

7-1-2012

Ghosts Among the Kudzu

Melissa Davis
Kennesaw State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/etd>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Davis, Melissa, "Ghosts Among the Kudzu" (2012). *Dissertations, Theses and Capstone Projects*. Paper 514.

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dissertations, Theses and Capstone Projects by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Kennesaw State University.

Ghosts Among the Kudzu

By

Melissa Davis

A capstone project submitted in partial fulfillment of the

Requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Professional Writing in the Department of
English

In the College of Humanities and Social Sciences of Kennesaw State University

Kennesaw, Georgia

2012

College of Humanities & Social Sciences
Kennesaw State University
Kennesaw, Georgia
Certificate of Approval

This is to certify that the Capstone Project of

Melissa Davis

Has been approved by the committee
for the capstone requirement for

the Master of Arts in Professional Writing
in the Department of English

July 2012

At the (month and year) graduation

Capstone committee:

Elizabeth A. Giddens
Member

Anne Michelle
Member

Melissa Davis

Ghosts Among the Kudzu Website

Contents

1. The Path to My Capstone Introduction Essay
2. Theoretical Analysis of my Capstone Project
3. Website Pages
 - a. Ghosts, ghouls, and things that go bump in the night
 - b. Why are we so fascinated with these apparitions? Article
 - c. North Georgia Ghosts by County
 - I. Bartow County
 - a. Barnsley Gardens' Ghosts Article
 - II. Carroll County
 - III. Catoosa County
 - IV. Cherokee County
 - a. New Hightower Baptist Church Article
 - V. Clark County
 - a. Town and Gown: Ghosts of Athens and the University of Georgia Article
 - VI. Cobb County
 - a. 3 Bears Café Article
 - b. Kennesaw House Article
 - c. Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield Article
 - d. Kolb Ridge Tatum House Article
 - e. Marietta Square Article
 - f. MacKracken's Article
 - VII. Coweta County
 - VIII. Dawson County
 - IX. Dekalb County

- X. Douglas County
- XI. Fannin County
- XII. Fayette County
- XIII. Floyd County
 - a. The Green Lady of Berry College Article
- XIV. Forsyth County
- XV. Franklin County
- XVI. Fulton County
 - a. Roll Call at Oakland Cemetery Article
 - b. Runaway Bride Article
 - c. Spirits Star at the Shakespeare Tavern Article
 - d. The Ghost Warning at Masquerade Article
 - e. Transporting Ghosts at Anthony's Article
- XVII. Gilmer County
- XVIII. Gwinnett County
- XIX. Habersham County
- XX. Hall County
- XXI. Heard County
- XXII. Henry County
- XXIII. Lumpkin County
 - a. Bethy's Ghost at the Hall Building Article
 - b. Criminals at Corkscrew Café Article
 - c. Dahlonega Gold Museum Article
 - d. Doing time at the Oyster Bar Article
 - e. Haunted House for sale Article
- XXIV. Morgan County
- XXV. Pickens County
- XXVI. Polk County
- XXVII. Spaulding County
- XXVIII. Towns County
- XXIX. Union County
- XXX. Walker County

XXXI. Whitfield County

XXXII. Article Works Cited Page

- d. Why are we so fascinated with the paranormal? Article
 - e. How long have we been hunting? Article
 - f. How do you hunt for ghosts? Article
 - g. What are the tools of the trade? Article
 - h. Links to Paranormal Hunting Groups
 - i. Discussion Forum
 - j. How do you choose the right ghost tour? Article
 - k. Links to Local Ghost Tours
 - l. Fiction
 - I. Sarah's Ghosts Excerpt
 - II. Ghost Hunters, Inc. Excerpt
 - III. The Gate House
 - m. Young Adult Book Reviews
 - n. Non-Fiction Book Reviews
4. Resume

**Ghosts among the Kudzu: Georgia Ghosts
and Legends
A MAPW Capstone Project**

**Melissa Davis
2012**

The Path to My Capstone

My mother read to me as a child. I have always found comfort and solace in the written word. My childhood was an average one. While we were not abundantly wealthy, my parents and I were happy. I was surrounded by family and friends and knew my place in the world. I found books to be the gateway to worlds and new friends (Winnie the Pooh, Laura Ingalls, Raggedy Ann and Andy) I did not have in my reality. Being an only child and having to constantly entertain myself led me to develop a large imagination. I have always had stories running around in my head.

During my teenage years, my life was far from perfect. There was a move to the other side of the state, financial hardships, and a completely different feel to our family unit. There was anger and frustration. Again the stories interceded and helped me stay afloat. I turned to more sinister stories however; Greek myths and Stephen King filled my bookshelf along with a healthy dose of the *Young Love from Silhouette* series. It was during this time that I truly began to create worlds of my own.

I floundered in college, unsure of which direction my life should or would take. I vacillated between science and literature classes, but finally settled on a degree in English literature, and I continued to write. I developed a love of classic literature – Shakespeare, Hemmingway, the Bronte sisters, Tolkien, and Dickens joined the books on my shelves. When I graduated, I found myself to be well-read, but with very little job prospects or any idea of what to do next. I was still writing, but like my life, it was

wavering too. My stories had little focus, and I found I had great beginnings but the story lines never went anywhere.

I wanted to work in “the book business” so I found myself working for Barnes and Noble opening a new store. I can still remember the first day we began stocking shelves for the store opening. I was surrounded by boxes and boxes of these tomes of various authors. There were booksellers in every area except the children’s department. It stood empty except for the books and sparkling new shelves. I wandered back there, opened a few boxes and rediscovered some old friends. I began to work. No one joined me, and I found I liked it. I had already staked my claim. This was my area, my department. I worked for days back in the children’s section developing my own system and laying out the areas according to my ideas. After a few days, the store manager approached me and asked if I would manage the department. I realized that I had been the only bookseller brave enough to venture back to this department. Children’s books were apparently intimidating. It was a strange concept to me. I understood the different categories and loved the variety of formats and topics. I felt comforted and was for the first time in a while, at home again. I eagerly accepted the job.

I relished this new-found direction. I loved children’s books. I loved the feel, the smell, and the bright souls these books had. They were the beginning; these books were a reader’s gateway drug to a life-long love of reading. As I rediscovered old friends from my childhood and found new ones, I realized that here was my direction. I wanted to write these books. I wanted to see my name on the picture book wall. I wanted to walk down the young reader’s section and see my name on a series. I wanted to be a children’s author, but that wasn’t all.

In managing the children’s department, I worked hand in hand with the public

relations person at our store. She let me control the children's events, help schedule the author signings, and completely develop Storytime, where we showcased different authors, topics, or characters twice a week. Storytime also include monthly "story character" visits and celebration parties with book signings.

This public relations job was almost as fascinating to me as becoming a writer was. I enjoyed the organization and developing the events, as well as, the creative ideas behind drawing customers in and developing a following for our weekly Storytime. I came to understand that my direction was two-fold. I wanted to write, yes, but I also wanted to plan. I wanted to have a hand in developing a company's relationship with the public.

After four years in the children's department, I moved into the position of community relations manager. I was able to begin using my talent for writing to promote authors, store events, and children's activities. I was also able to improve customer relations and encourage more consumer sales through the numerous flyers, calendars, mail-outs, and signage I created. I stayed there for another three years.

When the book business began to change, I did too. I found I wanted to teach writing. I wanted to inspire others to become writers. I got my teaching certificate and began teaching language arts in middle school. I carried over that love of promoting and organizing into my teaching position. I created new and improved programs like our celebration to reward the students who met and exceeded the 25 Book Campaign Georgia Standard, which requires all students to read a minimum of 25 books in a school year. I also created a brochure for our media center to encourage and help students become familiar with the layout and various opportunities and activities available to them. I constantly used my gift of words to create engaging lesson plans,

department activities, as well as grade-level informational and promotional materials to send to parents.

After eight years of teaching I decided to pursue my master's degree. Since my bachelor's degree was not in education, I decided to get my master's degree in writing. I wanted to write and explore other opportunities for writers. I chose the Kennesaw State University Master's in Professional Writing program. With a major in Applied Writing, I would be able to fulfill my goal of writing promotional material for a public relations company or a non-profit organization. With a minor in Creative Writing, I would be able to fulfill my desire to write and publish children's and teen fiction to encourage and promote higher order thinking skills and imagination. Working at Barnes and Noble gave me the opportunity to discern what children like to read, and teaching students in middle school gives me the same chance to observe firsthand what older students enjoy reading.

Through the MAPW program I re-learned that creating with words whether it was for entertainment, promotion, or completion of an assignment had always been something I enjoyed. Words give me the ability to transform something simple into something amazing. Words are powerful, and I want to create with them.

I entered the program full of excitement and anticipation. Questions ran through my mind. What if my writing was not as good as I believe? What if I could not manage the program and my real job? What if I found that all I had were good beginnings and could never end a story? What would happen if I could not find a job after? I decided I could "what if" myself to death, so I took the plunge and registered for my first class.

My first course, Issues in Research, provided me with a foundation. Dr. Elledge was full of knowledge and suggestions. He presented us with a solid idea of the program

and the publishing world in general. He brought in speakers and published authors to impart firsthand accounts, other than his own, of the publishing world. One of the speakers was a former MAPW student who now ran her own website design company. I was immediately fascinated. The creative outlet that web design would provide as well as the foundation for a reliable source of income was intriguing to me. I began to think that web design could be my focus and my creative writing could be completed as a secondary goal. I immediately scoured the program for other technical classes in web design.

Dr. Elledge also gave us some valuable advice. In his explanation of the Capstone project, he suggested that we decide early what our capstone would be and then utilize every class, every opportunity, to make each project fit into our capstone somehow. I decided to try and follow this advice.

My first project was a non-fiction book proposal. I chose to write about ghost hunting. Since I wanted to write a young adult series on a group of ghost hunters, this choice seemed logical to help with the research for my novel. I wrote my book proposal and found myself intrigued with the history, technology, and equipment involved. I thought that, maybe I would do my capstone on ghost hunting.

Still unsure, I found myself in the next class writing about ghosts again. In technical writing with Dr. Anne Richards, I composed an article on ghost hunting for teenagers. I approached the article from a fun, yet informative perspective. I included research I had used in the book proposal, but tried to use language that would appeal to teens. This article received great feedback in our workshops, and the advice I received was not only encouraging, but helped me immensely.

In fiction writing with Professor Tony Grooms, I wrote a short story about

Heaven and Hell. In the workshop, my story was met with some resistance. Many of my peers felt that it included too many characters and seemed scattered in the plot. Agreeing, I went back to the drawing board and revised. I found that it really was not a story about Heaven and Hell; it was about ghosts – again. This time in workshop, my story was well received.

In the next few classes, I found myself not working with ghosts but laying the ground work for my capstone. I worked in the digital media of web and document design with Dr. Richards. Both classes afforded me the opportunity to explore various ways to share my writing and research with others on the web.

Through the web design class, I was able to develop my very first website, one for my father's company. His company, Wayne Davis, LLC provides auditing and money management solutions for credit unions. When I began the assignment I experimented with Dreamweaver, but due to time constraints I ultimately used weebly.com – a free website design program. Before this class, my design experience had been with blogs or teaching related. This project afforded me the opportunity to work in a creative vein with a professional slant. Dr. Richard's showed us that web design was much more than words on a page, but that designers take into consideration layout, color scheme, and compatibility to different users' needs and computer systems. Web design is not a puzzle you quickly put together and then leave alone, but a constantly changing and evolving live visual to the business, person, or topic the web site covers.

During the document design class, I worked together with two other students to re-create a new version of a classic book. Our group chose *Peter Pan* by J. M. Barrie. Using Indesign and Photoshop we redesigned the cover and inside text to fit our vision of the classic. I was enthralled. I love the creativity of designing the document. For the

last eight years I had been the designer for our middle school's yearbook, but designing a text from scratch was on a whole different level. I found myself thinking of all the other classic books I could re-design. Throughout the class we were also able to create a Kennesaw State University publishing company, Paper and Pixel Publishers, and ultimately have our books published through Amazon's CreateSpace.

At the end of the semester, I came to the conclusion that my capstone would be an interactive website on ghost hunting for teenagers and that it would have a variety of elements. I would be able to pull from projects within each of my classes. My website would include a focus on local areas with sightings, stories, and legends, links to additional sites with information, a list of ghost tours, the history of ghost hunting, tools and tips of ghost hunting, book reviews of (fiction) YA books dealing with ghosts, various short stories I had written dealing with the supernatural, and excerpts from my YA fiction series. With the decision made, I began to work.

In my second year in the program, I found myself writing reviews and grant proposals with Dr. Beth Giddens, and fiction and columns with Professor Melanie Sumner. All of these classes provided more of a foundation in my journey to become a technical writer.

Dr. Giddens's review writing class provided me with another outlet for my writing abilities, one that has actually earned me recognition as a writer. I chose to review books that again had a ghost theme thinking that these would and could possibly add to my capstone project.

Because of my "day job", I tend to read a great deal of young adult fiction. This opened the opportunity to begin writing reviews for the books I read. I began a blog with these reviews and was contacted by a few children's publishers to read books and

write reviews for them. I have continued to hone these skills and write reviews for both publishers, having a few of the reviews linked to the authors' and publishers' websites.

Grant writing with Dr. Giddens also taught me a great deal -- primarily that grant writing is not for me. I am not a precise enough writer to make a living at grant writing. The details and length to which proposal writers must go to describe and compose a grant is beyond my inclination or patience. Learning that there was a type of writing that was not suited to my style was also edifying. As a writer, I have benefited from learning both my abilities and my limitations. Writers do not have to be all-purpose writers.

In column writing with Professor Sumner, I was also exposed to another outlet for my writing. Columns afford the writer an ability to write quick and short, sometimes money-making pieces. We explored two former MAPW students' success with column writing and composed a variety of columns in class. My columns were again about ghosts and geared towards teens. I was able to see the skills I had honed and sharpened since writing the first technical article in Dr. Richard's class.

In my final class in the program, advanced fiction writing with Professor Sumner, I chose to focus on a novel idea concerning a young woman who sees ghosts. The story was one I have had floating around in my head for a number of months, and the details were finally able to be fleshed out for this class. Again, the workshops and class discussions provided a steady stream of quality suggestions and ideas to make my writing better.

Throughout the journey that led to my capstone and ultimately the completion of my Master's degree, I have grown. I have developed as a writer, student, and individual. The workshops in which I have participated have helped me expand my skills and my

intellect. I found that no matter how well I know and trust my colleagues, hearing my manuscript dissected and recommendations given is a difficult thing. As writers, the stories and characters we create become a part of us. We develop connections with the characters and events, and listening to anyone tell you that it is good or it is not so good can be an emotional experience. Workshops are beneficial, and I feel that of all that I have learned within the program, being able to accept constructive criticism has been a valuable lesson.

The program has also provided me with a solid foundation in technical writing. I feel that there are so many opportunities available to me with the knowledge I have acquired. I created a book proposal. I have designed websites and books. I have written and published reviews for books and movies. I have composed columns concerning a variety of topics. I have created a number of different grant proposals.

Through Kennesaw State's MAPW program I have been given a number of learning opportunities. I have experienced and developed a wide variety of skills in both technical and creative writing. The professors and students I have encountered along the way are also an important part of this program. A few of these talented individuals have become my sounding board, writing coaches, readers, and ultimately my friends. Without their influence, guidance, and encouragement much of my new-found writing knowledge, growth, and experience would not have been accomplished. After all, no one understands the idiosyncrasies of a writer like another writer.

Theoretical Analysis of my Capstone Project

By Melissa Davis

When I began my capstone project, *Ghosts Among the Kudzu* a web site for young adults and teens on ghost legends and ghost hunting, there were a number of decisions to make. I determined that this web site project consisted of four main components – audience, web content and development, web design, and identity building. Audience refers to the designated age group the web site is geared to and how to make sure the web site accommodates the age differences. Web content development refers to planning and writing the site content. Web design refers to applying technology to develop the final product, and identity building refers to ensuring web site traffic and visibility on the web.

Goal of Web site

The primary goal of my web site is to provide simple, realistic, and accurate information for young adults to follow and become ghost hunters. The site will provide up-to-date information, tips and tools needed, and information about public areas where these ghost hunts can legally take place.

The secondary goal of the web site is to provide a showcase of my design abilities and writing styles. The web site includes examples of my creative fiction and technical articles I have written on the subject.

In determining these goals, I spent some time researching the web to determine the nature of ghost hunting sites in general and how many, if any, web

sites were geared towards young adults. With the resurgence of ghost hunting as a popular trend for many, I found a wide variety of Web sites dedicated to listing and explaining various legends or ghost sightings. The number of sites was overwhelming, but I found that most sites simply restated the same tidbits of information. Most sites, such as shadowhunters.com, provided simple statements with very little information or evidence of the validity of the haunting. I decided to include these bits of information, but to also, when possible, include in-depth evidence to support the haunting. I spent a great deal of time researching many of the sightings, interviewing county tour guides such as Michele Lowe, guide for the Ghosts of Marietta Tour, visiting the sites, and reading investigation accounts from a variety of paranormal research groups such as Historic Ghost Watch.

Audience

Since the designated audience for my web site is young adults that range from the age of fourteen to twenty, I was presented with a number of opportunities as well as difficulties. The maturity levels differ greatly between fourteen year olds and twenty year olds. The language of the text needed to be readable to the wide range of teens viewing the site. The content needed to be appropriate and interesting. There also needed to be a number of interactive pieces where the viewers can communicate and collaborate with the other young adults interesting in ghost hunting.

I spent some time browsing through other sites geared towards teens and young adults, such as goodreads.com, to get a feel for the language and layouts. The way young people use and interact with the Internet is constantly evolving. Over

recent years, the use of the Internet has moved from 'passive usage' where people read and absorb information from content providers such as Google, to 'active usage' where people create their own content and actively contribute to Web sites. Increasingly, young people are using the Internet to socialize. A recent Pew Internet Report showed that 55% of American youths aged 12-17 had accounts at social networking sites such as MySpace, Twitter, and Facebook (Lenhart and Madden 2006). People are building communities of interest and, through functionality such as rating systems, valuing content created by complete strangers. I took this information and utilized it in my design to make sure I would engage the array of readers I was aiming for.

Web Content Development

This component of the web site was the most time consuming because it involved research, planning, drafting, rewriting, and editing content. The research aspect included examining the field of writing for the web and investigating the actual content for the web site.

According to *The Layout Workbook: A Real-World Guide to Building Pages in Graphic Design*, "Good web site design begins with a good site plan. But it doesn't have to be complicated plan. It can be a simple plan. As a matter of fact, simple is better." (Cullen 184).

To make sure I had a simple plan, I needed to review all the information I intended to include on the Web site. I had a fairly detailed sketch of the site designed in my proposal outline. I was to include all of the ghost sightings in Georgia. Quickly, I realized that this approach was too broad, not simple at all. I would never be able to write lengthy articles covering all of Georgia because the

magnitude of sightings was overwhelming. I decided to cut down my area of focus to North Georgia. This limitation allowed me to visit many of the sites as well as conduct a few interviews with ghost investigators and ghost tour guides.

Once this decision was made, I used paper to lay out the site. This technique was one we used in Dr. Richard's Web Design class. It was also recommended in *Creating a Web Site: The Missing Manual* by Matthew MacDonald. A paper layout was very effective in allowing me to see a visual representation of the web site. Each main idea or item was a different page on my web site. It was a rough plan, but it gave me an idea of what the content and basic outline of the web site would look like. It also allowed me to rearrange some content, combining several topics into one, splitting large topics into smaller, separate ones.

I, then, wanted to create a layout of the information that would be easy to manipulate and print for my capstone committee. I needed to be able to cut and paste, edit text, documents, and images easily. I looked at using Publisher, but finally decided to use Word to create the horizontal format of a web page. Robin Williams and John Tollett state in *The Non-Designer's Web Book* that, "An extremely important aspect of the interface design...is the page orientation". A horizontal format made more sense because monitors are wider than they are tall.

Williams and Tollett also conclude,

We recommend that your entry page...fit entirely within that space [800 X 600 pixel resolution and size]. Your home page should also be a complete unit within that space, with perhaps the boring details tucked away where a visitor could scroll if necessary. All other pages should have a neat, compact, consistent appearance within the 800 X

600, but obviously many of these pages will have more information to scroll to. (221)

This layout allowed me to see where I had a great deal of information and where I needed to complete more research. It also quickly brought to my attention where there were text-heavy pages and where there needed to be additional pages, links, or pictures added.

I began reading and researching ghost legends and sightings by reading through the various books I listed in my proposal. My notes quickly grew and I began sorting through the sightings. I organized the stories by counties and found that I had an over abundance of information. I wanted my lengthy articles to have reliable sources so I chose those stories that I felt had good dependable resources. A few of these stories were also represented on a variety of paranormal investigators sites such as Roswell Paranormal Investigators and Historic Ghost Watch, both of which are renowned ghost hunting investigation groups.

As the stories that were to become the lengthy articles developed, I realized I would need to visit these sites. I made plans to take ghost tours in these specific areas and, if possible, meet and interview the necessary people involved. Talking to witnesses turned out to be much easier than I imagined. People who have seen or experienced a paranormal incident seem to want to tell their tales. These people want to spread the word that ghosts and spirits do exist, more often than most people believe.

Web Design

I faced many choices and decisions with the web design. First and foremost, I spent a great deal of time searching other sites. I found that most sites had the same short information consisting of fragmented information and details concerning sightings and investigations. They also had dark, garish web designs with a number of pop-up ads and gifs. These were very distracting and actually lent a hint of falseness to the information the site provided. While I wanted my site to be fun for teens, I also wanted to present accurate and reliable information. I wanted the site to be taken seriously.

My first choice was finding a host for the site. According to Robin Williams and John Tollett in *The Non-Designer's Web Book: An Easy Guide to Creating, Designing, and Posting Your Own Web Site*

When searching for a place to host your site, ask yourself
[these]...questions:

What are all the details and costs involved with storing my web site?

If I want my own domain name, what are the extra costs involved?

Will I have "ftp privileges" so I can update the site myself from home?

What's your line speed? (Meaning: how fast does your server provide data to the person on the other end?)

Do you host the sites that are extremely popular? (145)

I researched a number of different web hosting sites, asking all the questions and determining the best use of my time and skills. In Dr. Richard's Web

Design class we began using Dreamweaver, but there were too many stipulations on the free download of the software. Since I do not have the Dreamweaver program, I needed to find a site that had templates I could either use and or manipulate. In the Web Design class we discussed a number of different host sites that were user friendly and all encompassing. Two of the most commonly used are Weebly.com and Wordpress.com.

Ultimately, for the host and template of the web site, I decided on Weebly.com. Weebly is a very user-friendly site that allows the designer to either use one of the many templates provided or to modify or create an original design. I already had experience with Weebly and felt comfortable going back to use it again. Weebly does not require any technical background to create a web site – its simple drag and drop method allows elements to be placed anywhere on the page.

I found a template within the company's vast collection that fit my needs perfectly. The colors were muted and in the gray-black family. This color scheme represented the right atmosphere I wanted for the site. The template provided a spooky, yet professional look to give my information both a fun, but serious feel to the site. The template took a good deal of creativity out of my hands, and while I would have liked to change a few things – the font choices for instance – the simplistic nature of the design allowed me to focus on the written text and pictures I included on every page.

I wanted the layout to be easy to navigate and appealing. I determined that my navigation style would be a navigation bar with tabs that would open when the curser was held on the main tab. I decided that the bar would be located at

the top of the page where it could be seen on every page. Williams suggests placing a bar at the top and bottom of a long scrolling page. I made the choice to place the bar at the top and add a simple all-text version of the links at the bottom of the page. Unfortunately, this became a difficult process using the template I chose. I eventually had to forgo this addition and hope that visitors would not mind scrolling back up to the top navigation bar.

Once the template was set and I began to load the text onto the page, I was really able to see where I needed to break some of the text up with subtitles and pictures. I took Jason Beard's advice on formatting text in *Principals of Beautiful Web Design* and used a block style to be consistent and create a uniform look (Beard 89). I also used his advice on picture position by placing images to the left of the text.

I used Timothy Samara's guide, *Design Elements: A Graphic Style Manual*, to look at the five basic standards for any web page: balance, unity, emphasis, and contrast. Balance refers to the equal distribution of the heavy and the light elements on a single page. Unity keeps all of the similar elements in the website alike and those that are diverse further apart; everything should be pulled into one integrated whole. Emphasis involves the main points where the eye is drawn into the design; also known as "focal points." Contrast is not just color contrast, but also contrasting shapes, sizes, textures, and even typography. Rhythm is also known as repetition and brings internal consistency into your web design (Samara 97). I used a subtle shift in color schemes to keep the web pages balanced and utilized a sense of unity through rhythm on each page by repeating the top header throughout each page. Contrast was a bit more difficult due to

my color scheme and large amount of text, but I was able to vary slightly the position of images within the text as well as the shades of text and headings.

In addition to these five basic elements of web design, information overload is oftentimes one of the biggest killers of a website design. Designers sometimes forget the saying “less is more” and somehow seem to believe that the more information that is stuffed onto one page, the better it will be. I did not become a victim of information overload, so I kept the layout as clean as possible. One way I accomplished this goal was to have much of the lengthier text embedded in word format for download.

Identity Building

The web is a vast expanse, but with a few right choices, web sites can become successful with a large number of viewing and visitation. By utilizing what I have learned through the MAPW program making my web site attractive and complete and using good META tags, I made sure it is visually pleasing and easily accessible. I made sure the web site is as compatible as possible: all browsers supported, good doctype, and mobile and print versions. I also have a web site analytics program through Google.com. This is not just a tool for measuring web site traffic, but is a tool for business research and market research. Web analytics will provide information about the number of visitors to my web site and the number of page views. It will help gauge traffic and popularity trends, so that I can improve my web site.

Conclusion

By utilizing the web design class I took in the MAPW program and all the textbooks I used, I was able to create a solid web site. I feel like I have a solid

foundation to continue to work within the web design business. Creating web sites will be a constant learning experience, but with the skills I have already mastered through this program and project, I am well on my way to becoming a confident designer.

Bibliography

- Beaird, Jason. *The Principles of Beautiful Web Design: Design Beautiful Web Sites Using This Simple Step-by-step Guide*. Collingwood VIC, Australien: Sitepoint Pty., 2007. Print.
- Cullen, Kristin. *Layout Workbook: A Real-world Guide to Building Pages in Graphic Design*. Gloucester, MA: Rockport, 2005. Print.
- Lenhart, A and M. Madden. *Social Networking Websites and Teens: An Overview*. PEW Internet report. Web. 25 January 2007

MacDonald, Matthew. *Creating a Web Site the Missing Manual*. Sebastopol, CA: O'Reilly Media, 2009. Print.

McNeil, Patrick. *The Web Designer's Idea Book: The Ultimate Guide to Themes, Trends, and Styles in Website Design*. Cincinnati, OH: HOW, 2008. Print.

Samara, Timothy. *Design Elements: A Graphic Style Manual*. Beverly, MA: Rockport, 2007. Print.

Williams, Robin, and John Tollett. *The Non-designer's Web Book: An Easy Guide to Creating, Designing, and Posting Your Own Web Site*. Berkeley, CA: Peachpit, 2005. Print.

(North Georgia Ghosts: Bartow County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Bartow County: Hardin Bridge Road off of Highway 411 – There have been reported screams and the sounds of something splashing in the water. Stories say that a couple was speeding across the single lane bridge one night when the headlights of another car appeared on the other side of the bridge. Instead of backing up, the couple swerved and the car ran off the bridge and landed in the water below, killing the couple. Locals say that if you walk across the bridge at night you will hear voices and screams. When you reach about half way across the bridge you will see headlights coming toward the bridge hitting the bank on the other side – the ghost couple never make it to the bridge (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Cartersville: Camp Sandmann – 50 years ago a 12-year-old girl was riding her horse at this site. The horse went berserk and the little girl ran into a branch that beheaded her. Her parents had her buried right there in the camp at the sight of her death. There have been many sightings of the little girl in the nearby woods and by her grave inside the camp. She looks transparent and glowing (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Cartersville: Euharlee Covered Bridge - Some locals say a little American Indian girl was hung from the rafters of this bridge and to this day you can still hear the rope swaying back and forth and a little girl crying (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Click on the link to read an in depth article
[Barnsley Gardens' Ghosts by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Carroll County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Carrollton: In 1991, two policemen chased a suspect who had gotten away from them into a Target Department store that was under construction. The suspect climbed up onto the upper beams of the structure trying to get away, and fell to his death. Many of the current workers have said that it gets strangely cold even during the summer in the stock room. They also say that you can hear running footsteps but there would be no one back there. Reports of hearing things fall, but nothing actually had and in the front of the store in the offices, strange smells will occur. (Georgia Paranormal Team)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Temple: Temple United Methodist Church – At least two spirits walk this church. Driving by at night, you can see a woman standing in the second floor window of the old nursery. She appears to be looking out the window while holding a baby. High heel shoes and laughter have been heard while no one else was there. Different lights will be turned off and on throughout the night. The sound of books hitting the hardwood floors on the second floor can be heard, as well. The partitions have moved, and you can hear, very distinctly, chairs moving across the floor in the old fellowship hall. (Georgia Paranormal Investigations - Woodstock)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Catoosa County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Ringgold / Boynton Area: The house that stands on the corner of Boynton Avenue and Main Street was built in 1918, but a Union Soldier named Captain died on the grounds long before. He haunts the front of the property and the front rooms of the house. If Captain likes occupants of the home, he shows himself by doing parlor tricks. If he dislikes certain visitors however, he frightens them with constant rapping and banging noises. He has even been known to reveal his full form at the person's bedside in early morning hours. Sometimes, he will get in bed with visitors! One of the buttons of his coat was unearthed in the front of the property during a renovation in 1986, along with other objects. Legend states that he is hanging around to await a letter from his sister. (Georgia Paranormal Society)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Cherokee County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Woodstock: Bradshaw Bridge - Back in the 1700's a young man hung himself on a bridge, which is now part of red 5, the front 9 of the golf course at Bradshaw Farms. Legend has it that you can see this young man every night swaying back and forth in the breeze (Georgia Paranormal Investigations - Woodstock).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[New Hightower Baptist Church by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Clark County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Athens: Oconee Hill Cemetery - Cold spots are found all over in this early 1800's cemetery. The strongest seem to be around the Conger family plot. Visitors have also sensed feelings of not being alone (Georgia Researchers of Unexplained Phenomena).

Athens: 1896 Thomas-Carithers House - 530 S. Milledge Avenue

In 1979 a sorority girl, Susie Carithers, committed suicide in her room at the top floor after her fiancé broke off their engagement. Every year since in the same room it seems that a girl who resides there becomes engaged. Most of these girls see the jilted bride's apparition and hear strange sounds in the hallway (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

[Youtube video on the Thomas-Carithers House](#)

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Town and Gown: Ghost of Athens and the University of Georgia by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Cobb County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Acworth: Allatoona Battlefield - Gunshots, voices, strange orbs of light, along with a ghost train whistle are some of the numerous hauntings that have been reported. Orbs of light have also been spotted by old grave of unknown Confederate soldier. Temperatures are also said to drop about ten degrees in and around the old train bed along with the smell of gunpowder (Georgia Paranormal Seekers).
[Youtube video on Allatoona Battlefield](#)

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia - Apparently a little girl about nine years old with blond hair was hit and killed by a car in the early 70's. Today Six Flags guests have reported seeing a little old girl around the same age come running up to them crying "Mommy, Mommy, Please help me find my Mommy!" If she is followed, the little girl will lead you into the woods about ten yards and then the little girl will completely disappear (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia Theme Park - Crystal Pistol Music Hall - According to legend, back in 1967 when Six Flags over Georgia first opened; an actor by the name of "Joe" was to star in the opening number for the very first show at the Crystal Pistol. Due to unfortunate circumstances, Joe was killed in an automobile accident on his way to work. Apparently, Joe is still waiting to perform that number. Several sightings have occurred in the Crystal Pistol of a man who stands at the edge of the balcony and watched performances that are currently being put on. Orbs have been found in photographs taken inside the music hall. After closing, many employees will hear a man singing backstage even though there is nobody back there. Employees have also found props missing from the stage and later find the props next to the Railroad tracks which run beside the theater (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia - Six Flags Over Georgia Railroad - It is believed that the Six Flags Over Georgia Railroad is haunted. Apparitions have been seen walking across the Lickskillet Railroad Bridge. The apparitions are dressed like from the 1800's wear but since the park has only been there since 1967 the spirits are likely those from the train robbery which was put on each train ride back in Six Flags' early history. No noise comes from the apparitions, however. They just walk by as if going to wait for the next train

to come by so they can have their hourly shoot-out with the conductor and the engineers (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Mableton: Old Covered Bridge - Late at night if you go and stand in the bridge little children's voices can be heard playing. It is to believe if you take your car and park it and turn off everything, and place chocolate on your roof you can hear children climbing on your car and afterwards have chocolate handprints on the roof and hood of car. Children were killed underneath the bridge and you can hear them screaming and moaning (Georgia Paranormal Seekers).

Marietta: The Witch's Graveyard (better known as the Concord Cemetery) in Marietta dates back to the 1800's, and boasts some bizarre goings-on. People have reported knocking coming from under their feet when they are walking around in the graveyard, the sound of banshees crying and the sound of drums playing (No Limits Paranormal).



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved.

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[3 Bears Café by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield by Melissa Davis](#)

[Marietta Square by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kennesaw House by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kolb Ridge Tatum House by Melissa Davis](#)

[MacCracken's by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Coweta County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved

Newnan: Cedar Creek Bridge - The bridge over Cedar Creek on Roscoe Road in Coweta County is actually a replacement of the original bridge in question. In the 1930's a horrible accident on the bridge took the lives of a woman and her baby. The woman has manifested herself in voice and appearance in various ways over the last several decades. Hauntings have also included forlorn screaming, rapidly dropping temperatures, and a ghost car (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research). [Youtube video on Cedar Creek Bridge](#)

Newnan: Manget-Brannon Theater for the Arts – The theater is housed in what was once a cotton warehouse which was abandoned for years until it was inhabited by the theater company. Volunteers and actors have felt a distinct presence, many of them collaborating on one particular area on the floor on the way to the bathroom. Several have believed the presence to be distinctively male. A psychic visited there in 2009 and said she saw a man wearing a suit walk through one of the doors. She later saw him standing in a particular corner of the stage. He has been blamed with many prop disappearances (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Newnan: Northgate high school - Northgate High school was built on the land that was once a cotton plantation. One of the slaves killed his master while he and his family were eating breakfast. Some say that you can smell a breakfast of eggs and bacon, while others claim you can here noises in the late evening (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Dawson County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights

Dawsonville: Salem Church/Graveyard - It is located off of Salem Church Road which is off of Kelly Bridge Road. It is said by many that Salem Church and the graveyard which have been around since the 1800's, are haunted. Some church members and visitors have experienced their cars shutting off, or their headlights flickering. Locals claim that if you look in the church on specific nights you can see a pair of glowing red eyes near the altar and that if you look through one of the side windows you can see the back of a young man standing at the opposite window looking outside (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Dekalb County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Lithonia: Original Lithonia Schoolhouse - Located on Stephenson Road, across from a rock quarry, is the original Lithonia schoolhouse, built circa 1865. It has been converted to a private residence, but the ghosts of children are frequently seen. Many of the former pupils are buried in an old church cemetery located about 200 yards away. 8-year-old Elizabeth has been seen by several individuals (including psychic Shirley Janey) flaunting her golden-brown curls. Several people have also seen the ghost of a teenage boy walking around the entry hall, as well as a mysterious hooded figure. The rustling sounds of a schoolmarm's heavily starched dresses are frequently heard as well (Roswell Paranormal Investigators).

Stone Mountain: old cemetery at the end of Main Street - A very old cemetery dating back before the Civil War. Orbs seen by the naked eye floating around and if you take a picture, you will be guaranteed to see an orb. There are marble platforms to stand on between the graves and it feels like a hand is pushing you off and people never seem to keep their balance. You can hear footsteps and leaves and branches being crushed around you when there is nobody there. Even in the summer, numerous cold spots have been reported by many people and sometimes it feels like a cold hand is touching or poking you (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Stone Mountain: Stone Mountain Park's Antebellum Plantation - Several Buildings in there are haunted: Thornton House: Workers have reported feeling a spirit at the top of the stairs, between the children's rooms. Dickey House: Confederate re-enactors have reported seeing a woman in top floor windows when he camp out on lawn. Slave Quarters: Reported feeling spirits (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Douglas County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Douglasville: Gray Road - Named after an officer in the Civil War. The old mile and a half long road is a well-known urban legend in the area. An old barn is still present in the woods, and sounds can be heard at night. While in the barn at night, visions of dead slaves can be seen through the old windows and witnesses have given first hand testimony of seeing Colonel Gray riding his horse around the barn warning trespassers to stay away. Slaves have been seen wandering the road late at night. If you stop there and turn off your lights and put your car in neutral, you will begin to roll very slowly, at times it feels as though you are being rocked (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fannin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Blue Ridge: Tilley Bend Baptist Church - Very old church and graveyard on a dirt road off Aska Rd. A large number of young children are buried here. Strange lights have appeared hovering over tombstones late at night. Rumor has it that if you run around the church three times at midnight, then the witch's ghost will appear. Apparently, a witch was burned there and on certain days you can see the fall leaves collect in a pile when there is no wind. That is said to be where the witch was burned (Historic Ghost Watch).



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved.

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fayette County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Fayette County: Old Hanging Ground off of Padgett Road, near Starr's Mill that belonged to Old Man Padgett. During a hanging, a black man broke loose and hung Padgett from the nearby railroad bridge. Padgett still walks the tracks looking for his killer. The track has been abandoned for 15-16 years, but you can still hear train horns and see figures on the dirt road, tracks, and in the woods and hear voices in the woods (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Fayetteville: Holliday Dorsey - Fife House - A ghost, believed to be John Manson Dorsey resides in the house to this day. "Manse" or "Manny" as he was called, was the flag bearer for the first company that left Fayette County for the Civil War. He was the last Dorsey family member to live in the house. Doc Holiday was an outlaw, who died of tuberculosis. No one knows why he haunts the house. But if you take a picture and get it enlarged he can usually be seen in the window of the top left room. This place is no longer a home, but is now a visitor site (Historic Ghost Watch).

