other unexplainable things happen in Sisters. As if by magic, radios turn on and off by themselves. Window shades have been known to fly up and roll around and around. Music is heard playing from rooms with no one in them. Footsteps are sometimes heard with no one around. There are also reports of strange noises coming from the attic in the middle of the night. It supposedly sounds like someone walking around. There have also been reports of toilets flushing by themselves. Fortunately, I have heard nothing about Gramley, Babcock, or South dorms, so those of us who break out the smelling salts at the mere thought of a ghost will at least be safe there.

So, this Halloween, if you happen to find a girl with blond hair and a blue blanket in your bed, don't be alarmed; it's just Nancy or Patsy making her yearly visit. And that icy hand you felt traveling slowly down your back that night you stayed up late writing your paper.....well, maybe it was the radiator.

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