[Youtube video on the Holliday Dorsey-Fife House](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Floyd County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Rome / Berry College: Seven Bridges Road - On the northern side of Berry College, there is a road - CCC Road, when you go west, if you count the small bridges as you go over them, there are seven, turn around, count them on the way out, there are only six. At the west end of the road are the ruins of an old church and cemetery called Mountain Springs Church. You can hear music coming from the church at night along with crying and footsteps in the cemetery (North Georgia Paranormal Society).



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights

Rome / Berry College: Tower between East and West Mary Girl's Dorms - Between the dorms of East Mary and West Mary on the Berry College campus is a tower that has stood there ever since the college opened almost a century ago. It is said that a student at Berry hung herself up in the tower and was not found for days. No one knows why she killed herself. The room in which she died is now locked, but you can go to the door. It is inexplicably cold in the tower, even during the hot Georgia month of August, and it is said that if you wait there long enough in the dark, you can hear her crying--her last cries--just before ending her life (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Rome / Berry College Property: While walking the horse trails back by the old watermill, a man in full historically dated costume has been seen walking. He will glare at you but not say anything. He disappears when you look back at him (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[The Green Lady of Berry College by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Forsyth County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Cumming: The old Lanier Lodge Hotel just outside downtown Cumming closed a few years back and nobody is exactly sure why. Neighbors of the complex say that they hear and see things. It is believed by many that someone was murdered in the west building on the second floor balcony hallway but wasn't publically announced as to keep the citizens from becoming stricken with panic. When visited at night you can hear strange things as if people are coming in and out of rooms and closing doors very loudly. If you peer into the top windows of the east or west buildings you can sometimes see lights flicker, but the power has been shut off for years. When walking by the pool there is sometimes a long splash or the chairs nearby move around on their own as well as the unattended weeds all around the complex swishing to one side as if someone had walked through them. (Historic Ghost Watch)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Franklin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved

Lavonia / Southern Oaks Inn: Footsteps can be heard upstairs in the main house. Several people have also witnessed ghostly apparitions of a male and female, thought to be former owners of the house. Employees have witnessed loaves of bread flying toward them in the kitchen. The present owners have repeatedly had to reposition furniture to its proper position (North Georgia Paranormal Society),

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fulton County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Alpharetta / Hopewell School: Apparently it was shut down in the 70's after 7 elementary school children were killed by a poisoning. A strange presence is all throughout the old school which has been abandoned ever since then (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Atlanta / Donaldson House: Cold spots and footsteps are reported here (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Atlanta / Dunwoody / Brook Run Park: In the back of the park is a gated off area, when inside go down the road and go in the building on the right. There is a huge abandoned building that was a home for the mentally challenged. There are various areas with temperature changes, an extremely strange aura to the place, and pictures will reveal orbs. There are also cold spots on the first and second floor, footsteps can be heard, doors that open and close, and banging sounds on the walls. The most haunted area is the 3rd floor; it is believed to be haunted by a little boy (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Atlanta / Hi-Fi Buys Amphitheater: Years ago a rock singer was killed on stage by a gunshot that came from the stadium. His spirit stills walks through the seating area. Some have said that you can feel his hand on your neck (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Atlanta / Metropolitan Avenue: There's a bridge right over Metropolitan Ave by University St. It's said that a young lady in a white dress stands under the bridge looking for a ride home. When one picks the woman up and takes her home, she gets out the car and says Thanks for the ride. Then she vanishes in thin air. Most people that pick this young lady up usually goes to the door of the house to make sure she made it in or where she went to. But when the door opens, it's the woman's mother and she tells the people that every year someone comes to the house to drop off her daughter. Her daughter who had been killed in a horrible car accident ten years ago under a bridge on Metropolitan St. formerly known as Stewart Avenue (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Fairburn / Peter's Woods: There's an old cemetery in the woods that is haunted by an Amish girl. Legend has it that she was in love with a non-Amish boy. When her father found out and told her she could never see the boy again, the girl went into the woods and hung herself. Sometimes you see her ghost on the side of the road and stop to pick her up and she tells you to go to her house. Once you stop at her house, her father runs out of the house and starts screaming at her and she runs into the woods. If you chase

her, you get deep into the woods and feel something brush the top of your head and you look up to see her body hanging from a tree. Then you look again and see nothing but the remnants of an old house and a small family cemetery (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Jonesboro / The Warren House: The Warren House was used as a hospital during the Civil War. While at the house many soldiers carved their names in the wall. At night a figure of a soldier can be seen holding a candle and looking out the window. There have been several reports of this. There is supposedly a bloodstain still on the floor in the attic. The confederate cemetery across the street is said to be haunted as well (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Roswell / Presbyterian Church Cemetery (1840): Many of Roswell's most outstanding citizens are buried here, including Archibald Smith and his wife Anne Margaret McGill Smith. There have been reports of red orb across the cemetery grounds floating in-between trees. Other reports of ghostly forms and orbs have been captured on film and digital. One in particular was a white filmy mist bathing the side of a child's grave. Sparkles have appeared when taking pictures almost like confetti (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Roswell / Roswell Cemetery: Founders Cemetery in historic Roswell, GA (on Sloan Street) contains the graves of some of Roswell's founding families, including Roswell King, James Bulloch and John Dunwody. The many unmarked graves are graves of the family servants. Orbs and mists have been sighted (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Roll Call at Oakland Cemetery by Melissa Davis](#)

[Runaway Bride by Melissa Davis](#)

[Spirits Star at The Shakespeare Tavern by Melissa Davis](#)

[The Ghost Warning at Masquerade by Melissa Davis](#)

[Transporting Ghosts at Anthony's by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Gilmer County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody 2011. All rights reserved.

Gilmer County / Whitepath: The northern region of Gilmer County, called Whitepath, is named after the Cherokee chief who once inhabited it. Whitepath cursed any future owners of the land as he and his people were moved out on the "Trail of Tears." A hotel built on the site burned to the ground in the early part of the 20th century, killing many, after the hotel itself had been home to several murders and suicides. The sounds of revelry and the sounds of screams and moans of suffering can still be heard often at the site of the hotel, which is now only marked by an overgrown driveway and its broken concrete archway. Chief Whitepath's own ghost haunts and has appeared at the nearby area where his own house once stood (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Gwinnett County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis 2011. All rights

Lawrenceville / Little Gardens Restaurant: An old 1800s plantation house that was turned into a fancy restaurant. A woman died there in the early 1900s and haunts the restaurant. Workers have seen and felt her presence often. Dishes and silverware have moved and been thrown across the tables. She mainly haunts the upstairs and several reports have been reported in the bathrooms. The bathroom doors open and close by themselves. Cold spots have been felt and loud footsteps lurk behind you when there isn't anyone there (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Habersham County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All

Clarkesville / Habersham County / Cannon Bridge: A husband threw his wife off the bridge. If one sits on the bridge with their car turned off on the nights of April 12-14, the bridge becomes covered with fog and the couple can be heard arguing. After a period of silence, a loud splash can be heard. On several occasions, the wife has walked up to the car. And on several occasions, people driving across the bridge on said nights have had their cars to stop, turn off, and all electrical systems stop (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Hall County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Gainesville / Brenau University: One of the United States most prestigious female universities is haunted by a ghostly shadow that hangs from the balcony of the auditorium. A young dedicated dancer supposedly hung herself after being denied lead performer in a popular ballet play. Many students and faculty continue to witness the mysterious apparition (Georgia Paranormal Investigations – Acworth).

Gainesville / Crybaby Mill: In North Hall County off of Highway 129, there's a rock road leading to an old wooden bridge that connects to an old grain mill. Years ago, a woman threw her baby off of that bridge and if you go up to the mill, you can hear baby's crying. (Georgia Paranormal Investigations – Acworth).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Haralson County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Bremen / Bremen High School Gym: In the late 70's early 80's a teenager was in a wrestling match in the gym, and was accidentally killed when his neck broke during a match. When you are in the gym and its quiet you can hear the sound of his neck breaking and the sound of someone walking on the top bleachers and moving the handles on the doors (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Tallapoosa / Devil's Kitchen: Witnesses report hearing the screams of a woman that was murdered there in the 1940's by her boyfriend and another man because they were all involved in a robbery. While crossing the bridge before keys castle a young man in a blue windbreaker can be seen on the bridge. Legend states that the young man and his friends were drinking and driving and he was put out as a prank because of the screams from the girl killed in the 40's. He fell off the bridge and drowned in the river. He can be seen waiting for his friends to return to pick him up (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Heard County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Heard County / Grave of Mayhayley Lancaster: Through the years many people have attempted to steal or otherwise vandalize the grave of the famous psychic Mayhayley Lancaster. Most of those people have experienced extremely bad fortune, even death, after doing so. One teenage boy was killed in a car accident after trying to show off for his friends by defiling Mayhayley's grave (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Henry County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

McDonough / Camp Creek Trestle: Ghosts have been reported to haunt the area and homes where a train crashed into a flooded creek in 1900. The No. 7 train bound from Macon to Atlanta stopped to pick up passengers at the McDonough Station on a night during a flood. Even after being warned not to leave the engineer was reported saying "We will either be eating breakfast in Atlanta or in hell". After traveling only seven miles from the station the train plunged into the swelled waters of Camp Creek after the train trestle had washed out minutes before. Nine out of the forty-seven on board survived. You can reach the trestle if you go north on Highway 42 out of McDonough (located 30 miles south of Atlanta) and turn left onto Ivey Edwards Rd. The trestle is right off the tracks to the left and can be seen from Highway 42 (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Lumpkin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Dahlonega / Holly Theatre: This theatre has been standing for almost a century. Now newly renovated after 50 years, strange sightings have occurred. When there's not much mortal activity inside the building, you can see figures, white and glowing, float passed the etched glass windows. Sometimes when you see the shapes you can also feel a cold presence fall upon you. During movies, there are many strange happenings such as lights flickering and weird misty shapes appearing on the screen. Though there's no history of death in the theatre before the renovation, but there are claims of a house standing in that site in the mid 1800's (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Dahlonega / Mount Hope Cemetery: Several reported sightings of figures walking around, mainly at night. Famous photo hangs in the court house (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Bethy's Ghost at the Hall Building by Melissa Davis](#)

[Criminals at Corkscrew by Melissa Davis](#)

[Dahlonega Gold Mine by Melissa Davis](#)

[Doing Time at the Oyster Bar by Melissa Davis](#)

[Haunted House for Sale by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Morgan County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Madison / Old Civil War Hospital: There have been reports of creepy footsteps walking up the stairs at night along with sightings of a tall man dressed all in black at the top of the stairs. Visitors have also heard sounds similar to a ball bouncing in one of the hallways and in one of the rooms there is a lady dressed in a blue old fashion dress (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Madison / Heritage Hall: Blood stain on fireplace mantel that won't go away. Child heard crying....Tours are given at Heritage Hall daily (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Pickens County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Pickens County / Carver Mill Bridge: There is a bridge off Carver Mill Road in western Pickens County that at one time some 50-60 years ago used to be wooden bridge and crossed over Scarecorn Creek. Years ago, this couple drove across the bridge and it collapsed on them, thus causing them to fall into the creek below killing them both. The bridge now is paved and well supported. You can drive onto the bridge anytime at night and shut the car off and all artificial lights (flashlights, headlights, cell-phone background lights, pager blinking red lights, etc.) must be shut off and wait patiently in the car and this black figure of an average size man will walk from the end of the bridge and to your car and look into the windows. If a woman is in your car it will most likely go to her first and will continue to examine your car. If you crank your car, without turning on your lights, and begin to drive off, the man will chase you until you are off the bridge. Then the ghost will disappear into the night. The ghost is there to try to scare people off the bridge so that they won't face the same fate that the couple did (Paulding Paranormal Society).

BEWARE: The ghost doesn't always walk right to your car. Sometimes it just appears at your window and can scare you plum to death. It is best if you do this during a full moon so that there is plenty of "natural" light to see the ghost with.

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Polk County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Cedartown / Old Cemetery behind Bethlehem Baptist Church: This creepy old Cemetery houses a lot of old graves. Visitors have witnessed ghostly figures at night in cemetery and in the horse pasture next to cemetery (No Limits Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Spaulding County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Griffin / old well on Gainer Road: There are reports of spirits walking around. A few people have had some of the apparitions even pass through you and there are also visitors who have said to have heard loud screams after dark coming from deep down in the well (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Griffin / Trestle Bridge: Many people report hearing train whistles and feeling the tracks vibrate. Some have said to have even seen a large white object pass over the bridge. Others have seen a mysterious white light coming toward them on the bridge, which is believed to be a worker who died on the bridge. People have been chased out of the woods surrounding the Trestle by a mysterious figure (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Towns County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Young Harris College / New Dorm: Many years ago, a poet/student at the college hung himself on the premises where the newly built dormitory stands. It is said by some faculty and former students that high up, normally on the 2nd to 3rd floor of the new dormitory, you can vaguely see him hanging there from the rope tied to the ceiling in the later hours of the night. You can also see him sitting out in the lawn writing in his book of poetry (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Young Harris College / Clegg Fine Arts Building Auditorium: It is common knowledge over the campus that Charlie Clegg, the president of the college in the 1960's, haunts the entire fine arts building. Even the professors acknowledge his presence by saying, "Goodnight, Charlie," when exiting the building for the night. Charlie has been known to play the organ downstairs at night, appear on stage, find lost props minutes before the actor has to appear on stage, whisper lines to actors who draw a blank, and even touch a few people from time to time. Although benevolent and helpful, he often frightens people to the point that they will not enter the auditorium alone (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Young Harris College / Dobbs Theatre: In the early 1990's there was a janitor named Jesse who loved the theatre and would participate when a particular role called for someone who had visible aged. One day, he was driving home and wrapped his car around a tree; his ghost has haunted the Blackbox theater ever since. In the storage room, the noise of moving chairs and other items can often be heard. In the classroom, the motion sensor light turns on when the door is locked and nobody is in there. Footsteps up the steps and around the building are common. Movement upstairs and in the catwalks is also very common. While Charlie in the Clegg building usually causes commotion at night, Jesse seems to be around 24 hours a day- even while there are large groups and classes in the theatre (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Union County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Blairsville / Old Boot Factory: A man who worked there got tired of lonely life so he hung himself with boot laces from the rafters. If you drive by the factory late at night, you can see him looking out at you. If you go to the back of the building and look through the window there will be a light on and you can see the man's body hanging there (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Walker County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Chickamauga / Chickamauga Battlefield: Many things are reported in this area. Every night, a mysterious fog rolls in upon the battlefield. Upon driving through the park, one may find that there is no fog before entering or after leaving the park, only in the park itself. There are also tales of the infamous "Green Eyes", a confederate soldier killed by his Yankee twin brother, whose eyes can still be seen at night on Snod Grass Hill. Even during the war, soldiers had reported him looking over the dead during battles. Reports include that of an apparition of a soldier walking down the road. They also say that if you notice him and he notices you, he will stare you down until you are out of sight. There is the tale of the bride-never-to-be who still walks the battlefield in her wedding gown during September and October, visiting the grave of the man she was going to marry who was killed during the war. Also, there is an old tower here that is visible from the main road. The top four steps have a mysterious blood stain on them. People have tried to remove the stains, but to no avail. They always seem to return. A mysterious being haunts the area beneath the stairs at night (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Whitfield County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

Home

North Georgia Ghosts

Ghost Hunting

My Ghost Fiction

Ghosts in Books

About Me

Dalton / Dalton Cemetery: If drivers put their car in neutral, the car is mysteriously pushed up a small hill known as Gravity Hill (Paulding Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Bartow County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Bartow County: Hardin Bridge Road off of Highway 411 – There have been reported screams and the sounds of something splashing in the water. Stories say that a couple was speeding across the single lane bridge one night when the headlights of another car appeared on the other side of the bridge. Instead of backing up, the couple swerved and the car ran off the bridge and landed in the water below, killing the couple. Locals say that if you walk across the bridge at night you will hear voices and screams. When you reach about half way across the bridge you will see headlights coming toward the bridge hitting the bank on the other side – the ghost couple never make it to the bridge (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Cartersville: Camp Sandmann – 50 years ago a 12-year-old girl was riding her horse at this site. The horse went berserk and the little girl ran into a branch that beheaded her. Her parents had her buried right there in the camp at the sight of her death. There have been many sightings of the little girl in the nearby woods and by her grave inside the camp. She looks transparent and glowing (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Cartersville: Euharlee Covered Bridge - Some locals say a little American Indian girl was hung from the rafters of this bridge and to this day you can still hear the rope swaying back and forth and a little girl crying (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Click on the link to read an in depth article
[Barnsley Gardens' Ghosts by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Carroll County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Carrollton: In 1991, two policemen chased a suspect who had gotten away from them into a Target Department store that was under construction. The suspect climbed up onto the upper beams of the structure trying to get away, and fell to his death. Many of the current workers have said that it gets strangely cold even during the summer in the stock room. They also say that you can hear running footsteps but there would be no one back there. Reports of hearing things fall, but nothing actually had and in the front of the store in the offices, strange smells will occur. (Georgia Paranormal Team)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Temple: Temple United Methodist Church – At least two spirits walk this church. Driving by at night, you can see a woman standing in the second floor window of the old nursery. She appears to be looking out the window while holding a baby. High heel shoes and laughter have been heard while no one else was there. Different lights will be turned off and on throughout the night. The sound of books hitting the hardwood floors on the second floor can be heard, as well. The partitions have moved, and you can hear, very distinctly, chairs moving across the floor in the old fellowship hall. (Georgia Paranormal Investigations - Woodstock)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Catoosa County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Ringgold / Boynton Area: The house that stands on the corner of Boynton Avenue and Main Street was built in 1918, but a Union Soldier named Captain died on the grounds long before. He haunts the front of the property and the front rooms of the house. If Captain likes occupants of the home, he shows himself by doing parlor tricks. If he dislikes certain visitors however, he frightens them with constant rapping and banging noises. He has even been known to reveal his full form at the person's bedside in early morning hours. Sometimes, he will get in bed with visitors! One of the buttons of his coat was unearthed in the front of the property during a renovation in 1986, along with other objects. Legend states that he is hanging around to await a letter from his sister. (Georgia Paranormal Society)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Cherokee County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Woodstock: Bradshaw Bridge - Back in the 1700's a young man hung himself on a bridge, which is now part of red 5, the front 9 of the golf course at Bradshaw Farms. Legend has it that you can see this young man every night swaying back and forth in the breeze (Georgia Paranormal Investigations - Woodstock).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[New Hightower Baptist Church by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Clark County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Athens: Oconee Hill Cemetery - Cold spots are found all over in this early 1800's cemetery. The strongest seem to be around the Conger family plot. Visitors have also sensed feelings of not being alone (Georgia Researchers of Unexplained Phenomena).

Athens: 1896 Thomas-Carithers House - 530 S. Milledge Avenue

In 1979 a sorority girl, Susie Carithers, committed suicide in her room at the top floor after her fiancé broke off their engagement. Every year since in the same room it seems that a girl who resides there becomes engaged. Most of these girls see the jilted bride's apparition and hear strange sounds in the hallway (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

[Youtube video on the Thomas-Carithers House](#)

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Town and Gown: Ghost of Athens and the University of Georgia by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Cobb County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Acworth: Allatoona Battlefield - Gunshots, voices, strange orbs of light, along with a ghost train whistle are some of the numerous hauntings that have been reported. Orbs of light have also been spotted by old grave of unknown Confederate soldier. Temperatures are also said to drop about ten degrees in and around the old train bed along with the smell of gunpowder (Georgia Paranormal Seekers).
[Youtube video on Allatoona Battlefield](#)

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia - Apparently a little girl about nine years old with blond hair was hit and killed by a car in the early 70's. Today Six Flags guests have reported seeing a little old girl around the same age come running up to them crying "Mommy, Mommy, Please help me find my Mommy!" If she is followed, the little girl will lead you into the woods about ten yards and then the little girl will completely disappear (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia Theme Park - Crystal Pistol Music Hall - According to legend, back in 1967 when Six Flags over Georgia first opened; an actor by the name of "Joe" was to star in the opening number for the very first show at the Crystal Pistol. Due to unfortunate circumstances, Joe was killed in an automobile accident on his way to work. Apparently, Joe is still waiting to perform that number. Several sightings have occurred in the Crystal Pistol of a man who stands at the edge of the balcony and watched performances that are currently being put on. Orbs have been found in photographs taken inside the music hall. After closing, many employees will hear a man singing backstage even though there is nobody back there. Employees have also found props missing from the stage and later find the props next to the Railroad tracks which run beside the theater (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Austell: Six Flags Over Georgia - Six Flags Over Georgia Railroad - It is believed that the Six Flags Over Georgia Railroad is haunted. Apparitions have been seen walking across the Lickskillet Railroad Bridge. The apparitions are dressed like from the 1800's wear but since the park has only been there since 1967 the spirits are likely those from the train robbery which was put on each train ride back in Six Flags' early history. No noise comes from the apparitions, however. They just walk by as if going to wait for the next train

to come by so they can have their hourly shoot-out with the conductor and the engineers (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Mableton: Old Covered Bridge - Late at night if you go and stand in the bridge little children's voices can be heard playing. It is to believe if you take your car and park it and turn off everything, and place chocolate on your roof you can hear children climbing on your car and afterwards have chocolate handprints on the roof and hood of car. Children were killed underneath the bridge and you can hear them screaming and moaning (Georgia Paranormal Seekers).

Marietta: The Witch's Graveyard (better known as the Concord Cemetery) in Marietta dates back to the 1800's, and boasts some bizarre goings-on. People have reported knocking coming from under their feet when they are walking around in the graveyard, the sound of banshees crying and the sound of drums playing (No Limits Paranormal).



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved.

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[3 Bears Café by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield by Melissa Davis](#)

[Marietta Square by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kennesaw House by Melissa Davis](#)

[Kolb Ridge Tatum House by Melissa Davis](#)

[MacCracken's by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Coweta County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved

Newnan: Cedar Creek Bridge - The bridge over Cedar Creek on Roscoe Road in Coweta County is actually a replacement of the original bridge in question. In the 1930's a horrible accident on the bridge took the lives of a woman and her baby. The woman has manifested herself in voice and appearance in various ways over the last several decades. Hauntings have also included forlorn screaming, rapidly dropping temperatures, and a ghost car (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research). [Youtube video on Cedar Creek Bridge](#)

Newnan: Manget-Brannon Theater for the Arts – The theater is housed in what was once a cotton warehouse which was abandoned for years until it was inhabited by the theater company. Volunteers and actors have felt a distinct presence, many of them collaborating on one particular area on the floor on the way to the bathroom. Several have believed the presence to be distinctively male. A psychic visited there in 2009 and said she saw a man wearing a suit walk through one of the doors. She later saw him standing in a particular corner of the stage. He has been blamed with many prop disappearances (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Newnan: Northgate high school - Northgate High school was built on the land that was once a cotton plantation. One of the slaves killed his master while he and his family were eating breakfast. Some say that you can smell a breakfast of eggs and bacon, while others claim you can here noises in the late evening (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Dawson County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights

Dawsonville: Salem Church/Graveyard - It is located off of Salem Church Road which is off of Kelly Bridge Road. It is said by many that Salem Church and the graveyard which have been around since the 1800's, are haunted. Some church members and visitors have experienced their cars shutting off, or their headlights flickering. Locals claim that if you look in the church on specific nights you can see a pair of glowing red eyes near the altar and that if you look through one of the side windows you can see the back of a young man standing at the opposite window looking outside (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Dekalb County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Lithonia: Original Lithonia Schoolhouse - Located on Stephenson Road, across from a rock quarry, is the original Lithonia schoolhouse, built circa 1865. It has been converted to a private residence, but the ghosts of children are frequently seen. Many of the former pupils are buried in an old church cemetery located about 200 yards away. 8-year-old Elizabeth has been seen by several individuals (including psychic Shirley Janey) flaunting her golden-brown curls. Several people have also seen the ghost of a teenage boy walking around the entry hall, as well as a mysterious hooded figure. The rustling sounds of a schoolmarm's heavily starched dresses are frequently heard as well (Roswell Paranormal Investigators).

Stone Mountain: old cemetery at the end of Main Street - A very old cemetery dating back before the Civil War. Orbs seen by the naked eye floating around and if you take a picture, you will be guaranteed to see an orb. There are marble platforms to stand on between the graves and it feels like a hand is pushing you off and people never seem to keep their balance. You can hear footsteps and leaves and branches being crushed around you when there is nobody there. Even in the summer, numerous cold spots have been reported by many people and sometimes it feels like a cold hand is touching or poking you (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Stone Mountain: Stone Mountain Park's Antebellum Plantation - Several Buildings in there are haunted: Thornton House: Workers have reported feeling a spirit at the top of the stairs, between the children's rooms. Dickey House: Confederate re-enactors have reported seeing a woman in top floor windows when he camp out on lawn. Slave Quarters: Reported feeling spirits (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Douglas County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Douglasville: Gray Road - Named after an officer in the Civil War. The old mile and a half long road is a well-known urban legend in the area. An old barn is still present in the woods, and sounds can be heard at night. While in the barn at night, visions of dead slaves can be seen through the old windows and witnesses have given first hand testimony of seeing Colonel Gray riding his horse around the barn warning trespassers to stay away. Slaves have been seen wandering the road late at night. If you stop there and turn off your lights and put your car in neutral, you will begin to roll very slowly, at times it feels as though you are being rocked (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fannin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Blue Ridge: Tilley Bend Baptist Church - Very old church and graveyard on a dirt road off Aska Rd. A large number of young children are buried here. Strange lights have appeared hovering over tombstones late at night. Rumor has it that if you run around the church three times at midnight, then the witch's ghost will appear. Apparently, a witch was burned there and on certain days you can see the fall leaves collect in a pile when there is no wind. That is said to be where the witch was burned (Historic Ghost Watch).



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All rights reserved.

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fayette County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Fayette County: Old Hanging Ground off of Padgett Road, near Starr's Mill that belonged to Old Man Padgett. During a hanging, a black man broke loose and hung Padgett from the nearby railroad bridge. Padgett still walks the tracks looking for his killer. The track has been abandoned for 15-16 years, but you can still hear train horns and see figures on the dirt road, tracks, and in the woods and hear voices in the woods (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Fayetteville: Holliday Dorsey - Fife House - A ghost, believed to be John Manson Dorsey resides in the house to this day. "Manse" or "Manny" as he was called, was the flag bearer for the first company that left Fayette County for the Civil War. He was the last Dorsey family member to live in the house. Doc Holiday was an outlaw, who died of tuberculosis. No one knows why he haunts the house. But if you take a picture and get it enlarged he can usually be seen in the window of the top left room. This place is no longer a home, but is now a visitor site (Historic Ghost Watch).

[Youtube video on the Holliday Dorsey-Fife House](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Floyd County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Rome / Berry College: Seven Bridges Road - On the northern side of Berry College, there is a road - CCC Road, when you go west, if you count the small bridges as you go over them, there are seven, turn around, count them on the way out, there are only six. At the west end of the road are the ruins of an old church and cemetery called Mountain Springs Church. You can hear music coming from the church at night along with crying and footsteps in the cemetery (North Georgia Paranormal Society).



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights

Rome / Berry College: Tower between East and West Mary Girl's Dorms - Between the dorms of East Mary and West Mary on the Berry College campus is a tower that has stood there ever since the college opened almost a century ago. It is said that a student at Berry hung herself up in the tower and was not found for days. No one knows why she killed herself. The room in which she died is now locked, but you can go to the door. It is inexplicably cold in the tower, even during the hot Georgia month of August, and it is said that if you wait there long enough in the dark, you can hear her crying--her last cries--just before ending her life (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Rome / Berry College Property: While walking the horse trails back by the old watermill, a man in full historically dated costume has been seen walking. He will glare at you but not say anything. He disappears when you look back at him (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[The Green Lady of Berry College by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Forsyth County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Cumming: The old Lanier Lodge Hotel just outside downtown Cumming closed a few years back and nobody is exactly sure why. Neighbors of the complex say that they hear and see things. It is believed by many that someone was murdered in the west building on the second floor balcony hallway but wasn't publically announced as to keep the citizens from becoming stricken with panic. When visited at night you can hear strange things as if people are coming in and out of rooms and closing doors very loudly. If you peer into the top windows of the east or west buildings you can sometimes see lights flicker, but the power has been shut off for years. When walking by the pool there is sometimes a long splash or the chairs nearby move around on their own as well as the unattended weeds all around the complex swishing to one side as if someone had walked through them. (Historic Ghost Watch)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Franklin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved

Lavonia / Southern Oaks Inn: Footsteps can be heard upstairs in the main house. Several people have also witnessed ghostly apparitions of a male and female, thought to be former owners of the house. Employees have witnessed loaves of bread flying toward them in the kitchen. The present owners have repeatedly had to reposition furniture to its proper position (North Georgia Paranormal Society),

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Fulton County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Alpharetta / Hopewell School: Apparently it was shut down in the 70's after 7 elementary school children were killed by a poisoning. A strange presence is all throughout the old school which has been abandoned ever since then (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Atlanta / Donaldson House: Cold spots and footsteps are reported here (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Atlanta / Dunwoody / Brook Run Park: In the back of the park is a gated off area, when inside go down the road and go in the building on the right. There is a huge abandoned building that was a home for the mentally challenged. There are various areas with temperature changes, an extremely strange aura to the place, and pictures will reveal orbs. There are also cold spots on the first and second floor, footsteps can be heard, doors that open and close, and banging sounds on the walls. The most haunted area is the 3rd floor; it is believed to be haunted by a little boy (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Atlanta / Hi-Fi Buys Amphitheater: Years ago a rock singer was killed on stage by a gunshot that came from the stadium. His spirit stills walks through the seating area. Some have said that you can feel his hand on your neck (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Atlanta / Metropolitan Avenue: There's a bridge right over Metropolitan Ave by University St. It's said that a young lady in a white dress stands under the bridge looking for a ride home. When one picks the woman up and takes her home, she gets out the car and says Thanks for the ride. Then she vanishes in thin air. Most people that pick this young lady up usually goes to the door of the house to make sure she made it in or where she went to. But when the door opens, it's the woman's mother and she tells the people that every year someone comes to the house to drop off her daughter. Her daughter who had been killed in a horrible car accident ten years ago under a bridge on Metropolitan St. formerly known as Stewart Avenue (Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research).

Fairburn / Peter's Woods: There's an old cemetery in the woods that is haunted by an Amish girl. Legend has it that she was in love with a non-Amish boy. When her father found out and told her she could never see the boy again, the girl went into the woods and hung herself. Sometimes you see her ghost on the side of the road and stop to pick her up and she tells you to go to her house. Once you stop at her house, her father runs out of the house and starts screaming at her and she runs into the woods. If you chase

her, you get deep into the woods and feel something brush the top of your head and you look up to see her body hanging from a tree. Then you look again and see nothing but the remnants of an old house and a small family cemetery (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Jonesboro / The Warren House: The Warren House was used as a hospital during the Civil War. While at the house many soldiers carved their names in the wall. At night a figure of a soldier can be seen holding a candle and looking out the window. There have been several reports of this. There is supposedly a bloodstain still on the floor in the attic. The confederate cemetery across the street is said to be haunted as well (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Roswell / Presbyterian Church Cemetery (1840): Many of Roswell's most outstanding citizens are buried here, including Archibald Smith and his wife Anne Margaret McGill Smith. There have been reports of red orb across the cemetery grounds floating in-between trees. Other reports of ghostly forms and orbs have been captured on film and digital. One in particular was a white filmy mist bathing the side of a child's grave. Sparkles have appeared when taking pictures almost like confetti (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Roswell / Roswell Cemetery: Founders Cemetery in historic Roswell, GA (on Sloan Street) contains the graves of some of Roswell's founding families, including Roswell King, James Bulloch and John Dunwody. The many unmarked graves are graves of the family servants. Orbs and mists have been sighted (Paranormal Georgia Investigations).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Roll Call at Oakland Cemetery by Melissa Davis](#)

[Runaway Bride by Melissa Davis](#)

[Spirits Star at The Shakespeare Tavern by Melissa Davis](#)

[The Ghost Warning at Masquerade by Melissa Davis](#)

[Transporting Ghosts at Anthony's by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Gilmer County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

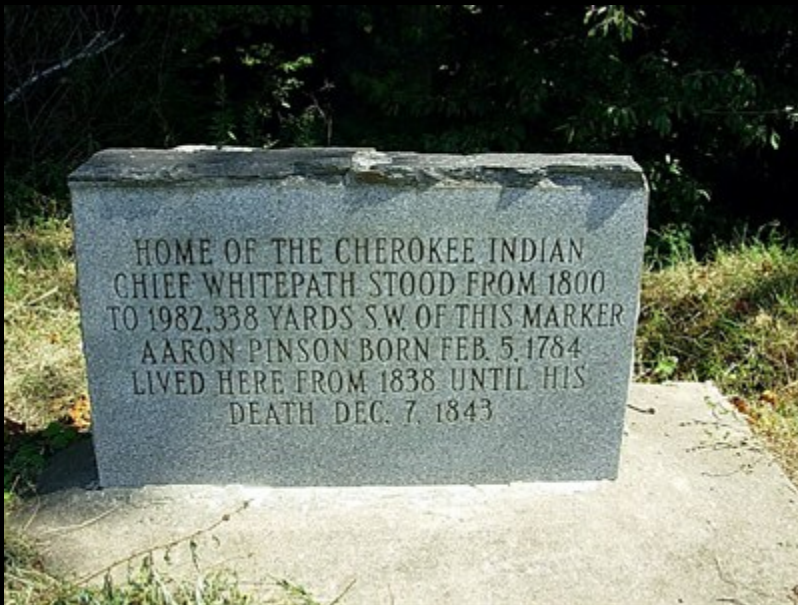


Photo courtesy of Sam Moody 2011. All rights reserved.

Gilmer County / Whitepath: The northern region of Gilmer County, called Whitepath, is named after the Cherokee chief who once inhabited it. Whitepath cursed any future owners of the land as he and his people were moved out on the "Trail of Tears." A hotel built on the site burned to the ground in the early part of the 20th century, killing many, after the hotel itself had been home to several murders and suicides. The sounds of revelry and the sounds of screams and moans of suffering can still be heard often at the site of the hotel, which is now only marked by an overgrown driveway and its broken concrete archway. Chief Whitepath's own ghost haunts and has appeared at the nearby area where his own house once stood (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Gwinnett County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis 2011. All rights

Lawrenceville / Little Gardens Restaurant: An old 1800s plantation house that was turned into a fancy restaurant. A woman died there in the early 1900s and haunts the restaurant. Workers have seen and felt her presence often. Dishes and silverware have moved and been thrown across the tables. She mainly haunts the upstairs and several reports have been reported in the bathrooms. The bathroom doors open and close by themselves. Cold spots have been felt and loud footsteps lurk behind you when there isn't anyone there (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Habersham County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)



Photo courtesy of Melissa Davis
2011. All

Clarkesville / Habersham County / Cannon Bridge: A husband threw his wife off the bridge. If one sits on the bridge with their car turned off on the nights of April 12-14, the bridge becomes covered with fog and the couple can be heard arguing. After a period of silence, a loud splash can be heard. On several occasions, the wife has walked up to the car. And on several occasions, people driving across the bridge on said nights have had their cars to stop, turn off, and all electrical systems stop (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Hall County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Gainesville / Brenau University: One of the United States most prestigious female universities is haunted by a ghostly shadow that hangs from the balcony of the auditorium. A young dedicated dancer supposedly hung herself after being denied lead performer in a popular ballet play. Many students and faculty continue to witness the mysterious apparition (Georgia Paranormal Investigations – Acworth).

Gainesville / Crybaby Mill: In North Hall County off of Highway 129, there's a rock road leading to an old wooden bridge that connects to an old grain mill. Years ago, a woman threw her baby off of that bridge and if you go up to the mill, you can hear baby's crying. (Georgia Paranormal Investigations – Acworth).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Haralson County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Bremen / Bremen High School Gym: In the late 70's early 80's a teenager was in a wrestling match in the gym, and was accidentally killed when his neck broke during a match. When you are in the gym and its quiet you can hear the sound of his neck breaking and the sound of someone walking on the top bleachers and moving the handles on the doors (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).



Photo courtesy of Sam Moody
2011. All rights reserved.

Tallapoosa / Devil's Kitchen: Witnesses report hearing the screams of a woman that was murdered there in the 1940's by her boyfriend and another man because they were all involved in a robbery. While crossing the bridge before keys castle a young man in a blue windbreaker can be seen on the bridge. Legend states that the young man and his friends were drinking and driving and he was put out as a prank because of the screams from the girl killed in the 40's. He fell off the bridge and drowned in the river. He can be seen waiting for his friends to return to pick him up (Independent Ghost Hunters Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Heard County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Heard County / Grave of Mayhayley Lancaster: Through the years many people have attempted to steal or otherwise vandalize the grave of the famous psychic Mayhayley Lancaster. Most of those people have experienced extremely bad fortune, even death, after doing so. One teenage boy was killed in a car accident after trying to show off for his friends by defiling Mayhayley's grave (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Henry County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

McDonough / Camp Creek Trestle: Ghosts have been reported to haunt the area and homes where a train crashed into a flooded creek in 1900. The No. 7 train bound from Macon to Atlanta stopped to pick up passengers at the McDonough Station on a night during a flood. Even after being warned not to leave the engineer was reported saying "We will either be eating breakfast in Atlanta or in hell". After traveling only seven miles from the station the train plunged into the swelled waters of Camp Creek after the train trestle had washed out minutes before. Nine out of the forty-seven on board survived. You can reach the trestle if you go north on Highway 42 out of McDonough (located 30 miles south of Atlanta) and turn left onto Ivey Edwards Rd. The trestle is right off the tracks to the left and can be seen from Highway 42 (Northwest Georgia Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Lumpkin County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Dahlonega / Holly Theatre: This theatre has been standing for almost a century. Now newly renovated after 50 years, strange sightings have occurred. When there's not much mortal activity inside the building, you can see figures, white and glowing, float passed the etched glass windows. Sometimes when you see the shapes you can also feel a cold presence fall upon you. During movies, there are many strange happenings such as lights flickering and weird misty shapes appearing on the screen. Though there's no history of death in the theatre before the renovation, but there are claims of a house standing in that site in the mid 1800's (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Dahlonega / Mount Hope Cemetery: Several reported sightings of figures walking around, mainly at night. Famous photo hangs in the court house (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to read an in depth article

[Bethy's Ghost at the Hall Building by Melissa Davis](#)

[Criminals at Corkscrew by Melissa Davis](#)

[Dahlonega Gold Mine by Melissa Davis](#)

[Doing Time at the Oyster Bar by Melissa Davis](#)

[Haunted House for Sale by Melissa Davis](#)

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Morgan County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Madison / Old Civil War Hospital: There have been reports of creepy footsteps walking up the stairs at night along with sightings of a tall man dressed all in black at the top of the stairs. Visitors have also heard sounds similar to a ball bouncing in one of the hallways and in one of the rooms there is a lady dressed in a blue old fashion dress (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Madison / Heritage Hall: Blood stain on fireplace mantel that won't go away. Child heard crying....Tours are given at Heritage Hall daily (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Pickens County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Pickens County / Carver Mill Bridge: There is a bridge off Carver Mill Road in western Pickens County that at one time some 50-60 years ago used to be wooden bridge and crossed over Scarecorn Creek. Years ago, this couple drove across the bridge and it collapsed on them, thus causing them to fall into the creek below killing them both. The bridge now is paved and well supported. You can drive onto the bridge anytime at night and shut the car off and all artificial lights (flashlights, headlights, cell-phone background lights, pager blinking red lights, etc.) must be shut off and wait patiently in the car and this black figure of an average size man will walk from the end of the bridge and to your car and look into the windows. If a woman is in your car it will most likely go to her first and will continue to examine your car. If you crank your car, without turning on your lights, and begin to drive off, the man will chase you until you are off the bridge. Then the ghost will disappear into the night. The ghost is there to try to scare people off the bridge so that they won't face the same fate that the couple did (Paulding Paranormal Society).

BEWARE: The ghost doesn't always walk right to your car. Sometimes it just appears at your window and can scare you plum to death. It is best if you do this during a full moon so that there is plenty of "natural" light to see the ghost with.

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Polk County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Cedartown / Old Cemetery behind Bethlehem Baptist Church: This creepy old Cemetery houses a lot of old graves. Visitors have witnessed ghostly figures at night in cemetery and in the horse pasture next to cemetery (No Limits Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Spaulding County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Griffin / old well on Gainer Road: There are reports of spirits walking around. A few people have had some of the apparitions even pass through you and there are also visitors who have said to have heard loud screams after dark coming from deep down in the well (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Griffin / Trestle Bridge: Many people report hearing train whistles and feeling the tracks vibrate. Some have said to have even seen a large white object pass over the bridge. Others have seen a mysterious white light coming toward them on the bridge, which is believed to be a worker who died on the bridge. People have been chased out of the woods surrounding the Trestle by a mysterious figure (North Georgia Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Towns County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Young Harris College / New Dorm: Many years ago, a poet/student at the college hung himself on the premises where the newly built dormitory stands. It is said by some faculty and former students that high up, normally on the 2nd to 3rd floor of the new dormitory, you can vaguely see him hanging there from the rope tied to the ceiling in the later hours of the night. You can also see him sitting out in the lawn writing in his book of poetry (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Young Harris College / Clegg Fine Arts Building Auditorium: It is common knowledge over the campus that Charlie Clegg, the president of the college in the 1960's, haunts the entire fine arts building. Even the professors acknowledge his presence by saying, "Goodnight, Charlie," when exiting the building for the night. Charlie has been known to play the organ downstairs at night, appear on stage, find lost props minutes before the actor has to appear on stage, whisper lines to actors who draw a blank, and even touch a few people from time to time. Although benevolent and helpful, he often frightens people to the point that they will not enter the auditorium alone (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Young Harris College / Dobbs Theatre: In the early 1990's there was a janitor named Jesse who loved the theatre and would participate when a particular role called for someone who had visible aged. One day, he was driving home and wrapped his car around a tree; his ghost has haunted the Blackbox theater ever since. In the storage room, the noise of moving chairs and other items can often be heard. In the classroom, the motion sensor light turns on when the door is locked and nobody is in there. Footsteps up the steps and around the building are common. Movement upstairs and in the catwalks is also very common. While Charlie in the Clegg building usually causes commotion at night, Jesse seems to be around 24 hours a day- even while there are large groups and classes in the theatre (Dark as Night Paranormal).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Union County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Blairsville / Old Boot Factory: A man who worked there got tired of lonely life so he hung himself with boot laces from the rafters. If you drive by the factory late at night, you can see him looking out at you. If you go to the back of the building and look through the window there will be a light on and you can see the man's body hanging there (Georgia Spectral Investigations).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Walker County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Chickamauga / Chickamauga Battlefield: Many things are reported in this area. Every night, a mysterious fog rolls in upon the battlefield. Upon driving through the park, one may find that there is no fog before entering or after leaving the park, only in the park itself. There are also tales of the infamous "Green Eyes", a confederate soldier killed by his Yankee twin brother, whose eyes can still be seen at night on Snod Grass Hill. Even during the war, soldiers had reported him looking over the dead during battles. Reports include that of an apparition of a soldier walking down the road. They also say that if you notice him and he notices you, he will stare you down until you are out of sight. There is the tale of the bride-never-to-be who still walks the battlefield in her wedding gown during September and October, visiting the grave of the man she was going to marry who was killed during the war. Also, there is an old tower here that is visible from the main road. The top four steps have a mysterious blood stain on them. People have tried to remove the stains, but to no avail. They always seem to return. A mysterious being haunts the area beneath the stairs at night (Historic Ghost Watch).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

(North Georgia Ghosts: Whitfield County)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Dalton / Dalton Cemetery: If drivers put their car in neutral, the car is mysteriously pushed up a small hill known as Gravity Hill (Paulding Paranormal Society).

Click on the link to a [work cited page](#)

Barnsley Gardens' Ghosts
by Melissa Davis



Courtesy of Barnsley Gardens

As you walk through Barnsley Gardens, you notice the fragrance of roses. A kind of quiet peace surrounds you and it's easy to imagine you've somehow gone back to another time. You look up and see the ruins of what seems to be a large mansion. A mansion? Here in Adairsville, Georgia? The story of how that mansion came to be built is a story of romance and determination.

The Barnsley Gardens website states that Godfrey Barnsley was born August 26, 1805 in Derbyshire, England. He came to America in 1823 at the age of 18 with very little in the way of education or money. In Savannah, Georgia he became a clerk for a cotton shipping firm and rose quickly in the cotton world. By 1834, he had become one of the top cotton merchants in the South. While living and working in Savannah, he met Julia Scarborough, the daughter of a prominent merchant and financier. They fell in love and were married December 24, 1828.

Savannah had seasonal outbreaks of yellow fever and malaria due to the warm, humid climate. Barnsley wanted to find a location with a cooler climate where their five children would be healthier. "His idea was to build a grand mansion for his wife. It was in Cass County, now known as Bartow County, that he found what he was looking for" ("Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens"). Until recently, the Cherokee Indians had lived in that area and many of them believed the land to be cursed. Barnsley had been told that this was a cursed area and he would not be wise to build there but, he had

found what he wanted and was going to build his home there. “Curse or no curse” (“Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens”).

He brought his family to Adairsville and began work on his estate in 1841. Barnsley named his new home Woodlands. Barnsley was going to build his house in the style of an Italian villa and it would have the best materials available. Marble was imported from Italy, doors and paneling imported from London, money was no object where his house was concerned. He designed the house’s gardens in the English style and had many varieties of roses and exotic plants brought in. It was truly going to be a dream house. It wasn't many years later that the dream came to an end. Julia became sick with tuberculosis and went home to Savannah, where she died (“Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens”).

According to the website, Barnsley was devastated by the loss of his wife. In his grief, he threw himself into his work and left his six children in the care of a governess for more than a year. When he returned to visit his children, it is said that he saw the spirit of Julia near a fountain in the garden and she told him he needed to complete work on the house for their children. He returned to Woodlands and finished building a home for his children. Barnsley and his children lived on the property until the Civil War. During and after the war, much of Barnsley's fortune was ruined. He retreated to New Orleans in an effort to recoup some of his losses, and it was in New Orleans that Barnsley died in 1873. The Barnsley family lived in the house until a tornado struck it in 1906. They then moved into the kitchen wing until 1942. The house fell into disrepair and sat decaying until 1988 when the land was bought and made into a resort and spa (“Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens”).

According to Michele Lowe of Roswell Paranormal Investigations, as with any old

house, there are always tales about spirits and hauntings – one of the spirits, a Colonel, is said to be seen at Barnsley Gardens frequently. Colonel Earle had attempted to ride to Woodlands and warn the family that the Union Army was approaching but was shot down near the house. You can see his grave marker in the gardens if you visit. And then, there is Godfrey's own story of seeing Julia at the fountain. There have been others who said they saw a woman in white in the garden. If you are up near Adairsville, take the time to visit Julia's garden, and maybe you'll get to visit with Julia herself.

Works Cited

Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens. 2010. Website. 12 January 2012

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011

New Hightower Baptist Church, Canton GA by Melissa Davis



Copyright by Melissa Davis

The actual name of Hell's Church is New Hightower Baptist Church in Canton, Georgia. This church has a history that, truthfully told, is far stranger than any fictional work. Because of the events that unfolded at this church's remote location, it has become an unwilling hot spot for ghost hunters and investigators alike. The sad story centers on the church and its congregation, who are still paying for a tragic event that was set in motion by a grieving teenage mind.

No one knows the exact year that the church was constituted but with stories passed down through the years, the congregation knows that when the land was given to the Church there was an old abandoned log cabin, which had served as a school and church for the farming community. This structure was torn down once the actual church building was completed, but there is a large pile of rocks at the site of the original log cabin.

William Bender explains in his book, *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*, that New Hightower Baptist Church stood for over a hundred years until in the winter of 1990 when it was burned to the ground by vandals (219). The church that stands today was re-built and dedicated in 1992 and still has services, revivals, prayer-meetings and dedications. According to New Hightower Church Records the first burial in the cemetery was Sara Jane McCollum's in the year 1890.

Bender continues to detail the tragic event by describing that on November 20,

1990, the original church building was set on fire by an 18-year-old and two juvenile accomplices who threw homemade firebombs at the church from the parking lot. The high school senior said that he and his friends "believed they were striking at a reputed site of Satan worship" (219). The ring leader said he felt it was the only way to punish the man that killed his father in 1975. "I felt he was a Devil worshipper" (219) the young man stated in a police interrogation. The young man felt by burning a "supposed site of Satan worship" (220), he could get even with the man who killed his father (220).

A Cherokee county officer said, "We've heard rumors over the months that supposedly some people had been around the area at night, outsiders, not church members. There were tales of occult rituals but nothing more than rumor. You always hate that anything like that could bring a person to commit a crime, if that's the reason they did it. It's strange how things get turned around." The Pastor of New Hightower Baptist said "He's [the young man] wrong, just plain wrong" (Bender 220).

Kevin and Amy Fike, investigators with Historic Ghost Watch, conducted an initial walk through of the site by taking pictures and getting EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomena) test readings for use as control data in upcoming investigations. During their time on the site they met a local teenager and learned some of the other urban myths associated with the location. These legends included everything from coffins in the basement, an old "hanging tree," to engine trouble after 10:30pm. Surprisingly these stories didn't say anything about the legendary small child that was apparently found murdered in the cemetery years ago. Kevin Fike's high powered spotlight quickly proved the rumor of a coffin filled basement to be just that... a rumor. Through a vent all the Fikes saw was a very clean and well kept, coffin-free, crawl space complete with a plastic covered dirt floor. The walk through ended in the cemetery across the street.

Amy Fike had heard about the high number of tombstones for children who died very young. Both investigators did see an unsettling number, but the church was built in the mid 1800's and although very sad, children dying young was not an uncommon event.

Check it out yourself, but be careful. Ghosts are not the only thing that prowls around the church at night. Rumor has it that it is heavily patrolled by police.

Works Cited

- Bender, William. *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*. Toccoa, GA: Currahee Books, 2005. Print.
- Fike, Kevin and Amy Fike, *Historic Ghost Watch*. 2004. Website. 21 November 2011.

Town and Gown: Ghosts of Athens and the University of Georgia
by Melissa Davis

Photos reprinted with permission from Lewis Powell IV.

The roots of both Athens and the University of Georgia are inextricably linked. According to Jim Miles in his book, *Weird Georgia*, land for the university was purchased in 1801 by John Milledge, who would later serve the state as governor. The land, on a hill overlooking Cedar Shoals on the Oconee River, was to house the state-supported-university, and parcels of land adjacent to the campus were sold to private interests. The town was incorporated as “Athens” in 1806 with a handful of residents, faculty and students. Athens grew quickly into a regional center for trade and education as well as a social center (112).

After the Civil War and the emancipation of slaves, Athens became a regional center for the African-America community. A school, The Knox School, was created and a prosperous African-American middle class emerged towards the end of the nineteenth century. The entire city saw rapid growth throughout the twentieth century, some of it tied with the growth of the university. The city continues to expand with the university which has brought a world class cultural experience to the region (Miles 178).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

**Alpha Gamma Delta House
(Thomas-Carithers House)
530 South Milledge Avenue**

Built as a private home in 1896 and used as a sorority house since 1939, this exuberant wedding-cake like house is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. William Winstead Thomas, a local engineer, built the house which was

later bought by James Yancey Carithers as a wedding gift for his daughter, Susie. William Bender explains in his book, *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*, that legend tells how Susie's groom failed to show up for the ceremony on time and the distraught woman hung herself in the attic. The groom finally did show, having been delayed on the way to the nuptials, but Susie was dead. Her spirit has been seen throughout the house when girls living in her old room often become engaged, thus the suite's name, "The Engagement Suite" (365).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved

Classic Center
300 North Thomas Street
Firehouse No. 1, now the Classic Center

When it was decided to build a performing arts center in Athens, the original plans called for the demolition of the warehouses and the old 1912 Firehouse Number 1 which were standing on the site. However, local citizens fought to have the firehouse incorporated in the design. The firehouse was remodeled and now serves as a box office for the performing arts center that stands around it (Hendricks 12). Captain Hiram Peeler had had a distinguished career as head of the Athens Fire Department when he plunged to his death in an elevator shaft in 1928. It is believed to be his spirit that remains in the firehouse. Reports of activity were reported in the building while it still served as a firehouse. The activity continued through the building's use as the Chamber of Commerce and has continued while it serves as the Classic Center (Hendricks 12).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Morton Theatre

199 West Washington Street

Actors of this restored theatre have reported odd activity in the dressing room. Sadly, that's all the information I can find in terms of the paranormal. The Morton Theatre was built by African-American businessman Monroe Bowers "Pink" Morton starting in 1909. The theatre was one of the main anchors of "Hot Corner," the intersection of Washington and Hull Streets, which was the center of African-American life in Athens. It opened as a vaudeville house for the black community and such names as Butterbeans and Susie, Louie Armstrong and Cab Calloway appeared there. The building has since been restored as a performing arts center for the community and is one of the few remaining black vaudeville houses in the nation (Hendricks 12).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Oconee Hill Cemetery

297 Cemetery Street

When the main city cemetery (now known as the Old Athens Cemetery) began sprawling close to the campus and the homes of the university president and professors, steps were taken to create a new cemetery nearby. Since its opening in 1855, the university has sprawled close to the cemetery with massive Sanford Stadium now looming across the street. The cemetery now hosts a number of prominent Georgians including two governors, eight university presidents and at least one ghost. The legend exists of a ghostly carriage

appearing on the bridge between the old and newer portions of the cemetery (Bender 365).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Old Athens Cemetery Jackson Street

Old Athens Cemetery is the original city cemetery before Oconee Hill Cemetery was created around 1810.

The last burial occurred in 1898, not long after

university first tried to reclaim the land. This retrieval

effort would be a struggle that would continue through the 1980s. The cemetery was

deeded back to school in 2004 and in 2006 a preservation program was instituted under

the university's grounds department. According to William Bender, many residents

have mentioned seeing the ghost of a young girl in the cemetery. The location was

investigated by the Georgia Haunt Hunters team in 1998 and the team discovered some

temperature fluctuations (Bender 369).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Phi Kappa Psi House 398 South Milledge Avenue

In researching Athens, I kept coming across locations that are mentioned as being haunted, but

there are few specifics given. This is one location

that is briefly mentioned. Daniel Barefoot

mentions in his book, *Haunted Halls of Ivy: Ghosts*

of Southern Colleges and Universities, that the brothers in this house have heard the crying of a baby. This Queen Anne style home was built in 1890.



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

**Phi Mu House
(Hamilton-Phinizy-Segrest House)
250 South Milledge Avenue**

The legend of the Phi Mu House, according to Daniel Barefoot in his book, *Haunted Halls of Ivy: Ghosts of Southern Colleges and Universities*,

concerns a young woman named Anna Powell. Her husband shot himself, either purposefully or accidentally at the bottom of the stairs. At times, it is said, a cross will appear on the floor where this horrific incident took place. Anna's spirit has been encountered frequently by sisters in the house. Knocking and sobbing have been heard in the house and one young woman had the door unlocked for her late one night by unseen hands. The house was constructed by Colonel Thomas Hamilton, reportedly Georgia's first millionaire, and finished in 1858 by his widow, Sarah. It has served as a sorority house since 1964 (89).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

**Taylor-Grady House
634 Prince Avenue**

Built by Irish immigrant turned cotton merchant and planter, Robert Taylor, in 1844, the Taylor-Grady House was purchased by Major William S. Grady in 1863, at the height of the Civil

War. Major Grady was killed in the Battle of Petersburg and his spirit is said to have returned to his family's home. Henry Grady, the major's son, was a staunch advocate for the "New South" as managing editor for the *Atlanta Constitution* and a famed orator. As the only existing of Grady's homes, the Taylor-Grady House was named a National Historic Landmark in 1976 (Barefoot 91).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

**T. R. R. Cobb House
175 Hill Street**

This 1842 home with octagonal wings faced the wrecking ball in 1985 explains Daniel Barefoot in his book. Members of the community rallied and the house was moved to Stone Mountain Park, just outside of Atlanta, to be restored as a part of the living history village there (which also has some notable haunted structures). After languishing 20 years sitting under plastic, the home was returned to Athens and restored. A ghost story from this house was collected as part of the WPA Writers' Project and recalls the spirit of "a gentleman wearing a gay dressing gown" who is seen descending the stairs and sitting in front of the fire in the drawing room (90).

Two priests living in house, during its time as a rectory for St. Stephens Catholic Church, reported seeing a man in grey enter the library and stand by the fireplace. Since the home's restoration, the staff has reported odd sounds including disembodied footsteps and laughter (Barefoot 90). Two pieces of furniture owned by Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb, the home's builder and a firebrand Confederate politician, have doors that refuse to stay closed. They speculate that Cobb may still be looking for something

(Bender 372).

Joe E. Brown Hall, University of Georgia

Campus



According to Daniel Barefoot, this 1932 building, built as a dormitory, is home to a staircase to nowhere. Legend states that not long after the building was built, a student hanged himself during Christmas break. His decomposing body was found

Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved. he mess was cleaned up, the blood stains were said to return. When the building was remodeled for office space, the room was sealed and the staircase leading to it blocked. Barefoot cites an article on campus legends from 2002 in the university newspaper, *The Red and Black*, “a photograph of the staircase to nowhere was published” although I was unsuccessful in locating it. Supposedly, students have reported hearing sounds of knocking still issuing from the sealed room (91).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Lustrat House

Like many of the oldest campus buildings, Daniel Barefoot explains that the Lustrat House has served a variety of functions. Currently the office of Legal Affairs, the building initially served as a residence for professors. Towards the

end of the 19th century, it was home to Dr. Charles Morris, chair of the English

Department. When the university decided to relocate the house in 1903, Dr. Morris attempted to assuage officials away from that plan. He refused to move with the home. After his death, the family of Professor Joseph Lustrat began to see Dr. Morris has surprisingly taken up residence, sitting in his favorite chair by the fire (Barefoot 87).



Photo by Lewis Powell IV, all rights reserved.

Waddel Hall

The oldest building on campus still in its complete form according to Daniel Barefoot, Waddel Hall was built in 1821 as Philosophical Hall. The sounds of a tragic lovers' quarrel are still heard in this building that now houses the university special events office. During World War I, a young man left his female love who fell for another in his absence. When he returned, he confronted his beloved and the quarrel ended in a murder suicide (89).

Works Cited

Barefoot, Daniel. *Haunted Halls of Ivy: Ghosts of Southern Colleges and Universities*. Winston-Salem: John F. Blair, 2004.

Bender, William N. *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*. Toccoa: Currahee Books, 2005.

Hendricks, Bill. "'Ghost Trackers Look for Proof of Afterlife: Athens Haunt Club Checks Georgia Sites.'" *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* 1 December 1998.

Miles, Jim. *Weird Georgia*. NYC: Sterling Publishers, 2006.

3 Bears Café: Movie Lovers at the Marietta Square
Marietta, Georgia
by Melissa Davis



Courtesy of Michele Lowe

There are plenty of stories about haunted theaters, but most of those theaters are of the stage variety, not movie theaters. Heading to the movie

theater has been a favorite American pastime for nearly one hundred years, and in Marietta, there are some people who still love to catch a flick on the big screen even after death.

Ironically, the old Cobb Theater on Marietta Square hasn't shown any movies for years. Its last inhabitant was a quaint little eatery called the 3 Bears Café. It served causal dishes and was a popular spot for locals.

However, the theater now stands empty and dark. The big screens might be gone, but the old 1950s-era projection room still remains. Patrons of the café, before it closed, could spy the stairs that lead to the projection room against one wall in the front room of the café. Look a little closer and you can even see the cutouts in the room's sidewall where the movie images used to be beamed to the screen.



Courtesy of Michele Lowe

According to Michele Lowe, my tour guide on the Marietta Ghost Tour, "The night manager reported hearing footsteps behind her one night while when heading up to her office at night to go over the books.

Two female customers reported that they went into the restroom and heard a girl talking, even though there was no one else in the

restroom with them.”

As stories of ghosts at the 3 Bears Café increased, local investigators took notice. According to Historic Ghost Watch, who conducted an investigation at the restaurant in October 2007, “One of our members, who is psychically sensitive, stood in the back corner near the kitchen stairs to observe. She reported feeling someone standing behind her, and could even feel a ghostly breath on her neck. Her feeling corresponded with those of the wait staff, who use the staircase to shuttle plates of food back and forth between the dining room and the downstairs kitchen. The presence on the stairs seems so real that wait staff, laden down with plates, will actually turn to hand some of their burden to the person behind them, only to find no one there.”

Historic Ghost Watch’s investigation continued upstairs where the crew discovered a well-defined cold spot that moved throughout the hallway that connects the office to the old projection room. Anywhere the cold traveled, the investigators could smell a fragrance of rose perfume. Their EMF (electro-magnetic field) readings confirmed the presence of something unseen, especially combined with the cold air and feminine scent.

Between the office and projection room lies a small storage room with another storage closet inside. “Four investigators were in the room, sticking together according to their standard practice. One man walked just two steps away from the group into the smaller storage area and the door slammed shut behind him,” explained the lead investigator, Amy Fike.

With the findings of the investigation team and the other stories that perpetuated about the 3 Bears Café, it is believed that two ghosts are causing all of

the activity. One of them is an older man and the other is a young girl. Are the ghosts related to each other in some way, or are they just two movie fans who came back to a theater where they once enjoyed taking in a flick?

Unfortunately, the 3 Bears Café is not open to the public, but it is featured on the Marietta Ghost Tour. Take the tour, listen to the guide recount the stories that continue to surround this small but apparently still active building. Look through the windows and see if you feel anything otherworldly.



3 Bears Café is located on 105 North Park Square in Marietta, GA.

The Marietta Ghost Tours run on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday from 8:30pm - Summer (April 1-Sept. 31) and 7:30pm - Winter (Oct. 1-March 30).

www.ghostsofmarietta.com

Works Cited

Fike, Kevin and Amy Fike. *Historic Ghost Watch*. 2004. Website. 21 November 2011.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011.

Caught on Tape at The Kennesaw House
Marietta, Georgia
by Melissa Davis



Photo by M. Davis

Kennesaw House in Marietta has served many purposes through the years, welcoming both wealthy vacationers and dying soldiers over its long history. The simple three-story building sits just one block from Marietta Square adjacent to the railroad tracks

that played a significant part in the Civil War.

According to Reece Christian, author of *Ghosts of Atlanta*, John Glover, the first mayor of Marietta, built the original structure in 1845 as a cotton warehouse. After serving the cotton trade for decades, the building was bought by Dix Fletcher, drastically remodeled, and renamed the Fletcher House Hotel. The early days of the Fletcher House Hotel were short-lived thanks to the outbreak of the Civil War. The hotel's strategic location next to the railroad tracks, which led to Chattanooga and other points north, made it ideal as a Confederate hospital and morgue. This usage likely contributes to the excess of ghostly activity surrounding the famed Marietta building (89).

Christian continues to describe the hotel as the origination of a legendary train heist. Union spies who called themselves Andrews' Raiders stayed in a second-floor room the night before they stole the Confederate steam engine, The General, and fled north. Their goal was Chattanooga, but the spies only made it as far as Ringgold in northern Georgia before they were stopped. They tried to flee, but most of the spies were caught and sentenced to hang for their actions (90).

As the Union gained the upper hand in the war and Sherman began his March to the Sea, it was only a matter of time before Marietta fell into Union hands. After the Union got over their losses at the long and bloody battle of Kennesaw Mountain, just north of Marietta, the path south along the railroad tracks and straight into Atlanta became vulnerable (Christian 90).

The Union Army used the Fletcher House as an administration building, and Sherman spared the structure because Dix Fletcher was a fellow Mason, and because the innkeeper had relations fighting for the Union. The rest of Marietta was not so lucky: the downtown area was torched, destroying the original buildings surrounding the square. Unfortunately, the Fletcher House didn't go unscathed. The fourth floor caught fire when winds blew burning debris onto the roof of the hotel. The top floor was never rebuilt (Christian 91).

Christian explains that at the end of the Civil War, Fletcher resumed his hotel operation, renaming the building the Kennesaw House. The name remains today, although the hotel ceased operations in the 1920s. Since then, Kennesaw House has held retail shops and, following an extensive renovation in the 1970s, offices. The Downtown Marietta Development Authority purchased the building and the second floor opened its doors as the Marietta Museum of History over a decade ago (91).

After such a dramatic history and so much tragedy in its hospital days, more than one ghost walks the halls of Kennesaw House. According to Michele Lowe, my tour guide on the Marietta Ghost Tour, "After the war ended, a hotel guest checked into a room on the third floor. He left for dinner and returned later that night, but when the elevator doors slid open on the top floor, he stepped out into an operating

room. Somehow, he had stepped back into a scene from the third floor's history as a Confederate hospital. There was a gurney with an injured soldier and a doctor standing over the patient. The very startled guest backed into the elevator and went back downstairs to a modern lobby."

Lowe includes other occurrences in her tour, including the museum's director, who reported hearing footsteps on the third floor at night and the scent of cigar smoke wafting through the hallways. The museum's executive director also spied a surgeon once, a ghost whose name tag read Dr. Wilder.

Although the building's time as a hospital has left a strong impression and plenty of ghosts, some of the specters come from other times. Lowe tells the story of a little girl on a tour of the building who once spied a woman waving in a corner of the museum and later recognized her in a picture on display – the woman was Dr.

Fletcher's wife. She had been dead for almost a century.



Photos courtesy of Michele Lowe

Modern technology has helped pin down a few ghosts, too. A large part of the Marietta Ghost Tour includes the story behind the two pictures on the left. A security monitoring system with cameras positioned downstairs was installed so that traffic in and out of the old lobby could be monitored from the museum's office upstairs. Often, the elevator will move although there is no one in the camera's view. Once in a while, though, the

camera will turn up intriguing images. On two occasions, ghosts have been caught on tape. The first was of a woman, and later a man showed up on the security footage.

Even if you don't encounter any ghosts, the Marietta Museum of History is a great way to learn the local history and explore one of the oldest buildings in the city.

I believe that if there were any ghosts to experience, The Kennesaw House would be the place. With all the death and misery associated with the building during the Civil War, I have no doubt that some poor souls still reside there. The photographic evidence is compelling. Take a trip to the past, and visit the museum, and let me know what you think.



Marietta Museum of History is open Monday through Saturday from 10:00a.m. to 4:00p.m. The Marietta Museum of History is committed to preserving the history of Marietta and Cobb County by providing an educational, enlightening, and engaging experience for all visitors.

<http://www.mariettahistory.org/>

Works Cited

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston, SC: Haunted America, 2008.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011.

Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield: The Battle Goes On

by Melissa Davis



In Rhetta Akamtsu's book, *Haunted Marietta*, Kennesaw Mountain is described as rising "above its surroundings like a sentinel," which is exactly what made it such a coveted piece of land during the final months of the Civil War. On June 27, 1864, the battle for control of the mountain began. It was a long and bloody one, and the now-peaceful area is still haunted by many of those who fought and died there (104).

Situated between Kennesaw to the north and Marietta to the south, Kennesaw Mountain is significantly higher than the rolling hills nearby and provides a clear view down the railway running near its base and all the way to Atlanta. During the war, Reece Christian explains in *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*, capturing control of those rail lines was of premier importance to the Union Army: whoever controlled the railways controlled what came in and out of the South, including war supplies (83).

Today, The Dead Angle Trail, a mile-long dirt track winds its way up the mountain, and it's hard to imagine how General Johnston's troops managed to haul their cannons, artillery, and supplies all the way to the peak, especially in the sweltering hot June weather.

The Atlanta Campaign officially began with the battle at Kennesaw Mountain and the skirmishes that took place nearby. The fighting began on June 19, 1864 and lasted until July 2nd. Over those fifteen days, the casualties mounted to

horrifying numbers. By the end, over 5,000 soldiers lay dead and of those, only 1,000 fought for the South. The Union forces had taken a heavy toll, and General Johnston's troops claimed victory. (Christian 84)

With so much death, it would be more surprising if Kennesaw Mountain didn't have ghosts than if it did. The mountain and surrounding battlefields are now a National Park and are closed at night. However, Old Highway 41 runs right through the park next to the mountain, and other local roads crisscross the area. Driving though at night can be a very formidable experience (Akamtsu 104).

One of the most recent incidents even made the 11Alive news. One October evening night in 2009, a Cobb County man who doesn't want to be identified and his teenage son were driving through the battlefield when they saw a shape about to cross the road in front of them. The man slammed on his breaks and he and his son watched as a soldier on horseback galloped across the road. Click on the link to watch the 11Alive new clip [Kennesaw Mt. Battlefield Sighting 11Alive News Clip](#)

The men are both Civil War history buffs, and they recognized the soldier as a member of the Union Calvary, right down to his drawn saber. After the mounted soldier crossed the road, he proceeded right through a fence as if it weren't there and disappeared.

Michele Lowe, lead investigator for the Roswell Paranormal group states that other apparitions of soldiers have been reported and many people claim to get an odd feeling just driving through the battlefield at night, even if they don't spot any ghostly cavalry. Additional ghostly incidences include the sounds of gunshot and cannon fire that add to the eerie recreations of the Civil War battles, as do the smell

of gunpowder and blood.

If you visit Kennesaw Mountain National Battlefield Park today, you may also see soldiers in uniform though chances are they're still alive and only re-enactors. Admission to the park is free and there is an excellent museum containing many artifacts recovered at Kennesaw Mountain to chronicle both the battle and the Atlanta Campaign. The park is open from dawn to dusk, at least for the living visitors.

Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield is certainly something not to be missed. To stand on the fields where so many fought and died for what they believed was right is an awe-inspiring experience. Having driven down Old 41 in the fog, I have no doubt that there are lingering spirits here, unable to let go of the devastation that occurred. Take a trip and explore the area, and let me know what you think.



Kennesaw Mountain Battlefield - Visitor Center building: 8:30AM - 5:00PM, seven days a week. Visitor Center lot and Battlefield grounds: 7:30AM - 8:00PM Kennesaw Mountain Road: 8:30AM - 7:30PM Monday-Friday only, excluding major holidays and weather permitting. Parking fee \$2.00

Works Cited

Akamatsu, Rhetta. *Haunted Marietta*. Charleston: The History Press, 2009. Print.

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston: Haunted America, 2008. Print.

Crawley, Paul. "Ghost Rider at Kennesaw Mtn." 31 October 2007. *11alive.com*. 13 March 2012. Video.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Haunted Old Kolb Creek Farm and Tatum House Ghost *Marietta, Georgia* *by Melissa Davis*



Courtesy of Michele Lowe



The Kolb Creek Farm, near Kennesaw Mountain, is the scene of a June 22, 1864 Civil War battle resulted in an estimated 350 Union and 1,000 Confederates casualties. A housing development, Kolb Ridge Court, was built on what was part of the farm, near Marietta, Georgia. While some residents of these houses have reported ghosts of Civil War soldiers roaming through their homes, the Tatums, who live on Kolb Ridge Court Lane, apparently have a resident one.

“In 1986, Katherine and James Tatum had a two story house built on top of an old homestead site not far from the Kolb farmhouse in the housing development. Their bedroom, on the second floor has its own bathroom with another one in the hall and guestrooms. After a year of living in their house, a spectral visitor decided to stay,” describes Kellie Keaton, founder of the Marietta Paranormal Association.

Keaton explains how one night Mrs. Tatum got up to use the bathroom. She saw a solid shadowy male figure silently walk by the bathroom. He wore a hat and a long Confederate soldier’s overcoat. He swung his arm, went down the stairs and suddenly vanished from sight. She thought it was Mr. Tatum and was shocked to find him in bed.

About a month later, Mrs. Tatum was reading in bed, describes Keaton. She heard someone playing with Mr. Tatum’s drill in the hallway, turning it on and off. Mr. Tatum had been working on a bookcase and had left the drill before heading off to bed. When she ran out in the hallway, no one there and the drill was cold. While on another evening, Mrs. Tatum was upstairs watching a TV show. She heard a crackling sound, like

static electricity, emanating from the middle of the room. She tried to find its source, then discovered that the noise was following her, growing closer and closer until it backed her into a corner and moved toward her face. She ran downstairs to ask Mr. Tatum to investigate. He found nothing.

When Mrs. Tatum put a casserole in the microwave, she felt someone tug on her blouse. She turned around to see who it was. No one was there, and Mr. Tatum was outside. She also experienced a cold spot in the upstairs hallway and in one of the guest rooms where she felt uncomfortable, like she was in another person's bedroom.

According to Keaton, who interviewed the Tatums, "The couple had an angel bell in a guest bedroom which Mrs. Tatum rang when she wanted to see Mr. Tatum for some reason. Their ghost began to ring the bell. Mr. Tatum would go upstairs and the ringing stopped when he got to the top of the staircase. When he started back down the stairs, it rang again. They decided to try to outsmart the ghost. Mrs. Tatum would ring the bell three times so Mr. Tatum would know that it was she. It didn't work. Finally, Mr. Tatum stated loudly that he wouldn't be answering any more bells. The ringing stopped. The ghost's antics ceased."

A four month hiatus from the apparition's capers lead the Tatums to believe that the ghost had gone states Keaton. However, Mrs. Tatum was reading in bed one night when she heard coins that Mr. Tatum kept in a wooden bowl on top of his dresser being dropped one by one into their container. She ran downstairs to summon Mr. Tatum who investigated and found nothing. Another evening, after Mrs. Tatum turned out the light and went to bed to try to sleep, she heard the tray on the nightstand, moving around and the glass of water on it being lifted up and down. When she ignored it, Tums were dropped one at a time onto the tray. When she looked at the tray, the activity stopped.

Could Mrs. Tatum actually have seen a ghost when she sighted the man in Civil War outfit? This is very likely, although poltergeists are very rarely seen. Regardless, the Tatums have learned to live with their mischievous ghost, who likes to get their attention. It is generally not a good idea to build houses on old battlefields since ghosts are more often than not still haunting the place where they died. Nearly every battlefield in the United States has its own ghostly inhabitants, young men who weren't ready to die and have hung around, sometimes willing to engage the living.

While you can't investigate the Tatums' house, you could check out the subdivision. Drive through at night and see if you hear the sounds of battle, feel a cold chill, or even see a soldier cross your path. You never know what you might find.

Works Cited

Keaton, Kellie. *Founder of Marietta Paranormal Association*. Melissa Davis. 20 August 2011.

Spooky Sightings on the Square by Melissa Davis



Photo by Melissa Davis

In *Haunted Marietta*, author Rhetta Akamatsu explains that Marietta became the county seat of Cobb County in 1834, and the city was well-established by the time its neighbor to the south, Atlanta, was founded. The city was laid out by early resident James Anderson, who also had the distinction of being Marietta's first postmaster. Anderson's city plan included an open square in the heart of the little city, and it's still the focal point of Marietta today (106).

A fire in 1855 destroyed three blocks of the downtown area, but the citizens banded together to rebuild. But, again, much of the downtown was destroyed by fire, this time during the Civil War and at the hands of Hugh Kirkpatrick, a Union officer acting on General Sherman's orders (Akamatsu 106).

Nevertheless, the town rebuilt, and today Marietta Square is a lively area with a wide range of restaurants, boutiques, and bars housed in the old buildings that surrounded the square.

Joni Goodin, who established and runs the Marietta Ghost Tour, has plenty of stories about the storefronts lining the square. Shillings, one of the restaurants in Marietta, counts ghosts among its patrons. The nineteenth century structure was a warehouse, reflecting Marietta's original purpose as an important point on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Staff members at Shillings will set up tables at the end of the night in preparation for the next day, only to return in the morning to find that all of their work has been undone. "A man in a Civil War uniform has also

been reported, usually standing at the top of the stairs. But as soon as anyone gets within a few feet of the ghost, he disappears,” Goodin explained.

Another male ghost has been spotted at nearby Thaicoon Sushi Bar, a restaurant on Mill Street. Anyone walking by the back entrance of the restaurant



Photo by Melissa Davis

will notice a plate of food and a drink sitting out on the railing. Goodin clarifies, “It’s not someone’s forgotten meal it is just an offering left daily for the ghost. Sometimes the meal consists of steak, potatoes, and beer or a McDonald’s Big Mac meal. On cold nights, the meal usually is accompanied by coffee or hot chocolate. Each morning, the plates are empty but

undisturbed” (Goodin).

The Vineyard Café on West Park Square has a picturesque location, and it’s said to be the home to a male ghost known as “The Colonel.” According to Goodin, the new owners aren’t too enthusiastic that their lease includes a ghost, but that hasn’t stopped The Colonel. He first appeared when an antiques dealer occupied the space. “A woman spotted what she thought was a bust with a Confederate officer jacket draped over the shoulder. When she looked later and the bust had disappeared, she was told that it was The Colonel himself making an appearance. The owner’s young son would often have conversations with the spirit and The Colonel apparently has a penchant for jiggling the handle on the bathroom door,” Goodin states.

The Colonel has also made an appearance on a recent Marietta Ghost Tour. Michele Lowe tells how one of her tour group was standing in front of the café and someone snapped a picture that shows a severe-looking bearded man peering out

the window at all of the tourists. Perhaps The Colonel enjoys listening to the tour guides talk about him each night. Visit the Marietta Ghost Tour office or take a tour and you are sure to see these pictures.

I recently took the Marietta Ghost Tour, and though I didn't see any spooks or specters, I certainly felt the quaint charm that comes from old cities rich with history. We were told a vast number of stories about ghosts who haunted the square and its buildings. Take the tour and let me know what you think.



Marietta Ghost Tours Times
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday
8:30pm - Summer (April 1-Sept. 31)
7:30pm - Winter (Oct. 1-March 30)
www.ghostsofmarietta.com

Works Cited

Akamatsu, Rhetta. *Haunted Marietta*. Charleston: The History Press, 2009. Print.

Goodin, Joni. *Founder of Marietta Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

A Pint and a Spirit at Johnnie MacCracken's

by Melissa Davis



The oldest remaining firehouse in Cobb County sits on Atlanta Street just off the square in Marietta. The fire department was chartered in 1885 as Marietta Engine Company No. 1. When the firehouse moved down the street, the building became a bank, Session's Savings and Loan, states Rhetta Akamatsu in her book, *Haunted Marietta* (106).

Today, the building houses Johnnie MacCracken's, a pub that serves up Irish fare, live music, and plenty of beer. If you have the chance to visit MacCracken's, take a look behind the bar; the original bank vaults are there on the left. The original dirt floors can also still be found beneath the hardwood planks that patrons walk on today.

There is more than one kind of spirit to be found, though, with ghosts joining the lively setting on a regular basis. Joni Goodin, founder of the Marietta Ghost Tours, claims staff members, primarily women, have reported seeing an apparition of a man with muttonchops, a popular look for facial hair in the late 1800s. The man, who wears a waistcoat and is very tall even by today's standards, is thought to be one of the firemen who used to be a member of Marietta Engine Company No. 1.

The owner of MacCracken's, Henry Leake, has become a believer after witnessing a number of odd incidents over the years. "The fireman might favor the ladies, but he's also extremely protective of his home. Our staff has seen several well known trouble makers walking up to the front door, only for them to turn around and leave for no

apparent reason,” Leake explains. Could the ghost be turning people away, perhaps as a sort of spectral bouncer?

Mr. Leake’s personal experience with the specter happened shortly before Christmas in 1998 and involved a hefty amount of money. Mr. Leake pulled up early one afternoon to prepare for a special event at MacCracken’s, the bar’s bouncer and his wife were holding a celebration there for their baby’s christening. He spotted something sitting on one of the outdoor tables in front of the pub that vaguely resembled a purse. He sat and watched as a couple walked past the table, seemingly without even noticing the mysterious object.

On closer inspection, the “purse” turned out to be the bank bag containing all of the cash and credit card receipts from the previous night. After locking the place up at 4a.m. following a long Saturday night’s business, the manager had forgotten to take the bank bag with him. Amazingly, the money was still there after sitting next to a busy sidewalk for nearly twelve hours. The astounded owner of the bar believes the ghost of

the fireman was responsible for keeping the money safe.



Michael and Kellie Keaton, founders of the Marietta Paranormal Association, visited MacCracken’s one night to interview one of the maintenance men. After ten minutes into their conversation, he asked them if they felt a spirit

there. Both of the Keatons replied no, but the maintenance man went on to describe a gruff-looking man he saw standing near their table. The ghost wore high boots, an overcoat, and had blonde hair. Mentioning that his outfit looked like some sort of uniform, the Keatons suggested that maybe the man was a firefighter who once manned the trucks from the old station. In fact, the description matches that of the protective

ghost who has been spotted so many times before.

The Keatons and the man toured the pub, and when they approached the stairway that leads to the basement of the old building, the man explained that he could hear eight or nine men shouting up “Hey you!” He thinks they give a holler to everyone who passes but only those open to them can hear their phantom voices.

Is there really a ghost guarding MacCracken’s? Is the old fire brigade still on duty? Stop by for a pint and you might more than the spirits in you glass.

The beer is good and the Bobby Flay grilled cheese is truly an out-of-this-world experience. However, it’s tight quarters and loud, so when I was there I heard and felt nothing except the hum and slight claustrophobia that comes from a crowded, smoky restaurant. Go and enjoy the atmosphere and let me know what you think.



Johnnie MacCracken's Celtic Pub is located in historic downtown Marietta Square. It is known for traditional Irish food, from corn beef and cabbage to lamb stew along with an extensive beer list. It is open late nights and offers live music of Atlanta's talent.

Works Cited

Akamatsu, Rhetta. *Haunted Marietta*. Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2009. Print.

Goodin, Joni. *Founder of Marietta Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Keaton, Kellie. *Founder of Marietta Paranormal Association* Melissa Davis. 20 August 2011. Interview.

Leake, Henry. *Owner of Johnnie MacCracken's Pub* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

The Green Lady of Berry College **by Melissa Davis**



Photo by Melissa Davis

Situated on some 28,000 acres, 65 miles northwest of Atlanta, Berry College is one of Georgia's most respected postsecondary institutions. Academics are the focus but the scenic forests, lakes, and mountains nearby add greatly to its appeal. More than 100 years after its founding, many of the college's students still spend time exploring these natural areas, and some have crossed paths with some eerie ghosts.

Today, Stretch Road connects the mountain campus to the main campus. Back in the 1940s, Reese Christian explains in his book, *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*, long before the mountain campus had been built; young lovers would take the road into the remote woods in search of privacy. One of the most frequently told stories at the college, of the so-called Green Lady, originates along this dark, shaded road (101).

According to Michele Lowe, Lead Investigator for the Roswell Paranormal Investigators, "John and Mary (*pseudonyms, for their names are now forgotten*) were both students at the college. Mary was raised in a strict Baptist home, while

John was staunchly Catholic; both feared parental disapproval, but they were irresistibly, even magnetically, drawn to one another.”

Lowe continued to explain that “one spring evening, the couple set out on Stretch Road, as they had many times before. Some versions of the story suggest that the couple was in a car that fateful night, but they actually rode their bicycles.”

The couple enjoyed a nice picnic and then lay in each other’s arms as the sun hung low in the sky. When their conversation turned to future plans, the two began to quarrel. At first it was only a lighthearted discussion about their relationship, but soon Mary began to cry, and she stubbornly jumped on her bike and headed down the steep slope back to the campus (Lowe).

“Wrenched back to earth by their first fight, John consumed the remaining bottles of beer to take his mind off the situation. However, he couldn’t stop worrying about Mary on her bicycle on Stretch Road late at night, alone. The sky was now black and overcast. How could he let her take off as she did? He loved her and he wanted to apologize, so he set off in pursuit” Lowe explained.

It never occurred to John that Mary had turned around and was riding back in his direction. Although we will never know exactly what caused her to return, it’s reasonable to assume that she wanted to make up with John. Unfortunately their good intentions could not prevent a tragedy (Lowe).

A light rain had become a downpour, and visibility became limited on the typically foggy mountain pass. John entered a sharp turn, flying on his bicycle at nearly 30 miles per hour. With his judgment clouded by alcohol, he failed to notice Mary laboriously pedaling up the road with her head down. He ran into her at full speed, running her over. Mary’s bike was made of heavy steel and she was not

wearing a helmet, so the fall was serious. Her head was beginning to bleed heavily (Christian 111).

John's desperate attempts to revive her failed; she was drifting out of consciousness. He waited for a few minutes, hoping to spot a passing car, but none came, so he covered Mary with his jacket and raced to campus. By the time an ambulance arrived nearly 45 minutes later, Mary had lost too much blood. She lay dead on the road, soaking wet from the rain (Christian 111).

Christian describes John as inconsolable. She related that John felt responsible and considered killing himself, but his faith pulled him through. Though he went on to live a long life, he never loved another woman and was only able to talk about the incident shortly before his own death (111).

Michele Lowe explains that over the years, many eyewitnesses have spotted a ghost on Stretch Road. One story involves a sophomore who was driving back to the campus on a rainy night in August. It was usually foggy that night, so much so that she was driving well under the speed limit and using her high beams to illuminate the lonely road ahead.

Not far from where Mary was killed, the girl noticed something eerie on the side of the road. At first she thought it was a trick of perceptions caused by the car's lights and awkward driving conditions. A brilliant, unnatural shade of green light, glowing in the distance, convinced her otherwise. She stopped the car and got out to have a better look. The light was coming from about 50 yards into the trees, so it was hard to make out through all the branches. The girl began to walk towards it, perceiving it as the figure of a person. "Hello?" she asked, wondering who would be out walking on such a terrible night. "Do you need help?" she asked

but received no answer (Lowe).

For a second, Lowe describes, the light seemed to disappear behind a tree trunk. Noticing that the figure seemed unaware of her presence, the girl moved forward, cocking her head to the right and then to the left to see if she could spot it again. But the figure had vanished. She was beginning to get soaked, so the girl turned back to her car. Just before she opened the door to get in, she noticed something out of the corner of her eye. It was the figure, only now it was 10 feet away from the trunk and glowing like a lightning bug. The milky-white apparition wore an old-fashioned green dress and a bonnet. But her most conspicuous feature was her icy cold gaze. As the girl squinted to get a better look, she realized that the apparition's eyes were missing. She screamed, then jumped in her car and sped away, never to return. She had just seen the infamous Green Lady of Stretch Road.

Other sightings ended similarly. While the Green Lady appears to mean no harm, each eyewitness walks away with a horrible feeling of loss and dread. As to why her eyes are missing, we can only speculate. Perhaps because her eyes failed to save her on the night she was killed, she cannot see in the afterlife. Whatever the case, nothing can interrupt her endless search for John and the love they once knew (Lowe).

Works Cited

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston: Haunted America, 2008.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigators*. Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011.

Roll Call at Oakland Cemetery

Atlanta, Georgia

by Melissa Davis



Photo by Melissa Davis

Oakland Cemetery is located at 248 Oakland Avenue SE in Atlanta, not far from the capital building. Now on the National Register of Historic Places, Oakland is home to many of the earliest and most influential residents of Atlanta. An estimated 70,000 people have been buried there over the past 150-plus years.

In the middle of the 88-acre cemetery lies row after row of neatly arranged markers signifying the final resting place of, as one nearby monument reads, “Our Confederate Dead.” A total of 6,900 soldiers including 3,000 unknown dead, are buried here. Interestingly, sixteen Union soldiers also found eternal rest at Oakland after dying in local hospitals during the Civil War.

With so many soldiers lying in their subterranean ranks, the most popular ghost story that has emerged about Oakland is of a military nature. According to Corinna Underwood’s book, *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*, it is said that, close to sunset, a visitor in the Confederate section might hear echoes of roll call, as if the spirits of the soldiers are still answering to their duty (78).

Underwood recounts another story where one visitor witnessed the blue-clad figure of a soldier hanging in a tree, possibly one of the Union conspirators in the Great Locomotive Chase, while another witnessed a bleeding Confederate lying atop a grave (78).

Underwood also relates the legend of the spirit of Jasper Newton Smith, a real

estate investor whose likeness now sits in a chair atop his mausoleum. Legend tells that his spirit climbs out of his chair at night and walks the grounds, though no eyewitness accounts could be found of this activity (79).

The Historic Oakland Foundation is charged with the preservation of the cemetery, and if you check its website, you will see that the foundation members are not using the spectral residents to garner interest. With ghosts and paranormal



Photo by Melissa Davis

investigations experiencing a surge of popularity, a lot of public places seem to welcome hauntings; instead of trying to hush up stories, city promoters make them the focal point of marketing campaigns. Oakland, on the other hand, is doing just the opposite.

During the warmer months, tours of the cemetery by dedicated staff and volunteers are a great way to learn about both Atlanta's history and the notable people interred in Oakland. Is it true, however, that Oakland rests peacefully every night, or is the phantom roll call just a small part of the paranormal activity there? Whatever the answer, the beauty of the historic cemetery is haunting in its own right, and well worth a visit.

Works Cited

Historic Oakland Cemetery. n.d. Web. 13 March 2012.

Underwood, Corinna. *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*. Schiffer Publishing, 2008.

Runaway Bride on Broad Street

by Melissa Davis



Photo by Melissa Davis

It's hard to find ghosts in downtown Atlanta. Cities like Savannah, where historic buildings have been preserved, are teeming with ghosts, but downtown Atlanta's skyscrapers aren't too popular with the paranormal crowd.

If a building wasn't destroyed when Atlanta burned in 1864 at the hands of Union soldiers, it was torn down later in the name of progress. Atlanta's attitude of "Why fix it when we can tear it down and start over?" has done a good job of exorcising downtown of any ghosts who might have lived there at one time.

Happily, a few ghosts seem to have slipped through the cracks. According to William Bender in his book, *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*, the ghost bride who's sometimes spotted on Broad Street in the Fairlie-Poplar neighborhood did more than slip through the cracks; it's quite possible she's just cracked (215).

Bender tells that around 1870, when houses still lined Broad Street, a woman who lived there was engaged to the love of her life. On her wedding day, she donned her beautiful white gown and went to the church, but her groom never came. The distraught bride wouldn't even consider the possibility that her intended had gotten a case of cold feet. Instead, the bride reasoned that he must have gotten lost and that she must wear her wedding gown everyday and wander up and down Broad Street so her groom could spot her when he returned. After many weeks of roaming, her dress became dirty and tattered until she was a pitiful sight

meandering the length of the dusty red clay road (215).

Finally, the bride realized that she was never going to find her missing groom by walking the street in her wedding-day finery. Instead of giving up, though, her plans became grander: she needed to throw up a bright beacon, and surely her love would see it and come to her.



Photo by Melissa Davis

“The bride’s idea of a beacon was a fire, and she set one in her house, piling wood on so the blaze could read high enough for her missing groom to see. Her entire house was consumed by the flames, and with it, her life”, writes Bender (216).

Today, commercial buildings line downtown’s aging but popular Fairlie-Poplar neighborhood, which is bordered by the streets of Marietta, Peachtree, Luckie, and Cone. Ironically, the neighborhood was promoted as “Atlanta’s new modern fireproof business district: during its development as a commercial center in the late 1800s (Bender 216).

Since the jilted bride’s demise, some people say they have spotted a bride strolling Broad Street in a torn gown, its whiteness dulled by dirt and time...and she’s still looking for her groom.

Works Cited

Bender, William N. *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*. Toccoa: Currahee Books, 2005. Print.

Spirits Star at Shakespeare Tavern

by Melissa Davis



Walking through the front door of the New American Shakespeare Tavern is like stepping back four hundred years into London's famous Globe Theater, where the Bard's works were made legendary. While the ghosts haunting Shakespeare Tavern may not be four hundred years old themselves, their presence definitely adds an air of authenticity to the theater.

The New American Shakespeare Tavern is located at 499 Peachtree Street Northeast, on the edge of Midtown Atlanta and not far from downtown. The exterior of the building is inspired by the Globe Theater, and it looks like a Renaissance Festival has landed in the heart of Atlanta.

Since the tavern's opening in 1990, the talented actors have given over 1,600 performances by Shakespeare and other classic playwrights while audience members wash down pub-style food with plenty of beer.

Reese Christian claims in his book, *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*, that there are tavern's ghosts waiting in the wings. "Actor John Purcell was backstage one night, readying for his portrayal of Falstaff in "Henry IV" when he suddenly came rushing out of his dressing room, chilled to the bone yet sweating profusely." Astonished cast members asked him what had given him such a fright, and Purcell replied that he had seen the ghost of a little boy standing next to his dressing room table (156).

A longtime member of the company at Shakespeare Tavern, who chose to have her name withheld from stories, has also had several odd experiences. Her first encounter with the ghosts at the theater occurred one night when many weary actors had chosen to make the backstage couches their beds following a long night of work. The woman awoke in the middle of the night to hear voices conversing. She couldn't tell what they were saying, but her curiosity was piqued nonetheless and she got up to search for the source of the sound (Christian 157).

After making a round of the theater full of sleeping actors, she found no one awake and had to conclude that the voices weren't coming from any corporeal throats. One of the rooms at the tavern had an entity that didn't seem as harmless as the little boy or disembodied voices. Although no one actually spied an apparition there, many cast and crewmembers said that they routinely felt an odd energy in the room and wouldn't enter it unless it was absolutely necessary (Christian 158).

Shakespeare Tavern has undergone two major renovations since it opened, including a new interior in 1999. With those changes, the room that had once produced so much dread suddenly seemed perfectly normal.

Actors are a superstitious group, though, and rumors about ghosts persisted. The same female company member who had heard the disembodied voices refuted the new rumors that circled, telling others that she didn't think the building was haunted anymore and hadn't been for years thanks to the changes made during the renovations (Christian 158).

Christian states that skepticism lasted until a couple of years ago, until she sat in the audience to watch a show. She settled into the empty balcony and was

studying the playbill when a shadow fell across it, moving from left to right like someone was walking in front of her. When she looked up, though, there was no one there.

That the woman was not one to be scared off easily, she said, “If you’re trying to get my attention, do that again.” This time she was looking up, and she saw a sort of thick black fog move in front of her, traveling left to right. She was convinced, but instead of feeling scared, she actually apologized to the ghost for thinking it had left (Christian 159).

Since the Shakespeare Tavern has only occupied the building since 1990, it’s unclear who the ghosts are. They may be souls who haunted the place long before it was filled with Macbeth, Romeo, Juliet, and hundreds of other characters. Whoever they are, they seem to be enjoying the shows and keep returning for an encore.

Works Cited

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston, SC: Haunted America, 2008. Print.

The Ghost's Warning at Masquerade *by Melissa Davis*



Photo courtesy of Historic Ghost Watch

Long before it became a nightclub, the building that sits at 695 North Avenue in Midtown Atlanta was known as Excelsior Mill. Forget about the urban legends of a vampire haunting the premises; this imposing black building has enough real ghost stories to give anyone chills.

According to Historic Ghost Watch, the building dates from the late 1800s and was once a mill that produced excelsior. The name might sound grand, but excelsior is small pieces of wood used for filling stuffed animals, cushioning packages, and when dyed green, sold for Easter basket grass (Fike).

After the mill closed, the building was converted into a venue for live performances, where anything from a piano bar to children's theater could be found. In its newest incarnation as the alternative nightclub



Photo Courtesy of Historic Ghost Watch

Masquerade, the old mill became a haven for non-traditional club-goers, from gothic kids dressed in head-to-toe black, to ravers. The multi-level club is divided into three distinct areas: Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. Heaven comprises the entire top floor, where local and national bands play on a regular basis (Fike).

Hanging high in the rafters of Heaven are vestiges of the building's original purpose. Much of the machinery has been left in place; slowly rusting away, but adding to the appropriate industrial ambiance.

In his book, *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*, Reece Christian

claims that long before the self-styled “creatures of the night” inhabited Masquerade, the building already had some residents who preferred life in the shadows. One of his reported hauntings at this location is that of a tall, black man’s spirit walking around inside the club. Who he is, however, is sadly unknown. He also cites many claims from staff about how the very heavy music amplifiers are turned upside down, sometimes on a nightly basis when no one is in the rooms where they are kept (94).

Christian continues with other reports that include footsteps from unidentified sources, cold spots and horrifying screams coming from the back stairs. Could these screams be caused by the spirits of several young girls, who all died in freak accidents in the mill? As well as the various stories of deaths on the property, there have also been an unexplained fire and several structural collapses, not to mention the outbreak of tuberculosis that took the lives of several employees (95).

Several sources of information, including the Shadow Hunter’s website, have claimed that the place is frequently visited by vampires, and that a vampire does in fact even live on the property. These accounts sound to me a bit over the top; the stories are most likely made up from the club’s visitors since it just so happens to be a Goth/metal venue.

The most active of the ghosts at Masquerade is that of a little girl who acts as a warning to disaster. “On several occasions, the little girl has turned up within days of a fire, or in one case, before the main staircase serving the nightclub collapsed,” states Christian (95).

Excelsior Mill operated in a time before child labor laws and many children died as a result of working in extremely hazardous conditions, either in accident or contracting a disease from all the smoke, fumes, and debris they inhaled. It’s thought

that this little girl was once a young employee of the mill (Fike).

Historic Ghost Watch has conducted two investigations at the former mill, and the activity they experienced gives new meaning to “table rapping.” In the notes of their investigation, an unsteady table kept rocking back and forth on its uneven legs, as if an unseen occupant was leaning on the high end and then letting go. One of the investigators was sitting near the rocking table when he felt a burning sensation under his shirt. When he looked, he found bright red scratch marks on his skin. They didn’t fade for a couple of hours, maintaining their fresh appearance. However, by the end of the night not a trace of the marks remained (Fike).

Other reports about Masquerade mention a male ghost who hangs out around the backstage area on the top floor. Is he a former roadie who has come back for one more show, or a mill worker who’s there to enjoy some music? Whoever he is, the ghost has been known to topple heavy objects like speakers (Fike).

Ghost or no ghost, the Masquerade can be a fun night of music and dancing. Check it out and see if the atmosphere lends itself to you seeing anything supernatural.



City Segway Tours of Atlanta offers the opportunity to hear about Atlanta’s haunts while cruising downtown on board a two-wheeled Segway Personal Transporter. Tours can be booked at citysegwaytours.com.

Works Cited

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston: Haunted America, 2008. Print.

Fike, Kevin and Amy Fike. *Historic Ghost Watch*. 2004. Website. 21 November 2011.

Transporting Ghosts at Anthony's *by Melissa Davis*



Photo Courtesy of Michele Lowe

Atlanta may not have a lot of resident ghosts, but Anthony's Fine Dining took care of that by transplanting ghosts from Wilkes County.

According to Corinna Underwood's book, *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*,

the restaurant, which is located near the upscale Buckhead area of Atlanta at 3109 Piedmont Road, operates in a historic plantation home that was moved from a rural farm to its present urban location. The ghosts were just an added, albeit unexpected, bonus.

Formally known as the Pope-Walton house, construction began on the plantation dwelling in 1797 for Wiley Woods Pope and his family. Construction was never finished by Wiley, but the house remained in the family hands, passing on to Wiley's granddaughter, Mary Elizabeth Pope Walton, and her husband, John. The Walton's took up where the Wiley's left off, but the outbreak of the Civil War halted construction once again (Underwood 118).

With her husband John serving in the war, Wiley's granddaughter Mary remained at the house with her newborn baby and a slave named Sarah. Sherman's troops raided the home, but were merciful enough to leave the structure standing and the women unharmed since they had a baby to care for. The end of the Civil War left many plantation owners penniless, and John Walton and his wife Mary were no exception. With no money for re-planting fields, John sold the plantation

to his father-in-law. The house was finally completed, and a member of the Pope family was always in residence there for nearly one hundred years (Underwood 119).

Underwood explains that in the 1960s, an enterprising entrepreneur found the house and decided to turn it into a restaurant, but not before moving it to a more lucrative location in Atlanta. Detailed pictures and designs were made before the house was dismantled and moved, one board at a time, and meticulously rebuilt at its present location. In all, the move took three years, and Anthony's Fine Dining has called the historic building home since 1967.

Although the plantation home was moved in bits and pieces, its resident ghosts remained intact and are very active to this day. The two hundred-year-old house has gained a reputation as one of Atlanta's favorite haunts. Reports of footsteps and the sense of a presence are rampant, and staff members avoid being alone in the building at night (Underwood 120).

Roswell Paranormal Investigation spent a memorable night at Anthony's, although it was a frustrating one. Cameras were set up in each of the twelve rooms of the house where the most telling experience of the evening occurred (Lowe).

The investigators, led by Michele Lowe, were in the room when the ornate chandelier hanging overhead began to swing. A video camera was quickly produced to capture the movement, but with all the lights off, the footage showed very little. The one piece of evidence that the investigators walked away with was a photo that shows what appears to be an apparition. But after their personal encounters, the team was disappointed not to get more documentation to share with others.

Historic Ghost Watch has also conducted investigations at Anthony's a

number of times, and they had better luck obtaining solid evidence of a haunting. One photo shows a black form reflected in a mirror. They also recorded a number of EVPs, including one that says, “Go home!” and another of a voice saying, “Gotcha!”(Fike).

The “Go home!” EVP is the most curious. Is the ghost trying to communicate his desire to return, along with the house, to the site of the original plantation or does he want the investigators to get out? Historic Ghost Watch thinks it may be the latter because their most recent investigations have yielded few results. Just like “a watched pot never boils,” maybe ghosts don’t like being watched too closely and choose to stay in the shadows I they don’t feel like having living company (Fike).

Just remember that if you eat at Anthony’s, you might be sharing your table with a ghost.

Works Cited

Fike, Kevin and Amy. *Historic Ghost Watch*. 2004. Website. 21 November 2011.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Underwood, Corinna. *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*. Schiffer Publishing. 2008.

Bethy's Ghost at Hall Building

by Melissa Davis

Corinna Underwood states in her book, *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*, that “the little town of Dahlonega sits in the foothills of the North Georgia Mountains, and the tourists and college students who walk the historic downtown square are very different from the people who had tread the same path when the city was founded in 1833.” Visitors today don’t realize just how many ghosts they are rubbing shoulders with when they saunter through the shops or stop for a bite at a country café (207).

In the early nineteenth century, North Georgia was still a wild place and settling there was the task of pioneers much like the ones slowly spreading west to California. In fact, there are striking similarities between Dahlonega and the classic “Old West”. Dahlonega was the site of the first major gold rush in the United States, and prospectors flocked to the area by the thousands. Some prospered and some despaired.

Underwood states that one of the men who prospered was Frank Hall, who constructed many of the building on the square, some of which still remain. The Frank Hall Mercantile Company at the corner of Chestatee Street on the north end of the Square went up in 1883, boasting a number of new innovations. An elevator controlled by pulleys carried people between three floors, a rare sight in the Victorian Era. Even the iron security bars on the lower windows of the brick structure were something new to many of the mountain town’s residents (207).

Today the Hall Building houses a number of shops and restaurants, much

like the other buildings surrounding the Square; however it also houses a number of ghosts. Underwood claims that the most active ghost in Hall Building is that of a little girl who likes to spend her days playing among the artwork at Hummingbird Lane Art Gallery. The spirit is thought to be the ghost of a little girl who was killed in the vicinity of the elevator in the late 1800s. Affectionately known as Bethy, she seems content where she is, and she's become a welcome part of the gallery (208).

Amy Strickland, who owns the shop, has become a motherly figure for Bethy, who is thought to look out for the welfare of the gallery from her typical perch on the second floor. Bethy's activity is what you might expect from any other child: she nudges wind chimes to make them tinkle, she playfully moves objects, and the sound of her playing with jacks has been heard on the stairs.

Strickland explained that "Bethy is also fond of the song, "You are my Sunshine." Whenever my Carly Simon CD is playing in the shop's stereo, it will inevitably begin playing Bethy's favorite tune over and over again." Everyone who has sensed Bethy's presence feels that she is happy at Hummingbird Lane, and will remain so as long as she is looked after and welcomed by the people there.

Take a trip and discover the beauty and charm of Dahunega and its square. Walk the streets, tour the buildings and see if you can feel the presence of the ghost of the past. Even if you don't, I guarantee you will enjoy the trip.

Works Cited

Strickland, Amy. *Owner of Hummingbird Lane Art Gallery* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Underwood, Corinna. *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*. Schiffer Publishing, 2008. Print.

Criminals at Corkscrew Café

by Melissa Davis

Dahlonega's picturesque little downtown is such an interesting place that few ever look past it for what might be lurking beneath the surface. But according to Alan Brown states in his book, *Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State*, that below the historic buildings with their quaint shops and restaurants lies a very different Dahlonega (Brown 109).

Brown explains that tunnels have been found running underneath some of the buildings on and near the downtown Square, and though their purpose isn't clear, it's possible that they formed an early drainage system (109). But the tunnel entrances are larger enough to accommodate bodies, so is it possible that some people used them for getting around town without being seen?

According to Michelle Strickland, tour guide for the Dahlonega Ghost Tours, one thing the citizens of Dahlonega definitely didn't want to see was the city's



Photo Courtesy of Michelle Strickland

criminals, and at least two of the historic buildings have jail cells in their basements.

Michelle explains, "If you walk into Corkscrew Café at 51 West Main Street, just a block off the Square, you'll find yourself in a pleasant and trendy little eatery with a long wine list and delectable menu. You can sit indoors or head downstairs to sit on a wide deck behind the restaurant, but it's the basement that ghost hunters head for" (Strickland).

Strickland explains that using the term "basement" is actually a bit

misleading. If you're standing on the street in front of the café, then the level below the restaurant is indeed the basement. Head around to the back deck, however, and the open ground behind the building actually sits lower than the street, making the basement the ground floor from that perspective (Strickland).

The cooks whip up their offerings on the lower floor, and behind the kitchen is an open area currently used for storage. In a dark corner of the street-side wall you can hear the faint, monotonous sound of rushing water. If you weave your way past old tables and lean over the edge of a couch, you can see the outline of one of the tunnels that runs under Dahlenega, carrying water away from the city.

Strickland tells listeners that, "It's not the tunnel that the ghosts of Corkscrew Café haunt, but the two jail cells adjacent to the kitchen." The two cells still have their heavy iron-barred doors in place, and the tiny little spaces inside would have been a miserable spot to be incarcerated.

Today, Brown explains that one of the cells is used as a wine cellar: what better way to keep someone from nicking your alcohol than by locking it up in jail? Another cell is used for storage. A third area to the left of the cells is entered through a heavy iron door, which appears to have once marked the outer wall of the building. Today though, the ominous door leads to a tiny L-shaped area that wraps around the side and rear of the jail cells. Barred cell windows that once would have given the prisoners a view of the world outside now look out on a cluttered little office used by the Corkscrew's management (Brown 110).

Holly and Gary Prince, the directors of Dahlenega Paranormal Investigators, have attended an investigation of the basement and they think that at least one former prisoner is still serving his sentence. The EVP's from the night's work

include a voice saying, “I want more popcorn.” If it’s not a prisoner, maybe it’s a ghostly movie fan that wandered over from the Holly Theater next door.

The old jail is also reported to have an oppressive feel to it, particularly the rear part of the office that shares a wall with both cells. The office is off-limits to the general public, of course, but anyone can get a close-up look at the jail cells: the restrooms are in the basement, right next to the cells (Prince).

Whatever might be haunting Corkscrew Café, it’s clear that Dahlonega has a lot more under its surface than dank basements and the promise of undiscovered gold.

Works Cited

Brown, Alan. *Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State*. 2008. Print.

Prince, Holly and Gary. *Directors of Dahlonega Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Strickland, Michelle. *Tour Guide for Dahlonega Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Dahlonega Gold Museum

by Melissa Davis



Courtesy of Michelle Strickland

Dahlonega, named for the Cherokee word for “yellow money,” Alan Brown explains in his book, *Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State*, is a gem of a city set in the North Georgia Mountains. Famous for the first American gold rush, it has a long and prosperous history. In 1828, Benjamin Parks first discovered gold in the Lumpkin County area while deer hunting – twenty years before the California gold rush. News of the discovery spread like wildfire and thousands of gold seekers rushed northeast Georgia between 1828 and 1847. At the height of the gold rush, there were more than fifteen thousand miners in and around Dahlonega, resulting in shortages of supplies (Brown 88).

The Dahlonega Gold Museum, Brown continues, is now on the site of the original courthouse that was completed in 1832. The building served as the seat of Lumpkin County government from 1836 to 1965, and is the oldest existing courthouse in the state of Georgia. It was built from local bricks that contain traces of gold and mortar made from the mud of Crane Creek (89).

The courthouse was a busy place, with many influential people of that era spending time there. Today, the building has been restored by the state of Georgia as a State Historic Site and adapted for use as the Gold Museum. It is one of the most visited historic sites in the state, offering visitors a glimpse into the history of Georgia’s mining industry (Brown 89).

According to Michelle Strickland, tour guide for the Dahlonega Ghost Tour, Teresa Walker has been working at the Gold Museum for several years. Four years ago, she and the previous manager, Jane Whitehead, were standing at the register in the lobby when suddenly the stamp mill, a larger machine that was used to crush gold ore, in the room behind them started running. The mill uses the stamp mill in the museum is used for demonstrations. Normally the machine only starts running when someone pushes the starter button. When the women heard the machine suddenly started up, they rushed from the lobby back into the other room.

“But by the time Teresa and Jane got to the door the machine had already turned itself off,” Michelle said. “Though they looked everywhere, they could find no trace of anyone else in the building.” Strickland claims that no one has been able to find out the actual identity of the Dahlonega Gold Museum ghost although some suspect it may be the ghost of a deceased judge, as the ghost seems to like wandering around in the old judge’s office located on the first floor of the building.

Visit the museum and see if you feel the spirits of the long dead miners. If you don’t experience any supernatural activity, then try your hand at panning some gold. See if you get lucky either way!

Works Cited

- Brown, Alan. *Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State*. 2008. Print.
- Strickland, Michelle. *Tour Guide for Dahlonega Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Doing Time at the Oyster Bar

by Melissa Davis



Courtesy of Dahlonega Paranormal Investigators

The Frank Hall Mercantile Company isn't the only building of Hall's in Dahlonega that has a few ghosts [see *Bethy Ghost* article]. William Bender explains in his book, *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*, the two-story building next door to the Victorian general store was Hall's home before he built a larger, more ornate one several blocks away. Hall may have left, but some of the tenants since him have remained (156).

Bender continues stating that the 1881 structure is another Dahlonega landmark that is almost more interesting because of what you don't see. Today, it houses the Oyster Bar, but the basement is largely unchanged. The dirt floor extends underneath the sidewalk outside, making it much larger than the building above. At the back of the basement a little brick room seems unthreatening, but take a closer look and you'll see bars and hinges where an iron door once swung. Like Corkscrew Café, the Oyster Bar has its own jail (156).

How did a building, which began as a home and later became a boarding house, wind up with a tiny jail in the basement? The ghosts there aren't giving the answer to that mystery.

According to Holly and Gary Prince of the Dahlonega Paranormal Investigators, there are two ghosts in the basement: a man and a little girl. The little girl seems to be under the man's protection. What he's protecting her from is another mystery, though it's possible there was once a violent family dispute and he had tried to keep the child out of harm's way.

The basement where the two ghosts dwell has a heavy atmosphere. Gary couldn't even walk all the way into the jail because of the feelings that the small space evoked. The EVPs (electronic voice phenomenon) that have been recorded there support the idea that an unhappy energy pervades the basement. Among recordings is a voice calling out, "HELP ME!" several times as well as one making a simple request, "Get out" (Prince).

"The ghosts in the basement aren't the only ones spending their afterlife at the Oyster Bar," explained Holly. The top floor of the building is another place that has its fair share of activity, and much of it seems to center around a little girl who's known as Sarah. A door to a room upstairs tends to close on its own, and once slammed shut despite two gallon-sized paint cans that were propping it open. A little girl – very much alive – was playing in the area not long ago, and a photo of her shows Sarah peeking out from behind the open door. She seems to be wearing a gray jumper and a white shirt, reminiscent of a school uniform. Someone has also snapped a photo of a ghost going up the stairs, but whether or not it's Sarah is unknown (Prince).

Dahlonega's paranormal team brought a psychic, Annie Wessox, to the Oyster Bar, who encouraged the ghosts there to move on. It seems that several of them did indeed choose to "go home". Still, plenty of ghosts remain, and Frank Hall's old residence is definitely a full house.

Works Cited

Bender, William N. *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*. Toccoa, GA: Currahee Books, 2005.

Prince, Holly and Gary. *Directors of Dahlonega Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Haunted House for Sale

by Melissa Davis



For sale: spacious historic home with hardwood floors, working fireplaces, just one block from downtown Dahlonega, ghosts included. (Photo courtesy of Michelle Strickland)

Michelle Strickland ends her ghost tours of the historic mining town by stopping at a haunted house on South Park Street, happily pointing out the “For Sale” sign staked in the front yard in case you have fallen in love with Dahlonega and want to relocate. Few people take her up on the offer after they hear the stories about the home, which is young by Dahlonega standards since it wasn’t constructed until 1908.

The two-story building has a broad front porch shaded by a huge magnolia tree that is probably as old as the house itself. The white-washed house, built with repurposed wood from a Baptist Church, was once the home of Rick’s Restaurant, and in fact the huge upstairs bar is still there. Whoever buys the house is certain to have a popular housewarming party (Strickland).

Strickland reports that staff would sometimes catch a glimpse of a little boy with curly hair on the balcony and faucets would be seen turning on by themselves. The feeling of a presence trailing along in the wake of the wait staff was disturbing enough, but the chef, Jean Franklin, got the biggest fright of all. He lived for a short time in the attic bedroom, but woke up one night to feel debilitating pressure on his chest.

According to Holly and Gary Prince, directors of the Dahlonega Paranormal

Investigators, the empty house is waiting for living residents, but the ghosts there might not be keen to share their home. One couple considered purchasing the residence and asked the real estate agent for a tour of the interior. Things went well until the couple went upstairs, where a foreboding feeling prompted them to keep looking for their dream home.

The psychic consultant, Annie Wessox, for Dahlonge Paranormal Investigators feels that there is a college professor who once lived in a room upstairs – and he's still there, going through the same routine that he enacted in life. His bed is surrounded by books, and every day he packs up his materials and heads off to nearby North Georgia College.

Maybe the ghosts there are just waiting for someone who doesn't mind sharing their home with a few extra roommates.

Works Cited

- Prince, Holly and Gary. *Directors of Dahlonge Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.
- Strickland, Michelle. *Tour Guide for Dahlonge Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Sarah's Ghosts

Chapter 1: Sarah

Sarah Black inhaled the scent of coffee and paper and then scanned the rows and rows of paranormal books on the shelf. She felt a little self-conscious and glanced around to see if anyone was watching. To her left was a young teenager dressed in black with multiple piercings and purple hair. Her black-watch backpack was embroidered with the name *Alyssa*. Sarah smiled in amusement; it seemed a straight-forward name for a Goth chick. You would expect Raven, Shade, or even October, not Alyssa.

Three shelf units over in the relationship and love section was an older man in a business suit. He looked more uncomfortable than Sarah felt. His face was pink tinged, and he kept grabbing at his necktie. She wondered if his wife had sent him on an errand to find a book. She glanced at the book he was holding *Sexual Massage for Dummies*. A giggle escaped, and she quickly turned around.

She suddenly noticed a young woman to her right. She was staring

decidedly at Sarah. Her faded broomstick skirt was floor length and tie-dyed in a rainbow of colors. Her loose white shirt gathered poetically at the elbows and hung down low over the skirt. She had on sandals, and in her hair was a daisy chain. A faint smell of cinnamon and sandalwood hung in the air. Her nametag read *Hope*. She smiled at Sarah and handed her a book.

On instinct, Sarah reached out to take it. She glanced down at the title, *Making Contact with Ghosts for Beginners* by Ravencroft and Sloane.

“I don’t think this is the...” her voice faltered, as she realized that she could see right through the young woman to the bookshelf behind her.

The ghost smiled as she faded from sight. Sarah felt the strength leave her legs and took hold of the book shelf to steady herself. It had happened again. Sarah looked back at the book; maybe she did need this one after all. She grabbed another, titled *The History of Hauntings* by Ramona Starr. She quickly made her purchases and headed home.

Ever since Sarah turned twelve, she had felt different. At first, she had heard whispers of partial sentences when no one was around or inexplicably felt overwhelming emotions. She would be fine and then suddenly be hysterical or furious. She stopped going to spend the night with friends or to summer camp for those very reasons. When questioned by her friends or teachers, Sarah could never explain and seemed to be in a fog of sorts. Then the apparitions had begun.

Those incidents had increased with every birthday and now, on the eve of her twenty-fifth birthday, she was not only feeling the presence of spirits but seeing them everywhere. She wasn't sure how much more she could take. At least she had stopped fainting when she saw a ghost; now she just kind of melted inside and usually had to sit down for a few minutes.

She hated that no one in her family would talk about it either. Rumor had it that her great-grandmother saw spirits, but her father refused to discuss anything out of the ordinary. According to him, there were no skeletons in the Black family closet. Her parents eventually

referred to it as “Sarah’s cry for attention.” As a result, she stopped mentioning the ghosts at all.

Her psych, Dr. Martin, was open to discussion about the “ghosts.” He always used air quotes when he said the word. Sarah hated air quotes. He thought her ghosts were repressed feelings that Sarah wasn’t facing, but she knew better. Her ghosts were accompanied by a tingling in her stomach and weakness in her legs. Her face would feel hot, but she would get shivers. She usually smelled a combination of cinnamon and something else associated with the entity.

The first time she saw an apparition was devastating. Sarah still remembered her grandmother’s expression. She had been sitting in a huge leather chair in her grandmother’s solarium. She was reading *Wuthering Heights*, and her grandmother was writing letters. Sarah’s parents had gone out for the day, probably to meet friends and play tennis or golf. They always left her with Grandmother Claire when they went to Brighton Country Club. Sarah had heard a small gasp and had turned to see, standing in front of the window, a small girl. She had on a

long white dress and a big blue bow in her hair. Her brown tresses hung in ringlets that made Sarah jealous because her straight brown hair would never hold that kind of curl.

The young girl was staring at Grandmother Claire with an expression of delight and wonder. She kept opening her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She glanced around and noticed Sarah and smiled. She motioned to grandmother and opened her mouth again.

Sarah, understanding that she wanted Grandmother Claire's attention, had cleared her throat and inquired, "Grandmother Claire, who is that little girl?"

"What child?" Her grandmother responded without looking up.

"Grandmother, look. "That girl by the window, who is she? She wants your attention," Sarah pointed towards the girl.."

"Sarah Lydia Preston, I have no time for childish games."

Grandmother's exasperation oozed out with her words. As she looked up in the direction of her granddaughter, she happened to glance in the direction Sarah was pointing. Her face paled, and her eyes went wide.

She opened her mouth to speak, but like the young girl, no words came out.

“Grandmother, what’s the matter?” Sarah stammered in a small voice. The look of complete shock on her grandmother’s face scared her. Grandmother Claire was always composed and never ever surprised.

“Marie...?” grandmother shuddered and the figure nodded her head. Grandmother took her eyes off the young girl and turned towards Sarah.

Sarah was shocked to see anger on her grandmother’s face. She recoiled as if she had been struck but no blow had come, just waves and waves of fury.

“How dare you defile my house! You cursed spawn of Satan! Send that,” here she had pointed at the little girl, “back to whatever Hell you called it from!”

“But...Grandmother Claire, I didn’t do anything! What are you talking about? What did I do?” Sarah cried.

Resa, grandmother's nurse and housemaid, came running in to see Sarah cowering in the chair and grandmother looming over her, her index finger shoved in Sarah's face. Sarah was crying hysterically, while Grandmother's face was purple with rage.

"Senora Preston, what is going on?" Resa approached cautiously; it was clear that she had been the recipient of Grandmother's wrath before.

"This...this abomination has brought evil into my house!"

Grandmother Claire continued to shake her finger in Sarah's face.

Sarah heard a small voice in her head, *Tell her not to be afraid. I don't blame her. She is my beloved sister...* the voice faded as the little ghost girl dissolved into sobs.

"Grandmother, I don't know what you are talking about! I didn't do anything! It's that little girl there, not me!" Sarah sobbed and pointed at the apparition.

"MAKE HER STOP!" Grandmother screamed over and over again. Sarah cringed as her grandmother raised her hand back and slapped her across the mouth.

The young girl rushed forward and tried to lay her hand on grandmother's arm to stop her from swinging again. Grandmother shrieked as the girl touched her and her hand passed through grandmother's arm. Sarah screamed as she saw this and realized that the girl was not real.

Resa pulled her rosary beads from her pocket and began to recite over and over, "Mary, mother of the Christ child, protect me in the presence of this evil..."

Her Grandmother backed up, her hands flying to the sides of her head. She began tearing at her perfectly coifed hair. Her eyes were wide, and her mouth was open in a scream, but only a low moan came out. She started shaking her head; spittle flew from her open mouth.

"GET IT OUT OF HERE!" Grandmother screeched, pointing at Sarah.

Resa roughly grabbed Sarah by the arm and dragged her out of the room, down the hall and practically threw her into a guest bedroom. Sarah ran and jumped onto the bed sobbing. She could hear her

grandmother's keening continue.

Sarah fell asleep to the sound of her own sobs, and when her mother woke her, she and her parents left immediately. She was never allowed to return to Grandmother Claire's, and when the old woman died Sarah wasn't allowed to attend the funeral. Sarah's last memory of her was when she called her "Satan's spawn."

In searching through old trunks, Sarah found newspaper clipping about Marie's death. When her Grandmother had been twelve, she and her sister were ice skating when Marie fell through the ice.

Grandmother Claire, instead of running for help, stood and watched, paralyzed with terror, as her sister drowned.

Since the appearance of Marie, ghosts usually just popped in and out of Sarah's perception as if she was seeing something out of the corner of her eye. Lately, though, they stayed and tried to talk to her or, like the ghost in Barnes and Noble, they had a physical manifestation. Those were the ones who scared Sarah most. If they could touch books and other objects, they could touch her. What if they wanted to hurt

her? Could she stop them?

She began having nightmares when she turned twenty. In one dream, she was standing in a large empty room with no windows. She could hear whispered voices, but couldn't make out what the speakers were saying. She would suddenly feel hands on her arms, legs, and back. She would whirl around trying to find the people, but would see nothing. The feeling would continue to grow along with the voices. Sarah would cover her ears and crouch down, but to no avail. The minute she began screaming, she would see the faces. Some were angelic and some sad, but some were horrible, grotesque versions of human faces. She usually woke up screaming, panting from exhaustion, drenched in sweat.

She unlocked and pushed open the door to her small two-bedroom house. She had purchased it the month before from an older gentleman, Mr. Berkowitz. He and his wife had lived in it for over sixty years. They had begun their lives here, raised their children here, and grown old together here. Mrs. Berkowitz died here, and Mr. Berkowitz moved

into an assisted living condo in Florida. He sold the house and most of its furniture to Sarah for a good deal less than market value. She was excited to finally have a place to call her own.

Soon after she moved in, she rearranged the furniture and added her own personal items. However, she would come home to find things back the way they had been and her things shoved under beds and other pieces of furniture. One night, she came home to a huge mess in the kitchen. Pots and pans were everywhere, and various bowls were filled with ingredients. It looked as if someone had begun to fix dinner but had stopped mid-way. Sitting at the table was a sweet elderly lady who smiled at Sarah and then disappeared. Evidently, Mrs. Berkowitz had remained in the house and was not happy with Sarah's decorating style.

Mrs. Berkowitz was a well-mannered ghost who never popped out at Sarah, and there was only that one time she actually managed to appear. Mostly it what is it? was simple feelings, of home and happiness, and love. Sarah appreciated those feelings.

Demy, her black cat was lying in the middle of the living room.

Demy was short for Demure, an adjective that had characterized her from day one. Sarah found the cat hiding underneath the back steps. It had taken three days to coax her out and another five to touch her. Shy was an understatement. Demy wound in and out of Sarah's legs, but the minute Sarah moved to touch her, the cat was off. Sarah might not see her for an hour or so, not until she heard the food can being opened.

Sarah glanced at the answering machine and saw that there was a message. Pressing the button, she groaned as she heard, "Sarah....Sarah, this is your mother. Do you remember me? I was in labor for 36 hours with you...Sarah....I can hear you breathing. You need to call your mother and let her know you are still alive... Honey, Stu and I just worry about you. Please give me a call."

Mentally promising to call, Sarah walked into the kitchen to find that Mrs. Berkowitz had been busy in her absence. There was a pot of water on the stove and a bag of potato chips on the table. There were also kitty paw prints in what was either flour or sugar all over the counter. Mrs. Berkowitz must have been trying to cook again.

Sarah quickly cleaned up the mess and then checked the fridge and found some left-over Chinese. She plopped the sesame chicken on a plate and microwaved it. While she stood there waiting, she poured a glass of Cabernet, drank it, and poured another. At the ding of the bell, she grabbed her plate and wine and moved to the couch. Ever since she moved in, she ate sitting on the couch. Not because she had some phobia of eating at the table, but because she didn't have to eat there.

When Sarah was younger, her mother had made meals a sacred institution, and barring the will of the gods you did not miss a family meal. Sarah could remember that even after her father left and her brother went away to college, she and her mother would sit in the formal dining room, eating off the "good" china and using cloth napkins. Her mother would talk, while she listened. If Sarah had ever tried to interject into the montage of neighborhood gossip her mother liked to think of as "worldly" news, she was berated. Never was Sarah asked, as if they were the perfect family on commercials or nightly sitcoms, "How was your day?" or "What did you learn at school?"

Sarah had learned quickly that her job was to be the quiet one. She was to sit and smile and make her family proud by becoming the president of a sorority, marrying a doctor or lawyer, and producing beautiful grandchildren. Michael, her brother, was the athletic one, winning football and baseball trophies and finally a full scholarship that would take him away, never to return. Her father was the money-maker, and when he left with the younger version of his wife, he then became the bank, sending monthly checks in the mail but without any emotional investment in the family.. Nice! Her mother's job had always been to keep everyone on the straight and narrow path so they could perform their family duties without misstep.

Sarah thought, *Mother must be haunted by her failures*. Michael, it turned out, loved playing with the boys, and he now worked as a Chippendale dancer in Las Vegas. He and his "roommate" Frank had been together for ten years and owned three Peek-a-Poos and two Siamese cats. They lived in a rent-controlled condo full of silver chrome, white furniture, and purple window treatments. The three times

Sarah had visited they seemed extremely, deliriously happy. Her mother had never visited, and Frank was not allowed to come for holidays, which meant that Michael never came for holidays.

Three years after Sarah's father left, her mother remarried a dermatologist she had gone to see about a small mole on her right shoulder. Stuart Hearn had told her mother that she had beautiful shoulders; six months later he proposed. Sarah's mother had demanded that her daughter be her maid of honor and had picked the most god-awful dress the color of baby puke for Sarah to wear. Every holiday she was summoned home to portray the perfect daughter.

Stu had his own children from a previous marriage, but his daughter, Michelle, was busy with her three children and political husband. Phillip, his son, was a doctor and was married to a Barbie look-a-like who had given birth to two children. Pictures of the "grandkids" littered her mother's house along with pictures of the happy couples. There was only one picture of Sarah and Michael, from a vacation when they were children.

Sarah finished the sesame chicken and grabbed her phone to call her mother. Dialing her mother's number, she silently prayed for the answering machine. Her mother and Stu had an active life, so maybe they were at some dinner or community function and Sarah could just leave a message.

"Hello, Hearn residence." A soft male voice answered.

"Hey Stu, it's Sarah."

"Sarah, your mother has been so worried. I'm so glad you called. Let me get her. You almost missed us. We are heading out to dinner with the McNamara's."

"Thanks, Stu." Sarah sighed with relief. Her mother would be in a hurry, and that was good.

"Sarah, where have you been? Stu and I were ready to call out the military. You really should be more considerate. You know he thinks of you as his own daughter and for you to treat us like this is really thoughtless." Her mother's tone was patronizing and admonishing.

"Mother, I'm sorry. The store has been busy, and I just let time

slip away.” Sarah suddenly felt eleven years old.

“Both Michelle and Phillip call every other day to check on us. I would think that you could take time out of your busy schedule...are you dating anyone?”

“Mother, I said I was sorry. I’ll try to do better, and no, I am not dating anyone.”

“You know Stu has a business partner who has a son...”

“Mother, I’m not interested. I just called to see how you were and to let you know I was okay. I don’t want to make you late for the McNamara’s party.” Sarah tried to sound cheerful.

“Fine, I’m glad you are all right. I know we would not have enjoyed our evening without hearing from you. I do have to run. The McNamara’s are throwing a small soiree for the Children’s Cancer Center.”

“Have a good time, and I’ll call you in a few days, okay?”

“All right, darling. Please try and do better. You know we love you and just want what’s best for you.” Sarah could hear that her mother

was already through with the conversation.

“Bye Mom, have a good time.” Sarah heard the click of the receiver.

Sarah poured herself another glass of wine and turned on the television. She absently flipped through the channels to see if there was anything good on. She had the choice of the news, a game show, a reality TV show about some over-the-hill rapper, a sitcom about a group of college kids, an animated movie, or a show on ghost hunting. She quickly turned it off and grabbed the books she had purchased at the bookstore. She flipped open the history book and began to read.

The clock struck midnight, and Sarah realized she had been reading for four hours straight. She was enthralled by the historical aspects of hauntings. She was amazed that researchers could know so much about ghosts without being able to completely prove their existence. Where did their information come from? How did they know? She yawned, stretched, took her plate and wine glass to the kitchen, and headed for bed.

Sarah walked down a long straight corridor. Everything was grey: floor, ceiling, walls. There were no doors or windows, and she heard only her own breathing. It seemed like she had been walking a long time when suddenly, behind her, she heard footsteps. They were still a long way off. Sarah felt no need to stop and wait or a concern to run away. She calmly continued to walk along the corridor.

“Sarah...” she heard the voice echo softly down the hall towards her. It was a male voice and familiar to her. She stopped and turned back in the direction of the footsteps that continued towards her at a steady pace. She heard the call again. She began to move in that direction, the way she had come.

“Sarah, please...” the voice again.

Suddenly, panic set in; Sarah began to run from the voice. She ran and ran as the voice followed and became more and more frantic. Her breath came in jagged gasps. Her side felt like it was splitting open; still she ran.

“Sarah...don’t forget!” was followed by the most agonizing yell she had ever heard.

Sarah sat up in bed, breathing hard. She was drenched in sweat, and her leg muscles ached. She heard the echo of the voice in her head one last time.

“Sarah ...don’t forget me.”

Demy suddenly jumped onto the bed, and Sarah let out a little yelp. Demy arched her back and hissed. Sarah reached out to gingerly reassure the cat, but Demy took a swipe at her hand and ran off.

Sarah flopped back on the bed and let out a sigh. Where had that dream come from? She guessed it was a combination of day-old Chinese food and ghost stories. She rolled over; the red lights on her clock read 3:30. She fluffed her pillow and rolled the other way. She came face to face with a young man. He was staring at her and smiling. His tousled dark brown hair lay in short crazy curls around his suntanned face. Sarah thought briefly how for a ghost he wasn't pale. His intense blue eyes captured her attention as he slowly opened his

mouth.

“*Don't forget me Sarah*” He reached up and slowly caressed her face. His hand felt warm against her skin, and she smiled back. Suddenly, blood poured from his eyes, nose and ears. His face registered panic and as he opened his mouth to say something, blood poured from there as well. Sarah screamed and tried to scoot back off the bed only to find her back up against a wall.

She sat up, again. The room was flooded with light. She glanced at the clock again and found that it was 7:45. She sighed and flopped back. Demy was curled up at the foot of the bed. She raised her head and peeked at Sarah. It was the third night this week she had had the hall dream, but the guy, *God he was gorgeous*, was new. Sarah shivered, all the blood made her a little sick to her stomach. She should get up, take a shower, get dressed, and eat something. Renee wasn't coming in today, so Sarah would need to open the shop.

When Sarah graduated from college, she purchased a small shop in a historical building in northern downtown Madison. The shop had been

filled with different things, from gardening hoses to antique dressers. The best part had been the old trunks: what finds she had uncovered! Clothes, pictures, love letters, pressed flowers, and books were some of the wonderful things. There were skeleton parts, as well, bloody rags, rusty weapons...she had hated those trunks.

Sarah had, with the help of her trust fund, transformed the store into one of the premier antique markets in Madison. She had clients from all over visit and email looking for this or that. Some of her clients would even leave her things in their wills, items she would then sell to other collectors. The store was appropriately named "Lasting Memories and Antiques," and she made a nice living from it.

Sarah got dressed and grabbed a quick cup of coffee and a scone from a drive-thru Starbucks. She glanced at her watch. The store would open late, but it wasn't like there was a rush these days. Sarah enjoyed owning her own business, but the economy was a concern. Last month had been the slowest in the three years.

It was 10:15 when she finally arrived and turned the store's closed

sign to open. An elderly gentleman was waiting impatiently outside the door and immediately entered. He was dressed in an elegant three-piece suit and carried a cane. His grey hair was trimmed short and neat. His face was stern, and the frown lines around his mouth were deep.

“Sorry I’m late. Are you looking for something in particular?”

Sarah asked.

“Fine way to do business, keeping a customer waiting...,” he grumbled. “Yesterday you received a shipment of old pocket watches from a Mr. Smythers, and I am here to get them. They were not supposed to go on the delivery truck, but are mine.”

Sarah thought back to the shipment she had obtained. Renee had accepted it and then stored it in the back for Sarah to go over and appraise later. There had been clothes, paintings, some small pieces of furniture, and some silver pieces; and yes, there had been a rather large collection of pocket watches. Sarah grabbed the paperwork and began looking for the invoice.

“Miss, I don’t have all day. I want to collect my watches and get out of this...store. My great grandfather left them to me in his will and that old miser, Smythers, sent them just to make a few measly extra dollars. I suppose you paid him a pittance of what they are really worth.”

“Sir, I understand you’re in a hurry, but I can’t just give them to you. I purchased them from Mr. Smythers for...,” she glanced at the invoice. “I purchased forty-three pocket watches: seventeen sterling silver, five gold plate, and twenty-one solid gold for a total of four thousand dollars. If they belonged to you, I am certain we can sort this out. Mr. Smythers will need to return my money and then...”

“I will not wait for that geezer to return your money. That is of no concern to me. I want my pocket watches, and I want them now. You can discuss the money issues with Smythers at your convenience.” He thudded his cane on the floor for emphasis.

“Sir, I am not sure you understand. Let me just call Mr. Smythers and see if he can straighten this out,” Sarah reached for the phone and

dialed the number.

“Smythers residence,” a voice answered.

“”Hello, this is Sarah Black. I purchased a lot of antiques from Mr. Smythers and need to get a clarification on something. Is he available?” Sarah asked.

“One moment please,” responded the voice.

Sarah smiled at the gentleman, “Sir, can I get your name please?”

“What in God’s name do you need to know that for?” he demanded.

“I need to explain to Mr. Smythers...” Sarah began, but the voice interrupted.

“Ms. Black, Mr. Smythers is on the other line, but will be available in a moment. Please hold.” Before Sarah could respond, she was on hold. Soft classical music played. Sarah made a mental note to check with the phone company on the cost of background music. Her customers would like the added touch.

After a minute or two of ignoring the glare from the gentleman,

she heard the sound of the line being picked up.

“Ms. Black? This is Arthur Smythers; I hope everything arrived in satisfactory condition.” A soft masculine voice murmured.

“Yes, I haven't been through all the boxes yet, but everything seems to be in order. I do seem to have one snag. I have a gentleman here...” Sarah turned to her customer awaiting his name.

“Fleming, Jacob Fleming, and you tell that no account cousin of mine to stop selling off items that are not his, damn him!” Mr. Fleming's face was beginning to turn purple with rage.

“I have a Mr. Jacob Fleming here who claims that the forty-three pocket watches are his, and he demands to take them with him.”

There was silence from the other end. Mr. Smythers cleared his throat and stammered in a shaky voice, “Did you say Jacob Fleming?”

Sarah felt a cold chill run through her. She turned to look at Mr. Fleming. She suddenly noticed things she hadn't before. His clothes were outdated by at least a century. His complexion was pale, even for the elderly. However, the most startling thing was that she could see the

Ming vase behind him; Mr. Jacob Fleming was transparent.

“Ms. Black, are you there?” Mr. Smythers voice was stronger now.

“I am sorry to have troubled you. There was some confusion, but it seems to be all straightened out now.” Sarah mumbled and turned to put the phone back on the counter.

When she turned back around to confront the ghost, she found he was gone. Sarah sighed and flopped down on the stool behind the counter. She hated it when she purchased items that brought ghosts into her life. She loved antiques and the pleasure of seeing old items passed on to create new stories with new families. However, some of the items came with baggage. Most of the time it was either a feeling or a glimmer of past owners, but occasionally there was a spirit who could not let go of an item.

She spent the morning organizing the new inventory and cataloguing the items. She came across the collection of pocket watches. One in particular caught her attention. As she opened the ornate silver front she read the engraving, *To my dearest Jacob, from*

your loving Emily. No wonder he wanted the watch. She set it aside and made a mental note to find Mr. Fleming's grave and return the watch.

Renee came in around noon and brought Sarah another Starbucks coffee. She wasn't supposed to work today, but she stopped by to make sure she had left the receipts from the day before.

"God bless you," Sarah said.

"I knew you might need a refueling. How has it been? Busy?"

Renee asked hopefully.

Sarah had hired Renee three years ago, and while they were very different, they worked well together. Renee was the quintessential soccer mom. She had no idea about the ghosts in Sarah's life, but she definitely knew that there was something different about Sarah. She never asked, though, and that was one of the many reasons Sarah had her stay even though it was getting tough to manage it.

"Well, I'm off to a library fund-raiser. Have a great day, Sarah."

Renee said as she left.

Around one, two older women entered the shop bringing the smell

of baby powder and lilacs. Both women were dressed in red and purple, with hats, gloves, and ornate handbags. Sarah recognized them as members of the Red Hat Society. She spoke and offered her assistance, but they simply wanted to browse. They spent over an hour looking and touching different items, imagining the stories behind them. Sarah smiled as the women envisioned long lost loves and mysterious romances.

“Excuse me, can you tell us the background on these pieces?”

Sarah saw they held one ornate gold and emerald bracelet with the engraved initials of *JL* and *BR*, and one small enameled jewelry box in blue hues. Both came from the estate of an older woman who never married and lived alone her entire life. The initials were of her parents who, according to the stories Sarah had heard, hated each other. Sarah was not going to ruin these ladies' fantasies.

Sarah tilted her head, “Well, the story was that the bracelet was a gift from a young man to the woman he admired. She was supposed to marry another, but loved the young man. Her parents refused to allow

her to choose her husband, so she threw herself off the cliff and into the lake where she drowned. Her young man was so distraught, that he too, committed suicide to join her in death.”

Sarah smiled as the woman's eyes filled with tears. She wondered if she should make up stories about the antiques but, really, who did it hurt?

“What about my trinket box?” the other woman asked.

“Well, this trinket box was a present from a husband to his wife. They were not wealthy, and it was their 10th anniversary. He wanted to buy something special, so he sold his grandfather's pocket watch for this trinket box so she could keep her mother's jewelry in it. However, the wife didn't know that he sold his watch, and so she sold her mother's jewelry to buy him a gold chain for the pocket watch. When they found out, they realized how much they loved one another, and so they put the gold chain in the trinket box and kept it by their bed. They died together on the same night, holding each other.” Sarah hoped they didn't realize how she had used the O'Henry story as her inspiration. When both

ladies clasped their hands over their hearts and emitted long sighs, she knew neither had.

The ladies made their purchases and promised they would be back to see what other finds Sarah had next week. The rest of the day was uneventful. Three more customers came in, but only one was a serious buyer. The elegantly dressed woman was redecorating her guest house with antiques and bought quite a bit of furniture and numerous personal items. She had very good taste and a keen eye for quality pieces. Sarah enjoyed helping her and was pleased with the sales.

Chapter 2: Honey

About an hour before closing, the bell over the door clanged. Sarah looked up, but she didn't see any customers. She wandered over towards the door to find a small round woman standing there. She might have been 4'5" tall. She was a rich mocha color and smelled of coconut oil and jasmine. Her hair was done in short dreadlocks colored a deep mahogany, and she wore glasses that were thick as coke bottles. She was dressed in dark denim shorts, a purple polo and yellow sweater vest, and purple high tops. She carried a *Hello Kitty* backpack.

"May I help you?" Sarah asked.

"Aw, Boo that ain't the right question. I'm here for what I can do for you." She remarked, and Sarah noticed a definite southern twang.

"Excuse me?" Sarah uttered.

“Ain’t you polite! I told you I was here for you. My name is Honey – like the stuff bees make—only I’m sweeter!” She laughed out loud and swirled her hand around her head.

“I don’t understand...,” Sarah began.

Honey interrupted, “Look Boo, I know you need some guidance, and I’m here to help you through these rough and troubled waters, but don’t expect me to show up every day. Mind you, I sometimes got betta’ things to do than hang ‘round old musty dead peoples’ articles and whatnot. I’ll be here when you need me; you can count on me to help you out.”

Sarah was taken aback, “I don’t want your help. I don’t even know you.”

“Trust me, Boo, you gonna want me to help you,” she placed her hands over her heart and giggled. “Look at that, I made a rhyme! I am a poet, but I already know it! Seriously Suga’, we got lots of work ahead of us. Close up and take me to supper. You and I fixin’ to have a serious talk about ghosts and such. ” Honey’s face had transformed into a

serious, adult expression full of concern.

Sarah stared at Honey. She had no idea what to say or do. Here was this pint-size woman who seemed to know all about her “predicament” and insisted that she was here to help. Sarah shook her head; she opened her mouth to explain to Honey that she had no intention of going anywhere with her when she heard a small voice inside her head.

Sarah, we need Honey if you are going to help me... Sarah knew the voice immediately. It was the gorgeous guy from her dream. *Sarah, please help me, help me...Sarah!* Sarah physically jumped as the last plea reverberated in her head.

“That sweet talkin’ boy at you again, ain’t he? Well, we’ve got lots to discuss about him, your great grandmama, and what the spirits got in store for you. Come on Boo, what you gonna lose havin’ dinner with me?” Honey smiled.

Sarah sighed. She guessed there was no harm in listening to this woman, and if she could help or had any insight into what in the heck

was going on, dinner would be well worth it. She nodded and closed up the store. She and Honey walked down the street to a small neighborhood café.

The café had been there for years, and Sarah enjoyed eating there. She found the out-of-date decorations and faded yellow walls appealing. It was clean, but well-loved. The owners had opened the café in 1979 and it was one of the last true family-owned businesses in town.

It was still early, and there were many empty tables. The women passed one young man, who seemed absorbed in a much worn, dog-eared copy of *Finnegan's Wake*. He didn't look up as they walked to a booth in the back. A young, pregnant waitress dressed in a faded Bon Jovi tee and jeans appeared to take their order.

"I'm Tiffani, what can I get ya?" she asked, popping her gum.

Honey ordered a black bean burger with onion rings and a Diet Coke, while Sarah ordered her usual, a grilled cheese on rye with a side salad, water and coffee. Tiffani nodded, waddled off, and returned almost immediately with their drinks.

“Alright, start talking.” Sarah quietly demanded.

“Well, whatcha wanna know?” Honey said as she sipped her soda.

“Everything. Why do I see ghosts? What do they want from me?

Who is this guy, and what does he want from me? How I can make it all stop?”

“All right, let’s start with why. Why you see them is ‘cause it’s in your blood, Boo. There’ve always been Black women who have talked to the spirits. Your last name means ‘Non crux, Sed lux’ – ‘not the cross, but the light.’ God saw it necessary to gift one of your ancestors, Laura Black, with the sight. Laura was burdened with it, and she had to decide to use it for good or evil. She could help those spirits move on or use them to her advantage. Laura chose to help them. Through the years, other Black Seers have used it for an advantage—which is why y’all have money—but for the most part, your ancestors have helped spirits. Now the sight has moved to you, and it’s your turn. You can use it for good and help spirits move on, but only with some guidance. That’s where I come in. My family has always been Guiders. We’ve

helped Seers both the good ones and bad ones, and now I am here to help you.”

Sarah had never heard anything so preposterous in her life. The idea that her ancestors had dealt with this abnormality for generations was unthinkable! No one, not her parents or grandparents, not any aunts, uncles, or cousins, had ever mentioned that this was normal. Honey was telling her that the visions and dreams and spirits were just a family trait, a gene that was passed down through generations. Like hell!

“So this is like some genetic mutation that happens every few generations. I’m supposed to believe that my family has this trait running through the line and it pops up every now and then!” Sarah tried not to scream the last few words.

“Well, if you want to look at it that way, I guess you could. But you gotta know Boo, that this is more than your genetic make-up. Being a Seer is part of your very existence, part of your soul. It’s what you were made to do, what God intended your life’s goal to be. He needs us

here to help these poor lost, dead folk get on the right track. We're his agents on earth so to speak."

"So I'm, I mean, we're supposed to put the spirits back on the path? To what? Heaven? Hell? Please tell me I am not the judge of a person's final resting place."

"No Suga', that's been decided. You can bet the devil don't let his souls wander around. He snatches 'um up as soon as he can. God is about choices, and he lets the souls choose to go or stay. Sometimes though, they get lost and can't find their way, or they get confused or need to let someone know something before they can go to Heaven."

"So souls can stay or go? Doesn't God want them all in Heaven? I mean isn't that the idea? 'Believe in me, and you get into Heaven'?"

"Of course he does, Boo. He wants everyone to love him like he loves us. But God doesn't force he gives us choices."

"So these souls choose or are led astray and don't go into the light and that is where I come in. You and I will help them find the light, and if there is any unfinished business, we will help them do that too."

“Exactly. That’s your job, and I’m here to help you.” Honey reached over and laid a hand gently on Sarah’s. She was amazed at how soft Honey’s skin was.

The waitress appeared with their food and both spent a few minutes getting their food ready to eat.

Honey continued, “First, though we’ve got to figure out what that boy wants. Do you know him? Have you ever seen him before?”

“Only in my dreams. I’ve been dreaming about that hallway for a few years or so, but the voice and boy are only recent.”

“Describe ‘em to me.” Honey said, taking a large bite of her burger.

“Usually I don’t realize I am asleep. I find myself walking down a hall. The walls are grey—similar to a hospital or school except there aren’t any doors. There aren’t any people either, and everything is silent. I can hear my footsteps echoing. I don’t feel nervous or scared. I seem to just be waiting. This can seem to go on forever, or it can be a very short time before I hear the voice calling my name. It’s always the

same—soft, warm, comforting, familiar.” Sarah’s eyes had glazed over.

“Familiar how, Boo?”

“I feel like I have known this voice all my life. Like this person, this man, has always been a part of me. I can’t place it, can’t put a face with it—although now I can—but in the dream I can’t. I just know him and know, deep within my soul, that this voice, this person, this man belongs to me, and I belong to him.”

“You belong to him?” One of Honey’s eyebrows shot up.

“Not just in a romantic way. There is that, but I mean on a deeper level. As if our essences were intertwined—two halves of one. I know he will catch up with me, and all will be right with my world. I will have the answers I seek, and I will know what to do. I keep walking, then...”

“Y’all need anything?” the waitress asked. She stood there with a pitcher of tea in one hand and a carafe of coffee in the other, balanced carefully on her round belly.

The women looked up. Honey smiled and shook her head, but

Sarah held up her coffee cup. The waitress poured the dark liquid quickly.

The young man who had been reading tried to flag the waitress by waving his arm. "Ma'am, can I get some coffee too?"

Sarah turned back to doctor her coffee. She grabbed a packet of the yellow stuff and one of those little plastic cups of creamer.

"Ma'am, I would really like some..." The waitress walked right past the table with the young man. He stood up, "Hey, I want some coffee don't walk right past me."

Sarah looked back up and saw the cheap print of Van Gogh's Sunflowers through the young man's chest as he faded from sight.

"What happens then?" Honey asked.

"Huh?" Sarah turned back to Honey, "Oh, then there is a feeling of foreboding, like suddenly the whole place smells of fear. It gets hot and the voice begins calling my name again, but this time he's panicked. Sometimes he just continues to call my name, sometimes he tells me not to forget, but lately he's yelled for me to run."

Honey reached over and plucked a grape tomato from Sarah's salad. As she chewed, she scrunched up her face in thought.

"I start to run, but now something or someone is chasing me. I run and run and the voice continues to yell. Then I wake up." Sarah took a large gulp of water.

"And..."

"And what? That's the end of the dream." Sarah looked at Honey, "Oh, alright. The last few times I have woken up and found the guy in my bed. He touches my face and then opens his mouth, tells me not to forget him, and then blood pours out of his mouth, ears, nose, and eyes. Then I really wake up, usually screaming."

"Well, whatever I think of him, that is sure dramatic. Gonna be hard to forget when you see him like that," Honey mused.

"I have no idea why I know him, or what he wants from me. If I am supposed to help him, if he is a ghost, I don't know what to do. I can't stand going to sleep because I have this stupid dream almost every night. I want to help this guy and get past it," Sarah said and looked up

at Honey, "Please help me."

"Sure Suga', that's what I'm here for. This is what I want you to do. Tonight, when you start down the hallway in your dream, I want you to turn around and head towards his voice the minute you hear him call you. I want you to confront him, not in a 'I'm gonna tan your hide,' but in a 'I am here to help, whatcha want' kind of way."

"Okay...then what?"

"I'm hoping two things: one, that you can talk to him and two, that you can control some of what goes on in this dream. If you can control it, then you can change it. In the meantime, I am going to visit some people I know and see what I can dig up on this sweet-talking boy of yours. Then we meet back at work tomorrow and discuss it." Honey smiled.

The waitress appeared and laid their check on the table. "Thanks for coming; here's a box for the food."

Sarah glanced down and realized she had hardly touched her meal. She nodded even though she wasn't hungry. She quickly packed up her

food and left a twenty dollar bill on the table.

“Go home and curl up with that cat and a glass of wine. Don’t think about it all too much, and try to get some rest, Boo. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Honey gave her a quick hug and wandered quickly down the street. Sarah stood for a few minutes watching her go. Before Honey turned the corner, she raised one hand and gave a little wave.

Sarah shook her head. What had she gotten into? Could she really believe any of this? She headed to her car and slowly drove home, a hundred thoughts racing around in her head like ants over a mound.

Chapter 3: Dreams

She did exactly what Honey told her to do. She and, eventually, Demy curled on the sofa and Sarah tried to relax. After flipping through the channels, *God was there ever anything worth watching on TV*, she wondered, and finding nothing, she grabbed one of the books she purchased and began reading.

Sarah found herself again in the hallway, but this was very different. There were doors. Large gray metal doors lined the hall on both sides. Many of the doors had name plates: Andrew Brady, Melinda Snow, Robert Shaker, Katarina Mayes. None of them seemed familiar to Sarah. She began walking reading the names and looking for one she knew. It seemed like forever before she found one: Lydia Preston.

“What the...this is my great-great grandmother’s name. Why would her name be on the door?” Sarah tried the handle and found the door unlocked.

“Hello, is anyone here?” She entered a small room with floral wallpaper. The room smelled of lavender and a had a faint glow,

although she saw no lamps or lights. There was a small bed in the middle of the room covered by a cream-colored bedspread. It looked to Sarah like a large marshmallow. Next to the bed was a large antique rocker with a exquisite needlepoint cushion. There was also a dressing table with an assortment of make-up items and perfumes. On the stool in front of the dressing table sat a woman. Her back was to Sarah, but her face was reflected in the mirror. She smiled and turned around.

“Hello, darling, I have been waiting for you. Have a seat, I’ll be finished in a moment, and we can talk.” Her voice was soft but commanding.

“Who are you?” Sarah stammered.

“You know who I am, Sarah,” the woman replied as she dabbed perfume on her wrists and neck.

Sarah sat and stared at her great-great grandmother. Her hair was wound in a tight bun, but a few wisps escaped, softening the look. She looked to be in her early forties. Her face was beautiful with angular features and smooth skin. Sarah was amazed to find bits of herself in

that face. A cold feeling washed over Sarah, and she wasn't sure if she was going to faint or not. She took deep breaths and tried to steady her mind. She looked again at the reflection of the woman, whose eyes sparkled with kindness and a hint of mischief.

Sarah thought back to any stories she had ever been told about her. Rumor had it that she had seen spirits. No one in her family had ever talked about it, but Sarah had found an old flyer in their attic advertising a séance. The madam was her great- great-grandmother, Lydia Preston.

“Now young lady, what kept you?” she asked turning around.

“Ma'am?” Sarah stuttered.

“I've been waiting for you for...well, for a while, and I thought you would never come to see me. We have so much to talk about, and we have no time to waste.”

“I'm sorry...you, you are my great-great grandmother, right? Am I dreaming? I mean, I know I am, but I had no idea you were waiting or

that I could see you..." Sarah stumbled over the thoughts rushing through her mind and out of her mouth.

"Yes darling, I am your great-great-grandmother. You can call me Grand-Mia or Lydia, whichever you prefer. Hopefully, all your questions will be answered soon. How do you like Honey?"

"How do you know about Honey? Did you send her?"

"In a way. Honey's family has helped Seers for a long time and she seems like a perfect fit for you. What do you think?"

"Honey is...interesting. She seems to know a lot about all this, but she can't seem to help me with the boy in my dreams. Do you know anything about him?"

"All in good time, sweetie, all in good time. First let's talk about this gift and what it means to you and to our family. Now you know that it's been passed down through generations since Laura Black." She brought out a book and began showing Sarah portraits of different people, some male but mostly female. Each picture was accompanied with a name and date.

Towards the end of the book, there were two pictures Sarah recognized. "This book holds the records of all the Black Seers. I was the last Seer in our family and now you are the Black Seer." Lydia handed the book to Sarah.

"What was it like for you? Did you have the dreams and visions or did you just have the visits?" Sarah asked tentatively.

"I was terrified at first. I had my first spirit encounter when I was seven. My younger brother had died of typhoid the night before. He appeared at the foot of my bed with his arms outstretched. I can still see his face so clearly, the blond curls, rosy cheeks, the splash of freckles across his nose. At first I thought I was dreaming. I couldn't understand what was happening, why Thomas was back, and what he wanted me to do. Our nanny, Angelique, was a Creole woman who could feel spirits, and she helped me understand that I had the sight, although I always suspected she thought I was possessed or cursed. She told me not to tell anyone what I could do for fear of being labeled a witch."

“Your family didn’t know anything? What about your Guider?”

“The Seer before me had been dead 20 years, and I had no one to talk to, no one except Angelique to understand. My parents wanted to have me institutionalized, and my sisters wouldn’t acknowledge me in public for fear of one of my episodes tainting their reputations and chances for husbands. I felt alone and like an outcast. Then on my eighteenth birthday, my Guider arrived. He was strong and handsome and older. His name was Jacob, and he listened. He was the first to believe in me, to not look at me as if I was crazy. His belief made the difference.”

“Honey doesn’t exactly make me feel more comfortable, although she was able to answer some questions. There is still a lot I don’t understand or know.”

“Darling, there is still so much we don’t understand.” Lydia smiled and patted Sarah’s hand gently.

“Well, then how can you know if this is real? I mean I could be having some psychotic breakdown and be hallucinating you and Honey,

even the ghosts could be figments of my imagination. I could be stuck in some mental hospital in a coma and not realize it. That makes more sense than having super powers and helping ghosts!”

“Sarah, I know it’s a lot to take in, but search your heart. Does this feel like a hallucination? Don’t you feel the power racing through you? This is a divine gift: Do not throw it away because you have a hard time believing in it. Remember life is all about faith; faith in God, in people, in love.”

“I want to believe, and I don’t. I don’t want to have this burden, but I also have a desire to help. I most certainly do not understand why I was picked; I mean, I have never been a helper or good at getting anyone to do anything. I am more the behind-the-scenes kind of girl.”

“Sarah you have a natural gift. An ability to help those who need it, and the confidence will grow. Don’t worry that you are not worthy, you will become worthy of this gift and help many souls. I want to tell you the history of Seers and maybe then you will understand why you are perfect. This is not just our family’s history but the history of Seers

in general.”

“You mean there are others?”

“Of course dear, one family could not help all the souls that need helping. God has given this gift to a number of families. Each one has used it for good or personal gain, but I am getting ahead of the story. Here, have a cup of tea and relax.” Lydia waved a hand and a charming teapot with violets painted on the side appeared with two matching cups.

She poured them both tea, “Earl Grey, my favorite,” she explained.

“Now, let me start at the beginning. God created Seers to help those souls who were lost find their way. In the beginning, Seers were common and understood. They accepted their role and were honored for it. When the first Seer died, she was given the choice of Heaven or to continue her work as a Seer but as a different entity. She decided to continue her life's calling, and she became the first Reaper. Reapers are the guides in the afterlife. The idea is that once you enter the light a Reaper is there to lead you to your final destination, be it Heaven or

Hell. Reapers are never seen by humans or Seers. We can sometimes feel their presence; they are said to give off warmth and caring, even sympathy depending on the cause of death. Reapers are not immortal. They are just Seers with an extended lifespan. They can't die and can choose to give up their Reapers status and go on to Heaven whenever they feel they have fulfilled their destiny."

"Are you a Reaper?"

"No child, I was allowed to come back and help you make the transition into a full Seer. To help you understand your gifts and why you were chosen. Sarah, you are special. You have unique qualities not found in many humans. You feel empathy; you understand and respect the natural and sentimental need for our possessions. You have a quiet stillness about you that must be nourished and strengthened. Demy is a perfect example of your patience and caring qualities. You never rushed that cat; you understood without knowing its background that it needed time and space to trust. You took the time and gave her the space to grow to trust you and know you. You let her develop the relationship on

her terms, not yours. You gave her choices.”

“All I did was feed her and talk to her. I’m not sure I did all those things you are saying. I just wanted to help and she let me, eventually.”

“You gave her what she needed. So many souls are torn, confused, even angry. You can give them what you gave Demy, solace and comfort. They need you Sarah, and I bet you will find that you need them too.”

“You have such faith in me. Why? You don’t even know me.”

“Darling, I have watched you for years. I have seen you go from the awkward, shy girl into a shy but confident woman. You can do this because I have faith in you. I have faith in you because you remind me of myself. We Black Seers are much stronger than most give us credit for.”

Lydia stood and walked around to the dresser. She opened the top drawer and rummaged around. Sarah watched and noticed that she even moved like Sarah. They both took long strides.

Lydia returned and handed a small case to Sarah. It was a

wooden box with a candle carved on the top. The flame was inlaid with gold so that the candle looked lit. Sarah tentatively opened the box. Inside, nestled in green velvet, was the most exquisite ring Sarah had ever seen. It was white gold with a stunning yellow diamond in the center. The diamond was surrounded by small black onyx chips. Sarah looked up, stunned.

“This ring, my dear, had been passed down from generation to generation of Black Seers. The setting has changed over the years, but the gems and cut have never been touched. It is said to have been Laura Black’s wedding ring and that it brings good luck to the wearer. Wear it with love, strength, and knowledge. The love of your family, the strength that runs through your blood, and the knowledge that we believe you can do this.”

Sarah looked up and saw many glimmering shapes standing around and behind her great-great grandmother. As they came into focus, she recognized many of them from the Book of Seers. She smiled through her tears and nodded, slipping the ring on her finger.

As quickly as the shadows appeared, they disappeared. Her great-great grandmother stood.

“Well darling, it is time for you to go. Remember, you have what it takes, just have faith.” She leaned over and hugged Sarah. Sarah walked to the door and turned around for one last look.

She found herself looking at the bathroom. She had apparently gotten up and wandered into the bathroom while she was dreaming. She glanced down to her hand and there sat the ring, as exquisite as it had seemed in her dream. She smiled.

“Thank you Grand-Mia.”

Chapter 4: Beginnings

Sarah got to work early the next day. She spent time creating a new display in the small store window that faced the street. When Renee came in, Sarah had the window almost completed.

“Wow, that looks great,” Renee exclaimed. She handed Sarah a coffee and a muffin.

“Thanks, I woke up this morning thinking it needed a change,” Sarah took a sip of coffee. “Want to help?”

Renee went and stored her belongings behind the counter and

joined Sarah in the window. They worked for an hour or so before they were both satisfied with the result. Both went outside to admire their work.

“Its looks great. I am sure it will draw the customers in.” Renee said with a little too much enthusiasm. Sarah glanced at Renee, eyebrows raised.

“I can hope can't I?” Renee ~~said~~asked sheepishly. The two laughed and headed back into the store.

Suddenly, there was a loud screech from behind them on the street. Sarah turned around to see a large utility truck and a small compact car collide. She heard Renee gasp as the small car was practically engulfed by the truck. Sarah thought, *It's like the truck got hungry and simply swallowed the little car up in one bite.*

Other shopkeepers ran outside too. Sarah heard Mr. Jenkins, the antique clock repairman from three shops down, talking hurriedly on the phone.

“Yes, there has been a wreck....at the corner of Main and

3rd.....two cars....I don't know....I don't know....I'll go check.....Yes, hurry!"

Sarah found herself halfway across the street heading towards the wreck. She wasn't sure what she was doing; all she knew was that she was drawn to the wreck. Something invisible was pulling her there. As she got closer, she increased her speed until she was full-on running.

She reached the wreck before anyone else did.

There was very little remaining of the small compact car. Sarah thought it might have been a Honda. She could see the front bumper lying across the street and half-way up the sidewalk. The driver of the truck was slowly getting out of the cab. He had a cut above his eye and a slow trickle of blood ran down his face. He had a slight limp but Sarah didn't know if he had that before the wreck.

"Hey, hey lady....," the man swayed a little. "Do you see the driver?" he asked in a soft voice.

Sarah shook her head but did not look at him; her gaze was transfixed on the streak of red across the pavement. It glistened in the

late morning sun. It ran in little rivulets and created a pattern very similar to a child's finger painting. Sarah thought how pretty and sad it was. A single tear slipped down her cheek and she wasn't sure it was for the person whose blood this was or for the fact that her mother had never let them finger paint – too messy she always claimed. This does not indicate to me that Sarah is a deeply compassionate person—sounds like she's narcissitic.

A hand appeared on her arm and she jumped and whirled around. Renee was standing there with her hand over her mouth.

“Sarah, what are you doing? Let the police and paramedics do their job. Come on, move back,” Renee tugged her arm.

Sarah looked up and saw that there were police and emergency workers everywhere. She stumbled back, and that was when she saw her. A young woman stood to the side of the wreck. No one seemed to notice her in the confusion. She stared at the wreck and continuously shook her head. Her thin arms were wrapped around her body tightly. Her jeans were torn and she was missing a shoe. Suddenly the woman

looked up and saw Sarah staring, she pointed to the wreck and then an EMT walked right through her. Sarah let out a little scream, but quickly covered her mouth.

Renee was still pulling Sarah and they were half-way across the square, when Sarah saw the woman again. She appeared about five feet from Sarah's left. Her eyes were pleading and she kept pointing to the wreck. Sarah turned away and kept walking.

As they reached the shop, Sarah felt her again, this time on her right.

Sarah turned slightly and was face to face with the woman.

"HELP ME!" she screamed. Sarah noticed the dark patch of blood beginning to congeal on the side of her head. Her left ear was missing and her right arm hung at an odd angle. Sarah shook her head and walked past the ghost. Why was she not helping the woman? As her shoulder touched the spirit, Sarah felt a cold rush through her. She gasped as pain and an overwhelming sadness enveloped her whole being. She sank to the ground and sobbed.

Renee bent down and put her arm around Sarah's shoulders. Great

racking sobs went through Sarah as she felt the woman's pain and loss. Images and thoughts flooded through her mind. A gray-hair woman sitting in a chair..... *Mama it's what's best for everyone.....* a young girl playing on a swing set.....*Be careful, Becca,* a brown floppy dog running across a lawn.....*Stop, Rover,* a bruised knee, a Christmas tree, sing songy and a bit maudlin a man's smiling face.....*John, I love you.*

“Sarah, what's the matter!” Renee shook her. Another voice intruded into Sarah's mind. It was the voice of the young man; *Sarah, you need to help this woman. She can't find peace without your help.*

I am really engrossed in this story, Melissa. Well done!

The Ghost Hunters
by Melissa Davis

Prologue

November 2008

Manny shuffled out of bed and glanced at the clock, 11:45 A.M. He was up early. Last night had been a lucrative night at the track and he had celebrated. Now he could pay the landlord, the cable bill, and buy some groceries. Hell, he might even be able to get the Brown Brothers off his back for a few more weeks. Manny knew that it wasn't the perfect life or the one he had planned growing up in Brooklyn, but it worked for him. He was not an "office" person.

By 3:30 P.M. he was showered, dressed and out the door to visit the store. On the way he would visit Jack's Junk, where he could place a bet on the game tonight. He had gotten a big lead on the game and wanted to take advantage of the tip.

On the way to Jack's, he ran into Darcy and Giles, who told him of an organization that was looking for a few men to "interview" for a new position that required the utmost level of discretion. Manny was always up for a short-time job if it paid well. He decided to go with them to apply.

The office building was on a side street and nondescript. Beside the door was an engraved plaque that read "The Waterford Group" and their address. No explanation of what they did or who worked for them. Manny liked it already. The lobby was empty except for a large wooden desk and a security guard, who glanced up, nodded, and went back to his paperback.

The elevator took them automatically to the 5th floor, where the doors opened onto another stark office with only three chairs, a fake fern, and some outdated magazines. Manny took a seat and grabbed a magazine; he glanced at the cover: *Newsweek*, February 1984. He settled down to read and wait. Most of these jobs only took a minute for the interview and then you were off almost without seeing the person or persons you were working for.

A smart-looking woman emerged from the back and called Darcy's name. He grinned and walked with her through the door. After about fifteen minutes, another woman, this one older and not as well put together, came for Giles. He, too, grinned and walked through the doors. Thirty minutes passed and Manny was getting ready to leave when a young woman in a beautiful aqua dress walked in. She looked more like a Greek statue than a secretary. She stared Manny up and down, not saying anything.

"Uh...are all the jobs filled?"

"No, please follow me. Mr. Borgia will talk to you now." She turned and walked through the door to the left. Manny followed cautiously.

They entered a lushly decorated office with a huge mahogany desk and plush armchairs. On the walls hung ornately framed Greek mythological pictures, and behind the desk sat a man. He was obviously of Greek or Mediterranean descent. His black hair was neat, but longer than most American businessmen wore theirs and his suit, a three piece charcoal grey, was of an expensive cut and quality. Manny assumed it had cost more than he had won that year at the track.

"Here he is," the woman stated in her flat tone. She bowed slightly and walked backward out of the room.

The man motioned Manny to one of the chairs, and Manny sat down feeling a little out of his league out of place?. If this was some mob hit or something big like that, he hoped he could talk his way out of it. He was purely a small-time crook.

“Manny Jones, 45 with no permanent job. You live at 1827 South Sycamore Street in Apt 12B. You have a mother, Ethel Jones, who is still alive and resides in Hoboken, New Jersey, and a sister, Jackie, who lives in North Carolina with her husband and three daughters, Zoë, Amanda, and Caroline. You specialize in bets and petty crimes for money. Right now, you owe,” he glanced at some papers on his desk, “Handyman Stanley and Big Billy Brown around \$15,000 dollars. In three days, if you don’t pay them back, they will send someone to break your mother’s arm.” His accent was thick, but clear.

“How...how do you know all this?” Manny stammered.

“That, dear Mr. Jones, is not quite any of your business. However I have a deal for you. A deal you will take and be happy about; one that will give your meaningless life purpose and drive. You now work for the Waterford Group.”

“I ain’t agreed to nothing...” Manny tried to stand, but felt pressure where there was none to stay seated, as if there was a hand holding him in the chair.

“You agreed the minute you stepped into my office, Mr. Jones. This isn’t an interview—it was a job acceptance, and you fit our needs nicely. We can help you with your debt, and you will help us.”

“What exactly do I have to do?” Manny asked in a timid voice. He was in way over his head, and if he ever caught up with Giles and Darcy, he was going to kill them.

“Believe me, Mr. Jones, you will not kill them; you will thank them for giving you this wonderful opportunity,” Manny’s jaw slacked open with wonder. How did this guy

know what he was thinking?

“You will drive the van for our newest research group. You will supervise their missions and take great care of your passengers. You will become their guardian so to speak, like...a father figure. After every mission, or at least once a week, you will fill out and send in a detailed report to us here at your home base.”

“What sort of missions? What kind of research? What the hell are you talking about...a father figure? Dude, I ain't never known my father. How in blazes will I be able to be anyone's father figure?” Manny replied in a panicked voice.

“Mr. Jones, calm down. You will accomplish this and succeed with your responsibilities. Have no doubt. Now, your new van is waiting downstairs in our parking garage. It may not look like much, but it is in pristine condition. In the passenger side seat is a manual of sorts. I suggest you take it home, get some Thai food with the credit card in the glove compartment this is only for company expenses in the future, however, and read up on your first assignment.” He stood up and held out a set of car keys.

Manny suddenly felt the pressure release him and he was able to stand. He had never had an out-of-body experience, but had read about them and figured this is what one must be like. He took the keys, shook hands with the Greek, and was in the parking garage before he realized it.

He stood, with keys in hand, in front of a dingy grey van with a faded logo on the side. It was one of those extra long conversion vans that would hold around ten people and still have storage room in the rear compartment. He opened the driver's side door and got in. He cranked the engine, which purred like an Italian sports car. The inside

was plush with leather seats and all the latest electronic equipment. There was a 20-disk CD changer, a GPS system, a camera in the rear for backing up, a laptop station in the back seat complete with WI-FI. In the very back, were at least five Rubbermaid tubs. He hoped to God they weren't for dead bodies.

In the passenger side seat was indeed a thick binder with The Waterford Group logo embossed in gold. His name was also embossed on the bottom right hand corner of the binder. Manny did exactly what the Greek had said; he stopped, got Thai, and headed home.

On his answering machine were two messages. One from his mother thanking him for the beautiful flower bouquet he had sent for her birthday. Manny had had no idea it was her birthday. The second message was from Jessie Mack, Big Billy Brown's bookie, telling Manny that they had received his payment and his bill was now paid in full. Jessie also invited Manny to his daughter's birthday party at the horse park—a secret code for the track—tomorrow. Manny shook his head and began to eat and read.

Chapter 1

May 2009

The van, a non-descript gray color with a bleached off logo on the side, pulled alongside the curb in front of the high school. Rust spots covered the sides and hood, and the passenger side rearview mirror hung at a tilted angle. Dark window tint kept anyone from seeing into the vehicle. As the van came to a slow stop, you could hear the music that suddenly flooded out the windows and sunroof. It was a loud, angsty, blare that spoke to young teenagers but alarmed adults and made them cringe. Small whiffs of smoke wafted out the driver's side cracked window. Minutes ticked by while the van idled.

As the sun began to set, the music stopped abruptly. It was suddenly eerily silent. Two very distinct figures emerged from the van. The first was a bleach blonde male who could have been featured on the cover of *Teen Vogue*. His hair was cut into the latest style and his clothes were pristine. He wore the latest fashions in the way that models do, causal and almost without regard for their perfection. He ran his hand through his hair and gazed up at the building.

“Jeez, who picked this rat hole?” his voice sounded too loud.

The school was two stories high, with grey concrete block walls. A large banner hung in tatters from a second story window proclaiming the Saint Monica High Wombats as #1. The front courtyard was littered with empty chip bags, old soda cans, bits of paper, and other trash. Across the front double doors was draped bright yellow police tape. One of the windows was broken in the door, and glass littered the steps.

The building looked old and deserted, despite the fact that students had been here last week.

“Shut up, Quinn. Just because you went to a fancy high school doesn’t mean everyone else did.” The other figure was dressed head to toe in black. She had multiple piercings and wore high-heeled combat boots and a cape of black velvet. As she spoke, the fading sunlight glinted off her tongue stud.

“Whatever. Crawl back in your hole, Aden,” Quinn sneered. They both walked forward and stopped right before the stone steps and glanced back at the van.

The third figure emerged and hung back a little. Most people would never give him a second glance. His hair hung down in his face and half covered the black rimmed glasses he wore. He looked a little like a cross between Harry Potter and Steve Urkel. His clothes drooped on him and were ordinary in brand and color. What did draw attention was the strange-looking box he carried. It had an antenna and blue and red flashing lights. It resembled something out of a low-budget sci-fi movie.

“Yo, Specs, you got anything?” Quinn called as he watched the other guy fiddle with the box’s controls. It began to emit a low humming sound.

“My name is Samuel and no, nothing yet, but we...” The box began blinking red and beeping frantically.

“Whoa! Check this reading out. It’s the biggest one yet. It’s a class two...no, it’s a class three!” Samuel held out the box for Aden and Quinn to see. Both glanced but looked unimpressed.

Suddenly, the front passenger door opened and a slim pretty girl emerged. She had honey blonde hair which she wore in a tight ponytail. She was dressed in casual trendy clothes and carried a huge book. She resembled the boy called Samuel so much

that they were obviously twins. With one major exception: she looked put together while he was just sloppy.

“Hey guys, wait for me,” Sophia called and smiled. Her voice was sweet and soft.

“Well, Princess, what do we know?” Quinn asked with a slick smile.

“Three weeks ago, strange things began occurring. Writing on the wall, desks upturned, papers destroyed. The school assumed it was vandals breaking in but then the voices began: screams during classes, laughter and hurled insults in the hall. Two weeks ago there was a massive thermogenetical disturbance in the cafeteria during senior lunch...”

“A thermo..what?” Aden asked.

Samuel jumped in. “A thremogenetical disturbance is when a ghost or group of ghosts all apparate together causing the thermogenetics to sky rocket off the charts. Thermogenetics is the electromagnetic field that living things give off...ghosts usually don't register since they are dead, but when a group gets together they can generate enough magnetic energy to create a sonic boom of sorts.” Samuel's face was flushed when he finished.

“Whoa there Specs, don't have an orgasm or anything.” Quinn held up his hands and laughed crudely.

Sophia glanced understandingly at her brother before continuing, “Food and chairs begin flying around the room. Eighteen students, five teachers, and one lunchroom lady were injured. Most of the students had food on them. Finally, last week, they found that the doors to the library were locked and no amount of force could open them. The principal called the fire department, and they broke down the doors and found that all the books were rearranged in stacks all over the room. There was also

an awful odor and if anyone tried to enter, random books were flung at their heads. The final straw was when the superintendent visited and a loud incorporeal voice proclaimed that he owed the library \$13.78 in unpaid fines and that he was, and I quote, ‘an overgrown slouch of a boy who still picked his nose.’ That was when the school called The Waterford Group and they sent us.”

“Okay but what about the ghost?” Aden asked.

“Oh yeah, her name is Mary Stuart, and she is a former librarian. She apparently opened the school and asked to be buried in the alcove near the library annex. She was made to retire after 54 years of service and took her retirement badly. When she left, she vowed that no one would ever enjoy the library again. Apparently, when they were expanding the cafeteria, they had to dig her up and move her. This disturbance caused her to rise and reclaim the school.”

As they all approached the school door, an unnatural wail pierced the night air, and the doors suddenly blew open, throwing Quinn, Aden, and Samuel back.

“What the...?” Quinn called out, as he was pushed back down the steps. A ghostly figure emerged and pointed a finger at each person. She floated about three feet off the ground. Her dress was in rags and her grey hair streamed out behind her. Her eyes glowed green. A rotten, sickly sweet smell like cat urine and bad fruit filled the courtyard.

“How dare you try and enter my resting ground! I thought I had driven all you evil teenagers out of here! You shall now deal with Mary Stuart. I have been awakened and you all will feel my wrath! I have...”

“Shut up you stupid hag!” Aden shouted as she stood. She probed the area and exclaimed, “She is strong, but still just an incorporeal mist. Specs, watch those read-outs, Quinn don’t underestimate her power, Sophia, get reading! Let’s bag her.”

The ghost swept out her hand and Aden went flying back almost to the van. There was a sickening thud as her head hit the pavement. Quinn tried to approach the ghost from the side, but Mary Stuart turned towards him and repeated the gesture. He too, was thrown back with a yell.

Samuel suddenly grabbed his head screaming. He dropped the tri-lateral paranormal apparition indicator. “Get out of my head you stupid bi...” Samuel fell to his knees, as he yelled.

Quinn shook his head and stood. He felt like he had a few cracked ribs as he grabbed Samuel’s backpack and pulled out another strange looking box. This one had a long cord and yellow lights. He flung it underneath the apparition and called to Sophia.

“Start your mumbo-jumbo!”

Sophia began to chant in a strange language that caused all the street lights to dim. “*Adepto thee absentis diabolus spawn! Vos es non expectata huic locus. Vestri malum est haud diutius licitus neque nec mos is exsisto tolerated. Licentia iam vel sino eventus!*”

The wind picked up and leaves and trash swirled around the group as the ghost began to howl. The ghost turned all her attention suddenly to Sophia. Quinn jumped in front of the girl to protect her so she could finish the spell.

Power in the form of a streak of lighting surged out of the ghost’s fingers and struck Quinn in the chest. He screamed and crumpled. The apparition cackled. Aden

moved to help, but the ghost's power surged again and knocked her back against the school's concrete wall.

"Sophie, I don't think that is working," Samuel yelled over the din. He had recovered and stood again, staring intently at the tri-lateral paranormal apparition indicator. "We need something more powerful, read something else out of that stupid book."

"I'll try again," she frantically began to flip pages. "Here, maybe this will work."

"Lasciare presente tu depravato demonio! Sei non benvenuto qui. Ottenere eliminato di questo piazza e lasciare ci il inferno solo!"

She shouted the last part as Samuel grabbed the end of the cord attached to the box. He slammed his hand on the yellow button and the box underneath the ghost opened and a vortex of white light was emitted. The ghost screamed curses and vanished into the box. As the box shut, all the street lights blew and the school, the van, and the four figures were surrounded in darkness.

Aden struggled to sit up, "Is the bitch gone?"

"Yeah, she's in the box," Sophia and Samuel said together. It was one of the annoying traits of twins.

"Damn, that was a rough one!" Quinn sat up and rubbed his head. Sophia rushed over to check his head and any other wounds he might have received.

"Does he check out, princess?" Aden sneered as she brushed leaves off her cloak. She stood and stretched.

The van door opened and out stepped an older man wearing a sloppy Hawaiian shirt, stained kaki shorts, worn out tennis shoes and smoking a cigar. He slammed the

van door and approached the school steps and the kids. He limped a little, favoring his right side.

“Well, are you finished or what?” His voice was like gravel, presumably from smoking, and a sweet cherry smell wafted over the area from his cigar.

“Yeah Manny, we’re done. I think...”Quinn began.

“Wait, we have to check the area for any residual power surges or any other specters. We have to run the diagnostic analysis...,” Samuel began.

“...and the pre-digital electromagnetism spectrum before we run the final IR thermometer pitfall test,” and Sophia finished.

Aden, Quinn and Manny all rolled their eyes as the twins continued to jabber on about tests and residual power. The three of them moved to the van and opened the side door. It let out a squeal as it was yanked open, as it was in desperate need of some WD-40. They each took a seat and grabbed a water bottle from the cooler Manny kept full of snacks and water.

Sophia and Samuel went about their business running tests, jotting down information and discussing the results. They looked, at times, like two small children conspiring to commit a raid on the cookie jar, with their heads bent together.

Half an hour later, they declared the area cleared and all the information gathered. They loaded their equipment into the tubs in the back of the van and climbed back in as well. The van roared away, splitting the silence. The wind had died down, and no one in the area could have imagined the battle that had just taken place.

The van ride back to headquarters was quiet. Everyone was exhausted, and as the van rumbled out of Denver and into Nebraska the team fell asleep. This had been their third job together, and the kids had done pretty well, considering. Manny glanced

into the rearview mirror and thought about his little diverse group.

He had first recruited Samuel and Sophia outside of Whitehall, Illinois. They were living with a distant aunt and uncle who already had five kids. The twins had already been hunting ghosts. Samuel, the brightest kid the company had ever seen, had created a number of devices that they were using. It had taken no time at all to convince him to join the team. The idea of an unlimited supply of equipment and the ability to create and build whatever was needed had Samuel from the beginning.

It had taken Sophia, his sister, longer to decide. She had been popular at her school. She was a cheerleader and homecoming princess. She was dating a football player. She was also a talented spell caster, and she could read and learn any language given a few days. It was amazing how fast her mind worked. She had been secretly hunting with Samuel for months, but no one at their school had known. When Manny had appealed to her love for her brother, he won her over. Her aunt and uncle quickly surrendered all claims to the two, for a nice sum of money and the assurance that the exclusive private school they would now attend would be in their best interest.

Aden had been next. Manny had stumbled across her at the first job he and the twins had been assigned. She was a loner who had no family or friends and was living in a shelter in Queens, New York. It had taken her two weeks before she had done anything other than snap at him or the twins. It had taken all of Manny's patience not to put her out of the van and drive off. Her attitude sucked. Her abilities, however, were off the charts. She had been able to detect ghostly residue over two years old. She could determine whether the entity was male or female, powerful or not, and what their reason for staying was with just a mind probe. The company called it telekinetic-paranormal-sensory-perception, or TPSP. Manny called it freaky.

Quinn was the latest addition to the group. He had been with them for only a month and a half. Aden had been in charge of the group before Quinn arrived, and while he and Aden were like two bulls butting heads, they had needed Quinn's leadership. Quinn created a cohesive mesh between the nerd twins and the Goth girl; if only to be against him.

Quinn had grown up spoiled, in an affluent family. He never took "no" for an answer and expected the best from the group. He was a born leader and had a way of talking anyone into anything. His natural charm worked to the group's advantage, especially when the owner of a haunted place didn't want to let them in. The only issue with Quinn was that he knew he was good, and occasionally took advantage of it. He could be cruel, especially to Samuel.

That was why Manny needed another member, to even things out. He needed a kid who was streetwise and could hold their own against Quinn, one who would stick up for the little guy. He hoped that he found the fifth and final member soon. His time was running out, and Mr. Borgia would not be pleased. He was not up for that. Their next assignment was near New Orleans, in some backwoods town where there was a battle.

"Hey Manny, are we going to stop for the night or push on? Quinn is drooling all over me," Sophia asked, breaking into his recollections.

"We can stop. It'll be another five or six hours before we reach home."

"Food," mumbled Samuel, "we need food as well."

"God, you kids eat like there is no tomorrow," Manny mumbled.

"In our line of work there might not be," replied Aden as she moaned over her bruises and scrapes.

Fifteen minutes later they pulled into a Waffle House. As soon as the van was in park. Sophia dashed out and into the restaurant.

“I guess she had to pee,” Quinn announced and slapped Samuel on the back as he was climbing out of the van. Samuel lost his footing and had to grab hold of the door to stop himself from sliding onto the pavement. Quinn laughed, climbed over him and walked into the Waffle House.

“He is such a jerk,” Aden muttered as she helped Samuel up and they headed in as well. Many followed behind.

“Yeah, I know...but you like him,” Samuel said smiling at her.

Aden sputtered out her denial all the while turning a bright shade of pink. “You are out of your freaking head. Did that hag scramble something in there?”

“Nope, just an observation.”

“Well, you are beyond wrong,” she said, stalking into the restaurant.

Manny, Samuel and Aden sat at one table while Quinn and Sophia sat at another. Aden sulked the entire time, throwing evil looks at Quinn and Samuel. She stabbed at her hash browns with vigor.

Manny and Samuel discussed the next mission and what route to take, the driving arrangements and how many days it might take. There was very little research on the supposed specter. and Samuel was apprehensive about rushing into a small southern community and vanquishing a town legend.

Quinn told Sophia for the nth time how fabulous a football star he had been at his old school. He recounted tales of his heroic wins for the team and how he alone had taken the Warriors to State for three years. Sophia let him prattle on, knowing that in his senior year, Quinn had gotten caught selling test answers to freshmen and had been

expelled. That was where Manny found him, hanging out at his parent's summer home.

She liked Quinn and all the attention he paid her. But was he boyfriend material as Aden suspected? Absolutely not. Quinn was small time. Sophia wanted more, more money, more privilege, and more maturity. She would not be hunting ghosts for the rest of her life like Samuel wanted to do. She wanted to go to college, open up her own interior design showroom, settle down, raise a family, and become the ultimate social queen. She just needed to find the right man.

Manny paid the bill and motioned the group to hit the restrooms before climbing back into the van. After they were loaded, Quinn gave Manny a break and drove for awhile. Manny climbed into the very back and fell instantly asleep. His light snores kept the others awake for a few hours, but eventually they all gave into exhaustion except Quinn, who drove on in silence.

Quinn liked the quiet. It gave him time to think and decide what he was going to do. He knew that the group thought him superficial and that was the façade he wanted to present. Quinn hated it, but living with his father had taught him to never let anyone see his vulnerable side. Preston Q. Wright had expected the best, no less than the best, from his firstborn. He demanded perfection and there had always been hell to pay if he felt disappointed. Quinn had learned early on to take charge and to make those around him submit to his will either by charm or by force. But inside, he hated what his father had created. He knew that Samuel and Aden thought he was a prick, and sometimes they were right. He always wondered, if his mom had lived, whether his life would have been different. Quinn reached over and turned the radio up a little. He would need to get some coffee soon. Caffeine would cut through this sentimental bullshit and get him back on track.

Aden was curled up into a ball in the very back of the van. Suddenly her head thrashed from side to side as a low piteous moan escaped her lips. Quinn couldn't hear her over the radio. She raised her right hand, as tears streamed down her face. Another moan formed and her legs scissored up and down. She suddenly sat bolt upright and screamed.

The van lurched to the left, "Damn it! What the..." Quinn jerked the van back on to the road as a horn blared.

"Oh my god, what was that?" Sophia asked.

"It was Aden again," Samuel said, wiping sleep from his eyes and unbuckling his seatbelt. He walked hunched over back to her seat and knelt down. Aden was sobbing into her hands. Her feet and legs were curled up underneath her. Samuel gently laid his hand on her head. She jerked up her eyes blazed.

"Don't touch me!" she yelled. Her accent was different, something European and her voice was deeper.

"Oh crap, it's that French diva again," Quinn mumbled.

Samuel ignored Quinn and took Aden's hand, "Aden, this is Samuel. Do not let this control you."

***The Gate House* by Melissa Davis**

Melinda awoke to the sound of Dickens meowing. She carefully stretched her old, tired limbs. At the age of 76, Melinda still had a lot of mobility, but she always said it took some work to get going in the morning.

She carefully sat up and pushed the covers off her legs. She remembered the story of how Abigail broke her hip getting out of bed and so was careful as she moved around and her feet hit the cold floor. She felt good this morning. Nothing ached or throbbed. Her arthritis had given her the day off, perhaps.

The clock read 7:45am; she'd slept late this morning. Being a librarian for 42 years had conditioned her to wake up around 5:30am, regardless of the day. Dickens jumped on the bed and rubbed against her arm. The orange tabby had been her companion for the last ten years, and she had named him after her favorite author, Charles Dickens.

“Come on boy, let's get some breakfast.”

Melinda gave his head a rub, and he began to purr. She grabbed her bathrobe and slid her feet into her fuzzy slippers and headed down the hall into the kitchen.

She filled the cat's bowl with Meow Mix, put on the kettle, and popped some bread in the toaster. Glancing at the calendar on the fridge she saw that today had a big star on it. That meant that today was special. Today was...what was today? She knew Jack and Paula were coming to pick her up at five for dinner but...

"Dickens, can you remember what today is?" Melinda asked the cat, who softly meowed and continued eating.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Melinda made her way to the door as she continued to try to remember what today was. A young man in an old hotel bellhop uniform stood there. He was clean cut, and the buttons on his jacket sparkled with shine. He smiled at her and held out an envelope.

"Mrs. Johnson, I believe this is for you." He bowed his head and waited for her to take the envelope.

“My gracious, young man, let me get you a tip.” She turned to get her purse.

“No tip is necessary, Mrs. Johnson. I am always amply rewarded to deliver these letters.”

Melinda suddenly didn't like his smile. It seemed too wide, and too many teeth showed. She nodded her head and took the envelope, on which she could read her name and address.

“Well, thank you.” She muttered, avoiding his smile.

“You are most welcome, Mrs. Johnson. Happy Birthday!” He turned and vanished down the hall.

Melinda gently slapped her forehead with her hand; that was what was special about today: it was her 77th birthday! She, Jack, Paula, and the kids were going to have a special dinner to celebrate.

The kettle whistled. She closed the door, returned to the kitchen, and poured her tea. She still held the letter in her hand. She fixed her toast, peanut butter and jelly and sat down with her breakfast and the letter.

The return address was for a place in downtown Rochester on 7th Street she had never heard of, The Gate House.

She opened the envelope carefully and pulled out the heavy stationary. At the top of the letter was an elaborate gate design with the same return address as on the envelope. The letter read as follows:

Dear Mrs. Melinda Johnson,

You are invited to a special brunch to celebrate your life. Please do not be late because we fill up fast these days.

A car will come for you at half past five today. We look forward to seeing you and celebrating this joyous occasion.

Please come alone.

There was no signature. What a strange letter to receive, Melinda thought. How did this place know it was her birthday? She certainly wasn't going to get in the car with strangers and go somewhere she had never heard of to get a free meal. Dickens rubbed against her leg, and she absently reached down to pet him.

She put the letter on her kitchen counter to show Jack and Paula later. She was curious and a little frightened about all this. She lived

alone, and didn't like the idea of her personal information being known by complete strangers.

At 9:00am, the phone rang. Melinda heard her daughter and granddaughter on the other end begin singing "Happy Birthday to you..." Melinda laughed with delight at their off-key rendition and pictured their faces scrunched up together to the receiver. Julie resembled Sarah so much that it was like seeing her daughter again. She missed them so much. When Bryan and Sarah had divorced, Sarah had taken a job in Houston, five and a half hours from here. They came once every summer to spend a week with Melinda.

"Grandma, Happy Birthday!" Julie squealed.

"Thank you sweetie! How is school? I sure miss you," Melinda told her.

"Me too, I can't wait to come. I have to go Grandma, SpongeBob is on! Love you!" Melinda heard Julie pass the phone to Sarah.

"Hey Mom, how are you feeling?" Sarah couldn't keep the slight concern from her voice. Melinda inwardly sighed; Sarah had been talking to Jack.

“I am good, honey. Nothing hurts today. Jack and Paula are coming to take me to dinner.” Melinda made sure she sounded upbeat and happy.

“Mom...you know we just worry about you...” Sarah began.

“Sarah, like I told Jack, I am fine. I simply lost my keys last week and could not remember where I put them. It was nothing. Dr. Martin says the medicine is working and my forgetfulness is lessening. Please Sweetie, don’t worry. I promise you I will tell you if I see a problem,” Melinda explained for the nth time.

“I know Mom; I just wish I was closer.”

Me too honey, but Jack is good about checking up on me.”

Melinda reassured her daughter. They continued the conversation, Melinda asking about Sarah’s job and Julie’s school. Sarah promised to call in a few days.

Melinda spent the rest of the morning deciding what to wear that night and reading some of her favorite passages in books. She was an avid reader and had collected hundreds of volumes of books, rare and ordinary, all hardcover. When Frank had passed away eleven years ago,

Jack and Paula had insisted she should get a smaller space, but she demanded room for all her books. She had ended up with a three bedroom condo. In the third bedroom, a bonus room, Jack had set up shelves all along the walls and it was now her official library.

At 11:00am Melinda's telephone rang again. She chose one of the numerous bookmarks she kept ready on the reading table and placed it inside the copy of *A Tale of Two Cities*. She replaced it on the shelf and picked up the receiver. Dickens, lounging in his sunny spot, watched her, stretched, and returned to his nap.

“Hey Mom, it's Jack.” Her son's voice sounded tired.

“Hi Jackie-boy, you sound tired.” She responded using his nickname.

“Umm, listen Mom. Paula has a migraine and Frankie has a cold. I am not sure we can make it today for your birthday. Can we take a rain check?”

Melinda paused, feeling the disappointment wash over her in great waves. Tears formed in her eyes as she replied, “Sure Jack, tell Paula and Frankie to feel better.” She brushed the tears away and cleared her

throat.

“Look Mom, we’ll come on Saturday and spent the whole day, okay? Before we get off the phone, Susie wanted to sing to you.”

Melinda could hear Jack trying to coax his nine year old daughter onto the phone, “*Susie, get over her and sing to your grandmother.*”

“Jack...Jack, it’s okay if Suzie doesn’t want to sing. She can wait until Saturday.” Melinda shouted to get his attention, “Jack...Jack, did you hear me?”

“Sorry Mom, she is just excited about the new Barbie play set she got yesterday,” Jack told her. They agreed on a time for Saturday, and Jack said goodbye without telling her happy birthday.

Melinda hung up the phone and wandered to her kitchen. She put more water in the kettle and noticed the envelope on the counter; she pulled out the letter again. She fingered the fine stationary.

Anyone who would go to such expense couldn’t mean her harm. She should go, but be ready with an excuse to leave if she felt uncomfortable. She laughed; it was probably some sales pitch. Buy a condo in Florida for your birthday.

Her brow suddenly creased. This was crazy! She had no idea what was going on, and Jack would be very angry if she went. He would want to talk about putting her in a home again. She was perfectly capable of taking care of herself, and she didn't need to go to a home. She paced and paced, fingering the letter. She unfolded it and read it again. She had to admit she was very curious and deep down wanted to go. She wasn't much for going out these days. Most of her friends had passed on, and she hadn't been up to making new ones.

Dickens rubbed against her leg startling her out of her thoughts. She reached down to pet him on the head and felt the old familiar pain run up her back. She gasped and grabbed at the lower portion of her spine. The doctors had explained that all those years of hauling and shelving books had injured her back and developed arthritis pockets that would forever bother her from time to time.

Melinda hobbled over to the sink and grabbed a bottle of pills. She popped one and took a swig of cold tea. She slowly made her way back down the hall; she would need to lie down for an hour or so. She set the alarm clock for 3:00pm; that would give her plenty of time to shower

and get ready to go to the party. She fell asleep with Dickens curled at her feet.

The alarm blared and Melinda sat up with a start. She grimaced awaiting the pain, but it seemed to have left her alone for the time being. Dickens opened his eyes but stayed curled up, wanting to continue his nap.

She showered and put on her favorite dress. It was navy, which had been Frank's favorite color, and had little green polka-dots. She fingered the dress, remembering what he said every time she wore navy. "Mellie, you are the color of night, and your face is the moon shining bright with all my love."

She sighed; it was no good following down this path. Frank had been gone many years, and her heart had never recovered. She wiped a small tear from her eye and picked up her purse and looked at the clock. It was exactly 5:15pm. She turned off the lights and locked the door.

Outside the house sat a family-sized sedan. The passenger door was open and the driver, a young lady, had on the same outfit as the

delivery boy had worn. She smiled at Melinda and beckoned her to get in. This girl's smile was nice and almost sweet.

Melinda glanced back at her house and touched the door lovingly, a habit she had started when she and Frank had moved in their first home. She turned back and got in the car.

“Mrs. Johnson, my name is Samantha, and I will be your driver. We have about a thirty minute drive. If you want there are drinks in the fridge behind you. Help yourself.”

“It's nice to meet you Samantha. I had a friend named Samantha, we called her Sam. It drove my husband crazy when we first started dating because he thought I was dating another man instead of going out with my girlfriend.” The two women laughed over the silliness of men.

“How did you and Mr. Johnson meet?”

Melinda smiled in remembrance, “It's a typical boy meets girl and they fall in love story.”

“Please tell me,” the younger woman pleaded.

“Oh well, we were both in college, and we went to a dance. I was with a group of friends standing around the punch bowl. Frank swore all

our married life that the minute he entered the dance hall, he was instantly drawn to me. He immediately came over for a glass of punch but could not think of anything to say.

“My friend Doris, who unfortunately was not very pretty, began talking to him. He tried for three hours to get away from her, so that he could talk to me, but she kept on and on. Finally, he excused himself to go to the restroom and made a bee-line for me. He walked right up, as forward as you please, and announced that he had been waiting all night, and he would not wait one more minute. I was so shocked by his forwardness that I stood and waited. He was also very handsome, and I was intrigued.

“He told me his name was Frank Johnson, and he was going to dance with me. I agreed to dance with him, but at that moment the band began to pack up. There would be no more music, no more dancing. Frank took my hand anyway and began humming. We danced alone on the dance floor to Frank’s humming for an hour. He only knew one melody. It was a song by Doris Day called *Again*.” Melinda began to sing softly,

*Again, this couldn't happen again
This is that once in a lifetime
This is the thrill divine*

*What's more, this never happened before
Though I have prayed for a lifetime
That such as you would suddenly be mine*

*Mine to hold as I'm holding you now and yet never so near
Mine to have when the now and the here disappear
What matters, dear, for*

*When this doesn't happen again
We'll have this moment forever
But never, never again (never, never)
We'll have this moment for ever
But never, never again (never, never)*

“Mrs. Johnson, you have a lovely voice,” Samantha said.

Melinda blushed; she had no idea where that had come from. She hated singing in front of people. Her mother had wanted her to take singing lessons, but Melinda had always had such stage fright. She had never gotten over it. That was why she had become a librarian; she could spend her time with her beloved books and not have to make speeches or presentations.

“Thank you dear, I can’t believe I remembered all the words.”

They sat in silence for a while, and Melinda watched the

neighborhoods pass by. She loved Rochester's outlying areas. It was small town at its best. There were clusters of neighborhoods with a school, grocery, and some mom and pop stores. The mall and all the new subdivision with their cookie-cutter houses where on the other side of the city.

Melinda had chosen the older, less suburban area to live in, because it reminded her of the first neighborhood she and Frank had lived in after they got married. Once the kids were born they had left that area and moved out to a larger neighborhood with a community pool, tennis courts, and decks on all the houses.

"How long has Mr. Johnson been gone?" Samantha interrupted Melinda's thoughts.

"Eleven years this May." Melinda replied sadly.

"May I ask how he passed away?"

"He...he had an accident. It was a beautiful day in May, and we were outside on the back deck reading. I went in to get us something to drink. I decided to cut up some fruit to take back out. He stood up, and somehow, he fell over the railing, hitting his head on the concrete below.

It...broke his neck.” Melinda finished quickly and found that her cheeks were wet.

“Oh, Mrs. Johnson, I am so sorry. That must have been very traumatic for you.”

“Can we...can we change the subject? I don't like talking about it.”

Samantha nodded and returned to driving. Melinda looked back out the window and saw that they were approaching downtown. She had not been downtown in a few months and was surprised to see how run-down it looked. There was trash in the gutters, many of the buildings were closed or boarded up, and she saw a group of homeless people. She quickly turned away when she realized that two of them were children. She said a small prayer of thanks that she and Frank had been able to always provide for, and at times spoil, their children.

Samantha turned onto a street and instantly the conditions changed. The street was clean and the windows of the buildings shone in the fading light. Each of the buildings was made of brick and had small awnings over the entrances. In the middle of the block sat the largest

building. It resembled a grand old hotel with a circular drive. In large letters above the driveway canopy was written *The Gate House*.

Samantha pulled the sedan up to the entrance and stopped. Another bellhop opened Melinda's door and held out his hand to help her from the back seat.

"Have a lovely celebration, Mrs. Johnson. It was very nice to meet you. I enjoyed hearing about your life." Samantha waved to Melinda as she drove away.

"Thank you," Melinda responded and noticed that Samantha's smile seemed wrong, too big or too wide for her face.

The young man grasped her elbow, and Melinda noticed that he was the same one who had delivered her letter. He smiled, and this time it seemed ordinary and Melinda was glad. He began walking into the hotel with her.

"It's nice to see you again Mrs. Johnson. My name is Benjamin."

They entered the lobby through one of those revolving doors. Melinda's children had loved these when they were little. There was one on the entrance to the building where Frank had worked. They

would run around and around in it, until they were almost sick with dizziness.

The lobby was brightly lit with paintings of pastoral scenes hanging on all the walls. There was a grand mahogany staircase to the left of the entrance. It was covered with scarlet plush carpet and had golden ornamental knobs on the railings. In the center of the lobby was a long desk where two more uniformed young people waited to check guests in. They both smiled at Melinda and pointed toward the right.

Benjamin escorted Melinda into the large room. Others entered behind them. The room was beautiful, dark and rich. There were damask drapes over the windows, and large ferns in gold planters. In the center of the room was a huge elaborate elevator. There were a number of tables situated in a semi-circle around the room. They were all covered with off-white cloths and set with elegant china settings. In the center of each was a small arrangement of flowers. Their smell permeated the room leaving an almost too sweet, sick smell. At a few of the tables there were people already sitting. There was little talk; most of the guests just smiled and looked around, taking occasional sips of

water.

Benjamin steered her towards the center table, where there was a young teenage girl dressed in black and a very young boy. Benjamin pulled out a chair for Melinda and motioned her to sit down.

“Hi, my name is Melinda. May I sit with you?” she asked the two children.

“Of course, I am Jill and this is Caleb.” The young girl responded cheerily.

“I’m only eight,” Caleb told her. His front tooth was missing. He had a sweet face, and Melinda decided to sit next to him. Melinda wondered who all these people were. She didn’t know any of them so they couldn’t be here for her birthday. Or maybe it was their birthday, too.

“Hey it that a space ship?” Caleb asked pointing to the elevator. Melinda noticed that strangely there were no buttons, or arrows, or numbers for the elevator. There was no way to tell what floor it was on or to call the elevator to this floor. The front of the elevator was unusual as well. In front of the shiny metal doors were elaborate black gates.

“It reminds me of the gates at Graceland. It’s the home of Elvis Presley, the greatest singer ever, according to my mama. My daddy took us there once, before my brother died.” Jill told Caleb and Melinda.

“I’ve never been there, but I do like his music.” Melinda told Jill and smiled. She wondered how the girl’s brother died but didn’t ask.

“Your brother is dead?” Caleb asked.

“Yes,” Jill told him. “He died in a car accident when he was six. My daddy had been drinking, and he ran off the road and hit a tree. Tommy flew out the window and died. I was nine years old, and my daddy was never the same after that.” A few tears escaped, and Jill quickly wiped them away. Melinda patted her hand, and Jill looked at her gratefully.

“I lost my husband in an accident about eleven years ago.”

Melinda whispered.

Caleb sat and tried very hard not to squirm. He wanted to ride on the big elevator. He noticed that three more men joined the room. As they took their seats, the elevator suddenly opened.

All eyes turned towards the elevator. Soft music played as the doors opened and a pristine white mist rolled out. From this mist stepped a man. He was neither old, nor particularly young. He was dressed in a nice grey suit and had a pleasant expression. He opened his arms wide as his smile widened into a grin.

“Welcome, all of you to The Gate House. My name is Peter, and I am your host for this afternoon. Please get comfortable and enjoy your meal.”

Suddenly, servers appeared with trays piled high with X. As the servers moved from table to table, the people exclaimed in delight. When they reached Melinda’s table, she noticed that each person was asked what their favorite dish was, and it somehow appeared on the plate. Melinda’s favorite was her Grandmother Marie’s chicken and dumplings. She knew they couldn’t have that special dish, since her grandmother had been dead since the summer she was fifteen.

“What would you like, Melinda?” the server asked.

“My favorite dish was my grandmother’s chicken and dumplings, but...” she watched as he put a plate of chicken and dumplings down in front of her.

She tentatively took a bite, and amazement widened her eyes. If this wasn’t her grandmother’s chicken and dumplings, it was so very close that she couldn’t tell the difference.

The room was quiet as everyone enjoyed their meals. The servers reappeared to quickly remove empty plates and disappeared again.

As the final dishes were being taken away, Peter stood and walked toward a white podium. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a small set of glasses. He smiled at the room, cleared his throat, and began.

“This person is being judged on the following account: 135 righteous acts, 49 dishonorable acts, 3,147 unspeakable words spoken, five acts of denial, and one count of murder.” Peter walked around the tables and stopped in front of Melinda. He gestured for her to rise.

Melinda looked confused. The elevator doors slowly opened. A man stepped out. His face was ashen and his head was bent at an angle

like a dog-eared page of a book. The right side of his face was smashed in and blood ran down that side and dripped continuously onto his black suit. He walked forward with a jerky motion. He reached out his hand beseechingly towards Melinda.

“Mellie, why? I loved you and you...you pushed me? Why?” His voice was full of gravel and a small, thin trickle of blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Melinda heard a deafening scream from somewhere in the room. She placed her hands over her ears to block the noise, but it didn't help. She suddenly realized the screaming was coming from her, and she stopped immediately. The room was completely quiet.

Melinda gazed at her dead husband. Her mouth drew taunt into a grimace and her eyes wrinkled at the sight of him. Anger boiled up inside her, and she felt the need to explode.

Again Frank asked, “Why Mellie?”

“You ask me why Frank. WHY?” she was yelling now, “I only ever asked one thing of you, just one! Could you ever remember it? No, it was a constant! I would find them everywhere! I would say ‘Frank

please don't dog-ear the pages of my books.' BUT YOU ALWAYS DID! Do you know the damage that caused? Do you know what that did to the value of my books? You never understood how important they were to me, how much it hurt me when you mistreated them!" Melinda stalked forward towards Frank.

She pushed her finger into his chest, ignoring the soft sponginess of the flesh. With a sneer she said, "Yes, Frank I pushed you. Pushed you right off that deck. I pushed you right after you dog-eared that First Edition of Charles Dickens' *Bleak House*. YOU DAMN, DIRTY, DOG-EARER! I shoved you and heard your head smash into the pavement. Then, I carefully fixed the page and returned it to the shelf and called 911 and told them you had had an accident. I called the children and...and..." Melinda began to cry, great sobs racked her body as she buried her face in her hands and fell against Frank. He wrapped his arms around her and turned to walk them both back to the elevator. Frank bent down and began whispering in her ear. Tears slid down Melinda's cheeks as she nodded her head.

As they approached the elevator, Peter's voice rose again,

“Melinda Beckett Johnson, you have been judged in front of your peers. Please make your way into the elevator to see what fate God has in store for your eternity.”

(North Georgia Ghosts: Work Cited Page)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Work Cited Page

Avena, Joe. *Roswell GA Paranormal Investigators*. n.p. 2007. Web. 12 October 2011.

Cannon, Shawn. *North Georgia Paranormal Society*. n.p. 2009. Web. 21 August 2011.

Carter, John. *GA Paranormal Investigations (Acworth)*. n.p. n.d. Web 07 September 2011.

Culpepper, Diane. *Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research*. n.p. n.d. Web. 21 September 2011.

Fike, Kevin. *Historic Ghost Watch*. Site Studio. 2004. Web. 21 August 2011

Flinchum, Dan. *Independent Ghost Hunters Society*. Inutit Small Business. n.d. Web. 21 August 2011.

GA Paranormal Investigations (Woodstock). Webs.com. 2011. Web 07 September 2011.

Georgia Spectral Investigation. n.p. n.d. Web. 05 September 2011.

Jones, Stefanie. *Paranormal GA Investigations*. Wordpress. n.d. Web. 11 October 2011.

Northwest GA Paranormal Research Society. n.p. n.d. Web. 21 August 2011.

Smith, Joseph. *Dark as Night Paranormal*. Webs.com. 2001. Web. 05 September 2011.

Tucker, Billy. *Paulding Paranormal Society*. Wordpress. 2005. Web. 11 October 2011.

(Home Page)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Ghosts, ghouls, and things that go bump in the night

by Melissa Davis

What is a ghost? Why are we so fascinated with these apparitions? What do the spirits want? How long have we been hunting these elusive forms? What is modern paranormal investigation? Interest in ghosts and paranormal activity abounds. There are a number of television and radio shows on the subject of ghost hunting. Paranormal books are being written, published, and sold in vast quantities. Many people are creating paranormal societies or groups to investigate local haunted sites. Georgia is no exception. With our vast array of history and strange, eclectic individuals, it's no wonder that our ghost stories are as endless and thick as the kudzu that grows here.

For centuries, we have searched for the ghosts among us. Whether it was to seek answers, say goodbye, or simply to understand, these phantom spirits have always, well, haunted us. Our fascination with ghosts and ghost hunting grows with every generation, and stories of sightings are passed on through websites, in books, around campfires, and in whispered tales told at night with a flashlight.



Photo courtesy of Paulding Paranormal

(North Georgia Ghosts)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Why are we so fascinated with these apparitions?

by Melissa Davis



Photo courtesy of Michele Lowe

Ghosts and haunted sites have been fascinating people of all ages and cultures for centuries. Wherever you travel, before long, you are bound to hear local folklore about spectral encounters and haunted locations. Some of the legends are centuries old, while others only decades. They might send shivers down your spine whether you are a serious ghost hunter, a disbeliever, or healthy skeptic.

According to Melissa Martin-Ellis in *The Everything Ghost Hunting Book*, each aspect of the paranormal has had its time in the spotlight: witch hunts in the 15th to 18th centuries, Spiritualism and communicating with the dead at the end of the 19th century, UFOs sightings around World War I and World War II. Despite the various trends of paranormal interest, human beings have been attracted to the unknown, the unbelievable,

or the unexplainable since the beginning of time.

Today, television shows, movies, books, and websites are dedicated to the topic of paranormal investigation, haunted sites, and related phenomena. Counties across the nation have paranormal investigation societies, as well as, ghost tours one can experience. The paranormal has become main stream. The question is why? What fuels this need to understand and explain the world around us?

Some civilizations described the thunder of an approaching storm as the herald of the gods, or explained away the rumble of the Earth as spirits roaming underground (Martin-Ellis 67). When we see things we do not understand, they terrify us. Some people simply shut themselves off and say “It doesn’t exist,” but how can we be sure? How do we know a ghost isn’t living in our room, watching our every move?

Exploration of the unknown is human nature. What we see as unexplained or strange and unfamiliar becomes the basis for scientific research to advance our understanding. What humans have dreamed becomes reality, and what humans find mysterious becomes familiar through our search for meaning. The unexplained is also an escape from our normal lives. The same thrill that fuels skydivers to horror movie fans drives the desire to see the unexplained. The thrill of a ghost story by the fire or the story of magic and creatures big and small are always something that can earn our attention.

Our vast capacity for being curious is what leads us to virtually everything. From art to literature, medicine to space, we are curious to know what is possible. There's something very intriguing about the unknown and the unexplained.

The afterlife is another reason for our attraction to the paranormal. We long to know there is another world, realm, or place waiting for us when our time on Earth is over. We search for answers within religious, spiritual, and yes, paranormal spheres. Even the thought of our loved ones passing into another place gives us hope for our future. Ghosts and other apparitions allow this belief to have sustenance within our minds. Even if a person has yet to cross over, the idea that he or she can and will eventually provides us positive reassurance that there is indeed life after death.

A final thought on our fascination with ghosts, spirits, and paranormal phenomenon; we love a good scare. Halloween, horror movies, haunted houses, and Stephen King all provide us with a shivery spine and a scream caught in our throats. From an early age, we sit around camp fires passing on ghost stories to our peers. We fight the invisible monster in the dark with a night light, our faithful teddy bear, prayers, and parental kisses. The monster in the closet or under the bed brings up dreaded memories of sleepless nights and spine tingling horror. Many of us can remember the first horror movie we watched. We recall the sick, twisted feeling in the pit of our stomach as we lay in bed waiting for Freddy, Jason, Dracula, or the Werewolf to claim us as their latest victim. Even as adults, we relish the fright. Grown-ups enjoy a different type of scare, the unknown. Save the blood and gore for the young adults, it is the loss of control which frightens adults. The undeniable realization is that we have entered into the unknown, yet responsible part of life, where we are held accountable for everything, and we are ultimately, utterly alone. There is so much that is unfamiliar and unexplained. We enjoy the release that scares give us, the rush of adrenaline and terror. It makes us feel alive and real and, well, human.

(North Georgia Ghosts: North Georgia Ghosts)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Ghost legends are divided by county. Each county has its own page with short ghost haunting stories as well as some counties' have longer articles.

[Bartow County](#)

[DeKalb County](#)

[Gilmer County](#)

[Morgan County](#)

[Carroll County](#)

[Douglas County](#)

[Gwinnett County](#)

[Pickens County](#)

[Catoosa County](#)

[Fannin County](#)

[Habersham County](#)

[Polk County](#)

[Cherokee County](#)

[Fayette County](#)

[Hall County](#)

[Spaulding County](#)

[Clark County](#)

[Floyd County](#)

[Haralson County](#)

[Towns County](#)

[Cobb County](#)

[Forsyth County](#)

[Heard County](#)

[Union County](#)

[Coweta County](#)

[Franklin County](#)

[Henry County](#)

[Walker County](#)

[Dawson County](#)

[Fulton County](#)

[Lumpkin County](#)

[Whitfield County](#)

(Ghost Hunting)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Ghost Hunting and the South

by Melissa Davis

Investigating the paranormal is about finding a haunted place and knowing what to do when you get there. While there may be places in the area where you live that are known to be haunted, a ghost can make its home anywhere. An investigator must learn what to look for, how to gather evidence and how to communicate with the spirit.

Some people make a distinction between “paranormal investigators” and “ghost hunters” in one of two ways. Michelle Belanger in *The Ghost Hunter Survival Guide* claims, “Ghost hunters are less interested in explaining the paranormal phenomena than they are in just experiencing it.” While Frank Potterstone in *The Ghost Seekers Guide* says that “Ghost hunters tend to investigate places that are already known to be haunted, while paranormal investigators tend to investigate less well-known places, where people are experiencing activity or sightings and have asked for help.” Most people in the field probably do a little of both, and the terms are often used interchangeably.

An investigation is about getting evidence, which can be gathered in different ways. It is important to know what to look for and what kind of spirit you might encounter. When many people think of a ghost, the image in their minds is of a human form that is somewhat translucent or that glows in the dark or floats in the air. These full-bodied apparitions rarely materialize when you want to observe them. Most investigators look more for ghosts that appear as floating balls of light or as orbs of energy (Belanger 132).

Mists and vapors are other forms of energy that some believe to have paranormal origins and are often seen on investigations. These can accompany or cause cold spots. Much of the equipment used to investigate a haunted site records or measures these temperature changes (Potterstone 4).

Aside from orbs and vapors, forces known as “vortices” are a very concentrated form of energy. These forces are often described as the kind that causes the hair on the back of your neck to stand up. A vortex is a mass of air, water, or in this case, energy that spins around very fast and pulls objects into its empty center (Belanger 193). Some believe that energy-based vortices

have paranormal origins and that these represent the crossing point between two different realities.

Spirits can be found anywhere. Ghosts have been reported to appear or manifest themselves in many different locations, not just places where something evil or tragic has taken place, such as the site of a murder, suicide, or battle. Some experts equate ghosts, hauntings, and other paranormal activity with unusual energy fields located at specific sites. These energy fields might be natural, perhaps the results of metal deposits in the ground, a fault, or underground water supply, or they might be the result of faulty electrical wiring in a house (Belanger 196).

One of the best ways of finding haunted locations is to do research. Utilize all the resources available to you: local organizations, eyewitnesses, interviews, photographic evidence, articles, and archives. Pay careful attention to local folklore. Research as much as possible the origins of that folklore and be aware of similar myths being spread in other communities. The majority of these locations have strange events or unusual stories associated with them. The best piece of investigative equipment is a library card.

The South has always enjoyed its bit of melodrama, and ghost stories feed right into our heritage. Southerners take great pride in their past and love to spin a good yarn. We were made for these legends; they were made for us. The question is why. Why are we so fascinated with the paranormal? What calls us to these unsettled sites to experience the ghosts that linger there? What makes the dead want to stay and be with the living? I hope to answer these questions and more through eyewitness accounts, historical evidence, and investigator interviews. I also hope to impart stories of North Georgia that maybe you, the reader, haven't encountered. Some may make you shiver, some may make you cry, and some may make you drive there to experience the site yourself.

Belanger, Michelle. *The Ghost Hunter's Survival Guide*. Woodbury, MA: Llewellyn Publications. 2009. Print.

Potterstone, Joshua P. *The Ghost Seeker's Guide Vol.1*. 2011. Amazon Kindle. Web. 12 November 2011.

(Ghost Hunting: History of Hunting)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

How long have we been ghost hunting?

by Melissa Davis

Ghosts, hauntings, and tales of strange events go well back into ancient times. More recently, though, there is a rich and documented history of ghost hunting that occurred in New York around 1848 that started the Spiritualist Movement, which continued into late 1930s. Recognized names such as the Fox Sisters, the Davenport Brothers, Daniel Douglas Home, Florence Cook, Margery Crandon, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Harry Houdini, along with many others, played a large part in this movement, albeit sometimes at opposite ends of the spectrum.

The Fox Sisters



In *How to Hunt Ghosts: A Practical Guide*, Joshua Warren describes the major players in the Spiritualist Movement. He begins with the Fox Sisters who are considered to be the founders of the Modern Spiritualist movement. Leah, Margaretta and Kate Fox were three sisters from 19th-century New York who claimed to communicate with the spirits of dead people. On March 31, 1848, Kate and Margaretta, aged 11 and 13, communicated with a spirit they called "Mr. Splitfoot" by rapping on the walls. The phenomenon wowed the locals and the story spread that the girls were communicating with the spirit of a previous tenant of the house who had been murdered. Leah, the oldest sister, also claimed to have the ability to communicate with spirits and soon the three found themselves touring the region and demonstrating their abilities. Eventually, the Fox Sisters appeared in New York City, thanks in part to P. T. Barnum, and across the United States. They endured plenty of criticism and fell on hard times, and by 1888, they renounced their claims of special powers; Kate admitted they'd fooled everyone by simply cracking their toes to mimic rapping sounds from the dead (Warren 67).

The Davenport Brothers



Warren continues with the Davenport Brothers who were a set of magicians from Buffalo. The brothers performed tricks under the guise of it being spiritual entities. The Davenports' most famous effect was the box illusion. The brothers were tied inside a box which contained musical instruments. Once the box was closed, the instruments would sound. Upon opening the box, the brothers were tied in the positions in which they had started the illusion. Those who witnessed the effect were made to believe supernatural forces had caused the trick to work. The general conclusion regarding the Davenport brothers' phenomena is that their performance was simple stage conjuring. Trick cabinets and rope tying were standard items of stage magic at the time (69).

Daniel Douglas Home



Daniel Douglas Home, pronounced 'Hume', Warren describes as a Scottish Spiritualist. Home was famous as a physical medium with the reported ability to levitate to a variety of heights, speak with the dead, and to produce rapping and knocks in houses at will. He was infamous for his séances with moving tables, rapping noises and levitations (70).

Florence Cook



During the heyday of Spiritualism, Florence Cook, according to Melissa Martin-Ellis in *The Everything Ghost Hunting Book*, became one of the movement's most famous mediums. She was noted for her ability to produce full-form spirit materializations, especially those of her spirit guide, Katie King. When she was still an adolescent, she began conducting séances in her home, where she became known for being able to manifest "spirit faces". It's no surprise that the pretty young girl quickly became famous. In addition to her looks, her séances had other appeals as well, including the fact that the spirits had a habit of tossing Florrie into the air and -- on at least one occasion -- ripping her clothing off (45).

Margery "Mina" Crandon



Margery Crandon, continues Martin-Ellis, was a purposed medium who was continually proved fraudulent. She would hold a séance where the ectoplasmic hand of her dead brother would appear directly above her crotch. Rumor held that her surgeon husband had reshaped her internally to hold the hand but Mina would never allow anyone to search her (47).

Conan Doyle and Harry Houdini

Warren adds some skepticism in his information by introducing the most famous magician, Harry Houdini. Conan Doyle was friends for a time with the American magician Harry Houdini, who became a prominent opponent of the Spiritualist movement in the 1920s following the death of his beloved mother. Although Houdini insisted that Spiritualist mediums employed trickery and consistently attempted to expose them as frauds, Conan Doyle became convinced that Houdini himself possessed supernatural powers, a view expressed in Conan Doyle's *The Edge of the Unknown*. Houdini was apparently unable to convince Conan Doyle that his feats were simply magic tricks, leading to a bitter public falling out between the two (75).

Harry Price



However, Warren claims, if there was a single significant person to come out of the "golden age" of Spiritualism and the investigations that surrounded the movement, that person would be Harry Price. He was born in London in 1881, the son of a grocer and traveling salesman. His interest in the paranormal began in 1889 when he saw his first performance by a stage magician. From that point on, he became an amateur conjurer and began collecting what would become an immense library of books on magic (77).

He had the greatest influence on the field of paranormal investigation as we know it today. Although disliked and distrusted by many of his colleges and skeptics, there is no denying that he was one of the most influential figures in the formative years of ghost research. He was a highly charismatic personality whose energy and enthusiasm for the paranormal made him the first "celebrity ghost hunter." Price was instrumental in bringing ghost research to the general public, realizing that only by making the research entertaining could he attract the attention of the masses. After his death in 1948, jealous "colleagues" would attack not only Price's research, but also the man himself, staining his reputation for years to come. (Branson-Trent 89)

Price was regarded as an embarrassment during his time and lingering effects from this still haunt his reputation today. Despite more recent work supporting his claims and methods, many British researchers still regard Price as something of an enigma. Because of his flamboyant manner and continuous self-promotion, Price made a number of enemies within the psychical research field. Much of the resentment revolved around the fact that Price had no real scientific training but was still so skillful at what he did. Price was a deft magician and an expert at detecting fraud, so he was not taken in by many of the fraudulent mediums that plagued paranormal research of the time. His success was a slap in the face to what many considered the “established” psychical researchers. Regardless, his work is considered groundbreaking for many today (Branson-Trent 90)

Borley Rectory



One of the most famous haunted-house cases of all time, and unquestionably the most famous case in the career of Harry Price, was that of Borley Rectory, a deteriorating house in Essex. His investigations at the Borley Rectory became some of the first documented attempts to track down the ghosts of a single haunted location. The last ten years or more of Price’s life were dominated by the long, complex, and rewarding investigation of this house and its hauntings. None of his earlier cases had ever involved so many people, aroused so much interest, or caused him so many problems. The two books that he wrote detailing this case became bestsellers and captured the imagination of the public. At the time of his death, he was in the final preparations for a third book on Borley Rectory and even today, interest in the story has never ceased (Branson-Trent 91) .

Google images. Website. 3 February 2012.

Martin-Ellis, Melissa. *The Everything Ghost Hunting Book*. Avon, PA: Adams Media. 2009. Print.

Warren, Joshua P. *How to Hunt Ghosts: A Practical Guide*. New York, NY: Touchstone. 2005. Print

(Ghost Hunting: Hunting Tips)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

How do you hunt for ghosts?

by Melissa Davis



Courtesy of Melody Landrum

Once you have your team and your equipment, there are certain procedures you should follow. You should set a time to arrive and have everyone meet near the location. Decide who will work each piece of equipment and divide into teams if necessary. Pick a person or leader that will talk to anyone that comes in contact with the group (i.e. Police, Reporters, etc.) Walk around the area to get a feel for the surroundings and allow the spirits to get a feel for you. Do this for about 20 minutes. In your notebook, log in your start time and weather conditions and any other relevant information. You can also begin to set up any stationary equipment like cameras on tripods. Now, go out there and get some pictures and recordings. Be sure to note anything unusual that happens, especially temperature readings, visual sightings, and strange sounds. Also, make notes of any feelings or emotions you feel that may be odd or out of place. You can compare notes after the hunt and look for similarities in readings and feeling in certain areas or at certain times. Whether you stake out a spot or you walk around, try to give everyone the opportunity to try everything and be everywhere. When you are done, have everyone meet in one spot and review the results. Most of all, you should have fun and enjoy the night!

(Ghost Hunting: Tools of the Trade)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

What are the Tools of the Trade?

by Melissa Davis

Now that you have your location and your team, you are ready to look at the equipment you need. Any good ghost hunter knows that without tools, an investigation would be very difficult. There are a few items needed that you might have to purchase; however, simple items can be used without spending a lot of money. Make sure you bring more than one of most of the items, especially if you plan to send parts of your team in different directions. Listed and described below are some essential tools any group needs to have a successful ghost hunt.

Notebook and Writing Utensil

A good hunter always needs a notebook and pen or pencil. Everyone in the group should have one or share one with a partner. Things happen so fast that you need to write them down so you don't forget. If you forget everything else, remember these two tools because they are essential. In your notebook, record the location, date, time and any ghostly occurrences that happen. Keep a record of the various mechanical devices listed below and what they tell you.

**BORED? A notebook and pen/pencil can make a great doodle pad, a place for secret note writing or you can create a scary story with your friends as well.*

Camera (Digital and Film)

Cameras are essential for ghost hunting. They can pick up sightings that hunters might miss. It might be a good idea that you have a couple of cameras set up around the location. Use tripods to help steady the camera and cover the entire area. Use a hand-held digital camera with a flash to capture what you witness. Varying the use of digital and film photography will also help you capture different aspects or possible evidence of the sighting.

**BORED? You can snap a ton of pictures to remember the night.*

Light Sources

Ghosts are usually sighted at night, and therefore, you will need a good source of light. Flashlights should be your primary tool. Cameras with flashes can malfunction in the presence of a ghostly entity. Plus, camera flashes are not a consistent stream of light. Make sure you carry plenty of camera batteries because sometimes ghosts like to drain them.
NO GHOST? Hold the flashlight under your chin and tell spooky stories like you did at camp.

Sound Recorders

A sound recorder is for capturing any voices or noises that you may encounter at the location. Any noises or voices that are recorded are called EVPs or electronic voice phenomena. Sometimes while at the location, you will not hear anything but when you play back the recording, there is suddenly a voice or noise there, proving that indeed you found a ghost.
NO GHOST? You can sing songs, record them, and play karaoke to see if the ghosts come out to watch!

Video Camera

Video cameras are another tool to use to capture and document activity. However, if you use a video camera, make sure you mount it on a tripod so you won't have choppy film to analyze.
NO GHOST? You can make a spooky YouTube video. Pretend you and your friends are the next Ghost Hunters International!

Map / GPS and Compass

Maps are a very important part of ghost hunting, especially if you are exploring a place that is unfamiliar to you. It is easy to get lost in the woods or lose your way down a lonely dirt road which has no cell phone service. Maps are usually available at most welcome stations or you can Google the area and print a map for free. Make sure you have good directions and if you need to, carry a compass to ensure you can find your way back to the car before something else finds you!
NO GHOST? If you are sure of your location, use the map to make origami animals and put on a puppet show. You can also sneak a magnet on the bottom of one of your friend's compasses to confuse them completely!

Extra Batteries / Candles and Matches

Batteries, candles and matches are an essential part of the ghost hunting tool kit. Many times spirits drain batteries; whether the ghosts mean to or not is a mystery. Having extras on hand is always a good idea. Candles and matches are for when the technology refuses to work which can happen. You don't want to be caught in the graveyard at midnight in the pitch dark, you could fall into an open grave or worse, one that is already occupied!

Thermometer

A special thermometer is not an essential part of the tool kit, however, studying the temperature of a location can give you a lot of insight into a possible ghostly presence. Many times ghosts create cold spots. Rapid temperature drops can indicate a presence. Do not try and use a regular mercury thermometer, but you could use one of the outdoor models.

Electromagnetic Field Meter (EMF)

An EMF meter measures electromagnetic waves. Researchers think that ghosts emit an electromagnetic field, and that their presence can be detected by EMF meters. This type of device is not essential for amateur ghost hunting, but if you and your friends want to make it a regular outing it would be a good idea to purchase one. They can run in any price range; it depends on the quality and extensiveness of the device.

Food and drinks

Admit it, most of you are always hungry. If you have guys with your group, you had better stock up on snacks. Bring both food and drinks, especially water. Ghost hunting can be long and exhausting. Your body will need to be replenished with not only protein but with water as well.

NO GHOST? Who can be bored when there is food around? Start a food fight, but make sure you clean it up and don't leave a mess for the ghosts!

First Aid Kit / Cell Phones

It is never a good idea to go off without a first aid kit. You never know what can happen. Practice good safety, and you will probably never need this; however, it pays to be prepared. Also make sure your cell phones are charged and in good working order.

NO GHOST? Use the gauze and other things in the kit to take turns practicing the ancient art of mummification! With a cell phone, texting and web searches, if you have internet capabilities, are always an option.

What do we do now?

Once you have your team and your equipment, there are certain procedures you should follow. You should set a time to arrive and have everyone meet near the location you and your team chooses to investigate. Decide who will work each piece of equipment and divide into teams if necessary. Pick a person or leader that will talk to anyone that comes in contact with the group (i.e. Police, Reporters, etc.) Walk around the area to get a feel for the surroundings and allow the spirits to get a feel for you. Do this for about 20 minutes. In your notebook, log in your start time and weather conditions and any other relevant information. You can also begin to set up any stationary equipment like cameras on tripods. Now, get some pictures and recordings of the area. Be sure to note anything unusual that happens, especially temperature readings, visual sightings, and strange sounds. Also, make notes of any

feelings or emotions you feel that may be odd or out of place. You can compare notes after the hunt and look for similarities in readings and feeling in certain areas or at certain times. Whether you stake out a spot or you walk around, try to give everyone the opportunity to try everything and be everywhere. When you are done, have everyone meet in one spot and review the results. Most of all, you should have fun and enjoy the night!

**While I am sure you and your friends will not be bored, I have included optional activities you can do with most of the tools.*

(North Georgia Ghosts: Ghosts Hunting Groups Links)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Links to Paranormal Groups:



<http://roswellparanormal.com>

Roswell Georgia Paranormal Investigations is a paranormal research group comprised of experienced researchers from all over northern Georgia. Formed in 2007, the founding members collectively have over 30 years of experience in the field. Our long history of professionalism has given us the opportunity to work alongside some of the best investigators and research groups in the nation. The team members all share a love for the historic city of Roswell, Georgia, and have been leading ghost

tours of the city for nearly 7 years.



<http://www.ngaparanormal.com>

We are a professional paranormal investigation group that scientifically studies and documents cases of authentic paranormal activity. Our goal is to help individuals experiencing paranormal activity understand why they are experiencing such activity. North Georgia Paranormal Society does not charge for our services. Although our area of focus is northern and central Georgia, we will help anyone who needs our assistance. Our coverage area is the counties that cover the Metro Atlanta area according to Wikipedia. If you live outside this area and need assistance we will be more than willing to help you find a group closer to you.

Northwest Georgia Paranormal

Investigating the Unexplained

<http://www.nwgaprs.com>

The Northwest Georgia Paranormal Research Society is a scientific based investigation team. We base our findings solely off of data gathered with scientific equipment. We do not hold séances, use or condone the use of spirit boards to contact spirits. Each member of Northwest Georgia Paranormal comes to the team with their own fields of expertise, from the building industry all the way to the medical field. Each member of NWGAPRS also comes to the team with their own experiences with the paranormal and beliefs. Even though we have each had experiences we remain skeptical in our approach and try to find normal reasons behind the paranormal activity reported.



<http://www.historicghost.com>

Historic Ghost Watch and Investigation is based out of Atlanta, GA. We are fully capable to investigate any home, business or other location. All investigations are done free of charge and kept fully confidential. We investigate paranormal activity and strive to help those experiencing something that they can not explain. If you need our help please contact us, we have full resources across the country.

No Limits Paranormal

<http://nolimitsparanormal.weebly.com>

We are a Paranormal Investigation Group called "No Limits Paranormal". We are located in Dallas, Ga. We specialize in paranormal activity. We have seen apparitions, orbs, etc. We do not have anything to do with demonology. We prefer not to deal with that. We have all the equipment to complete investigations. If you would like to have us come investigate please feel free to use our contact box and contact us and we would be glad to come investigate for you.



Georgia Researchers Of Unexplained Phenomena

Founded in 2011, The GROUP was formed to help families and businesses discern what is going on in their homes and workplaces, whether the experiences are naturally occurring or paranormal. The GROUP seeks to explain the inexplicable and document the rest.

The core members of The GROUP are located in the Metro Atlanta area, but since other members are located in Virginia, The GROUP serves Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. The GROUP will travel farther depending on the circumstances or locate a trustworthy team to help the client. <http://www.groupparanormal.com/>

GA Paranormal Investigations

We are an organization that provides professional paranormal investigators free of charge. We have a diverse team that uses scientific methods and the latest investigative techniques to produce the best possible evidence. We are very discreet and can keep our clients anonymous if they so choose. We want to provide an absolutely accurate account of reported paranormal activity. Our mission is to provide our clients with as accurate evidence as scientifically possible. We do not use empaths, mediums, psychics, or demonologists. We use scientific protocols to collect data by the highest standards and debunking methods used by Paranormal Researchers today. Although all of us believe in and have experienced paranormal activity, we're not out to prove the existence of ghosts and hauntings as much as we're focused on those who are experiencing these events.

GaParanormal.com (WOODSTOCK)

<http://gaparanormal.webs.com/> (ACWORTH)

Georgia Spectral Investigation:

G.S.I. is a small group located south of Atlanta, GA in south metro and non metro areas. We are a nonprofit group that dedicates their time to investigate paranormal phenomena. We do not charge for our investigations. The only income we receive is money that has been generated from our pc program, monetary gifts, or from our own pockets. We will NEVER charge our clients for anything. Our investigations are based on a scientific approach, but we go into each investigation with an open mind. Although we would love to see all investigations to be true spirits, entities or ghost contacts, most can be explained by everyday occurrences. We will analyze all media that is captured and present any findings to the person or persons who have asked us to investigate. All original data will also be presented as well. We will investigate any business, residence, public property, or private property that is presented to us. We take great care not to disturb our clients property in anyway. We do not use our clients information on our site unless permission has been acquired, otherwise evidence will be presented with "undisclosed location".

<http://www.atlfrog.com/paranormal/aboutus.html>



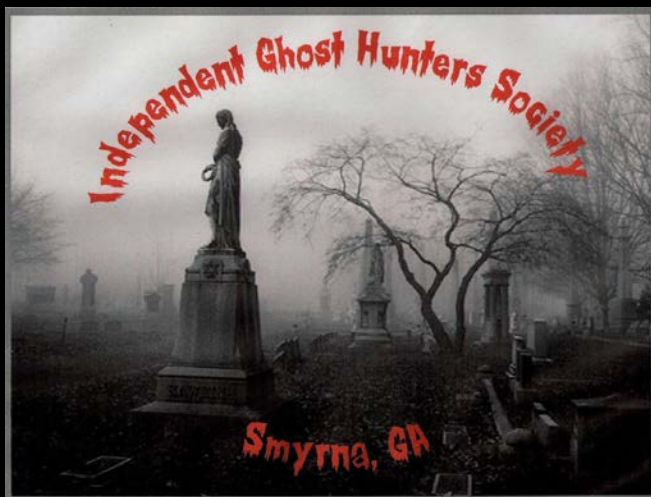
DARK AS NIGHT PARANORMAL GROUP

This is a newly founded group based out of Demorest, GA. My wife and myself are as of now the only two running it. We look for the answers to questions or concerns that people have about the paranormal.

<http://www.danpg.webs.com/>

Southeastern Institute of Paranormal Research is a non-profit group whose purpose is to research and investigate evidence of paranormal phenomenon using practices and methods which are scientific in nature. All team members are required to adhere to strict policies and procedures as well as submit an annual national criminal background check. We are a motivated, skilled, and professional group with years of experience. We have the utmost respect for our clients. We follow strict procedures and approach each investigation with confidentiality, professionalism, and practicality. We understand that calling a team to investigate your private home or property is not an easy decision. We will respect your right to privacy. There is never a fee for any of our services. Any evidence that we collect, regardless of the nature, will only be released with the homeowner or property owner's permission. We will disclose research findings in a professional but sensitive manner free from any personal bias.

www.siprinvestigations.com



Independent Ghost Hunters Society is a team of paranormal researchers from various walks of life who have years of experience gathering and studying such data. Using cameras, video and audio equipment, electronic devices and computers, we have catalogued many instances of contact with beings whom we believe are a part of the paranormal and spirit realm.

Our experience is investigating spirit activity. However, since organizing our group, we have gained members who have varied interests in the paranormal, demonic possession and medium ship . We are in the beginning stages to develop a program where members will further develop their abilities and awareness in these areas. We have members with many years experience in these areas of paranormal research. We are a nonprofit organization. Independent Ghost Hunters Society provides free home and business investigations for those who believe that they have a haunting or other paranormal activity. Our researchers are also available to speak at seminars and fundraisers.

<http://www.ighsghost.com/>



Welcome to the home of

Paranormal Georgia Investigations

<http://paranormalgeorgia.wordpress.com>

Georgia's caring ghost hunters

Let us ease your fears with fact, not fiction.



Paulding Paranormal Society

The Paulding Paranormal Society has been investigating paranormal claims for Paulding County and Georgia since 2006. The Paulding Paranormal Society formed in 2006 with two goals in mind. 1. To help people in their community and neighboring communities prove or disprove possible supernatural occurrences happening in their lives and help them deal with it accordingly. 2. To bring like-minded individuals together and to grow and to learn.

<http://www.pauldingparanormal.com/>



List of Paranormal Groups in the State of Georgia

http://www.paranormalsocieties.com/state_list.cfm?state=ga

(Ghosts Hunting: Discussion Forum)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

(Formatted on the website)

(Ghost Hunting: Ghosts Tours)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Choosing the Right Ghost Tour

by Melissa Davis

Ghost tours are popular all year 'round, and especially at Halloween. However, their popularity has also led to some really *bad* ghost tours, and some shady marketing methods. I'm aware that "good" or "bad" depends on what you're looking for. The grid at right can help you find the *right* ghost tour *for you*. To be sure you're getting tickets for a ghost tour you'll *like*, ask questions *before* you buy the tickets. Many people are looking for the *experience*. Will it be scary and seem real? Or, will it be silly, ridiculously theatrical, and just for laughs?

What kind of ghost tour would you like?

There are audiences for all kinds of tours. Will you be accompanied by young children on the ghost tour? You'll probably want something that *won't* give them nightmares. Choose the tours that'd fit the right side of the quadrant: Both silly and funny *and* obviously made-up. Tell the tour operator if you'll have small children with you. Ask how scary the tour could be, and how lurid the stories are. *No* tour guide or company wants to be sued for emotional distress that could have been avoided.

Are you on your own, or with other adults? Do you want something kind of creepy, that you'll laugh about later, because — looking back on it — the stories were so obviously fake? Ask (a) if the tour is scary at times (does anyone scream), and (b) if it's "all in good fun," and folklore more than serious stories of tragedy. *Tip: No tour operator wants to be asked if the stories are "fake" or if the tour is "ridiculous." They'll respond better to words like folklore, colorful stories, lots of laughs, and so on.*

On the other hand, if you're looking for something genuinely *terrifying* with real history — London's Jack the Ripper Walk

comes to mind — ask the tour operator if the tour is okay for small children. If he or she replies with a firm “no,” *that’s probably the tour you’re looking for*. Also, if you’re expecting some genuine ghost hunting experiences, ask if the stories are all real and if they were researched *academically*. The term, “academic,” will usually put off anyone with fake stories. Many of the *best* ghost tours are somewhere between fun and scary, and mix researched history with some credible folklore.

Shady marketing practices among ghost tours

New ghost tours are trying to cash in on the reputation of *established* (and well-liked) ghost tours. They’re copying the names *just enough* to confuse visitors. So, when you’re looking for Ghost Tours of Dallas (Georgia), you might see a list (this is a made-up list.) like this:

- Ghost Tours of Dallas
- Real Ghost Tours of Dallas
- Original Ghost Tours of Dallas
- Scary Ghost Tours of Atlanta
- Best Dallas Ghost Tours

That *name game* is why you need to ask questions *before* you take the tour. And, if a friend recommended a tour to you, get all the details from him or her, so you know *exactly* which tour to take.

Refund policies on ghost tours

Whether or not you’re on the tour you’d expected, you usually know — within a few minutes — if it’s the right tour for you. If it isn’t, discreetly let the tour guide know that you’re leaving the tour and you’d like a refund. The problem is: Some tour companies

don't give refunds for just any reason. Ask what their refund policy is, *before you buy your tickets*. (Most honest tours will refund your money in full, as long as you leave the tour within the first half hour or so.) But, by the time you realize it's not the *right* tour for you... it may be too late. If you're only in town for that night, it's probably too late to join the tour you wanted, and your evening was wasted. Don't let that happen. Always ask questions *before* the tour starts and *before* you buy tickets.

Plan ahead for the best ghost tour experience

As you can see, planning ahead — asking the important questions — can make all the difference. It's especially important if you're looking for a particular *kind* of ghost tour: Something safe for little kids, or something with perfect historical accuracy. Good luck and happy ghost hunting!

(Ghost Hunting: Ghost Tour Links)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Ghosts of Marietta



<http://ghostsofmarietta.com/>

Roswell Ghost Tours



<http://roswellghosttour.com/>

Watkinsville Ghost Tours



<http://www.northgeorgiatours.net/Ghost-Tours-v-12.html>

Haunted Euharlee Ghost Tours



www.hauntedeuharlee.com

Oakland Cemetery Ghost Tours



<http://oaklandcemetery.com/capturingHalloween.html>

(My Ghostly Fiction)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

[Sarah's Ghost](#) (the beginning of a novel about a young girl who sees ghosts)

[The Gate House](#) (a short story about what happens after you die)

[Ghost Hunters Inc.](#) (a YA novel about a group of gifted teens who hunt ghosts for a large corporate company)

[Discussion Forum](#) (a place to discuss ghosts and share readers own stories or experiences)

(Ghosts in Books: YA Reviews)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

YA Reviews by Melissa Davis

Photos by Melissa Davis

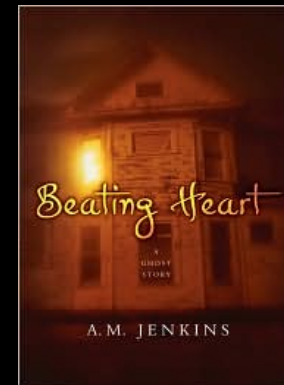
A Certain Slant of Light by Laura Whitcomb



When you think ghost story, what comes to mind? Hauntings? Possessions? Some crazy death and then there is a ghost? Yes, naturally. But Laura Whitcomb puts a new twist into the typical ghost story. In *A Certain Slant of Light*, you're probably thinking: What is that? But in fact it is probably one of the best breakthroughs of the supernatural ever. Helen is a ghost, and in order to keep from returning to her icy death, she must have a host. Not like a host to possess, but a host to merely cling to and follow. Helen has chosen a high school English teacher for her latest host, but after 130 years of life after death, something is wrong in her newest host's classroom one day. Helen is not only seen, but is being watched. Human eyes can see her. James is a ghost too, but he has come to possess an empty body, a body that the soul has left but it still lives. Whitcomb has constructed a mysterious ghost story with a touch of romance and it is definitely a page-turner. It is difficult to stop reading as you learn about the love between Helen and James and how they begin to learn about their past and about the teenagers they possess. Check it out and be amazed!

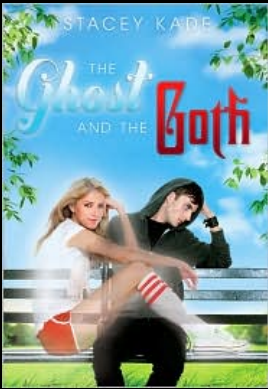
Beating Heart by A.M. Jenkins

A. M. Jenkins is well known for her accurate and sympathetic portrayals of teenage boys. Here she mixes things up by alternating her typical male narrator with the broken yet poetic voice of the ghost of a young girl from a hundred years before. The life of the boy and the memories of the ghost intersect in a literally shattering way. While this novel seems like Cora's, the ghost's story, so much more is revealed through the seemingly distant third-person telling of the boy's



story. You will want to read *Beating Heart* over again immediately to savor the clues and details the author so skillfully weaves into her unusual narrative.

***The Ghost and the Goth* by Stacey Kade**



Alona, Queen of the Elites goes from dead to worse when she discovers, a few days after her death, that her life wasn't what she thought it was. She comes to realize her fellow schoolmates didn't really like her, and her former BFF is real quick on making sure her former boyfriend doesn't feel lonely, in a very touchy, feely, public way. It's in this exact moment of Alona's fall that Will, one of the losers not worth Alona's time, looks at her straight in the eyes and laughs at her misery. His first mistake.

Will is known as a freak because he is acts so weird all the time, but wouldn't you if you heard and saw the dead all day? He has always been trying to hide his abilities, but when you face the most stubborn ghost ever, and she knows you can see her, well you have got to deal with it. So that's how Will and Alona end up walking a very thin thread, both trying to reach their very different goals, which involve a few awkward situations and a fair share of disputes.

Kade offers a funny, yet insightful look into teenagers and high school – even if one of the main characters is a ghost. Her beauty and the freak theme runs deep into every teenager's best and worst nightmares of high school. This novel is a fast paced, poignant, and sometimes quite hilarious read.

***The Ghost Huntress: The Awakening* by Marley Gibon**

Kendall Moorehead is used to the noisy city life of Chicago. When her family moves to Radisson, Georgia, Kendall finds it too quiet. The lack of city noise makes it impossible for her to sleep, so her parents place a white noise machine in her room. Kendall is actually beginning to fall asleep when she begins hearing voices coming through the machine. Voices of people who are not there. Voices asking for help.

On Kendall's first day at high school, she also has some strange occurrences. As she makes her way through the throng



of students, she is about to actually feel some of their discomforts and pains. Confused and somewhat alarmed at these new found “abilities”, Kendall seeks a friend. She finds Celia Nichols who also happens to be her neighbor. The pair share an interest in Shakespeare and begin to open up to each other. Kendall explains about the odd voices she heard in her bedroom and about the strange feelings she perceived at school. Celia, who is incredibly intelligent, explains that the town is a hotbed of paranormal activity and that Kendall's historic home has its share of ghosts. The two decide to do a bit of ghost hunting.

Celia knows a lot on the subject already and has deep pockets. Any ghost-hunting equipment Celia does not already have, she can get fast. In the meantime, Kendall's psychic abilities begin to grow. Being “sensitive” means having to learn control and how to protect herself from the more insistent spirits. Ghosts and spirits begin popping up everywhere as her abilities awaken. The girls need more team members to help with their ghost hunting. While Kendall makes more friends and the ghost huntress team grows, Kendall’s mother becomes worried about her mental health. But when a mad spirit physically attacks Kendall’s dad at his new job, the ghost huntresses step in to do what they do best.

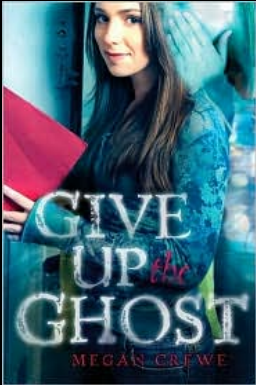
***The Ghost of Crutchfield Hall* by Mary Downing Hahn**



The drafty, creaky and poorly lit Crutchfield Hall makes an excellent setting for this fast-paced Victorian ghost story from Mary Downing Hahn. A short novel with a compelling plot, it keeps the reader wondering until the last page. Florence, the story's heroine, is a young orphan girl from London who moves to Crutchfield Hall to live with relatives she's never known. Her first experience in the quiet English countryside turns into a terrible ordeal when she meets the malevolent ghost of a lost cousin.

Florence is a great character. Thoughtful and intelligent, she loves reading and longs for family and stability. Readers will easily relate to her including her flaws. At times, she gives into peer pressure (in this case-of a ghostly variety) and says or does things that she regrets. The novel features characters doing hurtful things to one another, but also illustrates forgiveness, growth and love. Florence's believable weaknesses may feel familiar to readers, as will her strengths and desire to do well. Florence is active, clever and ready to dive into new adventures.

***Give Up the Ghosts* by Megan Crewe**

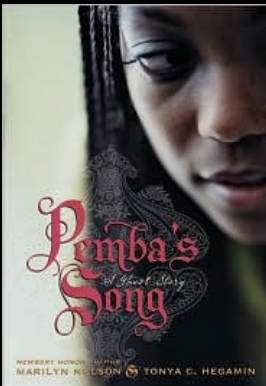


Cass McKenna is one angry girl. Ever since she parted ways with her childhood best friend, she's been absolutely mean-spirited. Instead of trying to move on with her life, Cass is on a mission to tear down and make fools of her fellow classmates. Cass knows things about them that she definitely didn't witness first hand because she's able to communicate with ghosts. Three ghosts hang around her school and spy on her classmates for her. Anything they find out, Cass uses against her classmates to bring them down and to make herself feel better.

Then one of her classmates suspects what Cass can do, and coaxes her into helping him make contact with his recently dead mother. Tim is the VP of the Student Council, and Cass loathes him because he is friends with her ex best friend Danielle. Though she doesn't want to admit it at first, she's becoming friends with him. The more time that Tim spends with her, the more he is able to see through the shallowness of the people he calls friends. Whether they want to admit it,

Cass and Tim need each other, and Cass is going to have to let go of her prejudices if she's going to keep Tim from joining his mom on the other side.

***Pemba's Song* by Marilyn Nelson and Tonya C. Hegiman**



Pemba is a young girl who only has her mother now. Her father passed away, and they have moved away from her friends in Brooklyn to an old colonial house in Colchester, Connecticut. At this new house, is a very strange old man named Abraham. Pemba thinks he is the crazy one - but she isn't so sure about herself anymore. Pemba begins to have visitors, but not just any visitors, these are from the past. Pemba and an 18th-century slave girl named Phyllis, become intertwined, and this connection and the visits change both girls in many different ways.

Pemba's Song is a new twist on the paranormal. It isn't the conventional, cookie-cutter ghost story, but one of mystery, friendship, freedom, and truth. It gives readers a new understanding of what people have went through and the limits of true friendship.

***Ruined* by Paula Morris**

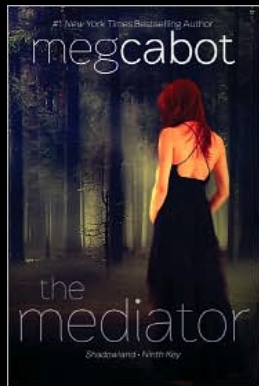


Rebecca and her father lived in a small apartment smack-dab in the middle of New York. She loved everything about her life, up until her dad told her that he has to go to China for a few months on business so she had to stay with her aunt in Louisiana. Rebecca's thinks it's the end of the world -- Louisiana is nothing like New York!

When she gets there, she realizes she's right. Her aunt has weird voodoo-looking stuff all over the walls, and her cousin even has a monkey skull in her room. Them seem friendly and welcoming, but there is definitely a secret hidden here.

Rebecca is told not to hang out or around the cemetery, right across the street from her aunt's house. Late one night, Rebecca goes into the cemetery and ends up meeting a girl named Lizette. She's very curious about Lizette and seeks to know more, but there's things that Lizette knows about Rebecca that even Rebecca doesn't know....

***The Mediator: Shadowland and Ninth Key* by Meg Cabot**

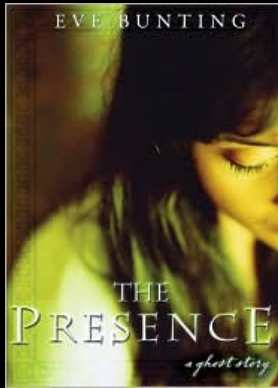


Ghosts ruin everything, especially your love life. Suze is a mediator—a liaison between the living and the dead. In other words, she sees dead people. And they won't leave her alone until she helps them resolve their unfinished business on earth. But after a cross-country move to sunny California, Suze is looking forward to a fresh start and a life free of spectral interventions.

Too bad Suze can't escape the undead that easily. She might not mind Jesse, the sexy ghost who haunts her bedroom, but there are plenty of other poltergeists out there with less friendly intentions. Some of them are out for revenge . . . of the murderous kind. And Suze might be the only one who can stop them.

Cabot ventures away from her *Princess Diaries* series to delve into the ghost business and she does it nicely. *The Mediator* combines two books in this new series and the stories flow together perfectly. With Cabot's natural understanding of teenagers and her quick wit, this series is sure to be as popular as her other series.

***The Presence* by Eve Bunting**



After the tragic death of her best friend Kirsty, seventeen-year-old Catherine goes to stay with her grandma in Pasadena, California. She hopes that this will help her recover her tortured mind and guilt. While visiting her grandmother's church, Catherine meets a handsome stranger named Noah who claims he can channel the dead. He says she can get her in touch with Kirsty.

Frightened by his icy touch, but drawn in by the thought of relieving her guilt, Catherine sets off to meet him at the Saint Mathew's Church. There she questions Noah's truth. Why can no one else see him? Why can't he leave the church? Why is the air always so cold when she's near him? And most importantly, is he even real?

When old Dottie Lovelace gives her a warning, Catherine doesn't know if she should trust Noah. What exactly does he want from her? How does she know that what Dottie's diary says is true? How could Noah have been the same age then as he is now? Catherine notices that all the other girls that seem to have known him look like her, and they all disappeared mysteriously after meeting him. How can she save herself before she falls into his trap? How do you get rid of something that has already died?

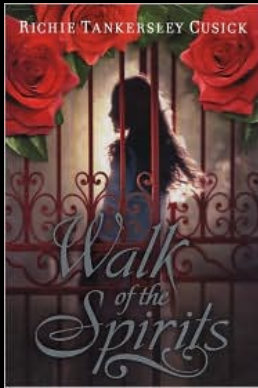
***The Splendor Falls* by Rosemary Clement-Moore**



After a devastatingly embarrassing and crippling accident onstage that handicaps her leg and permanently throws her plans of being a prima ballerina astray, Sylvie Davis is at a loss in regards to what to make of the rest of her life. When she accidentally gets drunk at a wedding and sees things that shouldn't be there, her mom and stepfather-to-be sends her to the deep South to her dad's family's old plantation turned bed & breakfast to "dry out." But dry out she does not.

Instead, she is faced with a situation direr than anything that might have happened had she stayed in New York, one that invokes terrifying chills and things that go bump at night. Once Sylvia arrives at Bluestone Hill, the old family home, she is faced with a plethora of mysteries of all kinds - boys, ghosts, and century-old questions.

***Walk of the Spirits* by Richie Tankersley Cusick**



Hurricanes do anything possible. They cause chaos, damage, and emotional distress. For Miranda Barnes, the hurricane that hit Florida is causing all of the above...tearing her life apart.

Miranda is losing everything - her home, her friends; basically, the life she's adapted to. Now, once she moves into her grandfather's house in St. Yvette, Louisiana, strange things start to happen. It's bad enough that everyone thinks her grandfather is crazy, but now she is hearing voices while she's sleeping. Is she losing her mind, too?

Feeling disturbed and unsettled, Miranda is forced to join a group for a project centered on how the town is haunted. Her group is full of all types of people from different cliques - the jock, popular girl, goth girl, and two hotties. Add in Miranda and it's like *The Breakfast Club*. Miranda is in definite need of a pick-me-up. One of the hotties in her group, Etienne, is showing some interest. It's a definite plus that he is picking up on Miranda's distress, because it shows that he pays attention.

Turns out Miranda has the same power as her grandfather, where she can talk to ghosts who have yet to move on. The only hope she has in beginning to have a normal life in this new town is by solving the mystery of the rose, helping the man who has been haunting her while she sleeps, and deciphering what it is between her and Etienne.

(Ghosts in Books: Non-Fiction Books)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

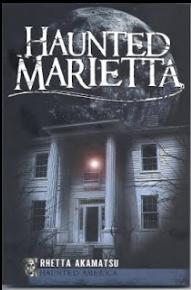
[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Non-Fiction Books Descriptions by Melissa Davis

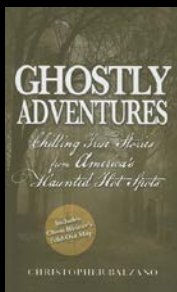
Photos by Melissa Davis

Haunted Marietta by Rhetta Akamatsu



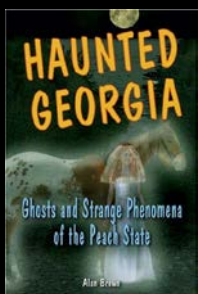
Paranormal specialist and Marietta resident Rhetta Akamatsu combines her research with a passion for history to deliver a one-of-a-kind glimpse into the area's rich and, in some cases, undying spirit. Hear the whispers of Confederate generals still echoing in the Kolb farmhouse; cozy up with the unsettled spirits of the 1848 House; meet the phantoms lurking throughout Marietta Square; and brush up on your local history if you dare summon the ghosts of Marietta.

Ghostly Adventures: Chilling True Stories from America's Haunted Hot Spots by Christopher Balzano



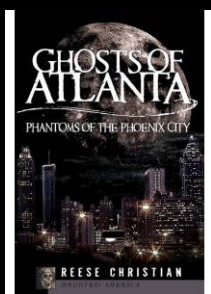
With *Ghostly Adventures*, you can travel with ghost guru, Christopher Balzano as your guide through the jaw-dropping true tales that happen all around the U.S. These terrifying true tales and frightening facts come together to create hours of eerie entertainment. Christopher Balzano is a teacher and folklorist. He has been investigating the unknown for twelve years and is currently running the Massachusetts Paranormal Crossroads Web site.

***Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State* by Alan Brown**



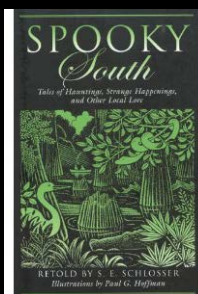
From Atlanta to the Coastal Plain, Georgia is rich with tales of the supernatural. This collection draws from the state's historic past with stories of phantom pirates from the coast and restless Civil War spirits from Sherman's March and Andersonville Prison. Unusual creatures, such as the devilish Wog of Winder and the monstrous Hogzilla of River Oak Plantation, make appearances. There's also the fatal pillar in Augusta, the haunted orphanage in Savannah, the ghost of Mary MacRae searching for her lost love on St. Simons Island, and dozens more.

***Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of The Phoenix City* by Reese Christian**



Drawing on her work with the Cold Case Investigative Research Institute at Bauder College and Ghost Hounds Paranormal Research Society, elite psychic medium and cold-case researcher Reese Christian writes of the tragic past and the haunted present of Greater Atlanta. From Peachtree Street in the heart of downtown to the plantations and battlefields surrounding the city, join her in discovering the twisted histories of some of Atlanta's most infamous landmarks and forgotten moments. This is a well-written and informative book covering paranormal locations in Atlanta and the metro areas as well. It makes an excellent gift representing Georgia, especially Atlanta.

***Spooky South: Tales of Hauntings, Strange Happenings, and Other Local Lore* by E.S. and Paul G. Schlosser**



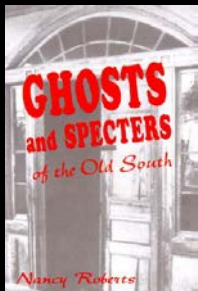
Here is a collection of unnerving tales of events that happened--and still do happen--in the collective back yard of the Deep South states. Accompanied by evocative illustrations, these compelling retellings of 30 popular folktales feature supernatural occurrences and ghosts of all sorts, from fiddling ghosts to the story of the Jack o'Lantern. Whether read around the fire on a dark and stormy night or in the backseat of the family van on the way to Grandma's, each expertly told tale is guaranteed to make readers look at the South--and over their shoulders--again and again. The stories in this book are wonderfully written and are told from the perspective of the original storyteller. This is quite a collection of Southern folklore and the authors have obviously done a large amount of research in putting this book together.

The Everything Ghost Hunting Book: Tips, Tools, and Techniques for Exploring the Supernatural World by Melissa Martin



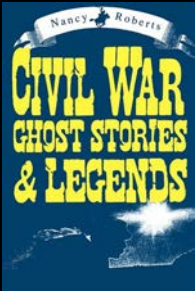
This book covers topics such as a history of hauntings through the ages, following scientific protocols and team member accountability, and mapping power sources and natural anomalies. Each topic is covered in depth, and in many cases it takes the reader through a step-by-step how to in a well written and concise manner. This book is not only a wonderful primer for beginners, but a good resource to have for intermediates plus those who are seasoned: everything is easily found using the index, so it's a great reference guide. In addition, those who aren't paranormal investigators (such as writers and journalists) who need to research the topic in order to sound knowledgeable about what they're writing will also find this book invaluable.

Ghosts & Specters of the Old South: Ten Supernatural Stories by Nancy and Bruce Roberts



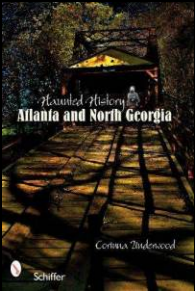
This is an engrossing book about southern ghosts for young readers. Each of the ten stories is told with striking clarity that gives enough of the hows and whys surrounding the death and misfortune of each ghost to satisfy young chill seekers. Told from the viewpoint of a person who has seen or heard the ghost, the tales have intrigue and credibility, which are further enhanced by Bruce Roberts' photographs of the locales of the stories.

Civil War Ghost Stories & Legends by Nancy Roberts



This collection of tales focuses on the restless souls left in the wake of the War Between the States. Roberts gathers history from both sides of the lines, from Georgia to New York to Texas, and presents it from viewpoints both historical and present. By blending her passion for ghost stories with her Southern heritage, Roberts crafts a book which haunts the reader in the same way the Civil War haunts the memory of the United States. It is a very easy reading and very informative with great accounts of battles of the civil war and ghost stories surrounding them.

Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia by Corinna Underwood



Take a tour of Atlanta and North Georgia that presents real life ghost stories and encounters. Meet ghosts from the Civil War, life-saving guardians, mischievous southern belles, and demonic entities as you explore The Fox Theatre, Dahlonega Gold Museum, Tilley Mill, The Shakespeare Tavern, The Eagle Tavern Museum, and Tunnel Hill. Most of the information is well addressed and contains many areas/sites I was unaware of. However, I was hoping the author would have taken a slightly more technical approach listing specific locations and directions to each site, as well as more interviews, maps, and tables.

(About Me)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

Home

North Georgia Ghosts

Ghost Hunting

My Ghostly Fiction

Ghosts in Books

About Me



My name is Melissa Davis. I am a middle school teacher and a writer. I have always been interested in ghosts and paranormal. While I have never experienced a haunting, I have seen orbs and even a ghostly face. My writing tends to be for young adults and contain a supernatural bent.

You can reach me at the following address: melissadavis@yahoo.com

(About Me: Resources)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

Akamatsu, Rhetta. *Haunted Marietta*. Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2009. Print.

Barefoot, Daniel. *Haunted Halls of Ivy: Ghosts of Southern Colleges and Universities*. Winston-Salem, MA: John F. Blair, 2004. Print.

Barnsey. *Live Leak*. November 2007. Website. 3 February 2012.

Belanger, Michelle. *The Ghost Hunter's Survival Guide*. Woodbury, MA: Llewellyn Publications, 2009. Print.

Bender, William. *Haunted Atlanta and Beyond*. Toccoa, GA: Currahee Books, 2005. Print.

Brown, Alan. *Haunted Georgia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Peach State*. Mechanicsburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 2008. Print.

Christian, Reese. *Ghosts of Atlanta: Phantoms of the Phoenix City*. Charleston, SC: Haunted America, 2008. Print.

Crawley, Paul. "Ghost Rider at Kennesaw Mtn." 31 October 2007. *11alive.com*. Video. 3 February 2012.

Fike, Kevin and Amy. *Historic Ghost Watch*. 2004. Website. 21 November 2011.

Godfrey Barnsley and Barnsley Gardens. 2010. Website. 12 January 2012.

Goodin, Joni. *Founder of Marietta Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Hendricks, Bill. ""Ghost Trackers Look for Proof of Afterlife: Athens Haunt Club Checks Georgia Sites."" *The Atlanta Journal and Constution* 1 December 1998.

Keaton, Kellie. *Founder of Marietta Paranormal Association* Melissa Davis. 20 August 2011. Interview.

Leake, Henry. *Owner of Johnnie MacCracken's Pub* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Lowe, Michele. *Lead Investigator Roswell Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 1 July 2011. Interview.

Marietta Ghost Tour. By Joni Goodin. Perf. Michele Lowe. Marietta Ghost Tour, Marietta. 1 July 2011. Performance.

Martin-Ellis, Melissa. *The Everything Ghost Hunting Book*. Avon MA: Adams Media, 2009. Print.

Miles, Jim. *Weird Georgia*. New York, NY: Sterling Publishers, 2006. Print.

Potterstone, Frank. *Ghost Seeker Field Guide Vol. 1*. 2011. Amazon Kindle. Web. November 12 2011.

Prince, Holly and Gary. *Directors of Dahunega Paranormal Investigators* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Roberts, Nancy and Bruce Roberts. *Ghosts & Specters of the Old South: Ten Supernatural Stories*. Orangburg, SC: Sandlapper Publishing, 1984. Print.

Roberts, Nancy. *Civil War Ghost Stories & Legends*. Columbia, SC: University of South Carolina Press, 1992. Print.

Strickland, Amy. *Owner of Hummingbird Lane Art Gallery* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Strickland, Michelle. *Tour Guide for Dahunega Ghost Tours* Melissa Davis. 12 October 2011. Interview.

Underwood, Corinna. *Haunted History: Atlanta and North Georgia*. Atglen, PA: Schiffer Publishing, 2008. Print.

Warren, Joshua P. *How to Hunt Ghosts: A Practical Guide*. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster Publishing, 2003. Print.

[\(About Me: Site Map\)](#)

North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls

[Home](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[My Ghostly Fiction](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[About Me](#)

[Home page: North Georgia Ghosts and Ghouls
Our Fascination with Ghosts](#)

[North Georgia Ghosts](#)

[Ghost stories by County](#)

[Ghost Hunting Groups](#)

[Ghost Hunting Tours](#)

[Ghost Hunting](#)

[History of Hunting](#)

[Ghost Investigating Tips](#)

[Tools of the Trade](#)

[My Ghost Fiction](#)

[Sarah's Ghost](#)

[The Gate House](#)

[Ghost Hunting YA novel \(excerpts\)](#)

[Discussion Forum](#)

[Ghosts in Books](#)

[Fictional Ghosts](#)

[Non-Fiction Ghosts](#)

[About Me](#)

[Resources](#)

[Site Map](#)

Melissa Davis
167 Hollis Circle
Dallas, GA 30157
(770) 367 - 3732

Objective

A challenging position in web design.

Expertise

- Custom web design
- Web site administration

Relevant Experience

Independent Consultant, 2011 - Present

Developed web designs for other MAPW students. Utilized my knowledge to help improve already designed sites.

Middle School Teacher, 2001 – Present

Utilized my developing education in technical writing and web design within my classroom. Constructed web pages for various activities and resources. Implemented a wide range of technology into student work and project.

Samples of Expertise

Ghostsamongthekudzu.weebly.com
WayneDavisLLC.com
Amadowlcreation.weebly.com

Education

2012	Master's in Professional Writing: Technical Writing Kennesaw State University
1994	Bachelor's in English Literature Georgia State University